

THE SPORTING REVIEW,
A Monthly Chronicle

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

AND

Rural Sports in all their Varieties

Edited by "Craven".



Vol III.

June to June.

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THE SPORTING REVIEW.

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JANUARY, 1840.

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

MAJOR-GENERAL WYNNDHAM'S FOXHOUNDS BREAKING COVER, BY PRIOR,
AFTER F. C. TURNER.

COURSING, NEAR OSWESTRY; PAINTED BY J. W. GILES, ENGRAVED BY
J. W. COOK.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES HOLMES, DRIVER OF THE OXFORD BLENHEIM
COACH.

INTERIOR OF A GREEK HIPPONEION, ENGRAVED BY LANDELLS.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE party who has addressed us, concerning "the condition of horses in the Autumn," will find all the information he requires in Nimrod's Letters on Condition. We regret we cannot use his article, as it contains no point of interest for the general reader.

Our Correspondent at Liverpool is thanked for his very complimentary and kind letter. He will find that we are too well aware of the importance attached to the subject he brings under our notice, to contemplate omitting it in this Work. As soon as the year's "Turf Register" is completed (there remain now but two or three meetings to be given), it will be succeeded by a regular "Coursing Register," upon a similar plan. We shall be happy to hear from C. R., touching the long-tails in his neighbourhood, whenever any matter of interest comes within his cognizance.

We beg to refer G. W. to the "Newgate Calendar;" or, should that fail him, a polite application to Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, may, probably, help him to the information he seeks: it is quite out of our *line* of business.

The note, concerning "Defence," has been received. More than a fortnight back, directions were given that the matter to which it relates, should be attended to, with the substitution of half-a-dozen proofs for "two or three."

Our excellent friend at Madeira will have every courteous attention at our hands: of course his bidding is done. He will find a letter from us, at the termination of his voyage. May we reckon upon a speedy reply?

A great many articles (several of them in type) are unavoidably postponed; and a still greater number are left at the Publisher's, for their respective owners. Some, without title or superscription, must take their chances of falling into the hands of their proper proprietors.

The Editor regrets that it is wholly out of his power to return *private* answers to his correspondents, who "come not single spies, but in battalions." They should, moreover, bear in mind, that the nature of his office requires his frequent absence from town, and spare him the distraction of receiving, at one fell swoop, their chief assault, together with a dozen videttes, sent to ascertain the fate of the main body.

Mr. Francis Trimmer is out of his mind: as mad as any Bedlamite, by this good day. Has he no friends to look after him? "Does his mother know he's *out*?" We consider his condition a most melancholy one.

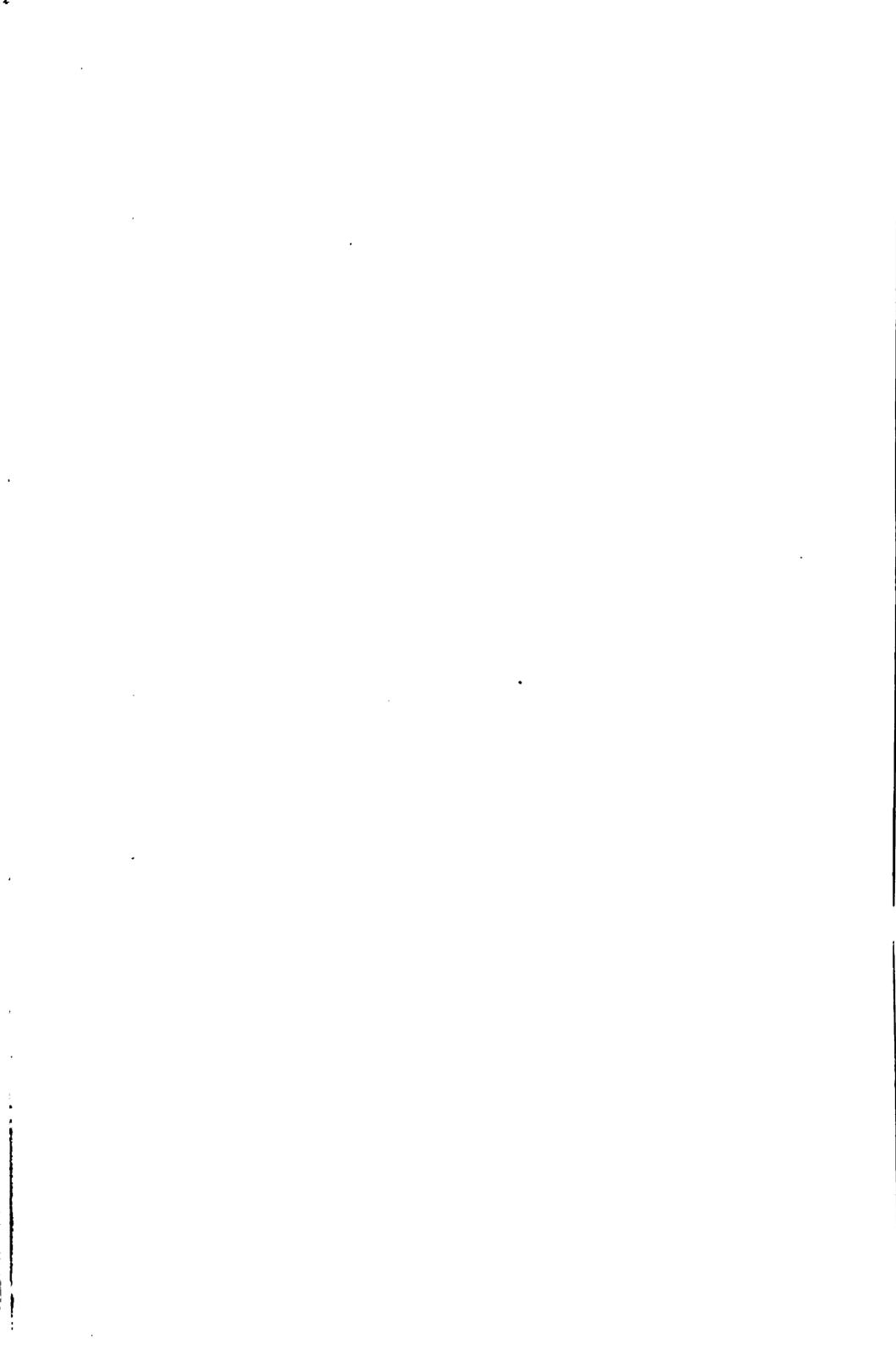
Proof Impressions of all the Plates that have appeared in this Work, are on sale, at 2s. each; or beautifully coloured, 2s. 6d.

Vols. I. and II. of THE SPORTING REVIEW, bound in fancy cloth boards, lettered, may now be had at all Booksellers, price 16s. 6d. each.



Drawn & Engraved by H. B. Hall.

faithfully yours
"Caven"



A PAGE PROEMIAL.

A YEAR has now passed since, with mingled hope and anxiety, we submitted the first Number of this Work to the ordeal of public opinion. To the reasons which we gave, at the time, for our belief that a Sporting Periodical was required, of a higher character than any that had yet appeared, we coupled the engagement, that the essay on which we had entered should supply that want. After a twelvemonth's trial we come, with all deference, yet, withal, in an honest confidence, to ask, "Have we not kept our promise?" With scarcely a solitary exception, the public press has assigned to the SPORTING REVIEW the first place in that department of periodical literature to which it belongs. In the words of *The Morning Post*:—"Whether for its printed contents, or its embellishments, it is a Work which far outstrips, in excellence, all its competitors." And with the mention of those opponents, we may be permitted a word concerning the spirit in which we have dealt with them. The competition was, by us, regarded as a race of honourable emulation, wherein we sought the victory alone by the sterling quality of the *materiel* we brought to the contest. That principle it is our pride steadily to have pursued: we can point with entire satisfaction to our pages, unpolluted by a word that we could wish blotted out, albeit assailed, by one of our opponents, with all the Billingsgate and slang abuse of anonymous dastardy.

To all familiar with the history of our Rural Sports, it must be evident that their details demand, at the hands of those who treat of them, a refinement and intellectuality on terms with the spirit of the times. They still retain a remnant of the coarseness, if not of the barbarity, which once too unhappily distinguished them. We shudder to read, that among the popular pastimes of our ancestors was worrying the horse to the death; our posterity, with equal distaste, will hear of the bear-baiting and bull-running of our own experience.

It is too certain that our popular sports long marched in the rear of civilization; but a few years ago the prize-ring (now abandoned by all save the garbage of society) was upheld by the princes of the land. And whence the reformation?—Men of education turned themselves to the subject. They saw its social importance, and letters gave to the rude elements their first polish. Still we felt how much the cause would be profited, were they, who pointed to better things, among those who "led the way." In the present Work that has been accomplished.

The names of the leading contributors to the volumes of the SPORTING REVIEW, which have already appeared, are guarantees for the character and worth of the papers to which they are attached. We have received the aid of those whose social and

sporting condition is second to none. *That* assistance, we are assured, will "grow with our growth." Such are our prospects—our purpose, which was, and is, to do honour and service to the cause we advocate, we have gratefully to acknowledge has already had its reward beyond our most sanguine hopes.

THE DOVER DAY-MAIL, AND A WORD TO ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ.

BY NIMROD.

So the Dover road has got something like a fast coach at last, in the new day-mail, driven by two of the Watsons; William, one side, and Joseph the other. I travelled by it a few days back, and, with one or two exceptions, nothing could have been better done; and especially so in my eyes, having so often asserted, that, to get a coach through a country at the rate of ten miles an hour (at which this coach is timed), there is no necessity for what is called "springing the team"—in other words, endangering the safety of passengers by reckless galloping. It was William Watson's day down,—a better and safer coachman never got upon a box;—and I can, in truth, say, that his horses did not gallop more than two miles, and then only with a hill before them, on all the ground; and his time was kept to half a minute, notwithstanding the road being in a bad state.

But the exceptions. It struck me, that Mr. Chaplin trespasses too much on good cattle, to send his London horses twelve miles, with Blackheath and Shooter's Hills in their faces, and with such a wagon-load of luggage as the coach in question carries. Although a capital team, they shewed much distress when taken from the coach at Welling. I should also recommend the assistance of extra leaders three times in lieu of once—on Rochester hill, certainly, from its length. Watson's judgment in hill-work is excellent, and so it had need to be; but there should be no stopping for "bellows to mend," with mail horses. And I must say a word for the guard to this mail. I never saw so quick a skidder. It was "all right" before the coach quite stopped; and no sooner did the wheel turn half round, backward, than it was "all right" again. I prophesy that this coach will *never* carry the "mad woman," if it be not the best to pay its way of any, out of London.

And now a word to Φίλιππος. There is a certain coachman driving out of Dover, said to be equal in execution to any man on any road; and it is my opinion that he is justly entitled to all his honours. Well, I travelled with him a few days back, and what happened? Why, by the want of bearing-reins on his wheelers, the bar of the bit of the off-horse got fast in the pole-hook, and he was obliged to pull up his coach to release him. This, luckily, happened on level ground; but *suppose it had happened when we got upon the brow of Rochester hill!!* Probably neither he nor myself might now be alive to relate the result; at all events, an accident must have happened, inasmuch as, when a wheeler's head is confined to the end of the pole, the coach, and not the coachman, becomes his master. On my asking this good coachman—for good he is, and one of the best servants in Christendom—whether the doubly-fatal accident, from this cause, on the Exeter road,

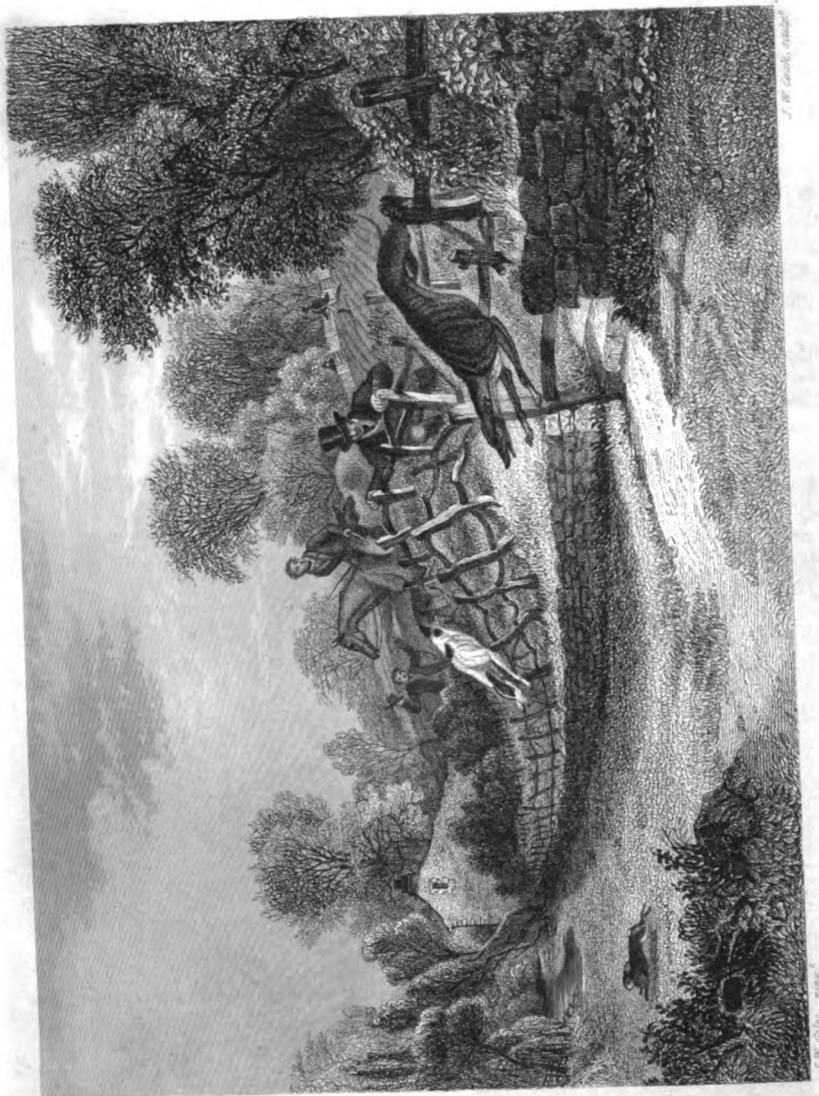
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J. B. GARDNER, DEL.

J. B. GARDNER, DEL.

THE ENGRAVER'S MARK

was not a warning to him? he replied, he "believed *that* to be a solitary instance." I told him it was by no means a solitary instance. I knew of three cases from my own experience, and could name half-a-dozen more which I had heard of. "Drive your *leaders* without bearing-reins," said I, "if you wish so to do, but not your wheelers; *it is not safe*, as you have experienced on this day." In fact, it is nothing but a piece of affectation, to speak plainly: and if I were on a jury, to assess damages occasioned by the want of bearing-reins on wheel-horses, I would do my utmost to put an end to the practice. "It was the horse-keeper's fault," said —— to me on this occasion, "he neglected to buckle the pole-hook strap." Away with such excuses, when people's lives are at stake! It should be put out of the power of horse-keepers to create danger to a coach; and, in the use of the bearing-rein, they are deprived of the power, in this instance. I hope Φιλανθρωπος will read this, and no longer put into the scale an imaginary hour's suffering in a road coach-horse, against the possible, if not probable, destruction of human life. That the use of the bearing-rein is often merciful to the horse, I had a satisfactory proof a short time back. On my remarking to a coachman, that his off-leader was doing much more than his share of work:—"Yes," said he, "I must put a bearing-rein on him, if he plays this game, or he will pump himself out." In fact, the poor brute was drawing half the coach, with his mouth quite dead, from being acted upon by one rein only, and that drawing in a lateral direction.

In a late number of the "Veterinarian" (August, 1839), is the report of a discussion, at the conclusion of Mr. Carter's Essay on Roaring, in which the bearing-rein was adduced as one cause of roaring. This must equally apply to any rein that causes horses to bend their necks, which they must do, when mounted either for the field, the race-course, or the road. In my opinion,—and I am strengthened in it by what I saw and heard of horses becoming roarers in the course of the two last years,—the bending of the neck, without which horses would be unrideable, as well as undriveable, has but little, if anything, to do with it, and that the too common cause has yet to be discovered.

COURSING.

THE DEPTFORD INN MEETING.

THIS favourite meeting of the South took place on the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of December: the first day, as usual, on the estate of John Davis, Esq., at Fisherton De la Mere (Wilts). The morning opened with a thick fog, yet so great is the attraction of this meeting, from the certainty of sport of the first description; at least, as far certain as an abundance of hares, and the most beautiful down in England for the purpose, can make it; that, shortly after eleven, a large number of people had assembled in the hope the fog might disperse at the hour of twelve, when all who pretend to be weather-wise, say it will change or be confirmed for the day: at one, it had completely left the hills, and a fine day's sport followed. The second day's sport was held this year, on different ground to what it usually has been. A farm belonging to Walter Long, Esq., at Clitterne, being chosen (the manor, at

present in the occupation of Wadham Lock, Esq., one of the members of the club), the weather was all that could be desired, and a finer day's coursing was never seen. Unfortunately, the morning of the 5th was frosty, and most of the stakes were divided. The four dogs left in for the Cup, were Mr. Bowles's y. bitch, Boscobel; Mr. Bowles's bk. bitch, Brocard; Mr. Goodlake's f. dog, Graduate; and Mr. Agg's bk. dog, Ariel. Ariel, having been much injured by a fall on the previous day, was drawn, and Mr. Bowles and Mr. Goodlake divided the Cup Stakes. The dogs left in for the Derby, were Mr. Etwall's bd. dog, Equerry; Mr. Etwall's f. dog, Early York; Mr. Goodlake's bk. dog, Gibraltar; and Mr. Ley's (Mr. Etwall's) f. dog, Eccaleobion: Gibraltar, Eccaleobion, and Early York, were drawn, and Mr. Etwall won the Derby with Equerry. The three bitches left in for the Oaks, were Mr. Biggs's Blackberry, Mr. Heathcote's Hasty, and Mr. Lock's Lark: the owners divided the stakes. Mr. Biggs, Mr. Lock, and Mr. Goodlake, divided the Fisherton Stakes. The Stockton Stakes were won by Mr. Etwall's bd. and w. dog, Earl Marshall, beating, in the last tie, Mr. Morant's bk. dog, Mainmast; Mr. Goodlake and Mr. Morant divided the Codford Stakes; and the Ashton Stakes were won by Mr. Morant's bk. bitch, The Mole; Mr. Bowles's Black Dwarf being drawn, and receiving his stake.

Had not the last day been frosty, the sport, at this meeting, could not have been excelled; the hares, with a few exceptions, were remarkably stout, and were more than usually abundant. Mr. Kimber acted as Judge, and gave general satisfaction.

THE CALEDONIAN GOLD CUP: OVER EAGLESHAM.

This very interesting event to the patrons of the leash, which had been postponed, in consequence of frost, from the 9th ult., came off on the 13th, 14th, 16th, 17th, and 18th. The attendance, not only of the principal gentry of the neighbourhood, but of strangers and foreigners, was very great. Nothing could exceed the excellence of the sport. The hares were almost uniformly good; the courses of remarkable severity and interest. The *entrées* numbered eighty-four, including many of the most distinguished public runners in Great Britain—twenty-two of which were English. Of these last Mr. Fowler's Tippoo and Bashful stood as high as any; the former having won the Cup at Barton-upon-Humber in the spring; the latter, the Great Louth St. Leger. For Bashful Mr. Fowler has recently refused 100 sovereigns. Lord Eglintoun's Waterloo deserves especial mention: his truth and speed being the theme of general eulogy. In our Coursing Register the running of the various ties will be given: here it will be enough to say, that the winner of the Cup was Dr. Brown's Whistler, the winner of the Caledonian Plate at Dychmont, in March. He is by Whistler, out of Fanny; a dark brindle, of full size, with great length, and powerful legs. It will be seen that the North Country had the best of it by odds—the deciding course lying between two of the trans-Tweed division. The severest run of the meeting, indeed one of the most severe probably ever witnessed, was that for the third tie between Waterloo and Driver, in which both dogs ran till they dropped—the former having gone about fifty yards nearest his hare.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

BETTINGS FOR DECEMBER.

Our lists will shew that a good many horses have been backed for the Derby during the past month, but the amount of business done has been far from weighty. The season may now be regarded as commenced in earnest, and every week will give additional activity to the market. Lord George Bentinck is understood to have purchased Naworth, named by Mr. Parkins for the Derby, as by Liverpool, his dam by Emilius out of Surprise, no year mentioned, thus, according to the seventeenth Rule of the Jockey Club, being clearly disqualified for all the engagements for which he is so entered. Should his Lordship intend to run him for any of the races in which he is engaged, of course the question of qualification will first be submitted to the Stewards of that Club.

MONDAY, December 2.

DERBY.					
Scott's lot	5 to	1 agst. (tk.)	Muley Ishmael and Brother to Euclid.....	700 to 100	agst. (tk.)
Muley Ishmael	15 to	1 — —	Bokhara and Brother to Euclid	400 to 25	— (tk.)
Brother to Euclid	16 to	1 — (tk.)	Lucetta and Prince Albert	1700 to 100	— (tk.)
Wardan	18 to	1 — (tk.)	Muley Ishmael agst. Brother to Euclid	500 even.	
Bokhara	18 to	1 — —			
Angelica colt	19 to	1 — —			
Launcelot	18 to	1 — —			
Prince Albert	33 to	1 — —			
Lady Sarah colt	33 to	1 — —			
Lucetta colt	35 to	1 — (tk.)			
May Boy	40 to	1 — —			
Fitzroy.....	40 to	1 — —			
Ottoman	50 to	1 — (tk.)			
Morgan Rattler	1000 to	15 — —			
Black Beck	1000 to	10 — (tk.)			

OAKS.

Crucifix	5 to	1 agst. (tk.)
Currency	10 to	1 — —
Rowton's dam.....	15 to	1 — (tk.)
Tetela.....	1000 to	30 — (tk.)
Crucifix winning Oaks and St. Leger	2500 to 100	— (tk.)

THURSDAY, December 5.

DERBY.					
Muley Ishmael	16 to	1 agst. (tk.)	Glenorchy	35 to	1 agst. (tk.)
Brother to Euclid	16 to	1 — —	May Boy.....	1500 to 30	— (tk.)
Wardan	18 to	1 — —	Morgan Rattler	1000 to 15	— (tk.)
Bokhara	20 to	1 — —			
Angelica colt	18 to	1 — —			
Launcelot	18 to	1 — —			
Prince Albert	33 to	1 — —			

OAKS.

Currency	11 to	1 agst. —
Lallah Rookh	10 to	1 — (tk.)
Christinetta	30 to	1 — (tk.)

MONDAY, December 9.

DERBY.					
Muley Ishmael	16 to	1 agst. (tk.)	Grey Milton.....	50 to	1 agst. —
Brother to Euclid	16 to	1 — —	May Boy	1000 to 15	— —
Wardan.....	18 to	1 — —	Muley Ishmael agst. Brother to Euclid.....	1000	
Angelica colt	18 to	1 — (tk.)	Prince Albert agst. Velvet colt	1000 to 800	on —
Launcelot	18 to	1 — —	Launcelot agst. Wardan	500	— —
Bokhara	20 to	1 — —	Launcelot agst. Bokhara	500	— —
St. Andrew	33 to	1 — (tk.)	Grey Milton agst. May Boy	500	— —
Ottoman	40 to	1 — —	Ottoman agst. Velvet	200	— —
Fitzroy	40 to	1 — —	Muley Ishmael agst. Angelica	200	— —
Glenorchy	40 to	1 — (tk.)			
Velvet colt	45 to	1 — (tk.)			
Maroon	40 to	1 — (tk.)			

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

THURSDAY, December 12.

DERBY.			Muley Ishmael and Angelica		
Wardan	20 to	1 agst. —	8 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
Angelica colt	16 to	1 — —	OAKS.		
Ottoman	33 to	1 — —	Crucifix	6 to	1 agst. —
Velvet colt	33 to	1 — —	Pocahontas	14 to	1 — —
Gambia and May Boy ...	500 even.		Rowton's dam	15 to	1 — (tk.)

Mr. Booth has sold his Primrose colt (now called Prince Albert), with his Derby engagement.

MONDAY, December 16.

DERBY.			Glenorchy		
Brother to Euclid	16 to	1 agst. (tk.)	35 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
Angelica colt	16 to	1 — (tk.)	Janus (Lord Albemarle's)	50 to	1 — (tk.)
Muley Ishmael	17 to	1 — —	Confederate	50 to	1 — (tk.)
Launcelot	20 to	1 — —	Schiedam colt	1000 to	5 — (tk.)
Wardan	20 to	1 — —	OAKS.		
Bokhara	24 to	1 — (tk.)	Crucifix	8 to	1 agst. —
St. Andrew	25 to	1 — —	Lallah Rookh	9 to	1 — (tk.)
Ottoman	33 to	1 — (tk.)	Currency	10 to	1 — (tk.)
Velvet colt	40 to	1 — (tk.)	Rowton's dam	15 to	1 — (tk.)
Prince Albert	40 to	1 — (tk.)	Pocahontas	16 to	1 — (tk.)
Fitzroy	40 to	1 — —	Diploma	25 to	1 — (tk.)

THURSDAY, December 19.

DERBY.			Glenorchy		
Lord Jersey's lot	1200 to	100 agst. (tk.)	33 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
Brother to Euclid	15 to	1 — (tk.)	Grey Milton	2000 to	40 — (tk.)
Angelica colt	16 to	1 — (tk.)	May Boy	1000 to	15 — (tk.)
Muley Ishmael	18 to	1 — —	Janus (Lord Albemarle's)	50 to	1 — (tk.)
Wardan	22 to	1 — (tk.)	OAKS.		
Bokhara	22 to	1 — —	Christinetta	30 to	1 — (tk.)
Ottoman	30 to	1 — (tk.)	Lord Albemarle's lot	10 to	1 — (tk.)

MONDAY, December, 23.

DERBY.			Velvet colt		
Scott's lot	500 to	100 agst. (tk.)	40 to	1 agst.	—
Brother to Euclid	14 to	1 (tk. 15 to 1)	Grey Milton	40 to	1 — —
Angelica colt	16 to	1 (tk. 20 to 1)	Janus	50 to	1 — —
Muley Ishmael	18 to	1 (tk. 20 to 1)	May Boy	50 to	1 — —
Launcelot	20 to	1 — (tk.)	Gambia	50 to	1 — (tk.)
Wardan	22 to	1 — (tk.)	Confederate	50 to	1 — —
Bokhara	22 to	1 — —	OAKS.		
Glenorchy	30 to	1 — (tk.)	Crucifix	6 to	1 agst. (tk. 7 to 1)
Ottoman	33 to	1 — —	Lallah Rookh	7 to	1 — (tk. 8 to 1)
			Rowton's dam	14 to	1 — — (tk.)

THURSDAY, December 26.

DERBY.			Grey Milton		
Angelica colt	16 to	1 agst. (tk.)	40 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
Lord G. Bentinck's lot ...	20 to	1 — (tk.)	OAKS.		
Wardan	25 to	1 — (tk.)	Offered on the field'	7 to	1 — —
Glenorchy	30 to	1 — (tk.)	Lallah Rookh	8 to	1 — (tk.)
Ottoman	33 to	1 — —			

* * Christmas, renowned as it is for its games, is not propitious to that played at Hyde-Park-Corner. The last two or three public days of 1839 were all but blanks at the Subscription Room. The new year, however, will bring better things. There has rarely been a better field for business: no doubt it will not lack labourers. Those who do not sow cannot expect to reap.

THE HISTORY OF THE TURF,

ITS ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT CONDITION :

WITH NOTICES OF THE LEADING CHARACTERS CONNECTED WITH IT FROM THE EARLIEST PERIODS : PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED HORSES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN DAYS ; AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MOST INTERESTING EVENTS IN THE ANNALS OF RACING.

BY " CRAVEN."

CHAPTER THE THIRD : THE HORSEMANSHIP OF THE GREEKS.

*Ἱπποτροφίας τε νομίζων
Ἐν. πανελλάνων νόμῳ.*

PINDARI ISTHMIÆ, II., 55, 56.

No portion of the social history of the early ages has been so neglected, or, when treated, so carelessly handled, as the condition of equestrianism among the ancients. Dr. Gilbert West, the learned commentator on Pindar, speaks of the notes concerning the horsemanship of the Greeks, appended to Pope's Homer, as "a disgrace to the noble translation of the Iliad." Contradictions, puerilities, and assertions, unsupported by authority, abound in the few works we possess upon the subject. The belief that it is one of general interest, and peculiarly appropriate as an introduction to the history of the turf, induces me to offer a notice of it much more ample than has yet been attempted, wherein the authorities, in all cases, accompany the statements. The difficulties of such an undertaking will be manifest from the mass of those authorities adduced in the references. I do not allude to them, however, to take credit to myself for their labour or their learning, but that I may offer my acknowledgments for the invaluable assistance I have received from a gentleman, to whose taste and reading I am so much indebted. Should I be more successful in dealing with my subject than those by whom I have been preceded, it will not be that I am more skilful, but that I have had better fortune.

If, by some of those annihilations of time and space, which are always at the poet's command, we could suppose a meeting, on some neutral ground of history, between a dandy of the ninety-fifth Olympiad, or the Augustan age, and an exquisite of the present year—each mounted in the most approved fashion, or "turning out" in the most unexceptionable style of his own day,—it would be amusing to speculate on the wonder and curiosity with which each would regard the novel appointments of the other. It may be lawful to doubt whether the complicated conveniences of modern refinement would meet all that admiration which we are disposed to claim for them—whether they might not rather, as the equipments of Cæsar's cavalry with the hardy Germans, call up a sneer or a smile at our cowardice or effeminacy. The art of horsemanship must, at all times, be substantially the same; and, however its appliances may be modified by time, or diversified by national peculiarity, the general principles, at least, by which it is regulated, admit of but little variation. Change the scene from Hyde-park to the Campus Martius,—from Bond-street

to *Hermæ*, or the way of the Tripods,—for the subscription-room at Tattersall's, substitute some fashionable Hipponeion at Athens; and, instead of the Derby or the Leger, suppose the prevailing topic some great match at the coming Olympic, and you will find, bating a few accidental details, the rest the same: the same passions—the same hopes—the same fears—the same interested speculations among the sordid—the same honourable hope of fame among the young and ardent—the same, or, indeed, far deeper anxiety, in all; for to them the result was matter of historic record, instead of, as now, the passing topic of a newspaper paragraph, to be read to-day, and flung aside and forgotten for ever on the morrow!

In order to avoid mixing up details which are very distinct, and whose confusion has occasioned much of the obscurity which pervades this ill-explored subject, I propose to consider the horsemanship of the Greeks and Romans under distinct heads, and begin with that of the Greeks.

The early history of equestrianism is full of darkness and uncertainty; and it would be unsatisfactory, as well as tedious, to discuss the question, whether, in the first subjection of the horse to the uses of man, the appendage of a chariot, or some substitute, were employed; or whether the conqueror at once ventured upon the back of the fierce, though generous, animal which has proved so invaluable a servant. For Greece, if we except Thessaly, the former would appear much more probable. At the time of the Trojan war, the custom of riding on horseback, at least in the field, seems to have been unknown.¹ Homer's *herôes* are invariably introduced in their chariots to the battle; nor is there the slightest allusion to the contrary practice among the warriors of the neighbouring nations. The fable of the Centaurs, too, would seem evidently to imply the priority of the chariot. It is, like most fables in the Greek mythology, an allegory shadowing forth the first rise of equestrianism, or the wonder with which the attempt was viewed by an ignorant people; and it is ascertained that it had its origin in Greece at a time when the use of the chariot was long familiar.

The progress of equestrianism was, of course, mainly dependant on the circumstances of each particular country. In some it was entirely neglected, while, in others, it formed the chief occupation of life. Even in the same country, and at comparatively short intervals, it underwent a complete revolution. In the youth of Cyrus the Elder, the horse was almost unknown in Persia. In a very short time he became an indispensable member of every Persian equipage. It was dishonourable to appear on foot. Like the Cossack or Arab of the

(1) The passage, in the tenth Book of the *Iliad*, in which the death of Rhesus, and the rape of his snow-white coursers, by Diomedes and Ulysses, is described, has been adduced in support of the opinion, that horsemanship had reached perfection at the siege of Troy. The carrying off of those horses is thus described:

“The coursers fly *before* Ulysses' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter snow.”

And although we learn, from the context, that the chariot of Rhesus was not borne away with them, might they not have been harnessed to some other—one belonging to any of the twelve “breathless Thracians,” for instance? I confess I am induced so to read it, rather than believe that, with horsemanship brought to perfection in his time, Homer should make but one allusion to so noble an accomplishment in the whole of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

present day, the Persian spent his life on horseback; and on a journey, in the chase, or even in a visit of ceremony, the horse was his inseparable companion. Yet again, before the time of Xenophon, the habits of this once hardy people had suffered a new revolution, the noble animal had sunk into an exhibition of idle pomp, or an instrument of luxurious ease:—"they had more coverings on their horses," writes Xenophon, "than upon their couches; and were not so careful of what concerned their steeds, as to sit soft and at their ease."¹

In Greece, Thessaly, from the earliest period, was the most famous for its horses, and the skill and efficiency of its cavalry. It was the country of the fabled Centaurs; and how closely the practice of horsemanship was connected with all its institutions, we may collect from a traditionary custom, at the Thessalian wedding, of presenting the bride with a horse fully accoutred for the journey.

The Peloponnesus, a craggy and mountainous district, was unfavourable to the growth of the animal, and rendered his services, at least in war, almost unavailable. Hence the Spartans we find for a long time without cavalry. Until after the defeat of the Persian army under Xerxes, the Athenian force did not amount to 100; and, even in the palmiest days of the republic, the highest number was 1,200. But, like all the institutions of this singular people, it became a matter of public concern to bring this force as near as possible to perfection. The Athenian cavalry was selected with, perhaps, greater care than any other military body upon record; and no means were overlooked which could secure or increase its efficiency. To the Master of the Horse, who had the power of calling for the assistance of the Five Hundred in the scrutiny, was committed the charge of admitting no one without a strict probation: and perpetual disfranchisement was the penalty of any fraudulent attempt on the part of individuals to insinuate themselves untried into the roll. The study of horsemanship, too, both in its theory and practice, was reduced to a regular system. Before the time of Xenophon, Simon had written an entire treatise on this subject;² and Xenophon himself—the statesman, the philosopher, and historian—did not deem it beneath the dignity of his character to devote two books, one to the art of horsemanship, the other to the duties of the Hipparchus, or Master of the Horse. Nor was the subject held unworthy the genius of the poet, or the art of the painter. Many of Pindar's finest odes are in praise of the victors in the horse-race; and the practice which is now so common, of painting the celebrated winners, was then, too, familiar at Athens. Pliny tells of the renowned Zeuxis, that, when a number of his rival artists challenged him to a trial of skill, the subject selected was a horse. The pieces of all were submitted to a regular judgment. The horses of the competitors of Zeuxis were admired; but the superiority of his production was established by a test from which there was no appeal. A number of horses introduced into the hall where it stood, were deceived by the masterly execution of the painting, and neighed their recognition of their brother on the canvas!

In considering the condition of horsemanship among the Greeks,

(¹) Xenophon de Cyri Institut. Lib. viii. 8.

(²) Xenoph. De Re Equestri. Cap. i.

our attention naturally turns, in the first instance, to the equipments of the riding-horse.¹ It would be idle to enter into the perplexing discussion of the time at which an iron bit²—by Pliny ascribed to Pelethronius—first became part of the apparatus for managing a horse. We are told that, in the infancy of horsemanship, the steed was managed solely by the voice, or the motion of a rod. Some of the figures on Trajan's pillar represent horses in full speed without bridles; and Lucan represents the Massilians as,

“Gens quæ nudo residens Massilia dorso
Ora levi flectit frenorum nescia virgâ.”

I shall, therefore, confine myself to what is certain, and, taking the time of Xenophon as my starting place, describe, as briefly as may be, the appointments of a Greek horseman, fully equipped for the journey, or the chase. And if the reader take up Xenophon's most interesting treatise to accompany me, he will be amused by the numberless minor coincidences with our own times which he will meet at every turn—some of them, perhaps, calculated to lessen our veneration for classical antiquity. The proverbial trickery of the horse-market is not confined to these latter times. It seems to have been as ancient as the traffic itself. We find traces of it before the Trojan war; Laomedon, King of Troy, was a notorious jockey in his day. He did not spare the gods themselves, and was even hardy enough to cheat the redoubtable Hercules of the horses he had promised him for the extermination of the sea-monster. The art has been regularly transmitted to us, as an heir-loom, through the Hippones of Xenophon's day. There was the same necessity of caution, even then, in purchasing from the practised dealer; taking nothing on authority—believing nothing without personal trial of its truth. It was necessary to guard, by a written agreement, against the roguery of the trainer;³ and, from the emphasis with which Xenophon insists on the necessity of providing a secure place where the horse could not be deprived of his provender, it would appear that, even then, the dishonesty of the groom⁴ was notorious. All—all was the same—even to the most minute and, apparently, conventional peculiarities—even down to that soothing sound,⁵ indescribable on paper, by which the wagoner, or groom, checks his horse, or the clicking note of the tongue against the palate,⁶ by which, even still, we urge him onward when he lags. But to proceed.—The bridle of the Greek differed very little from that in ordinary use amongst ourselves. It is described very fully by Xenophon.⁷ But the passage is rendered perfectly unintelligible in the English translation published in Jones's University edition (p. 725). The translator has completely perverted the meaning of his text by rendering *χαλινος* (which, in Xenophon, always means *the bit*), sometimes “the reins,” sometimes “the bridle,” without the least regard to the meaning, or context. Their bridle consisted, like our own, of reins,⁸ headstall,⁹ and bit.¹⁰

(1) Κελες.

(2) Χαλινος.

(3) Πωλοδαμνης. I need not say that I allude to the villanous practice (from its inventor, a ruffian named Bishop, called *bishoping*) of branding the teeth, so as to restore the mark worn down by age.

(4) Ιπποκομος.

(5) Ποππυσμος.

(6) Κλωγμος.

(7) Sect. x.

(8) Ηντα, also ῥντηρ, and sometimes ῥνταγωχευς.

(9) Κορυφαία, which, literally, means “a fillet.”

(10) Χαλινος, οφ στομιον.

The reins were of stout, but thin and pliant, leather, so that, in case of need, the horseman might be able to grasp his spear in the same hand. From a passage in Xenophon, it would appear, at first sight, that the reins were not joined at the end; but it is scarcely conceivable that an arrangement so inconvenient could be permanently adopted.

The headstall consisted, also, of the same parts as the modern, viz., the forehead-band,¹ the nose-band,² and the throat-band.³ They had, also, a headstall for the stable,⁴ apparently of rope or twisted leather; and another,⁵ which, from the description, I take to have resembled a close cavesson, or, perhaps, a muzzle, to be worn when the horse was led by the groom; for it was expressly prohibited to lead him by the reins; lest, by the unequal action of the bit, he should become callous upon one side of the jaw.⁶

Of their martingal I find no trace either in Xenophon or Julius Pollux, at least among the accoutrements of the riding horse. On the contrary, it would appear, from the instructions of Xenophon, that the only remedy against the horse's tossing up his head, was the precaution, on the horseman's part, to accommodate himself to his carriage, by holding his hands low.

The ancient bit is, in itself, the most important part of the apparatus; and, I may add, apparently the least generally understood. And yet the description given by Xenophon is very minute, though, in the English translation, from the confusion of terms before referred to, it is utterly unintelligible. There were two kinds of bit. The first was a training-bit, extremely severe, and intended to serve the same purpose as some of the modern twisted bits, in correcting obstinacy of temper, or callousness of mouth. It was furnished with rollers,⁷ and small prickly knobs.⁸ Near each jaw were sharp, rough teeth,⁹ and sometimes there were rings,¹⁰ pendant from the joint at the centre. It would seem, from Xenophon's description, that this very severe instrument was intended to obviate the habit, which grooms call *gagging* the bit,—that is, seizing it in the teeth, and thus preventing its action on the jaw,—a habit to which horses, hard upon one side of the mouth, are especially addicted. The sharp teeth and pointed knobs would render this a difficult and painful matter; and the pendant rings—a practice still retained in our own mouthing-bits—would, as Xenophon observes, by drawing off the attention of the horse, to catch at them with his tongue and teeth, prevent him from seizing or retaining his hold of the bit.

The other bit in common use was less severe, and, on the contrary, intended to be grateful to the animal. It seems to be our common snaffle, full and round, so that, “pleased by its smoothness, and the contrast with the severe training-bit, the horse might do with pleasure what he was forced to do with the rough one.” Its joints were free and pliant, and the rollers with which it was sometimes furnished (probably similar to those of our bridoon), were large and smooth. The curb was a chain like that which is still used. But they do not seem to have tried the upward bend in the centre of the bar, which, in

(1) Κορυφαία.

(2) Ψέλλιον.

(3) Probably κεκρυφαλος.

(4) Φορβία.

(5) Κη.ι.ος.

(6) Ετερογυιθη.

(7) Τροχοι.

(8) Εχμοι.

(9) Λυκοι.

(10) Δακτυλιοι.

the modern bridoon, facilitates the play of the bit in the mouth, without bruising or injuring the animal's tongue. The material of all these varied with the taste and luxury of the rider. They were often of silver, and, not unfrequently, even of gold.

D'Ablancourt, in his translation of Xenophon's Expedition of Cyrus,¹ falls into the absurd mistake of making the Persians saddle their horses; and the still more ludicrous blunder,² that Teribazus had the privilege of holding the king's *stirrup* while he mounted,—"lui tenoit il etrier lorsqu'il montoit a cheval." This may have, probably, proceeded from an affectation of the modern phrase; for it is well known that the saddle³ of the ancients, if, indeed, it deserve the name, differed, in every respect, from that now, and for many centuries, in use. It would be better called, in our language, a "saddle-cloth;" for, at the period to which I allude, it was nothing more. It was strapped on to the horse, but had no tree—no elevation of the pommel, or of the cantle—and, above all, no stirrups, which, as we shall see more in detail under the horsemanship of the Romans, were of comparatively modern invention. This saddle, or saddle-cloth, was often of rich and gorgeous materials, of the gayest and most gaudy colours,—sometimes of painted or embroidered leather, figured with gold—sometimes of the furs of animals, richly ornamented, and stuffed with hair, or some other soft substance. But, in the time of Xenophon, it was not always used, and it was even considered a sign of manliness to dispense with it altogether.

To assist in mounting there was a variety of substitutes for our stirrup. The horse was trained to bow down, or kneel, while the rider mounted. The public roads, at convenient distances, were furnished with mounting-stones, similar to those still to be seen at the door of a country inn. The spear was provided with a loop, and sometimes a step, which the rider could use at pleasure. To the young and active, their own agility was the obvious substitute; they were practised to spring on horseback, either from the left or right side. The old, or luxurious, had a slave⁴ who lifted them up, and bent his back that they might use it as a step,—a humiliation to which the reader will remember that even kings were subjected by a vindictive, or little-minded, conqueror. The inconveniences of a want of support for the legs were greater than might, at first sight, be supposed. They extended beyond the insecurity of the seat or the discomfort of the rider. The pendulous position of the legs was found extremely injurious. In a ride of any considerable distance, it was necessary to dismount occasionally, and relieve the feet by walking exercise;⁵ and diseases of the feet and legs were often contracted by long continued riding. Hippocrates⁶ mentions a disease of the Scythians, the consequence of their legs constantly hanging down in riding, and not unfrequent amongst horsemen generally.

But there is another point in which the superiority of the modern is still more decided, and in which the deficiency of the Greeks, I doubt not, will call up a dubious stare in the face of the reader. I

(1) Lib. iii. cap. iv.

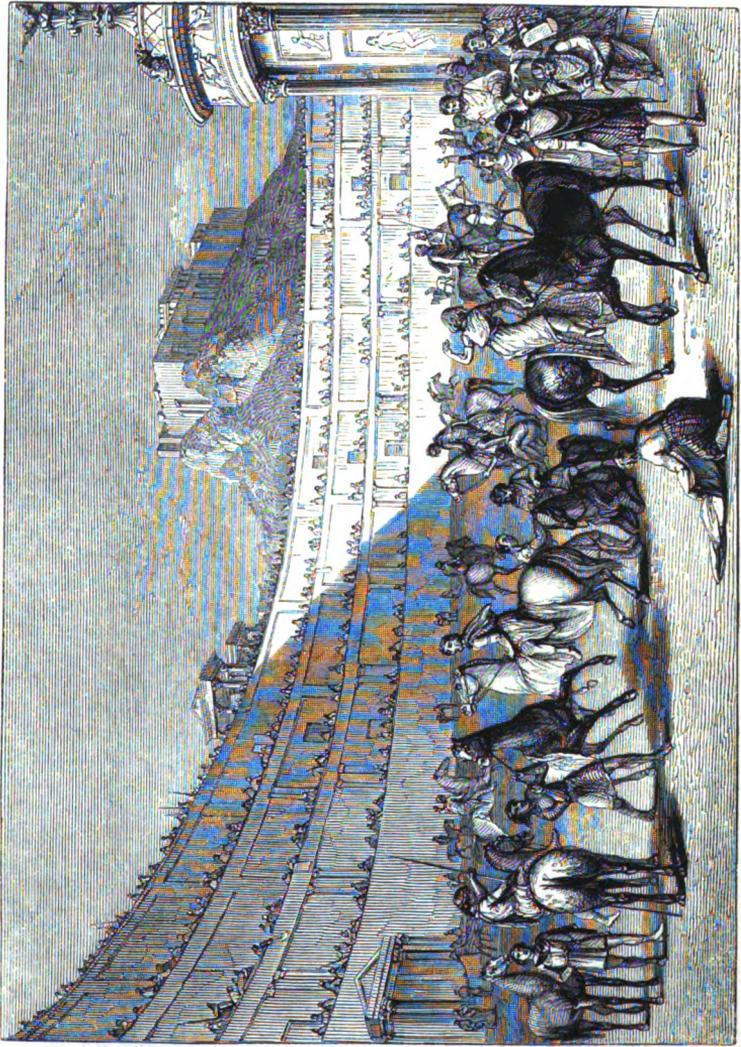
(2) *Ἐπιπικτιον*—sometimes, also, *στρωμα*, or *σπηνη*.

(3) Xen. *De Magistro Equitum*. Op. p. 960.

(4) *De acre, locis et aquis*: Francfort, 1595; p. 76.

(5) Lib. iv. cap. iv.

(6) *Ἀναδολεον*.



INTERIOR OF A GREEK HIPPODROME.

allude to the want of the regular horse-shoe. To those who have been accustomed to it from infancy, and have hardly taken the trouble to think that it was not born with the animal, nails and all, it may, particularly if their impressions have been confirmed by reading of Homer's "brazen-footed steeds," appear almost inconceivable that this simple, and apparently obvious, contrivance should never have occurred to the ingenious and refined equestrians of Athens. On the other hand, perhaps, our surprise may be diminished when we reflect that it required no little courage to venture upon the bold expedient of nailing an iron rim upon the foot which Nature had provided, apparently for all ordinary uses, and remember that the ancient roads, and mode of travelling, were much less injurious to the hoof than the rapid driving over the hard pavement and solid surface of our modern streets and highways. But, however this may be, it is perfectly certain that the iron shoe, *nailed to the foot*, is an invention of about the ninth century.

We read, it is true, in Homer, of *Χαλκοποδες ἵπποι*; and many writers have hastily taken this as evidence against the opinion, which, in common with almost all our antiquarians, I have advanced. In the Knights of Aristophanes, too, (Act I., Sc. III.) we read,

Χαλκοκρότων ἵππων κτυπος.

This, and a few similar expressions, have been brought by Vossius and others as a proof that the ancients shod their horses with brass. But it is evident that a few isolated, and obviously metaphorical, expressions can have no weight against the positive arguments adduced to prove that the ancients were unacquainted with the use of the *metal shoe nailed upon the foot*: and the best evidence that such was not the meaning of the words, in the mouth of the poet, is the fact that not one of the ancient scholiasts has so understood them. Eustathius understands the epithet *χαλκοπους*, in Homer, as merely indicative of strength and solidity in the hoof; and, in the passage cited from Aristophanes, the scholiast expressly renders it "brazen-footed, that is, *having strong hoofs*; for the hoof of the horse, when struck upon the ground, sounds loudly." The reader will have less difficulty in understanding this from the test given by Xenophon, and cited before, of the goodness of the hoof, that, "when struck upon the ground, it *rings like a cymbal*."

The phrase is obviously metaphorical, and is applied, not only to the horse's hoof, but to everything, when the poet wishes to imply strength. Thus Homer speaks of Stentor's *brazen voice*; Virgil uses *ferria vox*, and we ourselves, even in prose, have no difficulty in saying "*lungs of brass*," "*sinews of steel*." There is, in fact, as little argument in the word *χαλκοπους*, for the use of the *brazen shoe* among the Greeks, as the future antiquarian could find, in our own phrase, for the use of *brazen lungs* in the nineteenth century.

That the Romans, at least occasionally, used a sort of shoe (not, however, nailed upon the foot), we shall see in another place, and that the Greeks, also, at a period subsequent to the time of which I write, adopted a similar contrivance, there cannot be the slightest doubt. But the very name by which it was designated,¹ is evidence that it was *bound*, not *nailed*, to the hoof; and, in the time of Xenophon, even this

(1) ὕποδημα. When the iron shoe came into use, it was called *σεληνια*. The word occurs frequently in the later Byzantine historians, and other more recent Greek writers.

was unknown or disregarded, not only in Greece, but also in Persia. In the figures of horses discovered on the ruins of Persepolis, there is not the slightest trace of any covering for the hoof: and there is even positive historical evidence that it cannot have been commonly used. The cavalry of Alexander were rendered unserviceable by the *wearing away* of their hoofs.¹ Mithridates, for a similar reason, was compelled, at the siege of Cysicum, to send his horses back into Bithynia:² and, at a much later period, Cirmamus tells us that this was a common accident. It would be absurd, too, to suppose that Xenophon, in both his very full treatises, would have passed over in silence a point of so much importance. Now, though he leaves no particular untouched, he never once alludes to the shoe, even by implication. On the contrary, the extreme stress with which he insists upon the necessity of strengthening the hoof, and rendering it perfectly solid, would imply that he looked upon this natural, or artificial firmness, as its only protection.

The same silence is observed by all the ancient writers,—by Polybius, by Julius Pollux, who describes most minutely the accoutrements of the horse—even by Vegetius, who, speaking of the diseases of the animal, would not have omitted a class so numerous and important as that which, with all its advantages, the modern practice, or its unskilful management, has introduced in its train. There can be no doubt, therefore, that to this invaluable expedient, simple and natural as it appears to us, the Greeks were for a long time strangers; and that their sole protection against injuries of the hoof was their own judgment in the selection of the horse, and the careful treatment of the hoof, according to the plan suggested by Xenophon, or another—partly the same, but partly, also, medicinal, prescribed by Vegetius—a sort of unguent to be applied to the hoof *quam itineris attriverat injuria*.³

But, strange as this may appear, it is not without parallel nearer to our own times. We are told by travellers of no very distant date,⁴ that, in Tartary and Japan, the iron horse-shoe was entirely unknown. I have before me an extract from a Russian traveller of a comparatively recent period, which tells that, in Japan, “small shoes, or socks of *straw*, are used instead of the iron shoe for the horses. They are *fastened round the ankle with ropes of straw*: they prevent stones from injuring the hoof, and hinder the horse from stumbling. They are not strong; but they cost very little, and may easily be procured everywhere throughout the country.”⁵

It can scarcely be necessary, among the accoutrements of the rider, to particularize the whip and spur, which might almost seem to have had their origin along with the horse himself. The spur⁶ in common use was large and severe. Xenophon speaks of another,⁷ which, from the circumstances, seems to have been used for hunting. Besides the ordinary riding or hunting whip, the fashionables of Xenophon's day, like the young men at present, used a twisted⁸ cane, covered with fantastic knots. The perfect dandy wore flowers in his ears, and

(1) Diodorus Siculus, xvii., 94.

(2) Appian, *Bellum Mithridaticum*, p. 371. Tollii edit.

(3) l. 56. 2.

(4) Kompfer, *Histoire de Japan*, i. ii. p. 297.

(5) *Resa uti Europa, Asia, Africa*. Af Earl Peter. Thunberg. iii. 172.

(6) Κέντρον, or εὐκέντρον.

(7) Μυωψ.

(8) Theophrastus, *cap. v.*

a sort of shoe called "Alcibiades' shoe," from the celebrated inventor—the Brummel, no less than the Wellington, of his time.

Of the ancient mode of training, Xenophon has left us full and satisfactory details; and his treatise might be read with advantage by many of our modern trainers, particularly the instructions with regard to the temper and disposition of the horse. He begins by an admirable description of the external structure and formation, which may be taken as indicative of fleetness and strength; and it is gratifying to find how perfectly it answers to the modern standard of excellence in horseflesh. The hollow hoof, "ringing like a cymbal,"—the elevated sole—the well-knit, but slanting, pastern—the flat and sinewy leg—the pliant knee and muscular arm—the deep, brawny chest, oblique shoulder, and arching rein—are all described with the skill and enthusiasm of a connoisseur; and there is not a little solid sense in the reasons by which he enforces each portion of his judgment. The broad forehead, gradually tapering to the nose,—the wide, transparent nostril, and quick prominent eye, give the exact portrait of the true Arabian head; and the deep and well-rounded rib, close-knit quarter, and well separated hock, are marked off with a precision which would not dishonour the judgment of a modern professor of comparative anatomy. It is a pity he did not go a little farther, and determine the price which it would be reasonable to pay for a horse possessing the qualifications which he describes. It would have been interesting to the modern reader, to compare the scale with that to which we have been accustomed. But on this matter our information is scanty and imperfect—gathered only from a few stray allusions, scattered here and there in the classic writers. In Isocrates' well-known defence of Alcibiades from the charge of unfair play in one of his many turf transactions, there is no mention of the price which he paid for the horses which are the subject of the action. In the very amusing fourth act of Aristophanes' *Nubes*,¹ the usurer demands from Strepsiades, for a race-horse which he had sold him, twelve minas, about £38.² But we may naturally suppose that, in this, there was some extortion. Pliny, however, mentions the inhabitants of an island on the coast of Africa, who ordinarily gave a talent (£193) for a horse; and there is one well-known steed of antiquity, whose price would not disgrace the catalogue of our choicest modern sales. The famous Bucephalus was purchased from Philonicus, a Thessalian, for *thirteen talents*, or £2,518 : 15s.!

What a contrast does this sale present to the price of horses in England during the twelfth century. We find fifteen brood mares sold together, and purchased, by *the reigning monarch*, for the sum of *two pounds twelve shillings and sixpence!* and sold again, as a *money-making transaction*, for the sum of *four shillings each!*

In the arrangements of the manege the "treatise on horsemanship" is most minute and satisfactory. No modern master could insist more strenuously on the cleanliness of the stable—even down to the regular daily removal of the litter—and, indeed, on everything which could tend to the comfort of the horse. The groom, for example, is directed to beware, in the cleaning, of fretting or annoying him; he is cautioned

(¹) V. 2225.

(²) Reckoning the *μινά* at £3 : 4s. 7d., the most received estimate of its value.

not to touch "the hairs along the spine with the brush, as being peculiarly sensitive;" to clean the head and other bony parts with water, rather than the curry-comb; ¹ to avoid, in fastening the collar, allowing the knot to injure or lacerate the ears. The utmost care, too, is prescribed in leading to the water, or to the *κλιστρα*,—a species of indulgence now forgotten or disregarded, which consisted in regularly turning the horse loose to tumble about, and enjoy himself in rolling on the ground. It is curious, at a distance of 2,000 years, to find these little practices, which may still be seen in every stable: to find the groom, for example, "wetting the mane with water;" or to discover, in the directions for putting on the bridle, so perfect a description of the modern practice as the following:— "In order to put on the bridle correctly, the groom should approach the horse on the left side: then, throwing the reins over his head, let him place them upon the point of his shoulder; seize the headstall in his right hand, and bring forward the bit in his left. And if he receive it then, the throat-band of the bridle must be put on. But if he do not open his mouth, the bit must be held near his teeth, and the middle finger of the left hand inserted in his jaw. Most horses when this is done, will open their mouths. But if, even still, he do not receive it, let the lip be pressed to the eye-tooth; there are very few which do not, when this is tried, at once admit the bit into their mouths."²

In mounting, the rider was particularly cautious not to occasion any pain or uneasiness, by allowing his knee to touch the horse's back, or checking him with the curb. The horse was trained to stand still, after being mounted, till the rider had set his mantle in order, and adjusted the reins in his left hand. The custom of riding in a ring was generally adopted. But, although Xenophon admits its utility as forming the mouth and temper of the horse, he prefers the oblong to the circular riding-ground. It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that they trained the horse to gallop, and, indeed, perform all his paces, with the left foot foremost, and not, as we do at present, the right. I believe the same is still observed in the training of the Spanish horses, at least those of the province of Andalusia.

The gaits of the horse are so uniform, and so immediately from nature, that it may appear scarcely necessary to say anything of the paces of the Grecian horses. They must naturally have had, in common with ours, the three great leading paces—the walk, the trot, and the gallop; with, of course, the canter, which is but a modification of the last. But the Greeks do not appear to have cultivated the trot much, at least as regards the horses intended for the use of the cavalry. There is no word in the language, as there is in Latin, to distinguish this gait; and, although Xenophon is very minute in his directions for the walk and the gallop, he says not a word on the trot—which is, unquestionably, the most difficult gait, and most susceptible of improvement, from training, among the three.

The seat on horseback, with the exception, of course, of the position of the legs, which, wanting the stirrup, were held "loose and pliant below the knee," was precisely the same as the modern. In gallop-

(¹) *ἔυστρον*.

(²) *De re Equestri. Sect. vi.*

ing, the rider *stooped forward*, especially in ascending an acclivity ; and, in descending a steep declivity, or pulling up suddenly in the course, he assumed the contrary position, bending backwards to relieve the shoulder from the downward pressure. They were well aware of the important assistance which the judicious management of the bridle may render to the horse ; and the precepts of Xenophon on this subject are as full as could be found in any modern treatise.

In every step of the training, the principle of affection and gratitude, rather than fear, is made the guiding one. The training-ground was occasionally varied, to avoid tiring by its monotony ; everything which could give unnecessary pain or annoyance was avoided. "The gods," says Xenophon, with the feeling which distinguishes every sentence which falls from him,—“the gods have granted to men the power of informing others of their wishes by speech. But the horse cannot be instructed by speech ; but if, when he does what you wish, you grant a favour in return, and, when he is disobedient, you punish him, he will be easily trained to do what is required. Spirit is, to a horse, what anger is to a man ; and, as there is little likelihood of a man's falling into a passion, when nothing unpleasant is either said or done to him, so also a high-spirited horse will not be exasperated when he is not obliged to suffer anything disagreeable.”¹

To this judicious and humane treatment we may trace those remarkable instances of friendship between the master and his horse, scarcely equalled even among the modern Arabs, with which the ancient history of the horse abounds. The favourite horse of Nicomedes languished away and died, in grief for the loss of his master. Pliny² tells of a single combat, in which, upon the defeat of one of the combatants, his horse attacked and tore his antagonist to pieces ; and when, after the death of Antiochus Pius, Centaretus, a general in the Galatean army, attempted to ride his horse in the triumphal procession, the indignant animal, furious beyond all control, and disdainful to live when his master was slain, dashed headlong, with his enemy upon his back, down a precipice, and, at the forfeit of his own life, avenged the death of his master.

Such is a brief sketch of the history and practice of horsemanship among the Greeks. Let not the more favoured modern smile, as he reads, at the simple and scanty apparatus it presents. The refinement of modern art may have improved the speed ; but it has not increased the enthusiastic love of this generous and exciting exercise. It were irreverent and ungrateful to speak lightly of that theme which inspired the undying muse of Pindar.

Μηδ' Ολυμπίας ἀγῶνα
Φέρτερον ἀυδάσσομεν
Ὅθεν ὁ πολὺφάτος
Υμνος ἀμριβάλλεται.

(1) De re Equestri. viii. ix.

(2) Sometimes, also, called ἀμισσοί.

(3) Nat. Hist. viii. 63.

EL ENCIERRO.

BY R. H.

FATE, pleasure, and duty, combined, so far influenced my actions, that, on the morning of the 9th of October last, I found myself wandering up the Calle Ancha, at Cadiz; and readily did I feel inclined to dedicate some few days to an examination of that beautiful and picturesque city: but such was not to be, for circumstances, unnecessary to explain, hurried me on board a steamer, and, in a few seconds, I was rapidly progressing towards Seville.

Among the passengers who thronged the deck, was an individual who evidently considered himself of no trifling importance; and, although it chanced that, among the group congregated in the boat, there were some Englishmen, whose names held a prominent place among the pages of "Debrett's Peerage," no one, for an instant, presumed to question the superiority of the smoking Spaniard.

Nothing loath to strike awe into the minds of his companions, by a declaration of his elevated state in society, we soon discovered that our new acquaintance gloried in the profession of a Picador; and was, at that moment, bound to the same destination as ourselves, where, he assured us, we should witness most excellent sport.

Having been present at many bull-fights, in various parts of Spain, my fellow-traveller and myself replied to the Spaniard's glowing anticipations of pleasure in somewhat cool and indifferent terms; and it was not until after much questioning on our parts, and explanation on his, we were brought to comprehend that the enjoyment in prospect was to be derived from an exhibition which had not taken place in Seville for upwards of nine years.

This pastime was termed, by our new acquaintance, "El encierro," from the fact of the assemblage congregating early on the morning of the day when the bull-fight was to take place, for the purpose of witnessing the animals being driven into the town from the country, and, eventually, consigned to their various stalls, from whence they were destined to emerge in the afternoon, for the gratification of the *élite* of the community, and for the fulfilment of their own destined end.

Thus apprized, my friend and myself resolved on making part of the spectators; and the following short account will explain what, possibly, but few Englishmen have witnessed; and, when taking into consideration the savage excitement and delight which the violent death of two fellow-creatures occasioned to the beholders, I much doubt whether the description of "El encierro" may not prove more palatable than would have been the case had my readers witnessed the actual representation.

About four o'clock, A. M., while it was yet perfectly dark, we walked in the direction where, we were informed, the bulls would enter the town; but as yet the gates remained closed, and nothing indicated the approaching pastime saving that wooden rails were erected, so as to form a sort of barrier on either side the road leading

to the arena, and from which place we at length fancied could be distinguished the distant hum of voices.

To the arena we, therefore, bent our steps; and, on entering the magnificent building, found it, to our unqualified astonishment, crowded in every part—it was now between five and six o'clock, and there could not have been less than 16,000 or 17,000 persons present—but, unlike the usual bull-fights, there were very few respectable-looking females to be seen, though women of all ages, in the middling and lower classes, were, apparently, as anxious in the matter as the men. To obtain a seat on the benches was the hope of a luxury not to be entertained for an instant: therefore, judging anything to be better than waiting in the centre of the circle for the arrival of the bulls, we leapt upon the barriers which enclose the “plaza,” and there resolved patiently to await the issue.

The spot we chose for our resting-place was immediately in front of the cathedral; and as the sun, slowly rising, shed his early beams on the magnificent edifice, and brought distinctly to view the immense mass of human beings congregated together, and wedged, as it were, into a dense crowd, the effect was grand in the extreme.

As day-light gradually broke, so did the animal spirit of the assembled multitude find vent; and shouts, cries, and noises, of all descriptions, were gratuitously sent forth, for the edification of the more peaceably inclined.

The facetious jokes and witticisms unsparingly lavished on whatever, for the moment, struck the fancy of the mob, would not, perhaps, allow of literal translation; but, among others, they cried loudly to my friend, desiring him to take off his hat:—whether they had an inclination to judge of the mode in which his hair was dressed, cut, or otherwise, to him was all the same, since, not understanding a syllable they uttered, he would speedily have brought down their wrath upon his head, had he not eventually been apprized of their desire, when instantly, according to the demand, he was rewarded with repeated cheers.

The next object which attracted notice, was the under garment of a somewhat antiquated damsel, which the multitude invited her, with repeated shouts and screams, to cast off. How the mandate of the sovereign people was to be obeyed, I was anxious to witness—the more so as the lady remained stubborn and callous to the yells which, on all sides, assailed her ears.

At last, as is generally the custom in like cases, a gallant individual stepped forward, and gratuitously offered his services in adjusting her toilette. Whereupon the female amateur, waxing wroth, by way of retaliation, seized upon a handsome young fellow seated beside her, and, digging both teeth and nails into his smart maco jacket, speedily convinced her tormentors that she was not to be insulted with impunity.

The hint thus thrown out was not lost on her other persecutors, who forthwith turned their attention to some safer and less ferocious object whereon to practise their ingenuity.

Their desire was soon gratified in the person of an unfortunate peasant, who, having refused compliance with the oft-repeated demand to doff his jacket, was instantly assailed. One blow brought on an-

other ; and, within a minute, the wretched mortal was divested of every stitch of clothing which had covered his person on his entrance into the arena, and, accordingly, he was most properly, though not very civilly, instantly kicked out of the place.

For myself, a huge-whiskered charcoal burner, unshaved and unwashed, expressed his sovereign will and pleasure that I should amuse the company by springing a monstrous rattle, somewhere about three times the size of those which the ancient watchmen were wont to carry in "the golden days." To refuse would have been the height of folly ; and, since acquiescence could not add very greatly to the horrible uproar around, I seized the instrument at once, and, exerting all my strength, raised a din that might have reached from one end of Seville to the other.

Until eight o'clock this awful uproar continued ; when a picador, galloping at full speed into the ring, gave token that the animals were near.

The mode of decoying them is simply this :—driven quietly from the country in herds—bulls, heifers, and oxen together—towards the gates of the town, no sooner are the portals opened than, seeing a clear space before them, they invariably rush in ; when, to entice them further, a picador, well mounted, is stationed between the rails on each side the street. No sooner has the herd entered than the gates close in their rear ; and, finding retreat impossible, the animals generally set off at full speed, in chase of the mounted man, who immediately puts spurs to his horse, and dashes onward towards the arena. Should the steed fall, or, by any accident, was the herd to overtake him, his chance of life would be small indeed ; but, as the men are invariably well mounted on these occasions, such an accident is of very rare occurrence.

The instant the picador appeared, a silence, as of death, succeeded the wild uproar which, for hours previously, had been maintained ; not a syllable was uttered ; and, in breathless expectation, the living mass, as of one accord, bent their heads towards the entrance where the bulls were expected to appear.

The picador, who had just galloped in, now joined a group of many others, who were similarly accoutred with himself, together with numerous persons on foot, whose business it was to aid in driving the animals into different stalls, which branch out from behind the opposite side of the building to that where they had entered.

The most intense anxiety was universally manifested for the arrival of the herd ; neither had the spectators to suffer any further suspense, for, almost instantaneously with the arrival of the picador, in rushed about nineteen or twenty infuriated brutes, eight of whom were destined to captivity and death.

For an instant the animals stopped dead short, and, as if half cowed with astonishment at the scene they so suddenly beheld, evinced, by their movements, a desire to retreat. Then was the time that the huge mass of living beings, with one accord, exalted their voices, and, shouting to their utmost power, the bewilderment of the brutes speedily gave place to fury ; as, maddened by the noise and uproar, they dashed recklessly at whatever object most prominently attracted their notice.

This was the period for driving them into their different stalls, where the bulls were easily secured, and the heifers and other beasts, not required, were again driven forth into the country.

It does not, however, invariably follow that the animals are sufficiently tractable and complaisant to take up their abodes exactly according to the wish of their captors; and, on this occasion, one furious brute determined to assert his independence. Instead, therefore, of following the herd which preceded him, the bull fixed his gaze on an unfortunate amateur, who, wrapped in contemplation of his own fanciful costume and anticipated activity, was slowly crossing the arena, his back towards the savage animal, and wholly unconscious of the danger which threatened him. In one instant, and in far less time than is occupied in recording the tragedy, the animal dashed at full speed towards the doomed man. Involuntarily a shout of warning arose from the excited multitude, but the caution came too late. For a moment the *aficionado* cast his eyes around, to gather the meaning of the sudden tumult; and hardly could he have discovered the imminent peril in which he stood, when the horns of the savage brute pressed against his back, and, instantaneously, he was gored through the body, cast upon the ground, and immediately trampled to death. As if doubly excited by the sight of the blood which he had caused to flow, the animal held on his career; and, notwithstanding the horrid butchery which had that moment been enacted, the whole populace burst out into an uncontrollable shout of merriment, on seeing another individual spin through the air at the suggestion, and through the exertion, of the bull, his legs and arms extended as though in the act of flying, and preserving his equilibrium throughout his disagreeable and compulsory journey. When, however, he again reached the ground, the noise which the falling of his body caused, convinced us he was dead; but never were we further from the truth; for, after two or three attempts to regain his equilibrium, he succeeded in placing himself on his legs, and started off at full speed for the barrier, little anxious to prosecute a further acquaintance with the bull.

Three men were so seriously hurt as to render it necessary to have them carried out of the arena; and before the bull could be safely secured, a second wretch fell a sacrifice to his fury. During the whole of this disgusting scene, the passions of the populace rose to a pitch of excitement truly horrible. They yelled and shouted, like so many possessed fiends; and when, at last, the arena was cleared of their four-footed antagonists, they vehemently declared their determination of having one of the captured animals again brought forth for their amusement. In course of time the demand was complied with; and, in hopes of pacifying their outrageous and unreasonable requests, he was handed over to their tender mercies, for the purpose of being dealt with as they deemed best. No further accident, however, occurred, worthy of note; and, in due time, after much bungling and uproar, the amateur matador passed his sword through his antagonist's shoulder, and finally deprived him of life.

Still unsatiated with the butchery they had witnessed, the people called loudly for another bull; but, as the proprietors could not afford to sacrifice a second to the caprice of the mob, who paid nothing, instead of waiting for the evening's exhibition, when they

expected to reap a rich harvest, the demand was met by a prompt refusal.

This was the signal for a row ; and had not a battalion of infantry been marched into the arena, it would be difficult to surmise to what extent the infuriated anger of the mob might have been carried. As it was, however, the circumstance of the soldiers deliberately loading with ball, caused a sudden and complete revulsion of feeling, for, in brief space, the "plaza de toros" was as silent and forsaken as is the case in the very depth of winter.

Thus terminated this curious and revolting exhibition. Being anxious to see how the bull which had slain the men would acquit himself in the evening, I attended the fight, but, from some cause or other, the animal was inert and sluggish, and, apparently, had lost all the ferocity which, in the morning, had been so ostentatiously displayed.

As to the true cause of so sudden and surprising a change, I cannot speak with confidence, though it is generally believed that, in most instances, prior to the bull being let loose, a heavy shutter is dropped upon his loins, thereby depriving him of a considerable portion of his power, and, consequently, rendering him a far less formidable antagonist than he proves himself when first driven in from the country.

Cadiz, 1st November, 1839.

THE MODERN ARAB RACER.

MUCH less is generally known of the comparative speed of the British and Arab race-horse, than the interest of the question, and the facility for its solution, seem to justify. Our possessions in India exhibit the native Arab in the character of a racer, probably, in the highest form in which the animal has ever been brought to the post. The following extract from the "Bengal Sporting Magazine," for April last, furnishes some useful *data* upon that interesting inquiry. "From Cuttack we come to the first Calcutta Meeting, and I have little fear of contradiction in proclaiming it the first in rank that has ever taken place on that course, whether we look to the number of the subscribers, to the various cups and stakes, the number of first-rate horses that appeared, or the time in which the several races were run. The first day was looked for with great anxiety, as a probable test of the best Arab in Bengal. The trial did take place, and though the gallant little Pirate ran as well as he had ever done, he had no chance with Fieschi or Corriemonie, who accomplished *two miles in three minutes fifty-one seconds and a half*, or some six or eight seconds less than was formerly considered excellent performance." (Unfortunately the weights do not accompany this account.) "A question arises to me of difficult solution :—Whence comes this year's apparent superiority? By reference to the Calendars, the timing of even the second-rate horses surpasses what we have ever witnessed: two miles in three minutes fifty-seven or fifty-eight seconds, is now looked upon

as nothing:—are the horses better, or are the owners more skilful? Perhaps the Arabs, finding a market, at high prices, for racing-like horses, pay more attention to breeding than they did twenty or thirty years ago; this is my idea, for I can scarcely think there are better trainers now on the course, than Gilbert, Treeves, Barwell, the Hunters, and Gwatkin; or that even the owner of Fieschi is so very much improved from the time his character, as a trainer, was drawn in these words:—‘ Mr. B.’s system of training is considered too severe; he is fond of being ready at the *commencement* of the racing season, and will get the most out of his horse: it must be remembered, also, that he never brings a horse to the post that is not fit to go.’ I should like to see the opinions of some of your sporting correspondents on this undoubted excellence over former years, in point of timing.” In addition to this extract, we give the following notice of a handicap run on the 15th of February last, at the Bombay Meeting. “A Forced Handicap for all horses that have won public money during the meeting; optional to losers. Rupees 600 from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 100 rupees each: two miles.” This was won by Mr. Ettrick’s grey Arab horse, Exile, carrying 9 st. 9 lb., in *three minutes fifty-six seconds*, and is thus spoken of in the “Bengal Racing Calendar:”—“Won easy by Exile, in the best time ever run on this course at the weight; and proving himself, if not the very best, one of the best Arabs in India, at all weights and distances.” Now, without offering any opinion upon the “comparative merits” to which we have above alluded, we will only suppose the course at Bombay, over which this race was run, as *bad* as was that of Goodwood, on Thursday, the 1st of August last (and *worse* it could not have been), and putting a case before the reader, leave the issue with him. Exile, the best Arab in India, as his best performance, has done *two miles in three minutes fifty-six seconds*, at 9 st. 9 lb.: Harkaway, an English thorough-bred horse, has done *two miles and three-quarters in four minutes fifty-eight seconds*, at 9 st. 4 lb., winning his race in a canter. It is well that such *facts* as these should be preserved—the time will come when such knowledge will be as valuable as would now be any authentic records of the running of Childers and Eclipse.

IN a late number of the “Times,” there appeared a paragraph, properly authenticated, with name, time, and place, to the effect that a gamekeeper, having fired both his barrels at a couple of rabbits, killed them right and left. At the instant a woodcock rose before him; and, in his agony, he discharged his piece, literally—stock and barrel—at the “foreigner,” and brought it as cleverly to bag as if an ounce of No. 7. had been lodged in its cerebellum.

Manton, Lang, Eley, Curtis, eke and Co.,
 Your occupation’s gone: to pot ye go;
 The tool to kill with now, is the *long bow!*

MY HORSES.

BY NIMROD.

(Continued from page 457, vol. ii.)

My next residence was in Shropshire, a few miles from Ludlow—a good part of England for horses, but very so-so for fox-hunting. I, however, seldom hunted there after November commenced, removing my stud to Stratford-on-Avon, having been elected a member of the Stratford Hunt Club, where everything that was agreeable prevailed, and where, as John Warde said of the Pytchley, “everything was pleasant *but the reckoning*.” But even Warwickshire did not content me. I had generally horses at Chapel House, for the Duke of Beaufort’s, and at Middleton Stoney, near Bicester, for Sir Thomas Mostyn’s packs; and many were the dark and blowing nights in which I turned out, *after dinner*, to ride twenty miles, for the purpose of getting within reach of the favourite fixtures of these hunts, in which my horses were planted. From Stratford to Banbury, for example (at that time twenty miles of the worst turnpike-road in England), to meet Mostyn in his Chipping-Warden country, which I delighted in, was often my midnight task; but no gay Lothario, on the wings of maiden love, ever travelled more blithely than I cantered along, on not the best hacks in the world, to meet hounds on the morrow. “How far have you come this morning?” used to be Gryff Lloyd’s usual salutation by the cover’s side.

But I am wandering from my subject—the horses, for picking up which I was now in the right country, the second best to Yorkshire, if not, as respects hunters, its equal. By way of shewing, then, the value of fox-hunting to owners and occupiers of land, I will commence with stating that I gave Mr. Harper, of Stoke Castle, near Ludlow, a large farmer and grazier, 260 guineas for two four-year-old colts, then in the breaker’s hands. What other stock, may I ask, would have paid for the food consumed, which these colts paid? One was got by Black Sultan, and the other by General, by Saltram out of a Highflyer mare; but both (purchased in consecutive years) were out of a capital hunting mare, ridden many seasons by the late Sir John Hill, of Hawkestone, the father of all the Hills. I sold the first for 200 guineas; and he was well known as Emperor, a winner of hunters’ stakes, and afterwards as a good hunter in Northamptonshire,—I think in Mr. Davy’s stud. He was perfect, all but his shoulders, which were rather short for his height. I sold the half-brother to him to Mr. Benson, for £180, in six weeks after I bought him; and he was also a winner of hunters’ stakes, by the name of Conkeybeau, and making a very good hunter afterwards.*

I purchased another young horse near Ludlow, from a tenant of

* The purchase of this horse by Mr. Benson was accidental, and I only mention the manner in which it was accidental, to shew *how I treated young horses in those days*. My house was twelve miles distant from Lutwyche (Mr. Benson’s seat), where I was going to dine. “What horse is to carry the saddle bags to Lutwyche?” said my groom. “The General colt,” I replied. “He will not carry them,” said the man. “Then longe him till he will,” was my finale; and, after having been longed for half an hour, he carried them very quietly; and the next morning Mr. Benson purchased him.

Mr. Lechmere Charlton (Mr. Benbow), which turned out a capital hunter; and I mention him particularly, with a view of cautioning sportsmen not to reject a likely young horse, with good action, on account of some trifling imperfection in his form—other points, such as shoulders and hind legs, being all right. No one would purchase this horse (got by Admiral) with great bone, and otherwise in excellent form, because he had short and straight fetlocks. But he was foaled with this eye-sore; and, although I sold him to Mr. Adams, who then had the Ludlow hounds, to carry his huntsman, a light weight, he furnished so much in his frame, and went on so well under John's fine bridle-hand, that Mr. Adams rode him several seasons himself, weighing full sixteen stone. I never heard of his legs failing from the cause I have stated; and my having given eighty guineas for him is a proof of my believing they would not fail. Where were worse fetlocks than those under Mr. Robert Canning's Conjurer, perhaps, one of the best hunters, under weight, ever produced by a mare? Let it not be supposed, however, that I think lightly of defective fetlocks; on the contrary, I consider the fetlock a most essential point, not only as regards action in deep ground, but in reference to the lasting of a horse in his work, be his work what it may.

Then, here comes another cautionary lesson to over-fastidious judges. My brother, residing in Herefordshire, requested me to purchase for him a young horse likely to carry him with hounds. Having seen a thrusting young farmer, in my neighbourhood, ride a five-year-old gelding, by Transit (son of Lord Egremont's Mercury), well up to hounds, over the Titterstone Clee Hills—a rascally country for horses—I bought him for seventy guineas, and sent him to him. The following day I went to visit him myself, to meet a party of friends, all—in their own opinion at least—judges of horse-flesh (but one *very* difficult to please), and this was the result of their criticism:—"Calf-kneed," said A. "No bone below the knee," exclaimed B. "He'll be broken-winded," believed C. "I would not give twenty pounds for him," cried D. "Then I'll keep him myself," said I; and this calf-kneed (as he was), small boned (as he was), broken-winded (which he was not, but he had a cold), worthless brute, after having been ridden one season by myself, and two by Green, huntsman to the late Lord Foley, became his Lordship's favourite hunter, and one which *no price* would, at that time, have purchased of him. So much for rash decisions. He was a brown gelding, fifteen hands three inches, with a snip of white on his nose, and went in a plain snaffle bridle; bred by a tenant of that worthy man, and good sportsman, the Rev. John Walcot, of Bitterley Court, brother-in-law to Sir John Dashwood King.*

My next attempt to mount my brother is not beneath notice, because the purchase was effected in rather an odd, if not a laughable, manner. A neighbouring clergyman, but no great sportsman, came to visit me at my crib, at Bitterley, and brought with him not a bad sort of a five-year old black mare, of his own breeding; got by King John, as bad a stallion, I believe, as any at that time going. Despite of this, and of a heavy and regular mare's head, not very well put on, and

* This horse was one of old Transit's last get. He then covered near Tenbury, stone blind. Transit was a grandson of Eclipse.

a carcass worthy of an alderman, there was, I thought, something kind and like improvement about her, which, as her shoulders and hind legs were right, and there was substance, would, with good management, shew itself. "Will you sell your mare?" said I to him, the next day, as we were taking our morning ride. "Yes," he replied, "for forty-five guineas, as she is too big for me." "I'll give you forty," I said (rather dealer-like, I admit). The parson declined. "Well, then," continued I, "as you say she is a *hunter*, and, of course, a good leaper, if you will ride her over that stile, and she does not hit it, I'll give you all you ask for her." His reverence looked at the stile, and observed there was a ditch on the far side. "Never heed the ditch," I said, "if your mare clears the stile she will be sure to clear the ditch, if you put her manfully at it." He did so, and she would have cleared a very pretty brookling. She made a good hunter for a very rough country, in which temper is much wanting, and carried my brother to the end of the finest run Herefordshire had witnessed for many, many years, with Mr. Terrett's hounds, from West-ham Wood, enabling him to be one of the very few who saw anything like the finish of it. A few days after this, however, she was nearly finishing him; she gave him such a break-neck fall, that he declared, at the moment—although he thought better of it afterwards—that he would never hunt again; but I have reason to believe he had to thank himself for his fall, by having taken the mare to the field before she had recovered herself from the effects of the tremendous run in which she had gone so well.

I was, at this period of my life, much in the habit of sojourning, in the winter months, with Sir John Dashwood King, at his hunting seat at Bourton-on-the-Hill, half-way between Oxford and Worcester, and where his father had a hunting seat before him. I had *carte blanche*, and it just suited my book, for the following efficient reasons:—Sir John is a man after my own heart; the society was good; the tap unexceptionable (Raikes's best); and capital accommodation for the nags, at the training-stables on the Hill, where there is the best winter exercise-ground in the world—in short, where horses gallop and sweat with the thermometer at zero. It was also not very badly situated for foxhounds—at least, either the Duke's or the Warwickshire were generally within reach from it: Lord Segrave's always one day in the week, if not more; and Sir John's harriers, perhaps the best the world ever saw, hunted three days a week, and shewed most extraordinary sport. In fact, it required a good man, on a good horse, to see the end of a Cotswold hare, once driven out of her latitude by this beautiful pack.

The only amends I made, or had in my power to make, Sir John Dashwood, for all his kindness and good cheer, was purchasing for his eldest son—a most superior horseman, and then at Christ Church—two most superior hunters. One was a bay horse, which he classically called Achilles, because he was wounded in the heel—*alias*, fired in a hind fetlock. The other, a slapping black gelding, by Black Sultan, bred by Mr. Hickman,* near Ludlow, on which Mr. Dashwood (now M. P. for Bucks) so distinguished himself with hounds, as to refuse Lord Jersey's offer of 400 guineas for him—saying, if he were worth

* Father of that able practitioner, Mr. Hickman, veterinary surgeon, of Shrewsbury.

that sum to one man, he was worth it to another who wished to travel near hounds. He was, likewise, offered 200 guineas for Achilles, a very first-rate hunter. I purchased two or three other horses for Sir John, out of my horse-breeding neighbourhood; but the particulars of them have escaped my memory,

During my annual visits to Sir John, I was, of course, on the look-out for my own stable; and made one purchase, to which some interest is attached. I heard of a clever black mare, the property of one of the Marshalls (very sporting farmers near Campden), that was to be sold for sixty pounds, because she could not be shod without being cast, or else put into a break. I bought her for that sum, and sold her to Mr. Lloyd Williams, before mentioned, for £180, having first made her quiet to be shod, by the following simple method:—Finding there was no difficulty in picking out her feet, or washing them in a pail, I was convinced that her dislike to a smith arose from some cruel treatment received from one; so, making the man who shod my horses dress himself in his Sunday clothes; free himself of his apron, and everything that smelt of his shop—putting a winker bridle on her head—I witnessed his taking off her shoes, with very little uneasiness on her part. The following day (feeing him extra, of course, for his pains) the same precautions were taken, and she suffered them to be nailed on again, *loosely*. Repeating this operation a few times—not half a dozen in all—she became quite reconciled to it; and remained so to her death.

The question may be asked—how happened it that I sold this mare, as well as many other horses which I shall have to notice, for so much more money than I gave for them? I answer, *by their merits*: and I am proud to recount the performances which brought this good little mare—for she was barely fifteen hands one inch, but very neat—into notice. At the finish of a very severe run over that kill-horse country, the Brown Clee Hills, between Ludlow and Bridgenorth, we came to the park of the late very celebrated Mr. Childe (of Kinlet Hall), into which the fox had just gone before us, very hard pressed. I think I see the pales now; they stood on the other side of a deep and blind ditch, and a narrow, raised foot-path ran parallel with them. “They are viewing him,” said I, as I stood up in my stirrups to look over them; “*what is to be done?*” Decision is everything in riding to hounds; and there are times when, as Dick Knight said, if we look, we are lost; so taking the good little mare a few paces back, across the road, I gave her no more time for consideration than enabled her to look under feet, when—hopping first on the foot-path—she cleared ditch and pales in beautiful style (“D—n my heart!” exclaimed old Ned Leake,* at the moment, “but she’s a good one!”), and landed me well in the park. This being the first time of my finding myself quite alone with the hounds, and a dying fox before me, it was not to be supposed that a trifle would, at that moment, have stopped me; so, perceiving the fox cross a deep, sunken fence (close to the laundry, or dairy, which stood some distance from the mansion), with the awful-looking spiked oaken pales in the middle of it, I put the mare straight at it, but she refused it. As I was in the act of turning her round again, with both spurs in

* A great friend of Mr. Adams, the master of the Ludlow hounds in those days, and a capital sportsman.

her sides, determined on another *shy*, I could see the fox returning to the ha-ha, where the pack instantly ran into him, and made a glorious finish to a good twenty miles' run. I called this mare Vingt-un, and for a very good reason. She was the twenty-first foal of her dam, and, I believe, not the last!

It grieves me to mention the end of this good mare. After carrying Mr. Williams two seasons, quite to his mind, she was turned out to grass in the summer, was attacked by inflammation of the lungs, and became a bad roarer.

I have said that I got £180 for Vingt-un; but, if I had been awake, another £100 would have been added to it. The gentleman to whom I sold her, having his full complement of hunters, asked me to take a five-year old Glaucus horse, for which he had just before given 100 guineas in exchange, and which was then under the tuition of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's whipper-in, who was rapidly completing his education. Setting aside my own interest—although I liked the look of the young one—I was bound to accommodate one of my first and kindest friends, and, therefore, complied with his request, taking him at what he gave for him. Now, then, for the history of young Glaucus, to whom I gave the appropriate name of Fisherman. In the first place, he will be found in one of my Letters, on the Condition of Hunters, as an instance of his having particularly distinguished himself at the close of a run over Warwickshire, by leaping a gate and a snow-drift, when scarcely any horse but himself could get beyond a trot; attributed by me to his having, by accident, been eleven hours from his stable the preceding day, the greater part of them with hounds.* After this, as may be supposed, his name was up, and I had booked him at 200 guineas, at the least; when, on his being challenged in a handicap, a few nights after, at the Club, with the wine in and the wit out, I held money in my hand, when I should not have held it, and I only got £120 for him by the award.

I have had few better hunters than Fisherman. Mr. Benson, who was the fortunate possessor of him, by the handicap, rode him two or three seasons; ditto, Mr. John Price, of Ryal; ditto, Mr. Hornyold, late master of the Worcestershire hounds, who bought him of Mr. Price; and, lastly, in proof of my character of him, Mat Milton gave 250 guineas for him, in his fourteenth year, and sold him to some London sportsman, in whose possession he broke a leg, and was killed. He was a dark bay, without a spot of white, fifteen hands two inches in height.

Among the other horses I purchased during my residence in Shropshire, the following may be worth notice:—namely, the red-legged mare; Jemmy-from-Town, afterwards called Ferryman; Jupiter; Saladin; two roan horses; Cœlebs; Salamanca, and Masquerade. The red-legged mare—bought of Mr. Wainwright, agent to that fine horseman,

* The accident was this:—I had five horses at Bourton-on-the-Hill, when a stable boy mistook a pot of blister ointment for one of heel ointment, and blistered them all. Fisherman became first fit to ride, and I thus shamefully trespassed on him. He, also, was at Epwell, on the morning of the run which occasioned the famous poem, called "Epwell Hunt," having been sent to Chapel House over night; but I did not go to cover myself, because I saw the London wagon go down Bourton Hill, without making the slightest impression on the road, from its hard state, by frost. It was well for me, perhaps, I did not; as it was a punishing day, in more ways than one.

Dr. Cornwall, late Bishop of Worcester, whom the late Lord Forester said he would ride twenty miles, on any day, to see in his saddle—was not purchased with any expectation of making a first-rate hunter of her, but she was a capital mare on the road; and I thought, from her extraordinary colour, she would be a pretty sure fool-catcher: here, however, I was wrong, for she caught, what we call, a very clever fellow. Added to this, she knew very little of fencing; and, what was worse, appeared rather unwilling to learn. It may, however, amuse your readers if I describe the way in which this mare was made a good fencer, and *all in the space of one hour*. It was thus accomplished:—The before mentioned Mr. Bayzand came to visit me at Bitterley, and rode her with myself, to shake by the hand the late Mr. Dansey, father to the present gentleman of that name, lately at the head of the Nottinghamshire, and, also, the Oakley hounds; arriving at his house about the pot-luck hour. Now, all who knew his hospitable treatment of friends, and the winning ways of that capital sportsman, and most amusing companion, will not be surprised to hear that we were not suffered to depart, like Dr. Johnson, *impransi*; neither will they marvel at being told, that, with a skinful of wine, we turned out, about six o'clock in the evening of one of the last days in April, to wend our way homewards, not by the road, but—as the crow then fled, and, I suppose, now flies—over that stiff vale between Tenbury and Ludlow; and, there and then, the education of the red-legged was completed. So straightforward, and so fearlessly, did Dicky Bayzand put her along,—no finer horseman than he was, but shy of unmade ones, when sober—that she never offered to refuse another fence, and I afterwards called her a hunter. But on the road she was super-excellent. For proof: one warm summer's day, I left Barmouth, in North Wales, at six o'clock in the morning; was detained two hours at Dolgelly, on business; and was at my house, in Shropshire, by eleven at night—distance, eighty-two miles; and, being alarmed at the deer in Walcot Park, within twenty miles of home, she ran away with me in spite of my teeth, for about three hundred yards.

The colour of this mare was a beautiful grey, on a black skin, with one *bright chestnut* hinder leg and thigh, quite up to the stifle; and so remarkable did this *lusus naturæ* appear, that the boys in the villages I passed through, upon her, always exclaimed, "See the white horse with a red leg!" I sold her to the late Rev. Dr. Tomkyns, of Buckenhill, near Bromyard, one of the pleasantest doctors I ever came across, and who exclaimed, after the purchase—"Now, I am complete; I have three grey mares with black tails!" "Nay, doctor," said I, "only two;"—alluding to a very clever grey mare, he then had. "Pardon me," replied his Reverence, "you forget *my wife*, the best of all the three!" I am sorry to add, the red-legged mare gave the Doctor a very dangerous fall, by plunging and throwing herself down with him, when he mounted her, a trick she was apt to play, unless time were allowed for the saddle to get warm to her back; and the Doctor was cautioned against it when he bought her.

Now comes Jemmy-from-Town, so called, as was Conkeybeau, after two noted pickpockets then about London, where I bought this celebrated horse, and purely accidental was the purchase. A neighbour of mine sent up three horses, that spring, to town to be sold, one

of which was to have been at my service for the Epsom race week ; but, throwing out a spavin on the journey, it was "no go," and I was obliged to find a horse for myself. It is possible, thought I, that the cheapest way *may be*, to buy one for the purpose ; so, stepping into Tattersall's yard, on the Monday, I saw his hammer *in alto*, with the fate of a coarse, ugly, ragged-hipped chestnut gelding depending on its fall ; in fact, he was "going, going ;" and, ere I could get round him, to see how many eyes, or how many years he could shew, he was "gone." "Who is the purchaser?" said I, to Tattersall. "Yonder he goes," was the reply ; "that big man in black—Crump, the dealer." Following Mr. Crump to the stable, matters were soon brought to a conclusion, after the following usual fashion : "What will you have for your bargain, Mr. Crump?" "Five pounds," replied Mr. Crump, "I'll give them," said I.

Now a history of this horse is to be found in one of my Letters on Condition, into which I introduced him as a triumph of good grooming over a naturally washy constitution, as well as over round, and, apparently, infirm legs and bad feet ; and also to state the curious fact of his having brought back a phisic ball, *twice*, through his left nostril, after it was fairly passed over his tongue, by a man peculiarly clever at balling horses. It will be further seen, that, after having ridden him for two seasons, I sold him to the Earl of Warwick for 200 guineas, who changed his name to Ferryman, in compliment to his extraordinary power of leaping water. So perfect, indeed, was he at that work, that I remember riding him twice over a widish brook, near Moreton-in-the-Marsh, *with my eyes shut*, to amuse Sir John Dashwood, and, I may *safely* say, from *no other* motive, for he would not have admitted so ugly a horse into his stable, scot-free.

But I have not yet done with Ferryman ; for something may be gathered by the young sportsman that may be useful to him, from a further description of this horse, inasmuch as it may further induce him not to pay too much regard to certain unsightly points in horses which he intends should carry him to hounds, provided the very essential ones are right. His form was this :—a very plain head, lean and long, but beautifully suspended, or hung on, as we say, to his neck, with rather a Roman nose. Shoulders, nearly perpendicular in front, but, at the same time, running far enough into the chine to come under the denomination of lengthy ones ; a very long shank bone, with long elastic pasterns ; a long back, with an indifferent spur-place, though not exactly light in his carcass ; quarters good, hocks lean, and hind-legs well bent under him. Feet, high in the heel, quite destitute of frogs, and stinking aloud from thrushes. From this form of body and hinder legs, however, it is scarcely necessary to say, that he stood over a great space of ground in his stall ; was the smoothest galloper over ridged and furrowed land I ever rode in my life, with speed quite equal to nine runs out of ten, and a most accomplished leaper of every description of fence ; but, as I have before said, super-excellent at water. His wind was equally superior ; so much so, that I never found him short of it ; and I submit to others, better qualified to answer it than I am, the question, whether, or not, the power of bringing back the ball through his nostrils, had not much to do with the clearness of it. But he was, as it afterwards appeared, well-bred.

As soon as I brought him into Warwickshire, he was recognised by a gentleman of the name of Willoughby, residing near Atherstone, who reared him, and who informed me he was got by Joe Andrews, out of a good hunting mare, nearly thorough-bred.

Now, how happened it that this very plain horse—for very plain he was, being of a very bad colour withal—fetched 200 guineas, and also to carry a lord? Why, entirely from his merits; for the day that sold him, was one on which he was the only horse that had wind and power enough left to clear a very high stile, quite at the end of a very severe run, and from the top headland of a very large grass ground, all against the collar. The only man that attempted it, besides myself, who had the lead, was Mr. Roger Kynaston, on Babel, who gave him an awful fall. Will Barrow, Mr. Corbet's huntsman, on one of his three famous chestnuts, would not have it at all.

But another lesson may be learnt from the sale of this horse, which, if one or two dealers I could name, had known the value of, they might have been worth as many thousands, as they were, or are, worth hundreds. On the day on which I delivered him to Lord Warwick's groom, I left Stratford-on-Avon for my residence in Shropshire, and did not return for ten days. On my arrival, however, I found his Lordship's cheque; but a certain sporting parson, now gathered to his fathers, told me Lord Warwick had ridden my horse, but did not like him. "I am sorry to hear this," said I; so, meeting his Lordship the next morning in the field, I offered him choice of his cheque or the horse, when he instantly decided on the horse. In proof that the decision was a correct one, Ferryman, ridden by the late much lamented Lord Clonmel (Lord W.'s brother-in-law), shortly afterwards saw out all the first horses, and many of the second ones, in a tremendous run with the Mostyn hounds over Northamptonshire, carrying him back to Shugburgh, where he was on a visit to Lord Darlington (then Lord Barnard, who resided there), his Lordship, and Lord Warwick who accompanied him, having left their horses, dead beat, behind them. Ferryman lasted several seasons, becoming Lord Clonmel's property.*

Somewhere about this period, I bought two horses in London, but only one turned up a trump; the other, with every appearance of a hunter, had one side of his mouth imperfect, which made him awkward to handle when in difficulty, and, therefore, dangerous to ride. The trump was a short-legged, powerful horse, very little more than fifteen hands high, by Driver, but as full of power as an egg is full of meat, and, as the dealers say, "as long as a cart-rope." This horse is also discussed in my Condition Letters, to shew the folly of passing a *hasty* judgment—no matter the judge—on horses not fit to go to hounds. The late veterinary surgeon, Palfrey, of Worcester, a clever practitioner, who was requested to examine him for the satisfaction of a gentleman in Warwickshire, who wished to purchase him, pronounced him *thick minded*; whereas, Mr. Bielby Thompson (brother to Sir Francis Lawley), who purchased him, when in condition, at a long price,

* Ferryman was the cause of some merriment on this day, of verifying the saying, "*fronti nulla fides*." "*What a horse for a Peer to ride!*" said one of the ladies at Shugburgh, where the hounds met, when Ferryman was led before the windows, with Lord Darlington's and Lord Warwick's hunters. Ferryman, however, went to the end of the run, and brought his rider (Lord Clonmel) back to Shugburgh at night; whereas, the "two beautiful creatures," as the ladies called the others (good hunters no doubt), were left behind, dead beat.

found him to be quite the reverse. The last time I saw that gentleman was at Birmingham, when he said, "I fear you have not got another Driver horse for me."

About this time, likewise, I dropped across a very clever mare, in a strangely accidental manner. Visiting a coaching friend in Cheshire, he put his team together, one fine morning in October, and drove myself and others to Newcastle-under-Lyne; and, in a stroll round the town, I stumbled on a veterinary surgeon, whom I saw come out of his door, on which where his name and profession. Now, a friend of mine says, "I care not what subject he begins with, but I'll take small odds that Nimrod ends it with a horse;" and such was the case here. After the usual salutation—apologies for the intrusion, &c. &c; "Pray sir," said I, "can you tell me of a hunter for sale?" He replied, he did not know of one; but, recollecting himself, informed me he had a mare of his own, that he thought would suit me. "How is she bred?" was my first question. "Got by Castrel, out of a thorough-bred mare," was the reply. Pricking up my ears at *Castrel*, to say nothing of the thorough-bred mare, I inquired farther into her history, which was this:—Castrel covered a season or two, as many of your readers will remember, in Cheshire, when the property of Mr. William Cotton, brother to Lord Combermere, but he got very few foals. It happened, however, a very well-bred mare, the property of Mr. Shackerley, father to the present Sir Charles, of Somerford Park, near Congleton, stood to him, and this mare was the produce; but so desperately restiff was she in the breaking, that, being deemed unfit for the service of man, and dangerous, she was turned up in the park, and sold, as incurable, to this veterinary surgeon—whose name is Mayer,* and he is still living at Newcastle—for the sum of ten pounds!

When I had this mare led out for my inspection, I perceived she was lame in one hind leg; but the *Vet.* explaining to me most scientifically, and, at the same time, satisfactorily, that it was a mere temporary affair, the result of a severe day's work on the road, I was inclined to have a shy at her, although no warranty was given; so, putting his man-servant on the drag, I rode her two or three miles over the country, by the side of it, and found I had stumbled on a trump. To make the story short—for brevity is the soul of some things, as longitude is of others—I bought her for sixty pounds, and, after a little taste of her, over Shropshire, during Shrewsbury-hunt week, in November, dropped into a fine run upon her, over Warwickshire, in December; and being, towards the end of it, one of very few who, without a fall, got over a boggy brook, under Witchford Wood (which I remember we christened the double-bodied brook, having a back-cut to it, which occasioned so many disasters), she was put, the next day, into the stable of Mr. Smythe Owen, one of the late masters of one of the Shropshire packs of foxhounds, and 150 guineas into my pocket. This was one of the few hunters I ever possessed that went best in a plain snaffle-bridle, but she would not face any other, and came under the denomination, of "the horse that a child might ride." She was a dark chestnut, with a blaze down her face, and, for the weight she could carry, very good; though not so first-rate as she ought to have been from her blood.

(To be continued.)

* Mr. Mayer is one of the principal contributors to the *Veterinary Journal*, edited by Mr. Youatt.





1841. 1842. 1843.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, located below the engraving.

CHARLES HOLMES,

THE DRIVER OF THE BLENHEIM COACH.

IN presenting to our readers, this month, the portrait of *Charles Holmes*, the well-known and deservedly popular driver of "*The Blenheim Coach*," from Oxford to London, and back again, for a period of upwards of twenty years, we offer no apology; because we are persuaded the patrons of *THE SPORTING REVIEW*, will, at all times, be gratified to find that merit, however humble, receives, in its pages, the consideration and approval to which it is fairly entitled; and, perhaps, at no season is such consideration and approval more becoming than at a period when that useful and zealous class of men, ycleped "*British Dragsmen*," are gradually resigning their "seats" and their "ribbons" to the new-fashioned substitute of "*steam and engineers*." "Comparisons are odious;" and we shall not, therefore, here attempt to draw distinctions between the good old-fashioned "*coach-and-four*," with all its brilliant and lively appointments, and the dull and monotonous spectacle of the railroad-train. "*Chacun a son gout*" is our motto; and we must leave the public to choose for themselves; all we have to do is to record the good conduct of a public servant, who has devoted the greatest portion of his days to "the road;" and who has not only secured for himself, in "his journey through life," *verbal* expressions of approbation from his customers, but who, we have pleasure in stating—as the accompanying portrait will shew—has had that approbation confirmed with "*sterling*" sincerity, by the presentation of a *Silver Cup*, of chaste and elegant design; as well as a *Silver Salver*, not less appropriate and beautiful in its workmanship; in a manner not less flattering than deserved.

Mr. Holmes, the original of our portrait, has been the architect, if not of his own "fame," at least of his own excellent character; and, during five and twenty years, has driven the Blenheim coach for the same proprietors (Messrs. Costar and Waddell); during which period, he has not only justified their confidence, by his invariable integrity and attention to business, but has, by his urbanity and excellent conduct, elicited the unqualified approbation of every passenger, male or female, who has favoured his coach with their patronage. And it is not a little to his credit to state, that, during the whole of that period, he never met with accident or mischance. These concurring circumstances it was which led those high and distinguished persons, who for so many years had witnessed his career, to determine to offer him a solid and lasting proof of the estimation in which he was held; and, at the suggestion of Sir Henry Peyton, Bart., a subscription was commenced to present him with the pieces of plate which stand exhibited by the side of his portrait. The more widely to extend the means of affording this demonstration—it was resolved, that no subscriber should contribute more than ten shillings; and it must have been a source of infinite gratification to Mr. Holmes to find that no less than 250 individuals, of the highest rank in the country, including

the Duke of Wellington, were enrolled in this flattering list. The requisite funds having been raised, the execution of a vase, suitable to the occasion, was entrusted to Messrs. Green and Ward, of Cockspur-street, who well sustained their reputation by the taste and elegant design of the work, which we cannot do better than here describe.

It consists of a beautiful "CUP and COVER," of the Grecian form, ornamented with richly-chased leaf-handles, and with water-leaves on the body. On one side of the Cup is a bass-relief, exquisitely modelled and chased, representing a coach-and-four, executed in bright and dead silver; and on the opposite side is the following inscription:—

"Presented to CHARLES HOLMES, by Sir HENRY PEYTON, Bart., on behalf of himself, and two hundred and fifty subscribers, in testimony of their approbation of his good conduct as driver of the Blenheim coach, for a period of upwards of twenty years.—1835."

The top of the cover is surmounted with a beautifully modelled horse, fully harnessed as a "near leader;" and what we are sure gives additional value to this magnificent token in the eyes of Mr. Holmes, is the fact that the actual half-sovereign subscribed by the Duke of Wellington, is let into the bottom of the vase. This Cup, on its completion, was presented to Mr. Holmes, at the Thatched-house Tavern, by Sir Henry Peyton, (after a dinner, of which forty or fifty of the subscribers had partaken,) in a speech highly complimentary; to which Mr. Holmes made a characteristic and grateful reply; and, as the value of the Cup did not equal the amount of the subscriptions received, it was determined that the balance should be applied to the purchase of a "SALVER," upon which the Cup is represented as standing: and here, again, the taste and discrimination of Messrs. Green and Ward were admirably displayed. It is of a very elegant form, and upon it are engraved, radiating from the centre, the names of the subscribers, alphabetically arranged; while, in the compartments formed by the ornaments of the border, are inscribed the names, busts, and coronets of the noblemen who are included in the list. In the centre of the Salver, are the arms of the city of Oxford; and the whole forms as chaste and as elegant an ornament as it has ever been our good fortune to witness: the *tout ensemble* is in every way consonant with the object of the donors.

This Salver afforded a second opportunity for a personal testimony to Mr. Holmes's good qualities; and it was presented to him in a short, but eloquent, speech, by Vernon Dolphin, Esq., at the White Horse, in Piccadilly, in the presence of an admiring circle of his friends. Were we to say more on this subject, we fear we should diminish the real value of the compliment paid to Mr. Holmes; and we shall simply conclude by stating, that "the Blenheim coach"—of which he is still, and we trust will long continue to be, the driver—leaves London, or Oxford, at ten o'clock every morning; performing its journey, with admirable precision, in six hours, stopping to an excellent luncheon at the house of our old friend, the host of the Red Lion, at High Wycombe. We ought to add, that William Stacey, who successfully endeavours to imitate the good qualities of Charles Holmes, takes the reins, alternately, from Oxford and London, and well supports the high character which the coach and its general appointments have obtained.

SCENES WITH "UNCLE SAM."

No. 6.

" PRAIRIE AND PINEBARREN."

Ay! this is freedom! these pure skies
 Were never stained with village smoke;
 The fragrant wind that through them flies,
 Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
 Here, with my rifle and my steed,
 And her who left the world for me;
 I plant me where the red deer feed,
 In the green desert, and am free."

BRYANT.

Of all the social institutions of the southern backwoods, few are more neighbourly—none more agreeable—than the "Hunting Clubs." These are associations of the planters, who meet on certain days at some appointed "station," where a log-hut, built by subscription, for this special purpose, affords a rallying point for all the members of the hunt, and a protection to the partakers of the goodly fare provided at the close of each day's sport by every member in succession, in strict accordance with the economical provisions of a bill of fare agreed upon in general assembly, in order that no vain attempt at extra splendour, on the part of any one, should tempt the rest to vie in useless or extravagant display.

Fine weather, in the winter season, will generally insure a good attendance of the members on "club days." And at these meetings hunting-parties are made up, and expeditions planned, for beating up the favourite haunts of the more distant hunting-grounds.

One fine day in the month of February, Harry and I set out to visit an unquestionable "Hunt," some two days' journey, at the least, from home, and close upon the western border of the State. We were on horseback, carrying our rifles in our hands, and scarcely had we advanced two miles upon our road, when we perceived before us my old friend of Lankyleggy memory, and stage-coach-upset fame,*—long Doctor Small. Mounted upon a little sorrel scrub, his two legs hanging down on either side, like tongs upon a string, he jogged along the middle of the sandy road, drumming the pony's sides with his great heels, in time to some pathetic solo which he was murmuring "untoe himself," and which, as we came up, he closed "in most sweet burden," thus—

"Oh, mister! mister! mister! Who was it made yer britches?
 Daddy cut 'em out,—and mammy sewed the stitches."

"Go a-head, Doctor Small!" cried I; "you seem in merry mood this morning."

"Me! oh! am I? Yes—ah! very well," replied the Doctor, in his usual and peculiar manner of speech: "How are yer, sir? very well, thank ye! yes, ah! well! goin' huntin'? so am I—how far? who with?—where?—when?"

"We are for the Saldlick Court-house. How are you heading? I see you have your rifle."

* *Vide* vol. 1. p. 193.

"Queerious coincidence! isn't it? Ah! yes! well! I'm a making tracks for the same place myself. Indeed! Oh! ah! grand hunt to be there, aint there? Yes! ah! well! shouldn't mind to go there in your company, should you? No; well then, I'll join in—that is, if Cottongin 'll only keep up:—kim' up, Cottongin! (and here the Doctor heeldrummed 'three-horse power'); she's so weak, bless you, two flies will exhaust her; won't they? Ah! yes; if she only has to whisk her tail twice she's dead tired. Lucky 'twas a frost last night—no flies to-day—should never get there if there was, should I? Ah! no!" (thwack! drum! drum! drum!)

Stirring his tongue thus, much faster than did Cottongin her legs, the Doctor kept up with us pretty well, as we held on, during all that day and the next, through the pine-forest, in a westerly direction, passing the night at Job Smith's "inn;" so called by courtesy, but which, like all the backwoods inns, was merely a settlement, where the free and independent citizen allowed us to partake of his corn-bread, chickens, homminy, and flour doings for a "consideration." But, hungry as we were, arriving full two hours before supper-time, and wishing to urge on the "missusses" arrangements some little while before the usual hour, the only answer we could get, was, "Well, then, ye'll just wait, I guess; people should commydate themselves to people's regularity; an, if ye want yer suppers in a hurry when ye come, ye shouldn't come till supper-time."

There was a goodly gathering at the Court-house; some of all sorts; quite a variety: but, of them all, the one who fixed my chief attention, was a little old man, mounted upon a rough, but strong and active galloway, and rigged with full costume, with leather hunting-shirt, belt, pouch and leggings; a rifle resting on his shoulder, and his head clothed in a cap of wolf's skin, with the long brush hanging down his back. His figure was familiar to my eye, and I was trying back my memory to say where I had seen him, when a sweet-toned voice set me on the right scent at once.

"Blame my old boots," exclaimed the old man, "here's an all-mighty muster!"

"But none the worse a welcome for them, as old friends," said I; advancing to him with my hand extended as I spoke.

"Burn me! no," replied Judge Jobson; for it was he.

We had a most successful hunt, so that, an hour before sunset, the venison steaks were plentifully grilling on the light wood fire, and our forest table spread with frugal, but substantial fare. I placed myself beside the Judge.

"It's most a shame," said he, at last, "to lose such noble weather, and slink home so soon; and all in hunting fix too."

"Is it? Yes, oh! ah! so it is," quoth Doctor Small.

"The wholesome savour of this steak makes me feel young again," resumed the Judge.

"Give me another bit," chimed in the doctor, once again.

"A few more mouthfuls, and I'm fit for anything," continued the old gentleman: "come, boys, what say you? here's fair weather and an open field. I'm for the prairie; now who goes in for a maroon?"

"I! I! and I!" shouted a dozen voices.

"What's a *maroon*?" inquired I of Doctor Small.

"Oh! a maroon," replied that worthy: "Oh! ah! a maroon is a—a—isn't it? Yes, a maroon is a—a—a maroon." And I felt very near as much enlightened as the man who asked his neighbour, "What is wood now?" and got the reply, "Oh! wood is trees cut down, and then chopped up."

"I'll shew you what is a maroon," exclaimed the Judge; "if you will only put yourself under my guidance for a few days."

"That will I, with the greatest pleasure," I replied; and, having learnt that a "maroon" was merely the provincial term for a "hunting-party," I awaited, with anxiety, the coming events of the morrow.

We made some progress on our road that night, taking up our lodgings at a small plantation, and when the morrow came, roused ourselves a good two hours before dawn, from most uncomfortable sleeping quarters, in a loosely-built log hut, and took our way westward into the forest. At first, the atmosphere was bitter cold, and, as the stars grew, by degrees, more dim, until the grey dawn tinged the topmost pine-boughs, a heavy mist gathered around us as the morning rose, and half obscured our tangled path, until the sun was full two hours high, when, by degrees, his rays dispersed the fog, and I perceived that we had made an hour's march upon the prairie.

Chilling, indeed, was the desolate loneliness of the landscape which now lay spread before us; a coarse, rank, matted herbage, clothing the dreary waste,—the only sign of vegetation, save where a strip of dwarfish timber tracked the margin of some fertilizing stream; it was a "rolling prairie,"—the vast expanse rising and falling in such gentle undulations, as though the heaving billows of the sea had suddenly been fixed, firm and immovable, so regular and rounded were its verdant hills, whilst the only change in the monotony of the scene was afforded by the fleeting shadows of the clouds, as they glided swiftly over the sunny ridges of the hills, or deepened the dark gloom of some adjacent hollow.

"Cold look out, this, Judge," said I, shivering.

"Ay! cool enough at these times, sir," replied the Judge; "but warmer in the month of June, I tell ye.—Lordy! the summer here is pretty nigh as hot as the Kentucky parson's wicked place."

"Was that so *very* hot?" inquired I, expecting what would come,—one of the old man's "bits."

"Well, you shall hear," replied Judge Jobson: "this parson was a preaching 'em about hereafter; and so, says he, at last, 'My brethren,' says he, 'heaven is happy, but *t'other place* is hot!—Hot! did I say? I guess it is; so hot, that if you were held there for half a moment, and then plunged into bilin' lead, *you'd be froze to death in a minute.*' Now what think you of that?"

"Why, that I would rather live down there," replied I; pointing to a little hut which lay at the bottom of the hollow, which we just then commenced descending.

"Not much to choose between them, I believe," replied the Judge; and as we drew nearer to the spot, I almost thought so too, for never had I seen so poor and comfortless a dwelling. It was a pine-log hut, the timbers laid upon the ventilating principle so as to give an open passage to the smoke which was working its way freely out between

them. A tattered blanket did bad duty for a door, and, as the wind lifted it now and then from its position, a wooden stool or two, a table, a few wolf-skins, and a couple of blankets, might be seen within, but no other covering to the bare earth floor. Yet, even in this desolate spot, so far removed from comfort and the world, there seemed to be contentment. They had a plenteous stock of fuel and provisions for the winter season, and seemed to care for nothing else beyond.

So much for "prairie comfort;" but I had afterwards occasion to remark a case of "pine-barren poverty," of even a more uninviting character.

In the course of a long journey down one of the southern rivers, I took occasion to land at one of the wooding stations, of which there are always several, established for the use of the steamers, at intervals, along their line of route. The steamer lay alongside a small rough-log pier, raised a few feet above the ordinary level of the stream; and on this pier, as well as on a partially-cleared forest plot adjacent, several cords of wood were piled. *Ground*, there was none; for the river, seeking, apparently, some shorter course of travelling through the forest, had oozed over its banks, and was seen straggling among the trees as far as eye could reach. The trees themselves were bare and leafless, stretching their gnarled and knotted branches to the sky, whilst the bark peeled and dropped from off their rotting trunks. It was a pestilent swamp—a spot fanned by the wing of death. The sultry air felt closely damp and clammy, and the atmosphere was thickened by myriads of mosquitoes, wheeling their intricate evolutions in the air, with their accustomed drowsy hum.

A heap of logs, drifted together at a few rods distance from the water's edge, formed a slight elevation on the plashy marsh; and on the summit of this "Mississippi Hill" stood a log cabin. The roof was formed of rough pine stripes, not joined together by the cleverest of carpenters. It had no chimney, but, in lieu of that useful opening, the wall presented apertures of a sufficient calibre to admit all the four winds at once. I stood for some time gazing on this wretched tenement, and had begun to calculate the probable amount of patience requisite to make it an agreeable dwelling, when, from the open space which *wanted* a door, there issued forth a leash of yellow-looking, half-starved, and still less *clothed* children, followed by a man whom I at once recognised as the resident land, or, rather, *water* lord. He was just such a tall scarecrow-looking "human" as I should have expected; shaped in the fashion of a kitchen tongs, all shaft and shank; as yellow and as hollow-looking as a bamboo cane—his skin all rough and wrinkled, like a blown bladder when the air leaks out. He tried to smile when he perceived me, but the attempt was melancholy, and he looked like Momus with an ague fit, or a jaundiced merrythought.

"A nice place, you have here," I said, just glancing round me as I spoke.

"Oh! pretty much of that, I reckon," he replied; "there aint a many such down in these parts;—nor nigh so nice."

"Some little dampish, I should think."

"So is all rivers."

"Fever and ague"—

"Of course!—who hasn't fever and aguy, I should like to know—but only the least taste in life—no thunderers, nor bogshakes."

"Ah! there's mosquitoes too, I see—a few"—

"Muskeeters, ah! I guess there is, a jolly complemerment. If you were only just to chop yer knife, so, here, at dinner time, you'd have yer plate brim full of legs and wings."

"Bless me—I shall be eaten if I stop here long:—'gad, there's the steam-boat bell—good morning, mister."

"Why! holloa! straunger, you aint going; surely you'll have a deal. I shouldn't mind to sell my lot—or—I say, *I'd exchange.*"

"Poor fellow!" thought I, "I've no doubt you would; but who would change with you for such a life as yours?—laborious without gain; short-lived, as comfortless; an age of cheerless misery without a chance."

"The season," on the prairies, commences towards the latter end of August, when woodcock are first to be found in the swamps and rivulets, in the green spots, and wet hollows. The pheasants and the prairie hens are then well grown, and strong upon the year; and the deer begin to leave their summer retreats in the deep "bays" and cool thickets to browse upon the plains and uplands. Partridge and quail, too, are then plentiful, and the pigeons begin to congregate in those astounding flocks, which have been so often and so well described.

The prairie hen, the only game peculiar to these regions, is about the size of our barn-door fowl. It bears a close resemblance to the pinnated grouse, or heath-hen, though differing somewhat both in plumage and in the colour of the meat from our grouse. In the fall of the year, they are to be met with in large flocks. In summer, they lie out upon the prairie, where they become excessively fat,—rise slowly—fly heavily—and settle soon—and, therefore, are bagged easily. The remoter recesses of the prairies abound in buffalo, bear, hogs, and elk, and all the plains are full of deer and wolves.

The prairie wolf has but little of the attributes of the "grim gaunt savage," being but little larger, and scarcely a whit more formidable, than a fox. Unlike the European wolf, it is a diminutive and timid animal, partaking less of the ferocity of its genus than of the craftiness of Reynard. When chased, their principal reliance is upon speed and stoutness in giving leg-bail, and it requires both a fast and good-winded horse to run them down. But, when once overtaken, they are cowed, and will lie down and suffer themselves to be beaten to death with perfect resignation. These wolves inhabit burrows on the prairie, and it is said that they unite in packs to hunt the deer and other prairie game.

* * * * *

Soon after we had passed the solitary dwelling in the hollow, we crossed a shallow stream, and directed our course up the opposite rise, from the summit of which, a vast expanse of prairie opened to our view. Before us, at the distance of some half a mile or so, lay a thick "bay," a covert of green thicket; nourished by the continual spreading of a prairie stream. Far to the right, the verdant wilderness spread out to the extreme of sight; and, to the left, the river, widening as it ran, ended its course, at last, upon the outskirts of the pine barren which fringed the plain; and then was lost among the dark recesses of the

forest. The crown of the hill on which we stood, had been an Indian burying-ground; and thus we looked upon the hunting-grounds before us, surrounded by the tumuli of its original possessors.

"Burn these green lumps!" exclaimed Judge Jobson, as his pony, putting his foot upon the springing of a grave, slipped almost on his haunches. "Blame my old boots! what did these fools come burying themselves about the prairie for?—eh? what?"—

"Nay, Judge," said I, "they had first right. Driven and persecuted, as the red men were during their lives—you surely would not grudge them a few feet of prairie turf to cover them when dead?"

"God forbid, sir!" said the Judge, "that I should grudge a grave to any man; but, why be buried here—just underneath my pony's feet—I'd like to know?"

"It was the spot they loved in life, sir," I replied; "and here they rest in death. Many a Christian must give place in worth and true integrity of character to these poor savages."

"They were sad brutes, though," interposed the Judge; "their cruelty"—

"Was taught them by the white men," I replied; "and then, at last, they shamed their teachers. But their brave worth,—their nobleness of character,—their native eloquence. What can be finer than that lament of the dying chief of the Choctaws: 'My children will walk through the woods, and the great spirit will whisper in the tree-tops, and the flowers will spring up in the paths. But Push-ma-ta-ha will not hear; he will see the flowers no more. He will be gone, and the word will come to the ears of his people, like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak amid the stillness of the woods.'"

"Humph!" quoth Judge Jobson; "why, as for eloquence, I think the modern Indians are a'most as good. Did you ever hear tell of Joe Socabasin, and his answer to the Indian agent?"

"Never, sir. What was it?"

"Why, it was this: this Indian, Joe Socabasin, of the Penobscot tribe, was summoned once before the Indian agent, Squire Johnson, by a white man, for ten dollars. Well, on the day of trial, Joe appeared, paid up the debt and costs, and then demanded a receipt of Squire Johnson, who, as the Indian agent, was not very popular. So says the Squire, 'Joe, a receipt will be no good to you.' 'Oh! yes,' says Joe, 'we want'um a receep for sartin.'—'But it's unnecessary.'—'Oh! sartin, Squire; yes. We want'um.'—'Why, what can you want it for, Joe?'—'Oh! sippose um die, and go to heaven; and sippose they say, 'Well, Joe, you owe any man any thin' now?'—then me say, 'No.' 'Well, did you payum Squire Johnson?'—'Oh yes, me payum.'—'Where's a receep?'—and so me have to go away right off down, and run about all over hell to hunt'um up Squire Johnson!—there's eloquence for you."

The Judge had scarcely finished his recital of this trait of Indian eloquence, when the dogs opened on the scent of a deer in the "bay" before us; and we had scarcely time to hurry to our stations, so as to intercept the game when it should break cover, before the pack were in full cry.

Taking my station in a natural alley of the thicket, leading towards the distant pine forest, I held my rifle at full cock, awaiting, in a state of nervous excitement, for the expected outbreak of the deer, and

following the cry of the hounds, in hope or fear, according as it sounded more or less near to me. At length the crash seemed to come rapidly in my direction; a gentle crackling of the dried branches, and rustling of the laurel-leaves, raised my anxiety for the success of my first shot at prairie game to a degree that was quite painful; and when, at last, the leaves before me trembled, and the stubborn thicket shook, my impatience fairly got the better of my prudence, and I fired, bang into the middle of an agitated orange bush.

"Venison!" shouted Judge Jobson, from his station at a little distance on my right. "Horns and steaks! hurrah!"—when suddenly his shout was interrupted by a most terrific squeaking from the bush in answer to my shot; and, in a moment more, out rushed a huge sow, followed by some half a dozen piggies, all squeaking and squalling at the top of their might, as they ran, shaking their little curly tails, hustling and tumbling at full gallop close behind their dam, until they disappeared in the direction of the forest.*

The laugh ran so against me for this violent assault upon the pigs, that, having re-loaded my rifle, I determined to make sure of my mark before I fired again. Again the cry of the hounds came rapidly towards me, and, this time, not in vain. A noble buck broke cover scarcely ten yards from me. I drew a sight on him, and fired; he started to one side, and, as he disappeared into the thicket, I perceived one of his fore-legs hanging useless by his side.

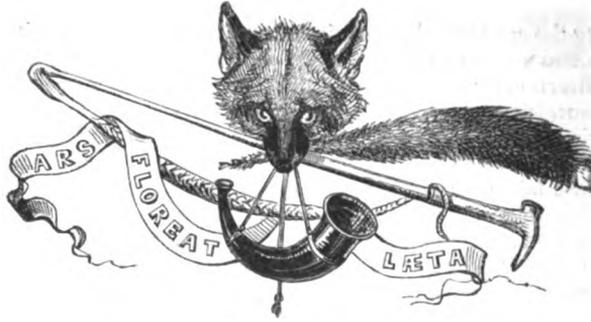
To change my useless rifle with Judge Jobson for his loaded one, jump on my horse, and dash into the thicket in pursuit, was but the work of a moment; and as the deer had headed to the forest, my object was to turn him back again into the bay, or overtake him in the thicket, which I thought I could easily accomplish, having four good legs under me, to catch his three; but here I was mistaken, for I found a deer with one broken *fore-leg*, quite a match for any horse; although if a *hind-leg* be injured they will soon fail.

Through blackjack thicket, swamp, and streamlet, on we dashed. Sometimes a bit of hard and open ground would intervene, and then I gained upon him—then again, he bounced into the thicket and I fell back into the rear.

Thus we held on, until—after a most distressing run of full three hours, in which my face and hands were beaten black and blue, my clothes torn, and my equanimity "eternally used up," among the briars and the boughs—we came upon the last and only piece of level ground, between the thicket and the forest; a fair run of about a mile or so. The deer, in sight of safety, but dreadfully distressed, strained every nerve to gain his harbour. I, on the other hand urged on my horse, jaded and sinking as he was, to cross him ere he reached the trees. By dint of spur I gained upon him—I got up within range—he was not ten yards from the trees; when, letting my reins fall upon my horse's neck, I took a random aim, and fired. The shot took full effect behind his ear—he fell, stone dead; and, at the same moment, my horse made a false step, and flung me heavily upon the ground, panting and bruised, beside my first trophy of the Prairies.

WILDRAKE.

* The prairies, especially in the vicinity of cleared lands, abound with wild hog, which, at some time, have been emancipated from the neighbouring settlements.



EXTRACTS FROM HUNTING JOURNALS.

☛ The crowded state of our pages, and the great length to which the notices of the chase would extend, if given as they reached us, must be the apology to our Correspondents for omitting their communications. Next month we hope to assign them a more ample space.

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.

Windsor, December 23rd.

WE have had a good average month, as far as our sport went, with this noble pack; but it must be confessed its details lacked the wonted "pride, pomp, and circumstance," of royal woodcraft. There are, however, golden prospects in store for us. Lord Kinnaird, the successor of Lord Errol, as master of the staghounds, has already given earnest of the fashion in which he is likely to discharge the functions of his dashing office. He has taken Colonel Cavendish's house at St. Leonard's, within a couple of miles of this town, to be near the kennels; and his stud, which is now being put together, will be of the sterling stamp. But our hopes do not finish here. The specimen which his Serene Highness afforded us, at the opening of the season, leaves little doubt that, ere it close, we shall have to hail Prince Albert as every inch a sportsman—"a consummation devoutly to be wished!" With this promise, we may surely anticipate a glorious run and triumphant finale for the season. I will not trespass on you more than by a mere allusion to a few of the more recent meets.

Monday, the 16th, at Iver Heath. A good field, and a slashing run over a country in an awful condition for the nags. The deer led us over the *water* meadows by Uxbridge, and thence for Red Hill; skirting which, he faced for Harefield, and on to Mr. Newdigate's, where he took soil near the house.

Wednesday 18th. Swinley. After hanging for awhile in the enclosures, our deer went straight away for Sunninghill, and thence to Broom Hill, where he took lodgings, after a smart burst: a small field. A youngster was then enlarged, who, unfortunately would not go away; and, after a short dodge in cover, he fell a victim to his obstinacy. A third was then uncarted, who went to work as if he meant business. Putting his head for Bracknell, he took us, in double quick time up to Wick-hill; thence to Binfield; and there, leaning to the

right, over for Oakingham, and on to East Hampstead Park. Here it was evident he was on the best terms with himself, and, though we followed him to Finchampstead Ridges, he had so much the best of us, that we left him for the night.

Friday the 20th. Farnham Common. Enlarged one of the right sort, who, pointing for Cookham, led us a regular clipper of forty minutes, when he took soil in the river near that village.

Sir John Halket's staghounds met on the 25th of November, at Warnford Park, near Westmeon. An untried hind was turned out on Wheely Down, which, after making a ring on Beacon Hill, went straight away through Black House to Brookwood Park; leaving the house on the left, went over Woodland's Farm, and across the London and Gosport road, near Westmeon Hut; thence to Privet, through Basing Park; leaving the house on the right, away to Froxfield and Prior's Dean, and stopped in a pond near Hawkley, where an unsuccessful attempt was made to secure her. She went away again, pointing for Selbourn, and, after a burst of twenty-five minutes, was taken about two miles beyond Selbourn, in a farm of Mr. Hale's. Most of the field left at Hawkley, thinking the deer would be taken in the pond. It was a trying day for the nags, the country very deep, and the fences in the vicinity of Selbourn severe in the extreme.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

THE QUORN—THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS'S FOXHOUNDS.

December 2nd.—Mr. Hodgson, with "the new Quorn," met at Bunny Park, the seat of that hospitable nobleman, and excellent sportsman, Lord Rancliffe. This is always a favourite fixture; more owing, I think, to the popularity of his Lordship, and the certainty of finding a fox, rather than to any superiority of the country; for, save and except some parts of the foss, there is no spot in the hunt where there is a greater likelihood of sticking fast, especially after long-continued rains. Any one who has been out when a fox, loth to leave covert, has threaded the Old and New Wood three or four times, will never forget Bunny Hill! Moreover, the mire is of that *agglutinating* nature that makes grooms and washerwomen perform double duty. The morning was so foggy that it was difficult to distinguish objects at fifty paces; still the field was a good one, and the conviction that the only way to see hounds work, to-day, was to be in the same field, put all on the alert for the start.

There is ever a hearty welcome for sportsmen at Bunny Hall, and many availed themselves of an unusually protracted luncheon, in the hope that Sol would peep, and send the vapours packing. The hope was vain, and Mr. Hodgson gave the word—Debdale.

I fancy a fault was committed on this occasion, that Lord Suffield fell into, once or twice too often. The hounds were taken over the hill *close by* Rancliffe Wood, to try Debdale, and left a fox in the former, which was disturbed by the foot people, who always assemble on that hill while the hounds try Debdale. The latter produced no fox; but the Round Hill, as is its wont, had a good one. The hounds were

put in on the north corner, where the greater part of the field remained. A few, of whom I chanced to be one, galloped to the Wysall side, and only reached it as the horn sounded there. That he was viewed was only owing to Reynard's impudence in running between the legs of a hedge-cutter, who was standing, Rhodian fashion, across a ditch. Indeed, so dense was the fog at this moment, that it reminded one of Egyptian darkness, of Milton's "dim obscure," or of Virgil's

"Involvère diem nimbi et nox humida cælum
Abstulit."

I had never before seen Mr. Hodgson's hounds really tested; but the few who kept at their sterns (and there were not a dozen for a long while) allowed that they never saw hounds, unaided, do their duty in such style. They were all out of the covert, and in the most compact phalanx, full ten minutes before Treadwell would have had his forces up; and had the fox gone straight, I am persuaded they would have had the whole run to themselves. And *wasn't* there music? Mellowed, I thought, by the thick and heavy atmosphere, the sounds came, borne on the breeze, now like the wild notes of an Æolian harp, and now like those of the full-toned organ. Trust me,

"All Kilwick and all Dingleberry rang."

The fox crossed Wysall Lane, fronting for Highfield; then turned at an angle, as if headed, and made, so far as one could judge, for Widmerpool; and, after a run of about an hour and a half (I defy the best geographer that was out to say where), was finally given up *for want of torches*. I select this run in preference to others much more worthy to be recorded, because I conceive it best proves what an acquisition the Holderness are to Leicestershire: but, on reading over what I have written, I find I have most imperfectly described it:—the reason I must assign, is, that it really was *indescribable*.

Monday, Dec. 16th.—Mr. Hodgson met at Wymeswold. There was a fine field of Leicestershire and Nottinghamshire men; but Lord Roslyn, and one or two more, were the only Meltonians I noticed. The morning was everything that is auspicious. Tried Willoughby, or Potter's Gorse—blank. (This fine covert is sadly too thick, and is, moreover, disturbed by poachers every Sunday; from which cause I predicted it would be found wanting.) Tried Mundy's Gorse next—"not at home." Went to Walton Thorns; and, after the hounds had been half-an-hour in covert, we heard music. Reynard seemed loth to quit, and, probably, would not have done so, had not Mr. Hodgson, with consummate judgment, removed the whole field from the covert side; after which he was got off immediately, and in beautiful style. He went a capital pace for Thrussington Wolds; passed Ragdale Hall, and pointed for Hoby; but the speed of the hounds was too much for him, and he was pulled down in the valley, after a very pretty burst of twelve minutes, without a check. "*A sexton*" immediately made his appearance; but, luckily, his aid was not wanted. The new master has been a good deal criticised for his *penchant* for digging. What does he say in excuse?—"A good fox rarely takes to earth; a bad one is better killed; and blood is, at all times, desirable."

Tried Shoby Scoles, and then Lord Aylesford's Gorse, where a fox was soon unkenelled, and pursued for about half-an-hour, with a cool and uncertain scent; and, finally, given up at or near Walton Thorns.

Lord Hastings has been doing gloriously; but, wishing to become thoroughly acquainted with the Quorn, I have, as yet, seen little of the Donnington. The diminution made in his Lordship's stud by the sale at Tattersall's, is most judiciously made up by some recent purchases; and a more complete stud no master of hounds needs covet. Lord Hastings hunts generally four days a-week; and judiciously arranges his fixtures on the Quorn side, on those days when Mr. Hodgson is on the Melton, or Harborough country, or not hunting. This enables every sportsman, within a circuit of seven miles from Loughborough, to have three or four fixtures each week with half-an-hour's ride.

Wednesday, Dec. 18th.—The Marquis met at Leek Pit House; found a fox at Stanford Park, which, after a singularly *amusing* run, consisting of a series of concentric circles, was killed near the place he was found after two hours' running.

Captain King, of the fifth Dragoon Guards, now stationed at Loughborough, is decidedly the most *distingué* new performer in Leicestershire this season. His riding is really something out of the common order, and reflects great credit on his profession. The Captain needs not say, with Mazeppa—

———" Ill betide
The school wherein I learnt to ride."

Captain Percy Williams and Captain Ellis Hodgson seem all resolved to shew that there is something superior in the military style of riding.

Captain King, on Wednesday, charged Stanford Brook and Park-paling—a frightful Avernus,—only taken by men of real mettle. Those that know the spot will remember how often they have *craned* and quailed at the terrible *pass*. Another Captain King (a relation of Lord Hastings), Mr. John Balguy, and myself, had once serious thoughts, in the midst of a fine run, of trying the thing; but "Have we wives and families?" was a text that led us to better thoughts.

Mr. Musters has had a fortnight's stopper, owing to a kick on the face, received from a favourite in the stable. It would be a pity to spoil his handsome countenance, though it is that of a sexagenarian—it was the face that captivated Byron's Mary.

Mem.—I *don't* think it *improbable* that *no* foxes will be found at Barton, though Lord Seymour is a thorough sportsman, and anxious *himself* for their preservation.

W. H.

Leicestershire, Dec. 21st.

OPENING OF THE SEASON IN HANTS.

The month of November afforded a fair share of sport with the different packs in this part of the country. The Hampshire hounds have not had that succession of good runs they had in November, 1838, but have plenty of foxes, and an average beginning. They met on the 4th of November, at Hursley; found in Ampfield Wood; kept running in

cover for a considerable time, with a bad scent, and left; drew Cranberry and Silksted Rows blank.

5th. Met them at Bramdean Common; drew the bushes and Hatman's Plantation blank; found in the plantation adjoining Horred's Gate; ran about twenty minutes in cover, and killed. Drew Wolfhanger; went away from thence to Ashton Wood with a drag, where a brace of foxes was soon on the move; after a sharp ring in cover, got away with one to the eastward, across the fields to Privet Rows; thence over the Bramdean and Petersfield road, through Old Down, and on to the plantations adjoining Bierly House. Skirting Park Farm, he bore away towards Rookhams; left that on his right, and went to Bordean Rows, and was killed on Williams' Hill. About forty minutes, with a bad scent:—bitch pack.

THE H. H.

November 7th. Met at Windmill Hill; found in Chawton Park; went away to Bushy Lees. Pug was headed there, and returned through Chawton Park; crossed from thence to Splasht covert, and on to Rotherfield, where they changed, and, having two or three foxes on foot, ran some time in cover, and were called off.

November 11th. Met at Rookley Pond; drew Philip's Heath; moved a brace of foxes. After running some time in cover, the hounds settled to one, which broke away to the eastward, and was unfortunately headed. He returned to the woods; and the scent being bad, they could not press him enough to make him try the open again; left him for another day, and went to Norwood; soon found, and ran to ground without quitting the wood; he was dug out, and given to the hounds.

November 13th. The fixture, Tichbourne Down. Drew the Hassocks and Sutton Scrubs blank; went to Cheriton Wood, where a brace of foxes was soon found, and, after ringing the changes for more than half an hour, they settled to one. He hung to the wood for full thirty minutes, but was so closely pressed, he broke away towards Bramdean Common, leaving Old Park on his left; skirted the common, through the Rookery, and over the fields to Woodcote Park, across the Bramdean road, and as fast as he could go to Brookwood Park; leaving the house on his left, crossed the Wheely Lane, and took to the fields, pointing for Bere Farm; turned to the right, and went to Wheely; thence to Riversden, where he ran into a cart-house, from which he was soon obliged to fly, the pack being close at his heels. To this point the pace was great; the time five and twenty minutes, without check or halloo; from the cart-house he went to a cover a short distance from the farm-yard; ran round it two or three times, and was killed. The line of the fox about eight miles; the pace severe, and the country as heavy as I ever saw it. Mr. Knight, of Chawton Park, took the lead, and maintained it throughout. The field was large:—the bitch pack.

THE HAMBLEDON HOUNDS.

The breed of foxes in this hunt is decidedly better than last year, and some good sport has been shewn during the past month. The

first public fixture was, as usual, at Berry Lodge, Hambleton; the weather dry and cold; several foxes found, but no scent; some scurrying, but nothing worthy of notice.

November 1st. Met at Hollywell House. Found in Close Wood; had a twenty minutes' run, and lost. Drew Frimp, and found one of the right sort; went away to Hazle Holt; thence to Bottom Copse; made the best of his way to Sailor's Wood, on to the plantations adjoining the warren, through which they soon rallied him; when he boldly crossed the warren for Chestfoot Head, where the scent becoming bad, and the day on the wane, the hounds were called off. A heavy rain the whole day; the field small, and very select at Chestfoot Head. The hounds carried a beautiful head the greater part of the run; time about forty minutes.

November 4th. The fixture Botley Gate. Found directly, in the coverts at the back of Botley Farm, a leash of foxes on foot; the hounds constantly changing, and neither of them would break; the scent bad. Nothing could exceed the determined perseverance of the hounds through these thick coverts, more than usually strong this year, from the lateness of the leaf. After three hours hard running, they were called off, and went home:—large pack.

November 8th. Met at Winter's Hill Common. Found directly in Durley Wood; he broke at the lower side of the covert, and crossed the fields to Winter's Hill Common, over Mr. Stans's farm to Redland's Copse; through that, took the line for Mr. Morant Gale's house; turned on the right; crossed the fields, pointing for Grassteds, near which he ran under a large heap of moors. A sharp burst, and over a line of country as deep and difficult, as the lovers of strong fences and heavy ground could desire. Several men set to work at moving the moors, which was no very light matter, as a delay of forty minutes took place before he was made to bolt; when he went his best pace back to Redlands, and ran to earth. We then drew Durwood blank, and found in a plantation immediately adjoining; he ran to the upper side of it as far as the edge of Gander Down; turned there, and followed the line of plantations by the side of Salt Lane; thence to Durwood, and away to Lane End Farm, on the upper side of which he was headed by a drove of sheep; turned short; took a line through the Rose Hill Woods, to Durwood, where he beat us. The scent, generally speaking, bad, with an occasional dash of something better:—the large pack.

November 11th. Met at Bursledon Windmill. Found in Badensham; ran to Netley Lodge; thence to West Wood, where two or three foxes were soon on foot; kept running the greater part of the day in cover, with a bad scent:—small pack.

November 13th. The fixture Broad-halfpenny Down. Found in Highden; went away at the top of his speed to Duncombe; turned short there, and came back to Highden; ran in cover about ten minutes, and crossed the fields for Clanfield Rows, pointing for Hog's Lodge, and was killed in a turnip field. Time, forty minutes:—large pack.

November 15th. Met them at Corhampton Down. Drew Frimp, and the small covers near it, blank. Found in Hazle Holt; went away to Shepherds; thence to Swanmore Farm; leaving that on his left, went to Damson Hill; turned to the right, and went over Bishop's

Down to Clearsey Wood, through the Preshaw Rows, and over Mr. Long's Park; thence to the plantations between that and Durwood; on to Honeyman's Rows; just touched on the Warren; was headed there by a man, and returned to the enclosures; took the line for Owslebury Down; turned again, through the Rose Hill covers, to Durwood; thence to Preshaw and Sailor's Wood, and we eventually lost him, after three hours' hard work:—small pack.

THE VINE.

I understand Mr. Fellowes has been shewing some good sport with this excellent pack. They had a splendid thing on the 2nd of November, from Great Dean Wood. After a smart ring in cover, he went away through Little Dean Wood, and across the open to Clerken Green; thence towards Manydown Park; leaving that on his right, went to Mosshanger House, and Summerdown Copse; thence across the open to Great Dean Wood again, the hounds so close at his brush, that no waiting time was allowed; crossed the open, pointing for Netley; turned on the left to Ashwarren Farm; thence to Dean Park, across the London road to Ash Park; on to Berry Down Copse. Skirting Bramdean Wood, he then bore away to the Southampton Railroad; crossed it, and went to Steventon; turned to the right, just touching on Ashton Grove and Waltham Trenby; crossed the turnpike road, and over the open to the Winchester road, and into the H. H. country, where they ran into him. Time, one hour and ten minutes. Fortunately for those out, it was not a straight run, or few would have seen it. The hounds did their work in a style worthy of so good a pack.

On the 11th, they had a good thing of about fifty minutes, and killed, from Freefolk Wood.

NIMROD, ON THE WANTON DESTRUCTION OF FOXES
BY THOSE WHO HAVE MOST NEED OF THEM.

IN "Bell's Life," of the 17th November, is an account of a run with the hounds of that very celebrated sportsman and huntsman, Mr. Musters, finishing with marking the fox to ground, at the end of an hour, over a fine country; digging to him, in a main earth which held another fox, and killing him on the same earth, "much to the gratification," as the writer expresses himself, "of his panting followers, who soon put him out of sight." Another fox, it appears, was also digged out of this main earth, and sent to Annesley (Mr. Musters's other seat), "for future sport." But I must quote one more sentence from this brief, but pithy account of this day's hunting. "Some sorrow," adds the writer, "was evinced that such a fine fox should have been killed, as there is, at times, a scarcity in that neighbourhood."

Now, my high regard for fox-hunting, and all appertaining to the success and continuance of it, leads me to comment freely on the above proceedings; and equally my high regard for Mr. Musters, both as a

sportsman, a gentleman, and a friend, causes me to wish that other hounds than his—those of some stranger sportsman—had afforded the occasion for my remarks. But how stands the case? Mr. Musters meets at the covers of a gentleman of large property in the county and a sportsman, and draws them all *blank*. A new gorse cover, on Papplewick Forest, is next drawn, but *no fox*. “Nothing daunted,” says his reporter, onward he goes (and I think I see him going, trotting along, talking, I was near saying “making love,” to his hounds as they trot by his side, smiling in his face, as much as to say, “God bless you,”—for never hounds loved a man as his love him) to Bestwood Park, where he at length found the fox he killed.

But it is the motive for digging to, and killing, this “fine fox” that I have to account for, and to comment upon. The bleeding of his hounds was evidently the motive for his doing so, as it was for digging to, and killing, one at the close of last season, in my presence, at the end of two hours’ hard work in getting at him. And what had happened on the morning of the evening on which the above-named digging and killing had occurred? Why, we only found that one fox after a long draw; and, on the next day’s hunting, we never found at all. So much, then, for what I call “a wanton destruction of foxes by those who have most need of them.”

But an answer will at once be given to these strictures of mine. The run from Bestwood Park was a run of an hour, great part of it at “a rattling pace,” and “without a check.” So writes the correspondent to Bell; and that which I saw was a long hunting run, in which difficulties occurred that could only have been surmounted by a master hand; and, therefore, in both cases, it may be said the hounds well deserved their fox, and his blood would have told upon them with the next that they found. No doubt they did; and could they have revelled in it whilst, as the crack huntsman of the north expresses himself, the *sti-mulus* was upon them, when their bristles were up, it would have been a most beneficial, as well as, perhaps, grateful repast. That a fox thrown to hounds, which have been shivering under a hedge, about the horses’ heels, for a couple of hours or more, after having been digged from an earth into which they may have marked him, after a good or bad run, may be of *no avail at all to them*, as far as the blood of a fox avails them, I will not take upon myself to determine; but this I will say, that, in my opinion, founded on what I have seen and heard on the subject, the benefit of blood so obtained is not to be put in the scale against the tendency of the digging system to injure countries by destroying the foxes, towards the end of the season, and, more especially still, countries in which foxes are already scarce, as they are described to be in that to which these remarks refer.

And a word more on what is called bleeding of hounds. The value of blood well earned, and speedily obtained, no one will dispute, although, as is the case with staghounds, the natural instinct of the animal dog urges him to pursue an object emitting a scent that is grateful to him, so long as his powers will enable him to do so, without tasting the animal who affords him this scent; and he runs him quickly or slowly, as the state of the atmosphere admits of his doing so, by the means of what we call scent. But what I contend for, is—that too much value is put on blood *not acquired in the moment*

of victory; and that this principle of Mr. Beckford—the value of blood howsoever obtained—is not a *sine quâ non* to the well doing of hounds, and, amongst some others adopted by that eminent and scientific sportsman, it should be less strictly acted upon by masters of foxhounds of the present day. It will be remembered what I once asserted, as coming from the mouth of one of the most celebrated amongst them. “The best week’s sport,” said Mr. Osbaldeston to me, “that I ever experienced when I had the Quorn hounds, was after their being out nine consecutive days, without tasting blood.” It was the weather that did the business.

But let us look into Beckford for his remarks on *Blood*. At page 270 (last edition), he says, “no foxhound can fail of killing more than three or four times without being visibly the worse for it;” but, in the next page, he admits that “hounds that are quite fresh, and in high spirits, least feel the want of blood.” In a note at the bottom of this page, he adds: “a pack of hounds that had been out a month without killing a fox, at last ran one to ground, which was dug, and killed upon the earth. The next seven days that they hunted, they killed a fox each day.”

At page 196, Mr. B. says, “when hounds are out of blood, and a fox runs his foil, you need not scruple to stop the last hounds, and throw them in at head.” P. 275: “When there is snow on the ground, foxes will lie at earth. Should your hounds be in want of blood, it will, at that time, be easy to dig one, to turn him out before them, when the weather breaks. Every kind of mobbing is advisable when hounds are out of blood.”

So much for the value of blood. Let us now see what he says on the other side the question, the cost at which it is procured: “Though I am a great advocate for blood, so necessary, in my judgment, to a pack of foxhounds, yet I by no means approve of it to the extent to which it is sometimes carried. I have known three young foxes chopped in a furze-brake, in one day, without any sport; a wanton destruction of foxes, scarcely answering the purpose of blood, since blood does hounds most good that is most dearly earned.”

“Are not the foxes’ heads, which are so pompously exposed to view, on kennel doors, often prejudicial to sport? How many foxes are wantonly destroyed without the least service to hounds, or sport to the master, that the huntsman may say he has killed so many brace? How many are *digged* and killed for no better reason!”

“I should have no objection to the number of foxes’ heads that are to be seen against every kennel door, did it ascertain the goodness of the hounds, which may more justly be known from the few foxes they lose, than from the number they kill.”

It is evident, from these extracts, that Mr. Beckford was much of the same opinion with myself respecting the benefit of blood to foxhounds, as well as on the wanton destruction of foxes. As to his advice touching mobbing foxes, and throwing the tail hounds in at the head, for that purpose, I should doubt its having been often practised by himself, or by any other man who wished to see his hounds kill their foxes as they should be killed—hunted fairly to their death.

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

THERE has been a good deal of Steeple Chasing, of one kind or another, during the past month; but none of sufficient character to call for a notice in our pages.

The following singular accident, we regret to say, recently befell the celebrated amateur jockey, Becher, while hunting with Mr. Brand's, the Hertfordshire, foxhounds. Some hurdles had been placed in a gateway, at which he put his horse. The animal, in leaping them, struck a stake placed in the centre, forcibly, which, in its rebound, caught the rider on his right arm, and fractured it between the shoulder and elbow. "The Captain," however, is used to these things; and having had it spliced in a workmanlike manner, is now as well as can be expected. It will be no ordinary thwack that puts him *hors de combat*. We once saw his skull split like a roasted chestnut, and he took it more naturally than most men would the staving-in of a four-and-ninepenny gossamer.

Mr. Ford has sold his Derby colt, Chameau, by Camel, and Quo Minus, for 1,100 guineas; they are gone to Sam Chifney's to be trained. A gentleman of the name of Johnson is reported to be the purchaser.—*Bell's Life*.

The following paragraph appeared in a recent Brighton paper, which, if the matter stated in it be fact, records one of the most surprising performances on the road, of modern years:—

"A gentleman, named Bloxham, having backed his bay mare to do the distance from the Elephant and Castle, in London, to the Pavilion at Brighton, in four hours, the wager, which was for 100 guineas, was decided last Saturday; and, to the astonishment of every one, the mare performed the distance in three hours and twenty minutes, having made only one stoppage of six minutes at Crawley. She appeared very little distressed, and had knocked up a horse which tried to keep by her. She was rode by her owner, who returned to London with her on Monday morning."

THE GREAT TROTTING MATCHES AT LIVERPOOL.—Two very important trotting races came off over the Aintree Course at Liverpool, on Wednesday and Friday, the 27th and 29th of November. The first was a match between Mr. Eastwood's horse and Mr. Rushton's mare for 250 sovereigns a side. Of this the horse was the winner, an Irish thorough-bred (we do not know his pedigree), who did the distance, thrice round the course, four miles and a half, in fourteen minutes, fifty-six seconds, distancing the mare. The second was a Sweepstakes of 500 sovs. each, one ten mile heat, between

Mr. Brookes's Bob Logic (the American horse Rattler) ..	Wm. Whelan.
Mr. Hollingsworth's The Lady	John Watson.
Mr. Lockhart's Glasgow mare	Lockwood.

The running requires no description, as it was all one way, the American doing as he pleased with the race, and completing the ten miles

with ease in forty minutes and three seconds. The ground was awfully heavy ; indeed, it was actually a ploughed field, with the advantage of a handsome shower that had been falling, with little intermission, since the middle of July.

Lord Jersey is stated to have sold Phoenix to Mr. Kirby, of York.

A grand Champion Meeting will be held on the 17th of February (weather permitting), at Deptford Inn, which, from the value of the stakes to be run for, and over such ground, cannot fail of bringing together a large number of the lovers of this elegant and favourite amusement.

BACCHANALIAN DITTY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY SIR JOHN TRUEHEART, BART.

HERE'S hurrah for young FORTY ! for old Thirty-nine
Has gone out like a trump, in a flagon of wine ;
And a song, not a mass, has been sung for his soul,
As his bright spirit died in the old Christmas bowl.
Up soars from its nectar, and not from the sea,
Not Venus, but some one as shining as she ;
A buoyant young buffer, with " God save all here !"
So—here's health and hurrah for the lusty young year !

Have at you, young FORTY !—the bowl's whirling round ;
Turn it down on your head, boy, and let's see you crowned
The king of a twelvemonth—'twill last you no more :
You'll die as your fathers have mizzled before !
So up and look jolly, you dog, as you are,
And stick to old England, in peace and in war :
You'll be priest at one marriage ere you leave the realm,
So be sure you make happy our Queen at the helm.

And as for Prince Albert, Sir FORTY, be sure
That he's neither demented, depraved, nor demure ;
Let him sport, let him ride, let him dance, let him drink,
With a fresh heart to feel, and a bright brain to think.
Not Frivolity's puppet, but Manhood's delight ;
With a warm hearty soul for the field or the fight :
Then, 'egad, he'll be British enough, do ye see ?
For his own royal jewel, old England, and me !

Well ! come ! there's good luck in the prospect ! no fear
But, young FORTY, you'll make a respectable year !
There's but one British thing from the kingdom to flog,
And that's British brandy—young king of my grog !
'Tisn't *that*, on my oath, that now makes my lips smack ;
I am drinking your health, *boy*, in purest Cognac.
So be thankful and start ! and all glory pursue
Your course for Queen, People, and SPORTING REVIEW.

The Old Hall, Midnight.

J. T.

LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

LIFE OF FIELD-MARSHAL HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.H. &c. &c. By W. H. Maxwell, author of "Stories of Waterloo," "The Bivouac," &c. &c. In three volumes. Vol. I. London: A. H. Baily and Co., 83, Cornhill. 1839.

It would be a presumption in us, as well as an essay unsuited to these pages, to attempt a critical examination of a work devoted to the martial life of one of the most distinguished soldiers in the annals of modern warfare. That we read it with mingled pride and pleasure need hardly be said, for what other feelings could its details excite in the breast of an Englishman? To our mind, the author has entered upon his task with as little of the spirit of a partisan "as could be expected." Probably, it is more than can be hoped from human nature, that the biography of any man who attains the highest point of social or political position, should be written without bias of some kind. Upon such

"The public gaze
Is fix'd for ever to detract, or praise."

We are yet but on the threshold of that temple of literary fame, of which Mr. Maxwell is to be the architect. He has laid a foundation of promise; if the superstructure be but worthy the materials, he will leave to posterity a composition alike honourable to him *for* whom, and *by* whom, it was designed. The embellishments are ample and admirable; and every item of the "getting up" in the best taste. Should the whole be in keeping with the portion now published, it will comprise as much useful and ornamental matter as any three volumes to which the present ardour of literary rivalry has given existence. The following note is appended to the account of the capture of Copenhagen, in 1807:—"Lord Rosslyn had brought with him a favourite mare, which he rode occasionally during the operations in Zealand. At the time, she proved in foal; and, after her safe return to England, a colt was the produce. The colt was named 'Copenhagen;' and that horse carried the Duke of Wellington throughout the glorious day of Waterloo. Full of honour and of years, 'Copenhagen' died, in 1835, at Strathfieldsaye."

THE COMIC LATIN GRAMMAR: A new and facetious Introduction to the Latin Tongue, with numerous Illustrations. London: Charles Tilt, Fleet-street. 1840.

For our editorial souls we could not conjecture wherefore this volume of philosophy was subjected to our especial criticism, till opening it, at hazard, the pages, as by an instinct, divided at "the construction of prepositions," and, this rule meeting our eye, the mystery was unravelled. "*Tenus* is joined to a genitive only in the plural, and it always follows its case as—

* *Crurum tenus*; up to the legs;

which it is very necessary to be at Epsom and Ascot." To which we add *et nullus error*; otherwise, in the classic phrase of the author, "*vadis cum oculo tuo ex*."—Certes, he who hit upon the plan of this

grammar, sets about teaching the young idea how to shoot its parts of speech in as pleasant, if not as scientific a fashion, as any of his predecessors. Let us give a few specimens. Speaking of verbs neuter, he thus exemplifies his positions :—

“A verb is called intransitive, or neuter, when the action does not pass on, or require a following noun, as ‘*curro*’—‘I run.’ ‘*Pistol cucurrit*’—‘Pistol ran.’ But to say, ‘*Falstaff voluit currere eum per*’—‘Falstaff wished to run him through,’ would be making a neuter verb a verb active, and would, therefore, be Latin of the canine species, or dog-Latin ; so would ‘*meus homo Gulielmus cucurrit caput suum plenum sed contra homo dic pax*’—‘My man William ran his head full butt against the mantel-piece.’ This, it is obvious, will not do after Cicero. Verbs of promising and of paying, govern a dative case ; as ‘*Gubernatoris est pendere sartoribus pecuniam*’—‘It is the place of the governor to pay tailors.’ Certain adverbs of time, place, and quantity, admit a genitive case ; as ‘*Ubi gentium est quadra Russelliana* ?’—‘Where in the world is Russel-square ?’ *Dum* for *dummodo*, so that ; and *quousque*, until ; requires a subjunctive mood, as—

‘*Dum felix sis—quid refert ?*
What’s the odds, so long as you’re happy !’ ”

“Adverbs are joined to nouns-adjective and verbs. *Bené*, well ; *multum*, much ; *malé*, ill, &c. are adverbs—
‘*Cæsar multum conturbavit indigenas.*
Cæsar much astonished the natives.”



“A verb personal agrees with its nominative case in number and person, as

‘*Sera nunquam est ad bonos mores via.*
’Tis never too late to learn good manners.’ ”



"Sometimes this dative case *tibi*, or *sibi*, or, also, *mihi*, is added for the sake of elegance in expression, as—

'*Cato suam sibi uxorem Hortensio vendidit.*
Cato sold his own wife to Hortensius.'

"All words put indefinitely, such as are these: *quis*, who; *quantus*, how great; *quotus*, how many, require a subjunctive mood, as—

'*Cave cui incurras, inepte.*
Mind who you run against, stupid.'

With something quite *germane* to our matter, we take leave of the Cruikshank of pedagogues, with the assurance that we shall be most happy to meet him again "at Philippi" (page 152), or any other whereabouts, to the which it may please him to lead us by such paths of pleasantness.

COACHMAN'S LAMENT.

AIR.—"Oh, give me but my Arab steed."

Farewell, my ribbons! and, alack!
Farewell my tidy drag!
Mail-coachmen now have got the sack,
And engineers the bag.

My heart and whip alike are broke—
I've lost my varmint team
That us'd to cut along like smoke,
But couldn't go like steam.

It is, indeed, a bitter cup,
Thus to be sent to pot;
My bosom boils at boiling up
A gallop or a trot.

My very brain with *fury's* rack'd,
That railways are the rage;
I'm sure you'll never find them act
Like our old English stage.

A man whose *passion's* crost, is sore,
Then pray excuse my pet—
I ne'er was *overturnd* before,
But now, am quite *upset*.



THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY. Conducted by Sir William Jardine, Bart., F.R.S.E., F.L.S. &c. Mammalia. Vol. IX. Dogs. *Canidæ*, or *Genus Canis* of Authors. Including, also, the Genera *Hyæna*, and *Proteles*. By Lieut.-Col. Chas. Hamilton Smith, R.H. and K.W., F.R. and L.S., President of the Devon and Cornwall Nat. Hist. Society, &c. &c. Edinburgh: W. H. Lizars, 3, St. James's-square; S. Highley, 32, Fleet-street, London; and W. Curry, jun., and Co., Dublin. 1839.

We had occasion, a couple of months ago, to speak favourably of this work, and certainly the volume now before us is in no way calculated to do it discredit. It opens with a pleasant memoir of the celebrated Pallas; succeeded by a somewhat long drawn-out Introduction to the canine family in general. The generic notices, without laying claim to any great depth of zoological research, have much interest for the ordinary reader, and are amply illustrated. There can be no

doubt, that Col. Smith has brought much sound experience to aid the consideration of a very intricate subject ; the orthodoxy of his philosophy we are by no means equally willing to subscribe to. The origin of the dog has long been a *vexata questio* among naturalists ; our author, so far from assisting us to a solution of it, puts the following interrogatory, whose premises are as true as, apparently, they are unanswerable.—“How does it happen that several races of true dogs, such as mastiffs, bulldogs, and particularly the Irish greyhound, breed so imperfectly with their own variety of species, that it requires much attention to preserve the race ?” If Bell, the naturalist, asserted a fact, (and why should there be an “if” upon a subject of such deep interest ?) the wolf, beyond all doubt, is the primitive type of the whole canine family ; thus he has written, and his *literæ scriptæ manent*. “It is worthy of especial remark, that the anatomy of the wolf, and its osteology in particular, does not differ from that of dogs in general, more than the different kinds of dogs do from each other. The cranium is absolutely similar, and so are all, or nearly all, the other essential parts ; and to strengthen still further the probability of their identity, *the dog and wolf will readily breed together, and their progeny is fertile.*” Now, were this assertion *proved*, all doubt as to the type of the dog would be at an end ; that is to say, were the hybrids shewn to be prolific through a series of generations—why is the experiment not made by some of our Zoological Societies ?

THE VETERINARIAN, OR MONTHLY JOURNAL OF VETERINARY SCIENCE.
 Edited by Mr. Youatt. London : Longman, Orme, Brown, Green,
 and Longmans.

Among the offerings monthly made to our library table, there is not one, humble though its pretension be, to which we give a more cheerful sportsman's welcome than the “Veterinarian.” It is a little treasury of sound practical matter ; skilful and ingenious theory. Albeit we are sure it is independent of our eulogy, we cannot avoid, in justice to the opinion we desire to record of its value, recommending it to all our readers. It is an essential manual, as well for the sportsman as for all engaged in the business or the pleasures of rural life.

THE COMIC ALMANAC for 1840. An Ephemeris in Jest and Earnest ; containing “all things fitting for such a Work.” By Rigdum Funnidos, Gent. Adorned with a dozen of “righte merrie” Cuts, pertaining to the Months, and an Hieroglyphic, by George Cruikshank. London : imprinted by Charles Tilt, Biblioplist, in Fleet-street.

When wintry fogs defile the sky,
 ‘George—to the rescue !’ be the cry—
 That champion bold and true ;
 ‘No quarter, carnage to the hilt,’
 Cries Cruikshank, when he joins *the Tilt*
 Against the fiends of blue.

Why should it be a reproach to puppy dogs that they open not their eyes for days after entering this enigmatical world, when so many of

their betters scarcely uncloset a lid between the cradle and the coffin? Who has forgotten the sensation caused by the terrible events that so lately occurred at the Monument, or the contrivances projected to prevent their repetition? After many had been proposed and rejected, an infallible recipe was negatived, simply because the committee were as blind as Bath bricks. "You need neither close the doors, nor station watchmen on the top," said the ingenious projector; "only place a *tilt* over the balcony, and there will be nothing to fear." He knew (though the pur-blind understood him not), what was a specific for melancholy to a *T*.

We give a specimen, or two, of the *hors d'œuvres* that apply more particularly to our style of *entertainment*.



JUNE.—GAME IN SEASON.

Epsom Races.—"Surrey for the Field."

ROULETTE AT EPSOM.—TENT SCENE.

I'm very ill; my circulation halts
 I'the blood; I wear the yellowest of faces:
 Soh! shall I take a dose of Epsom salts,
 Or forego Epsom salts for Epsom races?
 I chose the trip before the physic-sipping,
 And very prettily I paid for tripping!

"Start fair," I cried,—I'd often started fowl
 Out of the Moors—but then I *did* start fair:
 The Course of course I reach'd, and cheek by jowl
 Was standing with my *betters*, gazing there
 At a horse winning at his jockey's beck,
 As felons win the gallows—*by a neck!*

"Tak tent!" the Scotchman says, that's "look about,"
 But, "take care of *the tent*," he should have said:
 I went within, and wish I'd gone without
 A stake, or had a good rump-steak instead;
 But I *had* cash, and having made a set
 At them, and they at me, slap at Roulette.

And if 'twas *natural* to have gone within,
 I soon discovered it was very *flat*:
 A sovereign good for me it would have been
 If I had had no sovereigns,—*verbum sat!*
 I lost!—and took no *note* when all was done,
 Except a note of how much they had won!

I cannot say they were a *dirty* set,
 Because they *clean'd me* so completely out;
 A bout like this of Epsom Downs' roulette,
 Teaches a mortal what he is about.
 Cheating is physic.—While the game's alive
 It empties pockets if it *doesn't* thrive!

Death of Desdemona.



Foul—from the Moor.

How hard

to

bear-o,

Ω ♪ ♫

Faro

that's

unfair-o.



High game.



DECEMBER.—FAT CATTLE-SHOW.

December should be a cheerful month, weather or no. It should be a warm one too, though never so cold. People blow their fires and use their bellows within, while the wind bellows without. Lawyers are glad over *Coke*. Men take measures to secure the comfort of their bodies, and preserve the coats of their stomachs. Though the Legislature does not sit, the middle classes rejoice in the carrying of many of their bills. Pastrycooks begin to mince matters; and "eyes" are turned towards "pies." Politicians affect sincerity; and *Peel*, tout sweet, becomes candid. Gross acts of plum-puddingizing are effected by means of a grocer; and *Plum-tree-street* is then the sweetest locality in St. Giles's. The Irish daily find fresh raisins for flocking there. With the sale of plums, money gets current—but the sovereign is just now more valued than ever; and, at the great theatres, *Stirling* is all the go. The markets grow lively, and Smithfield puts forth its show. Pigs have lots of stuffing, and get so heavy that it is quite common to ask for a pig of lead. About oxen and sheep there is a decided *ignis fat-yon-us*. Beasts visit beasts, and human fat cattle—to survey the quadrupedal—walk in, plump. Butchers display fine traits. *Boxing day* arrives, and with it the knocks of tradesmen, but they only make a hit when they are paid. People are obliged to wait for their own *Nox* till night. Merry drinks and games then stir not the fire, but the fire-side. The younger branches of families are indulged in wine that is elder, universal *supperage* supplies the place of universal suffrage; and the only ballot is for the bean in the cake. Christmas is as brave a fellow on land as ever Admiral *Winter* was at sea, and should be toasted accordingly. He lights our fires, and leaves few without fuel:—he tows up our colliers to warm our toes; and, though he is too kind to sink the barges, he always scuttles the coals! He is no revolutionist, for, whilst warming the little, he has a respect for the grate. "He is," says the Frenchman, "our defender, by *de fender*; and if he do seem cold, it is only because he is neither a bore nor a muff."



Grate Wind.



Men and Measures.

A handsome
Christmas-Box.



Boxing Day.



A Muff-in Belle.

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RURAL SPORTS. By D. P. Blaine. Parts II. and III. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

We offered but a brief notice of the first number of this work, because we held it hardly fair to speculate upon the nature of a host's entertainment, when we had scarcely crossed his threshold. A few dishes of the feast have now been tasted, and certainly they are cates of a goodly relish, supplied withal by a most liberal hand. The prospectus of this Encyclopædia by no means prepared us for the variety of matter to which we find the author has turned his attention. However, that we have more than we bargained for, is anything but cause for complaint. In the two parts now before us, we have not only most industriously compiled treatises upon the subjects to which they relate, but much original information, conveyed in an unambitious and

agreeable style. Still, we should not discharge that which we consider the duty of a reviewer, did we not convey the entire impression made on us by any work of which we put forth a critical notice. While, therefore, we most cheerfully accord every praise to Mr. Blaine for the unquestionable talent he evinces, we cannot but regard him rather as the naturalist, and the pathologist, than as the sportsman. In both the former relations, to the extent to which he has gone in the parts of his work already published, he has enriched our literature, probably, as much as any of his predecessors; and if he has not shewn himself so advantageously in the latter character, it is because he has undertaken that which, in our opinion, no one man in existence is competent satisfactorily to accomplish. The idea of an "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports" was one of the most fortunate that this age of literary adventure has originated; and few men could have been found so fitted to take a prominent part in carrying such a plan into execution as Mr. Blaine: alone, neither he, nor any one of his cotemporaries, we believe, could do it justice. We repeat, we shall look with much interest for the succeeding numbers, and give them our most careful consideration. Should the opinion we have here given, prove, in the sequel, a rash one, we shall as cheerfully as candidly admit our error, and offer the author *amende honorable*. When the work is completed, and not *till* then, shall we in earnest enter upon the critic's task, if in a mood that will "nothing extenuate," certainly not in a spirit to "set down aught in malice."

GILBERT'S MODERN ATLAS OF THE EARTH; with Descriptive Letter-Press. By Henry Ince, M.A. London: Grattan and Gilbert.

We have received the first part of this work, to be completed in twenty-five numbers, but cannot venture upon any critical notice till we see its nature and principle somewhat more developed.

SPORTING SHEET ALMANAC FOR 1840. London: Baily and Co., Cornhill.

To begin with—here you have an engraving of the new Grand Stand at Ascot, and accompaniments, worth half-a-crown, if the cellars of the Bank were innocent of a baubee; then letter-press, at the value of Galway impudence, cheap for the other moiety of the dollar—all for a shilling; and left at your own door, should you dwell within the bills of mortality. It would cost you more to *steal* an almanac published in the city—provided you live west of Temple-bar.

THE ROCK. Illustrated with various Legends, and original Songs and Music, descriptive of Gibraltar. By Major Hort, Eighty-first Regiment; with Drawings, taken on the spot, by William Lacey, Esq., Lieut. Forty-sixth Regiment. Dedicated, by special permission, to Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of England. London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit-street. 1839.

A goodly quarto, written by a soldier to relieve "the dull routine of garrison duty," is by no means an every-day affair. Thus the extreme rarity of the species to which it belongs, would give

the work before us strong claims to interest, independent of more than very ordinary merit. But, "THE ROCK," like its mighty sponsor, has assumed a port that will make it known for itself. It stands, and proudly, on its own merits. If store of most pleasant legend, embellished with painting, poetry, and music, render not a volume attractive and popular, we should like to know what had become of the taste of that people by whom it should be coldly received. We regret that the length to which our literary notices, of necessity, are extended this month, prevents us from laying before our readers some of the very elegant effusions of Major Hort's muse. We shall certainly avail ourselves of an early opportunity to do so; and, in the mean time, offer, as welcome counsel, the selection of this most amusing miscellany to all who would combine, in their reading, entertainment and information, conveyed in the language and style of the scholar and the gentleman.

THE HAND-BOOK OF SWINDLING. By the late Captain Barabbas Whitefeather. With Illustrations by Phiz. London: Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand. 1839.

Here is a treatise suited to the meanest capacity, even to *his*, in the items of whose education the study of the alphabet was not included. The marrow and pith of the volume may be read in the *Phiz* that does duty as frontispiece. Butler tells us—

" Nature has made men's breasts no windores,
To publish what she doth within doors;"

but what need of lattice, when she hangs out such signs as commonly is her wont. At the first glance, the portrait of Captain Whitefeather will be pronounced a caricature, and men will say, "Who could be duped by a fellow with a mug like that?" Go, verdant ones, to Tattersall's, any Monday or Thursday of the year, look at —, or —, or —, all good legs and true, with faces that would grace gibbets, and purses stuffed by the aristocracy of the land, merely for the pleasure of their company at the "corner." Why, in lieu of being kicked into kennels for their villainous *indices*, to each of those gorgons, "his face is his fortune." There is excellent philosophy in this little book of Messieurs Chapman and Hall; and as for its truth, if it err at all, it is in being over true. Pray, among the thousands who honour us with their patronage, is there one who may have a troublesome correspondent in the vicinity of Clifford or Conduit street? let him hear Barabbas: "The benevolence (paying a tailor) is so much goodness lost—wasted—flung to the winds; for you are to bear with you this recollection, it is an axiom in his trade that the tailor never loses. 'Them as does pay,'—such was the confession of an eminent coat-maker, after his second bottle of Burgundy, drank at Button Park, his country seat,—'them as does pay,' said the good man, 'pays for them as doesn't.' Can there be a finer protection for trade, and the satisfaction of the non-paying?"

UP THE RHINE. By Thomas Hood. London: A. H. Baily and Co., Cornhill. 1840.

We received this Hand-book of Momus as we were going to press, and have but time to say that, from the peep we took, we scarcely regret the necessity for postponing our review till next month. We shall then have space to do it and the reader justice, which no passing notice would enable us to accomplish.

FINE ARTS.

THE MELTON BREAKFAST. Painted by F. Grant. Engraved by Charles G. Lewis. London: Hodgson and Graves, Pall-Mall.

Mr. Grant is the father of the most interesting style belonging to that department of the Fine Arts of which he is the undisputed head. He is the first historical sporting painter that this country has seen; and his earliest essay in the path he discovered, led to complete success. The Royal Hunt is a picture to which time will but bring additional interest and value:—of the same character is the subject of the present notice. Probably, no master that ever lived succeeded in placing on one piece of canvas eleven such portraits as are combined in the Melton Breakfast: those of Lord Forester and Mr. Massey Stanley, for instance, are actually all but animate. The etching of this splendid engraving, which we spoke of some months back as promising rare excellence for the finished work, did not even permit us to hope for the perfection to which Mr. Lewis has wrought it. It were needless for us to say, that the spirit which offers to public admiration such gems of art as this, deserves a liberal patronage—it *must* command it, so long as good taste and true discernment are found among us.

HOUND HARD PRESSED. Painted by F. C. Turner. Engraved by E. and G. Treacher. London: Ackermann and Co., Strand. 1839.

The design which the painter has here embodied is a foxhound bitch, of complete symmetry and beauty, "head up and stern down," with every energy strained to the utmost; while the curtain of the night, that appears half drawn, is typical of the length of the chase in which she has been engaged. It is a subject meant for the sportsman, and to him it tells its story eloquently; while to the uninitiated the meaning is less distinct. Were we to inquire more nicely into the cause of her being so "hard pressed," perhaps we should say the painter has given the most obvious one in the too abundant condition he has bestowed upon her. Nevertheless, it is a very pleasing performance, and of a good character of art.

"DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND," a noted short-horned Prize-Bull, bred by, and the property of, Thomas Bates, Esq., of Kirkleavington, near Yarm, Yorkshire. Painted by H. Strafford: engraved by J. W. Giles. London: Messrs. Fores, 41, Piccadilly.

We really approach his Grace with great diffidence, seeing that we are not familiar with his peculiar *clique*, and should consider it anything but a joke to commit ourselves with a *bull* the size of an elephant. "The Duke of Northumberland" is a beeve of *entire* beauty, and his *Grease* weighs "180 stone of 14 lb!" From his withers to his caudal insertion he is as straight as a ramrod, and his anatomical affinities are such as would have been those of the Irish Giant, had he been set upon Count Buorruwlaski's legs. The curious in "short horns" are, by this time, assured of his perfection; and if there be, who cannot estimate such qualities—poor ignorant individuals—we can only pity their obfuscation.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB'S CATTLE EXHIBITION. Drawn and Lithographed by J. W. Giles. London: Messrs. Fores, 41, Piccadilly. 1839.

This unctuous show celebrated its recent anniversary in the Horse Bazaar, King-street, Portman-square: such a plague of live-tallow was never before known in the city and liberties of Westminster. We, ourselves, confess to having visited that exhibition—a sight to force blushes from a walrus. Contrast a slice from the haunch of a five-year old South-down wedder, that never knew turnip, and an obscene collop cut from a brute as gorged with oily abomination as the hold of a whaler! But we have lost sight of the picture, which is a meritorious and a natural representation, of as unmeritorious and unnatural a subject, or, rather, sets of subjects, as fancy can conceive.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH, Winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, 1839. Painted by Charles Hancock: engraved by J. Harris. London: R. Ackermann, 191, Regent-street.

Whether the sportsman examines this work for its merit as a portrait, or the artist simply as a work of art, each must acknowledge its excellence. The style in which Ackermann brings out his admirable series of winners of the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger, is as conspicuous for spirit as good taste. As a standard sporting work, it has justly acquired a character to which none had before attained; the distinguished artist engaged in its production ranking, unquestionably, next to Landseer as an animal painter. Setting aside its claims as a picture, the life-like fidelity with which Charles the Twelfth is here presented, has, probably, never been excelled in any horse portrait.

TURF REGISTER.

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

BODMIN.—THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26TH.

The Cornwall and Bodmin Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added by the Members for the Eastern Division of the County; two miles.

Mr. Read's ch. c. Mount Tavy, by Coronet (half-bred), three-years old, 7 st. 2 lb.					
(Kingsland)	1
Mr. R. Nattle's b. m. Venilia, five-years old, 7 st. 13 lb.	2
Mr. Hex's bl. g. The Moor (half-bred), aged, 11 st. 10 lb.	3
Mr. Williams's b. c. Warleigh (half-bred), three-years old, 8 st. 11 lb.	4

A Purse, given by the Tradesmen of Bodmin, for hacks, was won, at three heats, by Mr. Carlisle's b. f. Caustic, four-years old, 8 st. 10 lb., beating Mountain Maid, 9 st. 2 lb., Billy, by Hindoostan, three-years old, a feather, and six others.

A Plate of 25 sovs. given by the Members for the Borough, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; two-mile heats.

Mr. Hex's bl. g. The Moor (half-bred), 11 st. 8 lb. (Carlin)	1	1
Gen. Gilbert's ch. c. Passport, four-years old, 11 st. 6 lb.	4	2
Mr. Crofton's b. g. Cricket-ball, 8 st. 2 lb.	2	4
Mr. Williams's b. g. Sledmere, aged, 8 st. 1 lb.	3	3

A Purse for the beaten hacks, heats, one mile, was won, at three heats, by Mr. Williamson's gr. c. Billy, by Hindoostan, three-years old, a feather, beating Mountain Maid and five others.

LINCOLN.

THURSDAY, September 26th.—Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs. for mares; three-year-olds, 8 st. 2 lb.; four, 9 st. 4 lb.; five, 9 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 10 st.; two-mile heats.

Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, by Doctor Syntax, six-years old ... walked over.

A Hunter's Stakes of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, that have been regularly hunted during the season, 1838 and 1839; four-year-olds, 10 st. 11 lb.; five, 11 st. 8 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; gentlemen riders; two-mile heats (ten subscribers).

Mr. Simpson's b. g. Aggravator, by Palmerin, aged (owner)	1	1
Mr. Lamplough's b. m. Mischief, six-years old	2	2
Mr. Peacock na. br. h. Jupiter, six-years old	3	3
Mr. E. T. D'Eyncourt na. b. g. Gay-lad, by Brutandorf, out of Gay-lass, six-years old	4	dr.

FRIDAY.—Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 25 added by the Corporation, for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; three-quarters of a mile (four subscribers).

Capt. Elmsall's b. c. by Medoro, dam by Y. Phantom, grandam by Camillus, out of sister to Prime Minister (Holmes)	1
Mr. Lacey's b. c. Adbolton	2

A Gold Cup, or Piece of Plate, value 100 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for all ages; three-miles (ten subscribers).

Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, six-years old, 9 st. walked over.

The Noblemen and Gentlemen's Subscription Purse of 70 sovs.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; m. and g. allowed 2 lb.; a winner of a cup or stakes above £100 during the year, but previous to the day of nomination, to carry 3 lb.; of two, 5 lb.; of three, or more, 7 lb. extra; two-mile heats.

Mr. Milner's br. h. Humphrey, by Sandbeck, four-years old (Holmes)	1	1
Mr. J. Simpson's b. g. Aggravator, aged	3	2
Mr. Inman's ch. g. Grasshopper, by Commodore (half-bred), aged	2	3

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.

THURSDAY, September 26th.—The Town Plate of 50 sovs. for all ages; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs., if demanded, &c.; heats, twice round. 4

Mr. Dockeray's b. c. Guardsman, by Waterloo, four-years old, 8 st. 13 lb.								
(Butler)	4	2	1	1
Capt. Gardnor's b. c. by Reveller, out of Scurry, four-years old, 8 st. 6 lb.	1	4	3	2
Mr. Holmes's b. m. Slang, aged, 9 st. 5 lb.	0	1	2	3
Mr. Shelley's b. f. The Drama, three-years old, 7 st. 8 lb.	0	3	dr.	

Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added from the fund, for all ages; the winner to be sold

for 100 sovs., if demanded, &c.; the owner of the second horse received back his stake; heats, a mile and a half (six subscribers).

Mr. Dockeray's b. c. Lyster, by Rowton, three-years old, 7 st. 1 lb. (Wake-field, jun.)	5	1	2	1
Mr. Brick's ch. m. Latona, aged, 8 st. 11 lb.	1	2	3	2
Mr. Balchin's b. g. Munchausen, four-years old, 8 st.	3	4	1	dis.
Mr. Clifton's ch. c. Nominee, three-years old, 7 st. 5 lb.	4	3	dr.	
Mr. Clifton's ch. h. Whalebone, five-years old, 9 st. 6 lb.	2	5	dr.	

Munchausen came in first for the fourth heat, but a charge of running against Lyster having been proved against him, the heat was adjudged to Lyster.

FRIDAY.—A Plate of £50, given by Robert Holland, Esq.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs., if demanded, &c.; heats, twice round.

Mr. Dockeray's b. c. Lyster, three-years old, 7 st. 11 lb. (Hornsby)	1	3	1
Mr. Monk's ch. c. Nominee, three-years old, 7 st. 5 lb.	4	1	2
Mr. Turner's gr. g. Jim Crow, five-years old, 9 st. 2 lb.	5	3	3
Mr. Armstrong's ch. c. Abelard, three-years old, 6 st. 13 lb.	2	4	dr.

The St. Leonard Plate of 50 sovs.; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs., if demanded, &c.; heats, a mile and a half.

Capt. Gardnor's br. c. by Reveller, out of Scurry, four-years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Balchin)	1	3	1
Mr. Turner's ch. g. Sir Felix, aged, 9 st. 8 lb.	4	1	3
Mr. Balchin's b. g. Munchausen, four-years old, 8 st. 9 lb.	5	4	2
Mr. Shepherd's ch. f. Olio, four-years old, 8 st.	3	2	4
Mr. Jenkins's b. f. Kate Kearney, four-years old, 8 st. 1 lb.	2	5	dr.
Mr. Smith's b. c. Secundus, three-years old, 7 st. 2 lb. (fell)			dis.

PERTH.

THURSDAY, September 26th.—Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Perth Hunt; two miles.

Mr. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, by Lottery, aged, 9 st.	1	1
Mr. Ramsay's ch. m. Sunbeam, six-years old, 9 st.	1	2
Mr. Merry's ch. g. Bedershin, five-years old, 8 st. 12 lb.	3	

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for hunters, 12 st. 7 lb. each; cocktails allowed 7 lb.; gentlemen riders; once round and a distance.

Captain Richardson's b. g. Centurion, by Emilius, six-years old	1	1
Mr. Fairlie's gr. g. Pyramid, five-years old	5	2
Mr. Ramsay's br. h. Brother to Macarius (late Penguin), five-years old	2	3
Lord Glenlyon's br. g. Ashton, aged		dis.

Plate of £50, given by the Perth Hunt; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, aged, 9 st.	1	1
Mr. Ramsay's ch. m. Sunbeam, six-years old, 9 st.	2	dr.

FRIDAY.—The County Members' Plate of £50; twice round.

Mr. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, aged, 10 st. 5 lb.	1	
Captain Richardson's b. g. Centurion, six-years old, 10 st. 5 lb.	2	
Lord Glenlyon's br. g. Ashton, aged, 9 st. 12 lb.	3	

Town Plate of £50; heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, aged, 8 st. 9 lb.	1	1
Mr. Ramsay's ch. m. Sunbeam, by Vanish, six-years old, 8 st. 9 lb.	2	2

Hurdle Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; gentlemen riders; once round and a distance, over six hurdles, four feet high (six subscribers).

Mr. Ellis's br. m. Isla, five-years old, 12 st. (half-bred)	1	
Lord Glenlyon's b. g. The Eagle, aged, 12 st. 7 lb.	2	
Mr. A. Lander's br. h. Smedley Lely, aged, 12 st. 7 lb.	3	

WEM.

MONDAY, September 30th.—The Cleveland Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; three-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 9 lb.; five, 9 st. 3 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 8 lb.; half-bred horses allowed 10 lb.; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Phillips's b. g. Taffy, four-years old (W. Lear)	1	1
Mr. Cunah's ch. f. Lady Sarah, three-years old	1	2
Mr. Huxley's Erin, aged	3	3
Mr. E. Hughes's b. m. Mary Wood, five-years old	2	dr.

Taffy was objected to on account of his age.

The North Shropshire Hunt Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 15 added, for horses not thorough-bred; three-year-olds, 9 st. 4 lb.; four, 10 st. 7 lb.; five, 11 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; winners once this year to carry 5 lb.; twice, 7 lb.; and thrice, or more, 10 lb. extra; heats, twice round.

Mr. E. Hughes's b. m. Mary Wood, five-years old (owner)	1	1
Mr. W. R. Court's b. g. Music, aged	2	
Mr. Woodhouse's b. m. by Sir Edward, five-years old	2	3

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. Sparrow's b. g. by Master Henry, six years old; Mr. Huxley's Caleb, aged; and Mr. Lowe's bl. g. St. John, aged.

Mr. Coldley's ch. g. The Worm-cake, aged (Dr. Lamb), beat Mr. Major's br. g. Tape-worm, aged, half a mile, £50; but the rider of Worm-cake having dismounted before he reached the chair, the race was given to Tape-worm.

TUESDAY.—The Hawkstone Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 15 added; three-year-olds, 8 st.; four, 9 st. 2 lb.; five, 10 st.; six and aged, 10 st. 10 lb.; winners before starting to carry 5 lb.; twice, 7 lb.; and thrice, or more, 10 lb. extra; half-bred horses allowed 7 lb.; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Phillips's b. g. Taffy, four-years old	1	1
Mr. Cunah's ch. f. Lady Sarah, three-years old	2	2
Mr. Lowe's bl. g. St. John, aged	3	3

The Broughton Stakes of 2 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred; three-year-olds, 9 st. 7 lb.; four, 10 st. 5 lb.; five, 10 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 11 st. 2 lb.; a winner once in any year to carry 7 lb.; twice, 10 lb.; and thrice, or more, 12 lb. extra; the winner to be offered by auction immediately after the race; and, if any advance upon £25, the surplus to go to the Race-fund; heats, twice round.

Mr. W. R. Court's b. g. Music, aged	1	1
Mr. Squeers's ch. m. Jenny Jones, five-years old	4	2
Mr. Wycherly's b. g. Compensation, five-years old	2	3
Mr. Lowe's b. m. by Treasurer, aged	3	4

A Handicap of 2 sovs. each, with a Purse added, for beaten horses at the meeting; heats, twice round, was won, in two heats, by

Mr. Squeers's ch. m. Jenny Jones, five-years old, beating three others.

ROYAL CALEDONIAN FIFE HUNT.

(CUPAR COURSE, ABOUT A MILE ROUND.)

For all the Plates and Stakes given by the Fife Hunt, and town of Cupar, a winner, during the present year, of 50 sovs. (Matches, Hunters' Stakes, and Yeomanry Stakes excepted), to carry 3 lb.; of two 50 sovs., a Gold Cup, Queen's Plate, or 100 sovs. in plate or stakes, 5 lb. extra.

TUESDAY, October 1st.—The Caledonian St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Caledonian Hunt; for three-years old colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; a mile and three quarters (four subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's br. c. Malvolio, by Liverpool (Lye)	1
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Easingwold	2
Mr. Wauchope's b. f. Madame St. Clair	3

The Gold Cup of 100 sovs. in specie, the gift of J. Balfour, Esq., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. f., and 4 only if declared, &c.; twice round (eleven subscribers, four of whom paid only 4 sovs. each).

Mr. Ramsay's bl. h. The Doctor, by Dr. Syntax, five-years old, 9 st. 5 lb. (Cartwright)	1
Mr. W. Melville na. ch. g. Coronation, four-years old, 7 st	2

The Fife Hunt Plate of £60; three-year-olds, 7 st. 8 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; five, 9 st. 3 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; m. and g. allowed 2 lb.; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Fairlie's gr. g. Pyramid, by Falcon, five-years old (Lye)	4	1	1
Lord Dunmore's br. c. Aladdin, by Young Blacklock, out of Annie, four-years old	1	4	2
Mr. Johnston's ch. m. Lightning, five-years old	3	2	dr.
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Suleiman, four-years old	2	3	dr.

WEDNESDAY.—The Caledonian Cup, value 100 gs., for Scotch-bred horses; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; m. and g. allowed 2 lb.; three miles.

Mr. J. Laing's ch. g. Birthday, by Percy, six-years old (Lye)	1
Sir J. Boswell's b. g. Constantine, four-years old	2
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. by Percy, out of Cranberry's dam, by Stamford, three-years old	3

Fifty Pounds, given by the Caledonian Hunt, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; twice round.

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Lanercost, by Liverpool, four-years old (Cartwright)	1
Lord Eglinton's b. f. Bellona, four-years old	2

A Plate of 50 sovs., given by the Caledonian Hunt, for horses which never won £50; three year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 7 st. 10 lb.; five, 8 st.; six and aged, 8 st. 2 lb.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; heats, once round and a distance.

Sir J. Boswell's b. f. Anna Maria, by Huntington, three-years old (Lye)	2	1	1
Mr. Graham's ch. f. Whippity Stourie, three-years old	1	2	2

THURSDAY.—The Whip, given by the Duke of Buccleuch, with 50 sovs. added, for all ages; twice round.

Mr. Ramsay's bl. h. The Doctor, five-years old, 8 st. 11 lb. ... walked over.

Fifty sovs., given by the Caledonian Hunt, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft.;

three-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 8 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; twice round and a distance.

Lord Eglinton's br. c. Malvolio, three-years old (Lye) 1
Mr. Ramsay's bl. h. The Doctor, five-years old 2

A Plate of £50, given by the Fife Hunt; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs., if demanded, &c.; heats, twice round.

Sir J. Boswell's b. f. Anna Maria, three-years old (Noble) 3 1 1
Lord Eglinton's ch. f. Lais, three-years old 1 3 2
Mr. Johnston's ch. m. Lightning, five-years old 2 2 dr.

A Plate of 50 sovs., given by the Town of Cupar, for Scotch-bred horses; three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 6 lb.; five, 8 st. 13 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; horses not thorough-bred allowed 9 lb.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; the winner of the Caledonian Cup carried 5 lb. extra; heats, twice round.

Sir J. Boswell's b. g. Constantine, by Beagle, four-years old (J. Holmes) ... 1 4 1
Mr. J. Laing's ch. g. Birthday, six-years old 2 1 2
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. by Percy, out of Cranberry's dam, three-years old ... 3 3 dr.
Mr. Wilkin's ch. c. Clem-o'-the-Clough, three-years old 4 2 dr.

FRIDAY.—Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., granted to the Caledonian Hunt; three-year-olds, 7 st. 9 lb.; four, 9 st.; five, 9 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 10 st.; four miles.

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Lanercost, four-years old (Cartwright) 1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Malvolio, three-years old 2

Fifty sovs., given by the Fife Hunt, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; four-year-olds, 11 st. 9 lb.; five, 12 st. 4 lb.; six and aged, 12 st. 8 lb.; horses not thorough-bred allowed 7 lb.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; gentlemen riders, members of Fox-hunting or Racing Clubs; once round and a distance.

Lord Dunmore's br. c. Aladdin, by Young Blacklock, four-years old (Capt. Raitt) . 1
Mr. Ramsay's br. h. Brother to Macarius, five-years old 2
Mr. Morris's b. m. Lady Louisa, aged 3

A Plate of 50 sovs., given by the Caledonian Hunt; three-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; m. and g. allowed 2 lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs., if demanded, &c.; heats, once round.

Mr. Fairlie's gr. g. Pyramid, five-years old (Lye) 1 1
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Suleiman, four-years old 2 2

A Plate of 60 sovs., given by the Fife Hunt, for the beaten horses of the first three days; three year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; m. and g. allowed 2 lb.; horses having started during the season, and not won, allowed 2 lb.; twice, 4 lb.; thrice, 6 lb.; the owner of the second horse received 10 sovs. out of the plate; heats, once round.

Lord Eglinton's b. f. Bellona, by Beagle, four-years old (Lye) 3 1 1
Lord Dunmore's br. c. Aladdin, four-years old 1 2 2
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Easingwold, three-years old 2 3 dr.

WREXHAM.

TUESDAY, October 1st.—A Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., the remainder in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for all ages; thrice round (fourteen subscribers).

Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Cowboy, by Voltaire, five-years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Templeman) 1
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. f. Zillah, four-years old, 8 st. 1 lb. 2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Cowboy.

The Wynnstay Plate, value 50 sovs., the gift of Sir W. Wynne, Bart., for all ages; one-mile heats.

Mr. F. R. Price's br. g. Captain Pops, by Priam, four-years-old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Neale) 1 2 1
Lord Stanley's br. f. Velocity, three-years old, 6 st. 10 lb. 3 1 2
Mr. Jones's b. f. Volusia, four-years old, 7 st. 12 lb. 1 — dr.
Mr. Huxley's b. g. Defence, six-years old, 9 st. 2 — —
Mr. Meiklam's b. c. The Drone, four-years old, 8 st. — — —
Mr. Holker's ch. m. Maid of Monton, five-years old, 8 st. 8 lb. 2 dr.

WEDNESDAY.—The Wynnstay Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c.; twice round and a distance (seven subscribers, three of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

Mr. F. R. Price's ch. f. Zillah, by Reveller, four-years old, 8 st. (Neale) 1
Mr. Walters's ch. c. Sir Mark, three-years old, 6 st. 2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Sir Mark.

A Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., if declared, &c., with 20 added from the fund; two-mile heats (five subscribers, two of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

Mr. F. R. Price's b. f. The Lady Abbess, by St. Nicholas, three-years old, 6 st. (Stag) 3 1 1
Mr. Roberts's ch. f. Lady Sarah, by Irish Blacklock, out of Annie, three-years old, a feather 1 3 2
Mr. Meiklam's b. g. Wee Willie, four-years old, 7 st. 11 lb. 2 2 dr.

The Town Plate, value 50 sovs., for all ages; two-mile heats.

Mr. T. Stanley's b. h. Cowboy, five-years old, 9 st. 2 lb. (Templeman)	1	1
Mr. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty, five-years old, 8 st. 12 lb.	—	2
Mr. Hornby's br. h. Valentine, six-years old, 9 st. 5 lb.	—	—
Mr. Worthington's b. c. Northenden, four-years old, 8 st. 1 lb.	—	—

CHESTERFIELD.

WEDNESDAY, October 2nd.—A Plate of 60 gs., given by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, for horses that never won the value of £50 before the day of naming; three-year-olds, 7 st. 3 lb.; four, 8 st. 6 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 13 lb.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; two-mile heats.

Mr. Haworth's b. f. Fair Louisa, by Voltaire, three-years old (Oats)	1	1
Mr. Shafto's b. c. by Physician, dam by Whitworth, three-years old	—	—
Mr. Frost's bl. f. Single Weeper, by Parlington, dam, sister to Dimmont, three-years old	—	—
Mr. Martin's b. f. Juvenile, three-years old	2	dr.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; m. and g. allowed 2 lb.; the winner to be sold for 500 sovs., if demanded, &c.; two miles (six subscribers).

Lord Normanby's b. m. Gipsy, by Sir Hercules, six-years old (Taylor)	1
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, aged	2
Mr. R. Watson's b. f. Little Bird, four-years old	3
Mr. Frost's bl. f. Gambolette, three-years old	4

THURSDAY.—Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; m. and g. allowed 2 lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs., if demanded, &c.; once round and a distance.

Mr. Smith's b. f. Margaret, by Margrave, three-years old	0
Mr. King's b. f. Tivy, by Langar, three-years old	0
Mr. Frost's b. f. Viola, three-years old	3

After the dead heat, Tivy walked over.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 100 added by the gentlemen of the North Midland Railway, for all ages; the owner of the second horse received 20 sovs. out of the stakes; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Haworth's b. f. Fair Louisa, three-years old, 6 st. 3 lb. (W. Marson)	1	1
Mr. Milner's b. c. Humphrey, four-years old, 8 st. 2 lb.	3	2
Mr. Shafto's b. c. by Physician, dam by Whitworth, three-years old, 6 st. 11 lb.	2	3
Mr. Ogden's b. c. St. Leonard, four-years old, 7 st. 5 lb.	4	4
Mr. Hudson's b. m. Columbine, five-years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	—	5
Mr. Walters's b. h. Goldhurst, five-years old, 7 st. 5 lb.	—	dr.

A Handicap Plate of 60 sovs., given by the Town of Chesterfield, for all ages; the owner of the second horse received 10 sovs.; heats, once round.

Mr. Smith's b. f. Margaret, three-years old, 7 st.	1	1
Mr. R. Watson's b. f. Little Bird, four-years old, 7 st. 6 lb.	3	2
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, aged, 8 st. 10 lb.	—	2
Mr. Milner's b. c. Humphrey, four-years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (broke a blood-vessel in his head)	—	dis.

MONMOUTH.

WEDNESDAY, October 2nd.—The Chippenham Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added; a mile and a half.

Mr. Collard's ro. m. Bodice, by Whalebone, aged, 9 st. 10 lb. (Moon)	1
Mr. Walmsley's b. g. Catamaran, aged, 9 st. 10 lb.	2
Mr. B. Davie's b. m. Merry Lass, five-years old, 9 st. 6 lb.	3
Mr. Bristow's ch. f. Susanna, three-years old, 7 st. 12 lb.	4

The Hack Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 15 added; the winner to be sold for £40, if demanded; heats, a mile and a half, was won, in three heats, by

Mr. Page's b. f. Miss Foote, three-years old, 9 st. (Wadlow), beating four others.

The Llanarth Handicap Hurdle Race of 5 sovs. each, 2 ft., with 25 added by R. J. Blewett, Esq., M. P.; heats, twice round and a distance, with four leaps in each heat (five subscribers).

Mr. J. Williams's b. g. Ploughboy, five-years old, 10 st. (Davies)	1	2	1
Mr. Oliver's gr. h. Greyling, aged, 12 st.	3	1	3
Mr. White's b. m. Discovery, six-years old, 11 st. 9 lb.	2	3	2

THURSDAY.—The Llanarth Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 40 added, for all ages.

Mr. Walmsley's b. g. Catamaran, by Strephon, aged, 9 st. 2 lb.	walked over.
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Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added.

Mr. Walmsley's b. g. Catamaran, aged, 9 st. 2 lb. (Wadlow)	1	1
Mr. Collard's ro. m. Bodice, aged, 10 st. 5 lb.	—	2
Mr. Page's br. f. Miss Foote, three-years old, 7 st. 9 lb.	—	3

Handicap Hurdle Race of 3 sovs. each, with a Cup and 20 sovs. added.

Mr. Oliver's gr. h. Greyling, aged (owner)	1	1
Mr. Jones's b. g. Gorsebush, five-years old	2	2
Mr. Rees Sims's br. m. Clytha Lass, six-years old	3	3

Three others started.

Handicap Stakes of 4 sovs. each, with 15 added; a mile and a half.

Mr. Bristow's ch. f. Susanna, by Doctor Faustus, three-years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Morgan) 1	1
Mr. B. Davies's b. m. Merry Lass, five-years old, 10 st. 2 lb.	2
Mr. Page's br. m. Miss Foote, three-years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	3

The Town Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred; heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Oliver's gr. h. Grayling, aged, 12 st. (owner)	1	1
Mr. White's b. m. Discovery, six-years old, 12 st.	2	dr.

FALMOUTH AND PENRYN.—THURSDAY, OCTOBER THE 3RD.

A Plate of 20 sovs., with 5 sovs. for the second horse; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Hix's bl. g. The Moor, 11 st. 6 lb. (T. Carlin)	1	1
Mr. Horsley's b. c. by Harry, three-years old, 8 st.	2	2
Mr. Williams's b. g. Sledmere, 10 st. 5 lb. (being 12 lb. short of weight)	dis.	

A Cup, value 20 gs., for hunters, six-year-olds, 11 st. 2 lb.; seven and aged, 11 st. 10 lb.; heats, once round the course and a distance, with three leaps over hurdles, was won, at two heats, by

Mr. J. Lister's gr. g. by Tiger, five-years old, 11 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Scott) beating two others.

The Ladies' Cup, value 20 gs.; heats, once round the course and a distance.

Mr. H. Tilly's b. h. Royal William, by Royal Oak, out of Princess Royal, by Middleton, aged, 10 st.	1	1
Mr. Crofton's b. g. Cricket-ball, 10 st. 9 lb. (half-bred)	4	2
Mr. F. G. Gregor's b. m. Wild Rose, 9 st. (half-bred)	2	3
Mr. Williams's b. g. Sledmere, 10 st. 3 lb.	3	4
Mr. R. Rattle's b. m. Venilia, aged, 10 st.	5	5
Mr. Harwood's b. m. Creeping Jane (a feather)	6	6

In consequence of its being so dark, after the first heat for this race, the second heat was run for on Friday.

RUGELEY.

THURSDAY, October 3rd.—The Beaudesert Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 added; twice round and a distance (three subscribers).

Mr. Fowler's br. f. Prudence, by Emancipation, four-years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Dodgson) 1	1
Lord Warwick's ch. f. Petty Larceny, three-years old, 7 st.	2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Petty Larceny.

A Sweepstakes of 6 sovs. each, with 20 added; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs., if demanded, &c.; heats, once round and a distance (five subscribers).

Mr. Fowler's br. f. Prudence, four-years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Dodgson)	—	1	1
Mr. Moss's br. c. Ascanius, four-years old, 7 st. 13 lb.	—	2	2
Mr. Painter's ch. m. Patroness, five-years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	1	3	dis.
Mr. Walters's b. c. Chantilly, three-years old, 7 st. 3 lb.	2	dr.	

In running for the third heat, Patroness broke her leg, and was immediately shot.

A Hurdle Race of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; heats twice round (five subscribers.)

Mr. Campbell's br. h. Bucephalus, aged (Bradley)	1	2
Mr. James's b. g. Lansquenet, six-years old	2	3
Mr. W. Godwin's dun m. Duenna, aged	3	1

Duenna threw her rider the first heat, and ran away; when the mare was caught, he remounted, and continued the race, but was distanced a long way; the mare started again for the second heat, but gave it up to Bucephalus, who came in second.

FRIDAY.—The Rugeley Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added; heats, twice round.

Mrs. Massey's b. g. Tubalcain, by Cain, three-years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Whitehouse) 1	1
Mr. Fowler's br. c. Profligate, three-years old, 7 st. 1 lb.	2
Mr. W. Saunders's br. m. Kitty Cackle, five-years old, 8 st. 10 lb.	3

Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. James's b. g. Lansquenet, six-years old, 12 st. 5 lb. (Hughes)	2	1	1
Mr. Blakeway's ch. g. Joe, by Langolce, dam by Peter Lely, four-years old, 11 st. 4 lb.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Fowler na. b. f. Leopardess, three-years old, 9 st. 11 lb.	—	3	dr.
Mr. Meuce's Bugle, aged, 12 st. 2 lb.	—	4	dr.
Mr. Redwood's b. f. Tixall Lass, four-years old, 11 st. 1 lb.	—	dis.	

HOLYWELL HUNT.

TUESDAY, October 8th.—Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; two miles (five subscribers).

Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Papineau, by Emancipation, 8 st. 2 lb. ... walked over.

The Mostyn Stakes of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six, 9 st.; and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; the Mostyn mile (twenty-three subscribers).

Lord Westminster's ch. c. The Lord Mayor, by Pantaloon, three-years old (Francis)	1
Mr. F. R. Price's br. g. Captain Pops, four-years old	2
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Cowboy, five-years old	3
Mr. Holker's ch. m. Maid of Monton, five-years old	4
Mr. Mostyn's Hugh Lupus, three-years old	5

The Champagne Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; horses having started once without winning allowed 2 lb.; twice or more, 3 lb.; the last half mile (three subscribers).

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Rabbitcatcher, by Birdcatcher (Templeman)	1
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. Tuly	2

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; a mile and a half (four subscribers).

Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Papineau ... walked over.

The Pengwern Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., for three-year-olds, 7 st. 9 lb., and four, 8 st. 9 lb.; a mile and three quarters (five subscribers).

Mr. F. R. Price's br. f. Lady Abbess, by St. Nicholas, three-years old (Connelly)	1
Lord Westminster's ch. c. Sir Ralph, four-years old	2
Mr. Mostyn's Hugh Lupus, three-years old	3

THURSDAY.—The Mostyn Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c., with 100 added by the Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn; two miles (fifteen subscribers, 11 of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. Captain Pops, by Priam, four-years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Stag)	1
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. Picotee, four-years old, 6 st. 12 lb.	2
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Cowboy, five-years old, 8 st. 9 lb.	3

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds, 7 st., and three, 9 st.; f. allowed 2 lb.; T. Y. C.

Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. Tuly, by the Tulip, two-years old (Stag)	1
Lord Stanley's br. c. Charlatan, three-years old	2
Mr. Mostyn's ch. c. Bedalian, by Revolution, out of L'Hirondelle, two-years old	3

The Holywell Hunt Plate, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Club; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 9 lb.; five, 9 st. 3 lb.; six, 9 st. 5 lb.; and aged, 9 st. 9 lb.; three miles (three subscribers).

Lord Westminster's ch. c. Sir Ralph, by Pantaloon, four-years old (Templeman)	1
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. Picotee, four-years old	2

The Hokee Pokee Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Club; two-year-olds, a feather; three, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 9 lb.; five, 9 st. 3 lb.; six, 9 st. 7 lb.; and aged, 9 st. 10 lb.; the winner to be sold for 70 sovs., if demanded, &c.; the owner of the last horse paid 5 sovs. to the second; T. Y. C. (seven subscribers).

Lord Stanley's br. c. Charlatan, by Physician, three-years old (Francis)	1
Mr. Jones's b. f. Volusia, four-years old	2
Mr. Mostyn's The Wonder, four-years old	3
Mr. Mostyn's Hugh Lupus, three-years old	4

STONE.

TUESDAY, October 8th.—Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added from the fund; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Phillips's b. g. Taffy, four-years old, 9 st. (Lear)	1
Mr. Blake's br. h. Normanby, six-years old, 9 st. 12 lb.	2 dr.
Mr. T. Gater's b. m. Mischief, five-years old, 9 st. 7 lb.	dis.

The Hack Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 15 added, heats, twice round and a distance, were won, in two heats, by

Mr. Gater's b. m. Mischief, five-years old, 10 st. 12 lb. (Chifney), beating Mr. Dawson's ch. m. Jenny Jones, five-years old, 10 st. 12 lb., and three others.

WEDNESDAY.—The Publicans' Purse, by subscription of 3 sovs. each, with 15 added from the fund; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. James's b. g. Lansquenet, six-years old, 9 st. 12 lb. (Hughes)	1
Mr. Blake's ch. m. Susan, aged, 9 st. 12 lb.	2
Mr. Granby's b. m. Lady Blessington, six-years old, 9 st. 12 lb.	3

A Hurdle Race of 3 sovs. each, with 15 added; heats, twice round and a distance, with four leaps.

Mr. Campbell's br. h. Bucephalus, six-years old, 11 st. 7 lb. ... walked over.

A Handicap of 1 sov. each, with a Purse added.

Mr. Blake's b. h. Normanby, by Economist, six-years old, 11 st. (Johnson) ...	1	1
Mr. Granby's Trull, 9 st. 7 lb. ...	3	2
Mr. Lowe's St. John, six-years old, 10 st. 7 lb. ...	2	dis.
Mr. Peake's b. m. Jane, five-years old, 9 st. 11 lb. ...	4	dis.

KNUTSFORD.

WEDNESDAY, October 9th.—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 3 lb., and fillies, 8 st.; winners before starting to carry 3 lb. extra; about half a mile.

Lord Stanley's ro. c. De Clifford, by Recovery, out of Baroness (M. Jones) ...	1
Mr. Billington's b. c. Snoozer, by Muley, out of Bequest ...	2
Mr. Flintoff's b. f. by Colwick, out of Ultima ...	3

The Cup, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 70 added by the Town; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; a winner of a Queen's Plate, Cup, or Cup Stakes, this year, before starting, to carry 3 lb., and of two 5 lb. extra; the winner of the Tradesmen's Cup at Liverpool July Meeting to have carried 5 lb. extra; two miles and a distance (seven subscribers).

Mr. Fowler's br. c. Profligate, by Emancipation, three-years old (Dodgson) ...	1
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Apothecary, three-years old ...	2
Fulwar Craven's br. c. The Quack, three-years old ...	3

A Silver Cup, value 30 gs., with 20 gs. added, and £10 for the second horse, given by Lieut.-Col. Egerton, commanding the Queen's Regiment of Cheshire Yeomanry Cavalry, for horses bred in Cheshire, and not thorough-bred; three-years old, 10 st.; four, 10 st. 9 lb.; five, 11 st. 4 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. T. Longshaw's b. f. Harriet, three-years old (Davies) ...	1	1
Mr. T. Taylor's b. h. Colonel, five-years old ...	2	2
Mr. Norbury's br. m. Fanny, six-years old (broke down) ...	—	dr.

THURSDAY.—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; and fillies, 8 st.; winners once in 1839, before starting, to carry 3 lb.; twice 5 lb. extra; two miles (three subscribers).

Mr. Fowler's br. c. Profligate, three-years old (Dodgson) ...	1
Fulwar Craven's br. c. The Quack, three-years old ...	2

A Hurdle Race of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; 11 st. 7 lb. each; thorough-bred horses, 7 lb. extra; the owner of the second horse received 5 sovs. out of the stakes; two miles and a distance, with two leaps over hurdles (eight subscribers).

Mr. Stevenson's ch. g. True Blue, by Jujube, aged (Mr. Barker) ...	1
Mr. Godwin's dun. m. Duenna, aged ...	2
Mr. J. H. Smith Barry's b. h. Sir Arthur ...	3

A Hurdle Race of 15 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared, &c.; for horses the property of, and ridden by, Officers of the Garrison of Manchester, carrying 12 st. each; two miles, with four hurdles four feet high (thirty-eight subscribers, twenty-six of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Milbank's b. g. Seventy-nine, six-years old (owner) ...	1
Capt. France's b. g. Peace-maker, aged ...	2
Capt. Douglas's br. g. Bachelor, six-years old ...	3

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. Knox's br. g. Warwick, aged, and Mr. Maitland's gr. g. Young Welcome.

The Ladies' Purse of 50 sovs.; three-year-olds, 6 st. 8 lb.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; the winner of a Plate in 1839, before starting, to carry 3 lb.; of two, a Gold Cup, or a Queen's Plate, 5 lb. extra; heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, by Whisker, aged (Hopwood) ...	—	1	1
Mr. Jackson's b. c. Wings, three-years old ...	1	—	3 2
Lord Stanley's ch. f. Imogene, three-years old ...	—	1	— 3
Mr. T. Speed's ch. c. Aimwell, four-years old ...	—	—	2
Mr. Buckley's ch. c. Charley, three-years old ...	3	—	—
Mr. Ogden's b. c. St. Leonard, four-years old ...	—	—	—
Mr. Meiklam's b. m. Modesty, five-years old ...	2	2	dr.
Mr. Milbank's b. f. Virgin, three-years old ...	—	—	dr.

NOTTINGHAM.

WEDNESDAY, October 9th.—A Cup, or piece of Plate, value 100 sovs., given by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the County, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c.; the owner of the second horse received back his stake; twice round and a distance (twelve subscribers, three of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Robinson's b. h. Melbourne, by Humphrey Clinker, five-years old, 9 st. (Oates) 1	
Mr. Collett's br. c. The Dean, three-years old, 6 st. 11 lb. ...	2

This race was run for twice, in consequence of the horses having been started from the wrong place for the first race; Melbourne came in first, The Dean second. Mr. Walter's b. h. King Cole, six-years-old, 8 st. 9 lb.; Mr. Bowes's ch. h. Epirus, five-years-old, 8 st. 7 lb.; Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Industry, four-years old, 7 st. 12 lb.; Mr. E. Peel's gr. c. Saul, four-years-old, 8 st. 11 lb.; and Mr. Walker's br. f. Lollypop, three-years old, 6 st. 6 lb.; also started for the first race, but were afterwards drawn.

A Plate of £50, given by the Town of Nottingham, and by the Members for the Town, for horses that never won more than one plate or prize of the value of £50; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. S. King's b. f. Tivy, by Langar, three-years old, 7 st. (Oates) ...	1	1
Mr. Skerratt's b. f. by Zinganez, out of Ellie, five-years old, 8 st. 3 lb. ...	—	2
Mr. P. Brown's b. g. Mounteagle, aged, 8 st. 11 lb. ...	3	3
Capt. Lamb's br. c. Speed, three-years old, 7 st. 3 lb. ...	2	4
Mr. Clarke's ch. c. The Recorder, three-years old, 7 st. ...	—	dr.
Mr. Wildman's, b. f. Pandora, four-years old, 7 st. 13 lb. (half-bred) ...	—	dr.

The winner was claimed.

THURSDAY.—A Plate of £50, given by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the County, for all ages; heats, two miles and a half.

Mrs. Massey's b. g. Tubalcain, by Cain, three-years old, 7 st. 2 lb. ...	1	1
Mr. Walters's b. h. King Cole, six-years old, 9 st. 7 lb. ...	3	2
Lord Normanby's b. m. Gipsy, six-years old, 9 st. 4 lb. ...	4	3
Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Industry, four-years old, 8 st. 8 lb. ...	2	dr.

A Plate of £60, given by the Members for the County, for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, a mile and three quarters.

Mr. Lacey's br. f. Viola, by Filho da Puta ...	4	1	1
Mr. Frost's bl. f. Gambolette ...	1	2	2
Mr. Walters's ch. c. Sir Mark ...	2	3	dr.
Mr. W. Doncaster's ch. f. Miss Ferguson ...	5	dis.	
Capt. Lamb's br. c. Speed ...	3	dr.	

FRIDAY.—Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.: three-year-olds, 8 st. 2 lb.; four, 9 st. 4 lb.; five, 9 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 10 st.; two-mile heats.

Mrs. Massey's b. g. Tubalcain, three-years old (Whitehouse) ...	1	1
Mr. Robinson's b. h. Melbourne, five-years old ...	2	2
Mr. Scott's b. f. Whip, three-years old (half-bred) ...	3	dr.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added; heats, once round.

Mr. Walker's br. f. Lollypop, by Starch, or Voltaire, three-years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Birbeck) ...	1	1
Mr. E. Peel's gr. c. Saul, four-years old ...	2	2

YORKSHIRE UNION HUNT CLUB.

WEDNESDAY, October 9th.—The Trial Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., for horses that have never started for any stake, match, plate, or sweepstakes, before the day of entry; three-year-olds, 10 st.; four, 11 st. 2 lb.; five, 11 st. 5 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; three miles (six subscribers).

Mr. H. S. Thompson's b. f. by Bobadil, out of Zoé, three-years old ... walked over.

The Gold Cup, or piece of Plate, given by the Club, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., for maiden horses not thorough-bred; three-year-olds, 10 st.; four, 11 st. 2 lb.; five, 11 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 12 st. 4 lb.; two miles (sixteen subscribers).

Col. Thompson's b. g. Hamlet, by Y. Phantom, five-years old (owner) ...	1
Mr. John Bell's ch. f. sister to Fearnley, by Gainsborough, dam by Clinker, four-years old ...	2
Mr. J. C. Smyth's gr. g. brother to Goldicote, four-years old ...	3
Mr. H. S. Thompson's br. g. Master Wadham, by Y. Gustavus, dam by King of Diamonds, four-years old ...	4
Mr. E. H. Reynard's b. h. Vapour, five-years old ...	5
Mr. J. C. Maxwell na. bl. g. Exile, by Napoleon-le-Grand, dam by Walton, out of Lisette, four-years old ...	6

The Scurry Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Club; 10 st. each; thorough-bred horses to carry 1 st. extra; the last horse to pay the second horse's stake; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded, &c.; half a mile (eight subscribers).

Mr. H. S. Thompson's gr. m. Evergreen, by Acorn, five-years old, half-bred (owner) 1	
Lord Milton's b. m. Duet, by Mambrino, five-years old ...	2
Col. Thompson's b. f. Mazourka, three-years old ...	3
Capt. Richardson's b. g. Barnton, aged (half-bred) ...	4

The Union Club Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for maiden horses that have never started for any stakes but a Hunters' Stakes; four-year-olds, 12 st.; five, 12 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 13 st.; half-bred horses allowed 8 lb; one mile and a half (three subscribers).

Mr. G. W. Fitzwilliam's br. f. Jamaica, by Medoro, out of Quadron, by Catton, four-years old (Capt. Bell) ...	1
Mr. H. S. Thompson's br. g. Master Wadham, four-years old ...	2
Lord Milton's br. f. Minorca, four-years old ...	3

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, h. ft., for horses *bonâ fide* the property of Officers of the Dépôts of 1st Dragoon Guards, and 7th Hussars; four-year-olds, 10 st.; five, 11 st.; six, 11 st. 7 lb.; and aged, 12 st.; to be ridden by Officers of the Dépôts; one mile and a half (nine subscribers).

Capt. Sutton's ch. g. Gleneagle, aged (half-bred)—(owner)	1
Mr. Powell's bl. m. Off she goes, aged	2
Mr. Cotton's br. g. four-years old	3

The Champagne Plate, given by the Club, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 10 st. 4 lb.; four, 11 st. 2 lb.; five, 11 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 12 st. 2 lb.; a winner once, in 1838 or 1839, to carry 5 lb.; twice, 7 lb. extra; any horses proved half-bred, to the satisfaction of the Stewards, allowed 12 lb.; one mile and three quarters (eighteen subscribers).

Mr. H. S. Thompson's ch. g. Van Buren, by Velocipede, five-years old (owner) ...	1
Mr. G. W. Fitzwilliam's b. f. Florida, by Mulatto, out of Floranthe, by Amadis, four-years old	2
Mr. J. Bell's bl. c. Bumblekite, three-years old	3
Lord Milton's gr. g. Cassio, by Chateau Margaux, out of Desdemona, by Orville, aged	4

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. J. Bell's ch. m. Golden-drop, five-years old; Mr. J. Whitaker's b. g. Lyndhurst, six-years old; Col. Thompson's b. f. Mazourka, three-years old; Mr. G. Salvin's ch. m. Xarifa, aged; Col. Thompson's br. c. Babylon, by Belshazzar, out of Prosody, three-years old, half-bred; Sir C. Ibbetson's br. f. Siroc, by Camel, out of Seabreeze, three-years old; and Mr. Reynard's b. h. Vapour, five-years old (half-bred).

THURSDAY.—Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs. each, for all the horses that started for the gold Cup, the Champagne Plate, and the Scurry Stakes; the winner of any of the three to pay 10 sovs. each; one mile and a half (six subscribers).

Col. Thompson's b. f. Mazourka, by Margrave, dam by Blacklock, three-years old, 10 st. (Capt. Bell)	1
Mr. G. W. Fitzwilliam's b. f. Florida, four-years old, 11 st. 7 lb.	2
Mr. H. S. Thompson's f. Siroc, three-years old, 10 st.	3
Mr. Salvin's ch. m. Xarifa, aged, 11 st. 8 lb.	4

Mr. Peter's ch. g. Syntax, aged (Col. Thompson), beat Capt. Richardson's b. g. Barnton, aged, 12 st. each; two miles, 100 sovs.

The Challenge Whip, value 100 sovs., given by Lord Milton, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 10 st.; four, 11 st.; five, 11 st. 8 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; half-bred horses allowed 10 lb.; three miles (eight subscribers).

Mr. H. S. Thompson's ch. g. Van Buren, five-years (owner)	1
Mr. G. W. Fitzwilliam's gr. g. Cassio, aged	2
Col. Thompson's b. g. Hamlet, five-years old	3
Lord Milton's b. g. Guy Mannering, by Waverley, out of Leonella, four-years old ...	4

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses carrying 16 st. each; one mile (five subscribers).

Mr. G. Salvin's ch. m. Xarifa, by Velocipede, aged (owner)	1
Mr. H. S. Thompson's ch. g. Budget	2
Mr. D. Cayley's br. h. Incubus, aged	3

A Cup, or piece of Plate, value £50, for horses not thorough-bred, and which have never started for any but a Hunters' Stakes; 12 st. each: the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded; one mile (thirty-two subscribers).

Mr. E. H. Reynard's ch. g. Slyfellow, by Guerilla, aged (Capt. Trafford)	1
Mr. H. S. Thompson's gr. m. Evergreen, five-years old	2
Mr. H. S. Thompson's br. g. Master Wadham, four-years old	3
Mr. Astley's bl. g. by Defence, six-years old	4
Mr. Powell's bl. m. Off she goes, aged	5

The Black Duck Stakes of 5 sovs each, for horses of all denominations that have been beaten during the races; four-year-olds, 10 st. 6 lb.; five, 11 st. 6 lb.; six and aged, 12 st. 2 lb.; thorough-bred horses, 1 st. extra; one mile (sixteen subscribers).

Mr. Smyth's gr. g. brother to Goldicote, by Stumps, four-years old (Capt. Richardson) 1	
Lord Milton's br. f. Minorca, four-years old	2
Mr. Reynard's b. h. Vapour, by Vanish, five-years old	3
Col. Thompson's br. c. Babylon, three-years old	4

Hurdle Race of 5 sovs. each, h. ft., for horses *bonâ fide* the property of Officers of the Dépôts of 1st Dragoon Guards, and 7th Hussars; five-year-olds, 11 st.; six, 11 st. 7 lb.; and aged, 12 st.; thorough-bred horses, 7 lb. extra; ridden by Officers of the Dépôts; one mile and a half, with four leaps over hurdles four feet high (ten subscribers).

Capt. Sutton's ch. g. Gleneagle, aged (half-bred)—(owner)	1
Mr. Cotton, br. m. Diana (half-bred)	2
Mr. Hilyar's ch. g.	fell.

YORK OCTOBER MEETING.

FRIDAY, October 11th.—The York October Race Club Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 20 added by the Club, for horses of all denominations; gentlemen riders; two miles (four subs).

Mr. Simpson's b. g. Aggravator, by Palmerin, aged, 11 st. 8 lb. (owner)	1
Mr. H. Mann's b. g. Mundig, by Catton, aged, 11 st.	2

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 6 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; winners once this year to carry 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb. extra; horses that have been twice beaten, and not won, allowed 2 lb.; T. Y. C.

Col. Cradock's b. c. Gallipot, by Physician, dam by Whisker, out of Voltaire's dam (G. Nelson)	1
Capt. Elmsall's br. c. Bob Peel, by Medora, dam by Y. Phantom, grandam by Camillus	2
Mr Briskin's ch. f. Vermilion	3
Mr. J. Shepherd's b. c. Viceroy	4

The following also started, but were not placed :—Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Faure; Mr. Hall's ch. c. St. Maurice, by Huntington, dam by Langar, grandam by Cerberus, out of Barefoot's dam; Mr. J. King's b. g. Mariner, by Liverpool, out of Tigress; Mr. Kirby's b. f. by Liverpool, out of Dirmid's dam; and Mr. Bell's La Sage Femme.

Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with a superb Silver Tea-service, value £60, added by the Ladies of York and its vicinity, free for any horse; the owner of the second horse received £10 out of the Stakes; heats, one mile and a quarter (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Allen's b. c. Quid, by Tramp, or Clinker, three-years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Lye)	8	1	1
Mr. Smith's br. f. Margaret, three-years old, 7 st. 3 lb.	1 5 3
Mr. Hesseltime's b. f. The Shadow, three-years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	5 3 2
Mr. Bell's bl. c. Bumblekite, three-years old, 7 st. 5 lb.	7 6 4
Mr. Vansittart's b. f. by Sandbeck, out of Darioletta, three-years old, 7 st. 3 lb. 6 2 dr.
Mr. Loy's b. c. Ararat, three-years old, 7 st.	2 4 dr.
Col. Cradock's gr. c. The Cripple, three-years old, 7 st. 5 lb.	3 dr.
Mr. Rowley's br. f. by Starch, dam by Tinker, grandam by Acarius, three-years old, 6 st. 3 lb.	4 dr.

Hurdle-race Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 10 added, for four-year-olds, 10 st. 7 lb.; five, 11 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; winners of one Stake, Plate, Hurdle-race, Steeple-chase, or Hunters' Stakes, before the day of running, to carry 7 lb.; of two, 10 lb. extra; thorough-bred horses 7 lb. extra; gentlemen riders; two miles, with six leaps over hurdles four feet high (seven subscribers).

Mr. Petre's ch. g. Syntax, by Bob Gore, aged (Capt. Bell)	1
Mr. Lamplugh's b. m. Mischief, six-years old	2
Capt. Sutton's ch. g. Gleneagle, aged	3
Mr. Cotton's b. m. Diana, aged	4

The following also started, but were not placed :—Mr. Hilyar's Dardanus, aged; and Mr. Percy's Betsy, aged.

SATURDAY.—The All-aged Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Inhabitants of the City of York, for two-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; three, 8 st. 10 lb.; four, 9 st. 5 lb.; five and upwards, 9 st. 12 lb.; winners once this year to carry 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb. extra; one mile and a quarter (eight subscribers).

Mr. Shepherd's b. c. Viceroy, by Voltaire, two-years old (T. Lye)	1
Mr. Hesseltime's b. f. The Shadow, three-years old	2
Mr. J. Smith's gr. g. Marnaduke, three-years old	3
Mr. Oxley's br. c. Navigator, four-years old	4
Mr. Briskhan's ch. f. Vermilion, two-years old	5
Mr. Hall's ch. c. St. Maurice, two-years old	6

Handicap Stakes of 7 sovs. each, 3 ft., with 20 added, for horses of all denominations; one mile and a quarter (nine subscribers).

Mr. Vansittart's b. f. by Sandbeck, out of Darioletta, three-years old, 7 st. (Wilson)	1
Mr. Howard na. b. f. Orelia, three-years old, 7 st. 6 lb.	2
Mr. Haworth's b. f. Fair Louisa, three-years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	3
Col. Thompson's b. f. Mazarouka, three-years old, 6 st. 10 lb.	4
Mr. Bell's ch. m. Golden-drop, five-years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	5
Mr. Hesseltime's b. f. Little Bird, four-years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	6

Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs. each, h. ft., for horses the property of Officers of the Depôts 1st Dragoon Guards, and 7th Hussars; one mile and a half (eight subscribers).

Capt. Sutton's ch. g. Gleneagle, aged, 12 st. 2 lb. (owner)	1
Mr. Percy's Betsy, aged, 11 st. 7 lb.	2
Mr. Cotton's b. g. Crib, 10 st. 2 lb.	3

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Inhabitants of the City of York, for horses not thorough-bred; three-year-olds, 9 st.; four, 10 st. 4 lb.; five, 11 st.; six and aged, 11 st. 7 lb.; a winner once to carry 4 lb.; twice, 7 lb. extra; thorough-bred horses, 14 lb. extra; m. and g. allowed 2 lb.; gentlemen riders; heats, one mile and a half (six subscribers).

Mr. J. Simpson's b. g. Aggravator, aged (Mr. W. Simpson)	1	1
Mr. Bell's b. f. sister to Fearnely, four-years old	2
Mr. Thompson's br. g. Master Wadham, four-years old	3 dr.
Mr. J. G. Smyth's gr. g. brother to Goldicote, by Stumps, four-years old	4 dr.
Mr. Powell's ch. h. Slyfellow, aged	5 dr.

CURRAGH OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 14th.—Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 4 lb.; and fillies, 8 st.; Connelly's mile (eight subscribers).

Mr. Disney's b. c. Humming Bird, by Skylark, dam by Master Robert, 8 st. 1 lb. 1
 Mr. Maher's br. c. by Skylark, or Lapwing, out of Helen, 8 st. 1 lb. ... 2

Sweepstakes of 40 sovs., h. ft., for two-years old fillies; Anglesey-post (five subscribers).

Col. Westenra's br. Welfare, by Priam, out of Vat, 8 st. 2 lb. ... 1
 Mr. Watts's b. by Skylark, out of Zillah, 7 st. 11 lb. ... 2

Lord Howth's b. c. Claret, received ft. from Mr. O'C. Henchy's Burlesque, 8 st. each; one mile and a quarter on the Peel Course, 200 sovs., h. ft.

The Sligo Stakes of 50 sovs., h. ft., for two-years old, was off by consent.

TUESDAY.—The Kirwan Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; the second horse saved his stake; Red-post (twelve subscribers, five of whom paid 5 sovs. each).

Major Hay's ch. c. Retriever, by Recovery, out of Taglioni, three-years old, 8 st. 7 lb. 1
 Lord Rossmore's b. f. Ayba, four-years old, 8 st. 2 lb. ... 2
 Mr. Holmes's b. f. Mustard, three-years old, 7 st. 4 lb. ... 3
 Mr. Watts's br. c. Monasterorris, four-years old, 7 st. 6 lb. ... 4
 Mr. Maher's c. by Picton, out of Eel, four-years old, 8 st. 8 lb. ... 5

Sweepstakes of 15 sovs., 10 ft., with 25 sovs. added, for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 4 lb.; and fillies, 8 st.; Connelly's mile (six subscribers).

Mr. Knox's b. c. May-boy, by Skylark, or Roller, out of Guiccioli, 8 st. 4 lb. ... 1
 Mr. Maher's br. c. by Lapwing, or Skylark, out of Helen, 8 st. 1 lb. ... 2

WEDNESDAY.—Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for two-years old, a feather; three, 7 st. 9 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; five, 9 st. 3 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; three miles.

Mr. Graydon's b. f. Alba, by Dandy, four-years old ... 1
 Mr. Davis's b. f. Romp, three-years old ... 2

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. Smyth's ch. c. by Philip, out of Sally, two-years old; Mr. Magill's ch. c. King of Kelton, three-years old; Mr. Harrison's b. c. Tetotum, by Jerry, out of Pigmy, two-years old; Mr. T. Kelly's b. c. Eclipse, three-years old; Mr. Watts's gr. c. Jack-the-Giant-Killer, two-years old; Mr. Ferguson's gr. h. Rust, aged; and Mr. O'Reilly's gr. c. Bastard, by Philip, or Drone, out of Crim Con, two-years old.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs., h. ft., with 20 added; Connelly's mile.

Lord Howth's b. h. The Clown, six-years old, 9 st. 2 lb. ... 1
 Col. Westenra's ch. f. Crimson, two-years old, 7 st. 3 lb. ... 2

The following also started, but were not placed:—Capt. Croker's ch. g. Tom Tit, three-years old, 8 st. 3 lb.; and Lord Portarlington's f. by Blacklock, out of Glance, two-years old, 6 st. 7 lb.

THURSDAY.—The Russborough Stakes of 25 sovs., 20 ft., for two-years old; the second horse saved his stake; Connelly's mile (six subscribers).

Mr. Maher's b. c. by Lapwing, or Skylark, out of Helen, 8 st. 1 lb. ... 1
 Mr. Watts's b. or br. f. by Skylark, out of Zillah, 7 st. 12 lb. ... 2
 Mr. J. Mansfield's f. by Lapwing, dam by Humphrey Clinker, 7 st. 10 lb. ... 3

The Rossmore free Handicap of 20 sovs., 5 ft., with 100 sovs. added by the Club, and 50 by Lord Rossmore; Rossmore-post, one mile and a half on the Peel Course (eleven subscribers).

Major Hay's ch. c. Retriever, three-years old, 9 st. 2 lb. ... 1
 Lord Howth's b. c. Claret, three-years old, 8 st. 5 lb. ... 2
 Mr. St. George's ch. h. Barebones, aged, 8 st. 5 lb. ... 3
 Mr. Graydon's b. f. Heather Bell, three-years old, 8 st. 6 lb. ... 4

Corinthian Stakes of 10 sovs., h. ft., with 25 sovs. added; the second horse saved his stake; gentlemen riders; heats, Peel Course (six subscribers).

Mr. Magill's ch. c. King of Kelton, by Priam, three-years old, 11 st. 10 lb. 4 — 1 1
 Mr. Mitchell's br. g. Welcome, five-years old, 11 st. 11 lb. ... 3 1 2 2
 Mr. Fitzgerald's b. c. Cromaboo, three-years old, 10 st. 10 lb. ... 1 2 4 dr.
 Mr. Burgh's b. m. Lady Clare, aged, 11 st. 11 lb. ... 5 — 3 dr.
 Lord Howth's b. c. by Picton, out of Eel, four-years old, 12 st. 4 lb. ... 2 3 dr.

FRIDAY.—The Royal Whip, presented by his late Majesty to the Turf Club, with 100 gs. added annually by her Majesty; three-year-olds, 10 st.; four, 11 st. 4 lb.; five, 11 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; four miles.

Major Hay's ch. c. Retriever, three-years old ... 1
 Mr. Graydon's b. f. Alba, four-years old ... 2

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs., h. ft., with 25 sovs. added; the second horse saved his stake; one mile and a quarter on the Peel Course.

Mr. Watts's br. c. Monasterorris, three-years old, 8 st. 7 lb. ... 1
 Lord Howth's b. h. The Clown, six-years old, 8 st. 7 lb. ... 2
 Mr. St. George's ch. h. Barebones, aged, 9 st. 7 lb. ... 3

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. Fortescue's b. c. Ganneymede, four-years old, 9 st. 7 lb.; Col. Westenra's ch. f. Crimson, two-years old, 5 st. 12 lb.; Lord Portarlington's gr. c. Jack-the-Giant-Killer, two-years old, 5 st. 10 lb. (3 lb. extra); and Mr. Maher's ch. f. by Blacklock, two-years old, 5 st.

SATURDAY.—Challenge of the Rossmore free Handicap of 25 sovs. each: Rossmore-post.

Lord Howth's b. c. Claret, three-years old, 8 st. 5 lb. ... walked over.
 Major Hay's ch. c. Retriever, three-years old, 9 st. 8 lb. ... paid.

Paget Stakes of 10 sovs., with 40 sovs. added, for two-year-olds. The winner gave three dozen of Champagne to the Club; Anglesey-post (fifteen subscribers).

Mr. Maher's b. c. Johnny, by Elvas, out of Perdita, 8 st. 3 lb.	1
Mr. Karey's b. c. Humming Bird, 8 st. 1 lb.	2
Mr. Knox's b. c. May-boy, 8 st. 7 lb.	3

Second Class of the Corinthian Stakes of 10 sovs., h. ft., with 25 sovs. added; the second horse saved his stake; heats, Peel Course (eight subscribers).

Mr. Holmes's br. f. Mustard, by Philip, three-years old, 11 st. 4 lb.	1	1
Mr. Walsh's b. c. by Picton, out of Eel, four-years old, 11 st. 10 lb.	—	2
Mr. Montgomery's br. c. Clone, three-years old, 11 st. 13 lb.	2	—
Mr. Magill's ch. c. King of Kelton, three-years old, 11 st. 10 lb.	—	3
Mr. Fitzgerald's b. c. Cromaboo, three-years old, 10 st. 6 lb.	3	—

•• The Gold Cup and Peel Cup were both resigned this Meeting to Major Hay.

BIRMINGHAM AND SOLIHULL.

TUESDAY, October 15th.—The Birmingham Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, twice round (six subscribers).

Mr. Fowler's br. f. Prudence, by Emancipation, four-years old, 8 st. (Dodgson)	1	1
Mr. Frost's br. f. Viola, three-years old, 6 st. 13 lb.	3	2
Mr. Moss's ch. m. Maid Marian, five-years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	2	3

The Solihull Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added; three-year-olds, 10 st.; four, 11 st. 2 lb.; five, 11 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 12 st. 2 lb.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; the winner to be sold for 40 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the owner of the second horse received back his stake; heats, twice round and a distance (eight subscribers).

Mr. Steager's Postboy, six-years old (Mr. Bradley)	—	1	1
Mr. Adam's Kitty, four-years old	1	2	2
Mr. W. Parker's br. f. Rosetta, three-years old	—	3	3
Mr. Owsley's ch. m. Victoria, aged	2	—	—
Mr. Carter's Bucelle	3	—	—

The Hurdle Race of 3 sovs. each, with 15 added; 11 st. each; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the second horse saved his stake; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. James's b. g. Lansquenet, six-years old (owner)	1	1
Mr. Owsley's ch. m. Victoria, aged	2	2
Mr. Barker's ch. g. Leopard, aged	3	3
Mr. W. Chawner's ch. g. Will-o'-the-Wisp, aged	dis.	—

WEDNESDAY.—The Hack Stakes of 2 sovs. each, with 10 added, 11 st. 7 lb. each; half-bred horses allowed 7 lb.; the winner to be sold for 30 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, once round and a distance (seven subscribers) was won, in three heats, by

Mr. Carter's Bucelle (W. Frost) beating five others.

The North Warwickshire Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 15 added, for the beaten horses; twice round and a distance.

Mr. Moss's ch. m. Maid Marian, by Robin Hood, five-years old, 9 st. (Shepherd)	1
Mr. Frost's br. f. Viola, three-years old, 7 st. 6 lb.	2
Mr. Root's b. m. Talebearer, five-years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	3

A Whip, given by W. H. B. I. Wilson, Esq., Steward; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Carter's Bucelle, 9 st. 5 lb. (Frost)	2	1	1
Mr. Moss's Maid Marian, five-years old, 10 st. 8 lb.	1	2	dr.

Four others started.

WELSHPOOL.

TUESDAY, October 15th.—The Tradesmen's Purse of 20 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, and bred in the County of Montgomery; heats a mile and a half.

Mr. Morris's b. m. Miss Letty, aged, 11 st. (Hughes)	1	1
Mr. Johnson's ch. m. Mayflower, aged, 11 st. 4 lb.	3	2
Mr. W. Evan's b. f. Mountain Maid, four-years old, 9 st. 10 lb.	2	3

The Borough Stakes of 25 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; two mile heats.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, by Whisker, aged, 9 st. 4 lb. (Hopwood)	1	3	1
Mr. Worthington's b. c. Northenden, four-years old, 8 st. 1 lb.	2	1	3
Mr. Walmsley's b. g. Catamaran, aged, 9 st. 4 lb.	3	2	2

The Tally-ho Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the fund, for horses of all denominations; two mile heats.

Mr. Phillips's b. g. Taffy, four-years old, 9 st. 2 lb. (Lear)	3	1	1
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, aged, 11 st. 5 lb.	1	4	3
Mr. Robinson's br. m. Finality, five-years old, 9 st. 10 lb.	4	2	2
Mr. Hughes's b. m. Mary Wood, five-years old, (half-bred) 9 st. 11 lb.	2	3	dr.

Disputed.

WEDNESDAY.—The Inkeepers' Purse of 25 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, aged, 9 st. 8 lb. (Hopwood)	3	1	1
Mr. Worthington's b. c. Northenden, four-years old, 8 st. 9 lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Walmsley's b. g. Catamaran, aged, 9 st. 8 lb.	2	dr.	

The Hunters' Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred, and which have been regularly hunted; heats, about two miles.

Mr. Hughes's b. m. Mary Wood, by Astbury, five-years old, 11 st. 11 lb. (Hughes)	1	1
Mr. Morris's b. m. Miss Letty, aged, 11 st. 12 lb.	3	2
Mr. Robinson's br. m. Finality, five-years old, 11 st. 8 lb.	2	dr.

A Handicap Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 15 added, for the beaten horses; heats, a mile and a distance.

Mr. Walmsley's b. g. Catamaran, by Strephon, aged, 11 st. 7 lb. (Wadlow)	1	1
Mr. Robinson's br. m. Finality, five-years old, 10 st. 11 lb.	3	2
Mr. Johnson's ch. m. Mayflower, aged, 9 st.	2	3

KELSO.

TUESDAY, October 15th.—The Berwickshire Gold Cup of 150 gs., the surplus in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added by Sir H. H. Campbell, Bart., and D. Robertson, Esq., three-year-olds, 7 st. 4 lb.; four, 8 st. 9 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; m. and g. allowed 3 lb.; winners once before starting in 1839, of 100 sovs. or upwards (matches and handicaps), to carry 5 lb.; twice, 7 lb.; thrice, 10 lb. extra; maiden four-year-olds allowed 3 lb.; five-year-olds and upwards, 5 lb.; two miles and a half (eight subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Lanercost, by Liverpool, four-years old (W. Noble)	1
Mr. Fairlie's b. g. Zohrab, aged	2
Lord Eglinton's b. f. Bellona, four-years old	3

The Duke of Roxburgh's Plate or Cup, value 50 gs.; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 10 lb.; m. and g. allowed 2 lb.; the winner of the Berwickshire Cup to have carried 5 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, a mile and a half.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. m. Buletta, by Actæon, aged (Holmes)	3	1	1
Lord Dunmore's br. c. Aladdin, four-years old	1	2	2
Mr. J. Robinson's b. c. Little Bo-peep, by King William, three-years old	4	3	dr.
Lord Eglinton's b. g. The Potentate, aged	2	dr.	
Mr. G. Tait's br. m. Highland Mary, six-years old	dis.		

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with a Purse added for hunters, four-year-olds, 10 st. 12 lb.; five, 11 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; thorough-bred horses to carry 10 lb. extra; gentlemen riders; heats, a mile and a half (five subscribers).

Mr. Fairlie's gr. g. Pyramid, by Falcon, five-years old, 12 st. 3 lb. (Mr. Walker)	4	1	1
Mr. Boag's Donald Caird, six-years old, 12 st.	1	3	2
Mr. Crawford's Norma, aged, 12 st.	3	2	3
Mr. Sandiland's ch. g. Nubian, four-years old, 11 st. 8 lb.	2	dr.	

WEDNESDAY.—The Ladies' Plate of 100 gs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 if declared, &c.; two miles and a half (fourteen subscribers, eight of whom paid only 5 sovs. each).

Mr. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, by Lottery, aged, 9 st. 2 lb. (Wetherell)	1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Malvoli, three-years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	2
Mr. Robertson's Olympic, aged, 9 st. 1 lb.	3
Lord Dunmore's Aladdin, four-years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	4
Mr. Robertson's Berwickshire, six-years old, 8 st. 3 lb.	5
Mr. Wauchope na. ch. m. Lightning, five-years old, 7 st. 8 lb.	6

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added by the Duke of Buccleuch; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; the winner to be sold for 200 gs. if demanded, &c.; three miles.

Mr. Fairlie's gr. g. Pyramid, five-years old (Cartwright)	1
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Sulciman, four-years old	2
Mr. Robertson's Edgar, five-years old	3

A Plate of £50 given by the Town and Neighbourhood of Kelso, for all ages; two mile heats.

Mr. Fairlie's Zohrab, aged, 8 st. 8 lb. (Whetherell)	1	1
Mr. J. Tait's br. m. Tweedside, aged, 8 st. 8 lb.	2	2
Mr. G. Tait's br. m. Highland Mary, six-years old, 8 st. 8 lb.	3	3

A Whip, given by Lord F. Fitzclarence, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 gs. each, 3 ft.; three quarters of a mile (four subscribers).

Mr. G. Sandiland's Nubian, by Sultan, four-years old, 8 st. (W. Noble)	1
Mr. Robertson's Berwickshire; six-years old, 9 st.	2

Fifty Pounds, given by Lord John Scott, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., for all ages; two miles (six subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's Bellona, by Beagle, four-years old, 7 st. 10 lb.	1
Mr. Robertson's Olympic, aged, 8 st. 11 lb.	2
Sir J. Boswell's Burette, aged, 8 st. 4 lb.	3
Lord Dunmore's Aladdin, four-years old, 7 st. 2 lb.	4

BURNTWOOD.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16TH.

The Beaudesert Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added; two miles and a distance.

Mr. E. Buckley's ch. f. Lillie, by Muley, three-years old (Whitehouse)	1
Mr. Marlow's ch. m. The Fairy, five-years old	2
Mr. Flintoff's b. f. Elegance, three-years old	3
Mr. Smith's b. m. Mischief, five-years old	4

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. Dixon's Frank, by Roller; Mr. Muley's The Artful Dodger; and Mr. James's Lansquenet.

Hurdle Race of 3 sovs. each, with fifteen added; two-mile heats.

Mr. Ormand's ch. m. Sarah (M. Oliver)	1	1
Mr. James's Lansquenet	3	2

Four others started.

Handicap of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added; two miles and a distance.

Mr. Jackson's b. c. Wings, by Skylark, three-years old, 7 st. 7 lb. (Dodgson)	1	1
Mr. Marlow's The Fairy, five-years old, 8 st. 13 lb.	2	2
Mr. Moss's Frailty, four-years old, 8 st. 9 lb.	—	—
Mr. Chawner's Will-o'-the-Wisp, aged, a feather	—	—

DUMFRIES.

THURSDAY, October 17th.—A Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie; two miles (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Lanercost, by Liverpool, four-years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (W. Noble)	1
Lord Eglinton's br. h. St. Bennett, five-years old, 8 st. 12 lb.	2

Fifty sovs. given by the Southern Meeting; heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Dawson's ch. c. Clem-o'-the-Clough, by Corinthian, three-years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (G. Noble)	3	1	1
Lord Eglinton's ch. g. Zoroaster, three-years old, 6 st. 10 lb.	1	2	2
Sir J. Boswell's b. g. Constantine, four-years old, 8 st.	2	dr.	

FRIDAY, October 18th.—A Plate of £50, given by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch; two miles.

Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Lanercost, by Liverpool, four-years old, 8 st. 11 lb. (Noble)	1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Malvolio, three-years old, 7 st. 11 lb.	2

A Plate of £50, given by the Marquis of Queensberry, Lord Lieutenant of the County, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for all ages; two miles (five subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's br. h. St. Bennett, by Catton, five-years old, 9 st. 3 lb. (Cartwright)	1
Sir J. Boswell's b. f. Anna Maria, three-years old, 7 st. 4 lb.	2

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Southern Meeting, for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; and fillies, 8 st.; three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Alexander's br. c. by Y. Blacklock, out of Theresa (Noble)	1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Shark	2
Sir J. Boswell's br. f. Miss Nick, by Satan, out of Window Shut	3

NORTHALLERTON.

THURSDAY, October 17th.—Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 10 sovs. added by W. B. Wrightson, Esq., M. P., for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the second horse saved his stake; the winner of a Two-years old Stakes this year to carry 3 lb.; or any Two-years old Stakes at Doncaster, 5 lb. extra; T. Y. C.

Mr. J. Gill's b. c. Resolution, by Physician, dam (foaled December 30th, 1828) by Whisker, out of Swiss's dam, 8 st. 5 lb. (Oates)	1
Col. Cradock's b. c. Gallipot, 8 st. 3 lb.	2
Duke of Cleveland's b. f. Laura, sister to Eliza, 8 st. 5 lb.	3

The Town Plate of £50 for maiden horses, &c.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 8 lb.; five, 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; m. and g. allowed 2 lb.; two-mile heats.

Mr. Shafto's b. c. by Physician, out of Little Johnny Myer's dam, by Whitworth, three-years old (Hesseltine)	—	1	1
Mr. Loy's b. c. Ararat, by Liverpool, three-years old	1	—	3
Mr. Bell's bl. c. Bumblekite, by Gainsbro', three-years old	—	2	—
Mr. Attwood's b. f. Armelle, by Physician, three-years old	—	4	—
Mr. Wormald's ch. g. Centipede, by Velocipede, four years old	2	—	dr.
Mr. Howard's b. f. Orelia, three-years old	3	—	dr.
Mr. Aglionby's b. f. sister to Petrel, by Corinthian, three-years old	—	—	dr.

FRIDAY 18th.—A Gold Cup, value 100 gs., by a subscription of 10 gs. each, the surplus (if any) in specie; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; m. and g. allowed 2 lb.; a winner of one Gold Cup this year to carry 5 lb.; a two, 7 lb. extra; the winner of the St. Leger or Doncaster Gold Cup this year, 7 lb. extra; or a winner of the Northallerton Gold Cup one year, 7 lb.; two years, 10 lb. extra; two miles (seven subscribers).

Col. Cradock's br. c. The Provost, by The Saddler, three-years old (Oates) ... 1
Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Kremlin, three-years old, (5 lb. extra) ... 2

The following also started, but were not placed:—Col. Craufurd's b. f. Dolphin, three-years old; Mr. Bell's b. f. La Sage Femme, three-years old; Mr. Fairlie's ch. h. Abraham Newland, five-years old; and Mr. Haworth's b. f. Fair Louisa, three-years old.

Betting: 5 to 4 on the Provost.

A Plate of £50, given by the Gentlemen in the Vicinity of Northallerton, for three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 2 lb.; five, 8 st. 8 lb.; six and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; m. and g. allowed 2 lb.; a winner of £50 in a Plate, Match, or Stakes this year, to carry 3 lb.; of two or more, 5 lb. extra; a Queen's Plate, £100 Plate or Match, or Gold Cup, the same as two fifties; the winner of the Northallerton Gold Cup this year to have carried 5 lb. in addition; two-mile heats.

Mr. Hesselatine's br. f. The Shadow, by The Saddler, three-years old (Oates) 3 1 1
Mr. Vansittart's b. f. by Sandbeck, out of Darioletta, three-years old ... 1 3 2
Mr. Haworth's b. f. Fair Louisa, three-years old ... 4 2 3
Mr. Clark's ch. c. Auckland, three-years old ... 2 4 4

SATURDAY.—A Silver Cup, value £50, by a subscription of 5 sovs. each, for horses, &c. which never won any cup or stakes of the value of 100 sovs. at any one time before the day of naming; three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five and upwards, 8 st. 10 lb.; m. and g. allowed 2 lb.; two-mile heats (ten subscribers).

Col. Craufurd's b. f. Dolphin, by Priam, three-years old (Francis) ... 1 1
Mr. Shaftoe's b. c. by Physician, dam by Whitworth, three-years old ... 2
Mr. Wormald's ch. g. Centipede, four-years old ... 3
Col. Cradock's gr. c. The Cripple, three-years old ... 2
Mr. Smith's br. f. Memento, by Voltaire, three-years old ... 3 dr.

Produce Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; the produce of mares that never bred a winner, or stallions that never got a winner, before the day of naming, allowed 3 lb.; one mile (six subscribers).

Mr. Bell's b. f. La Sage Femme, by Gainsborough (Hesselatine) ... 1
Mr. Blakelock's ch. f. by Curtius, out of Fancy, by Osmond ... 2

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 10 sovs. added by W. B. Wrightson, Esq., M. P., for two-year-olds, 6 st. 8 lb.; and three, 8 st. 10 lb.; f. allowed 3 lb.; the owner of the second horse received back his stake; one mile (four subscribers).

Mr. Howard's b. c. Quid, by Tramp, or Clinker, three-years old (Marson) ... 1
Mr. Bell's b. f. La Sage Femme, three-years old ... 2
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce, two-years old ... 3
Mr. Osburne's b. f. sister to Anna Maria, by Huntington, two-years old ... 4

A Hurdle Race of 5 sovs. each, with 10 sovs. added; four-year-olds, 10 st. 7 lb.; five, 11 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; a winner of a Hurdle-race or Hunters' Stake this year to carry 5 lb.; twice, 7 lb. extra; thorough-bred horses to carry 10 lb. in addition; gentlemen riders; the hurdles to be four feet high, and three leaps in each round; the second horse saved his stake; heats, one mile and a distance (five subscribers).

Mr. Peter's ch. g. Syntax (half-bred) aged (Mr. Cotton) ... 1 2 1
Mr. Lamplugh's b. m. Mischief, six-years old ... 2 1 2

INGLEWOOD HUNT AND PENRITH.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23RD.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for all ages; two-mile heats (four subscribers).

Baron De Sternberg's b. f. Thero, by Leonardo, four-years old, 8 st. 2 lb. 1 2 1
Mr. Aglionby's b. f. sister to Petrel, three-years old, 6 st. 13 lb. ... 3 1 2
Mr. Catton's br. c. Gangrene, four-years old, 8 st. 2 lb. ... 2 dr.

A Hurdle-race of 3 sovs. each, with 15 added; for horses that never won a Hurdle-race, or Steeple-chase; 12 st. each; heats, a mile and a distance, with four leaps over hurdles four feet high (five subscribers).

Mr. Humble's br. g. Black Heddon, five-years old ... 1 1
Mr. Catton's br. c. Gangrene, four-years old ... 4 2
Mr. Salkeld's br. g. Exchange, aged ... 2 3
Mr. H. Howard's b. g. Peacock, six-years old ... 3 4

RUTHIN HUNT.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23RD.

The Town Cup (handicap) of £50, for horses not thorough-bred; one-mile heats.

Mr. Hughes's b. m. Mary Wood, by Astbury, five-years old, 9 st. 7 lb. ... 2 1 1
Mr. W. Jones's Bolivar, aged, 10 st. 5 lb. ... 1 2 2
Mr. Boote's b. m. by Sir Edward, five-years old, 9 st. ... 3 3 3

THE SPORTING REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1840.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

“THE LAST LEAP;” BY PATERSON, AFTER HANCOCK.

“DEAD MALLARD;” BY PRIOR, AFTER NEWTON FIELDING.

AND

“LIMNINGS FROM LIFE:” NO. 5, “THE BADMINTON SWEEP;” ETCHED
BY LANDELLS, FROM A PAINTING BY R. B. DAVIS.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Brown's note would have been replied to, but it was without any address.

A Subscriber, who writes to us on the subject of the artists we should select to execute our embellishments, would do them and himself more credit did he urge the suit in a *little* better grammar and orthography.

We shall be happy to hear from the Correspondent who favoured us with the hunting notice of Brancepeth, whenever leisure and opportunity may induce him to address us.

The proposed communications upon Stag-hunting, will be most acceptable.

"Old Fashion" writes somewhat dictatorially, but we believe with a kind motive; and, therefore, we take his missive in good part. He shall find his hint not thrown away.

Surely, the Subscriber who wrote to us a few days ago, touching "the nominations for the principal events of the year," was rather premature. He would have been spared the trouble of writing had he awaited the publication of the present Number.

In Dian's name let us forthwith have the "Anecdotes of Irish Screws:" "the frost-inspired doggerel" was *per force* omitted from sheer want of a nook to stick it in: if possible, we will make room for it next month.

A fearful accumulation of articles gather around us. Many are in type, and shall appear the hour space can be found for them. Some, whose claims have not yet been decided upon, will receive notices in our next.

Our Hampshire friend will see, by the preceding paragraph, that it was out of the question for us to insert his notices of runs which occurred early in December.

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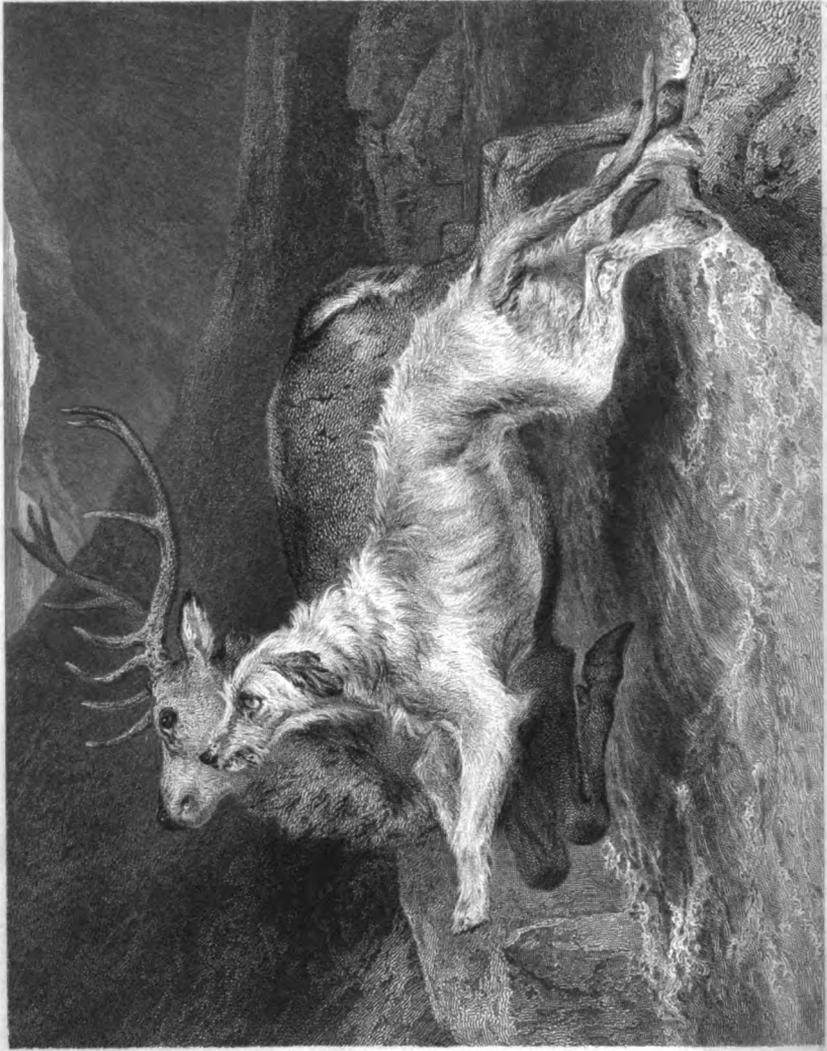
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THE DOG AND THE DEER

VULPICIDE.

BY THE EDITOR.

" 'The fox! the wicked fox,' was all the cry;
 Out from his house ran every neighbour nigh:
 The vicar first, and after him the crew,
 With forks and staves the felon to pursue.
Jack Straw at London-stone, with all his rout,
 Struck not the city with so loud a shout;
 Not when with English hate they did pursue,
 A Frenchman or an unbelieving Jew:
 Not when the welkin rung with one and all,
 And echoes bounded back from Fox's Hall,
 Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and Heaven above to fall."

DRYDEN'S FABLE OF "THE COCK AND THE FOX."

From the days that provoked honest Richard Baxter to administer his "Shove to a heavy — Christian," if not since the beginning of the world, mankind has evinced an apathy in things of real import, unparalleled, save by that eager heed bestowed upon trifles, which drew from Swift his *teterrima causa* of the wars of Lilliput. I look upon this position so complete a truism, that I know not a subject connected with the business of life which might not be prefaced by the foregoing passage, quite as consistently as that which I design to consider in this place. What other lore do we glean from history, if we trace it from the chance that made Troy the prey of the ploughshare, to the fatality that dashed the Bourbon from the throne of France—and, "*parva magnis componere*," how else are we to account for that anomalism which, in the present day, exhibits many of the great landed proprietors of England waging and countenancing a war of extermination against the fox? Barren as the succeeding pages may be found, by such as open a work of this kind merely for amusement, I offer no apology for their contents, because I feel deeply the interest and concern all sportsmen take in the matter to which they relate. It has become a fact too notorious to blink, that already fox-hunting establishments have been given up, from want of foxes in the districts hunted by them; and many countries are named as about to be abandoned from the same cause. Let us then, ere it be too late, trace the various channels of these evils to their sources; and, as I believe, the result will, by placing the character of the bane in its proper light, supply a specific antidote.

No item of our social economy has had less justice done it than the philosophy of our Rural Sports—probably, I had better have said none has been so scurvily treated by the corps in foolscap livery. I do not mean to say there are no works on sporting, equal, in their class, to any production of the press; but such are few, and, from their nature, confined to their peculiar circle of readers. It is of the fashion in which the general writer handles our popular sports, when, in an evil hour, he runs his head against such subjects, that I complain. Thousands, to whom even the names of Somerville, Walton, and Beckford are unknown, are firmly settled in the belief, that sporting is

an especial snare of Satan, on the authority, probably, of some Scotch literary hodman, whose rural experiences were gathered during his excursion south to St. Giles's, his landlord having kicked him out of his garret in the Candle-rigs, for a long arrear of the weekly shilling. Will it be believed, that a respectable London publisher, within the last two years, actually paid for, and put forth a work containing a passage like this?—

“When a horse that has won the last Leger, *is beat at the following Derby*, the losses, as hinted in a previous part of the chapter, are always enormous!!”*

Turning from the intelligent author, who supplies us with these news (the most industrious writer on political and social economy, *soit dit*, that latter years have produced), what shall we say to such a proposition as this, which will be found in the “Encyclopædia of Rural Sports,” now in course of publication, under the head of the “Philosophy of Field Sports?” The subject discussed, is the legitimacy of the chase, anent which the author says:—

“The pursuit of all noxious animals cannot be impugned; on the contrary, it is imposed upon us by necessity, and is, therefore, neither wanton nor cruel. *We may instance the fox as one which it is imperatively necessary to pursue to his destruction.* His whole habits are marked with rapine, and a mischievous shedding of blood: he will kill any number of animals, when he can carry but one away. *Is his destruction not necessary for the welfare of the country in which he marauds?*”†

I beg to disclaim all intention of disparaging the work from which this quotation is taken. I cite it only as a proof of the shifts to which a really clever writer is driven, who seeks to please everybody. If “the noble science” is to be upheld in this land, let it be supported and vindicated,

“*Haud tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis.*”

It is not my purpose, neither is it necessary here, to open the question, Whether the chase be consistent with, or opposed to, a healthy and honest humanity? Those who have adopted the latter alternative, have neglected to inquire, whether the instinct that impels so large a portion of animal creation to prey upon its fellows, be just or unjust? All I would urge, on the part of the fox is, that “his destruction is *not* necessary for the welfare of the country.”

We now come to consider the overt evils to which fox-hunting is exposed: foremost among these, it is usual to adduce the known and acknowledged Vulpicide. To this opinion I do not subscribe. Notwithstanding, there are men so utterly lost to shame, as to stand forward avowedly the assassins of good-fellowship; social bravoës, who sacrifice the enjoyment of the many to the solitary gratification of self; the general execration to which such are subjected, ever has, and ever will, confine them to a limited set, by a bad pre-eminence “*d—n’d to fame.*” When large domains are left to the tender mercies of servants, Reynard, in almost every instance, receives summary sentence of excommunication. Within the month last past, Windsor Park and the great covers at Oxshott, belonging to the King of the Belgians, were drawn blank by two packs of foxhounds; the Prince, whose auspicious presence all circles now so anxiously look for, will, doubtless, put a recurrence of such mishap *to chase.*

* Grant’s “Sketches in London.” † Blaine’s “Encyclopædia of Rural Sports,” p. 152.

Next to the mischiefs that result from keepers who usurp, or are permitted, an absolute power, in the absence of proprietors, if not, indeed, still more fraught with ruin to the interests of fox-hunting, is the practice of letting country-seats, with the right of sporting over the manors attached to them. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the house and coverts are taken by an inveterate shooter, for no earthly object but to supply him with *matériel* for a perpetual *fusillade*. Here, at once, a firebrand is thrown into a neighbourhood. Your gunner pays a heavy rent, and game he will and must have. Forthwith he grumbles, and then quarrels with the foxhounds, and badgers his landlord, who orders the keepers to give the foxes "notice to quit," rather than lose a tenant who pays him a *sporting* price for his tenements. I am not going to insist, that the sanguine man of the trigger shall not pursue his pleasure; but, if he must be the "monarch of all he surveys," let him, at least, be assured, that there are neither foxhounds nor their followers within probable reach of his ken. If he squats among echoes familiar with tally-ho! he must expect to hear them respond to voices that love such music.

To these cases of prepeen murder, next in order of destructiveness comes the killing, by the master of foxhounds, as in so many instances exercised in the present day. Where eight-and-forty brace of foxes are killed by the middle of November (an achievement, to my knowledge, lately performed by a pack in the division of a county supporting two other packs of foxhounds), can it be a matter of surprise that blank days occur during the latter part of the season? And the worst of such a system ends not with the slaughter done by hounds. Farmers will not preserve, that kennel doors may be studded with noses, and huntsmen take their pleasure in July mornings. Thus falls the doomed race in autumn and winter; and how fares it in the spring? During March and April, for every individual known to be cut off by hounds, at least double as many perish in embryo, or from loss of the nurses upon whom they depend for life.

Thus placed, as it were, in "the valley of the shadow of death," from the first hour they see the light, it may seem wonderful that a solitary specimen of the species is to be found elsewhere than in the museum of the naturalist: but, when I say, that the dangers already alluded to, are but as dust in the balance, compared with the real state of the case, that fox-hunting should exist, as a sport, in our day, is scarcely less than a miracle. Little would reck that wily race, "the arrow that fieth by day;" it is "the horror by night" which threatens to number it speedily among the things that were. To drop all metaphor, the deadly *Vulpicides* are those who, daring not to avow their purposes, find, in concealment, a shield, from behind which they wage a warfare the more fatal from its impunity.

This evil, as I believe, the only one that actually menaces the existence of the noblest of our field sports, may be so easily grappled with, that it is matter of surprise the remedy has not been long since as generally as vigorously applied. Here and there, as in a most direputable instance in the metropolitan county of the chase, individuals may be found setting all social ties at defiance; but such are as rare as they are universally execrated. I do not think any county in England contains a dozen landed proprietors who

would, in the face of day, unblushingly proclaim themselves Burkers of good fellowship—meditated and premeditated Vulpicides. Let, then, masters of foxhounds, at the close of each season, address to the principal proprietors of the soil in their districts, who have in any way countenanced their sport, circulars acknowledging the sanction afforded them in the season past; and courteously, but directly, putting the question, whether they may reckon on permission to hunt their covers, and their preservation of foxes, in that to come? The convenience of the practice would soon establish the precedent; and men who, from selfish motives, now fear that even the suspicion of being regarded as Vulpicides should attach to them, will pause, ere they stand *avowedly* in a character so abhorred of gods and men, before their kinsfolk and acquaintance, or place themselves in a position to be point blank convicted of falsehood. I have thus, *currente calamo*, placed upon my paper, a recipe, as I believe and hope, for an evil spreading far and fast. Should it effect but one solitary cure, it will not have been written in vain.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

BETTINGS FOR FEBRUARY.

THURSDAY, January 2.

DERBY.					
Brother to Euclid	15 to 1	agst.	(tk.)	Confederate	33 to 1 agst. —
Angelica colt	16 to 1	—	(tk.)	Assassin	1000 to 15 — (tk.)
Bokhara	22 to 1	—	—	Brother to Melbourne	1000 to 10 — (tk.)
Wardan	30 to 1	—	(tk.)	Bokhara agst. Ottoman	{ 600 to 500 on B., and 500 even.
Ottoman	25 to 1	—	—		
Glenorchy	30 to 1	—	—		
Lady Sarah	33 to 1	—	—		
Fitzroy	40 to 1	—	—		
Gambia	40 to 1	—	(tk.)		

OAKS.

Lallah Rookh	7 to 1	agst.	(tk.)
Crucifix winning Oaks and St. Leger	1250 to 50	—	(tk.)

MONDAY, January 6.

DERBY.					
Scott's lot	450 to 100	agst.	(tk.)	Brother to Melbourne	2000 to 25 agst. (tk.)
Theon (Brother to Euclid)	15 to 1	—	(tk.)	Morgan Rattler	2000 to 20 — (tk.)
Angelica colt	16 to 1	—	(tk.)	Chameau	1000 to 15 — (tk.)
Bokhara	22 to 1	—	(tk.)	Ottoman agst. Wardan	1000 even.
Wardan	25 to 1	—	—	Angelica colt agst. Muley Ishmael	1400 to 800
Ottoman	27 to 1	—	(tk.)	Ottoman and Confederate	16 to 1 — (tk.)
Gambia	33 to 1	—	—		
Grey Milton	33 to 1	—	—		
Confederate	35 to 1	—	—		
Prince Albert	35 to 1	—	—		
Lady Sarah colt	40 to 1	—	—		
Fitzroy	40 to 1	—	—		
May Boy	50 to 1	—	(tk.)		
Assassin	50 to 1	—	—		
Molineux	1000 to 15	—	(tk.)		

OAKS.

Rowton's dam	13 to 1	agst.	—
Welfare	25 to 1	—	(tk.)

LIVERPOOL STEEPLE-CHASE, p.p.

Lottery	2 to 1	agst.	—
Even on Lottery, the Nun, and seventy-four agst. the field.			

THURSDAY, January 9.

DERBY.					
Scott's lot	9 to 2	agst.	—	May Boy	1000 to 15 agst. (tk.)
Theon (Brother to Euclid)	12 to 1	—	—	Brother to Melbourne	2000 to 30 — (tk.)
Angelica colt	16 to 1	—	—	Chameau	1000 to 15 — (tk.)
Muley Ishmael	20 to 1	—	—	Bokhara, Crucifix, & De Clifford, for Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger	1000 to 5 — (tk.)
Launcelot	18 to 1	—	—		
Bokhara	20 to 1	—	—		
Wardan	26 to 1	—	(tk.)		
Ottoman	26 to 1	—	—		
Gambia	30 to 1	—	(tk.)		
Glenorchy	30 to 1	—	—		
Confederate	33 to 1	—	—		
Prince Albert	40 to 1	—	(tk.)		
Fitzroy	35 to 1	—	—		

OAKS.

Lallah Rookh	8 to 1	agst.	(tk.)
Currency	11 to 1	—	—
Rowton's dam	13 to 1	—	—
Black Boss	20 to 1	—	(tk.)
Crucifix for Oaks and St. Leger	2500 to 100	—	(tk.)

MONDAY, January 13.

DERBY.

Theon	12 to 1	agst. —
Angelica colt	16 to 1	— (tk.)
Launcelot	18 to 1	— (tk.)
Bokhara	20 to 1	— (tk.)
Muley Ishmael	20 to 1	— (tk.)
Confederate	30 to 1	— (tk.)
Gambia	25 to 1	— (tk.)
St. Andrew	30 to 1	— (tk.)
Ottoman	33 to 1	— (tk.)
Lady Sarah colt	33 to 1	— (tk.)
Prince Albert	35 to 1	— (tk.)
Velvet colt	40 to 1	— (tk.)
Assassin	50 to 1	— (tk.)
Monops	200 to 35	— (tk.)
Chameau	1000 to 15	— (tk.)

Molineux	1000 to 15	— (tk.)
May Boy	4000 to 40	agst. (tk.)
Black Bess	4000 to 40	— (tk.)
Christinetta	4000 to 40	— (tk.)
Naworth (disqualified or not)	1000 to 50	— (tk.)
Confederate and Fitzroy	19 to 1	—
Launcelot agst. Bokhara	3000 even.	

OAKS.

Lallah Rookh	8 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Black Bess	13 to 1	—
Welfare	25 to 1	— (tk.)
Rowton's dam and Black Bess	700 to 100	— (tk.)

THURSDAY, January 16.

DERBY.

Theon	13 to 1	agst. —
Angelica colt	17 to 1	— (tk.)
Launcelot	17 to 1	—
Bokhara	17 to 1	—
Muley Ishmael	20 to 1	—
Confederate	20 to 1	— (tk.)
Gambia	25 to 1	— (tk.)
St. Andrew	25 to 1	—
Ottoman	30 to 1	—
Grey Milton	33 to 1	— (tk.)
Fitzroy	40 to 1	— (tk.)
Assassin	40 to 1	— (tk.)
Monops	50 to 1	—
Chameau	50 to 1	—
Torres Vedras	3000 to 45	— (tk.)
Dreadnought	1000 to 15	—
Morgan Rattler	1000 to 10	— (tk.)

Bokhara agst. Muley Ishmael	600 to 500 on B.	} one bet.
Confederate agst. Muley Ishmael	600 to 500 on C.	
Confederate and Gambia, agst. each, in one bet	1000 to 40.	
Launcelot and Bokhara	500 even.	
Fitzroy, Grey Milton, and Dreadnought	1500 to 100 agst. (tk.)	
Torres Vedras and Dreadnought	1000 to 30 — (tk.)	
Chameau for the Derby, Crucifix for Oaks, and the two for St. Leger	4000 to 30 — (tk.)	

OAKS.

Black Bess	10 to 1	agst. —
Mr. A. Smith's two (Japanica and Glimpse)	25 to 1	— (tk.)
Christinetta	40 to 1	—

MONDAY, January 20.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Confederate	10 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Ottoman	10 to 1	— (tk.)
Confederate and Ottoman	200 even.	

DERBY.

Scott's lot	500 to 100	agst. (tk.)
Lord Jersey's lot	13 to 1	— (tk.)
Theon	14 to 1	—
Angelica colt	15 to 1	—
Bokhara	17 to 1	— (tk.)
Confederate	18 to 1	—
Launcelot	20 to 1	— (tk.)
Muley Ishmael	20 to 1	—
Ottoman	25 to 1	— (tk.)
Wardan	26 to 1	— (tk.)
St. Andrew	25 to 1	—
Gambia	30 to 1	— (tk.)
Glenorchy	30 to 1	— (tk.)
Grey Milton	33 to 1	— (tk.)
Lady Sarah colt	33 to 1	—
Prince Albert	33 to 1	—
Fitzroy	40 to 1	—
Assassin	50 to 1	— (tk.)
Chameau	50 to 1	— (tk.)

Monops	50 to 1	agst. —
Torres Vedras	1000 to 15	— (tk.)
Dreadnought	1000 to 15	— (tk.)
Molineux	1000 to 15	—
Morgan Rattler	1000 to 14	— (tk.)
Black Bess	1000 to 14	— (tk.)
Janus (Lord Albemarle's)	2000 to 20	— (tk.)
Muley Ishmael and Gambia	375 to 30	— (tk.)
Torres Vedras and Dreadnought	1000 to 30	— (tk.)
Ottoman and Wardan, agst. each in one bet	1300 to 50	(tk.)
Between Angelica and Theon	1000	(tk.)
Between Ottoman and Gambia	500	(tk.)
Confederate agst. Grey Milton	1000 to 500	on (tk.)
Ottoman agst. Wardan	600 to 500	on (tk.)
Gambia agst. Molineux	1000 to 400	on (tk.)

OAKS.

Crucifix	5 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Lallah Rookh	8 to 1	— (tk.)
Black Bess	12 to 1	— (tk.)

THURSDAY, January 23.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Confederate.....	8 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Ottoman.....	8 to 1	—
Wardan.....	8 to 1	— (tk.)
Grey Milton.....	14 to 1	— (tk.)
Confederate and Wardan	50 even.	

DERBY.

Theon.....	14 to 1	—
Angelica colt.....	15 to 1	—
Bokhara.....	18 to 1	—
Confederate.....	18 to 1	—
Launcelot.....	17 to 1	—
Muley Ishmael.....	17 to 1	—
Ottoman.....	24 to 1	—
Wardan.....	28 to 1	— (tk.)
Gambia.....	30 to 1	— (tk.)
Grey Milton.....	30 to 1	— (tk.)
Lady Sarah colt.....	1000 to 10	— (tk.)

Fitzroy.....	40 to 1	agst. —
Assassin.....	50 to 1	—
Chameau.....	40 to 1	—
Monops.....	50 to 1	— (tk.)
Janus (Lord Albemarle's)	1000 to 10	— (tk.)
Ottoman agst. Wardan...	600 to 500	on Ottoman.
Muley Ishmael and Launcelot.....	500 even.	
Wardan and Grey Milton	600 to 500	on Wardan.
Muley Ishmael and Bokhara.....	500 even.	
Theon and Muley Ishmael.....	8 to 1	agst. (tk.)

OAKS.

Black Bess.....	30 to 1	agst. —
Rowton's dam.....	12 to 1	—
Scott's lot.....	500 to 100	— (tk.)

•• It is understood that both Glenorchy and the Lady Sarah colt have gone lame, and that the latter has been thrown up altogether,

MONDAY, January 27.

DERBY.

Theon.....	15 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Angelica colt.....	15 to 1	— (tk.)
Launcelot.....	16 to 1	—
Confederate.....	16 to 1	—
Bokhara.....	18 to 1	— (tk.)
Muley Ishmael.....	19 to 1	—
Ottoman.....	24 to 1	— (tk.)
St. Andrew.....	25 to 1	—
Wardan.....	28 to 1	— (tk.)
Gambia.....	28 to 1	— (tk.)
Grey Milton.....	30 to 1	— (tk.)
Fitzroy.....	40 to 1	— (tk.)
Chameau.....	40 to 1	—
Monops.....	2000 to 45	— (tk.)
Defendant.....	1000 to 20	— (tk.)

Ishmael and Angelica colt.....	8 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Angelica colt agst. Confederate.....	1000 to 800	on (tk.)
Wardan agst. Grey Milton.....	600 to 500	on (tk.)
Angelica colt agst. Muley Ishmael.....	500 to 400	on (tk.)
Monops agst. Chameau.....	500 even	(tk.)
Theon agst. Wardan.....	350 to 200	on —

OAKS.

Crucifix.....	4 to 1	agst. —
Lallah Rookh.....	7 to 1	—
Welfare.....	25 to 1	—
Japonica.....	30 to 1	— (tk.)

Ten Days' Account of the Duke of Rutland's Shooting at the Woodhouse, near Bakewell, Derbyshire, December, 1839.

Dec.	No. of Guns.	Partridges.	Hares.	Pheasants.	Rabbits.	Woodcocks.	Total ¹ each Day.
11th ..	3	1	73	83	185	1	343
12th ..	3	11	101	11	70	—	193
13th ..	3	3	106	38	132	5	284
14th ..	3	7	116	33	85	—	239
16th ..	2	1	136	22	90	—	249
17th ..	2	—	99	19	76	—	194
18th ..	2	—	16	35	41	—	92
19th ..	3	3	169	51	165	—	387
20th ..	3	2	54	85	40	—	181
21st ..	3	4	83	68	160	1	316
	Grand } Total. }	32	953	445	1,044	7	2,478

Add 71 Grouse, 1 Black Cock, 1 Snipe.

PARISIAN SPORTING GOSSIP.

To the Editor of the Sporting Review.

SIR,—You must not expect any fine writing from me, being, as my signature implies, rather a loose character ; neither (this day being the shortest, and, necessarily, dirtiest of the year ; and be assured the gay city of Paris is not exempt from either dirt or fog) must you promise to yourself a very lively epistle. “Howsomever,” as they say in my native country, having been always a bit of a racing man, and, in my walk through the capital of *la belle France*, having picked up a little racing news, I feel myself qualified to give you the result of my discoveries in this novel department of the amusements of a country, in which, twenty years back, a race-horse and a training-groom might have been sought for in vain. It is, however, a matter of surprise, that such a sharp-sighted people as the French are, in most worldly matters, should not, long ere this, have found out, that the improvement of their horses, by the importation of English blood, would prove an immense source of national prosperity ; and that it is only considerably within the period named by me, that racing, in France, has been protected and encouraged by the Government, and patronised by the heir-apparent to the crown. And to shew you what success the Government stud has been favoured with, I have only to state that, on the last Paris September Meeting, the horses belonging to it won five out of eight prizes run for.

But you and your readers will be surprised at the entries for the forthcoming and subsequent years. At Chantilly, for example :—to the Jockey Club Stakes for 1840, twenty-nine subscribers ; to the Produce Stakes, thirty-six ; the Trial Stakes, eighteen ; and the Two-year-old Stakes, twelve ! Then the prizes given by the Society for the Encouragement of Racing, amount to the liberal sum of £868 for the forthcoming year alone, with a promise of liberal sums for Trial and Produce Stakes in following years. And now a word or two touching the breeders of the high-mettled racer here, and their immediate chances for success.

To begin. Monsieur Auguste Lupin must have been born under a lucky planet : I will bet any man a pony, that England cannot, at this time, produce a breeder who, having only three mares, can shew three such yearlings, and three such foals, as he can shew, out of Fleur-de-Lis, Wings, and Young Mouse. The yearling colt by Emilius out of Fleur-de-Lis, looks more like a three-year-old ; and the fillies, out of the other mares, are equally fine and promising. He has, likewise, this year, a colt foal out of Young Mouse, and fillies out of Fleur-de-Lis and Wings, all in high form, all by Lottery ; and the mares are in foal to him again. Shame betide you, my countrymen, for letting such mares as these go out of England ! and *bravo*, Monsieur Lupin, who had the heart to give their value (2,000 guineas) ! William Butler is engaged to train for him ; so he makes a good start, let the end be what it may.

And now for the nags in work : Monsieur Guastalla has twenty-nine young ones in training, besides old horses, making a string of, at least, forty ! The Duke of Orleans has most of his old horses going, as well as six three-year-olds, Borodino and Dudu amongst the former lot. Another of this lot, by Royal Oak out of Moema, is, to my eye (and I have seen a few of the best in my own land, and at the best of places to see them), one of the finest animals of his sort in the whole world, as well as one of the best goers, so that, if he keeps well, he must come out a trump. They have also six yearlings just out of the breaking tackle, all of which I have seen, and amongst them are two splendid fillies by Alteruter, and the lot altogether is good. Then the cock of the walk (for such he long was, if his comb *has* lately been clipped a bit, by distemper, &c. in his stables), Lord Henry Seymour. He has fourteen in work ; amongst them, Fortunatus (five-years old) ; Chip of the Old Block (four) ; Lantaru (four) ; Britannia (four) ; with several three-year-olds, all of which have been out in public, and six promising yearlings,—three of them particularly so,—namely, Brother to Lantaru, Florence, and Poetess. Mr. Fasquel, another breeder, has a long string in training, and Olivier has seven in work for Mr. Santerre ; Mr. Achille Fould, the same number, with Barbarina for school-mistress ; and Palmer, the public trainer, at the Bois-de-Boulogne, has ten : amongst them old Mendicant, still at it. But they don't use the good old horse well : after winning a stakes at Versailles, beating Barbarina at twenty-four pounds, they made him give Insulaire, a four-year-old, sixty pounds in a handicap ! What will his late noble owner, on your side the water, say to this ? or your fidus Achates, Nimrod, who sent him over ?

You will now see how the turf is progressing here, in spite of some checks. It received a severe blow on the death—by the “ infernal machine ”—of one of its most active supporters, the late Monsieur Rieussic ; and a temporary one in the partial withdrawal of the Prince of Moskowa, whose military duties call him from the principal scene of action ; although the Calendar informs me that he has been running and winning at Nantes, where his regiment is quartered. These deficiencies, however, are made good by the spirited proceedings of the Government stud, which, with the able handling of Tom Robinson, has proved, and is likely to continue to prove, a teaser. It has certainly produced some splendid colts.

Great credit is due to the Count de Gambis, for the spirit with which he has conducted the stud of the Duke of Orleans, who has five three-year-olds entered for the Jockey Club Stakes (the French Derby, as it is called) ; and, likewise, for the improvement he has made at the royal stud-farm at Meudon, since he has had the direction of it. Two of the four favourites for the above stakes—Borodino and Quoniam—are in this stable, under the care and tuition of George Edwards, who, if his success since his start does not upset him, as it has wiser heads than his, will do great things on the French turf. Lord Seymour, as they call him here, has six in the Derby, and the other two favourites are in his string, *viz.* Jenny, by Royal Oak, out of Kermesse, and Voltaire, by Royal Oak, out of Maria. “ Nothing else thought of,” as we say at Newmarket.

And I must say a word for Palmer, of the New Betting-Rooms,

for the spirited way in which he has done his best to promote French racing; and, in proof of my commendation of him, he is building stables—at all events, having them built—at Chantilly, for the convenience of horses entrusted to his care during the meeting there, which, for sport, eclipses all others.

As regards France, I think I have said enough to shew that a great change is working in the general character of the people; and, independently of racing, the proprietors of estates are amusing themselves with pursuing objects which will prove more useful to their country than those to be met with in the saloons and hells of Paris, or at watering places. Agriculture is becoming a principal one; and they are beginning to find out, and write about, the virtues of a Durham short-horn bullock, and a new Leicester or South Down sheep. These pursuits were once thought below the notice of the highly-bred French gentleman, but times are changed; and, when united to the greatly prevailing and rapidly increasing passion for horse-breeding, we now see Monsieur in a very different character to that in which we were taught to look upon him in our younger days, and, indeed, to that which he really sustained.

Stepping across the border, as we say in the north, there has been much loose talk here touching a challenge on the part of the Prince Puckler-Muskau, to produce an Arabian horse that shall beat any English thorough-bred horse *at distance*; which challenge has been accepted by Baron Biel, of Zierow, near Wismar, in the north of Germany; and the said challenge having been inserted in the "Journal des Haras des Courses des Chevaux," published in October last, I give you as faithful a translation of it as my rather limited knowledge of the language will allow.

"Zierow, July 8, 1839.

"MY LORD,—Your numerous friends and admirers abound in acknowledgments of the benevolent communications which, from countries very remote from them, you have presented to the public on the subject of Oriental horses. The greater part of what you have stated, in your letters addressed to the Count De Veltheim-Harbke, was most interesting to me. But that which struck me most forcibly, is the description you give of the stoutness and endurance of the Arab horses. You seem convinced that they are much superior to the English horses of pure blood; and you throw down the glove to any one who entertains a contrary opinion. Permit me to take it up.

"I hereby offer to make the trial, with a horse of pure English blood, against any one of Arabian blood—that is to say, which of the two shall, in the space of six days, run the greater distance of ground. Respecting the weights, and other secondary conditions, we can regulate them by-and-by. This affair is sufficiently important, as regards the characters of the horses of the two countries; but the hope of passing six days with you, is a motive powerful enough to make me anxious that you should accept my challenge.

"At the moment of the publication of your second letter to Count De Veltheim, which I sent immediately to the "Journal des Haras de Paris," I hoped to be able to have a personal communication with you on the above affair; but, having since been apprized that the period of your return is not yet fixed, I requested the Count De Holmer (the Editor) to insert this letter in his journal, a copy of which, no doubt, you receive.

(Signed)

"BIEL."

Now, although in the case of Sharper, a thorough-bred English racer, against the flower of the Cossack horses, in a race of forty

miles an end, the latter had no chance, the trial here proposed admits of some speculation. In one respect, the Baron, from his long experience in racing, would have the benefit of superior condition; but, did not the weights exceed nine or ten stone, I should not refuse odds against the horse of the East. We know he is not within two distances of a good English racer, on a race course; but, such is the density of his bone, the elasticity of his sinew, and the strength of his muscle, that, in a long and tiring match of the description here detailed, I should be almost afraid to bet against him. Should the trial come off, it will be one of the most interesting events of modern days, in which horses have been concerned; although it may justly be objected to on the score of humanity. But, Mr. Editor, I must now cut my stick, for I am tired, and my paper is full; so subscribe myself, yours, &c.,

VAGABOND, OWN BROTHER TO VAGRANT.

Paris, Dec. 21, 1839.

WATTON TO WIT.

(IN RE "DOE.")

"And now, in this new field, with some applause,
He cleared hedge, ditch, and double post and rail.

He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws
Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail;
Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
And once o'er several country gentlemen."

BYRON.

ON the tenth of December, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, the little town of Watton was, from an early hour, in a state of "feverish anxiety"—not the common-place anxiety created by a burglary, a murder, or any small event of that kind—but pure, unadulterated anxiety, augmenting and augmented, for the space of one mortal week! Men had "not slept o'nights;" women had looked important, and wondered "what would be the end on it;" children had upbraided Providence and the New Poor Law, which had not found them in ponies. And why this stir? "List, oh! list!" The herald had heralded—the "tiser" had advertised—

"That day a stag should die."

If the conclusion did not answer to the premises, it was no fault of Mr. Lusher, landlord of the Crown. He had killed him beforehand with the corn-chandler. His hostler had gone deep in "venery" with the boots. His one-eyed post-lad, with the solitary kitchen-maid.

I think it right, Mr. Editor, to inform you, that I am traveller to the respected house of Snooks, Brothers, Tooley-street; and that having, for the last ten years, frequented the Crown, the neglect I experienced on this morning had nearly determined me to quit it. I had no idea of any commercial gentleman being ousted of his meals for a hunting party. I know better *now*. Besides, the fun I enjoyed,

and the harmless revenge of "reviewing" the nob's, has greatly tended to soothe my irritated feelings. Now, as I can only tell a plain tale in a plain way, let me begin at the beginning, and go on my own fashion. If you find my language "overpowering," I hope you'll excuse it,—a genteel education, at thirty shillings per quarter, *must* shew itself, sooner or later. * * *

At the moment that Phœbus burst from the dark clouds of night, then burst James into my gloomy chamber, his carrotty head throwing light around! The news was more than he could bear, and I being the only lodger, destiny marked me sharer of his burden. As nearly as I can recollect (and whilst coaxing my yesterday's boots from the close embrace of my trowsers), he thus, at intervals, addressed me:—"Called you hurly, sir; 'ounds out to-day, sir; pity you've got no 'oss, sir; fine sput, sir—very fine sput (sport). Nobs, sir, quantity—lots on 'em; breakfast here, sir; steaks and iugnions hor'der'd at ten—briled fowl and stout. P'raps, sir, the governor 'ud lend you Rearing Sam: said as good last night, in the bar, to missus. Says I, when I seed this go in the 'tiser, to our ossler, says I,—if so be, Bill, No. 5 have Rearing Sam, I don't see why we shouldn't let him your toggery—new tops and breeches—rig him hout complete, and do honour to the Crown. 'Good hidear,' says our post-boy, 'and hif so be the gemman chooses to *go in a perisher*, and cut a 'eavy swell, blow me, hif I don't lend him my scarlet jacket:—I'm on a job at four, but the 'unt ull be over afore that; and if so be No. 5 'ull stand a pot of dog's-nose,* he *shall* 'ave the jacket, blow me.' Like our boy come door, speak you, sir?"

There was a ting-ting-ting, a shrill "Coming 'rectly," and I was alone!

The more I thought, the more I wavered. As I flung off my night-cap, I flung off Snooks, Brothers; as I cut my chin, I cut the shop; as I brushed my hair, I brushed up my courage; and *out* of my qualms I went *into* "our ossler's" breeches. This is not the place to discuss the *primum mobile* which could induce an elderly spectacled man of figures to figure away, and make himself a spectacle. I narrate facts—do not discuss motives:—suffice it, that, as I descended into the Commercial-room, with my beaver jauntily on one side, I was carolling at the top of my lungs,

"This day a stag shall die."

How I longed for an opportunity of emulating the valour of that great man, Alderman Gobble, of whom is related, that, on his first appearance with the harriers, and when standing across a gateway, a whip rode up in haste, with a "For Heaven's sake, sir, take care—the hare's coming this way!" "Well, sir," sternly responded the alderman, drawing up his portly figure; "well, sir, if the hare *is* coming this way, *d—e! sir, WHO'S AFRAID?*"

Having ensconced myself in a window facing the door, whence I could command a full view of the "sputsmen," as they alighted, and having "stood a drop of something short" with James, on condition that he should tell me the names of each comer; having, moreover,

* Hot ale and gin, with spices: see Johnson's Dictionary.

been inspected and approved by all the dignitaries of the Crown, I pulled out my pencil and note-book, in order to astonish my friends in Tooley-street with the list of my aristocratic acquaintances, little dreaming that there was reserved for me the distinguished honour of hobnobbing with those unparalleled characters. No, Mr. Editor, never can I condescend, with my present connexion, to travel again for Snooks, Brothers, unless they raise me twenty pounds a-year :—it can't be done.

The first who rode up to the door was a small man, with coarse, dark, curling hair, a plaster-patch over his goggle-sinister, and a black velvet racing-cap, with gold tassels, hiding the little physiognomy that the curls and patch had left. His horse looked like going—a bright chestnut, with white stockings, slight, but wiry. "That," said James, "is Mr. Land, a steeple-chase rider, howner of Lottery, as is dead, as received forfeit from Mr. Helmore's Lottery. The gemman as is with him (for another had arrived), is Mr. Gould, a large oss dealer."* The "oss dealer," mounted on a powerful bay gelding, was in "conversation deep" with the gentleman jock. *Somebody* booked, that was certain. Then came sundry grooms, with led horses—chestnuts with bang tails, and bays with docks. All the grooms were laughing and chatting: though it did not rain, theirs had been far from a *dry* ride. Mine host kept looking "feverishly" from the front door towards the Deerham road, rubbing his hands. Men were *talking* too much for him; no business was doing, till the "nobs" arrived, and it wanted a full ten minutes to the time breakfast was ordered. But at "ten minutes to," precisely, as the "Court Circular" would observe, a rumbling was heard. Something was stirring :

"The outmost crowd have heard a sound,
Like horse's hoof on hardened ground;
Nearer it came, and yet more near—
The very waiter paused to hear :
'Tis in the court-yard now !"

and up dashed a stylish britska-and-four, at railroad pace. Five in pink, and two in Lincoln green; out rushed James; out came Mr. Lusher—bang went the steps—a hurried movement—and "*the nobs*" were up in the one pair front, at breakfast!

Then began a mighty call for "lush" below. Uncertainty had become certainty—doubt was dispelled—cries of "'ot with," and "cold without," varied by "eavy wet," and "dog's-nose," were incessant. But I did not notice any who wished for "*purl*"—doubtless, many foresaw they should "top up" with *that*.

At eleven, there issued from the yard a sort of covered cart—a hybrid, between a pedlar's and a baker's :—by its mysterious look, and the countless footmen accompanying it, there could be but one opinion—*it was the deer*. "She'll run"—"she won't"—"too fat"—"all beans"—"never went less nor sixteen mile"—and other controversial fragments, reached me. "Now, sir," whispered James, "come and stand under the arch, and I'll pint out the gemmen to you—I knows the whole county—come along. Well, out I went after James; and, after shoving some loiterers from the post we coveted, he thus began, as the hunters descended the staircase :—

* Mention is made of several of these gentlemen, in our December number, page 422, and *seq.*—ED.

"That long gemman with the velvet cap, and the queer rigging-out, is Mr. H——d, who, when on his black mare, with his red coat covering her flanks, reminds one so much of a hanxious croupier, that he has obtained the soubriquet (soubriquet) of 'Rouge and Noir;' the strong built gent., with his hair cut so close, and the C. H. on his buttons, is Squire B——n of Fulmodeston, a very good 'un across country, and, has some owdacious osses; next as follows, is the master of the 'unt Squire Sandiford, he's jist a gettin' on his celebrated 'unter, Spot; the gemman in the green coat, and the red belcher, with lots of light 'air, is Mr. W——n, of F——m, a great solicitor in these parts; him next him, is his brother; no difference outwardly twixt 'em (as the showman says of the she and he lions), only the latter wears *more* air; the little dark gent., with them black ringlets—sich a dandy—as is looking so 'ard at you, is unbeknown to me; some says he's Count Mustard-Whiskers (Matuszewic, I suppose he meant); some a Frenchman; but his groom says, he's an uncommon hand at getting along on a rum 'un; * behind him, in the Newmarket coat, is Mr. B——m, a heminent surwayor; he was the first as made the joke 'bout the new hact for tithes:—'Tithes commutation, be d——d!' says he; 'call it a bill for the relief of insolwent land agents;' next is his brother, a leary cove, and sings like a good 'un; next to he (but here the stream carried us on, and I was separated from my newsman)."

Watton is a long, stragglng village, *five miles from end to end*, three of which, at least, had contributed to furnish "the damaged articles," that crowded round the inn door. I must testify to the shout of greeting which hailed my appearance on Rearing Sam; and the inquiries "whether my mother knew I was out?" were as numerous as flattering. Sam himself, a gaunt, raw-boned leader, seemed proud of his honours, and curvetted with most dangerous agility. I didn't care for *that*, for a strong double whipcord secured my knees to the saddle; and, if we fell, we fell together: our articles of partnership were *strictly binding*. Slowly moved the procession, headed by *the* cart; at each step our rabble increasing;—the horsemen from the surrounding country, on every shape and size of animal, from the hundred-guinea colt, to the two-guinea "basin of dogs'-broth," swelling the animated stream. Epping might count more numerous, but not more fervid votaries; and thus on we passed, singing, shouting, laughing, and joining in chorus, with the old *refrain*,—

"This day a stag shall die!"

till we came to Bland's pastures, when the canvas covering being suddenly lifted from the cart, out bounded the queen of the forest, "a lovely spotted fallow doe:—Yoicks! tantivy! tantivy! yoicks!"

And now began a scene which "baffles description:" in vain the whips roared to "give her law;" in vain the dandy shrieked that we were "sanguineous cockneys, demme!" in vain some sturdy yeomen rushed in amongst the maddened multitude—savage nature broke forth—the love of the chase, as inherent in man as in the fell wolf, tri-

* Mr. F. L——da, one of the finest-nerved riders at Melton, in the season of 1836-7, had the reputation of taking an indifferent nag across country better than any man there.—ED.

umphed over the little restraint which ignorance had allowed to these Norfolk boors. Onwards, onwards, o'er pasture and arable, o'er fence and brook, dashed the breathless deer, frightened, paralysed almost, by the unearthly whoops and yellings which pursued her. Had not one farmer, at length, at the turn of a lane, headed the mob, and, with his loaded whip, threatened destruction to the first that passed, our sport had there been finished; our deer ignobly murdered. However, thanks to this diversion of the farmer, she got a few fields a-head, during which momentary calm, the dandy (on a magnificent brown gelding) took occasion to harangue the *canaille* (as he called them), and to rap out some most orthodox and aristocratic oaths, which had the further effect of gaining two minutes; but "the tail" now pushed forward "the head;" and a regiment, with fixed bayonets, could not have "Newportized" the scoundrels. Onwards, onwards, they rush, but it is too late—the deer is a mile a-head. Horse and foot, "each *thicket* serves to *thin 'em*." Thanks to Diana, *we* were clear. All good men and true, were rapidly sailing across a desperately enclosed country, the hounds tearing along, as fast as they could lay legs to the ground. Yoicks! tantivy! At first I shut my eyes, and trusted to Providence; but, finding the whipcord held me pretty safe, and that Rearing Sam was going the pace "like threacle," I ventured to open my orbits—just in time too—for a *whacking* bough was across my nose, making them tingle a few; and when I did recover the shock, what a glorious scene! The hounds were racing—a *cigar stuck into a little chap* was leading—the dandy and the masters were with them, whilst myself and some twenty others were "going the entire animal" well up. Onwards! was still the cry: "Charge, Chester, charge!" shouted I, as I rushed Sam at a gate—for I was as mad as my horse. "Bravo!" holloed the whip, as I landed safe on t'other side. "Well done, post-boy!" sung another. Then came some deep country, and some awful fences—the whereabouts I cannot relate. But, before that memorable day was closed, the squire of Fulmodeston was done *brown*; and, though fond of "*pounding*" (betting), he, himself, was "*pounded*." His Christopher* looked *green*. The master of the C. H., hitherto of untarnished reputation as a sportsman, when on foot in a plough, regretted he was "*spotless*;" and, strange anomaly! when this objection was removed, he was still "*above all spot*."† The F—m lawyer answered to a "*capias*" issued by Mother Earth—his brother to a "*peremptory ejectment*." The surveyor surpassed himself in exactitude, for he surveyed even the bottom of a ditch. The dandy *screened up his courage* to switch a rasper, but he *screened up his horse* at the same moment. Alas! *no screw* could do it. Our gentleman jock, who, at starting, delighted in the name of *Ben Land*, became, when in a pit, *Ben LandeD*—he changed his name—but the only accession of *Land* was on his coat, whilst his *arms*, from "*gules*," became "*gules chequered vert*." A *grazier*, who rode riotously, was soon himself "*taken in to grass*;" and, though the dealer had fairly disposed of many horses, this time his horse *fairly disposed of him*! A cracksman (*crack man*) *tried the fence*, but it was "*no go*." It was a surgeon's first essay; yet, to see him hanging by his horse's mane,

*The whip, Christopher Green.

† Mr. S.'s favourite horse is called Spot.

you might have predicted of him that "he was a *desperate rider*"—for, with him, it was literally "*neck or nothing*." His mare, too, rolled about in the most extraordinary manner; though not fit to go to the foxhounds, she was warranted with "*the staggers*." A banker (who *should* have known better) had ventured out;—long did he endeavour to *keep his balance*—and succeeded pretty well; in spite of his blundering *arithmetic*, in *subtracting the top line from the bottom*, he cleared a flight of rails; but *his* account was finally wound-up by a *bank breaking*, and bang—he stopped; in short, all might admit

"There was *another Flora* there,
Besides the queen of flowers."

Yet am I proud to say, that, in the midst of all this, Sam held his own—if we were down together, we were up together; and when we did come to a stand still, at the end of twenty-five minutes, it was with distended nostrils and flashing eye that Rearing Sam, right opposite the deer at *bay*, gathered me my *bays*. In the words of the last half-price I saw—

—————"one laurel leaf's worth more
Than all the diamonds pulled from dead men's brows!"

And so I *felt* it at the moment. Hastily cutting the whipcord, I calmly received the master's congratulations:—I pardoned even the dandy's puppyism, when he swore "I was a trump, demme!" I was condoled with for *loss of my tails*, and declined a friendly offer to *go and look for them*; and, finally, completed my triumph by riding into the Crown yard between the squire and the dandy, as James afterwards said, "to the heternal 'onor of the 'ouse, and all connected with her,"—an asseveration confirmed by Dick, who declared "Hi vas a 'untsman hall hover: blest if I vorn't!"

Why, Mr. Editor, trespass on your patience by relating how I *hobnobbed* with the *nobs*? Why recall the complimentary things that were said? Why add that, with divers flagons,

"We fought the battle o'er again,
And thrice we slew the slain?"

Suffice it that, in due time, I handed *my friends* to their carriage; the landlord bowed profoundly; the servants ducked their heads; the "lads" raised their whips; round went the patent Colderidge's, and I was again alone. The excitement of reality had gone, and

"Like some baseless fabric of a vision,
Left scarce a *wreck* behind."

That "*wreck*" I send you; and am your obedient servant,

A TRAVELLER IN BOMBAZINES.

☞ We print the signature affixed by our talented and piquant correspondent; but, from one or two delicate *hits*, we strongly suspect our "Traveller" to be "a brother of the craft," if not "AN AMATEUR."—ED.

" THE CHASE, THE SPORT OF BRITAIN'S KINGS ;"
WITH A FEW REMARKS ON THE APPROACHING ROYAL NUPTIALS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

" Hunting is the noblest exerci-e :
Makes men laborious, active, wise ;
Brings health, and doth the soul delight ;
It helps the hearing and the sight ;
It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory—good horsemanship,
Search, sharpness, courage, and defence,
And chaseth all ill habits thence."

BEN JONSON'S MASQUES.

It would be needless to enumerate the heroes of old who delighted in hunting, or the many great men who have united in recommending it. From the earliest periods the sports of the field have been followed by all nations, and the chase has ever been regarded, no less by the monarch than the subject, as a pursuit, in the highest degree, manly and warlike; beneficial, useful, and agreeable. From the philosophic Xenophon, throughout every link in the human creation, to the lowest individual, has not hunting been admired? It has been a theme worthy the praise of Milton and the most eminent poets. Hunting was the exercise of the greatest heroes of antiquity: by this they formed themselves for war. Commence we then, with

" Nimrod, the founder
Of empire and chase,
Who made the woods wonder,
And quake for their race."

The two Cyruses were devoted to hunting; the latter had a deer-park at Celenes, a town of Phrygia. The Lacedæmonians were greatly addicted to hunting; it was their ruling passion: their dogs are mentioned by Virg. Georg. iii. 405.

" Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema; sed una
Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossum
Pasce sero pingui: nunquam custodibus illis
Nocturnum stabulis furem, incursusque luporum,
Aut impacatos a tergo horrebis Iberos.
Sæpe etiam cursu timidos agitabis onagros,
Et canibus leporem, canibus venabere damas.
Sæpe volutabris pulsos silvestribus apros
Latratu turbabis agens; montesque per altos
Ingentem clamore premes ad retia cervum."

Horace recommends the chase to his "Liberrime Lolli."

" Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ
Vitæque et membris: præsertim quum valeas et
Vel cursu superare canem, vel viribus aprum
Possis."

Lib. i. Epistle 18.

Pliny the Younger, writing to Tacitus, boasts of a chase in which he had taken three wild boars; and the Roman Emperors, in their monuments, transmitted to future ages the glories of the chase. The ancient Britons, who came originally from Gaul, brought with them an ardent passion for the chase. Ossian describes a "*day on the hills*:" "Fingal, call my dogs, the long-bounding sons of the chase—call white-

breasted Bran, and the surly strength of Luath ; the shrill sound spreads along the woods. A thousand dogs fly off at once, gay bounding through the heath. A deer fell by every dog, three by white-breasted Bran."

The dexterity of Ptolemy Epiphanes in hunting is well-known : his ambassador boasted to the Athenians, that his master had killed a wild bull with a single arrow. The Romans, at first apprehensive that hunting, which so easily becomes a passion, might divert the citizens from their duties, held it in contempt ; but, sensible that the dangers incident to it would inure men to war and slaughter, entertained the people with representations of the hunting of wild beasts.

In an old French treatise upon hunting, the title of which is " *La Venerie de Jacques du Fouilloux*," published in Paris in 1573, the author, in his dedication to Charles the Ninth of France, observes, " that attending to such exercises as promote health, vigour, and jocundity, are highly commendable, amongst which none are comparable," in his estimation, " to the delights of the chase." There is much humour in his remarks on the character and convivial disposition of a true sportsman, whose noble occupation, he says, exhilarates the mind, gives agility to the body, and strength to the appetite, maintaining that it increases courage and resolution for dangerous exploits.

James the Sixth of Scotland recommended hunting to his son, as an honourable and noble sport, as the following letter will prove :—

" DEARE SON,

" Amongst all the vnnecessarie things that are lawfull and expident, I thinke exercises of the bodie moste commendable to be vsed by a young Prince in such honest games or pastimes, as may further abilitie and maintaine health. The exercises that I would have you to vse (although but moderatelie, not making a craft of them) are running, leaping, fencing, dancing, and playing at the caitche or tennis, archery, and such like other faire and pleasant field-games. And the honorablest and most commendable games that ye can vse are on horseback ; for it becometh a Prince best of anie man to be faire and a good horseman, and speciallie vse such games on horseback, as may teache you to handle your armes thereon ; suche as the tilt, the ring, and lowe riding for handling your sword. I cannot omit heere the hunting, namelie, with running houndes, which is the most honorable and noblest sorte thereof ; for it is a theevish forme of hunting to sporte with gunnes, and bowes ; and grey hound hunting is not so martiall a game. But becaus I would not be thought a partiall praiser of this sport, I remit you to Zenophon, an olde and famous writer, who had no mind of flattering you or me in this purpose, and who also setteth down a faire pattern for the education of a young King, under the supposed name of Cyrus."

In England, hunting has ever been a favourite diversion, and has for ages been pursued with an uniformity almost permanent ; and the attachment of our countrymen to the sports of the field has given them health and courage, vigour of body, and a gallant contempt of danger, the uniform effect on those nations that have cultivated them. Without pursuing these remarks any farther, we will now enter into a short historical dissertation on the " *Royal Sportsmen*" of " *merrie England*," as far back as any certain account of them can be traced.

" In Albion's isle, when glorious Edgar reign'd,
 wise, potent, gracious prince ;
 His subjects from their cruel foes he saved ;
 And from rapacious savages, their flocks.
 Cambria's proud kings (though with reluctance) paid
 Their tributary wolves."

Edward the Martyr's tragic end, as he was returning from hunting, near Corfe Castle, is well known.

Edward the Confessor had an extreme fondness for hunting. "There was only one diversion in which he took the greatest possible delight, namely, to follow a pack of fleet hounds in pursuit of their game, and to cheer them with his voice. Every day, after divine service, he took the field, and spent his time in these beloved sports."

William the Conqueror's fondness for hunting was so great, that it caused him to commit a world of unjust acts; he passed a law, that whoever killed a deer should have his eyes put out. He desolated a great part of Hampshire, dispeopling the county for above thirty miles in compass, demolishing thirty-six parish churches, to make a forest for the habitation of wild beasts, without making the owners of the lands or houses the least amends. This tract of land, called before, Ytene, was afterwards termed the New Forest. Some idea of the Conqueror's high enjoyment of rural sports may be formed, by the princely donations he bestowed on those who promoted his delights. Domesday Book shews that Waleran, the huntsman, possessed fifteen manors in Wiltshire, eight in Dorsetshire, with several in Hampshire. The same authority records the extensive possessions of other huntsmen—Croc, Godwin, Willielmus. In those days the fair sex caught the prevailing passion, the *mitre* deserted its functions, and the *conit* quitted the quiet retirement of the monastery, to join in the transports of the chase.

William Rufus was devoted to the diversion of hunting, and fell a victim to it. In the reign of the second Henry, tournaments and horse-racing began to be frequent; and Smithfield, which was the first market in England for horses, was the theatre of these sports and exercises. King John, amidst the bustle of a distracted and inglorious reign, found frequent opportunities of indulging an extreme passion for the chase.

Edward the First may also be enumerated among the royal hunters of England. The account of the comptroller of the wardrobe, A. D. 1299 and 1300, would surprise any modern master of hounds, as the following extract will shew:—"Paid the king's huntsman for his own wages, and the wages of his two boys, for 366 days, being leap-year, £9: 3s.; paid to the same for keep of twelve fox-dogs, £9: 3s.;" making allowance for the difference in the value of money between that and the present time, the expense of the huntsman and two boys' wages, and keep of twelve foxhounds, would be £270.

Edward the Second was particularly fond of horses; and the warlike character of Edward the Third induced him to procure them from distant countries. In the year 1363, this monarch invited the Kings of Scotland, France, and Cyprus, to a royal hunt, which equalled, in splendour and expense, a tournament. The tragic consequences attending Edward the Fourth's killing a white buck, whilst hunting in the park of Thomas Burdet, of Arrow, Warwickshire, are well known.

In the reign of Henry the Seventh, all orders of men kept a certain number of horses, in proportion to their rank and circumstances. Under his successor, "bluff Harry," particular attention was paid to the breed of horses; the loss of the pigmy breed was well repaired by

a race of larger and more able-bodied creatures, suited better for the speed and fatigue of the chase, the splendour of tournaments, and the magnificent pageantry of the times. Edward the Sixth, convinced that horses were now more valuable than ever, was the first who made it a capital offence for stealing them. Till near the termination of Queen Elizabeth's reign, only saddle-horses and carts were used for the conveyance of persons of all distinctions. "England's Queen" rode behind her Master of the Horse, when she went in state to St. Paul's. In James the First's reign, horsemanship was much encouraged: public races were established about this time; and it is probable that some kind of a meeting existed at Newmarket, where the monarch erected a house, which was destroyed in the civil wars, but afterwards rebuilt by that distinguished patron of the turf, Charles the Second. The pedigrees of horses who had given proofs of superior goodness, were preserved and recorded with the most minute exactness; the first Arabian horse imported into this country was purchased by King James. The king preferred hunting to hawking or shooting; according to Wellwood, this monarch divided his time between his standish, his bottle, and his hunting. His son, Henry, Prince of Wales, cultivated horsemanship with the greatest application,—he was devotedly attached to equestrian exercises. In his reign the superiority of English horses began to be so evident, that many were purchased and sent into France. The reign of Charles the First was too much embroiled and distracted to permit him to attend to arts and improvements, though, according to the testimonies of historians, he was an accomplished horseman. When the merry monarch, Charles the Second, was restored, arts, sciences, and pleasures followed in his train. He encouraged horse-racing, giving prizes, and delighted in being a spectator of the contests of the course. The glory of racing now burst forth in splendour: Newmarket was honoured with the presence of the laughter-loving monarch; a palace was built for his reception. Bells, the ancient rewards for swiftness, were discontinued, and silver bowls and cups succeeded. James the Second was a good horseman, and lover of hunting. William the Third added to the royal plate previously given, and founded an academy for riding, under a very able and experienced horseman from France, Major Foubert. Queen Anne continued the bounty of her predecessors; her consort, Prince George of Denmark, taking great delight in horse-racing. George the First, in lieu of the plates, gave the sum of 100 guineas. George the Second, by an Act of Parliament, encouraged an improved breed of horses, and forbade all matches for any plate or prize under the value of fifty pounds. Equestrianism made a rapid progress under the reign of George the Third. His invariable attachment to the chase, "in which he bore his blushing honours thick upon him," is well known, and though not devoted to the pleasures of the turf, his royal support was annually given to Ascot Heath. Of George the Fourth, as a sportsman, we may say,

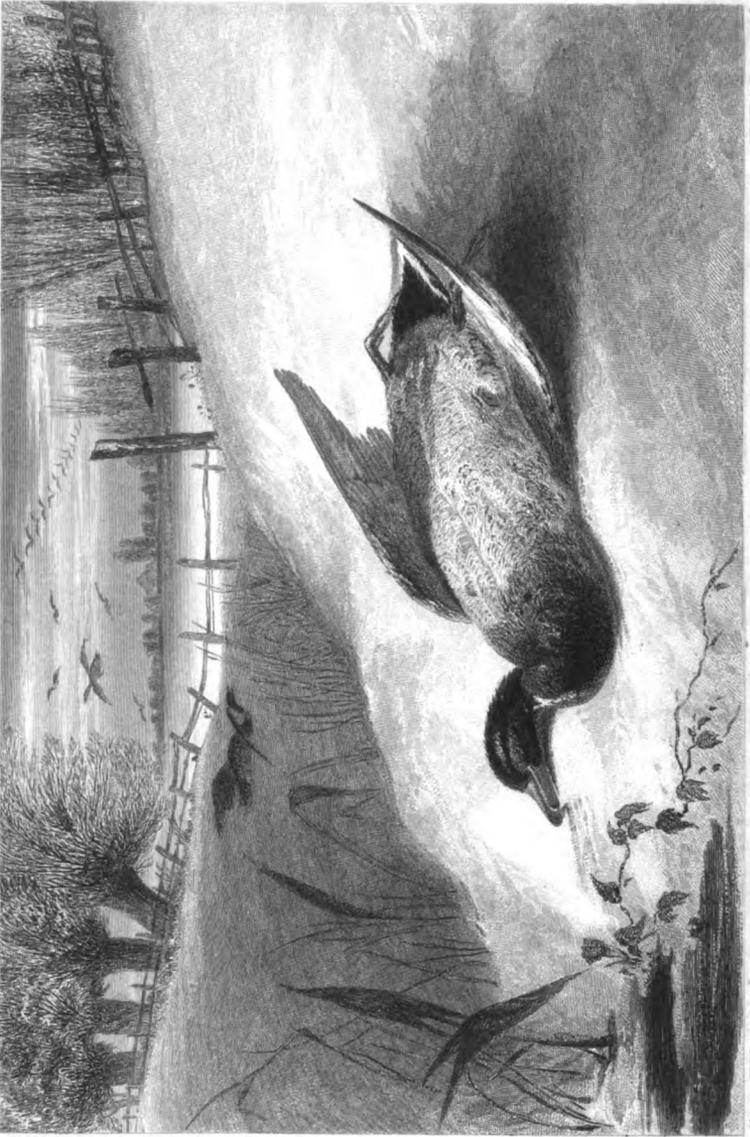
"Take him for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

His hunters, hounds, and stud, in training, and the retinue that were attendant upon the whole, were worthy a monarch. The taste of the English for racing, has communicated itself to France, Germany, and

America. The idea of improving the breed of horses, has induced the throne to patronise. William the Fourth supported the turf: of him it may be said, with truth, that he had not, among his subjects, a kinder-hearted or worthier man than himself. At this monarch's death, the splendid breeding establishment at Hampton Court, was disposed of. Our present Queen has honoured the royal "meet" with her presence; and when Sir John Cope's hounds killed a fox in the royal preserves last year, at Windsor, the brush was forwarded to Her Majesty, who graciously received it, and forwarded ten pounds to the huntsman. This augurs well for the cause of the "noble science."

We have now endeavoured to trace, to their earliest origin, the prevalence of the sports of the field; and it must be a high source of gratification to every sportsman, to know that a Prince, destined for the highest honour in this country, has already, during his short residence in it, shewn himself a lover of British sports. Standing forward as we do, the professed champions of the chase, it is with the greatest satisfaction we are able to congratulate our readers upon the favourable aspect of affairs. To those who have, with the deepest concern, looked at the declining state of the turf,—to those who have listened to the denunciations which threatened us with an impending annihilation of our favourite sport, it will prove no unpropitious prospect, that we shortly bid fair to recover "the golden days." The Prince's name is a tower of strength; His Serene Highness's patronage would restore it to its "palmy days."

One word on the approaching nuptials: to the general satisfaction of all classes of Her Majesty's subjects, the public feeling is about to be cheered by the marriage of Queen Victoria with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. In the choice of a partner, political alliance has wisely made no part of the consideration; and the personal merit of the individual has been the deciding point. Of the illustrious Prince upon whom Her Majesty is about to bestow her hand, there is but one sentiment and opinion as to his personal merits. We speak not of the opinion merely of the members of that illustrious person's own house and family, but of the general opinion and sentiment of all that have the honour of knowing him—of the opinion of his equals and his inferiors, all of whom agree in bearing testimony to the propriety of his conduct and the goodness of his character. Prince Albert possesses the best dignity, the truest greatness—integrity of character. With the old leaven of politics still sticking to us, we must make our comment on the "ways and means;"—and we sincerely trust that a liberal House of Commons will make a suitable provision for supporting the high rank and dignity of the Queen's husband, consistent with the duty they owe to their constituents, in the vigilant care with which they ought to guard the public money. We shall probably hear, "that the dignity of the Prince does not consist in the *trappings* of a court, but in the virtues of the man; and that state and pomp are secondary considerations;" if so, let us bring Sheridan's curtailing system home to our readers' minds. Let the Speaker give up his state coach, and go on foot with the addresses of the House of Commons, covered with a warm surtout, and honoured with the *trappings* of an umbrella, to protect his *virtues* in case of rain. Let the bauble, the mace, be taken away. Let the Chief Justice go



down to the assizes per mail—the Puisne Judges content themselves with travelling as outside passengers. Let the Lord Mayor come to Westminster Hall in a wherry, instead of the state barge, and, instead of returning to Guildhall to feast the great officers of state, and ambassadors, on turtle, content himself with a chop at Dolly's.

Impressed with the deepest sentiments of loyalty, we humbly approach the Throne with our sincerest and most cordial congratulations on this auspicious event,—an event most satisfactory to all classes of Her Majesty's subjects, and conducive to the best interests of the country. In conclusion, we know no character that stands higher in this country, or that wins “more golden opinions from all men,” than the English sportsman—the indulgent and liberal landlord—the benefactor of the poor and distressed—the affectionate husband; the hospitable, upright, and truly English gentleman.

In Prince Albert we hope to find a supporter of the turf, a sincere friend to “the chase, the sport of Britain's kings;” and anticipate, ere long, seeing the poet's lines realized at Windsor:—

“The courtly train
Mount for the chase—
. heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs,
The fairest of this isle; in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair.”

THE VETERINARY ART OF THE HINDÛS.

A curious article under this title appeared in the “Bengal Sporting Magazine” for May last, from which we make a few extracts, not only for their singularity, but because there is really good matter to be found in them. Under the quaint clothing of Oriental metaphor, much sound sense and useful knowledge will be discovered. The paper is stated to be a translation from a treatise, in poetry, by an anonymous amateur of hippo-pathology, addressed to his friend, Murza Muchboo, of Lucknow, “the mine of humanity and courtesy.” After rendering due praise to God and the Prophet, and some eulogistic lines on the noble attributes of the horse, assuring the reader that whoso has one picketed at his door, shall never know want; and that there are some knowing hands, up to a trick or two, on whom it is wise to have both eyes; he thus proceeds with his subject:—

“I will tell thee all about splents and spavins, if thou considerest my tale of any value. If the veins inside the hocks swell, the swelling is termed ‘mooturu’ (blood-spavin?); if they are small, no harm; if large, they are hurtful.

“Examine well near those veins: if other bones protrude beyond the joint bones, doubtless know that is a spavin. Listen not to the *bukbuk* of the dealer: if the swelling be pointed, it causes lameness; if you buy the horse, you'll be disgusted with life: but if it be flattish, you may work him hard without harm. The wise have agreed, that to judge well of spavins is difficult.

"If the knee-joints be enlarged, flee from that horse: the reason is, that he hath 'zanooh.'

"When a bone protrudes on the shank-bone, the *dulal* call it a splent; they reckon it a trifle, for it soon gets well: but the *English* call it bad, for, in their opinion, one is apt to succeed another.

"If the coronets of the fore-hoofs be thickened, you must keep another horse as an assistant: if not lame, he will become so.

"That horse who has one eye white, will cause his master to weep: he is called '*tagee*;' he will beggar him. Kick the seller from five to 100 times; he is very bad omened.

"If a horse has one hind-leg white, esteem him not good. This is not limited either to the right or left: he is bad; hope nothing from him. The Prophet has said he is bad—now what dispute can there be about it?

"If there should be any discourse of the colour of horses, then say the '*koomet*' (bay) is best of all; then '*khing*' (white), then '*summund*' (dun, with black legs); then '*mooshkee*,' and '*gula*' (black); descending to the '*gurra*' (sorrel), and '*subza*' (grey). The '*soorung*' (chestnut) is not quite so good as the above; next to him comes the '*shurghu*' (golden chestnut); worst of all is the '*punchkulegau*' (piebald). There are none after these of any value.

"Should you suspect a horse to have '*kumuree*' (weakness of the loins), drive him smartly up a rise; if he go up clean, he has no '*kumuree*.' Or, take and tie him in a stall; sit and stay awake near him all night: if, after lying down, he gets up fair, you may take him; if the contrary, be sure give him back.

"*On telling a horse's age.* Incline the ear of thy heart this way:—Every horse hath six teeth above, and six below (nippers); the milk teeth are white. When the middle ones are shed, he, who had been called a colt, is termed a three-year-old; when he sheds the next two, they say he is four; when the corner teeth fall out, he is five: at that time, near the '*chowkee*,' protrude two teeth, round and fine, called *nesh* (tushes). After that you must ascertain the age according to the decrease of the black spots in the teeth. When they are all worn away, you may, without regard to what anybody else says, put him down as '*mule punj*' (ten off): then compare his teeth and tushes; mark the difference, and give a guess. Then look attentively at his eyes: if the hairs there are much sunk, the animal is very old. When a mare has become '*mule punj*,' to tell her age is very difficult.

"This is my argument, O friend! that, in administering medicine, you always attend to the size of the horse, to his constitution, to the season of the year. Balance all these, and be sure you make a marked difference between the *taxee* and *toorkee*.

"If a horse be only slightly chest-foundered, he will soon get well; but if he be confirmedly so, he does not often recover. I will tell thee how to discriminate. Put your hand on his forehead; push him back with some little force: if he back easily, then know he is not chest-foundered; he is as sound as a seal of emerald.

"If a nail should get into the foot, or the horse get pricked by a thorn, a piece of crockery, &c., and it causes lameness, then up, and stir yourself. Heat a brick as hot as can be; place several folds of cloth over that, and put it under his hoof; then throw a small quantity of water over that. This will steam the foot; and, if continued two or three days, will cure him.

"To bring hair over a wound, rub up some indigo in spittle, thoroughly, and apply for six or seven days.

"When a foal may be born, beware it fall not to the ground; move it well in a blanket. Assuredly, when it grows up, the dust of his shoes will reach the skies."

Simple and quaint as these maxims are, there are some among them that may be applied to our stable pharmacopœia with convenience.

MY HORSES.

BY NIMROD.

(Continued from page 34.)

DURING my residence in Shropshire, I purchased, for £100, another five-year-old black horse, by Black Sultan, which proved a trump. He was bred by Mr. Croxon, banker, of Oswestry; and, although I called him Saladin, my waggish Warwickshire friends christened him "the three-legged horse," and, certainly, with some reason; for, from what cause I never could discover, he always limped with one of his hind legs, in his jog trot, but in no other pace; and, when he was turned over in his stall, lifted up the same leg nearly to his belly, although perfectly free from string-halt at every other time. In short, a sounder horse could not exist, or one that stood his work better. He won me several Hunters' Stakes, and was the one I rode on the memorable day—before spoken of by me, in relation to the speed of hounds—when the Duke of Rutland's pack ran away from every one except the late Jack Storey, on Cockspinner, who got first through a bridle gate; and when Shaw, who hunted them, confessed he was beaten two miles in twenty-two minutes! He was, likewise, the horse I produce in my Letters on Condition, as the only one I ever rode, *just out of training* (he was kept on in his work till November, for the Tarporley Hunt Stakes, which did not fill that year, because he was named for them); but, as a proof of its good effects on the *pipes*, I mention the well-known fact, of his carrying me up Mayne Hill, with the Warwickshire hounds, after having come, very best pace, over the vale from Preston Bushes, one of the prettiest covers in Warwickshire, and, jumping a gate at the top of it, whilst the rest of the field were crawling up the hill either on foot, or, at best, at a foot's pace. He was, also, the horse I sold in Leicestershire, by the recommendation of Mr. Loraine Smith, to Mr. Murray, then hunting at Melton, late master of the Perthshire foxhounds, for 260 guineas, although it was the last day of the season, and he had then eleven hunters in his stable. He is, *also*, the horse that went out to exercise, very fresh, after a frost, on a turnpike-road, without knee-caps, and tumbled down, and broke both his knees, owing to a partridge rising out of a ditch, under his nose, which I mention by way of a caution.

If I proceed much longer with these *alsos*, I shall put your readers in mind of the "cow with the crumpled horn;" so I shall conclude the history of Saladin with stating, that I had, one day, when riding him, another opportunity of measuring the speed of hounds *on a few days in the year*—I mean with a burning scent. I found that, to enable him to live alongside of Mr. Corbet's bitches, over grass, in a straight line (by the side of a brook), and without a fence, it required him to go quite at the top of his speed for about one mile; a fact I had previously doubted.

On my return from Melton, with the Scotch laird's money in my pocket, I did not lose a chance. I purchased two young red-roan horses (brothers) of a doctor, as I passed through Hinckley, and sold them to Sir John Dashwood; and one of them found his way into Mr.

Annesley's team of roans. Further particulars have escaped me ; but I recollect they were very richly coloured horses, and, I suppose, I got some picking out of them.

I had, somewhere about this time, a very smart-looking chestnut horse, got by Jupiter, and all but thorough-bred, which I purchased of Richard Bradley, the great Warwickshire dealer of those days ; and which I was noodle enough to match against Dick, by Buzzard, out of Fantail ; Mr. Benson and myself "up." This, of course, I lost, as Lockley told me I should ; but, in consequence of his clearing a rasping fence under Mr. Collier, the veterinary surgeon then residing at Ludlow, Mr. Lechmere Charlton—those being his hard-riding days—gave me 200 guineas for him, and was unfortunate with him. He got a lash in one of his eyes, in Leicestershire, which produced blindness in both ; but Mr. Charlton rode him, and, I believe, won a match after he became dark. He was a high-couraged horse, rather deficient in substance in two essential points. To a rich man, however, he was worth something to look at, for the fine gloss on his skin, and other marks of condition, at all periods of the year.

The mention of having purchased this horse of Bradley, reminds me of two others I bought of him, and to one of which hangs rather a curious tale. It was a five-year gelding, by Devi Sing, and an own brother to a famous hunter then in the stable of the late Mr. Langston, of Oxfordshire ; and, on the strength of that, I gave 140 guineas for him, although quite unmade as a hunter. But he had every appearance of making one—good substance, great bone, excellent legs and feet, and shewing much blood, although, as I afterwards found out, of a very queer temper, and with a badly formed mouth. Having said this, it is scarcely necessary to add, that I had some trouble with him ; for, owing to his rascally temper, he was not to be trusted at any description of fence, although he could do the trick if he liked ! I began, indeed, to think it would be some time before he would take one leap, which was, back again into my breeches pocket, when I was relieved from my anxiety on that point, by a very extraordinary occurrence. On my return to Stratford, one evening, from a short visit to my home, my groom thus addressed me :— "There have been two gentlemen here, this morning, looking at the horses, and one of them (who, I found, was Mr. Price, of Bryn-y-pys, near Wrexham) took a fancy to Cœlebs (this Devi Sing gelding), and asked me if I thought you would sell him ? I told him I thought you would, for I had heard you ask a gentleman 250 guineas for him," which was not true. By the down mail, the next morning, however, I received a letter from my old friend, Mr. Lloyd Williams (who accompanied Mr. Price), to say, they were both on their road to Bicester, to hunt with Mostyn, and that if I would take a good Cheshire-cheese mare, purchased from Mr. Boycott, and a very good hunter, at 100 guineas, Mr. Price would take Cœlebs at the sum fixed by my groom.

Now, I attribute a great portion of my success, in selling hunters, to a precaution I invariably observed, of not selling a horse as a good one, without having proved him to be, or likely to be, a good one ; and it is well known that my horses were not sold for their appearance—for ugly enough, God knows, were many of them—but from their performance in the field.

I, therefore, wrote to Mr. Lloyd Williams, to say, that I could not recommend Cœlebs to Mr. Price, as a hunter, but that I had four other horses in my stable—amongst them, Saladin, that I had ridden two seasons, without a fall from him—which I could recommend; and that, in a fortnight from that time, I should be at Bicester, when he might take choice of the lot. Within the time specified, I was at Bicester, and, there being no hunting fixture for the next day, the Cheshire-cheese mare and Cœlebs were brought forth, myself mounted on the former, and the squire of Bryn-y-pys on the latter. The first field we entered was divided from its neighbour by a good, but fair, fence (none very small in that vale), which I requested Mr. Price would ride Cœlebs over. Now, had he been “Cœlebs in search of a wife,” and upon a good hot scent, he could not have rushed more eagerly towards his object than he did towards this fence; but, when he got within a few strides of it, he turned short round, and was half the field over again before Mr. Price got a pull at him. “No go,” thought I; “all the fat is in the fire.” “You had better let me ride him,” said I; “he knows me, but your hand is strange to him;” so, putting him over that fence, and another (Mr. Price following me on the mare); “That will do,” exclaimed Mr. Price, “I see he’ll *make* a hunter,”—and so would any person have said, from the masterly way in which he cleared the second fence, a very nasty place, under a tree, and double. Cœlebs, however, from his bad temper, and ill-formed mouth, never did make a hunter, and the last I heard of him was in Sir Watkin Williams Wynn’s curricule, at the Duke of Bedford’s sheep-shearing.

Now, then, for the Cheshire-cheese mare. It was not long before she was seen in Warwickshire, but I have no recollection of her doing anything worthy of notice with me in the field. She was, however, a useful hunter, equal to considerable weight, and an accomplished fencer, but the one thing needful—*the pace*, was wanting; and that was, in those days, a *sine quâ non* with me: but she found a mart. Being on a visit at that noble old mansion, Weston House, in its late worthy proprietor’s time, the well-known Ralph Sheldon, (one of the intimate friends of the late King, and father of the gentleman of that name, who was the victim of the incendiary, Bustin, hanged at Warwick,) the amusement of the evening, after the old folks had retired to rest, was a little half-guinea commerce, which ended harmlessly enough. “What do you ask for *Masquerade*?”—so called by me from the circumstance of Mr. Price having, a short time before, given one of the grandest masquerades, perhaps, ever given by any private individual, and said to have cost him £10,000!—said Mr. Sheldon,* as we had our chamber candles in our hands. “She is not your sort,” added he, “and, I suppose, you will sell her cheap.” I answered, I was not very fond of a pigeon-toed one (which she was), but she was a good hunter, and could carry weight, and that I should expect what I gave for her, namely, 100 guineas. “I’ll play you three pools of commerce,” said he, “for fifty pounds a pool, and, if I win two of the three, I’ll take the mare for the hundred.” I rubbed my head, and hesitated. Reflecting, however, that I could lose nothing, and might

* Since writing the above, this gentleman, an excellent sportsman and horseman, has paid the debt of nature.

win all three pools, *at it* we went, and the result was, my winning the odd pool. Touching the fifty, and keeping my mare, just suited my book; and, at the end of the season, my reckoning, for horse-keep, &c., at the White Lion, at Stratford, being eighty-three pounds, the landlord, Mr. Barke, an excellent sportsman, and a great favourite with us all, took her at that sum, and rode her several seasons.

One of the best hunters I ever had, I purchased of a gentleman at Lichfield, adjutant to some regiment, but both his name and regiment have escaped me. I gave 130 pounds, or guineas, for him, and he afterwards became the property of Mr. Napper, who distinguished himself on him, one day, in Leicestershire, telling me he was "never so carried," as Dick Knight said at the finish. He was a long, low, brown gelding, with excellent legs and feet; but, what was a great drawback, in my eye, his coat, on his neck, would never lie well down, and would have stared more than it did, had he not been kept always hooded in the stable. Notwithstanding this, he was a very sound animal, as the following fact, relating to him, will prove. Being a horse that required a great deal of work, which, from the excellence of his legs and feet, I never feared giving him, I used to ride him to cover, between his hunting days, by way of keeping him in place. Setting out on him one morning, from Middleton Stoney, to meet the Duke of Grafton, at Wistley Wood, whither a hunter was gone before me, I found the ground so hard from frost, before I reached Brackley, that I thought there would be no good done with hounds on that day. Having two horses at Stratford-on-Avon, and that being a warmer country, I be-thought myself there might be hunting there on the next day; but, should it prove a regular "shut up," I should be so far on my road home, so bent my course that way. Now, the distance from Middleton Stoney to Stratford, is just thirty-two miles; and finding, when I got beyond Banbury, that the country was become rideable, I put the Adjutant along, either by the side of the road, or over the enclosures, at a good hunting pace, till within two miles of Stratford, when, all at once, I heard the cry of hounds. I soon saw Lord Middleton's pack approach me, with a scent that betokened mischief, having found their second fox in Wellesbourne Wood. This was no time for moralizing. Off went the mud boots, crammed into a ditch, and away went I, on the Adjutant; and, despite of the thirty miles he had been ridden at this quick pace, and over, in part, a very heavy country, I saw as beautiful a burst to Idlicote—say seven miles—as ever hounds saw; and, had I not been aware of the fact, I should not have suspected that the horse I had ridden had gone more than five miles to meet the hounds. I am sorry to say, this proof of physical power had one bad effect, as far as *humanity* is concerned. It made me, ever afterwards, rather indifferent as to the distance I sent my hunters to cover, when full of hard meat (this horse had four years of it in him at the time I allude to); and I have more than once sent one twenty miles. It has, however, been on the hard road, and not across a country.

I now come to what I believe to have been the best hunter I ever possessed, but must preface his history with that of another horse, because it affords another lesson to young and inexperienced speculators in horse-flesh, whose motto should be, "*caveat emptor.*" That brilliant horseman, Mr. Robert Canning, having been told that Stroud,

the dealer, of Newton, Oxfordshire—the old man was then alive—had a horse that would carry him, asked me to accompany him to look at him, on the principle that two heads are better than one. After he had completed his purchase, the present Mr. Stroud addressed me, and said, he should like to sell me a horse, as he never had had that pleasure. I told him there was only one horse in his stables which I fancied, and I was afraid his hocks would not stand. However, on a warranty to that particular point, I agreed to purchase him for 130 guineas, and the next day he was in my stable. We now come to the point. Of course, I did not attempt to ride this horse immediately with foxhounds; but, after a dose of physic, &c., sent him to Bourton-on-the-Hill, and got a very satisfactory taste of him with Sir John Dashwood's harriers, as well as several compliments paid to his appearance, by Lord Warwick, and several other good judges, who were in the field. In fact, he bore so strong a resemblance, in form and character, to Mr. Lockley's famous Confidence, just at that time sold for 750 guineas to Mr. Best, that he was mistaken for him by Shepherd, the farrier, of Stratford, who had just performed an operation on him. But, in this taste with the harriers, he cut one of his heels so deeply, by an over-reach, that he could not go into work again for nearly two months, and here was *the rub*. The warranty was, that this horse's hocks were to *stand a trial*. Now, during his lameness from the over-reach, he could have no trial; but as I perceived that, during the two months he was at rest, the foulness of his hocks increased, and it being the joint opinion of veterinary surgeons Palfrey, of Worcester, and the late Richard Lawrence (then practising at Birmingham), who met in consultation on the case, that disease had been going on, and that lameness would surely be the result of work, I most reluctantly returned this valuable young horse, from which I had booked a hundred or two, neat, at least. All that Mr. Stroud had to say on the occasion, was, to express a hope, to which I assented, that I would take the value given for the returned horse in horse-flesh; and thus I became possessed of what I have termed the best hunter I ever did possess—the well-known *Spring*.

Previously to touching on the merits, or exploits, of this good horse, I wish to describe his figure, because there was something remarkable and uncommon in almost every point in his frame; and I am disposed to believe, that, if he had been put to the test of the dynamometer, he would have proved one of the strongest horses, for his weight, perhaps, ever foaled; for so light did he appear in each individual point, and so light and corky was his action, that one might have fancied his treading on one's toes without inflicting pain; and, were I speaking of a mare instead of a horse, I might have typified her action by comparing her with Camilla, who is said to have skimmed over a country, scarcely touching its surface.

"Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina; nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas."

But to his points:—his head was long, with rather a narrow, and somewhat convex forehead, and he had a deep-sunken, small eye, expressive of anything but good temper; a very small muzzle, the colour of a hazel-nut; and not large nostrils: but his jaw-bones were

remarkably far apart, and the setting on of his head, and the form of his neck, were perfect. He was not wide between my legs; but the depth and extreme declivity of his shoulders were such as to give his rider unbounded confidence in his strength of forehead, in all his paces, and on all trying occasions. No part of his frame was wide; but there was a little rise behind the saddle, or, more properly speaking, in the loins, the effect of which was powerfully felt by his rider. His quarters were rather short; but his thighs were long and muscular, and his hocks fit for models. He had the knee of a wagon-horse; a very small shank bone, but a large leg to span; and no day's work appeared to make the slightest impression on his legs, which, from his standing "over at knee," as it is termed, were always on the totter in the stable. Then his fetlocks were of singular appearance. Those of the forelegs were unusually long and yielding; but those of the hind ones yielded nearly to the ground—to which, no doubt, was to be attributed his very springy action, as well as power in dirt. His feet were large and open; but, when I first had him, rather inclined to be punice, and he was given to cast his shoes.* His colour was a rich brown, without a white hair about him, except on one heel; but at no time of the year had he a hair on his body half an inch long, and not one under the jaw, or in the flank, longer than those on his back. In short, some parts of his body were almost hairless; which, added to not the best temper, rendered him so dangerous to clean, especially after a good day's work, when he was always worse, that nothing more was attempted than rubbing off the worst of the dirt till the next morning; when, with twitching, and other necessary precautions, he would allow himself to be washed under his body with lukewarm water. I had a very powerful helper, who thought to use force with him, when he nearly paid with his life for the frolic; but, latterly, he got more quiet to be dressed, by very gentle treatment, and a total abandonment of the brush.

Spring was bred by a tradesman at York; got by Beningbrough; but I have forgotten the history of his dam. That he was quite thorough-bred, his appearance at once indicated; and, as a further proof, I can truly assert, that I never rode a horse that I could take such liberties with, in a run, as I could take with him. For example—if, by a wrong turn, an impracticable fence, or from any other cause, I got a little wide of hounds in chase, I could put him to the top of his speed, over all sorts of ground, till I caught them; and, when landed by their side again, he did not appear to feel the effects of the hustling I had given him, but was instantly himself again, and ready for any fence. Indeed, no fence came amiss to him, if he could see what it was made off; but as he was rather, what we call, an up-standing than a lengthy horse—fifteen hands three inches high—his forte may be said to have been leaping height. But the perfection of him was, he would refuse nothing he was put to, and would do his best to get over it.

My boast of this good horse is not an idle boast, neither is it a vain-glorious one. It is due to his noble nature to state—and such of my Warwickshire brother-sportsmen, as the stroke of time has spared,

* I have before stated, that this defect was obviated by causing him to stand many hours in the day, in the summer, bare-footed, on stones.

will acknowledge the fact—that he shone conspicuously on two or three occasions. One of them I may be allowed to dwell upon. We found our fox in Walton Wood (Sir John Mordaunt's), and killed him near Southarn; Mr. Robert Canning, Mr. Henry Wyatt, and myself, being the only three with the hounds, or within two miles of them, over the finest part of Warwickshire, for the last half hour. But the very game nature of this horse was still more apparent the following season. In the middle of a run with the Mostyn hounds, the river Charwell presented itself, and I sent Spring at it, with all *the powder* I could put into him. I think he would have cleared it, had it not been for the untoward circumstances of Mr. Morant turning away from it just under his nose, and Mr. Best's horse floundering in the stream a few yards to his left, which, of course, had an effect upon him. As it was, however, he landed both me and himself; but the bank breaking from under his hind feet, he fell with great force, throwing me on my back in the meadow, and hurting me very much with his head. But what did I see when I arose up? Why, nothing but the four hoofs of Spring—for he had fallen backwards—with his shoes upwards, his body floating gently down the river, with the stream, but no part of it visible! "*He's lost!*" said I; "he'll never come out alive:" conceiving, from the position he was in, that he was so injured by the fall, that he had not power to right himself. At length, however, he turned, and rested his head on a stump; and, to make an end of the story, by the kind assistance and united strength of the two Messrs. Cannings, who answered my signal of distress, he was hauled up the bank, after having been twenty minutes in the water, and so weak, that he staggered like a newly-dropped calf. "What must be done with him?" said I: "Get him to Banbury, and have him blooded as soon as you can," was the reply of my kind helpmates.

Now, then, for the sequel. As I was leading him along, I found he was recovering himself; when, all at once, he heard the cry of hounds—the fox having run his ring, and trying to make his point good back. Spring pricked up his ears, and looked lively. The cry approached us nearer; he champed the bit, and became fidgetty—which, indeed, he always was. At last the pack appeared in view, when all disasters were forgotten; and in a few fields we were by the side of them. "The Charwell was never leaped, nor ever will be leaped," exclaimed Griff Lloyd, as he saw me among the throng. "No matter," said I, in reply; "I'll try it again when next it comes in my way." However, to bring the story to a close, our fox thought better of dodging; and, as if in spite to poor Spring, put his head straight for Fawseley (Sir C. Knightley's), near to which place we ran into him, after a beautiful burst of eight or ten miles—Spring going as if nothing had happened. But what a spectacle did he present when I took him out of the Fawseley stables, in which he was kindly refreshed! He had lost two shoes; had one eye closed up; and, what was worst of all, it was found that, in the exertion of pulling him out of the Charwell, the gag of the bridoon bit had been driven quite through his under jaw. Now, observe the consequences of this accident,—for the remainder of that season he could not eat anything but scalded oats and bran, which must have greatly reduced his strength; yet I recollect giving an account, in the old Magazine, of two beautiful

runs, towards the end of that season, on the same day—one a quarter of an hour, and the other an hour all but two minutes—from Shankton Holt, with the Quorn hounds, when Mr. Assheton Smith had them; in each of which I rode Spring, and was one of the very few who saw the last fox killed (Mr. Lindow, on Petruchio, will remember it); and I felt confident he would have gone another quarter of an hour, had the fox lived so long. So killing, indeed, was the pace, and so severe the country (we killed near Market Harborough town), that, at one time, Jack-a-Lantern stopped; but, like a good one as he was, recovered himself whilst Mr. Smith was waiting for Tom Wingfield (then his whipper-in), to come up, with the idea of taking his horse, and he carried him brilliantly to the end.*

SCENES WITH "UNCLE SAM."

No. 7.

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES ON A RACE-TRACK.

"Ex uno disce omnes."

"THE Senate did not sit on Friday. The members were off to the Washington races." So says a New Hampshire paper; and its assertion speaks a volume in proof of the rising fashion of the Yankee turf, and of the love of sport growing, day by day, amongst all classes of the New World. But hear the sequel: "A placard was stuck upon the Senate door, by some wags, on which was written, '*Gone to the races—to return when sober!*'" This was the "unkindest cut of all."

That much of truth has been said on both sides concerning the relative merits of the crack nags in the Old World and the New, cannot be denied: and that much more remains to be urged by both, is equally clear; but all the opinions which I have hitherto heard or read on either behalf, have been so speculative in their data, or so perverted by prejudice, as to render it impossible to arrive at any just or general conclusion, or, in fact, at any decision at all, at once clear and unqualified. In such a case, then, one who has viewed both parties with an impartial, though not an uninterested eye, may have credit for honesty of purpose, at least, in endeavouring to put this question forward somewhat more in its true light than it has hitherto appeared.

It is notorious to all the sporting world, that several little protocols of turf diplomacy, being, in fact, neither more nor less than mere bravado challenges, have been exchanged between the potentates of the turf in both countries; but in no one instance, as yet, have the

* " 'Tis all very fine, friend," said the Quaker to a man who wished to sell him a good horse, "to hear the great things thy horse *hath done*; but remember, friend, thy horse *hath got the less to do*." Such was, in part, Spring's case; for, although I got a good price for him, I doubt, from what I heard, his having been quite himself again.

preliminary differences been happily or equally adjusted: nor, in fact, does it appear to me that they could ever be so. The first proposition was to run one match in England, and the "return" in New York; but this was manifestly unjust to both parties, on account of the perils of sea transport, and its injurious effect on the constitution and condition of the horses, which would prevent either party being satisfied with the result of a race run under such circumstances, as an entire change of climate, soil, and course. Then came a challenge from America, to run in both countries against time; but this could not be brought to bear, from differences as to distance, they wanting four miles, whilst we were for running two. In short, a number of impediments and obstacles arose, which left the subject where it was, and is, for some time longer, likely to remain.

That such a match would be a most sporting event is evident. How it would end, I know not; but, I must own, that my impression is, that some of our knowing ones would "see great sights;" a notion which is founded on a consideration of all that they have hitherto done with raw materials and little means.

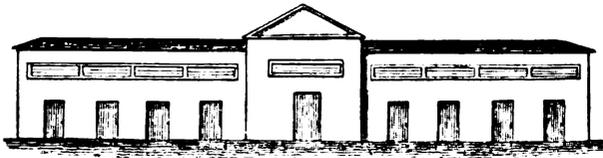
The old system of Newmarket training, *viz.* of going out morning and evening, is generally adopted in the States, as being better adapted to the heat of climate. The race meetings take place, in the Northern States, in the spring, summer, and autumn; but, in the South, during the winter only. The race-courses, or "tracks," as they are technically termed, are all, and everywhere, one mile round; and each racing establishment has a training ground, in its immediate vicinity, of the same form and dimensions. But these matters may be better explained by describing two of the best establishments which I have seen:—one in the North, belonging to Mr. Robert L. Stevens, of New York; the other, that of Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, one of the leading turfmen of the South.

The training establishment on Long Island (about seven miles from New York), belonging to Mr. Robert L. Stevens, is one of the most extensive and complete in the Union. The stables contain eighteen roomy boxes, built of wood, weather-boarded, brick paved, and well ventilated; and, immediately adjoining, are nearly as many more unpaved, each one opening into a small enclosure, for two and three-year-olds. Connected with these ranges of stabling is an immense building, containing a sawdust track for exercising, or even training, if it should be necessary, during the winter. This track is accessible by a covered gallery, from every box. Adjacent to the stables are several paddocks of an oblong shape, rounded at the ends, which are laid with several loads of sand, in order to prevent the risk of a shock to any of the young things, from suddenly stopping short, when galloping about the paddocks.

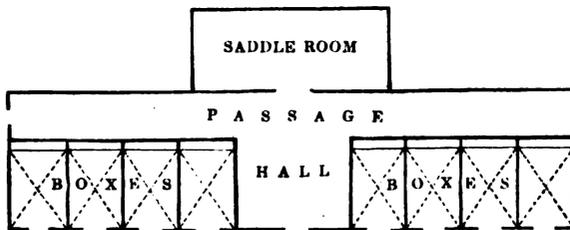
Opposite to the stables is a small windmill, which grinds the provender for the establishment; and, drawing water from a well at a little distance, forces it into a reservoir over the stables, from whence it is distributed, by means of pipes, into every stall and enclosure about the premises. The buildings altogether occupy about an acre and a half of ground; and close at hand is an open training-track, a circular mile, enclosed on both sides, so as to prevent any young thing, trained upon it, from bolting,—which, it may be observed, is a very

necessary caution,—as they are ridden only by little black boys, weighing about “*nothing—in their boots.*”

The annexed sketch brings the pencil in aid of the pen, to give an idea of the plan and elevation of Col. Wade Hampton's establishment at Millwood, near Columbia, in the State of South Carolina.



Elevation.



Plan.

The building is of wood, weather-boarded, brick paved, and provided with open luffer boards, for the purposes of ventilation. It has accommodation for eight horses in training. The hall is furnished with corn-bins, buckets, sieves, and all the paraphernalia of the stable, arranged in apple-pie order; and at the back is a large saddle-room, where all the saddles, bridles, clothing, jackets, and caps, make a neat display. In the passage, at the back of the boxes, is a small sliding shutter to each, through which the corn, &c., is put in, without the necessity of opening the stable doors, or entering the boxes. On the top of a hill, about a quarter of a mile from the stabling, is a training-track, a circular mile; the boxes are in the midst of the paddocks, and the whole affair is very neatly and completely arranged, although not on the same scale of ostentation and display with Mr. Stevens and his northern establishment.

Foremost amongst the disadvantages with which American turfmen have to struggle, and which must be overcome ere they can well expect success, is the want of good roads, and means of communication in the interior; together with the great distance their “strings” must travel to the various meetings. I have already said sufficient of the roads, to convince the reader that the travelling 100 miles in that country, distresses horse and man far more than thrice the distance here; and rarely, indeed, is it, that meetings are so near together as to make them accessible within that distance. On some lines there are railroads; but this is only choosing a less evil, with a tenfold risk, so badly are they managed: and, on one occasion, Col. Hampton, and two other gentlemen, having sent their horses by that conveyance, the rails broke down, the cars upset; two of the horses

were killed on the spot; two more so injured that they were never worth a shilling afterwards; and all more or less hurt, so as to stop their running for that season.

At last, the turfman, with much trouble, and great risk, gets all his horses to the meeting; and here a new evil awaits him—the change of climate, food, and, more than all, of water, so affects his stud, that in a week one-half of them are “safe,” and the rest totally unfit to start. Yet start they must; for he has gone so far that he cannot retreat for trifles: besides, his spirit is for sport, and, therefore, they must run, as old Johnson, “the Napoleon of the New World Turf,” emphatically said, “if they have only half a leg a-piece.”

And start they do; and then comes “horrible murder,” performed by the black jockeys—little dingy lumps of lead, *sans* hands, *sans* head, *sans* everything, except a most ridiculous quantum of ludicrous gravity, enough to make a saint “roar:”—but as for calling such a thing a jockey!—Pugh! a fico for such jockeyship!

And here, too, comes another question:—Is not the shape of the course, a short circle, unfavourable to the running of the largest, strongest, and, in one word, the *best* horses? I certainly think so from all that I have seen; the turns will throw the quickest horse out of his stride, and make him cross his legs sometimes. The circular form is best for the spectators; but I much doubt whether it be the most favourable to a nag's performances.

And yet, under all these disadvantages, their performances are such as to prove them to be anything but an unequal match now; and to make us ask, what would they be under a better system of training, management, and, above all, of riding?

The best winners of *Four-mile heats* (half an hour allowed between) in 1838, were—

1. H. A. Tayloe's Black Maria, four-years old, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, carrying 97 lbs.: 7 min. 52 sec., 7 min. 55 sec., 8 min. 4 sec., 8 min. 27 sec.: being six-teen miles in 32 min. 18 sec.

2. Col. W. R. Johnson's Boston, five-years old, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Florizel, 114 lbs.: 7 min. 52 sec., 7 min. 54 sec., 8 min. 30 sec.: twelve miles in 24 min. 16 sec.

3. W. Mc Cargo's Duane, four-years old, by imported Hedgeford, dam by Washington, 100 lbs.: 7 min. 42½ sec., 7 min. 58½ sec.: eight miles in 15 min. 41 sec.

4. J. S. Garrison's Wagner, three-years old, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West, by Marion, 86 lbs.: 7 min. 44 sec., 7 min. 67 sec.: eight miles in 15 min. 41 sec.

The best running for *Two-mile heats*, in the same year, was by—

1. W. Livingston's Job, three-years old, by American Eclipse, out of Jemima, by Rattler, 90 lbs.: 3 min. 49 sec., 3 min. 57 sec., 4 min. 9 sec., 3 min. 59 sec.: eight miles in 15 min. 54 sec.

2. A. P. Hamlin's Suffolk, four-years old, by Andrew, out of Ostrich, by Eclipse, 104 lbs.: 3 min. 45 sec., 3 min. 47 sec., 3 min. 51 sec.: six miles in 11 min. 23 sec.

3. J. G. Boswell's Joshua Bell, three-years old, by Frank, dam by Little John, 86 lbs.: 3 min. 46 sec., 3 min. 47 sec., 3 min. 54 sec.: six miles in 11 min. 27 sec.

Lastly, the *One-mile heats*, in the same year, won by—

1. A. Cunningham's Maria Duke, three-years old, by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott, by Sumpter, 83 lbs.: 1 min. 48 sec., 1 min. 48½ sec., 1 min. 48 sec.: three miles in 5 min. 24½ sec.

2. G. N. Sanders's Margaret Carter, three-years old, by Medoc, dam by Whip, 83 lbs.: 1 min. 50 sec., 1 min. 51 sec., 1 min. 50 sec.: three miles in 5 min. 31 sec.

3. J. S. Garrison's Kleber, four-years old, by Bertrand, out of Oscarina, by Tennessee Oscar, 100 lbs.: 1 min. 51 sec., 1 min. 51 sec., 1 min. 53 sec.: three miles in 5 min. 35 sec.

But we will turn from this dry subject, having set it forward, as I

hope, with more justice to Brother Jonathan than he is used to receive, and proceed to pass the "scenes" of his turf in "review" before the eyes of our readers.

* * * * *

A race meeting in the States is the signal for a general holiday-making, and keeping up of open house and festive hospitality throughout the city; and the approach of Charleston races had brought every body "up to town," as the provincial settlers have it; and every hole and corner in every inn, lodging-house, and dwelling, were filled with strangers, citizens, and guests.

Under these circumstances, Charleston, usually dull and lifeless, and, to the eye, untenanted, except by niggers, put on new life. The streets were thronged with handsome equipages hurrying to and fro; the narrow pathways and the dirty alleys crowded with pedestrian folk from "up the country," shopping, apparently, all day and all night, to satisfy the year's need until next anniversary, as well as for the long-drawn-out commissions of the friends they had left behind them. The very niggers move more nimbly, from the inspiriting effect of this busy season; and the gorged turkey buzzards, who have undisturbed possession of the streets during all the rest of the year, get kicked and cuffed about until they fly for refuge to the house tops, where they sit, poking their shoulders up, sulking, and longing for the dull times, and for the sickly times, and for their vulture feasts.

Noon comes; and now the fermentation is at its height. Carriages, horsemen, pedestrians, all are wending through King-street, and along the sandy avenues without the city, on their way to the race-track. At a little distance from the houses, we pass a deep pit on our left, where the filthy vultures and the vagrant dogs cluster around the horses' burying-ground; and here fierce contests may be seen, and dire war waged, between the birds and beasts, for the possession of the garbage; whilst heaps of bare bones, whitened in the sun, bear witness to the efficient service of these carnivorous scavengers.

A cloud of smoke bursts forth from yonder cottage on the right; it is on fire. The gentlemen, as if by one consent, gallop towards the spot; they have scarcely time to hitch their horses to the nearest trees before the flames break forth. In half the time it takes to tell the tale, several have rushed, without hesitation, into the burning house, and borne two infants out, through fire and smoke, unhurt; together with the scanty furniture, and everything of value. Then, having seen them placed in safety in some neighbouring dwelling, they leave the wooden tenement to feed the crackling flames, and tranquilly resume their road towards the course.

Through avenues of live oak, woods of pine, and sandy clearings, now the living tide rolls on its way until it finally pours itself through the open gates of a high-paled enclosure, and then we are upon the course—an open area of about a mile square, having the "track," a circular mile, in the centre; and within that, again, the training-course, established in order that the racing-ground may not be cut up, nor injured by the horses in their gallops. Along the left-hand side are placed the stands for the Judges, Jockey Club, and visitors. A goodly gathering of carriages and horsemen are drawn up near the

winning-post; and all about the area are scattered groups on horse-back and on foot, although they thicken, more especially along the "finish" of the course, and towards the end opposite to the stands, where a long line of drinking shanties make display of sundry signs most pleasing to the eyes of thirsty man.

The track is very hard and dusty, as are they all in America; so much so, indeed, that cracked hoofs and stilty legs are very common at a comparatively early age (another disadvantage, by-the-by, to be named, beside the fine elastic turf of England). But here are two of the nags walking towards the Judge's stand. Look at those little black lumps of monkey humanity rolling and tumbling about between their legs; they are the negro stable-boys. But come, let us keep close behind them, and have our eyes and ears about us as we proceed.

"Hilloa!—Here! come now! this aren't bettin', nor gamblin', nor gamin', only chancin'. Here—here's a fat hog to be guessed for at only a dollar a go! him as guesses nearest to his weight to have him. Here! here! here!"—"Is he a big un?" asks one chap. "Almighty!" is the reply. "I kalkilate you don't happen often near such."—"Lordy! why whereabouts his weight, then?"—"Oh! grand for his size; but if you guess, you'll hit it off just, may be; and, if you don't, you've only got to plank another dollar, and then guess again. Now, then, stranger, will you go a chance?"

"No, mister; guess I won't guess anyhow at all, I reckon. I want to see what that there little man, with the long hat, and the squint in his eye, is malefacturing with them tinny thimbles."

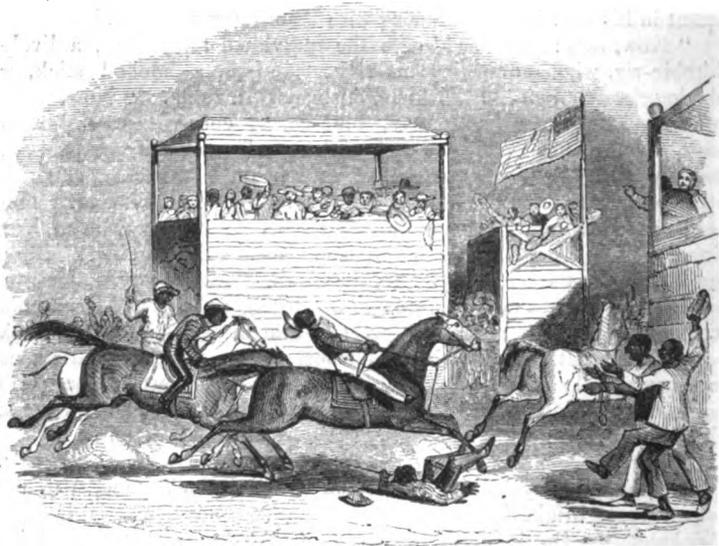
"Now, sars! gemmen!" says the individual alluded to, a lively thimble-rig, who, supporting his right leg upon a hooked stick, is playing the thimbles on his knee, instead of a table. "Now, sars, and gemmen generally—loafers, blue-noses, corn-shuckers, liberty boys, and loco focos—all you as has plenty of money in yer pockets, and very little brains in yer heads! here is three thimbles, and this little pea; only one little pea to all the three large thimbles. This here thimble's old Hickory Jackson; this, little foxy Martin Van Buren; and t'other Tecumseh Harrison: them's the thimbles. Now, the little pea's the Treasury. So, there's the Treasury; now, Jackson has it; and I guess he aint a-going to let it go as long as he can hold it. Now, see, 'it passes; and presto—Martin Van, the Kinderhook pony, has got it. Well, now, you'll observe, as Harrison aint got no treasury at all; and I should calculate, from last election, he don't seem much likely:—now, then, sars, so—so—so;—now pick and choose;—which has the pea? eh, stranger? have you a notion?"

But now we are close to the starting-post, beneath the stands. That little sprightly-looking gentleman in the Judge's stand, with the brown coat, bright brass buttons, and white waistcoat, is Colonel Pinckney, the President of the Jockey Club; he is just now giving them the word "to saddle." The sporting-looking gentleman, in the Newmarket-cut coat, perched on the opposite (or "timer's") stand, is Dr. John B. Irving, the Secretary of the Club, and the most moving spirit of this day; he is now in his glory. Yon little old man with the slouched hat, with a halt in his gait, and one hand in his pocket, is Colonel W. R. Johnson, of Virginia, known throughout the States as

the "Napoleon of the Turf;" he is the champion and supporter of the American-bred horses. The sedate, but gentlemanly looking man in black, to whom he is speaking, and who keeps one hand perpetually playing with his watch-ribbon and seals, is Colonel Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, the first and warmest among the supporters of the American turf, and one whose name is always coupled with a long list of noble, generous, and honourable acts;* he is the chief advocate of the imported stock, and a most stubborn rival, on this point, of Colonel Johnson. The seedy looking personage, with the rusty brown great coat, and the brimless, beaverless, threadbare hat, now talking to the latter, is old Arthur Taylor, the best and most trustworthy trainer in the Union.

The President has summoned all the horses to the starting-post; a bag containing the sum of money to be run for (1,500 dollars) is slung upon a cord between the winning-posts, and dangles over the centre of the track, awaiting the fortunate winner. The "Distance Judges" are in their stand; the "Timing Judges" have pulled out their time-pieces; and trainers, with their boys, are clustering round the four horses, which are being stripped to start for the first race of four-mile heats.

At length they are all stripped; the make-weights (why should I call them jockeys?) are thrown up; and then begins a row. The horses, being trained to go away at score, will not be held, though one, or two, or even sometimes three men, are endeavouring to keep them in. At last the uproar merges into a complete



SCUFFLE FOR A START;

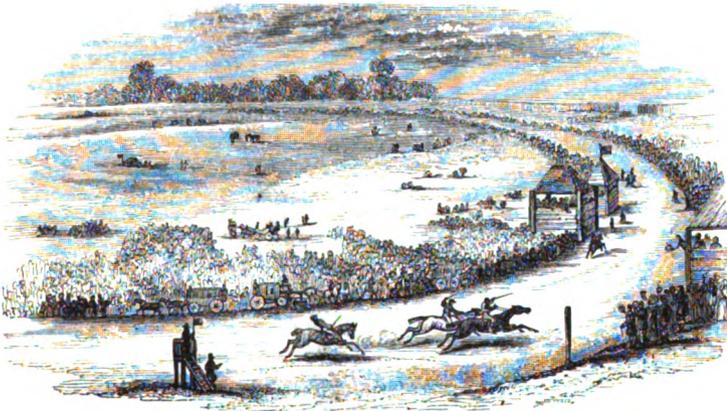
and off they go: one tearing away head and tail up, the little nigger

* Two of these acts it may not here be deemed irrelevant to mention. The Columbian volunteers having been suddenly called out, on some occasion, but few of the troop had time to furnish themselves with horses: upon which their townsman, Col. Hampton,

sticking out at a direct right angle with his neck ; another knocking down his guide with very little ceremony ; whilst the others, at first much disinclined to move at all, spring off, at last, with such high jumps, and wondrous capers, that the little niggers dance just like two *very* parched peas on a red-hot shovel.

Round they go, once, twice, thrice, and four times, and the heat is won and lost. Between the heats the horses are walked to and fro in their clothes, until they cool, and then are scraped and rubbed ; a practice which, I think, much preferable to our English method of rubbing them immediately, and so exposing them, when heated, to the cold. The crowd watch their respective favourites, meanwhile, with jealous eyes ; putting a pot on, or shifting their money, as they judge each horse to "cool down" better or worse.

The same routine brings on



THE SECOND HEAT ;

one nag having put himself "*hors de combat*," and then the same proceedings follow it. The third is a most admirably contested race ; but here—the evil I complain of—the nigger riding, is even yet more forcibly shewn than heretofore : when scarcely a quarter of a mile from home, in the last round, a cry is heard—the *leading jockey has fainted from his horse !*

Oh, yes ! it haunts me yet ; that vision of a pousy, pudgy, corn-fed, bloated looking boy ; not near so graceful as an English chimney-sweep ; clad in the gaudy glowing colours of the rainbow, and perched upon the back of some tall horse—to ride a race. To ride, quotha ! Away they go ! and blackey, sticking out his legs, and balancing to hold on by the bridle, grins, and pouts, and does his utmost to use up and tire out his horse, by hauly-mauling him, without a moment's

came forward, and declared that if three days were given him, he would provide them all with horses ; thirty-two being the number wanted.

On another occasion, his entry for the Citizen's Purse, of 1,500 dollars, falling ill, the Jockey Club requested him to start some other horse, in order to make sport. By the consent of all parties he did so ; and, having won the purse, presented it, as he received it, to the Club, for the improvement of their Course and Racing Fund.

peace. Now, then, I take my pencil, and without a wish "to extenuate anything, or set down aught in malice," I sketch the miscreant off as he appears; I shew the monster as he is; and then, I pray you, gentle reader, tell me, if you can imagine such a figure to be the true and faithful picture of one of Uncle Sam's best jocks—



WINNING EASY!

WILDRAKE.

LIMNINGS FROM LIFE.—No. 5.

THE BADMINTON SWEEP, "WOT HUNTS WITH THE DUKE."

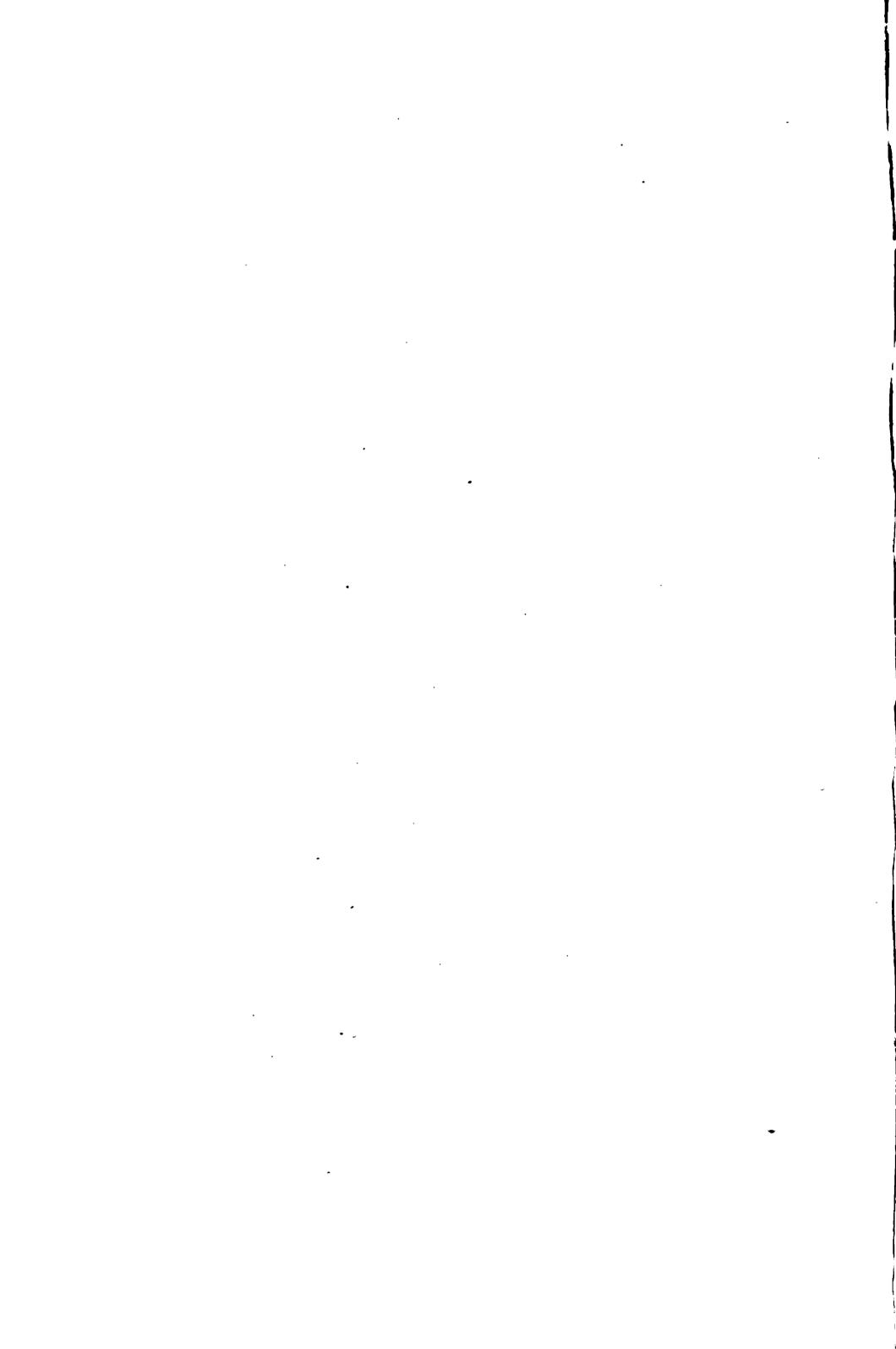
THE only legitimate claim to admission into this our Gallery of Character, is, that the applicant should have earned an honest right, *monstrari digito*. That such is the condition of Mr. Vizard, of Chipping Sodbury, the subject of our present Limning, all who know that popular eccentric must allow. To do justice to his Memoirs, would require a hundredfold the space that we could accord them. His habit, as he lives, however, is, by the cunning of the designer, placed before the reader as faithfully as though it were reflected in a mirror: his talent must, *per force*, submit to a single illustration. That implement of his craft, which is seen embellishing his sinister breast, is an inseparable companion, known familiarly as his *bouquet*. It was at the close of a crack run that the courteous Duke of Beaufort addressed him with—"Well, Mr. Vizard, were *you* in at the death?" "There are strong symptoms of it," was the answer, "for your Grace may perceive *I have got the brush*."

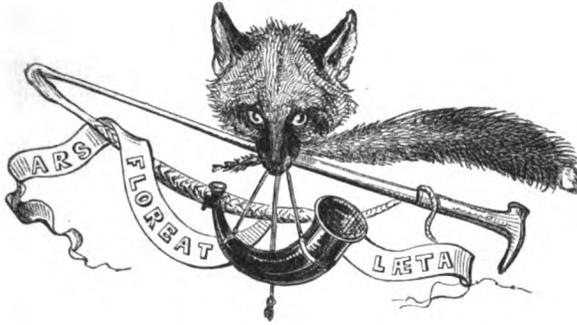


The Gentleman's Whip

with the Whip

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EXTRACTS FROM HUNTING JOURNALS.

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.

Ascot Heath, January 27th, 1840.

I CANNOT call to my recollection any season which has afforded so many first-rate runs, before Christmas, as the present, a circumstance to be accounted for, most probably, by the fact, that it is the first season we have ever hunted three days a week. Some of your readers may dissent to this assertion; but it will be those only who have been in the habit of hunting with us occasionally: our regular attendants (who alone are capable of judging fairly) will know that my statement is correct. Lord Kinnaird, the new master, opened his campaign on New Year's Day, and I have much pleasure in telling you, that a more auspicious beginning could not have been desired or realized. There never was a lovelier day, or a finer hunting run. We had a large field, all delighted with the mild and conciliating manner of the noble lord, who is a neat and courageous rider, and just the weight for his sporting office. His Lordship took up his abode, during the first portion of the month, at Botham's, at Salt Hill, but removed, on the 15th, to Hill House, the residence of Sir C. Rowley, Bart., the proximity of which to the kennel and stables, makes it very convenient for a master of the royal hounds. Moreover, it appears fitted for the occupancy of sportsmen, as I can remember it tenanted for the following—namely, Lords Donegal and Barrymore (club), Sirs John Lade and Felix Agar, and a Mr. and Mrs. Mullins, both most desperate riders; but I must cry "hold hard," and hark back to the first day of the year and our meet, which was at Salt Hill. The weather was that which we used to have on the old-fashioned Midsummer-day, but the ground was so deep that it produced sad distress among the horses. To balance the evil, however, the deer suffered from its severity also, and had not the hounds been taken off for a quarter of an hour, during the last hour of this very pretty run, it must have been lost: the deer was taken at Chalfont, at the end of two hours.

January 3rd. We met at Riching's Park, when the deer crossed and recrossed the railroad, and then set his head right for the wrong line of country. Just fancy, after five months of rain, his taste in selecting this line. Leaving Drayton on his left, and Colbrook on his right, away he went through bog, brook, mud, mire and river, to Horton; thence to Wraysbury, and crossed the Thames close to Staines Bridge. Still continuing to keep the water-meadows towards Chertsey, he leaned a little to the right, and was finally taken at Thorpe Lea, after a most distressing run of an hour and a half. It would be an

endless task to enumerate the mishaps of the day :—joking apart, many of the field were nearly smothered, and it will be some while ere my horse forgets the mud-baths he got on Staines Moor.

The rapid thaw which took place on the 15th, enabled us to hunt on the heath, always the first to freeze and to uncongeal. As, however, the country was not fit to cross, an old deer was selected, merely to prepare the hounds for more effective service.

On the 17th, we had an excellent chase from Ascot, where a select field, of about thirty, met to return home delighted with their sport. The deer took away to Wingfield Row, Brook Hill, Warfield, Binfield, Billingham Park, and to Haines Hill, at Hurst, when he headed back, and was taken at Charity Farm, after running an hour and a half at about three part speed ; the ground awfully deep.

January 20th. Met at Hedgerley, and had a good run at a rattling pace for one hour, the best half of which was supposed to be as fast as hounds were ever known to go ; indeed, their noble master (who, as all the world know, is a pretty good judge of such matters) was heard to say, he never saw a more decided case of hounds beating horses than on that occasion.

January 22nd. Met at Binfield, and the day was not satisfactory ; after one hour and a half of cold hunting, the deer was taken near the Grand Stand.

January 24th. What can I say of this day ? for I never knew but one like it. Talk of blowing a gale—'twould be to prate of zephyrs, compared with the unparalleled fierceness and unmitigated fury of the storm that raged, turning our peaceful hills and glades into one howling wilderness. It was a hurricane from morning till night, accompanied by small rain, till two o'clock, when the pelting of the pitiless storm commenced in earnest. Trees lay across the roads, thatch flew from the ricks, and, at four o'clock, the atmosphere became so overcast, and the rain fell in such torrents, that we had great difficulty in facing it, or making our horses do so, after travelling twenty-one miles, and taking the deer in the very teeth of the wind. Having given you such a description of the weather, you will very naturally conclude, that a large field, or good sport, was out of the question ; but I do assure you I counted 200 horsemen, and I can also assure you we had an excellent run for an hour and three quarters, with the ground nearly knee deep :—fortunately the pace (from the impatience of the field) was not great during one hour. Running parallel with the London road from Hayes, we crossed the river Brent, near Greenford, and ran through Hanwell Park, away to Acton, and the Ealing Railway Station ; then, turning to the left, we went for Hanger Hill, where the hounds got view of the deer, and then, "ma conscience"—"such a gettin' up stairs"!! Away went deer—away went hounds—and away went Lord Kinnaird—but hold hard. Nothing could exceed the pace and beauty of the next twenty minutes ; but only a few got well away, and still fewer could keep their places that *did* get a start. This portion of the run was from Hanger Hill, through Wembly Park, and facing Twyford Abbey, over the country to the Canal under Harrow, from which the deer wheeled round towards Greenford Green to Perywell, and back to Hanger Hill, where he was safely shut up. Lord Kinnaird went splendidly, and was splendidly carried by "Johnny," so named, having been purchased by Lord Erroll of Mr. John Bushe.

MR. ANDERSON'S STAGHOUNDS.

These hounds are kept at Shepherd's Bush, by Mr. Joseph Anderson, and are under the management of Mr. Alfred Dyson, whose abilities, as a huntsman, and gentlemanly manner in the field, were so highly spoken of last year, when with the South Hants staghounds.

The meet, on Saturday, the 18th ult., was at Salisbury Hall, the residence of Mr. Mardell; one of that class of men which you only meet with in certain countries, namely, a wealthy, independent, hunting yeoman. Our reception was truly hospitable, breakfast being laid for all that would partake of it.

The frost was so severe, that it was, at first, imagined we were to be disappointed; but, at half-past ten, the pack made their appearance, accompanied by their spirited master (who seems to enjoy the enviable distinction of being a popular master of hounds, in what is called, the metropolitan "*grass country*"), Mr. Dyson, and his whip. The field was small, but of the right sort, consisting of some dozen farmers, and as many *riding men*; amongst the latter I noticed F. Grant, Esq., of Melton celebrity, — Learmonth, Esq., — Kemble, Esq., *cum multis aliis*, whose names I had not the means of ascertaining.

About half-past eleven, a hind was uncarted, and went away in the direction of St. Albans; and, after having allowed her ten minutes law, the hounds were laid on, and went away at a good pace, over a fine hunting plough country, to Conrey House, where she turned short to the left, coming back into the grass; and from this point to Barham Wood, near Elstree (from being a stranger I am unable to give localities): I pronounce it one of the finest thirty-five minutes I have ever been witness to. Here Mr. Dyson stopped his hounds; and lucky *for us all* he was able to do so, as, had they gone on, not one of us could have lived with them two fields further. Never shall I forget my astonishment (when looking at Mr. Dyson standing by his gallant chestnut, with every hound beside him, after having witnessed his beating off every horse), to see this *more* than famous animal, with his flank as still as though he had just come out of his stable. At the end of five minutes we again went to work, and, after a beautiful, though *rather* more steady, forty minutes, our deer jumped up in view, and, then *flying* for ten minutes, was taken safely in a brook near Bushy; as fine a run as ever was ridden to, over, pretty nearly, one of the most trying countries in England for horses, at this season of the year. I must here speak of another phenomenon, which Mr. Dyson appears to have the good fortune to possess, in the shape of a pony, not more than fourteen hands, and which he had out for *second horse*; he was changing the stirrups to get on him, when the deer jumped up in view, and the whole field got, at least, half a mile start, and were all riding to save the deer's life, when he came straight to us, passing every horse, got to his hounds, and certainly saved this gallant hind's life; riding all the way with only one stirrup.

I never saw so much distress in so small a field. Amongst those who went most conspicuously were Messrs. Grant, Kemble, Learmonth, Bean, and, though last *here* named, first, through a great part of the run, the worthy master, on, what I consider, the most perfect model of what a fourteen stone Leicestershire hunter *should* be.

Now, to the pack: it consisted of about twelve couples of dwarf

foxhounds, averaging from nineteen to twenty inches in height; tolerably even in size; I should say, rather deficient in depth of rib; and not all with the best legs and feet in the world: but their country is chiefly grass, and they have little road-work; going to the meet, and returning home, on *wheels*. The manner in which they drive their scent, when a-head, is, beyond all comparison, *decisive*; but they are not so handy in turning, when it is not so, as Mr. Dyson was wont to have his hounds, in Hants; and it must be confessed that the speed of hounds, *throughout* the generality of runs, is dependant on the degree to which they possess this quality. I believe I am right in asserting, that Mr. Dyson does not manage his hounds in kennel, which is to be regretted, as he was always considered to shine, particularly in kennel-management, condition, &c.; and I cannot help thinking, that a great deal might be done by proper feeding, and a few judicious drafts.

A CONVERT TO STAG-HUNTING.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—THE QUORN AND LORD HASTINGS.

January 1st, 1840. Lord Hastings began the new year by meeting at Bunny Park. There was, both as regards men and horses, a splendid array, and, I believe, there was no person present who did not, most heartily, join in the wish that the Marquis might enjoy, during the new year, an exemption from such ills and anxieties as the old year had brought him.

Found in Rancliffe Wood; crossed the park at quick march; then turned for Bradmore; and, by a ring, got again to Rancliffe; scent cool, got him off again, and dodged about for an hour or two, like hare-hunting, without any running, and then gave him up. Found second fox at the Round Hill, who behaved in a similar manner; and a third at High Fields, who was their *ditto*. It was generally believed that two, at least, of the trio, were of the six reared by Lord Rancliffe, after their dam was chopped, during the last day Lord Hastings was out last season. Two others have afforded splendid runs.

The lamented demise of the Dowager Marchioness of Hastings, the absence of his Lordship at Loudon Castle, and the becoming respect for her Ladyship's memory, have prevented the Donnington hounds leaving the park, at least for some time.

January 3rd. Mr. Hodgson with the Quorn, at Barkby—a very large field, even for Leicestershire. Mr. Hodgson foretold a good scent, and the event verified his prediction. A good fox was soon found in the Bottoms, and went off in a style that shewed it was neither his first season, nor first performance. For an hour and three quarters, he led such of his pursuers as had mettle in them, and *under* them, over a country admirably calculated to try man and horse. Steering away between Beeby and Hambleton, he made for the Coplow; then bore for Tilton; then for Loddington, Skeffington, and Tugby, and over the Rutland border; and, finally, yielded up his gallant spirit to his gallant pursuers. The performance of Mr. Arthur Paget on his chestnut, and Mr. Hitchcock on Dusty Bob,* attracted deserved attention. Their riding is always straightforward—on this occasion, it was really superb.

"The next week comes a frost, a *killing* frost."

* Dusty Bob is matched for 100 guineas, to run a steeple-chase with Mr. Whitaker's Cruikshanks, next month.

January 16th. Mr. Hodgson met at Kirby Gate, having lost a day by his absence in Yorkshire. Lords Macdonald and Cranstown, and Mr. Gilmour, with a large host of Meltonians, were out. The farmers and breeders had a beautiful shew of fine horses—transferable for a con-sid-e-ra-ti-on. Tried Oscar Gorse, blank. Ashby Pastures, ditto! Thorpe Trussells, ditto!! John O'Gaunt, ditto!!! Gastrey Hill, ditto!!!! "How's this?" was the universal murmur; and echo answered, "How's this?" Crossed the Wreke, and tried Sir Harry's covert, about half past two—found immediately—but the beauty of the day was over and gone; storms drove rapidly over the hills, and destroyed all chance of a continuous scent; yet, with wonderful perseverance, and with judgment I never saw surpassed, the fox was hunted by Kettleby, Goldsmith's Grange, Melton's Spineys, and nearly to Waltham, where he was finally given up. (Mem. a quarter to eleven is really too late, in a country where you may try three or four hours without a find.)

January 20th. Mr. Hodgson's fixture was Barkby again! Two hundred and three horses out. Tried the Willow Holt, near Flawforth; not finding, proceeded to Debdale. Music was soon heard, and one of Lord Rancliffe's *orphans* was soon got off; made way for Normanton, then bore to the right; and after a *detour* of twenty minutes, got back to Bunny Oldwood, through the park; threaded the Round Hill, and was at last run into in Rancliffe Wood. Tried High Fields—found; went away through the Ling Woods; left the pack on left; made for Plumtree, Keyworth, and Clipstone, in which parish he was lost. Scent was indifferent all day, though it was one of the finest days ever known in January.

It may not be amiss to add, that Mr. Hodgson's crack run was from Keythorpe, on the 17th inst.: time, an hour and a half; pace good all the while. Not being present, I cannot give further particulars. I must, however, say, that Mr. Hodgson is daily adding to his laurels. It is quite a treat to see him in the field; though he does not hunt his hounds himself, his vigilance, judgment, activity, and courtesy, are constantly the subjects of praise and admiration.

W. H.

Leicestershire, Jan. 21.

MR. RUSSELL'S FOXHOUNDS.

Brancepeth Castle, near Durham, was, during Christmas, a scene of festivity, conducted upon the most princely scale;—sumptuous entertainments were given, and the attention and affability of the owner of one of the most magnificent baronial residences in the kingdom, towards his guests, called forth their unqualified praise and delight.*

During the following week, Mr. Russell had three days of superior sport. On Wednesday, January 1st, being a holiday, a large field assembled to meet him at the turnpike gate, on the Durham and Newcastle road, and were gratified by a very fast scurry for thirty-two minutes. A second fox was immediately afterwards found, and, after a sharp burst of twenty minutes, he, like his predecessor, saved his

* We have omitted the notice of two or three most sporting runs in the latter part of December.—ED.

life by getting into a drain, when the pack were close at his heels. Owing to the severity of the country and to the pace, those who did not take the advantage of a good start, did not see the runs.

On Friday morning, previous to breakfast, whilst a numerous party of ladies and gentlemen were assembled in one of the halls, at a considerable elevation above a wood, at the bottom of which runs a brook, a young sportsman espied what appeared to him to be a fox, lying kennelled on a dry bank, at the bottom of the wood, near the brook, and immediately below the windows. Every one's attention was attracted, and many bets were made, whether "pug, or no pug;" some of the party contending that no fox would be bold enough to take up his quarters so near the sound of the Christmas revels and festivities, which were then being kept. The hounds met at the Castle, and, at the appointed hour of meeting, the "wily varmint" was aroused from his lair, by the view halloo of "the Squire," in sight of the ladies, and to the joy of several sportsmen and gentlemen, whose anxiety had been wrought to the highest pitch.

After a sharp burst of twenty minutes, and making a tour of the Park, as if on purpose to gratify the numerous visitors, pug saved his life by taking refuge in one of the flues of the pinery. A second fox was afterwards found at Brandon Whin, from whence he took a direct line into Brancepeth Park, of which he was compelled to make a circuit before he could effect his escape: he then pointed for, and ran almost to, Barning-gill; thence to Sunderland bridge, where he, being headed, doubled back down the meadows adjoining the river Wear, and was finally run into in the middle of a large grass ground opposite to Whitworth Park. The run lasted an hour and ten minutes; and, owing to the deepness of the country, and severity of the pace, no horse was able fairly to live with the hounds for the last three miles, which were perfectly straight.

Saturday.—Found, at Bowden Close, from whence Reynard went away towards Cornsay; then doubled back past Bowden Close, through Willington Deans, along the meadows to the lower end of Brancepeth Park, through Stockley-gill, and back again to the park, where he was several times viewed in the shrubberies, about ten yards a-head of his pursuers; and, had it not been for a person meeting him in the gateway, he would have entered the court-yard of the Castle, from whence he could not have escaped. His pursuers having, at length, got upon a fresh fox, pug continued to elude them, and it was a considerable time before the pack could be stopped. The run for the first forty-seven minutes was straight, and without a check, and the pace first rate; and the whole lasted two hours and five minutes. V.

HAMPSHIRE HUNTING.

THE H. H.

January 4th. Met at Ilsfield Down; found in a small covert of Mr. Smith's; went away, at his best pace, to Nutley Hangers; skirted Farley Park, and crossed the open fields for Axford; passed the front of Preston Candover House; over part of Chilton Down, on to the outside of Bradley Woods; over Birkham Pastures to Preston Oak Hills, where he was headed by a skirter. With the exception of

a momentary pull at Axford, this was our first check. The time to the Oak Hills, fifty-five minutes: the pace great; distance, at least, twelve miles, and the ground cruelly heavy. They hit him off again from the Oak Hills; went away through Mounsmere, to a small covert about a mile from thence, into which the fox went, dead beaten. The time to this covert, one hour and twenty minutes. They were then halloed away, by a farmer, to a fresh fox; and, after running him some time, were whipped off. For the first fifty-five minutes, the pace they went, and their beautiful packing, were the admiration of all who had the good fortune to be sufficiently well mounted to see them: none but the best nags could live with them. Bitch pack.

January 15th. Met at the kennel; found in Fully; ran over to Hampage, and back to Fully, and lost. Trotted away to Bishop's Copse; found directly; went over to Cowleaze, and out at the upper end of Rabbit's Copse, and away to Godden's Rows; thence over the warren, and turned on the left, to Rosehill Park, through Durwood, and lost him in Blackdown Rows. The scent bad, except over the warren, where the hounds were all together, and carrying a fine head. The dog pack.

THE HAMBLEDON HOUNDS.

It is with great regret I have to communicate to you, that Mr. King is about to resign the management of these hounds, and, I am sorry to add, that ill health is the cause. To the best of my recollection, it must be from ten to twelve years since he came into this country; and though the Hambleton can boast of having had men at their head who stand high in the sporting world (and deservedly so), yet never has it been better done than by Mr. King: he has a pack of hounds that Melton may envy, and his quiet and sportsman-like manner of managing them, is such as always to call forth the admiration of the lovers of the noble sport. The gentleman spoken of to succeed Mr. King, is Mr. Long, jun., of Preshaw House, Hants; and it is a matter of congratulation to the members of the hunt, that so good a choice has been made. He is the eldest son of a gentleman of large landed property in the county, which property is situated in the centre of the best fox-coverts. He is a young man, fond of the sport, and a good rider.

December 28th. The fixture, Fair Oak. Found in Stoke Park; ran in cover some time, and broke across the fields to Upper Barn Copse, and over Colden Common, through the rough enclosures, to Fair Oak Park; thence over the Durley Brook, through Greenwood, over the road leading from Stroud Wood to Durley Church; and went to earth in a dell in Church Copse. A burst of twenty-five minutes, over the deepest of our heavy country; a large field out, and only seven, including the whips, up; amongst whom were Messrs. S. and J. Taylor, Mr. Morant Gale, Mr. Day, and Mr. T. Twynam.— Found a second fox in Deep Copse; went away to Rowhay; on to Blackdown Rows; thence to Durwood, and to the plantations by Salt Lane; through Mr. Ross's grounds; up the hill, by Mr. Morant Gale's house, to the plantations opposite Grassteds; thence to Stake's Farm, where the hounds were all round him. He got away from them

again, and went over the fields to Grassteds, and ran under a heap of moors, where he was dug out and given to the hounds. The scent as good as it has been any day during the season.

The gentlemen of the Hambledon Hunt invited Sir John Halket to dine with them on the 8th of January, in compliment for the excellent sport he has shewn with his pack of staghounds. A large number of the members of the Hunt attended, as well as many of their friends.

THE NEW FOREST HOUNDS.

These hounds, which are going on most satisfactorily, under the management of Mr. Codrington, have not had that general good sport that last season afforded; but it has been fully made up by three of the finest runs ever known in the forest. One was, in the early part of November, from No Man's Land near Bramshaw; when, after a run of nearly three hours, they killed their fox at Grinstead, two or three miles to the east of Salisbury. No one could live with them but David the whip, and he was obliged to inquire their line several times. From point to point the distance does not exceed twelve miles; but the line of the fox was nearly double that.

On the 28th of December, I met them at Wilverley Post, which is on the road from Lyndhurst to Christchurch. We found directly in Holmsey Enclosure; he broke on the upper side, and crossed the open to the left of Basley, over Picket Plain to Picket Post, bearing for Rowe Enclosure; skirted that, and went away for Broomy; went through without dwelling, and over the open to Ashley; skirted the enclosure, and dashed over the heath pointing for Studley Head, where he was headed, and they came to a check of some duration: at this point, only eight, including the whips, were up; amongst whom were H. C. Compton, Esq., M.P., Captain Compton, Lachlan Mackinnon, Esq., and Colonel Robbins. At last hit him off, and he went away in view, and was run into in the open, after a run of one hour and fifty minutes.

Sir John Halket's staghounds are continuing to shew excellent sport, and not one day this season has been a failure. On the 16th of January they met at Corhampton Down. A "havier" was uncartered at half-past eleven, and at a quarter to twelve the hounds were laid on; when, after a ring in the wood adjoining the Down, he went away across the country (passing close to the Hambledon kennel) to Meon Stoke, at a terrific pace. Here there was a check, owing to the meadows being much flooded; he then crossed Stoke Down, into Stoke Wood, and over Soberton Down, to the village, where he was headed, and crossed the river; went over Bushy Down Farm, and over the old Roman camp on Old Winchester Hill, to Warnford Park; turned to the right, pointing for Henwood; and was taken at White Wool Farm. This run lasted about two hours; the latter part affording a fine opportunity of seeing the hounds work, as they had to pick out the scent through sheepfolds, and other difficulties.

TURF REGISTER.

WORCESTER AUTUMN MEETING.—THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages; the winner to be sold for 70 gs., if demanded, &c.; or, at the option of the Steward, to be sold by auction; if sold for more than 70 gs., the surplus to go to the Race fund; if for less, the amount to be made up 70 gs. from the fund; the owner of the second horse received back his stake; heats, a mile and a quarter.

Mr. Martin's b. f. Juvenile, by Jerry, three-years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Dodgson)	—	1	1
Mr. Collett's b. f. Tivy, three-years old, 7 st. 8 lb.	...	1	—
Mr. Dawson's b. c. Kirkdale, four-years old, 8 st. 6 lb.	...	—	2
Mr. Bucklie's ch. f. Lillie, three-years old, 7 st. 6 lb.	...	2	—
Mr. Samnell's b. g. The Knight, by Sir Gray, out of Kitty Fisher, by Bravo, three-years old, 7 st. 1 lb.	...	—	—
Mr. Clarke's ch. f. Virgin, three-years old, 7 st. 4 lb.	...	—	—
Mr. Moss's b. f. Frailty, four-years old, 8 st. 8 lb.	...	—	—

A Cavalry Plate of £50, given by Col. the Hon. R. H. Clive, M. P.

Mr. E. Herbert's b. g. Sam Weller, by Strephon, five-years old, 12 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Dalby)	...	—	1	1
Mr. Hope's br. g. Charles XII., four-years old, 12 st. 7 lb.	...	1	2	3
Mr. Brown's Sr Harry, six-years old, 13 st.	...	2	—	2
Mr. W. Gregg's br. g. Volunteer, 12 st. 7 lb.	...	—	—	4
Lord Sandy's ch. m. Lady Charlotte, six-years old, 12 st.	...	—	—	dr.
Mr. C. Bowyear na. Eliza, 12 st. 7 lb.	...	3	dr.	

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred; heats, a mile and a quarter.

Mr. Godwin's dun m. Duenna, by Reveller, aged, 11 st. 4 lb. (Whitehouse)	...	1	—	1
Mr. Legge's Stickler, aged, 10 st. 13 lb.	...	—	1	—
Mr. Matthews's Master Teddy, three-years old, 8 st.	...	2	—	2
Mr. Robinson's br. m. Finality, five-years old, 10 st.	...	—	2	—
Mr. Theobald's b. m. Paulina, aged, 11 st. 4 lb.	...	3	—	—
Mr. James's b. g. Lasquinet, six-years old, 10 st. 13 lb.	...	—	—	—
Mr. Blythe's br. m. Discovery, five-years old, 10 st.	...	—	—	dr.
Mr. Hughes's Mary Wood, five-years old, 10 st. 10 lb.	...	—	—	dr.
Mr. Parker's Daisy-cutter, aged, 10 st. 8 lb.	...	—	—	dr.
Mr. Oseland na. b. g. Young Harry, six-years old, 10 st. 8 lb.	...	—	—	dr.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all descriptions; heats, a mile and a quarter (seven subscribers).

Mr. Collett's br. c. The Dean, by Voltaire, three-years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Whitehouse)	...	1	2	1
Mr. M'Donogh's gr. c. The Friar, four-years old, 8 st. 4 lb.	...	—	1	2
Mr. Wadlow's b. g. Catamaran, aged, 9 st. 2 lb.	...	—	—	3
Mr. Saunder's Kitty Cockle, five-years old, 8 st. 4 lb.	...	—	3	4
Mr. Moss's ch. m. Maid Marian, five-years old, 8 st. 2 lb.	...	2	—	dr.
Mr. Bradley's b. h. Exorable, six-years old, 8 st. 6 lb.	...	3	—	dr.

A Hurdle Race of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; the winner to be sold for £100, if demanded, gentlemen riders; two-mile heats, with four leaps in each heat.

Mr. Walker's ch. g. Pic-nic, by Piscator, five-years old, 12 st. 12 lb. (Mr. Powell)	1	1
Mr. Rising's br. g. Harlequin, aged, 12 st. 7 lb.	...	3
Mr. Benboe's b. h. Hill Coolie, aged, 12 st. 7 lb.	...	2
Mr. Pratt na. ch. m. Louisa, six-years old, 12 st. 7 lb.	...	4

END OF THE TURF REGISTER FOR 1839.

WINNERS IN 1839.

OF TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.

- Adbolton*, b. c. by Colwick out of Catherina by Walton, Mr. Lacey's.—At Buxton, 50 sovs.
- Assassin*, b. c. out of Sneaker, Mr. W. Edwards's.—At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, the Nursery Stakes, carrying 6 st. 10 lb.
- Bay Colt, by Emilius out of Wild Duck by Whisker, Mr. Goddard's.—At Oxford, 105 sovs.
- Bay Colt, by Laurel out of Dewdrop by Defence, Mr. Aplin's.—At Egham, 60 sovs.
- Bay Filly, by Defence out of Feltona, Captain Lamb's.—At Stockbridge, received forfeit in a Match from c. (dead) by Defence out of a Whisker mare.
- Bay Filly, by the Colonel out of Mary Anne by Blacklock, Col. Peel's.—At Newmarket Second October, received 10 sovs.
- Bay Filly, Sister to Montezuma by Merchant, dam by Phantom, Mr. Thornhill's.—At Newmarket July, 60 sovs.
- Bay Filly, by Olympus out of Miniature by Teniers, Mr. W. Foster's.—At Ludlow, 110 sovs.
- Black Colt, by the Mole out of Marianne by Malek, Mr. Meiklam's.—At Newton, 155 sovs.; and at York August, the Wilton Stakes of 75 sovs.
- Bob Peel*, b. c. by Medoro, dam by Young Phantom, Captain Elmsall's.—At Lincoln, 65 sovs.
- Brown Colt, by Liverpool out of Queen Bathsheba, Lord Eglinton's.—At Eglinton Park, received 100 sovs.
- Brown Colt, Brother to Euclid, by Emilius out of Maria by Whisker, Duke of Cleveland's.—At Wolverhampton, the Chillington Stakes of 150 sovs.; and at Doncaster, 480 sovs.
- Brown Colt, by Young Blacklock out of Therese by the Moslem, Mr. Alexander's.—At Dumfries, 60 sovs.
- Brown Filly, by Emilius out of Christabel by Woful, Mr. G. Bulkeley's.—At Egham, 90 sovs.
- Capote*, ch. c. by Velocipede out of Mantilla by Sultan, Lord G. Bentinck's.—At Newmarket Houghton, 100 sovs.
- Carlotta*, b. f. by Frederick out of Cestus by Longwaist, Mr. Forth's.—At Goodwood, 50 sovs.
- Chestnut Colt, by Emilius out of Misrule by Merlin, Duke of Cleveland's. At Catterick, 140 sovs.
- Chestnut Filly, by Actæon out of Electress by Election, Col. Peel's.—At Newmarket First October, divided 600 sovs., the forfeits of a Sweepstakes, with Lord Tavistock's filly by Glencoe out of Frolicsome.
- Chestnut Filly, by Augustus out of Amoret by Abjer, Mr. Fyson's.—At Newmarket Second October, 30 sovs.
- Cloue*, b. f. by Cain out of Perfume by Emilius, Lord Albemarle's.—At Ascot Heath, 90 sovs.
- Crucifix*, b. f. by Priam out of Octaviana (Carmelite's dam) by Octavian, Lord George Bentinck's. At Newmarket July, the July Stakes of 780 sovs.; at the same Meeting, the Chesterfield Stakes of 560 sovs., carrying 9 lb. extra; at Goodwood, the Lavant Stakes of 460 sovs., carrying 5 lb. extra; at the same Meeting, the Molecomb Stakes of 475 sovs., carrying 7 lb. extra; at Newmarket First October, the Hopeful Stakes of 890 sovs., carrying 9 lb. extra; at the same Meeting, received 150 sovs.; at Newmarket Second October, the Clearwell Stakes of 610 sovs., carrying 7 lb. extra; at the same Meeting, the Prendergast Stakes of 650 sovs.; and at Newmarket Houghton, for the Criterion Stakes of 910 sovs., carrying 9 lb. extra, she ran a dead heat, and afterwards divided the Stakes with General Yates's b. c. Gibraltar, Brother to Tarick, by Muley.
- Darkness*, ch. f. by Glencoe out of Fanny by Whisker, Capt. Williamson's.—At Bath Spring, the Weston Stakes of 220 sovs.; and at Salisbury, received 30 sovs.
- De Clifford*, br. c. by Recovery out of Baroness by Leopold, Lord Stanley's.—At Liverpool July, the Mersey Stakes of 75 sovs.; and at Knutsford, 45 sovs.
- Diploma*, ch. f. by Plenipotentiary out of Icaria by the Flyer, General Grosvenor's.—At Stockbridge, 150 sovs.
- Doctor Caius*, b. c. by Physician out of Rectitude by Lottery, Lord Eglinton's.—At the Western Meeting, 1250 sovs.
- Dunstan*, bl. c. by St. Nicholas out of Aglaia by Fyldener, Mr. T. Critchley's.—At the Pottery, the Champagne Stakes of 150 sovs.; and at Warwick, 100 sovs.
- Filly, by Glencoe out of Frolicsome by Frolic, Lord Tavistock's.—At Newmarket First October, divided 600 sovs., the forfeits of a Sweepstakes, with Col. Peel's ch. f. by Actæon out of Electress.
- Gallipot*, b. c. by Physician, dam by Whisker out of Voltaire's dam by Phantom, Col Cradock's.—At York October, 100 sovs.
- Garrygoose*, ch. c. by St. Patrick out of Excitement by Emilius, Mr. Byng's.—At Newmarket July, 40 sovs.; and at Newmarket Houghton, 25 sovs.
- Gibraltar*, b. c. Brother to Tarick, by Muley out of young Sweetpea by Godolphin, Gen. Yates's.—At Newmarket Houghton, ran a dead heat, and divided the Criterion Stakes of 910 sovs., with Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. Crucifix.

- Hill Coolie*, b. c. by Mulatto, dam by Figaro, Mr. Etwall's.—At Bath, the Kelston Park Stakes of 110 sovs.; at Bibury Club, the Champagne Stakes of 170 sovs.; and at Abingdon, received 50 sovs.
- Heyden*, bl. f. by Tomboy out of Rocbana by Velocipede, Lord Stanley's.—At Liverpool July, 150 sovs.; and at the same Meeting, received 50 sovs.
- Intrlude*, b. f. by Physician out of Comedy by Comus, Mr. Jaques's.—At Catterick, the Champagne Stakes of 135 sovs.; at Newcastle-on-Tyne, 120 sovs.; at Stockton, the Claret Stakes of 180 sovs.; and at Richmond, 40 sovs.
- Iris*, ch. f. by Cain, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow, Lord Albemarle's.—At Epsom, the Woodcote Stakes of 150 sovs.; and at Brighton, the Pavilion Stakes of 70 sovs.
- Jeffy*, br. c. by Jerry out of Mandane by Sultan, Lord Lynedoch's.—At Newmarket First Spring, 40 sovs.; at Epsom, 450 sovs.; and at Ascot Heath, 190 sovs., carrying 3 lb. extra.
- King of the Peak*, b. c. by Taurus out of Plaything by Lamplighter, Lord Tavistock's.—At Newmarket July, the Buxton Stakes of 150 sovs.
- Lady Crainshaw*, b. f. by Contest out of Lady Easby by Whisker, Mr. Inglis's.—At Paisley, the Champion Stakes of 150 sovs.; and at the Western Meeting, 135 sovs.
- La Femme Sage*, b. f. by Gainsborough out of Golden-drop's dam by Whisker, Mr. Bell's.—At Northallerton, 75 sovs.
- Lallah Rookh*, b. f. by Defence out of Leila by Waterloo, Mr. Fowler's.—At Manchester, 120 sovs.; at Newton, the Golborne Stakes of 200 sovs.; at Worcester, 70 sovs.; at Liverpool Autumn, 500 sovs.; and at the same Meeting, 200 sovs.
- Launcelot*, br. c. Brother to Touchstone, by Camel out of Banter by Master Henry, Lord Westminster's.—At York August, received 50 sovs.; at Doncaster, the Champagne Stakes of 675 sovs.; and the Two-Year-Old Produce Stakes of 150 sovs.
- Laura*, b. f. by Physician out of Matilda by Comus, Duke of Cleveland's.—At Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Tyro Stakes of 200 sovs.; and at Stockton, the Cleveland Stakes of 80 sovs.
- Martha Lynn*, br. f. by Mulatto out of Leda, by Filho-da-Putá, Mr. Ramsay's.—At Eglinton Park, 100 sovs.; and at Paisley, 90 sovs.
- Marialea*, br. f. by Gambol out of Miss Middleton by Middleton, Mr. W. Key's.—At Bedford, 90 sovs.
- Mogul*, b. c. by Saracen, out of Minkin by Manfred, Mr. Fowler's.—At Chester, 200 sovs.
- Neworth*, br. c. by Liverpool, dam by Emilius out of Surprise, Mr. Parkin's.—At Carlisle, the Corby Castle Stakes of 65 sovs.; and at York August, 180 sovs.
- Negus*, ch. c. by Bedlamite out of Lady Fanny, Mr. E. Peel's.—At the Houghton Meeting, a Sweepstakes of 40 sovs.
- Nicholas*, b. c. by Jerry out of Olive by Tarragon, Col. Anson's.—At York Spring, 160 sovs.
- Petulant*, ch. c. by Defence out of Pet by Gainsborough, Mr. Sadler's.—At Bath, received 30 sovs., and at Oxford, 50 sovs., carrying 5 st. 7 lb.
- Proteus*, ch. c. by Cetus out of Peggy by Bourbon, Mr. Greville's.—At the Newmarket Second October, 100 sovs.
- Rabbitcatcher*, ch. c. by Birdcatcher out of Lena's dam by Tramp, Sir T. Stanley's.—At Liverpool July, 80 sovs.; at Liverpool Autumn, 95 sovs.; and at Holywell Hunt, 50 sovs.
- Remedy*, br. f. by Physician out of Snowball, by Prime Minister, Mr. Meiklam's.—At Newcastle-on-Tyne, 225 sovs.; and at Liverpool Autumn, the Eglinton Stakes of 225 sovs.
- Remnant*, ch. f. by Cain out of Burden by Camel, Mr. W. Edwards's.—At the Newmarket Second October, ran a dead heat, and divided the Stakes of 60 sovs. with Mr. Sadler's b. f. Caracole, by Brutandorf, 3 yrs.
- Resolution*, b. c. by Physician, dam by Whisker out of Swiss's dam by Shuttle, Mr. J. Gill's.—At Northallerton, 50 sovs.
- Richmond*, b. c. by Memnon Junior out of Henrietta by Jerry, Mr. Bowes's.—At Richmond, the Dundas Stakes of 70 sovs.
- Roan Colt*, by Augustus out of Constantia, Col. Peel's.—At the Houghton Meeting, a Match for 25 sovs.; and another at the same Meeting for 25 sovs.
- Sal Volatile*, br. f. by Augustus out of Volage by Waverley, Lord G. Bentinck's.—At the Newmarket Houghton, 50 sovs.
- Sophocles*, b. c. by Laurel out of Bertha by Reveller, Sir G. Heathcote's.—At Egham, 40 sovs.
- Slamboul*, b. c. by Reveller out of Galata by Sultan, Lord Exeter's.—At Ascot Heath, 200 sovs.
- Ten Pound Note*, br. f. by Augustus or Taurus, dam by Centaur out of Problem by Merlin, Mr. Rayner's.—At the Newmarket Second Spring, 50 sovs.
- Tuly*, ch. c. by the Tulip out of Zara by Camel, Mr. F. R. Price's.—At Holywell Hunt, 40 sovs.
- Trojana*, ch. f. by Priam out of Whimsey by Partisan, Mr. Greville's.—At the Newmarket Second October, 55 sovs., carrying 7 st. 13 lb.
- Viceroy*, b. c. by Voltaire out of Valentine by Soothsayer, Mr. Shepperd's.—At Stockton, the Thirk Stakes of 110 sovs.; and at York October, 55 sovs.
- Wardas*, b. c. by Glencoe out of Margellina by Whisker, Mr. Wreford's.—At Winchester, received 40 sovs.; at Newmarket First October, the Beckenham Stakes of 760 sovs.; at the same Meeting, the Rutland Stakes of 270 sovs., 3 lb. extra; and at the Newmarket Second October, 50 sovs.
- Wilderness*, b. f. by Camel out of Xarifa by Moses, Mr. Firth's.—At Epsom, 80 sovs.

OF TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES IN IRELAND.

- Brown Colt** by Lapwing or Skylark out of Helen, Mr. Maher's.—At the Curragh October Meeting, received forfeit in a Match for 100 sovs.; and at the same Meeting, the Rusborough Stakes of 25 sovs.
- Chestnut Colt** by Blacklock out of Spermactei, Mr. Watt's.—At the Curragh September Meeting, the Two-year-old Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each.
- Crimson**, ch. f. by Drone out of Kiss, Col. Westenra's.—The Halverstown Stakes of 25 sovs. each.
- Filly** by Philip out of Barefoot's dam, Lord Howth's.—At the Curragh September Meeting, a Two-year-old Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.
- Humming Bird**, b. c. by Skylark, dam by Robert, Mr. Disney's.—At the Curragh October Meeting, a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each.
- Johnny**, b. c. by Elvas out of Perdita, Mr. Maher's.—At the Curragh September Meeting, the Angelsea Produce Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added; and at the Curragh October Meeting, the Paget Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 40 added.
- Mayboy**, b. c. by Skylark or Roller out of Guiccioli, Mr. Knox's.—At the Curragh October Meeting, a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, with 25 added.
- Welfare**, b. f. by Priam out of Vat, Col. Westenra's.—At the Curragh September Meeting, the Column Stakes of 10 sovs. each; at the same Meeting, the Two-year-old Sweepstakes of 25 sovs., with 25 added; and at the Curragh October Meeting, the Two-year-old Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each.
- Zelmyra**, by Drone out of Pasta, Lord Miltown's.—The Third Class of the Stewards' Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 25 added.

OF GOLD CUPS, PIECES OF PLATE, &c.

Abingdon, September 11 (in specie)	Duke of Richmond's Confusionée, by Emilius.
Ascot, May 28	Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabal, by Merlin or Merchant.
Ascot, May 30	Captain Berkeley's Caravan, by Camel.
Blandford, August 21 (in specie).....	Lord George Bentinck's Ratsbane, by Muley.
Breconshire, September 25	Mr. Walmsley's Catamaran, by Strepnon.
Bridgenorth, August 1	Mr. Walter's Chantilly, by Langar.
Burton Constable Hunt, April 3	Mr. Catton's br. c. by Sandbeck.
Burton-on-Trent, August 20	Mr. Ogden's Harpurhey, by Voltaire.
Buxton, June 19	Mr. Copeland's King Cole, by Memnon.
Carlisle, July 3 (in specie)	Captain Wrather's Hackfall, by Actæon.
Catterick Bridge, April 4	Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax.
Cheltenham, July 3 (in specie).....	Mr. Ferguson's Harkaway, by Economist.
Chester, May 6 (in specie)	Lord Westminster's Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon.
Chester, May 8	Lord Westminster's Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon.
Chester, May 9	Captain Berkeley's Caravan, by Camel.
Coventry, March 13	Mr. Stevens's Talebearer, by Incubus.
Curragh, September 9 (in specie)	Mr. Graydon's Cadot (late Heatherbell), by Blacklock.
Devon and Exeter, August 14 (in specie) ...	Mr. W. Ley's Vasa, by Gustavus.
Doncaster, September 19	Major Yarburgh's Charles XII., by Voltaire.
Dumfries, October 17	Mr. Ramsay's Lanercost, by Liverpool.
Egham, August 27 (in specie)	Sir G. Heathcote's Valincourt, by Velocipede.
Epsom, May 16 (in specie)	Mr. Eddison's Rory O'More, by Langar.
Goodwood, August 1	Mr. Ferguson's Harkaway, by Economist.
Goodwood, August 2	Lord Eglinton's Bellona, by Beagle.
Hereford, August 28 (in specie)	Mr. Walmsley's Catamaran, by Strepnon.
Hippodrome, June 17	Mr. V. King's Ruby, by Reveller.
Kelso, May 1	Mr. Ramsay's Sunbeam, by Vanish.
Knutsford, October 9	Mr. Fowler's Profligate, by Emancipation.
Knutsford, October 9	Mr. T. Longshaw's Harriet.
Lancaster, July 24	Mr. Attwood's Cleanthes, by Argantes.
Leicester, September 12	Mr. Tomes's Isaac, by Figaro.
Lichfield, September 11 (in specie)	Mr. T. Walters's King Cole, by Memnon.
Liverpool, July 17	Major Yarburgh's Charles XII., by Voltaire.
Liverpool, July 19	Mr. Denham's Compensation, by Emancipation.
Liverpool, September 25	Mr. Bell's La Sage Femme, by Physician.
Ludlow, June 27 (in specie)	Mr. Tomes's Isaac, by Figaro.
Manchester, May 23	Lord Westminster's Sir Ralph, by Pantaloon.
Manchester, May 24	Sir T. Stanley's Gasparoni, by St. Nicholas.
Marlow, August 7	Mr. Smith's Caligula, by Augustus.
Newcastle, June 26 (in specie)	Lord Eglinton's St. Bennett, by Catton.
Newcastle, June 26 (in specie)	Captain Wrather's Hackfall, by Actæon.
Newcastle, June 27	Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax.
Newmarket, May 2	Lord Exeter's Adrian, by Sultan.
Newton, June 5	Lord Westminster's Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon.
Newton, June 6	Mr. Denham's Compensation, by Emancipation.
Newton, June 7	Mr. Holker's Maid of Monton, by Recovery.
Northallerton, October 18	Colonel Cradock's The Provost, by The Saddler.
Nottingham, October 10	Mr. Robinson's Melbourne, by Humphrey Clinker.
Oswestry, September 24 (in specie)	Mr. Holker's Maid of Monton, by Recovery.
Paisley, August 22 (in specie)	Lord Eglinton's Bellona, by Beagle.
Paisley, August 22 (in specie)	Mr. Ramsay's Sunbeam, by Vanish.
Paisley, August 23	Lord Eglinton's The Potentate, by Langar.
Pottery, August 6 (in specie)	Lord Eglinton's The Potentate, by Langar.

Richmond, Yorkshire, September 4	Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax.
Rochester and Chatham, Sept. 6 (in specie)	Mr. Turner's Isabella, by Medora.
Royston, May 24	Mr. Webber's Harold, by Master Henry.
Salisbury, August 15	Mr. Herbert's Arctic, by Brutatorf.
Shrewsbury, September 19 (in specie)	Mr. Tomes's Isaac, by Figaro.
Stamford, July 18	General Grosvenor's Dædalus, by Buzzard.
Stirling, August 8	Mr. Ramsay's Sunbeam, by Vanish.
Stockton, Durham, August 30	Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax.
Wolverhampton, August 13	Duke of Cleveland's Kremlin, by Sultan.
Worcester, August 7 (in specie)	Mr. Tomes's Isaac, by Figaro.
Yarmouth, August 6	Lord Tavistock's Gimerack, by Stumps.
Yarmouth, August 7	Mr. Sandiford's Oliver Twist.
York, October 9	Colonel Thompson's Hamlet, by Young Phantom.
York, October 9	Mr. H. S. Thompson's Van Buren, by Velocipede.
York, October 10	Mr. E. H. Reynard's Slyfellow, by Guerilla.
York, October 11	Mr. Allen's Quid, by Tramp.

IN IRELAND.

Bellestown, June 27	Mr. Barry's Arthur, by Sir Hercules.
Curragh, April 23	Mr. Fitzpatrick's Waitstill, by Alcaston.
Curragh, April 25	Mr. Hutchins's Cregane, by Young Lottery.
Curragh, April 27	Mr. Hutchins's Cregane, by Young Lottery.
Curragh, June 11	Mr. St. George's Cadot (late Heatherbell), by Blacklock.
Curragh, June 14	Mr. St. George's Roctus.
Curragh, July 25	Mr. Harrison's ch. c. by Recovery, out of Taglioni.
Curragh, July 26	Mr. Graydon's Alba.
Curragh, September 4	Major Hay's M. P., by Young Blacklock.
Curragh, September 5	Mr. Harrison's ch. c. by Recovery, out of Taglioni.
Curragh, September 6	Mr. Graydon's Alba.
Curragh, September 7	Mr. Graydon's Cadot, by Blacklock or Alcaston.
Curragh, October 16	Mr. Graydon's Alba.
Curragh, October 13	Major Hay's ch. c. by Recovery.
Down Royal Corporation, July 24	Mr. Fitzpatrick's Waitstill, by Recovery.
Down Royal Corporation, July 26	Mr. Whittle's Revenge.

OF ROYAL PURSES.

Ascot Heath, May 28	Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick.
Bedford, September 25	Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabal, by Merlin or Merchant.
Brighton, August 8	Mr. V. King's Ruby, by Reveller.
Caledonian Hunt, October 4	Mr. Ramsay's Lanercost, by Liverpool.
Canterbury, August 28	Mr. Hornsby's Romania, by Sultan.
Carlisle, July 4	Mr. Robertson's Olympic, by Reveller.
Chelmsford, August 13	Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick.
Chester, May 7	Captain Lamb's Chit-chat, by Velocipede.
Doncaster, September 16	Lord Westminster's Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon.
Edinburgh, July 23	Mr. Robertson's Olympic, by Reveller.
Egham, August 28	Mr. I. Day's Caravan, by Camel.
Goodwood, July 31	Mr. I. Day's Caravan, by Camel.
Guildford, July 16	Mr. Bowes's Jagger, by Actmon.
Hampton and Moulsey Hurst, June 6	Mr. Greville's Rory O'More, by Langar.
Ipswich, August 27	Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick.
Lancaster, July 25	Lord Eglinton's The Potentate, by Langar.
Leicester, September 11	Mr. Collins's Isaac, by Figaro.
Lewes, August 15	Duke of Richmond's Mus, by Bizarre.
Lichfield, September 10	Hon. S. Herbert's Clarion, by Sultan.
Lincoln, September 26	Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax.
Liverpool, July 18	Lord Eglinton's The Potentate, by Langar.
Manchester, May 23	Lord Eglinton's The Potentate, by Langar.
Newcastle, June 25	Duke of Cleveland's Sampson, by Cetus.
Newmarket, April 16	Mr. Batson's Vespertilio, by Reveller.
Newmarket, April 18	Lord George Bentinck's Grey Mopus, by Comus.
Newmarket, October 3	Mr. W. Scott's Fame, by Margrave.
Northampton, August 28	Duke of Richmond's Confusionée, by Emilius.
Nottingham, October 11	Mrs. Massey's Tubalcain, by Cain.
Plymouth, August 22	Mr. W. Ley's Vasa, by Gustavus.
Richmond, September 5	Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax.
Salisbury, August 14	Mr. I. Day's Caravan, by Camel.
Shrewsbury, September 20	Mr. Collins's Isaac, by Figaro.
Warwick, September 5	Mr. I. Day's Caravan, by Camel.
Weymouth, August 29	Mr. Fulwar Craven's Deception, by Defence.
Winchester, July 24	Mr. I. Day's Caravan, by Camel.
York, August 21	Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax.

COURSING REGISTER.

* * * The returns are confined to the running at Public Meetings.

THE ARDROSSAN CLUB MEETING, Oct. 17 AND 18.

A Cup for dogs of 1838.

Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Dreadnought ...	beat	Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Landseer.
Mr. A. Graham's r. b. My-ain-thing ...	—	Mr. Carnie's bl. and w. b. Comet.
Mr. Carnie's y. and w. d. Carron ...	—	{ Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Castlehill (after an undecided course).
Mr. A. Graham's b. d. Glenkilloch ...	—	{ Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Moustache (after an undecided course).
Dr. Brown's bd. and w. d. Young Dancer ...	—	Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Storm.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. and w. d. Mirza ...	—	{ Lord Eglinton's d. d. Glencoe (after an undecided course).
Lord Eglinton's r. w. b. Maggie Lauder ...	—	Mr. Warner's bd. d. Sweeper.
Dr. Brown's r. d. Couper ...	—	Mr. A. Graham's w. and y. b. Caledonia.
Dr. Brown's w. b. Bess ...	—	Lord Eglinton's d. b. Bessy Bell.
Lord Eglinton's d. and w. d. Waterloo ...	—	Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. and w. d. Memnon.
Lord Eglinton's bl. d. Fingal ...	—	Mr. Carnie's bd. d. Chance.

First Ties: My-ain-thing beat Dreadnought, Carron beat Glenkilloch, Mirza beat Young Dancer, Maggie Lauder beat Couper, Waterloo beat Bess, Fingal ran a bye.

Second Ties: My-ain-thing beat Carron, Waterloo beat Mirza, Fingal beat Maggie Lauder (dr.).

Third Ties: Fingal beat My-ain-thing, Waterloo ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Fingal beat Waterloo (dr.), and won the Cup.

THE ARDROSSAN STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Maxwell's bk. and w. d. Mullendhu ...	beat	Lord Eglinton's w. b. Swan.
Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Cowboy ...	—	Dr. Brown's bd. d. Whistler.
Mr. A. Graham's w. b. The Queen ...	—	Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. b. Mignonette.
Mr. Carnie's r. b. Carnaid ...	—	Mr. Maxwell's bk. b. Jean.
Dr. Brown's bd. and w. d. Jock ...	—	Lord Eglinton's bd. and w. b. Grace Darling.
Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Stewartfield ...	—	Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Deluge.
Dr. Brown's f. and w. d. Sport ...	—	Lord Eglinton's f. and w. d. Stargazer.
Mr. Carnie's r. b. Cora ...	—	Lord Eglinton's bk. & w. b. Indiana (late Venus).
Capt. Morris's w. and bk. d. Glory ...	—	Dr. Brown's w. b. Dancer.

First Ties: Cowboy beat Mullendhu, The Queen beat Carnaid, Jock beat Stewartfield (after an undecided course), Cora beat Sport, Glory ran a bye.

Second Ties: Cowboy beat Jock, The Queen beat Glory (after an undecided course), Cora ran a bye.

Third Ties: Cora beat Cowboy (after an undecided course), The Queen ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Cora beat The Queen, and won the Stakes.

THE HARBOUR STAKES, for dogs that never won a public prize.

Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Madcap ...	beat	Lord Eglinton's r. and w. b. Moonlight.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. d. Mosstrooper ...	—	Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord.
Mr. H. Maxwell's r. b. M'Pherson ...	—	Capt. Graham's bd. d. Napoleon.
Dr. Brown's bd. d. Sweeper ...	—	Lord Eglinton's r. and w. d. Moses.
Dr. Brown's bk. and w. d. Ocean ...	—	Lord Eglinton's w. and d. b. Pussy.
Dr. Brown's w. and bk. d. Hornet ...	—	Mr. Maxwell's bk. d. Midnight.
Lord Eglinton's r. b. Skylark ...	—	Mr. Wilson's bd. and w. b. Mary.
Lord Eglinton's bk. b. Risk ...	—	Mr. Warner's bk. and w. b. Fly.

First Ties: Madcap beat M'Pherson, Sweeper beat Mosstrooper, Skylark beat Ocean (after an undecided course), Hornet beat Risk.

Second Ties: Madcap beat Sweeper, Skylark beat Hornet.

Deciding Course: Skylark beat Madcap, and won the Stakes.

THE SELLING STAKES.

Mr. Preston's b. k. and w. d. Moorburn ...	beat	Lord Eglinton's bk. and w. d. Cottageer.
Lord Eglinton's bl. b. Dowager ...	—	Mr. Robertson's bd. d. Jupiter.
Lord Eglinton's r. b. Nightingale ...	—	Mr. Robertson's bd. b. Swift.

Mr. A. Graham's y. d. Prince, ran a bye.

Ties: Moorburn beat Dowager, Nightingale beat Prince.

Deciding Course: Nightingale beat Moorburn (after an undecided course), and won the Stakes.

CONSOLATION STAKES.—First Class.

Mr. A. Graham's My Lord ...	beat	Mr. H. Maxwell's Memnon.
Lord Eglinton's Deluge ...	—	Mr. H. Maxwell's Midnight.
Mr. Quin na. Moses ...	—	Lord Eglinton's Risk.
Captain Pettat na. Stargazer ...	—	Dr. Arthur na. Jean (after an undecided course).

Ties: My Lord beat Deluge, Moses beat Stargazer.

Deciding Course: Moses beat My Lord, and won the Stakes.

CONSOLATION STAKES.—Second Class.

Mr. H. Maxwell's Mullendhu beat Mr. A. Graham's Caledonia.
 Dr. Brown's Old Dancer — Mr. J. O. Fairlie na. Swan.
 Mr. Miller na. Indiana — Mr. Warner's Sweeper.
 Lord Eglinton's Grace Darling — Mr. H. Maxwell's Moustache.

Ties: Mullendhu beat Dancer, Indiana beat Grace Darling.
Deciding Course: Indiana beat Mullendhu, and won the Stakes.
 Mr. Nightingale, Tryer.

Pedigrees of Winners.—Fingal is by Lord Eglinton's Dusty Miller, out of his Blast; Cora is out of a Sister to Mr. Forbes's of Calendar—Fairly; Skylark is by Clipper (a Yorkshire dog), out of Blast, dam of Fingal; Nightingale is by Mr. Ball's Bugle, out of a daughter of the Lancashire Witch; Moses is by Dusty Miller, out of Lord Eglinton's Baby; Indiana is by Fencer, out of Empress.

THE BIGGAR CLUB.—SECOND MEETING, OCTOBER 31 AND 25.

The CUP, presented by Lord Douglas.

Mr. Hutcheson's bk. d. Damper beat Mr. A. Graham's bd. b. Jenny.
 Mr. Pender's bd. and w. d. Nelson — Sir N. M. Lockhart's bd. b. Sleepy Maggie.
 Mr. Hutcheson's bk. d. Thacker — Sir N. M. Lockhart's w. d. Antelope.
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Butteryburn — Mr. Dickson's r. d. Spring.
 Mr. Borron's r. d. Glasgow — Mr. Dickson's bk. b. Cora.
 Mr. Greenshield's bk. and w. d. Pilot — Mr. Sim's r. b. Speed.
 Mr. Anderson's bk. and w. d. Velox — Mr. Greenshield's r. b. Ruby.
 Mr. Tod's bk. d. Jehu — Mr. B. Cochran's y. b. Nameless.

First Ties: Damper beat Nelson, Butteryburn beat Thacker (after an undecided course), Pilot beat Glasgow, Velox beat Jehu.

Second Ties: Butteryburn beat Damper, Velox beat Pilot.
Deciding Course: Butteryburn beat Velox, and won the Cup.

The DOUGLAS WATER STAKES.

Lord Douglas's bd. d. Knight beat Mr. Greenshield's bd. b. Leader.
 Mr. Dickson's w. and r. b. Duchess — Mr. Greenshield's r. b. Thistle (after an unde-
 Lord Douglas's bd. d. Barefoot — Mr. Greenshield's bl. d. Hotspur.

Deciding Course: Knight beat Duchess, and (Barefoot and Mastic being drawn) won the Stakes.

The CHALLENGE CUP (three runs).

Mr. A. Graham, Challenger. ... Lord Douglas, Defender.
 Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Castlehill 1 1
 Lord Douglas's bk. d. Fury 2 2

Castlehill thus winning the Cup. Mr. Ramage, of Mid-Lothian, Tryer.

Pedigrees of Winners.—Butteryburn, by Mr. A. Graham's Gilbertfield, out of his Lillyput; Knight of the Douglas Water, own brother to Kent, by the late Mr. Graham's, of Airth's, Squeezer; Castlehill, by Mr. A. Graham's Gilbertfield, and out of his Black-eyed Susan: pupped Feb. 14, 1838.

ABERDEENSHIRE CLUB MEETING, OCTOBER 22, 23, AND 24.

The weather unfavourable, the sport excellent.—CUP, value 25 sovs., for puppies of 1838.

Mr. Gordon's (of Aberdour) w. & r. b. Albinia beat Mr. Mitchell's b. and w. d. Brush.
 Mr. Mitchell's w. and r. b. Flora M'Ivor — Mr. Gordon's b. b. Ada.
 Mr. Prittie's b. b. Adelaide — Mr. Gibson's w. b. Regina.
 Mr. G. Russel's bl. and w. b. Ariel — Mr. Gibson's w. d. Jock Bly.

Ties: Ariel beat Flora M'Ivor; Albinia beat Adelaide.
Deciding Course: Albinia beat Ariel, and won the Cup.

CUP, value 25 sovs., for dogs of all ages.

Mr. Mitchell's bl. d. Stranger beat Mr. Gordon's r. d. Aberdour.
 Mr. Gordon's b. b. Active — Mr. Mitchell's r. and w. d. Swift
 Mr. Duff's (M. P.) y. and w. d. Ball — Mr. G. Campbell's (of Troup) w. d. Gale.
 Mr. Henderson's w. b. d. Wee Geordie — Mr. G. Campbell's b. b. Glee.
 Mr. Henderson's b. b. Queen of Beauty — Mr. Duff's (M. P.) r. and w. b. Needle.
 Mr. Henderson's b. and w. b. Lady Maria — Mr. Henderson's d. b. Highland Mary.
 Mr. Gibson's r. d. Grasper — Mr. Jamieson's r. and w. d. Glen.
 Mr. Jamieson's b. d. Harlequin — Mr. W. Gordon's r. d. Actæon.

First Ties: Active beat Stranger; Grasper beat Queen of Beauty; Wee Geordie beat Ball; Lady Maria beat Harlequin.

Second Ties: Active beat Wee Geordie; Grasper beat Lady Maria.
Deciding Course: Grasper beat Active (after two undecided courses), and won the Cup.

SWEEPSTAKES of 1 sov. each, for beaten dogs.

Mr. Gordon's Aberdour beat Mr. Duff's Needle.
 Mr. Robinson's Sligo — Mr. Henderson's Highland Mary.
 Mr. Garden Campbell's Glee — Mr. Mitchell's Swift.
 Mr. Mitchell's Brush — Mr. W. Gordon's Actæon.

Ties: Sligo beat Aberdour (drawn lame); Brush beat Glee.

Deciding Course: Sligo beat Brush, and won the Stakes.

Mr. Nightingale, of Craven, Judge.

Had not Lady Maria met with a severe accident during her first run, there is no doubt she would have carried off the All-aged Cup as she did last year.

SOUTH LANCASHIRE CLUB MEETING.—SOUTHPORT, OCT. 23 AND 24.

Stewards:—Messrs. Hunt, Machell, Robinson, and King. Mr. M'George, of Darlington, Judge.

The ANNUAL DINNER STAKES, for all-aged dogs.

Mr. Upton's br. d. Vanish	beat	Mr. Jenkin's r. d. Gordon Glenmore.
Mr. F. Summer's r. and w. d. Baronet	—	Mr. Robinson's r. d. Hero.
Mr. Bake's r. d. Skimmer	—	Mr. Edward's r. d. Merchant.
Mr. King's f. d. Clasher	—	Mr. Hodgson's f. and w. b. Zite,ja.
Mr. Badcock's bl. d. Sir Phillip	—	Mr. Machell's bd. and w. d. Young Logic.
Mr. Arden's bl. b. Maiden Queen	—	Mr. Bake's r. and w. d. Bamboo.
Mr. William's r. b. Venus	—	Mr. Clare's bl. d. Whey Joe.
Mr. Marlow's f. and w. d. Elis	—	Mr. Allanson's f. b. Zephyr.

First Ties: Vanish beat Baronet, Clasher beat Skimmer, Maiden Queen beat Sir Phillip, Elis beat Venus.

Second Ties: Clasher beat Vanish, and Elis beat Maiden Queen.

Deciding Course: Elis beat Clasher, and won the Stakes.

The ST. LEGER STAKES, for puppies.

Mr. King's bd. d. Charles XII., by Pepper, } out of Queen	beat	Mr. Jenkin's r. d. Gulielme, by Gameboy.
Mr. Robinson's f. and w. b. Fly, by Lumber, } out of Queen	—	{ Mr. Machell's r. d. Magic, by Logic, out of Secret.
Mr. Edward's r. d. Miller of Mansfield, by } Ranter, out of Favourite	—	{ Mr. Hodgson's bl. and w. b. Zafta.
Mr. William's y. and w. d. Filho, by Hector, } out of Nettle	—	{ Mr. Eden's r. d. Exquisite, by Tam o' Shan-ter, out of Countess.
Mr. Bake's r. d. Burgundy, by Priam, out of } Lady	—	{ Mr. King's bl. d. Bloomsburý, by Miller, sister to Tam o' Shanter.
Mr. Machell's w. and f. b. May Queen, by } Logic out of Fancy	—	Mr. Badcock's bl. b. Gipsy, out of Verbena.
Mr. Robinson's r. d. Topper, by Lumber, out } of Queen	—	{ Mr. S. H. Williams's bl. d. William, by Sultan, out of Whip.
Mr. Upton's r. b. Speedy, by Brilliant, out of } Speedy	—	Mr. Jenkin's r. d. Glencoe, by Gameboy.

First Ties: Fly beat Charles XII., Filho beat Miller of Mansfield, May Queen beat Burgundy, Topper beat Speedy.

Second Ties: Fly beat Filho, and Topper beat May Queen.

Deciding Course: Fly beat Topper, and won the Stakes.

The FLEETWOOD CUP, for all ages.

Mr. Kay's bl. b. Sarah	beat	Mr. Hunt's bl. d. Bleacher (dr.)
Mr. Gale's f. and w. b. Queen of Trumps	—	Mr. Ogden's w. and bl. d. Talleyrand.
Mr. Eden's f. and w. d. Enterprise	—	Mr. Whitehead's r. and w. d. Rock.
Mr. Tunstall's r. d. Chasse	—	Mr. Bake's f. and w. d. Major.
Mr. King's r. d. Clinker	—	Mr. Marlow's bl. b. Queen.
Mr. Ogden's f. and w. d. Ergot	—	Mr. Walker's r. b. Mary.
Mr. Bake's f. b. Belvidera	—	Mr. Edward's bl. b. Midnight.
Mr. Hunt's bd. b. Sylvian	—	Mr. Slater's r. d. Sam.

First Ties: Sarah beat Queen of Trumps, Chasse beat Enterprise, Ergot beat Clinker, Sylvian beat Belvidera.

Second Ties: Sarah beat Chasse, and Sylvian beat Ergot.

Deciding Course: Sylvian beat Sarah, and won the Cup.

The CHURCH TOWN STAKES, for puppies.

Mr. Bake's bl. d. Bluecap, by Priam, out of } Lady	beat	{ Mr. Edward's bd. b. Moss Rose, by Pepper, out of Frisky.
Mr. Whitehead's bl. and w. d. Pedlar, by } Harlequin, out of Fly	—	{ Mr. Upton's bd. b. Myrtle, sister to Moss, by Rose.
Mr. Slater's w. and r. d. Snap, by Royal Oak	—	{ Mr. Walker's w. and y. d. Minister, by Bolivar, out of Revenge's dam.
Mr. Eden's f. d. Ensign, by Young Cato, out } of Phoenix	—	{ Mr. Hunt's r. b. Honeysuckle, by Priam, out of Lady.

Ties: Pedlar beat Bluecap (drawn), and Snap beat Ensign.

Deciding Course: Snap beat Pedlar, and won the Stakes.

SOUTHPORT STAKES, for all-aged dogs.

Mr. Hunt's Zephyr	beat	Mr. Hodgson's Zingane.
Mr. Ogden's Talleyrand	—	Mr. Williams's Filho.
Mr. Bakes Bamboo	—	Mr. Hodgson's Torello.
Mr. Slater's Sam Slick	—	Mr. Whitehead's Rock.

Ties: Talleyrand beat Zephyr, and Sam Slick beat Bamboo.

Deciding Course: Talleyrand beat Sam Slick, and won the Stakes.

ROSSALL STAKES, for all-aged beaten dogs.

Mr. Robinson's Hero beat Mr. Bake's Belvidera.
 Mr. Hodgson's Zitella — Mr. Slater's Sam.
 Mr. Gale's Queen of Trumps — Mr. Jenkins's Gordon Glenmore.
 Mr. Eden's Enterprise — Mr. Ogden's Talleyrand.

Ties : Hero beat Zitella, Enterprise beat Queen.

Deciding Course : Enterprise beat Hero, and won the Stakes.

CROSSANDES STAKES, for beaten puppies.

Mr. Machell's Magic beat Mr. S. H. Williams's William.
 Mr. Hodgson's Zafrá — Mr. Whitehead's Harkaway.
 Mr. Hunt's Honeysuckle — Mr. Upton's Speedy.
 Mr. Forrest's Fuzileer — Mr. Hunt's red dog.

Ties : Zafrá beat Magic, Honeysuckle beat Fuzileer.

Deciding Course : Honeysuckle beat Zafrá, and won the Stakes.

WHITEHAVEN MEETING, OCTOBER 28 AND 29.

The Cup.

Mr. H. Jefferson's f. and w. d. Joker ... beat Mr. Mossop's bk. b. Swallow.
 Mr. Hudson's f. and w. b. Bess — Mr. Fox's bk. and w. d. Fearnought.
 Mr. Turner's r. d. Quaker — Mr. Brisco's f. and w. d. Sir Robert Peel.
 Mr. Lindow's w. d. Limestone — Mr. Robert's br. and w. b. Flora.
 Mr. Christian's bk. and w. d. Jerry — Mr. Reed's bk. d. Hector.
 Mr. Clark's bl. b. Musk — Mr. Roper's f. d. Bangor.
 Mr. Brown's w. and bk. d. Bruce — Mr. Falcon's bk. d. Tramp.
 Mr. J. S. Dickinson's r. d. York — Mr. Postlethwaite's f. and w. d. Ribton.
 Mr. Harris's f. b. Victoria — Mr. W. Dickinson's r. d. Simon.
 Mr. Thompson's bl. d. Blueskin — Mr. Harrison's f. b. Lady.
 Mr. Salkeld's bd. d. Brandy — Mr. Jefferson's bk. d. Jim Crow.
 Mr. Fox's bl. and w. d. Galloper — Mr. Jonathan Wood's Nina.
 Mr. J. Benn's (Ulcato's) bk. b. Flounce — Mr. Bowman's br. and w. b. Flora.

First Ties : Bess beat Joker, Quaker beat Limestone, Jerry beat Musk, York beat Bruce, Victoria beat Blueskin, Galloper beat Brandy, Flounce ran a bye.

Second Ties : Bess ran a bye, Jerry beat Quaker, Victoria beat York, Flounce beat Galloper.

Third Ties : Bess beat Jerry, Victoria beat Flounce.

Deciding Course : Bess beat Victoria and won the Cup.

MATCHES.

Mr. Postlethwaite's f. and w. d. Ribton ... beat Mr. Jefferson's Fairy.
 Mr. Brown's w. and b. d. Bruce — Mr. Christian's r. and w. d. Jim Crow.
 Mr. J. Roper's f. d. Bangor — Mr. Dalzell's f. b. Fly.

PUPPY MATCHES.

Mr. Fox's w. and lem. b. Gamut beat Mr. Jefferson's bk. d. Jaffier.
 Mr. Jefferson's f. d. Jarvie — Mr. Fox's f. b. Fenella.

MATCHES UNDECIDED.

Mr. I. Mossop's — agst. Mr. Henry's Jefferson's —
 Mr. Benson's br. and w. d. Lanercost — Mr. Brown's f. d. Bachelor

SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Jefferson's bd. d. Hector beat Mr. Lindow's bk. and w. d. Swift.
 Mr. H. Jefferson's bk. and w. b. Kate — Mr. Brown's r. and w. d. Brilliant.

Kate beat Hector, and won the Stake.

The ties between Bess and Joker, and York and Bruce, were neck-and-neckers; the tie between Galloper and Brandy was so severe that the latter dog gave in through sheer exhaustion; and Galloper too, came to a stand-still, and actually lay down.—Bess, the winner of the Cup, is by Bob Logic, out of Secret; winner of the Workington Cup in 1835.

Mr. Nightingale officiated as Tryer.

THE WINCHBURGH CLUB MEETING, OCTOBER 29 AND 30.

Mr. Ramage, Kinleith, Tryer.

The PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Mitchell's w. and r. b. Flora M'Ivor ... beat Mr. Raimes's bl. d. Spring.
 Mr. Raimes's bk. and w. d. Captain — Mr. Aitken's r. b. Buy-a-broom.
 Mr. Raimes's br. d. Iodine — Mr. Aitken's br. d. Duncraig.
 Mr. Raimes's bk. and w. b. Cora — Mr. Sherriff's br. and w. b. Semiramis.
 Mr. Samuel's r. b. Luffra — Mr. Raimes's bk. and w. d. Atlas.
 Mr. Raimes's bl. b. Beauty — Mr. H. Dundas's bk. d. Dominic Samson.

First Ties : Flora M'Ivor beat Captain, Iodine beat Cora, Beauty beat Luffra.

Second Ties : Flora M'Ivor beat Iodine, Beauty ran a bye.

Deciding Course : Flora M'Ivor beat Beauty, and won the Stakes.

The ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Samuel's bl. d. De Winter (late Teniers)	beat	Mr. H. Dundas's bk. d. Dashaway.
Mr. Salmon's w. and bk. b. Countess	...	— Mr. Mitchell's bk. and w. d. Squeers.
Mr. Raimes's w. d. Gambler	...	— Mr. E. Henderson's f. d. Vandyke.
Mr. J. Curror's bl. b. Wings	...	— Mr. E. Henderson's bl. b. Lady Jane.
Mr. Raimes's bk. d. Atlas	...	— Mr. Sherrill's y. d. Simon.
Mr. Mitchell's f. b. Brenda	...	— Mr. Jamieson's r. and w. d. Glen.
Mr. Jamieson's bk. d. Harlequin	...	— Mr. E. Henderson's w. and bk. d. Reubens.

First Ties: Countess beat De Winter, Wings beat Gambler, Brenda beat Atlas, Harlequin ran a bye.

Second Ties: Countess beat Harlequin, Brenda beat Wings.

Deciding Course: Countess beat Brenda, and won the Stakes.

WINMARLEIGH MEETING, OCTOBER 30.

Mr. Blackmore, Judge.

Held on the grounds of Mr. Wilson Patten, M. P. for North Lancashire.

The CUP; the second dog received 2 sovs.

Mr. W. Patten's bl. d. Blucher, by Laurel	beat	{ Mr. Moore's b. d. and w. b. Medusa, by Hermon, out of Pastime.
Mr. Lamb's bk. Landmark, by Laurel, out of Mr. J. Burns's bitch	...	{ Mr. Ford's bk. d. Harasser, by Hæmus, out of Handmaid.
Mr. E. Hornby's f. d. Husbandman, by Hæmus, out of Tebby	...	{ Mr. C. Bourne's bk. and w. d. Barry, by Sailor.
Mr. W. A. Hinde's bk. and w. d. p. Hector	—	{ Mr. Thompson's bd. d. Terry Alt, by Tory, out of Tiresome.

Ties: Landmark beat Blucher, Husbandman beat Hector.

Deciding Course: Landmark beat Husbandman, and won the Cup, Husbandman the sovs.

The PATTEN STAKES.

Mr. H. Hornby's r. and w. d. Holywell (bought of Mr. Lloyd), by Mr. Roberts's Raymond (Lama)	...	beat	{ Mr. Ford's bd. and w. b. Faithful, by Barr (Tiresome).
Mr. Lamb's bk. d. Luther, by Laurel, out of Mr. I. Burn's bitch	...	—	Mr. Clarke's bd. d. Spring.
Mr. E. G. Hornby's bl. b. Havannah, by Hugo, out of Heela	...	—	{ Mr. Moore's bd. d. Mosquito, by Hæmus, out of Midge.
Mr. Rawsthorne's w. and bl. d. Rambler, by Corsair, out of Myrtle	...	—	Mr. W. A. Hinde's f. d. Rex.

Ties: Holywell beat Luther, Havannah beat Rambler.

Deciding Course: Havannah beat Holywell, and won the Stakes.

The PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Moore's bk. b. Margaret	...	beat	Mr. Clarke's bd. d. Hemlock.
Mr. Lamb's bk. d. Lord-Lieutenant	...	—	Mr. W. Hinde's bl. and w. b. Hag.
Mr. Walmsley's bd. d. Whip	...	—	Mr. C. Bourne's r. and w. d. Birdlime.
Mr. R. Hinde's bl. b. Tonge	...	—	Mr. Rawsthorne's f. d. Racer.

Ties: Lord Lieutenant beat Margaret, Whip beat Tonge.

Deciding Course: Whip beat Lord-Lieutenant, and won the Stakes.

WENSLEYDALE MEETING, Oct. 30.

The meeting took place on the grounds of Lord Bolton at Redmire.

The CUP.

Mr. Chaytor's bl. b. Fortune	...	beat	Mr. Redmayne's bl. and w. d. Slink.
Mr. Thompson's r. d. Toss	...	—	Mr. T. Other's f. d. Swift.
Mr. Booth's bl. d. Rattler	...	—	Mr. Hogg's b. d. Bluebeard.
Mr. Wright's b. d. Span	...	—	Mr. Other's b. and w. d. Swift.
Mr. W. Forster's r. d. Lottery	...	—	Mr. Masterman's b. d. Pepper.
Mr. Wray's r. and w. d. Catch	...	—	Mr. W. Fisher's b. d. Rector.
Mr. Maclellan's w. d. Catterick	...	—	Mr. Forster's br. and w. b. Bess.
Mr. J. W. Forster's br. and w. d. Rex	...	—	Mr. Chapman's b. b. Gaylass.

First Ties: Fortune beat Toss, Rattler beat Span, Catch beat Lottery, Rex beat Catterick.

Second Ties: Rattler beat Fortune, Rex beat Catch.

Deciding Course: Rattler beat Rex, and won the Cup.

The BOLTON STAKES.

Mr. Purchass's bl. and w. d. Slink	...	beat	Mr. Fisher's b. d. Rector.
Mr. Hutton's b. and w. d. Swift	...	—	Mr. Forster's f. d. Dart.
Mr. Hammond's r. b. Switch	...	—	Mr. Ware's f. d. Swift.
Mr. Robinson's r. d. Lottery	...	—	Mr. Maclellan's f. d. Gameboy.

Ties: Slink beat Swift, Switch beat Lottery.

Deciding Course: Slink beat Switch, and won the Stakes.

EVERLEY MEETING, OCTOBER 31.

The PUPPY SWEEPSTAKES of 1 sov. each (twelve subscribers).

Mr. Giller's w. d. Guido beat Mr. Meller's br. d. Dart.
 Mr. Miller's br. d. Spring — Mr. West's bl. b. Psyche.
 Mr. Granger's w. and r. d. Major — Mr. Humphrie's bl. b. Hebe.
 Mr. Giller's w. b. Gaylass — Mr. Humphrie's bl. b. Helen.

Ties: Spring ran a bye (Guido drawn), Major beat Gaylass.

Mr. Miller's Spring and Mr. Granger's Major divided the Stakes.

MATCH for 5 sovs.

Mr. Miller's bl. and w. b. Fly beat Mr. Palmer's f. d. Hawk.

SWEEPSTAKES, for all-aged dogs (twelve subscribers).

Mr. Matthew's bl. b. Gipsy beat Mr. West's w. d. Regent.
 Mr. Miller's bl. and w. b. Fly — Mr. Palmer's f. d. Hawk.
 Mr. West's f. d. Mango — Mr. Palmer's bl. b. Nonsense.
 Mr. Miller's bl. and w. d. Wonder — Mr. Granger's bl. b. Merry.
 Mr. Granger's bl. and w. b. Fly — Mr. Matthew's bl. b. Hop.
 Mr. Palmer's r. and w. d. Claret — Mr. Granger's w. and b. d. Racer.

First Ties: Fly beat Gipsy, Wonder beat Mango, Mr. Granger's Fly beat Claret.

Second Ties: Fly ran a bye, Wonder beat Mr. Granger's Fly.

Fly won the Stakes, Wonder being drawn.

The hares were very strong, and the sport excellent.

CLYDESDALE CLUB AUTUMN MEETING, Oct. 31 AND NOV. 1.

Stewards: The Marquis of Douglas, and John Graham, Esq., of Gragalain. Mr. Nightingale, Tryer. Dugald Mac Cullum, Secretary.

The Cup, by Subscribers of 2 sovs. each, for puppies.

Lord Eglinton's Glencoe beat Mr. H. Maxwell's Mulberry.
 Mr. A. Graham's Caledonia — Marquis of Douglas's Croll.
 Lord Eglinton's Waterloo — Mr. A. Graham's Curron.
 Mr. A. Graham's My Ain Thing — Lord Douglas's Hero.
 Mr. A. Graham's Glenkilloch — Lord Douglas's Hawthorn.
 Mr. A. Graham's Castlehill — Marquis of Douglas's Coxswain.
 Mr. H. Maxwell's Moustache — Lord Eglinton's Dreadnought.

Lord Eglinton's Fingal ran a bye.

First Ties: Glencoe beat Caledonia, Waterloo beat My Ain Thing, Moustache beat Glenkilloch, Fingal beat Castlehill.

Second Ties: Moustache beat Glencoe, Waterloo beat Fingal.

Deciding Course: Waterloo beat Moustache, and won the Cup.

The CHAMPION COLLAR of 5 sovs. each, for dogs of all ages.

Marquis of Douglas's Driver beat Mr. A. Graham's Cowboy.
 Mr. H. Maxwell's Mountain Dew — Mr. Carnie's Cora.
 Marquis of Douglas's Draffan — Lord Eglinton's Moses.

Ties: Mountain Dew beat Driver, Draffan ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Mountain Dew beat Draffan, and won the Collar.

The CADZOW STAKES of 1 sov. each, for puppies.

Lord Eglinton's Moonlight beat Mr. A. Graham's Forester.
 Mr. A. Graham's Silverlock — Mr. H. Maxwell's May-be-not.
 Marquis of Douglas's Chouringo — Lord Douglas's Annan.
 Mr. Carnie's Cringet — Lord Eglinton's Bessy Bell.
 Mr. A. Graham's Cacciatore — Mr. H. Maxwell's Midnight.
 Marquis of Douglas's Dino — Mr. A. Graham's Scarecrow.
 Lord Eglinton's Maggie Lauder — Mr. Carnie's Comet.
 Mr. H. Maxwell's Melicent — Lord Eglinton's Risk.
 Mr. H. Maxwell's Mirza — Lord Douglas's Beatoock.

Lord Douglas's Edward ran a bye.

First Ties: Silverlock beat Moonlight, Chouringo beat Cringet, Cacciatore beat Dino, Melicent beat Maggie Lauder, Mirza beat Edward.

Second Ties: Silverlock beat Chouringo, Cacciatore beat Melicent, Mirza ran a bye.

Third Ties: Mirza beat Silverlock, Cacciatore ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Mirza beat Cacciatore, and won the Stakes.

The EAST KILBRIDE STAKES of 2 sovs. each, for dogs of all ages.

Lord Eglinton's Skylark beat Mr. Carnie's Countess.
 Marquis of Douglas's Clyde — Lord Eglinton's Indiana.
 Lord Douglas's Kent — Marquis of Douglas's Cashier
 Lord Douglas's Mastic — Mr. Graham's Stewartfield.

Ties: Kent beat Skylark, Clyde beat Mastic.

Deciding Course: Clyde beat Kent, and won the Stakes.

The HAMILTON STAKES of 1 sov. each, for dogs of all ages.

Mr. H. Maxwell's Mignonette	beat	Lord Douglas's Knight.
Lord Eglinton's Swan	—	Mr. Downie's Othello.
Mr. H. Maxwell's Mullandhu	—	Marquis of Douglas's Dewdrop.
Marquis of Douglas's Doctor	—	Lord Eglinton's Stargazer.
Mr. Downie's Myrtle	—	Lord Eglinton's Deluge.
Lord Douglas's Squeezer	—	Mr. A. Graham's Judy.

Marquis of Douglas's Comedian (late Blue-man) ran a bye.

First Ties: Mignonette beat Swan; Doctor beat Mullandhu; Comedian beat Myrtle, Squeezer ran a bye.

Second Ties: Doctor beat Mignonette, Squeezer beat Comedian.

Deciding Course: Doctor beat Squeezer, and won the Stakes.

The CLYDE STAKES of 1 sov. each, for dogs that never won a public prize.

Mr. A. Graham's My Lord	beat	Marquis of Douglas's Hawk.
Mr. Downie's Major	—	Mr. A. Graham's Jenny.

Deciding Course: My Lord beat Major, and won the Stakes.

Pedigrees of the Winners.—Waterloo, by Lord E.'s Dusty Miller, out of his Exotic; Mountain Dew, by Mr. H. Maxwell's w. and bk. d. Courthill, out of his bk. b. Jean; Mirza, by Mr. Picken's bk. d. Kingswell, out of Mr. Jordan's y. and w. b. Alicia; Clyde, by Mr. A. Graham's Gilbertfield, out of the Marquis of Douglas's Catch—won last Douglas Stakes; Doctor, by Mr. Raimes's br. and w. dog Rainbow, out of Marquis of Douglas's w. b. Nettle; My Lord, by Mr. A. Graham's Gilbertfield, out of his Black-Eyed Susan.

ANNAN CLUB MEETING, Nov. 1 AND 2.

This meeting took place on the estate of the Marquis of Queensberry, at Torthorwald Village. Mr. Mc George, of Darlington, Tryer.

Mr. Beattie's r. and w. b. Eve	beat	Mr. Smith's b. and w. b. Lassie.
Mr. Moore's f. d. Boz	—	Mr. B. Irving's r. b. Badger.
Mr. Donald's f. and w. d. Lottery	—	Mr. Smith's w. d. Dart.
Mr. Birrell's b. d. Brutus	—	Mr. Graham's y. and w. b. Swallow.
Mr. Armstrong's r. d. Matchem	—	Mr. Ewart's f. b. Fly.
Mr. Blaymire's bk. and w. d. Mango	—	Mr. Kitching's br. d. Nimrod.
Mr. Benson's w. r. d. Speculation	—	Mr. Lister's bk. and w. b. Gipsy.
Mr. Maxwell's d. d. Lord Denman	—	Mr. Nichol's r. and w. d. Spanker.

First Ties: Eve beat Boz, Mango beat Matchem, Brutus beat Lottery, Lord Denman beat Speculation.

Second Ties: Eve beat Brutus, Lord Denman beat Mango.

Deciding Course: Lord Denman beat Eve, and won the Stakes.

LLANASA MEETING (NEAR HOLYWELL, FLINTSHIRE), Nov. 4.

Mr. Bowyer, of Holywell, Judge.

PURSE of 1 sov. each; best of heats.

(3) Mr. Alcock's w. and bk. b. Dart	beat	Mr. Bake's f. and w. d. Harkaway.
(2) Mr. G. P. Roskell's br. d. Pepper	—	Mr. J. Oldfield's f. d. Smoker.
(3) Mr. T. Vickers's f. d. Colonel	—	Sir Edward Mostyn's bk. b. Fly.
(2) Mr. T. R. Maurice's r. d. Mundig	—	Mr. Sam. Williamson's bl. b. Spig.
(2) Mr. J. Dawson's f. w. d. Commodore	—	Mr. J. Cotherall's bk. d. Guinea.
(2) Mr. W. G. Jones's bk. d. Pedro	—	Mr. T. Mather's bd. d. Major.
(3) Mr. J. Lawrence's bl. d. Dart	—	Capt. Mostyn's w. b. Violet.
(3) Mr. W. Rigby's bk. b. Maiden Queen	—	Mr. Pyer Mostyn's bk. d. Dart.

[The figures in parentheses describe the number of heats.]

MATCH.

Mr. G. Jones's bk. d. Pedro	beat	Mr. J. Oldfield's f. d. Smoker.
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COCKNEY MEETING (EVERLEIGH, WILTSHIRE), Nov. 4 AND 5.

The PUPPY CUP STAKES.

Mr. Spooner's f. b. Shamrock	beat	Mr. Patient's bk. d. Plaistow.
Mr. Patient's bk. b. Ruby	—	Mr. Chitty's r. b. Crucifix.
Dr. Scott's bk. b. Sister Bab	—	Mr. Baillie's f. b. Bertha.
Dr. Scott's r. b. Sprite	—	Mr. Patient's bl. and w. b. Belle.
Mr. Clarke's r. and w. b. Bulow	—	Mr. Spooner's r. d. Sailor.
Mr. Patient's bk. d. Plenipo	—	Mr. Chitty's f. d. Caesar.

First Ties: Shamrock beat Ruby, Sprite beat Sister Bab, Bulow beat Plenipo.

Second Ties: Sprite beat Shamrock, Bulow ran a bye.

Deciding Course: No hare being found, the Stakes were divided.

The JENNER STAKES.

Dr. Scott's f. d. Solicitor	beat	Mr. Patient's r. d. Pompous.
Mr. Spooner's bl. b. Splendour	—	Mr. Baillie's bk. b. Fly.
Mr. Baillie's r. b. Balsam	—	Mr. Patient's bl. b. Planet.
Mr. Spooner's bl. d. Spanker	—	Mr. Chitty's bk. d. Caravan.

Ties: Splendour beat Solicitor; Balsam beat Spanker, owing to the latter being unsighted on leaving the slips. The bitch, however, was so exhausted that her owner consented to accept of Mr. Spooner's offer of part of the Stakes.

The EVERLEIGH STAKES.

Dr. Scott's f. b. Susan beat Mr. Baillie's bk. b. Beaden.
Mr. Spooner's r. b. Sunflower — Mr. Chitty's r. b. Coral.

Deciding Course: Susan beat Sunflower, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Spooner's bk. b. Susan beat his r. p. by Critic.
Mr. Spooner's r. b. Sunflower — his bk. b. Susan.
Mr. Long's r. b. — Mr. Baillie's r. b.
Dr. Scott's f. d. Solicitor — Mr. Patient's bk. b. Ebony.

Pedigrees of the Winners.—Sprite is by Bates's Burgundy; Bulow is by Mr. Seymour's Fop; Mr. Spooner's Splendour is by Bachelor.

MIDDLETON MEETING, Nov. 4 AND 5.

Mr. Atkinson, of Hay Close, near Kendal, officiated as Judge.

The GRIMESHILL CUP.

Hon. Mr. Chichester's r. d. Red Rose ... beat Mr. Fawcett's d. d. Tortoise.
Mr. James Harrison's bk. and w. b. Fly ... — Mr. J. Bowness's bd. and w. b. Brenda.
Mr. Boustead's bl. and w. d. Spring ... — Mr. Wilson's bk. d. Wellington.
Mr. T. Bowness's bk. and w. d. Memnon ... — Mr. Rigg's bk. and w. d. Major.

Ties: Fly beat Red Rose, Spring beat Memnon.

Deciding Course: Spring beat Fly, and won the Cup.

The MIDDLETON HALL CUP, for puppies.

Hon. Mr. Chichester's bk. w. b. Minx ... beat Mr. M. Moore's bk. b. Mrs. Squeers.
Hon. Mr. Chichester's bk. w. d. Marske ... — Mr. Richardson's bd. d. Mira.
Mr. Proctor's bk. d. Mohican ... — Mr. Rawnson's bd. d. Martlet.
Mr. Wilson's f. d. Midshipman — Mr. George Dinsdale's r. d. Mango.

Ties. Minx beat Marske, Midshipman beat Mohican.

Deciding Course: Midshipman beat Minx, and won the Cup.

The CLOSE FOOT STAKE, for all ages.

Mr. Moore's bd. b. Miss Maylie beat Mr. Wilson's r. d. Murat.
Mr. J. Bowness's bk. b. Blue Bell — Mr. Bowness's r. and w. b. Marchioness.

Deciding Course: Blue Bell beat Miss Maylie, and won the Stake.

The PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Proctor's bl. d. Mohican beat Mr. Boustead's bk. b. British Queen.
Mr. G. Dinsdale's r. d. Mango — Mr. Richardson's bd. d. Mira.

Deciding Course: Mango beat Mohican, and won the Stakes.

The ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. T. Bowness's bk. w. d. Memnon ... beat Mr. Fawcett's bd. b. Miss Maylie.
Mr. Wilson's bk. and w. d. Wellington ... — Hon. Mr. Chichester's r. d. Red Rose.

In consequence of the evening being too far gone, the deciding course for this stake could not be run off.

KYLE MEETING (LOUDOUN MAINS), Nov. 6.

Captain Wilson's bl. b. Jilt beat Mr. Baglis's b. b. Bluebell.
Mr. Hamilton's bl. b. Jewess — Captain Patrick's b. and w. d. Tickler.
Mr. Hamilton's b. and w. d. Driver — Mr. Baglis's bd. d. Potentate.
Captain Patrick's bl. d. Kyle — Captain Wilson's b. b. Bounty.
Mr. Baglis's bl. b. Fanny — Captain Patrick's b. and w. d. Rattler.
Mr. Fairlie's d. d. Comus — Captain Patrick's b. b. Maggie Lauder.

First Ties: Jewess beat Jilt, Kyle beat Driver, Comus beat Fanny.

Second Ties: Jewess beat Kyle, Comus ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Comus beat Jewess, and won the Stakes.

Mr. John Dunlop, of Stewarton, Tryer.

CODRINGTON MEETING, Nov. 6.

The Cup.

Mr. Higgins's br. d. Admiral beat Mr. Short's bl. d. Merryman.
Mr. Purser's bl. b. Playful — Mr. Inskip's bl. d. Impetus.
Mr. Inskip's br. d. Ickwell — Mr. Osborne's r. d. Gift.
Mr. Purser's br. d. Pickwick — Mr. Higgins's r. d. Hector.
Mr. Small's b. and w. b. Miss — Mr. Osborne's f. d. Cumberland.
Captain Daintree's w. d. Keel — Mr. Arch's r. d. Antelope.
Captain Daintree's r. and w. d. Keeper — Mr. Arch's b. b. Actress.
Mr. Small's w. d. Marmion — Mr. Harvey's bl. b. Spring.

First Ties: Admiral beat Miss, Pickwick beat Keel, Ickwell beat Marmion, Keeper beat Playful.

Second Ties: Pickwick beat Keeper, Ickwell beat Admiral.

Pickwick was drawn, and Ickwell claimed the Cup.

PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Osborne's br. b. Violet	...	beat	Mr. Short's f. b. p. Sally.
Mr. Inskip's f. b. p. Idol	...	—	Mr. Osborne's br. d. p. Wonder.
Mr. Purser's r. b. p. Puss	...	—	Mr. Higgins' r. d. p. Harkaway.
Captain Daintree's br. b. p. Keepsake	...	—	Mr. Purser's r. b. p. Pet.
Mr. Inskip's b. d. p. Intruder	...	—	Mr. Osborne's br. b. p. Laura.
Mr. Small's r. d. p. Mayday	...	—	Mr. Short's r. d. p. Scaramouche.
Mr. Higgins' bl. and w. d. p. Hornsea	...	—	Mr. Short's f. b. p. Symphony.
Captain Daintree's br. and w. d. Kesle	...	—	Mr. Arch's br. b. p. Adelaide.

First Ties: Kesle beat Mayday, Idol beat Puss, Keepsake beat Violet, Intruder beat Hornsea.

Second Ties: Kesle beat Intruder, Idol beat Keepsake.

Idol and Kesle divided the Stakes.

MID-LOTHIAN CLUB MEETING, Nov. 5 and 6.

Mr. Nightingale, of Craven, again officiated as Tryer.

The SILVER COUPLES.

Mr. Ramsay's f. d. Bolam	...	beat	Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. and w. d. Rasper.
Mr. G. Wauchope's f. d. Woful	...	—	Mr. Aitchison's bl. d. Adam.
Mr. Wauchope's bl. and w. d. Chesterfield	...	—	Mr. Walker's f. d. Wizard.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. d. Moss-trooper	...	—	Mr. Sharpe's bk. d. Sambo.

Mr. Graham Stirling's bk. b. Virgin ran a bye.

First Ties: Bolam beat Virgin, Moss-trooper ran a bye, Chesterfield beat Woful.

Second Ties: Moss-trooper beat Bolam, Chesterfield ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Moss-trooper beat Chesterfield, and won the Couples.

The Cup, value 20 guineas, for dogs of all ages.

Mr. Walker's bk. d. Dashaway	...	beat	Hon. J. Stuart's b. and w. d. Darnaway.
Mr. H. Maxwell's b. d. b. Mignonette	...	—	Mr. Ramsay's bk. and w. d. Bury.
Mr. Wauchope's bk. d. Drone	...	—	Mr. Trotter's w. d. Bolt.
Mr. Hunter's bk. b. Hebe	...	—	Sir W. Baillie's r. d. Bolivar.
Mr. Sharpe's f. d. Monarch	...	—	Mr. Walker's bl. b. Witch.
Mr. Wardlaw Ramsay's bk. d. Rocket	...	—	Mr. Dewar's r. b. Fly.
Mr. Graham Stirling's bl. d. Charlie	...	—	Mr. Aitchison's w. and bl. d. Achmet.

First Ties: Mignonette beat Dashaway, Hebe beat Drone, Monarch beat Rocket, Charlie ran a bye.

Second Ties: Mignonette beat Charlie, Monarch beat Hebe.

Deciding Course: Mignonette beat Monarch, and won the Cup.

The CHAMPION CUP and STAKES of 5 sovs. each, for dogs of all ages.

Mr. W. Ramsay's bl. d. Ranter	...	beat	Mr. Trotter's f. d. Comus.
Sir W. Baillie's bk. d. The Bravo	...	—	Mr. Graham Stirling's bk. b. Lady.

Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Mountain Dew ran a bye.

Ties: Mountain Dew beat Ranter, The Bravo ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Mountain Dew beat The Bravo, and won The Champion Cup and Stakes.

The NEW BATTLE ABBEY STAKES of 5 sovs. each, h. ft., if declared before the drawing, for dogs of last year, sixteen subscribers, three of whom declared.

Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. d. Memnon	...	beat	Sir W. Baillie's bk. d. Bangour.
Mr. Wauchope's bk. b. Clotho	...	—	Mr. G. Wauchope's bl. and w. b. Whisper.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Merry Thought	...	—	Sir W. Baillie's y. d. Blueber.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Madcap	...	—	Mr. Wauchope's bk. d. Cerberus.
Mr. Wauchope's r. d. Combat	...	—	Mr. Aitchison's bk. d. Dotheboys.
Mr. Wauchope's bk. and w. d. Don John	...	—	Mr. Sharpe's f. d. Scud.

Mr. Dewar's bk. d. Dominie Sampson ran a bye.

First Ties: Memnon beat Dominie Sampson, Merry Thought beat Clotho, Combat beat Madcap, Don John ran a bye.

Second Ties: Memnon beat Don John, Merry Thought beat Combat.

Deciding Course: Memnon beat Merrythought (dr.) and won the Stakes.

The BUCCLEUCH STAKES of 5 sovs. each, h. ft., if declared before drawing, for dogs of all ages.

Mr. Wauchope's bk. d. Chieftain	...	beat	Mr. Walker's r. b. Queen Bee
Mr. Wauchope's bk. b. Vespa	...	—	Hon. J. Stuart's bk. b. Nimble.

Mr. Wardlaw Ramsay's r. and w. b. Rosa ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Chieftain beat Rosa (Vespa drawn), and won the Stakes.

Pedigrees of the Winners: Moss-trooper, winner of the Couples, is by Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Gilbertfield, out of Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Jean; Mignonette, winner of the Cup, is own sister to the celebrated bitch, Meg Parker, by Mr. Picken's bk. d. Kingswell, out of Mr. Gordon of Aberdour's y. and w. b. Alicia; Mountain Dew, winner of the Champion Cup, is by Mr. H. Maxwell's w. and bk. d. Courthill, out of Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Jean (the dam of Moss-trooper); Memnon and

Merrythought, own brother and sister, same litter, are by Mr. Picken's bk. d. Kingswell, out of Mr. Gordon's of Aberdeen's y. and w. b. Alicia; Chieftain and Vespa, own brother and sister, are by Mr. Wauchope's bl. d. Wilton, out of Mr. Wauchope's bk. b. Wasp.

BENDRIGG (NEAR KENDAL) CLUB MEETING, NOV. 6 AND 7.

Stewards: Mr. Thompson, Mr. Rauthmell, Mr. Atkinson, and Mr. Bowness. Mr. M'George, of Darlington, Judge. Mr. Richardson, Secretary.

The Cup.

Mr. R. Burrow's bl. and w. d. Bruiser	... beat	Mr. W. Atkinson's bl. and w. d. Tramp.
Mr. T. Hind's f. d. Pickpocket	... —	Mr. C. Carmatt's bl. d. Smoker.
Mr. T. Parker's f. and w. d. Pleader	... —	Mr. J. Machell's bl. and w. d. Dr. Fop.
Mr. R. Easterby's bl. and w. b. Eruca	... —	Mr. J. Benn's br. d. Blunder
Mr. R. Easterby's bl. d. Earwig	... —	Mr. T. Walker's w. b. Lady.
Mr. Henderson's bl. w. d. Wee Geordie	... —	Mr. Cregg's f. and w. d. Spring.
Mr. J. Harrison's r. d. Mystery	... —	Mr. W. Thompson's br. b. Tidy.
Mr. J. Thompson's bl. and w. d. Logic	... —	Mr. J. Turner's bl. b. Twirl.

First Ties: Pickpocket beat Bruiser, Pleader beat Eruca, Wee Geordie beat Earwig, Logic beat Mystery.

Second Ties: Pleader beat Pickpocket, Wee Geordie beat Logic.

Deciding Course: Pleader won the Cup (Wee Geordie drawn), after an undecided course.

The ST. LEGER STAKES, for puppies.

Mr. J. W. Thompson's w. d. Teazer, by	beat	Mr. J. Benn's br. d. Bloomsbury, by Bob Matchem, out of Mary
Mr. I. Simpson's br. d. Edwin, by Blunder, out of Ida	—	Logic, out of Spinner.
Mr. R. Easterby's br. b. Esperance, by Smoker, out of Fly	—	Mr. Moor's br. b. Morieena, by Hæmus, out of Tiresome.
Mr. J. Thompson's r. d. Tam O'Shanter, by Tam O'Shanter, out of Clyde	—	Mr. J. Machell's w. and r. b. May Queen, by Logic, out of Fancy (drawn).
	—	Mr. Walmsley's br. d. Whip, by Handsome, out of Hemlock.

Ties: Edwin beat Teazer, Esperance beat Tam O'Shanter.

Deciding Course: Edwin beat Esperance, and won the Stakes.

The THREE-MILE-HOUSE PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Eidsforth's br. b. Emma, by Blunder, out of Ida	beat	Mr. W. Wilson's bk. and w. d. Saddler, by Smoker, out of Fly.
Mr. Benn's br. and w. b. Violet, by Blunder, out of Luna	—	Mr. W. Atkinson's r. b. Mischief, by Sparrow, out of Unknown

Deciding Course: Violet beat Emma, and won the Stakes.

The BENDRIGG ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Easterby's bl. d. Earwig	... beat	Mr. J. W. Thompson's Tidy.
Mr. Turner's w. and r. d. Stopper	... —	Mr. Parkin's Promise.
Mr. Cregg's f. and w. d. Spring	... —	Mr. Rowley's Regina.
Mr. Turner's br. and w. b. Fly	... —	Mr. Benn's Bugle.

Ties: Earwig beat Stopper, Sly beat Spring.

Deciding Course: Earwig won the Stakes, Sly being drawn after an undecided course.

The PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Harrison's bl. d. Fifer	... beat	Mr. J. W. Thompson's Teazer.
Mr. Benn's br. d. Bloomsbury	... —	Mr. Walmsley's whip

Deciding Course: Fifer beat Bloomsbury, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. I. Lodge's br. b. Lady	... beat	Mr. Eidsforth's br. b. Emma.
Mr. Harrison's br. d. Terry Alt	... —	Mr. Hind's bl. and w. b. Smart.
Mr. J. Thompson's bl. and w. d. Tramp	... —	Mr. Porter's br. d. Jerry.

SUTHERLAND MEETING, NOV. 6 AND 7.

Mr. G. Ross's bl. d. Valentine	... beat	Mr. Reed's bd. b. Duchess.
Mr. Craig's b. d. Vulcan	... —	Mr. Reed's w. d. Spring.
Mr. Paterson's w. and y. b. Duchess	... —	Mr. Houston's y. d. Sunbeam.
Mr. Reed's w. b. Vixen	... —	Mr. Craig's bd. d. Rattler.
Mr. Houston's b. d. Snowball	... —	Mr. Craig's bd. d. Rapid.

Mr. Reed's bd. d. Duke ran a bye.

First Ties: Duchess beat Vulcan, Valentine beat Vixen, Snowball beat Duke (dr).

Second Ties: Duchess beat Snowball, Valentine ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Mr. G. Ross's bl. d. Valentine beat Mr. Paterson's w. and y. b. Duchess, and won the Cup.

Mr. Bantock, of Dunrobin, Tryer.

The weather was favourable, the hares in general ran well, and the sport was good.

THE UNION CLUB MEETING (AT SOUTHPORT), NOV. 7 AND 8.

Mr. Batty, of Skipton, officiated as Tryer.

The FLEETWOOD CUP.

Mr. Eden's f. and w. d. Ermine (late Her- mine), by Eden, out of Fly	} beat {	Mr. Slater's r. b. Smart, by Streamer, out of Bride.
Mr. Bell's b. d. Lucifer, by Lyster, out of a Bachelor bitch		Mr. Birch's f. d. Dart, by Tramp, out of Nettle.
Mr. Garvin's bd. d. Joram, by Snowball	—	Mr. Williamson's b. and w. d. Sylla, by Helot, out of Swiss.
Mr. Harriott's w. and bl. d. Bugle-eye	—	Mr. Redish's r. and w. d. Retainer (late Fyldie), by Blunder.
Mr. Heyes's f. d. Hemlock, by Leader, out of Hebe	—	Mr. Harriott's bk. b. Helena (late Nip).
Mr. Rowley's bk. d. Emperor, by Helenus, out of Fly	—	Mr. Birch's bk. d. Bandy, by Tramp, out of Nettle.
Mr. Eden's r. b. Enchantress (late Lapwing), out of Bride, by Streamer	—	Mr. Slater's f. d. Sam Slick, by Pickpocket, out of Brenella.
Mr. Craven's bl. d. Carlos, by Leader, out of Alpha	—	Mr. Lee's r. d. Lolly.

First Ties: Lucifer beat Ermine, Joram beat Bugle-eye, Emperor beat Hemlock, Enchantress beat Carlos.

Second Ties: Lucifer beat Joram, Emperor beat Enchantress.

Deciding Course: Emperor beat Lucifer, and won the Cup.

The ROSSALL PUPPY CUP, value £32.

Mr. Redish's bd. d. Rowton, by Tramp, out of Nettle	} beat {	Mr. Slater's w. and r. d. Snap, by Royal Oak, out of Venus.
Mr. Harriott's bk. and w. b. Isabella		Mr. Williamson's f. d. Solomon, by Helot, out of Swiss.
Mr. Heye's w. and f. d. Hylax, by Vandean, out of Fly	—	Mr. Birch's bl. b. Sultana, by Tramp, out of Nettle.
Mr. Rowley's r. d. Scramble, by Herdsman, out of Rachel	—	Mr. Eden's bl. and w. d. Exciseman, by Bradell's bk. d. out of Lady Craven.
Mr. Ball's r. d. Bittern, by Bugle Horn, out of Trifle	—	Mr. Eden's bk. d. Edhem Bey, by Chancellor out of Ophelia.
Mr. Lee's bk. and w. d. Lottery, by Ranter, out of Bess	—	Mr. Slater's f. d. Sheridan, by Ranter, out of Favourite.
Mr. Craven's r. b. Castle Carey, by Fudge, out of Sister to Cato	—	Mr. Reade's f. b. Rose, by Tam O'Shanter, out of Countess.

Mr. Rowley's f. b. Rebecca ran a bye.

First Ties: Isabella beat Rowton, Hylax beat Scramble, Bittern beat Lottery, Rebecca beat Castle Carey.

Second Ties: Hylax beat Isabella, Bittern beat Rebecca.

Deciding Course: Hylax beat Bittern, and won the Cup.

The UNION STAKES.

Mr. Ball's bl. d. Bugle, by Bachelor—Nimble	} beat	Mr. Garvin's w. and bd. d. Go.
Mr. Eden's r. d. Eclair (late Lightning), by Streamer, out of Bride		Mr. Slater's r. d. Sam, by Staring Tom, out of Nimble.
Mr. Craven's bl. b. Cara, by Leader—Hebe ..	—	Mr. Lee's r. and w. d. Leicester.
Mr. Harriott's f. b. Harmless	—	Mr. Rowley's r. d. Earl.

Ties: Bugle beat Eclair, Cara beat Harmless.

Deciding Course: Cara beat Bugle, and won the Stakes.

The BOLD STAKES, for dogs of all ages.

Mr. Williamson's bk. and w. d. Sylla	beat	Mr. Craven's bl. d. Carlos.
Mr. Slater's r. b. Smart	—	Mr. Harriott's bk. b. Helena.
Mr. Lee's r. d. Lolly	—	Mr. Garvin's bl. d. Grasper.
Mr. Rowley's r. and w. Ella (late Trafalgar) .	—	Mr. Redish's f. d. Rachel.

Ties: Sylla beat Smart, Ella beat Lolly.

Deciding Course: Sylla beat Ella, and won the Stakes.

The CHAMPAGNE STAKES, for puppies.

Mr. Lee's bk. and w. d. Lottery	beat	Mr. Eden's f. d. Ensign.
Mr. Slater's w. and r. d. Snap	—	Mr. Harriott's w. and bk. b. Mary.

Deciding Course: Snap beat Lottery, and won the Stakes.

The CLARET STAKES, for all ages.

Mr. Rowley's r. d. Earl	beat	Mr. Slater's f. d. p. Sheridan.
Mr. Lee's r. and w. d. Leicester	—	Mr. Eden's f. and w. d. Ermine.
Mr. Reade's f. b. p. Rose	—	Mr. Garvin's w. and bd. d. Go.
Mr. Slater's r. d. Sam	—	Mr. Heyes's f. d. Hemlock.

Ties: Earl beat Leicester, Rose beat Sam.

Deciding Course: Rose beat Earl, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Williamson's f. d. Solomon	beat	Mr. Lee's bk. b. Lady.
Mr. Williamson's bl. b. Sharman	—	Mr. Eden's bk. d. Edhem Bey.

LITERATURE.

SPORTING EXCURSIONS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, including a Journey to the Columbia River, and a Visit to the Sandwich Islands, Chili, &c. By J. K. Townshend, Esq., in Two Volumes. London: Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough-street. 1840.

THESE amusing volumes are the production of an American gentleman, written in the American language. Under a quaint style, they contain much to interest and to instruct, moving our pity, wonder, concern—every sentiment save our envy. Mr. Townshend is a young *médecin*, an ardent amateur of ornithology and zoology; but what took him to the Rocky Mountains is not apparent from his narrative. Not sport, if that word convey anything akin to pleasure; or, if he went thither with such design, he certainly gives no token of having succeeded in his object. And, alas! for poor human nature, if the aborigines of North America be a type of the natural man. Let the philosopher study the character of the “Blackfoot” Indian for example, and then tell us how Johnson merits fame as an etymologist when he renders the words “humanity” “the nature of man,” “benevolence,” “generosity,” “compassion;” synonymes. But we have nothing to do with philosophy, our business being to see how Mr. Townshend took his pleasure in the primeval woods. Macheath tells his wives that “while they are thinking of marrying, he is thinking of hanging,” and so with our author, while we look for “moving accidents by flood and field,” he is bent, soul and body, upon securing a dinner. The unfortunate man never had a satisfactory bellyful, more than once a month, during his abode in the Rocky Mountains, and, considering the fashion, he went to trencher when he *had* a chance, those were hard lines for him. Hear him speak from amidst the buffalo:—

“We rise in the morning with the sun, stir up our fires, and roast our breakfast, eating usually from one to two pounds of meat at a morning meal. At *ten* o'clock we lunch: dine at *two*: sup at *five*, and *lunch!!!* at eight, and, during the night-watch, commonly provide ourselves with two or three ‘hump ribs’ and a marrow-bone, to furnish employment, and keep the drowsy god at a distance.

“It is true we have nothing but meat and cold water” (apparently, about a buffalo a week to each man’s cheek), “but this is all we desire: we have excellent appetites” (and *no* mistake); “no dyspepsia, clear heads, sharp ears, and high spirits; and what more does a man require to make him happy?”

There is no disputing about taste, and so we leave Mr. T. in possession of his argument, and turn to him in a case of liquor. He is upon a buffalo-shooting expedition, and, together with his company, feels acutely the want of a drain; but the whole passage is worthy of a niche. They have just slain a bull and devoured his “fleeces” (that is to say, the hump on each side of the “vertical processes” commonly called the “hump ribs”) and our traveller complains that “here, where ‘the game’ is so abundant, nothing else is taken, if we except the tongue and an occasional marrow-bone.” He then proceeds:—

“This, it must be confessed, appears like a useless and unwarrantable waste of the goods of Providence; but when are men economical, unless com-

pelled to be so by necessity? Here are more than 100 lbs. of delicious and savoury flesh, which would delight the eyes and gladden the heart of any epicure in Christendom, left neglected where it fell, to feed the ravenous maw of the wild prairie wolf, and minister to the excesses of the unclean birds of the wilderness (!!!). But to return to ourselves. We were all suffering from excessive thirst, and so intolerable had it, at length, become, that Mr. Lee and myself proposed to gallop over to the Platte river, in order to appease it; but Richardson (the chief hunter of the expedition) advised us not to go, as he had just thought of a means of relieving us, which he immediately proceeded to put in practice. He tumbled our mangled buffalo over upon its side, and, with his knife, opened the body, so as to expose to view the great stomach, and still crawling and twisting entrails. The good missionary and myself stood gaping with astonishment, and no little loathing, as we saw our hunter plunge his knife into the distended paunch, from which gushed the green and gelatinous juices, and then insinuate his tin-pan into the opening, and, by depressing its edge, strain off the water which was mingled with its contents. Richardson always valued himself upon his politeness, and the cup was therefore first offered to Mr. Lee and myself, but it is almost needless to say that we declined the proffer, and our features, probably, expressed the strong disgust which we felt, for our companion laughed heartily before he applied the cup to his own mouth. He then drank it to the dregs, smacking his lips, and taking a long breath after it, with the satisfaction of a man taking his wine after dinner. Before we left the spot, Richardson induced me to taste the blood which was still fluid in the heart, and immediately as it touched my lips, my burning thirst, aggravated by hunger, for I had eaten nothing that day, got the better of my abhorrence: I plunged my head into the reeking ventricles, and drank until forced to stop for breath. I felt somewhat ashamed of assimilating myself so nearly to the brutes, and turned my ensanguined countenance towards the missionary who stood by: the good man was evidently attempting to control his risibility, and so I smiled to put him in countenance; the roar could no longer be restrained, and the missionary laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. I did not think, until afterwards, of the horrible ghastliness which must have characterized my smile at that moment."

The following, is one of those startling adventures, which may, and no doubt, have occurred to the white hunter in the American wilderness; it is little matter whether this particular instance be, or be not, a fancy-sketch.

"The best story, however, was one told by Richardson, of a meeting he once had with three Blackfeet Indians. He had been out alone, hunting buffalo, and, towards the end of the day, was returning to the camp with his meat, when he heard the clattering of hoofs in the rear, and, upon looking back, observed three Indians in hot pursuit of him. He immediately *discharged his cargo of meat* to lighten his horse, and then urged the animal to his utmost speed, in an attempt to distance his pursuers. He soon discovered, however, that the enemy was rapidly gaining upon him, and that, in a few minutes more, he would be completely at their mercy, when he hit upon an expedient as singular as it was bold and courageous. Drawing his long scalping-knife from the sheath at his side, he plunged the keen weapon through his horse's neck and severed the spine. The animal dropped instantly dead, and the determined hunter, throwing himself behind the fallen carcass, waited calmly the approach of his sanguinary pursuers. In a few moments one Indian was within range of the fatal rifle, and at its report his horse galloped riderless over the plain. The remaining two then thought to take him at advantage, by approaching simultaneously on both sides of his rampart; but one of them, happening to venture too near in order to be sure of his aim, was shot to the heart by the long pistol of the white man, at the very instant that the ball from the Indian's gun whistled harmlessly by. The third savage, being wearied of the dangerous game, applied the whip vigorously to the flanks of

his horse, and was soon out of sight, while Richardson set about collecting the trophies of his singular victory. He caught the two Indians' horses—mounted one, and loaded the other with the meat which he had discarded, and returned to his camp with two spare rifles, and a good stock of ammunition."

In the shipwreck in "Don Juan," Byron says, that, had Noah's dove, "olive-branch and all," fallen into the hands of the boats' crews, there had been a Flemish account of the bird of good omen. It is difficult to imagine what Mr. Townshend and his party would *not* have eaten either; as for a pigeon and a sprig of olive, we would back them at long odds to dispose, at a meal, of as many blue-rocks as would supply the Red-House for a twelvemonth, garnished with an acre of evergreens. One gastronomic extract more, and we have done:—

"August 20th.—At about daylight this morning, having charge of the last guard of the night, I observed a beautiful sleek *coll*, of about four months old, trot into the camp, winnying, with great apparent pleasure, and dancing and curvetting gaily amongst our sober and sedate band. I had no doubt that he had strayed from Indians, who were, probably, in the neighbourhood; but as here, every animal that comes near us is fair game, and as we were hungry, not having eaten anything of consequence since yesterday morning, *I thought the little stranger would make a good breakfast for us.* Concluding, however, that it would be best to act advisedly in the matter, I put my head into Captain W.'s tent, and telling him the news, made the proposition, which had occurred to me. The captain's reply was encouraging enough:—'*Down with him, if ye please, Mr. T.,—it is the Lord's doing; let us have him for breakfast!*' In five minutes afterwards a bullet sealed the fate of the unhappy visitor, and my men were set to work, making fires and rummaging out the long-neglected stew-pans, while I engaged myself in flaying the little animal, and cutting up his body, in readiness for the pots."

As we have said before, Mr. T., in his "Excursion to the Rocky Mountains," does not communicate his reasons for undertaking "such a gettin' up stairs;" nevertheless he has written a very pleasant book about it, which, if not actually a sporting work, is very near akin to one. The appendix to the second volume contains much to interest the naturalist, while every page will afford gratification, and many of them, information, to the general reader. The whole bears a strong character of truth about it: we think we can warrant it not of Kentucky manufacture.

WALKER'S MANLY EXERCISES: containing Rowing, Sailing, Riding, and Driving, &c. &c. &c., to which are now added, for the first time, RACING, HUNTING and SHOOTING; and the whole carefully revised by "Craven." Sixth Edition. London: Orr and Co., Amen Corner, Paternoster-row. 1840.

A work that has gone through half-a-dozen editions, may certainly make its sixth appearance before the public, without any strong indications of diffidence. Few books have enjoyed a more general popularity among the classes to which they have addressed themselves, than Mr. Walker's elements of physical education, and few have deserved such favour better. If the *mens sana in corpore sano* be the qualities most desirable in youth, he deserves well of society who has directed his attention to the most convenient method of assuring the combination. The substitution of manly exercises and healthy out-door amusements, for effeminate and useless plays and pastimes,

was a speculation as full of advantage as promise. It only needed that the system should be taught to ensure for it troops of ardent disciples. The principles of such a routine have been admirably laid down by the author, whose most useful hand-book of health and manhood it has recently been our office to revise. With the exception of literal, or, more properly speaking, typographical errors, Mr. Walker's text is almost as we found it. Of the additions appended to it, there is little that need be said. The length of the treatises on Racing, Hunting, and Shooting is sufficient to explain their character. Nothing more was intended than to offer to the pupil a course of manly games; an outline of the purposes to which his studies would most probably be applied. As to an idea of putting forth finished essays on those divisions of our Rural Sports, it was never entertained, neither would such be in keeping with the nature of the work. As a manual for the youth of England, "Walker's Manly Exercises" are solely intended; in that character we can conscientiously, and we do warmly, recommend this elegant little volume. It is as comprehensive as its limits would permit, and if it embrace not every genus of British rural pastimes, at all events—

"Nullum quod tetigit, non ornavit."

—

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RURAL SPORTS. By D. P. Blaine. Part IV.
London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green and Longmans.

The Fourth Part of this work treats of the chase and its agents alone, and is full of most admirable matter. Here, as in the preceding portions, we find the pathologist and the naturalist most advantageously exhibited whenever the author speaks for himself; and certainly the hunting authorities he cites are of weight and influence. He borrows largely (of course with acknowledgment) from the ancient as well as modern writers upon the chase, and with reason adopts, on all cases admitting of question, Nimrod as his *cheval de bataille*. As we have already said, it is not our purpose to attempt an analysis of the work, till it is before us in its complete form. Still, it is lawful, when occasion occurs, to point out, as the Numbers appear, any general feature which, as it strikes us, may be beneficially altered in those intended to follow. And first in this relation stand the allusions to persons and things, utterly ephemeral, in a work intended as a standard of reference for after-time; as an example of this, take the following observations on scent:

"We may here notice the connexion between the weather and scent, and how much has been written, and how much more said, on it. Facts are valuable, and should be registered; but opinions on the subject are so various and so contradictory, that it would be vain to collate them: and as to prognostics, the little faith we have had in them, Mr. Murphy has robbed us of."

Now who, in the next quarter of a century, will be likely to know anything of "the Common-tator?" and how on earth will people be capable of understanding why a promiscuous *Murphy* (about as peculiar a distinction as Smith—John Smith) should have made a rape of Mr. Blaine's faith in *prognostics*? These, and little sinnings of their kind, require reformation. The work is worthy of every care in the getting up; for it is, unquestionably, a treasury of sporting knowledge.

UP THE RHINE. By Thomas Hood. London: A. H. Baily and Co., Cornhill. 1840.

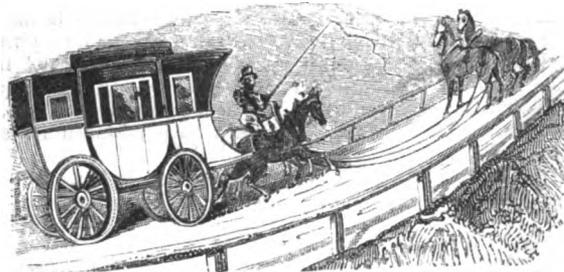
Of all the styles in which fiction is wont to be served up, that which places it before us in courses of letters, heretofore has been least to our *gout*. The epistolary feast prepared for us by Mr. Hood, in the work now under our notice, has tended more to reconcile us to that fashion of service than we had supposed likely. Clearly that gentleman has adopted the system *con amore*. His correspondence, indeed, adapts itself excellently to the various personages from whom it is supposed to emanate; but when he writes in character of the gentleman to one of his own condition, his success is perfect; his "Epistles to the Corinthians," are the pick of the basket. . . Where all is good, there is no knowing what to choose:—in such a dilemma a man is like a cat in a tripe-shop, as Lord Chesterfield might have said. Let us begin with a scene in the *Lord Melville* steamer, the writer being Frank Somerville, the hero.

"To believe our tourists and travellers, our Heads and our Trollopes, it is impossible to take a trip in a hoy, smack, or steamer, without encountering what are technically called characters. My first care, therefore, on getting on board, was to look for originals; but, after the strictest scrutiny among the passengers, there appeared none of any mark or likelihood. However, at Gravesend, a wherry brought us two individuals of some promise. The first was a tall, very thin man, evidently in bad health, or, as one of the sailors remarked, performing quarantine, his face being of the same colour as the yellow flag which indicates that sanitary excommunication: the other was a punchy, florid, red-wattled human cock-bird, who, according to the poultry-wife's practice, had seemingly had two peppercorns thrust down his gullet on first leaving the shell, and had ever since felt their fiery influence in his gizzard. In default of their proper names, I immediately christened them, after Dandie Dinmont's two celebrated dogs, Pepper and Mustard. I had, however, but a short glimpse of their quality, for the yellow-faced man went forward amongst the seamen, whilst the red-visage dived downwards towards the steward's pantry. In the meantime we progressed merrily, and had soon passed that remarkably fine specimen of sea-urchin, the buoy at the Nore. But here the breeze died off, an occurrence, before the invention of steamers, of some moment: indeed, in the old shoy-hoy times, I was once at sea three days and two nights, between London and Ramsgate, now a certain passage of a few hours. But now calms are annihilated, and so long as the movement party are inclined to dance, the steam-engine will find them in music: in fact, I could not help associating its regular tramp, tramp, with the tune of a gallop I had recently performed. But these musings were suddenly diverted, by the appearance of one of the most startling and singular phenomena that ever came under my notice. Imagine one side of the sea gently ruffled by a dying wind into waves of a fine emerald green, playfully sparkling in the noontide sun: on the other hand, a terrific pitch-black mass, rising abruptly from sea to sky, as if visibly dividing 'the warm precincts of a cheerful day,' from 'the dark realms of Chaos and Old Night.' But I am growing poetical. Suppose, then, if you have ever been under the white Flamborough Head, a black ditto, quite as bluff and as solid, and which you might have mistaken for some such stupendous headland, but for the colour, and that, on looking upwards, you could find no summit. So strong was the impression on my own fancy, that, when my aunt inquired where we were, I could not help answering, in allusion to the hue and build of the phenomenon, that we were off Blackwall. 'You are right, sir,' said a strange voice; 'I have observed the same black-and-wall-like appearance in the West Indies, and it was the fore-runner of a hurricane.' I looked for this prophet of ill-omen, and saw the

yellow-faced man at my elbow. 'It would be a charity,' exclaimed my aunt, 'to give the captain warning.' 'He knows it well enough,' said the stranger, 'and so does the steward: yonder he runs to the caboose, to tell the cook to gallop his potatoes, and scorch his roasts, that he may lay his cloth before the gale comes.' 'A gale, eh?' mumbled the red-face, who had just climbed from below, with his mouth still full of victuals: 'why don't the captain put back?' 'We have gone about once,' said the yellow-face, 'to run into Margate; but the master thinks, perhaps, he can edge off, and so escape the storm, or only catch a flap with its skirts. There it comes!' and he pointed towards the black mass now rapidly suffusing itself over the surface of the sea, which became first black, and then white, beneath its shadows; whilst a few faint forks of lightning darted about between the base of the cloud and the water. The waves immediately round us had gradually subsided into a dead calm, and there was no perceptible motion, but the vibration from the engine: when suddenly, with a brief, but violent rush of wind, the vessel gave a deep lurch, and thenceforward indulged in a succession of rolls and heavings which took speedy effect on the very stoutest of our passengers. 'Renounce me!' said he, 'if I like the look of it!' 'Or the feel of it either,' said a voice in an under tone. The red-faced man turned still redder—fixed an angry eye on the speaker's complexion, and was evidently meditating some very personal retort; but, whatever it might be, he was abruptly compelled to give it and other matters, to the winds. If there be such a thing as love at first sight, there certainly are antipathies got up at quite as short a notice, and the man with the red face had thus conceived an instinctive aversion to the man with the yellow one, at whom he could not even look without visible symptoms of dislike. 'And how do *you* feel, sir?' inquired the sufferer, as I passed near him, just after one of his paroxysms. 'Perfectly well as yet.' 'The better for you, sir,' said the peppery man, rather sharply: 'as for *me*, I'm as sick as a dog! I should not mind *that*, if it was in regular course, but there's that yellow fellow—just look at him, sir—there's a liver for you!—there's disordered bile! a perfect walking jaundice! He's the man, sir, to be sick, and yet he's quite well and comfortable—and *I'm* the man to be well—and here I can't keep anything! I assure you, sir, I have naturally a strong stomach—like a horse, sir—never had an indigestion—never! and as for appetite, I've been eating and drinking ever since I came on board! And yet you see how I am. And there's that saffron-coloured fellow—I do believe it was his sickly face that first turned me—I do, upon my honour—there's that yellow-faced rascal—renounce me, if he isn't going down to dinner!'

Thus much for a sample of the general style of the work: with a sketch, and an extract or so in our own province, we must conclude this notice of one of the pleasantest books of the season.

GOING DILIGENTLY BY LAND.



FOUR-IN-HAND.

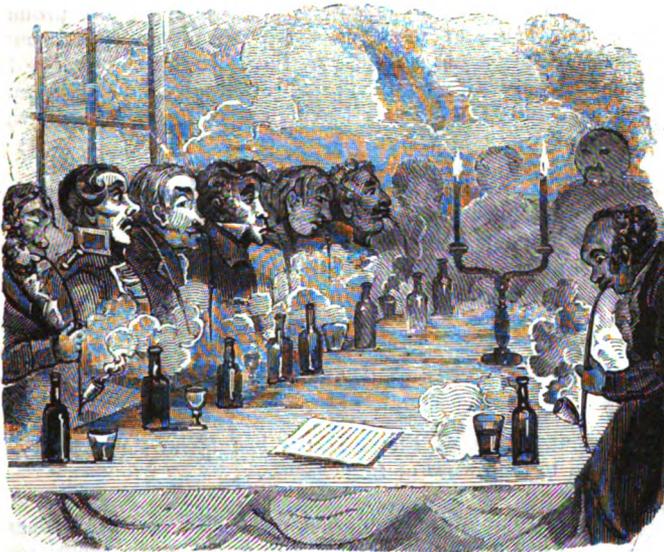
The *Pater-familias* thus speaks of German horse-shoeing :—

"I happened to see a horse going to be shod in the Beast Market, and it was a sight to draw old Joe Bradley's eyes out of his head. By what I've seen of the German cattle, they are far from remarkable for spirit or vice, though, to judge by the blacksmith's contrivances, you would suppose the whole breed was by Beelzebub, out of the Devil's dam. There was the horse, what you or I should call a Quaker's nag, shut in a cage like a wild beast, with a wooden bar to keep his head up, and another to keep it down, and a bar over his back, in case of rearing, and one under his belly, to prevent his lying down, and a bar or chain behind him, to hinder his lashing out. If all that ceremony is fit and proper, thought I—, for one of our English farriers to take a horse's hoof in his lap, mayhap a young spicy colt, without a bar, or chain, or anything, can be nothing else but a tempting of Providence."

Pater-familias loquitur again :—



"I wish you could see the breed of pigs in these parts. They are terribly long in the legs and thin in the flanks, and would cut a far better figure at a Coursing Meeting than a Cattle Show. Some of them run quite lean enough for greyhounds."



"DULCIA OBLIVIA VITÆ."

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the commencement of the season was far from propitious to the fox-hunter, the year closed on a more than average return of good runs. In some cases the sport was of extraordinary excellence, as, for instance, with the Brocklesby and the Burton. Sir Richard Sutton had killed his forty brace of foxes when the frost stopped him.*

“Is the taste for steeple-chasing on the advance, or is its popularity waning?” This question was lately proposed to us, and we gave our impression as favourable to the latter contingency. As yet, nothing first-rate has come off, though there have been, certainly, some few contests of the kind that brought out horses of acknowledged celebrity. To confine our notice to the steeple-chases of the past month, we find, at St. Albans, once the hot-bed of the sport, “a sad falling off in the poetry of the thing.” Five “eminently professional” came to the post for a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. of their respective moneys on the last day of the year; and, after the thing was over, the winner was left to dine and carry on the evening “alone in his glory,” the others departing in dudgeon. To speak of the affair as flatteringly as truth will permit, it came off “far from *satisfactorily*.”

On the same day as the foregoing failure, the Berkeley Hunt Steeple-chase was run for at Cheltenham, under more promising auspices. The field was short, consisting but of a quartet; but the race was interesting, a new man, a Mr. Lovesey, shewing on The Doctor, and coming in with a long lead, but, eventually, being pronounced *hors de combat*, in consequence of leaving one of the flags on the wrong hand.

In very many quarters, strong reflections are current on the subject of country handicapping. We do not think the affair is managed in a very masterly manner, either in the home districts or farther a-field: and were it accomplished with ever so great talent, “bad is the best.” Still, however degraded the occasion, “fair play is a jewel;” and we hope the whole working of the process, during the coming season, may be vigilantly watched. We promise to keep our eyes upon it, and, where we see cause, shall use little ceremony in giving our opinion.

The disputed Queen’s Plate, at the last Shrewsbury Races, has been awarded to the owner of Lugwardine.

The Hippodrome will be opened for racing on the Wednesday after Epsom, when a stake of £300 will be given by the proprietors.

The Hambleton Hunt Races are fixed for the 29th of April, to take place on Soberton Down.

* We do not pledge ourselves for the authenticity of our correspondent’s statement: in fact, we have heard a very different account.—Ed.

THE DYING RACER.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

THOU'RT DYING : thou'rt dying, my beautiful steed !
 That served me, and saved, in the hour of my need !
 That won me a pathway to wealth and renown,
 When fortune forsook, and when friendship could frown :
 I loved thee, thou dying one, e'en as a friend—
 The *first* on whose truth I might surely depend :
 Thou bravest ; most true ; must I speak the farewell ?
 No, I'm bound to thy side, and I yield to the spell.

I had hoped to have seen thee pass calmly away
 In some green, sheltered paddock, by gentle decay ;
 To have nursed thee—and petted—and braided thy mane,
 As I thought on old times, and thy honours again :
 Yet why should I mourn thee, my noble one ? here
 Bright, glorious—though brief—was thy gallant career :
 And thy fame cannot die, while men name thee, and say,
 “The courser that's gone, was the best of his day.”

How my heart has beat high, when a thousand bright eyes
 Have followed thy track with delight and surprise,
 As thou seemedst to fly, like the darted jereed,
 From the post to the goal with the flash of thy speed.
 And now to behold thee, in agony there—
 In mercy thy dying convulsions I spare—
 By the hand that caress'd thee thy destiny meet,
 Soh ! a shot and a shock—and thou'rt dead at my feet.

They have laid, by the course, the good racer that's dead :
 They have placed the green turf, that he graced, o'er his head ;
 In the field of his glory his fate they deplore—
 He has fame and a grave—could a mortal have more ?
 Then farewell, my gallant one ! costlier shrine
 Hath rarely held ashes more honoured than thine :
 And seldom hath marble been ever decreed,
 To tell of a course true as thine was, my steed !

A WOLF KILLED BY FOXHOUNDS.

COMMUNICATED BY NIMROD.

A RATHER extraordinary fact was made known to me about two months back, by the present manager of the Boulogne foxhounds. Having a larger kennel than he had occasion for, he advertised a certain portion of it for sale, in the Paris papers; found a customer in the Count Latour du Pin; and the following is the detail of the journey of the drafts to his Château, in the province of the Seine and Maine—consequently, a long distance from Boulogne. You shall first have the master's authority, and then that of his servant.

"The man I sent with the hounds to the Count Latour du Pin, arrived here on his return, last night. He had written to me from Cambray, and, as his letter contains an extraordinary account of his journey, I send it to you for your amusement. I certainly should not have given credence to such an occurrence as the one which he describes as having happened, had I not received a very excellent character of the man from England; but I am bound to do so, not merely on that consideration, but in consequence of the Count partly corroborating his statement, by asking, in his letter to me acknowledging the receipt of the hounds, "by what means so many of the hounds are wounded?" (Be it known, the man in care of the hounds was quite ignorant of the French language). I have cross-examined the man, whose name is Jenkins, and all that I can get from him is, that the hounds did run down and kill a wolf, although he believes it had been previously slightly wounded by some chasseurs in the forest from whence it had been driven. He says he had the head with him at Cambray, and took it to Origny, but it became so offensive that he was obliged to leave it there, and it was nailed to the stable door. Cambray being twenty miles out of his direct route, and his being led thither, in that direction, at least, by the hounds, is a further corroboration of the occurrence, added to the fact of his not arriving at the Count's house until the eighth, instead of the sixth day. He describes the Count's establishment as one on a very extensive scale—thirty-five servants; twenty-seven horses in very fine condition; eight carriages; a lot of colts, by Tarrare—everything, in fact, en Prince."

The following is the letter of Jenkins, detailing his adventurous expedition:—

"Cambray, October 17, 1839.

"SIR,—At Amiens I had the pleasure of giving you a favourable account of the behaviour of the hounds on the journey. But here I am, at least twenty miles out of my way, through the hounds taking after a wolf, which they killed yesterday, between Amiens and La Frère, A boy was blowing a horn, and they took into a cover, and I did not get them out till nine o'clock at night, and was obliged to leave Gaudy and Grasper in the cover all night; but a man brought them to me in the morning, all safe and sound. I then set out for St. Quentin, with a cord run through four couples of them, dividing them into three separate lots, and went at a slow pace for about ten miles; but they got entangled several times, and I was at last obliged to get

down and separate them by cutting the cord, and went on very well till three o'clock, or thereabouts. Then, where some gentlemen were shooting in a cover, I saw something at a great distance, run across the road; I supposed it to be one of the gentlemen's dogs, and took no further notice of it, till I came up to the spot, when Pedler gave tongue *first*, but I could hardly tell, for one and all followed, and away they went to the left. I have rode upon Sempstress, and I am afraid I have hurt her, in endeavouring to stop them, but all to no purpose, for they ran like race-horses over an open country, straight as they could run, to a point; and I was pretty near them for about thirty minutes, but after that the old mare began to get blowed, and they got out of sight, and for two hours I thought I should never see them again. The mare recovered and went for an hour very well, but I did not get up to them till six o'clock. I rode the mare till the blood run out of both her nostrils, and she fell over a bank upon her left side, and my left leg under her for at least fifteen minutes, and me struggling to get it from under her, which I did, leaving the jack-boot under her, and made the best run I could after the hounds, holloaing and blowing, when I had breath to do so. At last I came up to them, or them up to me, with the head and a bone, first one and then the other carrying them; but I think the first I met with was old Farnborough. Trojan has got a bad bite over his eye; Dædalus, bit through the shoulder; Belman through the leg, and several others have slight wounds, which I think little of. When I got to the mare, she was up and picking grass, which I did not expect to see, as I left her for dead: and I got her into a road, and a man came up to me, and I inquired, and found I was within a league of Cambray, where I got the mare to, by tying her to a cart, and left her there for the night. I am now about to start for Saint——, and do not think I shall get further; and to-morrow, for——*, and next day to Marle, therefore I cannot reach Bono till Monday. I judge, by the mouth of the wolf, that he was a young one, and probably roused, and might have been shot at, by the sportsmen in the cover. Clasher had slipped his couples, and there was only three others that was uncoupled, therefore it was fortunate they took the open; if it had been woodlands it might have been of greater consequence. The hounds crossed a river, to my astonishment, in their couples, and I had to ride two miles for a bridge, it being a large river; the bridge was near a village called Bonairs; I find I shall have to cross it again in my way to St. Quentin. I have had fine weather till yesterday, and it has rained hard from the time I started from La Frère, till I got to Cambray; and I should say it was a good scenting day, as I consider it laid breast-high, by the run of the hounds, and I consider it a good scenting country. So soon as I have delivered the hounds at the Count's, I shall make the best of my way home, as soon as the mare is rested.

“ From your obedient servant,

“ ROBERT JENKINS.”

Your readers will, I am sure, agree with me in considering the foregoing letter to be not only expressed in really classical language, which that suitable to the subject ought to be esteemed, but a clear

* The names of these towns not legible.

156 NOMINATIONS FOR LIVERPOOL STEEPLE-CHASE.

detail is given in it of the extraordinary occurrence; and, what is also remarkable, there is only one erasure in so long a yarn. As to the truth of the statement, it appears on the face of it, beside which, a line, by the post, to the landlord of the inn at which the head of the wolf was left, would have at once detected an imposition, had such been the object of Jenkins. Credit must also be given him for making his way through such difficulties, in a strange country, and *without knowing a word of the language*. It reminds me of a Frenchman, equally ignorant of English, bringing a horse from Dover to Shrewsbury, to Sir Bellingham Graham, when he hunted Shropshire, *having to pass through London*.—He was no fool.

NIMROD.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE LIVERPOOL GREAT NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE, THURSDAY, MARCH 5.

Umpires: The Earl of Sefton and Lord Macdopald.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 150 added, for horses of all denominations, carrying 12 st. each; a winner of four steeple-chases in 1839, to carry 5 lb.; of five, 7 lb. extra; over a line of country within ten miles of Liverpool; the ground to be chosen by the umpires, or such persons as they may appoint; the second horse to receive 30 sovs. out of the stake, and the third horse to save his stake; the ground to be shewn to the riders on the morning of the race, by the umpires or their delegate; no rider to go through any gateway, or more than 100 yards along any road or footpath. Any of the horses entered for this race going over any of the leaps in the Steeple-chase Course, before the race, to be disqualified: riders to weigh before starting, for their own security; the winner to pay 10 sovs. for expenses; stakes to be paid before starting, or not entitled, although a winner. The umpires shall have the power to appoint such assistance as they may require, and their decision on all questions that may arise to be final.

Mr. Ashton na. Grayling
 Sir David Baird's Pioneer
 Mr. S. Barry na. Valentine, by Lottery
 Mr. Barry's Arthur
 Count Bathyany na. Weathercock
 Lord Wm. Beresford na. Matadore
 Mr. H. M. Blake's Sarah
 Mr. Caldwell's Fieschi
 Mr. Calvert na. The Queen
 Lord Chesterfield na. Austerlitz
 Mr. Cholmondeley na. Prickbelt
 Mr. Collett na. Mischief
 Col. Copeland na. Adrian
 Lord Craven na. Maggie
 Mr. Devine na. b. g. Antonio
 Captain Edward's Defence
 Mr. Elmore's Lottery
 Captain Fairlie's Pyramid
 Mr. Ferguson's Rust
 Mr. Gardener's ch. h. by Welcome
 Mr. Godwin's The Duenna
 Mr. A. L. Goodman's Vandyke
 Mr. G. Hamilton na. Decider
 Mr. W. H. Hornby's The Lady, by
 Velocipede
 Lord Howth's ch. h. Honesty
 Lord Howth's ch. h. The Augean
 Mr. Justice na. br. m. Hasty, by Harry
 Mr. Knaresbro's ch. h. Dan O'Connell
 Mr. Leeche na. Revenge
 Lord Macdonald's The Nun
 Mr. C. Marshall's Railroad

Sir Edward Mostyn's Seventy-four
 Mr. Osbaldeston na. Barefoot
 Mr. Joseph Peel na. Guadaloupe
 Mr. Peter's Syntax
 Mr. Powell na. Isaac
 Mr. Power's Valentine
 Mr. Rawlins na. Rex
 Mr. Reynard na. Melbourne
 Captain Richardson's Deceiver
 Mr. Robertson's Legacy
 Mr. Robertson's Honesty
 Mr. W. A. Rose's Spalasco
 Lord Sefton na. The Weaver (late De-
 midord)
 Mr. F. Seymour na. Abdel Kader
 Mr. J. P. Somers, M. P.'s b. g. Patron (late
 Rowland)
 Mr. Speed's b. h. Tushingham
 Sir Thomas Stanley na. b. g. St. Paul
 Mr. W. M. Stanley na. Mahomet
 Mr. Stephenson's True Blue
 Mr. Theobald's Paulina
 Mr. Villebois's, jun., Jerry
 Hon. A. Villiers na. Vernal
 Lord Waterford's The Sea
 Lord Waterford's Columbine
 Mr. Thos. Whitaker's Cruikshank (late
 Stranger)
 Mr. White na. ch. g. The Forester
 Mr. L. Whittle's Daxon
 Mr. Williamson na. Conservative

NOMINATIONS FOR THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES,
1841.

DONCASTER MEETING.

TUESDAY.—The ST. LEGER STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies 8 st. 2 lb.; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes; St. Leger Course (135 subscribers).

Mr. Allen's b. c. Phaon, by Humphrey Clinker, jun., or Belshazzar, out of Madame Pelerine

Mr. Allen's ch. c. Belgrade, by Belshazzar, out of Alice, by Langar

Colonel Anson's b. c. Pandarus

Colonel Anson's b. c. Traffic

Colonel Anson's ch. f. Miss Horewood

Mr. Bell's g. c. The Squire, by The Saddler, out of Sincingle's dam

Lord G. Bentinck's Mustapha

Mr. Blakelock's b. f. by Voltaire, out of Black Diamond's dam, by Catton

Mr. Blakelock's b. f. by Voltaire, out of Fancy, by Osmoqd (Yarrow's dam)

Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Triumph, by Jerry, out of Hambletonia (Gen. Chasse's d.)

Mr. Briskham's bl. c. Æthon, by St. Nicholas, out of Æna, by Velocipede

Mr. Briskham's br. c. Muladdin, by Muley Moloch, out of Negus's dam

Mr. Brook's ch. f. by Tomboy, out of Lunatic

Lord Bruce's br. c. by Glaucus—Rosalie

Mr. Buckley's br. c. Tory Boy, by Tomboy, out of Bessy Bedlam

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's ch. c. Blueskin, by Pantaloon, out of Miss Patrick

Lord Chesterfield's b. c. by Ishmael, out of Arcot Lass

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. by Velocipede, d. by Whisker, out of Tramp's dam

Lord Chesterfield's f. by Sultan, out of Rowton's dam

Lord Chesterfield's f. Paleface, by Velocipede, out of Young Petuaria

Mr. Clark's br. c. Gammon Box, brother to Dragsman

Mr. Clark's ch. c. by Langar, out of Delusion, by Comus

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Muley Moloch, out of Olive, by Tarragon

Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. Giaour, by Sultan, out of Pauline

Colonel Cradock's b. c. Pagan, by Muley Moloch, out of Fanny

Colonel Craufurd's b. or br. f. Ermingardis, by Langar, out of Ermine, by Whisker

Mr. W. Dixon's ch. c. Junius, by Negotiator, d. by Catton

Lord Eglinton's br. c. Assagai, by Muley Moloch, out of Elizabeth (Zohrab's dam)

Lord Eglinton's ch. c. Zaniel, by Muley Moloch, out of Spaewife

Mr. Etwall's Thistle Whipper

Lord Exeter's brother to Candia

Lord Exeter's c. by Ibrahim—Anne of Geierstein

Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Velvet

Lord Exeter's Cesarewitch, by Rockingham

Mr. J. O. Fairlie's br. f. Crockery, by Rockingham, out of Ambassador's dam

Mr. G. S. Ford's br. c. Metternich, by Plenipo, out of Shillelagh's dam

Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. Jack Shepherd, by Voltaire, out of Rebecca's dam

Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. Quilt Arnold, own brother to Eborina, by Langar

Mr. John Gill na. ch. c. by Muley Moloch, out of Resolution's dam, by Whisker

Mr. G. Godwin na. ch. c. by Sir Hercules, dam (foaled in 1821) by Mango, out of Sir Harry's dam

Mr. Golden's b. or br. c. by Robin Hood, out of Lilla

Mr. Goodman's gr. c. by Agreeable, out of Antelope's dam

Mr. Gully's b. c. Radical, by Tomboy, out of Sal, by Reveller

Mr. Hancock's f. Evelyn, by Mundig, out of Progress, own sister to Pilgrim

Captain Harcourt's b. c. by Muley Moloch, out of Adelia

Mr. R. Harrison's b. c. Studley Royal, brother to Tornado, by Liverpool, d. by Wanton

Mr. H. T. Hastings's St. Cross

Mr. Haworth's br. c. by Contest, out of Minna

Mr. Hogg's b. f. Clementina, by Liverpool, out of Miss Parkinson, by Swiss, d. by Reveller, grandam by Waxy, out of Elva (sister to Magic)

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Barelegs, by Pantaloon, out of Basilisk

Mr. Houldsworth's Delusive

Sir C. Ibbotson's b. f. by Voltaire, d. (foaled in 1820) by Partisan, out of Spotless

Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon, out of Georgina, by Woful

Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Muley Moloch, out of Miss Whip, by Jerry

Lord Kelburne's b. f. by Jerry, dam by St. Patrick, out of Blue Stocking, by John Bull

Mr. S. King's b. c. Catoni, by Muley Moloch, out of Jubilee, by Calton (Juvenal's dam)

Mr. Knox's ch. c. Harkforward, by Economist, out of Guiccioli

Mr. Marfleet's br. c. Lothario, by Lambtonian, d. by Sultan, out of Loo, by Waxy

Mr. Marfleet's c. by Gambol, d. by Beagle, g. d. Georgia, by Buzzard, out of Circassian's dam

Mr. Merry's br. or bl. f. by Retainer, out of Helen Aroon (Silksleeves' dam)

Sir W. Milner's ch. c. Osberton, by Mundig, d. sister to Currency, by Velocipede

- Lord Milton's b. c. Fidhawn, by Sir E. Codrington, or Delirium, out of Brandy Bet
 Sir C. Monck's b. c. by Master Syntax, d. by Filho da Puta, out of Twink (foaled in 1832)
 Mr. J. Newton's ch. c. Little Tom, by Belshazzar, out of Province
 Mr. G. Ogden's b. c. brother to Harpurhey, by Voltaire, out of Sarah, by Tramp
 Lord Orford's brother to Ascot
 Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. The Queen of Beauty, sister to Alexandrina
 Mr. Parkin's b. c. Askerton, brother to Naworth
 Mr. Parkin's b. f. by Liverpool, d. by Tantivy, out of Myrtilla, by The Flyer, g. d. Myrtle, by Abjer
 Colonel Peel's brother to Whim
 Colonel Peel's Hawk's Eye
 Colonel Peel's Simon, brother to Siroc
 Mr. Plummer's b. f. Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Moloch, out of Rebecca, (Provost's d.) by Lottery
 Duke of Portland's c. by Advance, out of Young Agatha, by Tiresias, out of Agatha (foaled in 1829)
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. f. by Muley Moloch, out of Mystery, by Lottery
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. f. by Tomboy, out of Tesane, by Whisker
 Mr. F. R. Price's ch. f. Miss Tatt, by Velocipede, out of Conciliation, by Moses
 Mr. F. R. Price's ro. ch. f. Louise, by Sir Hercules, d. Sketch, by Partisan
 Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Sheriff and Fulton, by The Saddler, or Marcian, out of Frailty, by Filho (Cyprian's dam)
 Mr. F. Rawlinson's b. c. Coronation, by Sir Hercules, out of Ruby
 Mr. Rayner's ch. c. Young Quo Minus, by Buzzard, out of Sontag
 Mr. G. G. Richardson's b. c. Silstron, by Revolution dam (foaled in 1823) by Filho da Puta, or Magistrate
 Mr. Robinson's b. c. Basto, by Muley Moloch, out of Bolivar's dam
 Mr. J. Robinson's b. f. Faith, sister to Andrew, by Langar
 Mr. Robinson's ch. c. Cato, by Muley Moloch, out of Miss Fox (Carnaby's d.) by Glowworm
 Mr. W. A. Rose's gr. c. Fitz-Glue, by Economist, out of Glue by Master Robert, dam Globe (first called Annette) by Quiz.
 Mr. Rush's ch. c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Bangtail, by Phantom
 Mr. Sadler's Defy
 Mr. Sadler's Diversion
 Mr. Sadler's Lady Strutt
 Mr. W. Scott's br. c. The Duke of Wellington, by The Saddler, out of Flighty
 General Sharpe's ch. c. Lara, by Langar, out of Myrrh, by Malek
 Mr. Skerratt's b. c. by Newton, d. by Mr. Low
 Lord Stanley's b. c. Fatalist, by Voltaire, out of Mysinda
 Lord Stanley's b. c. Sybarite, by Voltaire, out of Roseleaf
 Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. Phingari
 Mr. Stephenson's b. c. Langarian, by Langar, out of Voltaire's dam
 Mr. C. M. St. Paul's b. or ro. c. by Velocipede, out of Galewood's dam
 Lord Stradbroke's brother to Phosphorus
 Lord Stradbroke's c. by Ibrahim, out of Malvinia
 Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. Precursor, by Alpheus, out of Adaline
 Lord Stradbroke's ch. f. by Peter Lely, out of Margrave's dam
 Col. Syngé's ch. c. by Zealot, out of Zillah
 Mr. H. S. Thompson's br. c. by Sheet Anchor, out of Medea, by Whisker
 Mr. Thornhill's brother to Mango
 Mr. Vansittart's b. c. by Muley Moloch, out of Darioletta
 Mr. Vansittart's gr. or ro. c. by Langar, dam by Macduff, out of Merlin's dam
 Mr. T. Walters's bl. c. St. Botolph, by Sheet Anchor, dam (foaled in 1833) by Emilius, out of Brocade
 Mr. T. Walters's br. c. Hope, by Sheet Anchor, out of Valencia
 Mr. T. Walters's br. c. Mustapha-Muley, by Muley, dam by Orville or Waiton
 Mr. Wauchope's ch. f. by Valparaiso, out of Emma, by Octavian
 Mr. Welch's b. f. by Muley Moloch, out of Miss Chance's dam, by Cardinal York.
 Colonel Westenra's bl. c. Warlock, by Velocipede, out of Nat
 Lord Westminster's c. Doctor Jenner, by Ishmael, out of Miss Giles
 Lord Westminster's c. Lampoon
 Lord Westminster's c. Marshal Sout
 Lord Westminster's c. Morning Star, by Glaucus, out of Bertha
 Lord Westminster's c. Satirist, by Pantaloon, out of Sarcasm
 Lord Westminster's c. Van Amburgh
 Mr. L. White's b. c. Tareaway, by Voltaire, out of Taglioni, by Whisker.
 Mr. Wilkin's br. c. Septimus, by Satan, out of Abraham Newland's dam
 Mr. Whilkin's br. c. Vulcan, by Voltaire, out of Venus, by Langar
 Captain Williamson's Mobarek
 Mr. Wilson's br. c. by Voltaire, out of Yorkshire Lass
 Mr. James Wood's b. c. Paul Potter, by Peter Lely, out of Lacerta
 Mr. T. Wood's br. c. Longsight, by St. Nicholas, out of Rose, by Waverley
 Mr. Wood's b. f. by The Earl, out of Lanercost's dam
 Mr. Wrath's gr. f. by Belshazzar, out of Blackfall's dam
 Mr. Wreford's b. c. by Camel, out of Escape
 Mr. Wreford's b. c. by Sultan, out of Mominia
 Mr. Wreford's b. c. by Sultan, out of Margellina
 Colonel Wyndham's Sledmere
 Colonel Wyndham's Yorkshireman
 Major Yarburgh's b. c. Heslington, own brother to Charles XII.
 Major Yarburgh's bl. f. Brandy-snap, by Muley Moloch, out of Lollypop's dam.

THE HIPPODROME.

THE Hippodrome Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, hf. ft., for three-year-old colts and fillies; with a Free Gift of 1,000 sovs. by the proprietors of the Hippodrome. To be run triennially. To be run for first in 1843, by the produce of mares covered in 1839; colts, 8 st. 10 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 5 lb.; untried stallions or mares (at the time of naming) allowed 3 lb.; if both, 5 lb.; to start at the Judge's chair, and run out and home (the Chesterfield Course), not quite two miles. Produce, or failure, to be declared on or before the Saturday in the Newmarket First October Meeting, 1840. No produce, no forfeit. The winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expense of police, judge, &c.; the second horse to receive 150 sovs. out of the stakes. To be run for on the Wednesday after Epsom, over the Hippodrome Course. The winner of the Riddlesworth, Column, 2,000 gs., 1,000 gs., or Newmarket Stakes, to carry 5 lb. extra; of the Derby, or Oaks, 10 lb. extra; weights not accumulative. These Stakes to have fifty nominations at least, or the 1,000 sovs. will not be given.

	Stinted to
Mr. W. R. Alder's Mandoline, by Waxy (3 lb.) ..	Glaucus.
Colonel Anson's Cyprian (both untried) ..	Jereed.
Colonel Anson's Frailty (both untried) ..	Gladiator.
Colonel Anson's Scandal ..	Velocipede.
Colonel Anson's Louisa ..	Velocipede.
Colonel Anson's Rotterdam (h. untried) ..	Gladiator.
Colonel Anson's Marchesina ..	Bay Middleton.
Mr. Bateman's Apparition, by Comus ..	Camel.
Captain Becher, jun.'s br. m. by Nimrod (son of Whalebone), dam by Partisau, out of sis. to Godolphin (foaled in 1823)—(5 lb.) ..	Hymen.
Lord G. Bentinck's Claw (5 lb.) ..	
Lord G. Bentinck's Chapeau d'Espagne (5 lb.) ..	
Lord G. Bentinck's Skilful (5 lb.) ..	
Lord G. Bentinck's Muliana (5 lb.) ..	
Lord G. Bentinck's Moss Rose (5 lb.) ..	
Lord G. Bentinck's Malvina (5 lb.) ..	
Lord G. Bentinck's Flycatcher (5 lb.) ..	Bay Middleton.
Lord G. Bentinck's Camarine (3 lb.) ..	
Lord G. Bentinck's Camarine's dam (3 lb.) ..	
Lord G. Bentinck's Cinderella (3 lb.) ..	
Lord G. Bentinck's Torch's dam (3 lb.) ..	
Lord G. Bentinck's Constantia (3 lb.) ..	
Lord G. Bentinck's Lady Emmeline (3 lb.) ..	
Lord G. Bentinck's Octaviana ..	Confederate and Bay Middleton.
Lord G. Bentinck's Conciliation (3 lb.) ..	Riddlesworth.
Sir J. Boswell's Bella (both untried) ..	Bay Middleton.
Mr. Bouchier's Miss O'Neil (3 lb.) ..	Elis.
Mr. Briskham's Dragman's dam ..	St. Nicholas.
Lord Chesterfield's Arachne ..	Liverpool.
Lord Chesterfield's Rattle's dam ..	Camel.
Mr. P. Colgan's Taglioni, by Whisker (h. untried) ..	Freney.
Mr. G. Dawson's Cherub (The Earl's dam) ..	Liverpool.
Sir F. Collier's Aunt Bliss (foaled in 1833), by Woful, out of Mandoline (m. untried) ..	Bizarre.
Mr. I. Day's Zoe (h. untried) ..	Slane.
Mr. I. Day's Maldonia (h. untried) ..	Bubastes.
Mr. W. Edwards's Sneaker, by Camel ..	Jerry.
Mr. W. Edwards's Esmeralda, by Zinganee (m. untried) ..	Jerry.
Lord Eglinton's Spaewife ..	Liverpool.
Lord Eglinton's Zillah (h. untried) ..	Sheet Anchor.
Lord Eglinton's Rectitude (h. untried) ..	Bay Middleton.
Mr. Etwall's Mantilla ..	Defence.
Mr. Etwall's Mopsa (h. untried) ..	Veusion.
Mr. W. Forster's Combat's dam (half-bred) ..	Defence.
Mr. W. Forster's Nike (m. untried) ..	Defence.
Mr. Forth's sister to Marvel (foaled in 1835)—(5 lb.) ..	Elis.
Mr. J. Garrard's Gaiety ..	Camel.
Mr. Herbert's Naaine (3 lb.) ..	Elis.

	Stinted to
Mr. Herbert's Clara, by Filho da Puta (3 lb.) ..	Elis.
Mr. Herbert's Guldare	Economist and Freney.
Mr. Holme's Vinegar (h. untried)	Freney.
Mr. Houldsworth's Destiny, by Sultan (5 lb.) ..	Tipple Cider.
Mr. Houldsworth's Virginia (h. untried)—(3 lb.) ..	Tipple Cider.
Mr. Howe's Eliza Leeds	Bizarre.
Mr. T. Hussey's Firefly (both untried)	Maple.
Mr. P. Kelly's Vignette, by Partisan, out of Landscape, } by Rubens (5 lb.)	Brau.
Mr. Key's Zingiber, by Zingane, out of Ruth (both } untried)	Maplebeck.
Mr. V. King's Caroline, by Whalebone (3 lb.) ..	Rockingham.
Mr. King's Sketch (3 lb.)	Bran.
Mr. King's Babel (3 lb.)	Riddlesworth & Glaucus.
Mr. Knox's Guiccioli	Economist and Freney.
Mr. Lichtwald's Streamlet	Saracen and Demetrier.
Mr. A. C. Maitland's Dirmid's dam	Tomboy.
Mr. Maley's b. m. Pessima (m. untried)	Defence.
Mr. Maley's b. f. by Hussar, out of the Tartar's dam, } half-bred (both untried)	Elis.
Mr. Meiklam's Margaretta, by Actæon (5 lb.) ..	Inheritor.
Lord Miltown's Porta (both untried)	Birdcatcher.
Lord Miltown's Brandy Bet	Economist.
Lord Miltown's Potteen (both untried)	Birdcatcher.
Mr. Nevill's Eyesore, by Castrel (h. untried) ..	Mundig.
Mr. W. Noble's Lady Lowman (both untried) ..	Inheritor.
Mr. Ogden's Sarah, by Tramp, out of Polly Oliver ..	Voltaire.
Mr. Parkin's Broadwath's dam	Liverpool.
Colonel Peel's Garcia (h. untried)	Slane.
Colonel Peel's Hester (both untried)	Slane.
Mr. T. B. Potterton's Gift, by Priam, out of Lillian, } by Lottery (both untried)	Mundig.
Mr. Ramsay's Lady Easby (h. untried)	Inheritor.
Duke of Richmond's Baleine (5 lb.)	Bay Middleton.
Duke of Richmond's Estelle (5 lb.)	Bay Middleton.
Duke of Richmond's The Soldier's Daughter (5 lb.) ..	Venison.
Mr. Sadler's Defender's dam	Defence.
Mr. Sadler's Europa	Defence.
Mr. Sadler's Folly	Defence.
Mr. Sadler's Euryone	Defence.
Mr. J. Sandiland's Lady Stepney (both untried) ..	Inheritor.
Mr. Taunton's Goldfringe, by Phantom, or Waterloo, } out of Goldwire (both untried)	Elis.
Mr. Waller's Enterprise, sis. to Deception (foaled in } 1834)—(both untried)	Slane.
Colonel Westenra's Vat	Plenipotentiary.
Lord Westminster's Decoy (3 lb.)	Touchstone.
Lord Westminster's Languid (5 lb.)	Touchstone.
Lord Westminster's Brocade (5 lb.)	Touchstone.
Lord Westminster's Laura (3 lb.)	Touchstone.
Lord Westminster's Maid of Honour (3 lb.)	Touchstone.
Lord Westminster's Sarcasm (3 lb.)	Pantaloon.
Mr. G. T. Whittington's Whitmore, (both untried) ..	Job.
Mr. G. T. Whittington's Cinderella (h. untried) ..	Onus.
Mr. G. T. Whittington's Blue Bottle (half-bred) ..	Eryx.
Mr. J. Whittington's m. by Actæon (foaled in 1834), out } of Lady Emmeline, by Y. Phantom (5 lb.)	Rockingham.
Mr. Whitworth's Lady Moore Carew (3 lb.)	Tomboy.
Mr. Wreford's Monimia	Camel.
Mr. Wreford's Margellina (h. untried)	Bay Middleton.
Mr. Wreford's Victoria (h. untried)	Sultan Junior.
Mr. Wreford's Mouche (h. untried)	Bay Middleton.
Mr. Wreford's Westeria (m. untried)	Camel.
Mr. Wreford's Wadastra (m. untried)	Camel.
General Wyndham's Hercules m.	Nonsense.
General Wyndham's Vashti	Nonsense.

Several parties having sent in nominations after the period named for closing the Stake, still claim to be admitted; and have announced their intention of appealing to the Jockey Club.

THE SPORTING REVIEW.

MARCH, 1840.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

“ MEET OF HER MAJESTY’S STAGHOUNDS,” WITH PORTRAITS OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCE ALBERT, LORD KINNAIRD, &c. &c.; PAINTED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY R. B. DAVIS, ENGRAVED BY PRIOR.

“ THE HERMIT;” BY HALL, AFTER R. B. DAVIS;

AND

“ NEWMARKET IN THE LAST CENTURY; MORNING ON THE WARREN HILL;” ETCHED BY LANDELLS.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

IN reply to several inquiries addressed to us concerning that best of steeple-chasers, Becher, we have much pleasure in stating, that he has just taken a new lease of his life, and is, at this instant, in that most enviable of all conditions, "with an old head upon young shoulders." He will, undoubtedly, be at the approaching event at Liverpool; and if he don't ride, we can only say, a horse will start several points in the odds worse than he might have done.

Some unhappy gentleman lately sent us a long lob-sided sermon about teetotalism, which he insists is an Essay on Hawking. We are induced thus to allude to the circumstance, as the party seems tolerably sane on other points; and, probably, his unfortunate state may thus have escaped the observation of his friends.

Many thanks to "a Subscriber" at Darlington. His good opinion is a jewel of price; but, backed by his good offices, in the shape of occasional sporting memoranda from his neighbourhood, it would be an offering beyond fine gold.

Will any of our readers oblige "A constant SUBSCRIBER" (*we think our Correspondent writes the characters of truth*), with answers to these queries:—"At what age is it most suitable to break a retriever?" and, "What is the best method to make him delicate mouthed?"

B. R., "Atherstone," may procure bloodhounds of a pure strain from any of the principal dog-fanciers in London. Frank Redmond, no doubt, could supply him: the breed is scarce, but certainly not extinct.

What earthly purpose would be answered by our "inserting the list of Stewards of Races for 1839?"

Proof Impressions of all the Plates that have appeared in this Work, are on sale at 2s. each; or, beautifully coloured, 2s. 6d.

Vols. I. and II. of THE SPORTING REVIEW, bound in fancy cloth boards, lettered, may now be had at all Booksellers, price 16s. 6d. each.

THE RACING STUDS OF ENGLAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

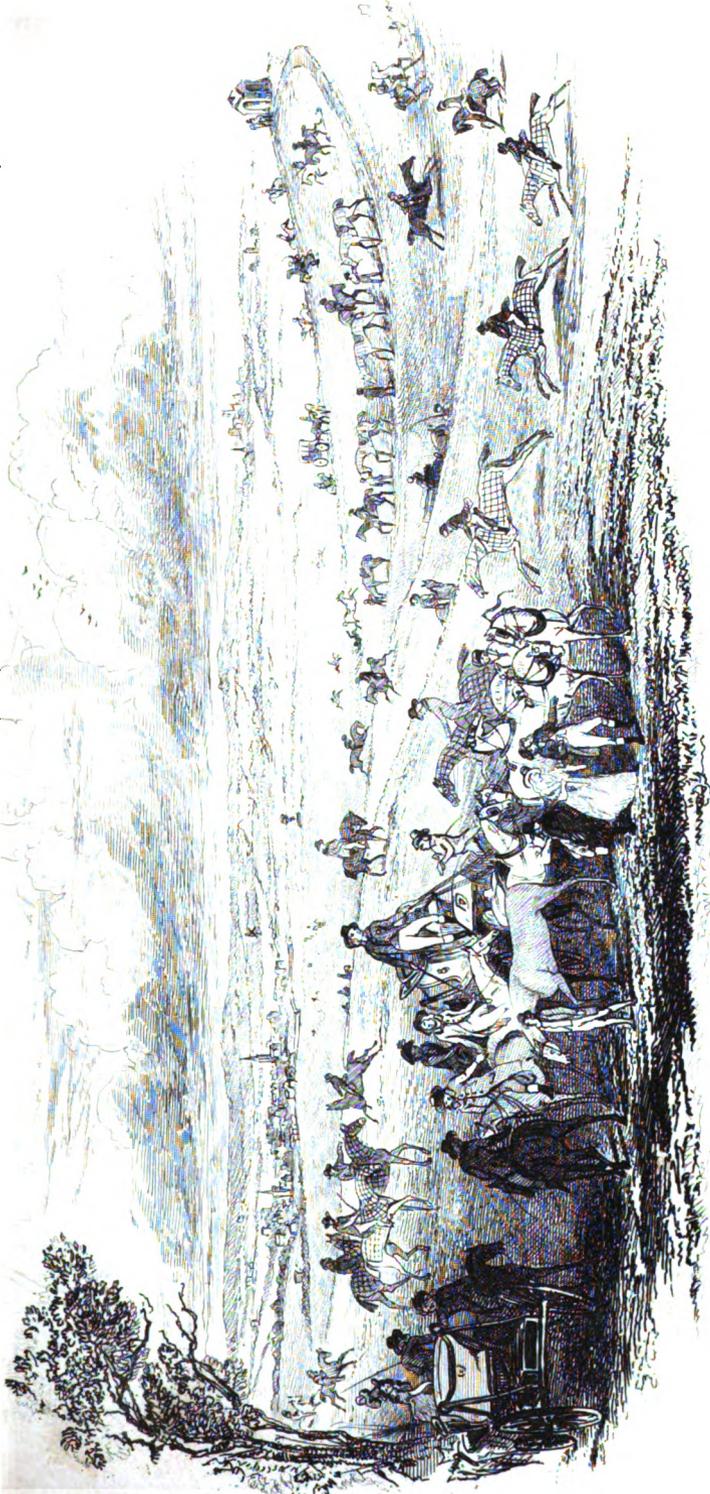
WHILE, unhappily, the political atmosphere of our day is fraught with storm and tempest, the fair heaven of our social horizon is "one unclouded ray." Whatever opinion the future historian may record of the policy of our statesmen, his page must bear proud testimony of our progress in all the arts that elevate and embellish civilized life. The philosopher, in support of this position, will point to the marvels already accomplished, and daily being brought about, by physical science, and to the living light poured upon us by the general diffusion of moral knowledge: let him not smile at the humble instrument for which I claim no unimportant office in this great work. Nature, the truest and best of preceptors, teaches, that the business of life was not the sole end of creation. She shews us boon Autumn not alone offering the yellow harvest, but crowned with the purple grape "that maketh the heart glad." What is the moral of her lesson?—that those reasonable pleasures, an instinctive tendency for which she has implanted within us, are essential agents in the machinery of existence. A conviction of the truth of this principle, and the noble spirit with which effect has been given to it, have made the Rural Life of England, that which it long has been—and long may it continue—the pride and bulwark of the land. Constituted as society of necessity, is, in all countries where the refinements of civilization have separated the various classes, and organized conventionally-received partitions of the people, the system is in too feverish a state to exist, without danger, in the absence of occasional alteratives. In her Rural Sports, England has found those social sanatives in her Popular Pastimes—specifics which secure the health and vigour of the state.

Assured of the importance of the subject, I have ever pleaded the cause of the Popular Sports of this country, with a zeal and earnestness that may serve as some amends for scantiness of ability. But here the case should not rest. However strong in its own merits, the advocate will hardly be justified in relying upon merely speculative argument. So much interest, as well as instruction, belong to the detail, that he can grace his cause by no eloquence of his own, so much as by a narrative of facts and anecdotes, bearing upon the issue he discusses. And how stand his means and facilities for such a purpose? Never did so prolific a mine afford so limited a supply. We will suppose the question to be, "Is the Turf an institution having claims on the patronage of the government and the country? If so, on what grounds? Does the employment of industry, skill, and capital,

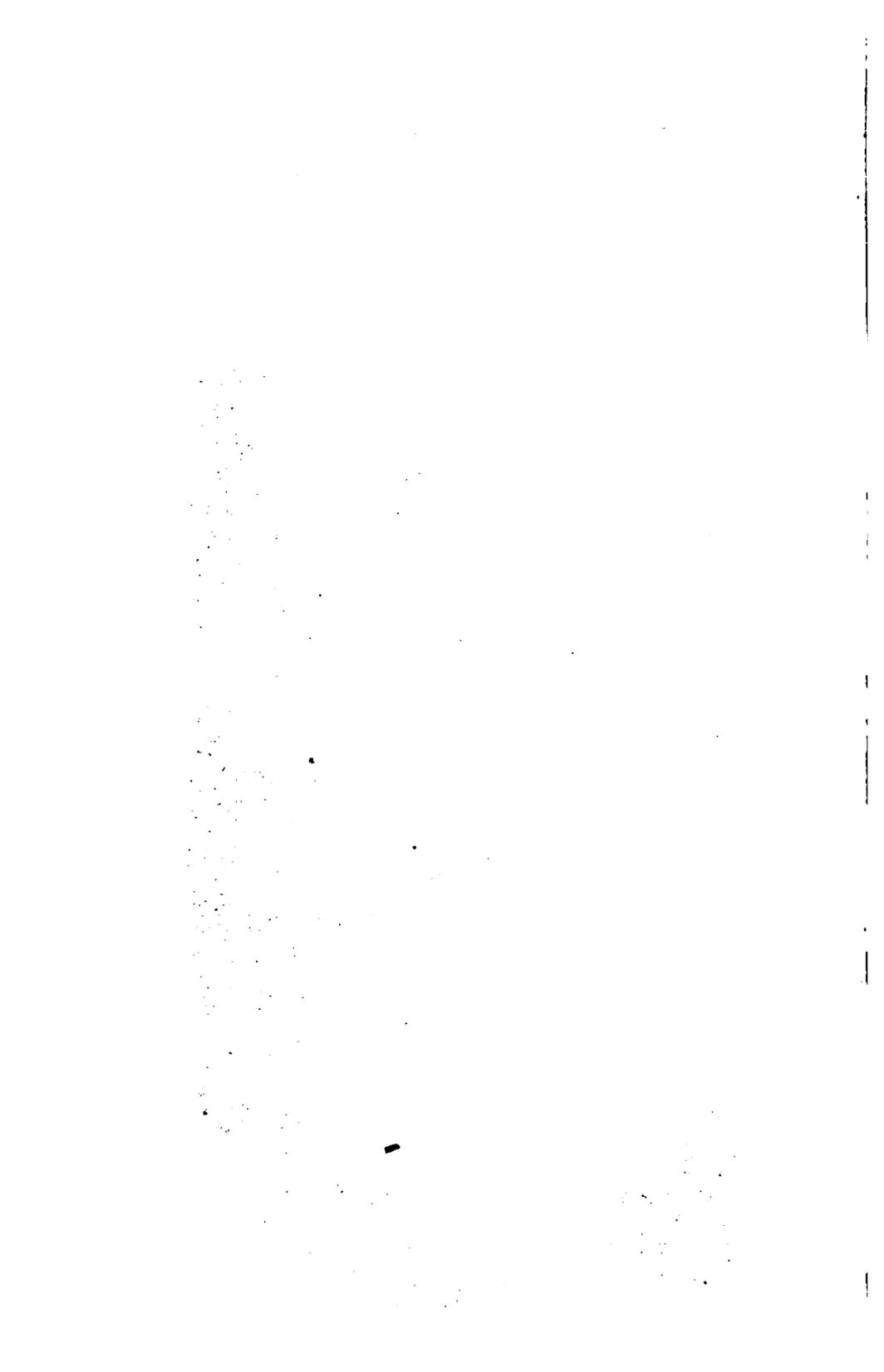
which it calls into operation, advance any local service, or tend to promote any general good? If so, in what manner, and to what extent?" Now, where shall we find an authority enabling us to reply to a query, plain and probable as this? The fact is, that, in the whole catalogue of our social relations, nothing is so absolutely neglected, so apparently despised, as are the statistics of our Rural Sports. The apathy exhibited upon an inquiry so nationally interesting as this, is one of those enigmas, whose solutions are the more difficult, because they imply a moral contradiction. You shall find a political economist throw himself, body and soul, into the philosophy of red tiles, or yellow soap, who would look upon his dignity as for ever compromised by contact with a motion which should have for its object, "an inquiry into the effects of Racing, upon the rural improvements and general resources of the country."

This long-sighted subject, it is my purpose to adopt, in a series of papers, to be continued, monthly, in this work. My design is to visit, and inspect, the various great breeding and training establishments in every part of the country; and to combine, with notices of the most successful crosses of blood, varieties of paddock and stable systems, general routine of management, and the most accurate lists of stock I can obtain, observations, derived from my own experience and the best information, upon the character and general circumstances of the localities in which they exist, contrasted with the condition of the neighbouring districts. While thus binding the harvest for the utilitarian, I will take leave to glean, wherever chance offers, for the lover of lighter reading. How invaluable would now be a solitary anecdote of Childers, or a second incident to vary the monotonous biography of Eclipse. Of the details of the Turf, we scarce possess a fact that can boast an antiquity of two score years. The literary talent devoted to it in the last century, was about equivalent to the pictorial, of which the annexed etching is a fair sample, copied from a Racing *chef-d'œuvre*, of 1790; and, in the former respect, how much better is the case in the present day? What connexion is there between its economy, and modern letters? A diligent quotation of the daily fluctuations in the odds upon particular races, and the results of those events, with reference to the betting upon them, comprise nearly the sum total of its obligation to literature.

Sketches of the Turf, then, apart from the gossip of the betting-room, and the events of the course, will be a novelty, should they possess no other merit; but I anticipate a far better result. I regard it as no unimportant consequence, that its true effects upon rural economy will be made manifest to many who now mistake, or are wholly ignorant of, its operation. To all engaged in the business of the stud, it will be a great convenience to learn where they may find certain strains of blood, and witness



*Market in the last century
at the Warren Hill.*



the effects of particular combinations. Nor is it without a feeling of honest pride I can contemplate the means thus afforded me, of winning the admiration of other lands, for the most national of all our displays of wealth, enterprise, and skill—THE RACING STUDS OF ENGLAND.

THE GREAT CHAMPION MEETING.

DEPTFORD INN, WILTS.

THIS meeting commenced on the 18th of February, and brought together a large assemblage of the lovers of the leash, from various parts of the kingdom. The morning was brilliant: the Deptford Inn was crowded with guests, as well as the George, at Codford, and most of the houses in the neighbourhood were full of visitors; and hospitality (for which Wiltshire stands pre-eminent) was displayed to its fullest extent. Amongst the guests at Stockton House (the seat of Harry Biggs, Esq.,) were, the Earl of Stradbroke, Lord Rivers, and George Morant, Esq. Fisherton House, the residence of John Davis, Esq., was, as usual, full. Hares were more plentiful than ever, particularly the first day, on the estate of Mr. Davis; and, in several instances, the dogs divided, owing to two or three hares being on foot at the same time. On the down, they were very wild, and few would lie; consequently, we were obliged to go into the fields; and the sport, with the exception of a few courses, was not so satisfactory as is generally afforded by that fine ground. The weather, on the second day, was also very fine, and the coursing took place at Chitterne, on a manor in the occupation of Wadham Locke, Esq., and a splendid day's sport was the result. Towards the latter part of the day, there was an appearance of snow, and, by the increased coldness of the air, frost was feared, and, unfortunately, set in on the morning of Thursday, which disappointed the hopes of a vast number of people, interested in the last ties of this large meeting. They were postponed till Friday, in the hope of a change of weather, which did not take place, and the Stakes were divided. It will be seen, by the return of the courses, Lord Stradbroke's dogs, with the exception of one, remained in for every Stake; and, in my opinion, barring accidents, Midsummer would have carried off the Grand Prize. In her course with Impetus, on the second day, she met with a most awful fall; but came again, nothing baffled, shewed superiority of speed, and killed her hare: she was in superb condition, and the beauty of the meeting. His Lordship's dogs do infinite credit to their trainer, and, to a lover of greyhounds, are a great treat to see.

H.H.

☞ The returns of the running will be found at p. 240 of the Coursing Register.

LETTER FROM BARON BIEL.

To the Editor of the Sporting Review.

Sir,

Zierow, 17th February, 1840.

I HAVE seen, in your November Number, an article respecting a match between Prince Pückler Muskau and myself, which has attracted some notice in the sporting world. It originated in a letter of

Prince Pückler's to our mutual friend, Count Veltheim, which was published in the "Angsburg Allgemeine Zeitung."

Most people, and I amongst the number, understood the Prince as offering to run an Arab horse over 600 miles, within six days, against any English, Mecklenburg, or other thorough-bred horse. I ventured to take up the gauntlet, under the proviso, that that horse should be considered the victor, which, at the expiration of six consecutive days, had travelled farthest.

Prince Pückler, however, in a letter of the 20th November, published in the above-mentioned paper, informs us, that, by the expression in his former letter, he did not mean to propose starting an Arab horse against an adversary of English blood; but only to assert his opinion, that a horse of that blood could not perform that distance. He declares, at the same time, his willingness to lay a wager against any horse of English blood doing so great a distance, across country, within six days; which a great many Turcoman horses are asserted to have done, in the predatory expeditions of that people. The weight proposed for this race, is 13 st. 2 lb.; and the course, the road between Pesth and Temeswar, in Hungary.

But, as the Prince gives us, in the course of his last letter, a description of the roads in Hungary,—according to which "a whole line of wagons is sometimes seen stuck fast in the mud, and where instances have occurred of horses being completely swallowed up in the deep mire, on the high roads,"—I confess that I do not feel at all inclined to risk any valuable horse over such a course, to try the experiment. Perhaps some of your sporting readers may be more adventurous than

Your obedient humble servant,

BEIL.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

BETTINGS FOR FEBRUARY.

A glance at the month's betting will shew that a strong field has been in the market for the Derby, and that some changes of importance have been effected. A few of those changes are naturally accounted for, the rest are artificial moves in the great game of chance—Beggars-my-neighbour—played twice a week at "the Corner." Why is Warden going down the hill at a gallop? We cannot tell. "What made Confederate so good a favourite?" We know not. Next month, we may have something to say *e cathedrâ*; till then, as the proverb goes, let every man take care of himself.

MONDAY, February 3.

DERBY.				
Confederate	16 to	1 agst.	—	Confederate agst. Theon. 500 even.
Angelica colt	15 to	1	(tk.)	Bokhara agst. Lord Jersey's lot
Theon	15 to	1	—	500 even.
Launcelot	16 to	1	(tk.)	Muley Ishmael agst. Ottoman
Bokhara	18 to	1	(tk.)	500 even.
Muley Ishmael	19 to	1	(tk.)	Angelica, Bokhara, and Confederate, each, in
Ottoman	20 to	1	(tk.)	one bet
St. Andrew	23 to	1	—	800 to 50 agst.-(tk.)
Gambia	25 to	1	(tk.)	Angelica and Confederate 700 to 100 — (tk.)
Warden	26 to	1	—	
Chameau	50 to	1	(tk.)	
Assassin	50 to	1	(tk.)	
Glenorchy	50 to	1	—	
Mollineux	50 to	1	—	
Brother to Heron	2000 to 30	—	(tk.)	
Morgan Rattler	2000 to 20	—	(tk.)	
Bokhara agst. Theon.....	500 even.			

OAKS.				
Crucifix	4 to	1 agst.	—	
Lallah Rookh	7 to	1	—	
Currency	12 to	1	—	
Rowton's dam	12 to	1	—	
Pocahontas	16 to	1	—	
Black Bess	20 to	1	(tk.)	

THURSDAY, February 6.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Ottoman	7 to 1	agst. —
Muley Ishmael	7 to 1	—
Crucifix	7 to 1	—
Ottoman agst. Wardan ..	50 even.	
Angelica colt agst. Confederate	50 even.	

DERBY.

Confederate	14 to 1	agst. —
Angelica colt	15 to 1	—
Theon	15 to 1	(tk.)
Launcelot	15 to 1	—
Bokhara	17 to 1	(tk.)
Muley Ishmael	20 to 1	(tk.)
Ottoman	20 to 1	—
St. Andrew	22 to 1	—
Gambia	26 to 1	—
Wardan	27 to 1	—

Prince Albert	35 to 1	agst. —
Monops	40 to 1	—
Fitzroy	50 to 1	(tk.)
Assassin	50 to 1	—
Brother to Heron	2000 to 25	(tk)
Drayton	200 to 20	(tk.)
Sir R. Bulkeley's lot	700 to 10	(tk.)
Mr. Osbaldeston's lot	1000 to 10	(tk.)
Muley Ishmael agst. Ottoman	600 to 500	on M. I.
Fitzroy and Prince Albert ..	1000 to 50	agst. (tk.)
Angelica agst. Muley Ishmael	600 to 400	on A.
St. Andrew	22 to 1	(tk.) } in 1
Prince Albert	40 to 1	(tk.) } bet.

OAKS.

Rowton's dam	13 to 1	agst. —
Teleta	20 to 1	(tk.)

MONDAY, February 10.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Confederate	5 to 1	agst. —
Angelica colt	6 to 1	(tk.)
Ottoman	15 to 2	(tk.)
Muley Ishmael	8 to 1	—
Grey Milton	10 to 1	(tk.)

DERBY.

Confederate	15 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Angelica colt	15 to 1	—
Launcelot	15 to 1	—
Theon	15 to 1	(tk.)
Muley Ishmael	20 to 1	—
Ottoman	22 to 1	—
St. Andrew	22 to 1	(tk.)
Gambia	25 to 1	—
Grey Milton	40 to 1	—
Monops	1000 to 22	(tk.)
Black Bess	3000 to 15	(tk.)
Emetic	1000 to 5	(tk.)

St. Andrew agst. Muley Ishmael	800 even.	
Theon agst. Muley Ishmael	900 to 600	on
Theon and Angelica	350 to 50	agst. (tk.)
Confederate winning Derby and St. Leger, and Crucifix the Oaks	1000 to 10	(tk.)

OAKS.

Crucifix	3 to 1	agst. —
Lallah Rookh	7 to 1	—
Black Bess	14 to 1	(tk.)
Teleta	20 to 1	—
Rowton's dam and Black Bess	7 to 1	(tk.)
Diploma and Japonica	14 to 1	(tk.)

DERBY, 1841.

Metternich by Plenipo ..	10,000 to 200	agst. (tk.)
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THURSDAY, February 13.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Confederate	5 to 1	agst. —
Angelica colt	5 to 1	—
Ottoman	13 to 2	(tk.)
Muley Ishmael	7 to 1	—
Wardan	10 to 1	(tk.)

DERBY.

Confederate	14 to 1	agst. —
Angelica colt	15 to 1	—
Launcelot	15 to 1	—
Theon	16 to 1	(tk.)
Muley Ishmael	20 to 1	—
St. Andrew	21 to 1	(tk.)
Ottoman	22 to 1	(tk.)

Gambia	25 to 1	agst. —
Wardan	27 to 1	—
Monops	40 to 1	—
Chameau	50 to 1	(tk.)
Angelica and Confederate	1000 even	
Angelica and Launcelot ..	600 to 500	on A.
Angelica and Ottoman ..	500 to 400	on A.
Muley Ishmael and Ottoman ..	200 even.	

OAKS.

Crucifix	7 to 2	agst. (tk.)
Teleta	17 to 1	—
Rowton's dam and Black Bess	7 to 1	—

MONDAY, February 17.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Angelica colt	4 to 1	agst. —
Confederate	5 to 1	—
Ottoman	13 to 2	—
Muley Ishmael	7 to 1	—
Ottoman and Muley Ishmael, each, in one bet ..	7 to 1	(tk.)

DERBY.

Angelica colt	14 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Confederate	15 to 1	—

Launcelot	15 to 1	—
Theon	15 to 1	—
Bokhara	18 to 1	—
Muley Ishmael	20 to 1	(tk.)
St. Andrew	21 to 1	(tk.)
Ottoman	24 to 1	(tk.)
Gambia	25 to 1	(tk.)
Wardan	26 to 1	(tk.)
Monops	40 to 1	(tk.)
Chameau	40 to 1	(tk.)
Defendant	40 to 1	agst. —
Glenorchy	50 to 1	(tk.)
Brother to Melbourne ..	1000 to 10	(tk.)

Morgan Rattler	3000 to 30	agst. (tk.)
Black Bess.....	2000 to 10	— (tk.)
Monops, Chemeau, & P. Albert, each, in 1 bet ..	1000 to 25	— (tk.)
Muley Ishmael agst. Ottoman	500 even.	
Lord Jersey's lot agst. Bokhara	500 even.	
Theon agst. Bokhara.....	550 to 500	on.

OAKS.

Crucifix.....	3 to 1	agst. —
Black Bess	14 to 1	— (tk.)
Pocahontas	18 to 1	— (tk.)
Diploma	1000 to 40	— (tk.)

LIVERPOOL STEEPLE-CHASE, p.p.

Lottery	5 to 4	(tk. 6 to 4)
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THURSDAY, February 20.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Angelica colt.....	3 to 1	agst. —
Confederate	11 to 2	— (tk.)

DERBY.

Angelica colt	13 to 1	agst. —
Launcelot	14 to 1	— (tk.)
Confederate.....	16 to 1	—
Theon	16 to 1	—
Bokhara	18 to 1	—
Ottoman	25 to 1	— (tk.)
St. Andrew	26 to 1	—
Wardan	26 to 1	— (tk.)
Monops	30 to 1	—

Chameau.....	40 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Defendant	40 to 1	— (tk.)
Glenorchy.....	50 to 1	— (tk.)
Brother to Melbourne ..	2000 to 35	— (tk.)
Black Beck	3000 to 30	— (tk.)
Confederate and Launcelot	1000 even.	
Angelica agst. Launcelot	11 to 10	on A.

OAKS.

Crucifix.....	3 to 1	agst. —
Black Bess	14 to 1	— (tk.)
Diploma	22 to 1	—

MONDAY, February 24.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Angelica colt.....	16 to 5	agst. (tk.)
Confederate	6 to 1	—
Ottoman	6 to 1	—

DERBY.

Angelica colt	12½ to 1	agst. (tk.)
Launcelot	1½ to 1	— (tk.)
Theon	16 to 1	— (tk.)
Confederate	17 to 1	{ tk. & afterwards offered.
Monops	23 to 1	(tk. 25 to 1)
Bokhara	25 to 1	agst. —
Ottoman	25 to 1	—
Gambia	25 to 1	—
St. Andrew	28 to 1	—
Chameau	35 to 1	(tk. 40 to 1)
Glenorchy	1000 to 15	agst. (tk.)
Black Bess	1000 to 15	— (tk.)
Maroon	1000 to 10	— (tk.)
Diplomatist	1000 to 10	— (tk.)
Muley Ishmael	1000 to 10	—

Gambia and Monops	13 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Launcelot and Theon ..	700 to 100	— (tk.)
Uzbek, Camillo, and Sophocles	2000 to 30	— (tk.)
Between Monops and Wardan	500 even	(tk.)
Between Bokhara and Wardan	500 even.	
Glenorchy agst. Muley Ishmael	500 to 400	on.
Bokhara agst. Ottoman ..	500 even	on.

OAKS.

Crucifix	3 to 1	(tk. 7 to 2)
Lallah Rookh	9 to 1	agst. —
Black Bess	9 to 1	(tk. 10 to 1)
Teleta	18 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Diploma	25 to 1	{ tk. & afterwards offered.
Teleta and Diploma.....	10 to 1	agst. (tk.)

DERBY, 1841.

Mongolian.....	10,000 to 200	agst. (tk.)
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THURSDAY, February 27.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Angelica colt	5 to 2	(tk. 3 to 1)
Ottoman	5 to 4	(tk. 6 to 1)
Confederate	7 to 1	agst. —
Wardan	10 to 1	—

DERBY.

Angelica colt.....	11 to 1	(tk. 12 to 1)
Launcelot.....	14 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Theon	15 to 1	(tk. 16 to 1)
Confederate	17 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Ottoman	20 to 1	—
Monops.....	22 to 1	— (tk.)
Bokhara	22 to 1	(tk. 25 to 1)
Wardan.....	30 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Chameau.....	30 to 1	{ tk. & afterwards offered.
Fitzroy	40 to 1	(tk. to 100)
Maroon.....	50 to 1	{ tk. & afterwards offered.

Black Bess.....	1000 to 15	agst. (tk.)
Glenorchy agst. Muley Ishmael	1000 to 800	{ 500 even
Angelica colt agst. Lord Exeter's lot.....	1000 to 800	on (tk.)
Between Monops and Bokhara	1000 even.	
Between Wardan and Ottoman	300 even.	

OAKS.

Crucifix.....	7 to 2	agst. —
Black Bess	8 to 1	—
Lallah Rookh	9 to 1	(tk. 10 to 1)
Currency	16 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Teleta	18 to 1	—

LIVERPOOL STEEPLE-CHASE.

Lottery.....	5 to 4	agst. —
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MY HORSES.

BY NIMROD.

(Continued from page 112.)

AT the same time that I had Spring, I had another horse, which, to appearance, was worth two of him; but whilst he would have been going five miles over a deep country, Spring would have gone seven. This was a brown gelding, called Baronet, formerly the property of Lord Clinton; but for which I gave 220 guineas, from seeing him carry a heavy man over the Gloucestershire Hills, with Lord Segrave's hounds, topping the walls in great style. A better judge than myself, indeed, might have done this, as, from his fine form, rich colour, placid temper, good action, and excellent fencing, he appeared possessed of *all* the necessary qualifications of a hunter. Now, then, for his history; which I commence by stating, that I took him to Bicester, with the view of letting Lord Jersey put his eye upon him, for he was well equal to his weight, and would have been an ornament to any man's stable. The first day I rode him (with any hounds), however, his Lordship was not out; but the following transaction occurred:—I left Bicester to go to cover—the fixture being within four miles of the town—with a certain Colonel, an old stager there, and now, I believe, a General; and with whom I was intimate, from having frequently sojourned with him in the house of his worthy brother-in-law. He was accompanied by a friend of his, a very hard rider, by the name of Williams; but who, from the dark colour of his eyes and hair, was distinguished by a name not given him at the font, as many of the illustrious have been before him, and known among his friends as "black Williams." The General feasted his eyes on Baronet as we rode along, and he afforded a treat to a good judge like himself; for, barring one point—his fetlocks—he was as near perfection as might be. "That horse would suit me," said he: "what shall I give you for him?" "Two hundred and sixty guineas," was my reply. No objection was made to the price; but (on a signal, no doubt, being given)—"*This is the best road,*" said Mr. Williams, popping over a fence into a field, into which I followed him, leaving the General in the lane. Another fence was hopped over, and another, much to the satisfaction of the General; when Mr. Williams rode at a slapping gate, and landed well in the lane. "Now, A——," said the General, "come along." "Don't be alarmed," I replied; "I am coming:" so, letting Baronet go his own pace up to the gate (he was a capital timber-jumper), it was very neatly and easily taken by him, although, I remember, there was an extra bar nailed above the fifth. "*He is mine!*" exclaimed the General; and now comes the only bad part of the story. "I'll gallop back to Bicester," said I, "and get another horse, and I can be there before watering time." Here I was overruled. "You *shall* ride the horse to-day," said the General; and who can disobey a General? Here, however, for once, I was prudent. "I'll *not* ride this horse," said I, to a friend, as we were finding our fox (observe, I never had ridden him with hounds);

"I have done a good day's work, and I had better not undo it." But, curse prudence! it is but a negative virtue after all, and it cost me 100 guineas! A fox was soon found, in a country strong and deep; and a splitter, for half an hour, was the result. "Where was A——?" said one: "Where the devil was A——?" asked another; as, in those days, this was just the thing that suited me. Why, the fact was, A. was "playing the General," instead of B.; and, wishing to avoid thorns, over-reaches, or strains, had been coming quietly along with the second-horse men, and a few of the slow-and-sure. But now to the wind-up. The General came up to me, and said he had a favour to request. It was to let him off the bargain for Baronet; as, on reflection, it was more money than he wished to give for a horse. Now, reader, you remember whom Junius calls "a good-humoured fool," and just that "good-humoured fool" was I; for, of course, my horse got blown upon. But I made the following note in my book of experience:—"If ever," said I, to the inner man, "I ride a horse again with hounds, *after* having sold him, but *before* he is gone from my stable, may he give me a worse roll than ever Hercules gave Antæus, and, also, as precious a squeeze."

But to be serious.—Baronet would have just suited this General; for he was a perfect fencer, very quiet to ride, capital on the road, and one of the pleasantest animals to sit upon I ever strode across. I rode him two winters and one summer without his being near giving me a fall; and, after a small cataract appearing in one of his eyes, sold him for 180 guineas. According to his appearance, however, he was a cheat; for he was not good in dirt, which I was ignorant of when this transaction took place. But the money I lost by him was well laid out; for he read me a lesson, never to purchase a hunter again from merely seeing him go over a hill country, the state of which, at any time, as affecting the physical powers of a horse, has no more resemblance to the Bicester vale, after a month's frost, than the arid plains of Africa have to the Bog of Allen, in Paddy's land.

Somewhere about this time, I purchased a clever-looking grey horse, in London, for eighty pounds, apparently equal to fourteen stone, with fine legs and feet, and also, apparently, in the right form. I called him Bob Short—an Irishman's reason, by the way—because he was very long. But it was not a misnomer, after all, for a *short day* suited him best; in *short*, he was altogether a cheat, as he could not go in dirt. In consequence of my hurting myself in the field, in the season in which I had him, my stud was put up to auction, at Chapel House, and he was the only one sold. He was purchased by that excellent sportsman and rider, the late Mr. Harry Waller, for the same money he cost me; and who told me, the next time I saw him, that he was "a very bad horse." The fact was, I bought him in a frost, when I could not put to the test the only quality in which he was deficient—*viz.* going well through deep ground.

I made rather a lucky hit the end of the next season. One of the party who had been sojourning for the winter at Woodstock, had a horse so lame that he could not travel home with his other horses; and as all was over for the season, I gave him thirty guineas for him; and a deeply-seated thorn proved to be the only grievance. After summering him well, and much altering his appearance, I sold him,

the following winter, to Lord Apsley, now Earl Bathurst, for 130 guineas. I had christened him Kingham, in consequence of his having carried me well over Kingham Field (very distressing ground), at the end of a splitter with the Duke of Beaufort, and, also, over the brook at the end of it, cheek by jowl with that good sportsman, Ben Holloway, who well remembers the day. This was a very sound horse, and a delightful one to ride; but he had a nervous twitching of his head, which, although of no detriment to him as a hunter—for it was only in his walk—had a very singular appearance. Fortunately, he did not froth at the mouth, or it would have been death to boots and breeches.

I bought one of the best hunters I ever had, of Mr. Richard Best; and, as such, called him *Optime*. Many of your readers will remember the anecdote, in one of my former letters, of "D—n those willow trees!" with Sir Henry Peyton's comment upon it; and this was the horse I rode on that day. But he performed a great feat with the same hounds (Mostyn's) the same year. We were running our fox very hard indeed, when the only apparently jumpable part of a fence in the line, was a flight of four-barred rails, bushed with high and strong thorns; I, of course, made for the rails, followed by about sixteen of the field; but I observed all the rest making their way to an opening, at a considerable angle to the right; knowing, which I did not know, the sort of place I had to deal with. Nothing but the very superior command of the acting powers—*ergo*, superior fencing—of this horse, saved me and himself from destruction at this fence; for, if he had taken it in his stroke, as I urged him to do, we should both have been annihilated on the spot; inasmuch as, on the other side the rails, was a narrow hollow-way, of very great depth, which was obscured from my sight by the thorns. Seeing his danger, however, when he got close to it, *Optime* made a sudden stop; and doubling himself up, as it were, for the effort, threw himself *sideways* over the rails, and I fortunately preserved my seat. Had he gone straight over it, even in a standing leap, he must have gone with such force against the opposite bank of the hollow-way, as would, probably, have broken his neck; or, still more probably, his back. Among the spectators of this feat, was Mr. Bradshaw, son-in-law to Sir Henry Peyton, who afterwards became the owner of *Optime*, and rode him several seasons, changing his name to Cock Robin. No man in his senses would have ridden at this fence; and several of the field went to inspect it on their road home. As for myself, I deserved no credit, and it only got me into trouble;* but I mention the fact to shew, first, what a noble animal a good English hunter is; and secondly, how it justified the exclamation of Mr. Robert Grosvenor, when he saw this horse at Stratford:—"Ah!" said he, "there is the horse that can jump in, and out of, all the pig-sties in the country."

But a singular part of *Optime's* history is yet untold. He was, at this time, one of the coolest and quietest hunters I ever had, but by no means deficient in speed or spirit. Riding him, however, soon

* A bit of a blow-up by Sir E. Lloyd, now Lord Mostyn, for being found in the middle of the hounds when the rest of the field came up, at a check; but my situation, at the time, was accidental and accounted for.

afterwards, at the Coplw, on a very foggy day, with the Quorn hounds, he was so alarmed at the rush made by the crowd (on that day immense), at the start, that he became, all at once, so desperately given to rush at his fences, that I was obliged to throw him up for the season; and by the middle of the next, but not before, his nerves recovered their naturally tranquil state. He was so determined a rusher, that, sooner than he would be kept back, to allow another horse to get over it, he would absolutely go tail first into a fence. It is the only instance of the kind I ever met with, or could hear of—the effect of ten minutes, or less—and has been previously mentioned in my letters to the sporting public.

Having been selling some horses, and wishing to replace them, I trotted over to Birmingham, and tried the late Beardsworth's Repository. There was only one horse I fancied, and that was Chamelion, by Young Woodpecker, out of Staveley's dam (a pretty good runner), then five years old, which I purchased for 100 guineas. "I'll ride him to Stratford," said I, as I felt his hackney-like action under me, and also anxious for a *taste*. I did so, and never shall I forget his astonishment, when he saw rather a deep cart-rut under his feet, on a common, by the road-side—the said Chamelion never having been as yet ridden naked, except in a race. He snorted, as if he had seen a bear, but did not put a foot into it. "Everything must have a beginning," said I; "who knows but you may make a brook jumper, in time?"—patting him on the neck. Passing by Sernal Park cover, some dozen miles farther, I perceived Lord Middleton's hounds were drawing it, and I rode him down to the bottom of a field, in which my friend, Mr. Henry Wyatt, was standing. After the usual salutation, and a description of the new purchase, I asked him to let his horse hop over the lower bar of a rail, about a foot and a half high; and putting Chamelion's nose close to his horse's tail, at it we went, and—*tali auxilio*—over went Chamelion, with a snort that might have been heard a mile. "Now, then, for that ditch in the gap-way," said I, when the same manœuvre was practised with equal success. "He'll do!" I exclaimed; and, in six weeks from that day, I rode him over Lord Jersey's park-wall, without his touching a stone of it. Good as the commencement was, the finish was bad. He turned out a whistler, and was sold for forty pounds. He was in a very pretty form for a hunter, with the temper of a dove out of the stable; and had been sold by Mr. Clifton for 500 guineas.

I never much fancied cast off race-horses, stallions especially, for hunters; but I was encouraged to try my luck with Chamelion, for these reasons:—I had missed a chance of putting some hundreds into my pocket by one; and I had also witnessed the great success of Mr. Robert Canning's Knowsley, who carried him so many seasons, brilliantly. The chance to which I allude, as having let slip, was this:—I went to Newmarket for the purpose of purchasing Delville (then Mr. Cave Brown's), by Beningbrough, out of Evelina, by Highflyer; but, although I tried him to have quite the right action for a hunter—and Mr. Brown let me have a good taste of him—I was persuaded not to buy him, merely because he sucked his wind. Mr. Germaine was a better judge. He gave the price asked—only 150 guineas—and sold him for 400, for he made a capital hunter, which I was convinced he

would, from his excellent form and substance. But there was something ominous in this attempt. A friend accompanied me from Stratford, on a similar errand, and we rode to Huntingdon, eighty-three miles, the first day; but, before we reached it, each got a hard fall from his hack; and the gig, which contained our clothes for the week, was upset, all within a few miles. Surely a raven must have croaked!

As I before observed, I little thought I should ever have to commit these matters to paper, and, as it were, to fight my battles over again; so I destroyed nearly all my hunting-ledgers, which would have been very serviceable to me now. In the year 1818, however, I remember I had some pretty good nags. One was a bay gelding I bought of a London dealer (I forget his name, but he succeeded Chopping, in Park lane), for 100 guineas. I called him Black Eyes, from the extraordinary appearance of those very necessary organs, which, in him, were the blackest I ever saw in a horse's head. He was a first-rate hunter, and I have before related the manner in which he was sold, and how I got sixty guineas by one single *cough*. I had offered him, just before our fox broke cover, one morning, in the Chipping-Warden country, to Lord Belgrave, now Earl Grosvenor, to whom Sir Henry Peyton had strongly recommended him, for 140 guineas; but, in consequence of his having coughed *once*, as his Lordship was looking him over, he very prudently, and, for me, very fortunately, declined. Our fox took us straight as a crow could fly, to Abdy Woods, in the Pytchley hunt, full sixteen miles distant, over one of the strongest-fenced grazing districts in England; and by my being "close to their tails,"—as Matty Wilkinson used to say—when he went to ground, for, of course, the earths were open, the price of Black Eyes was altered. His fame reaching Oxford the same night, Mr. Dean, of Great Torrington, Devonshire, then a member of Christ Church, came to my stables the next morning, gave me 200 guineas for Black Eyes, and rode him several seasons. I wish I had six fac-similes of him now; he was without a fault, as a hunter; and the only reasons for my having offered him for the first-named price, were, first, my stable was strong, but the treasury weak; secondly, the end of the season was approaching, business was slack, and "the reckoning" was to be provided for.

This fine run will never be effaced from my memory, not only from its brilliancy—for it was an honour to the Mostyn pack—but from one circumstance connected with it. It was the only day in my life in which I ever had to walk home, after hunting, from the inability of a horse to carry me; but the fact was this—Mr. Francis Charlton, who had gone uncommonly well in the run, but had hurt one of his knees against a tree, asked me to let him ride Black Eyes to Banbury, as an easier horse to sit upon than his own. Of course, I granted his request; and as his horse failed with me on the road, I had to trudge on foot, for several miles, through a desperately dirty country. Sir Henry Peyton, I remember, got a punishing fall in this run, being knocked backwards by a fence; and I was, myself, for some moments, in equilibrio, on the top of some high rails, and landed on the wrong side after all. But I asked too much of my horse, for I don't think he could have more than cleared the fence, if he had encountered it in the first mile.

The following season, I heard of a good hunter in Lord Segrave's country, that no one would buy, because he had small feet. "Is he sound on them?" was the question I put to the person who mentioned him to me. On being told he was, I cantered over to the house of that "excellent fellow," Tom Hornyold, who then hunted Worcestershire, and the next morning was at his owner's, Mr. White, of Uppedden, near Gloucester, a very sporting grazier, and "a devil to ride;" and, after a good taste of him over the country, purchased him for 150 guineas. He was not long in my stable, for he could do everything but speak. Standing, flying, double, or single leaping, was all the same to him, as was gate, stile, hedge, ditch, or brook; and, as he was by no means deficient in pace, I had reckoned upon 300 guineas for him; but as he appeared to have been soaled for my old and true friend, Mr. West, of Alnot Park, Warwickshire, and he was of that opinion himself, I was satisfied with his offer of 200 guineas, and *Nimrod*, as he called him, carried him seven or eight seasons, without once making a mistake with him. The last I heard of him, was in the possession of Captain Grant, of racing celebrity, who told me he gave eighty pounds for him at the sale of Mr. West's hunters, when he gave up his hounds. He was one of the finest skinned horses, for *not* a thorough-bred one, I ever saw, and so good a doer in the stable, that it was almost impossible to keep down his flesh. In fact, both himself and his owner got so fat, that riding a-hunting was out of the question with the one, and following hounds with the other.

In the mention I made of my brother amongst the crack riders of England, I stated the fact of his retiring from the field, in consequence of being thoughtlessly shewn up in the newspapers, as not one of the "*elect*," but as one of the *select*, at the conclusion of a tremendous run, which also concluded the existence of his "gallant grey." That capital hunter was purchased by him from me, at the sporting price of 200 guineas, and a better, or more gentlemanlike hunter, need not be wished for by any man. Severe as was the day, which was his last, he would have survived the fatigues of it, had he not been incautiously taken to the field, unprepared for work, after having lain still nearly a fortnight, from the consequences of a bad overreach. I got him from Mr. Beilby Thompson, in exchange for the Driver horse, of which I have before spoken. He was, likewise, the horse I instanced, in my Letters on Condition, as one that would have surely fallen a victim to the grazing system, had he been in the hands of any one who advocated it, having, through timely and *immediate* assistance alone, been cured, after the season was over of an incipient disease, which would have been very shortly succeeded by incurable lameness. He was a beautiful animal, and quite as good as he appeared to be. He was by Black Sultan.

I had in my possession, for three months, a very splendid young entire horse, by Mr. R. Canning's Knowsley, and as like him as two peas out of the same pod. As was the case, also, with all Knowsley's stock, he was a perfect fencer at four years old, which was his age when I became possessed of him. The reader will observe, that I say, "I had this horse three months in my possession," but, unfortunately, I could not call him my own, and for one of the best reasons in the world—it was not in my power to pay for him, at the

expiration of that period, which was the time allowed for cashing up. The 200 guineas, then—the price agreed upon—not being forthcoming, I very reluctantly returned him. He afterwards became the property of one of the Musgraves, either the Baronet, or his brother; and, from what I saw of him in his colt-hood, if his heart lay in the right place, he could not fail making a superior hunter, being, as it were, a self-created one, as so many of Knowsley's stock were. As my object, however, in writing for the sporting world, has always been to blend the agreeable with the useful, when in my power to do so, and to provoke a smile, even at my own expense, I shall not now digress from the usual course, but relate the following anecdote.

Among the jovial crew that composed the Warwickshire hunt in these times, almost every man became, in his turn, the subject of some merriment (Epswell Hunt poem, for example); and I believe I made my appearance on the stage, for the amusement of my brother-sportsmen, quite as often as any. Amongst the various good stories afloat, was the following:—It was asserted, as a fact, that, as I was taking a ride, one day, on this young horse, which I called Salamanca, I was met by a bailiff, who wanted to serve me with a process, and that putting him at a high gate, to escape, which he cleared in beautiful style, I turned myself round on my saddle, and very coolly observed to John Doe—“*Was not that well done for a young one?*” Now there is no smoke without fire, and this story is, in part, true. I was met, when on this young horse, not by one bailiff, but by two, who gave chase. Observing that they were mounted on not bad-looking hackneys, and, also, that the road I was in was a narrow one, I thought I would guard against accidents, and make all safe; so, taking across a stiffish country, both John and Richard soon found themselves at that respectful distance at which they may make up their minds to be placed by the Attorney General's Bill. “*Odi profanum vulgus,*” was always my motto; and that brutal act of body-snatching has long been a stain on British jurisprudence.

The embellisher of this affair, was the celebrated “old Stubbs” (as he was called), of Stratford-upon-Avon, whose singular and original character will never be forgotten in Warwickshire, even if it were only from the conspicuous figure he cuts in the Epswell Hunt poem. I was often the theme of his discourse; and I once overheard the following remarks of his, on myself, to a mutual friend, at the opening of the season at Stratford, in which town the gentlemen of the hunt assembled. After enumerating some of the old stagers who had arrived, he continued:—“And there is A—— again, sir! Six horses! D—d extraordinary fellow that, sir! Can't tell how he does it. Throw him naked into the Avon, and he'd come out of it, well dressed, by G—d!” But let “old Stubbs” have said what he might, he was sure of my forgiveness, for his ardent attachment to the noble science, and for the sacrifices he, with myself, made to enjoy it. The only difference, I believe, between us, in this respect, was, that he hunted on a Sunday, and I never did.

When Sir Bellingham Graham hunted the Atherstone country, I had two or three horses worthy of notice, inasmuch as some interesting facts are attached to them, and a useful hint or two may be gathered from their history, by young masters of hunting studs. The

first to which I shall allude, was a five-year-old Pioneer horse I bought in the Oakley country, which will shew how valueless is a warranty, by the seller, in sundry particular cases. This horse was the property of the Rev. Mr. Lowndes, near Newport Pagnel, who bred him; and, from the very good account I had heard of him from a brother parson in his neighbourhood, at whose house I was visiting, and who had ridden him a sharp burst with hounds, up to his hocks in dirt, I was induced to go and see him. Mr. Lowndes was absent, but was expected at home the next morning to breakfast. At nine o'clock, then, I was at his house again, and seeing a gentleman in black, in the stable-yard, I addressed him as the owner of the horse. He proved, however, to be an old schoolfellow of mine, one of the Hammers, come to shoot with his neighbour; and, on my telling him of my errand, he spoke in the highest terms of praise of the young Pioneer, and we went into the stable to look at him. "I observe," said I, "this horse keeps his near fore-leg more forward than the off one; and he did so when I was here yesterday." Mr. Hanmer assured me, as also did Mr. Lowndes, that he was perfectly sound, and, having had a taste of him in the meadows, I dropped my 130 guineas, and sent him to Atherstone the next day, but only by easy days' journeys. He was, however, never sound from that time, and I lost all my money, and more, for it appeared I could not return him, because I could not prove he had been lame previously to my purchasing him; nor had he; but incipient disease of the navicular joint was then in existence (the form of his hoofs was perfect), which caused him to throw a part of his weight off the ailing foot, by putting it out before the other; and the journey to Atherstone made him a cripple. He was a very clever young horse; capital in deep ground; and, as I gave so sporting a price for him, I ought to have had something thrown back to me. But here *the cloth* turned round upon me. I, however, purchased another horse, at the same time, in the same neighbourhood, from one of the Polhills, very neat, and very good, by which I pulled up some of the lee-way the lame one made.

I have rather a long yarn to spin, relating to two horses I had about this time, at Atherstone, and, from one of them, a very profitable lesson may be learned. He had not been a month in my possession before he dropped into two capital runs in the same day, with Sir Bellingham Graham's hounds; and so well did he carry me, that he attracted the notice of Mr. Wroughton, of Wroughton, in the Craven country, then on a visit to Sir Bellingham, and who was to have called on me the following morning, with a view of becoming the purchaser of him—the price having been partly agreed upon. Before ten o'clock that night, however, he was as blind as a post, having been attacked with violent, general inflammation, to a degree scarcely to be credited; and although Mr. Lucas, the veterinary surgeon, took twelve quarts of blood from him in the course of the next twelve hours, and had recourse to other repellents, the finale was, the temporary loss of both fore-feet, and the eternal loss of one of his fine eyes. He was a splendid hunter, equal to fourteen stone; but, having been summered on the rich cow-pastures of Cheshire, was not fit for such a day's work in November. This shews the economy of the second-horse system. If I had not ridden that horse the second run,

the misfortune would not have occurred; whereas I lost more than would have kept two horses the year round, and I had the means of having two horses out, as my stable was quite strong enough for it. *Experientia docet.*

The other horse, purchased in the same county, and the property of the same person, had more time given him, and turned out very well indeed, and equal to as much weight. I sold him at Tusmore, to Mr. Fitzhugh, brother-in-law to Sir Henry Peyton, for 160 guineas, and one of the best hunters I ever had in my life, which I shall have occasion to speak of presently. But I mention the second Cheshire horse for the sake of introducing an anecdote which may cause your readers to smile, and I am sure my old friend, Mr. Fitzhugh himself, will smile, inasmuch as his fox-hunting propensities extended little farther than the delightful combination of air and exercise, in good company—at least, I am quite sure he sought no riding fame. When that coolest of all cool hands, Tom Penn, Sir Watkin's pad groom—of whom I have before spoken, and who finished his career by breaking his neck—heard that Mr. Fitzhugh, who resides in the neighbourhood of Wynnstay, had purchased this horse of me, he was heard thus to comment upon the act, in his usual unceremonious lingo. "So," said he, "I find *Fitzhugh* has been buying a horse of A—. A d—d bore that! I have just broke the governor (Sir Watkin) of that trick of turning over at fences, and now I shall have to do it all over again. It will be—I say, Watkin, this is a nasty place; we had better get down, and let Tom catch our horses." Mr. Fitzhugh, however, need not have thus provided against the chances with the horse I sold him, for a safer fencer was never ridden over a country; and I'll answer for it, the party at Tusmore do not forget how he topped the park-hurdles under me, on the day Mr. Fitzhugh became enamoured of him. But he was foaled for him; and I might have copied Dick Bradley, and said, "I *bespoke* this horse for you."*

When a good deal the worse for what she had done, I purchased of Mr. Kimber (a well known hard-rider in Lord Segrave's country), and rode, for one season, the famous old one-eyed grey mare, ridden many seasons by Mr. Newham, when he hunted the Worcestershire country. I only mention this mare for the singular property she possessed, of repeatedly getting herself into scrapes, but getting out of them without falling. At large fences, or at timber, she was certain; but, either in consequence of her being monocular, or of

* Our dealings with this celebrated horse-dealer, were the subject of much amusement, for he was a very talented man, and, certainly, the pleasantest to do business with that I ever came across. As might be expected, between him and myself, there was a little of the "diamond-cut-diamond," although he was very fair in that respect. It was not, however, very easy to get a turn of him; but I got it once. "I shall come to you to-morrow," said I to him, "and try to buy that big mare." "Always happy to see you," was his reply. Now the big mare I would not have had at a gift; but, having seen his famous boy, Harry, go very well on a big-legged horse, I said to him (in a sort of a side-wind), as I was looking at the mare,—“By the way, Bradley, *what do you want for that big horse, with a big leg*, which Harry rode yesterday, in case I should see anybody in want of such a horse?” “Forty pounds,” said he. “He is mine, at that price,” I replied; and I sold him for eighty guineas. The anecdote of the Fool-catcher is still better. “Tell me, candidly,” said I to him, “what you will do with this horse?” a regular peacock which I gave him in exchange, and which I took, in exchange, from Mr. Giffard, of Chillington, for Ranger, the race-horse. “You must not put Harry on his back.” “I shall do better than that,” he replied; “I shall put six bags of bran on his back, and he'll make a famous fool-catcher.”

something else, I could not discover, she was given to run into small fences as if she never saw them at all. It was astonishing, nevertheless, how she would recover herself on these occasions, even after her head touched the ground. She was a fine-limbed animal, delightful to sit upon; and although her legs, when I had her, were as big as mill-posts, she was as sound and as firm upon them as when she was five years old.

(To be continued.)

LEGHORN, AND HER SPORTS.

BY AN ENGLISH TURFITE IN ITALY.

“Oh, for that winged steed, Bellerophon!
That Pallas gave thee in her infinite grace
And love for innocence, when thou didst face
The treble-shaped Chimæra.”

BARRY CORNWALL.

DURING the whole of last summer my tent was pitched at Leghorn, and I have reason to be grateful for many and various acts of kindness lavished, by her inhabitants, on a sojourner in a strange land. I formed many acquaintances; many more, indeed, than usually fall to the lot of the stranger, or chance passer by; for the Livornese are too completely spell-bound by commercial occupations, and too exclusively engrossed by the cares of trade and mercantile transactions, to have the power, even if they had the desire, of entering into the dissipations of society: and time, moreover, is, to them, too precious a boon to admit of their stealing hours from business, to dedicate them to pleasure. Differing somewhat in opinion with both the gallant Duke of Ragusa, and the learned and erudite critic of the “Edinburgh Review,” “on the folly of encouraging the breed of race-horses so greatly, as we have long done in England, and as the continental States have, of late years, been doing after our example,” I shall neither attempt to controvert the remarks of the one, nor to refute the laudatory pæans of the other, but shall content myself with quoting, verbatim, the remaining sentences of the article in question, for the information and edification of racing men, and sportsmen in general.

“The Marshal allows, that, in a country like this (England), where the love of gambling, in all its branches, is epidemic,* something may be said for the practice;—an amusement so habitual to the people requires such provision. But he cannot discover any service, in countries like France and Germany, where strong cattle for draught, or animals combining strength and speed for the army, are alone required, exerting all their powers to make a breed be provided of horses which shall arrive a few seconds sooner at the goal of a race-course. In the latter remark we entirely coincide; only we must generalize it, and repudiate the exception made in favour of England. *The Government, having so long encouraged racing, has, in fact, patronized gambling, and gambling of the lowest description.* What avails it to make betting above a certain amount illegal, and to discourage it by depriving bankrupt traders of their certificate, if they exceed the given sum, while the foundation of the whole—the race, and the conflux of gamblers—is encouraged by the Government in every county of the kingdom? Did ever human folly go farther than

* This, from a Frenchman, is a tolerable illustration of the pot calling the kettle ugly names.—ED.

theirs, who pretend to say to gamblers—‘ Play, but only to a given amount? That the price paid for a good breed of horses would be all too high, when given in such coin as an increase of the practices most hurtful to public morals, who can have the hardihood to deny? Yet it is quite clear that the breed of useful horses is not thus improved; at all events, that the same object might be far better, and far more cheaply attained, by other and by harmless means.”

Differing, in toto, in opinion equally with the warrior and the scribe, I do not blush to confess that I had the temerity, this last summer, to suggest to my friends, Leone Cipriani, and the two brothers, Bartolomei, the advisability of establishing an annual race-meeting at Leghorn. Mr. ——— at once pronounced the project impracticable, and his opinion influenced, to a certain extent, many others, from the reputation that he enjoyed of having been a turfite in his youth, and the knowledge that the races which mine Lords Normanby and Burgersh, and Messrs. St. John and Perry, held once, and once only, at Pisa, were indebted, for their ephemeral existence, in some measure, to his fostering care and unwearying exertions. Many, as I before said, were of his opinion, and coincided also with the Duke of Ragusa, and the erudite critic of the “Edinburgh,” in condemning “the folly of encouraging the breed of race-horses, and the establishment of races, as an increase of the practices most hurtful to public morals !!” Others laughed the scheme to scorn, as the baseless fabric of a visionary’s distempered imagination—arguing, most logically, that, as there never had been races at Leghorn, *ergo*, there never could be !!!

Nothing daunted, however, by the determined opposition that our project met with at the outset, and nothing discouraged by the unfavourable judgment denounced against it; Cipriani and I drew up a programme of the intended sports, and started a subscription, which was limited to the moderate sum of five francesconi each, in order to enable men of all ranks and stations to be subscribers: and well was it that it was so arranged; for among the richest and wealthiest we found the fewest subscribers. The English tradesmen established at Leghorn, who are by no means overburdened with the goods of this world, came forward to a man; but their Livornese competitors all hung back, and more especially several who, by singular success in experimental undertakings, and hazardous speculations, have arisen from the dust to be millionaires, and who have given the lie direct to the old adage of *Ex nihilo nihil fit!* by having, *from nothing*, been whirled up above the clouds by a conjuror’s *via*—puff! and perched on the loftiest pinnacle of the Temple of Fortune.

To William Peel (Sir Robert’s first cousin) we were more indebted than to any one. Indeed, our skiff was already amidst the breakers, when he seized the helm, and piloted her through the billows of avarice and contention that threatened to engulf her. He undertook the troublesome and thankless office of treasurer, and embarked, body and soul, in the cause which he had rescued from annihilation.

The directors were, “the Spanish Consul, Jose Gomez; Leone Cipriani, and myself;” and the Judge at the starting-post (Giudice alle Mosse) was Giulio Cipriani. I drew out the different stakes and articles—affichéd and advertised the same—wrote unto Lowenberg, at Lucca, and to Gasperini and Charles Poniatowski, at Florence, appraising them fully of all our doings, and making known unto them that

the meeting was fixed for the 8th of October, as allowing the horses more than ten days after the Florence races for their journey to Leghorn.

The amateurs of the turf in Tuscany can never be sufficiently grateful to the Bartolommeis. They came forward of their own accord, gave us free permission to hold the races on any part of their extensive estates that we might consider the most suitable, placed their stables at the disposal of the owners of the running horses, offered the services of their Gardes de Chasse to keep the course, and seconded our efforts with kindness and generosity beyond a parallel. Their liberality and patronage placed us in a better position than we had hitherto commanded, and we proceeded on our work with renovated enthusiasm and zeal.

On an afternoon of last September, I rode with Bartolommei the younger, over to Suez, to mark out the race-course, and to put all things *en train*. Theirs is, indeed, a magnificent property, commencing at the very gates of Leghorn, and extending twelve miles in length, by eight in breadth, in a ring fence, in the most literal sense of the word; not an acre of land belonging to any other person, running into, or intersecting it. A considerable part is woodland of this princely domain, which also comprises all that wide extent of plain and mountain sweeping from Monte Rotondo, even unto the confines of the Royal Cascina at Pisa. The two brothers, and their second brother in friendship and affection, Leone Cipriani, are keen and first-rate sportsmen, and devoted to the chase, and to all manly exercises and recreations. The expenses they incur in the preservation of game are considerable, but their liberal and enterprising efforts have been eminently successful; for, in the course of our short ride, many were the pheasants that exhibited their gorgeous plumage on the close-shorn stubbles, and legion in number were the hares that darted into the underwood at our approach. Their forests, also, abound with roebucks and wild boars, and others of the *feræ naturæ*, but of a colony of rabbits imported from Capraya's Isle not one remaineth; no, not one to tell the tale of their extirpation, for dainty Reynard made mincemeat of them all; which I satisfactorily accounted for, when informed of the period of their arrival; for it would be easier to burrow in Carrara's quarries, than in banks of clay, baked by the heat of an Italian summer; and, at that season, I would defy any rabbit,

———"beneath the caverned earth,
To hide her harmless head."

Bartolommei, however, rejoiced much at having succeeded in nearly exterminating the foxes, by casting poison in all the walks and drives of his forests, by snaring them like vermin, and by waging, at all times, relentless war against the devoted race. He has introduced the red-legged partridge with extraordinary success, and is desirous to ascertain if the grouse and black cock would thrive on his mountains, as on the bleak and barren moors of Scotland. Indeed, he requested me to procure him a hundred brace of grouse in March, or at any other period of the year that may be more suitable for their expatriation: and I know of no channel by which I can more efficiently execute his commission, than by proclaiming, through the medium of your Review, that any person or persons may command a certain and good market

for one hundred brace of live grouse, of both sexes, for the whilk they shall be paid, either on shipment, or on delivery of the same at Leghorn, as may be agreed on between the parties.

"In that coppice," said Bartolommei, "in one day, last December, a friend and I killed nine and twenty woodcocks. It was a light coppice of oak and ash underwood, hanging from a sunny bank, and as likely a spot as any sportsman ever saw for a flight of cocks to pitch in. We rode onwards, and threading an avenue of newly planted limes, passed through a Contadino's yard, whose stables, sheds, and outbuildings were on a scale vastly superior to any that I had hitherto seen in Tuscany. We followed an abominable cart-track, and descended on the destined arena of our sports,—a large meadow, nearly square in form, and bounded on three sides by the forest, and on the fourth open to the high road from Florence, and embracing a beautiful view of the mountains beyond Pisa and Lucca in the foreground.

"There is only one objection to this locale," said Bartolommei, "and that, I fear, is insuperable:—the want of a bridge to communicate between the meadow and the high road; for this ditch, deep and wide as a canal, prevents the possibility of entering from that side; and the Contadino's right of way is too indifferent, rugged, and too much out of order to be available."

"We have a bridge," I replied: "and a very good one to boot."

"Where? where?" was Bartolommei's exclamation, as if he expected to see some fairy fabric cast over the deep and muddy abyss which yawned between the road and the land of promise.

"There! ———" and I pointed to a lofty pile of bavins, not a hundred yards from the spot where we stood. "Cast a few hundred of those faggots into the ditch, empty three or four wagon loads of mould or stones over them, and you have a bridge worthy of either Julius Cæsar or Napoleon, who were, undoubtedly, the first of bridge makers, as of conquerors."

"Bravo! what a capital idea! Now for the ladies; where shall we place them? Shall we run a row of chairs along that high bank which crests over the race-course, and the ladies will have an admirable view of the entire circuit of the course."

"Excellently well!" I replied, suppressing, with some difficulty, an inclination to laughter. "But will it not be more convenient for the ladies to descend from their carriages at the very portal of the stands, which Gas has volunteered the use of, and which can be launched on the Arno the day after the Florence meeting?"

"The chairs will surely answer every purpose, and avoid much unnecessary expense and trouble."

"Why, the ladies may wet their feet," said I, "and it would be rather uncomfortable for them to be obliged to squat on a damp bank, like ducks in a thunder storm—and we may woo the golden smiles and sunshine of the capricious heavens as ineffectually as did a northern Thane for his gorgeous tournament; but, prithee, tell me, to serve what purpose are those tubs deeply embedded in different parts of the meadow?"

"Tubs! they are my shooting boxes!"

"You speak in enigmas, alike inscrutable and incomprehensible."

"In the winter, this plain is flooded with the waters from the

mountains which environ, and the canals which interseect it, and has the attributes and appearance of a vast lake. Hither couch wild fowl; solan geese, cormorants, teal, and plovers, in countless multitudes; and an hour before nightfall, I often canter over from Leghorn, ensconce myself in one of the gigantic casks which are, as you perceive, sunk into the earth, and succeed in slaughtering prodigious numbers of the wild fowl, as they sweep past me in immense flights. To give you an idea of the sport, on one evening last January, three friends and I bagged, in less than an hour, between sixty and seventy widgeon, and probably lost half as many more."

"Marvellous! But to be wedged into a tub must be infernally cold work, and somewhat uncomfortable withal."

"Not at all. The barrel is as dry and comfortable as a *fauteuil*, and I am as luxurious therein as if enthroned among my penates. Moreover, should you dread the night air, have a *chaud pied*, steaming with boiling water."

I laughed heartily at this novel mode of wild fowl shooting; and we struck off and cantered around the meadow, which was admirably adapted for a race-course, in every respect. I took notes of the different sites and localities; calculated the distances as nearly as it was possible with the naked eye; and proposed several arrangements, which elicited my coadjutor's approbation: and thus were surmounted the principal difficulties and objections started against the establishment of races at Leghorn.

To be brief: Cipriana, Bartolommei, and Peel, like the man in the old fable, put their shoulders, seriously, and in right good earnest, to the wheel, and raised the wind, and levied contributions amidst their kinsfolk and acquaintance. For my part, I ran over to Florence, to establish my family in winter-quarters, and to witness the races. Provided with a dainty and alluring programme of the intended sports, I seized, what Bulwer calls, "the ardour, the impatience, the hope, the terror, the rapture, and the agony of the race," to expatiate on the necessity of supporting the Leghorn races in their infancy, and chafed divers of my friends into subscribing, and persuaded others to nominate their nags for the different Sweepstakes. On the following week I returned to Leghorn, during which interval, Leone Cipriani had achieved miracles, in putting all things in order, in marking out the course, filling up the several ditches which intersected it in different directions, and in metamorphosing the Contadino's right of way, into a right good road, which rendered my faggotting plan unnecessary, or, as Dr. Johnson would say, "a work of supererogation."

Our mornings on the prairie; our afternoons in the Jockey Club-rooms, on the Piazza d'Arme; and our evenings devoted to the mysteries of whist, either at Peel's, or at the beautiful Franchetti's, gaily and joyously whirled away the golden hours; albeit, they were not sacrificed to the *dolce far niente*, for, in truth, we had never a moment for either idleness or leisure; what with superintending the operations of the workmen on the race-course; now listening to the complaints of a trainer, and now to the petition of a Contadino; now arranging loose boxes for the high-mettled racers; now expatriating the *bove* to make room for Poniatowski's team; and now explaining unto some thick-headed bumpkin, the terms and conditions of the

stakes; now translating them into an Italian version; now superintending the printing of the lists, and a thousand other minutæ, which I will pass over unnoticed; although, at the time, we could not have relaxed in our efforts, without wrecking (to borrow an Hibernian illustration, or figure of speech of the bull species), *without wrecking the vessel of our fondest hopes ere she was launched.*

On the morning of the 7th of October, the Poniatowskis, Martellis, Gasperini, Lewis, and a crowd of other sportsmen, flocked into Leghorn; and as many as could be accommodated with quarters at the Quercia Reale, wended unto that excellent hostelry, of which I must make honourable mention, inasmuch as I have had reason, many a time and oft, to be contented with the good cheer and fair accommodations of the same.

A jovial and a merry party were we at the festive hour of sunset, to do honour to a very exquisite banquet, by which, I much fear, that our liberal hostess must have sustained a loss in the "pecuniar," so disproportionate were her moderate charges to the sumptuousness of the entertainment.

October 8th, 1839. This morning *summâ diligentid* (to borrow a stale Joe Miller), *id est*, on the top of the diligence, or on the roof of Charles Poniatowski's drag, rolled a bevy of sportsmen, and I amongst the number, through the streets of Leghorn, to the vast delight and wonderment of the shopkeepers and tradesmen, and more particularly of the infantine population of the said commercial city; who marvelled, indeed, even yet more, when a trumpeting dragoon (who, for the consideration of five pauls, or two shillings and three-pence, English currency, had vouchsafed us his services for the day, and those of his horn to boot, which he was directed to blow most fiercely, in case of a false start) awoke the nymph Echo from her slumbers, by a perpetration of discordant noises, and inharmonious blasts, that would have brought to shame, and struck dumb for ever, any, or all, of the balls of Bashan.

"Onwards we dash!"

But I cannot add,

"Torrents less rapid and less rash!"

for our *chevaux de louage* emulated the humility of the pious pilgrims to our Lady's shrine, at Ancona, by their desire to perform many and frequent genuflexions. On approaching the locale, all the walking ladies and gentlemen of Leghorn appeared to have turned forth to greet our arrival; and divers flies, gigs, one-horse chaises, and carts laden with prog, and many barrels of wine, and a few of water, were drawn up on either side of the course. My brother directors, Gomez and Cipriani, were *in medias res*, occupied with divers arrangements; and, like Martha, busy about many things, and awaiting my arrival, to weigh the jockeys for the Grand Race, which stood first on the list.

RACE I.

A Sweepstakes of 20 francesconi each, with a Purse of 200 francesconi added by the gentlemen of Leghorn: three-year-olds, 150 lb.; four, 170 lb.; five, 180 lb.; six and aged, 188 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 5 lb. Horses that have never won in Tuscany (matches excepted), allowed 7 lb. Winners at Florence (matches excepted), to carry 7 lb. extra. Heats a mile and a half.

Mr. Gangee's ch. c. Reviver, by Recovery	1	4	1
Baron Lowenberg's br. c. Chateau Lafitte, by Chateau Margaux	3	1	2
Prince Joseph Poniatowski's b. g. Antrim, by Lapwing ..	5	3	3
Baron Lowenberg's br. g. Tom, brother to Kob Roy ..	2	2	0
Baron Lowenberg's b. f. Wimple, by the Colonel	4	0	—
Prince Ch. Poniatowski's gr. f. Elisa, by Minos	0	—	—
Count Sessel's b. g. Allright, aged			paid forfeit.

First Heat.—Lots of false starts, and considerable difficulty in getting the fleet under weigh, from the skittishness of Elisa, and the enthusiasm of the spectators, who would not be restrained by either force or gentleness, or threats or supplications, but clustered around the starting-post like a hive of bees. After a delay of nearly an hour, I quitted the Judge's stand, took my station at the starting-post, ordered the jockeys to fall back a couple of hundred yards, and to walk up very slowly together in a line; and then away they all went together, at a word. Lowenberg intended winning this heat with Wimple; but the extra weight, the distance, and the deep and heavy condition of the course, took the shine completely out of her; and Reviver, who carried 14lb. less than anything in the race, except Elisa, and is a large, slashing, powerful horse, well calculated to go through dirt, and run a distance, made all the running, and won, as I anticipated, very cleverly; although every one laughed me to scorn, when, at the Florence races, I advised honest Joseph Gangee to send his nag to Leghorn, and told him that, taking into consideration the weights and distance, he was certain of doing the trick.

Second Heat.—Chateau Lafitte had it all his own way, Reviver being kept in reserve for the final struggle. The moment the horses were off, the chew-bacons rushed into the course, and the jockeys were obliged to charge the crowd, and came in like a string of wild geese, threading the human torrent. It was useless to attempt keeping the course clear; for the mobility, never having seen a race before, had no idea of being incarcerated within the ropes, and laughed to scorn the futile endeavours of the bold dragoons to coerce them within the prescribed bounds.

Third Heat.—Reviver and Chateau went at their very fastest from beginning to end, neck to neck, and head to head, the former winning by half a neck on the post, and was passed in the following stride by Chateau. Loud and vehement were the complaints, and grievous the accusations of the losers, against the rider of Chateau, one Duncan, in the service of Gangee, and as honest a fellow, in my opinion, as ever breathed. Had it been his intention to sell the race, he would never have ventured to draw it so fine, nor was he, indeed, capable of so nice a calculation, as to lose by half a neck on the winning-post, and to be first in the next stride, which was the case, for I officiated as Judge for the heat.

The directors requested Poniatowski, and others, to state their objections and causes of complaint in writing, as no other mode of proceeding could be attended to; which gave birth to a missive, from Poniatowski, objecting to Duncan's riding Reviver in a match against Elisa; to which we as briefly replied, that as no charge of foul or unfair riding had been substantiated against him, we could neither interfere in the matter, nor prevent him from riding any horse, in any race, that he thought proper: and with this answer terminated the business.

The course was most wretchedly kept, or, rather, not kept at all; for the bold dragoons, who, for certain monies, consented to peril their valuable persons and lives in so dangerous a service, were neither useful nor ornamental, but rather in the way, than otherwise, as Mr. Lewis found, to his cost, in cantering Tom, prior to the race, over the turf, to feel his stirrups, when one of the doughty heroes crossed him in mid-career, well nigh spilt, and, as it was, shook him not a little.

The Οἱ Πολλοί, never having before seen a race, *à l'Anglais*, crushed into the middle of the course, and it was marvellous to me that no accidents occurred, for the running horses were actually obliged to charge the crowd. Many, even of the *nobility*, were as unsophisticated in their conceptions of Turfiana, and as innocent in their ideas of racing, as were the *mobility*; and it required strenuous exertions, and much persuasion, to prevent them from placing their carriages in front of the winning-post; and it was truly by a gracious interposition of Providence only, that the races were brought to a prosperous termination.

After the Grand Race of the day, Cipriani and Gomez remained in the Judge's stand; and I, being athirst and weary, bent my footsteps to the carriage of a very faire ladye, and offered, not in vain, prayers and supplications for a bumper of sparkling champagne. The foaming nectar danced before my lips, when I espied a barouche rolling, at a slow foot's pace, down the very centre of the course, with the Jehu, nags, and passengers, each and all alike lulled into a drowsy lethargy of delicious *nonchalance*, and unalloyed self-satisfaction at their own cleverness, in having selected so eligible a situation. I dashed the divine liquor down my parched throat, and, with the rapidity of lightning, was by the side of the vehicle. "For the love of heaven, sir," said I, to a gentleman who was half asleep in the interior; "desire your coachman to work his cattle out of the course; for the horses have either started, or are starting, and will be upon you in a moment."

"Well," said the gentleman, "what does that signify?"

"Signify!" I repeated; "why, you are exactly *in the way of the horses!*"

"Then I suppose *they will get out of mine!*" he replied, with admirable *sang froid*; "but, since you wish it, sir, to oblige you, I will certainly drive off the course!" and so he did.

Several of the Οἱ Πολλοί perceiving that I was at all in the ring;—now weighing the jockeys; now assisting Cipriani and Gomez to judge the races; and now listening to complaints, and overruling objections—applied to me for information on many very simple subjects, but which were, of course, to them, utterly incomprehensible and unintelligible.

The ringing of the bell for weighing and saddling astonished them not a little, and amused us as much by the ludicrous inference and interpretation they adduced therefrom. "When," said one knowing wag to another, with a leer at a third; "when will the high mass be performed? for the bell has already been rung three times."

"Eccellenza!" said another, to a friend of mine; "who is that *illustrissimo?*" pointing to Mr. Lewis, who had just mounted Tom, and was cantering him down the course, preparatory to the start.

"An English gentleman, of birth and family—and a famous and first-rate rider to boot."

"Indeed, Eccellenza! we understood that he was *Il Nipote di Sua Santità il Papa!*" (The pope's nephew.)

"Ha! ha! that accounts for you speculating on the performance of high mass! You rogue, you have mistaken an English gentleman for a high-priest."

RACE II.

A curious race for a purse of trifling value, between six racers in miniature, *id est*, six galloways from the Maremma, ridden by jockeys without saddles, with the solitary exception of John Hawkins's Viarreggio, who was steered by Poniatowski's crack English jock, who thought to do the trick in bang up style, with leathers and tops, and bright silken jacket; but all is not gold that glitters; and Vincentelli's nag, ridden by his son and heir, won easily, amidst the shouts, and cheers, and huzzaiings of the populace, who were half maddened with delight at beholding one of the unwashed bearing away the palm of victory from the best and most renowned trainer in Tuscany—John Hawkins to wit!

RACE III.

A Purse of 50 francesconi, given by the Society for Horses bred in Tuscany; heats, three-quarters of a mile.

Signor Vincentelli's gr. g. Sargentino, 168 lb.	1	1
Prince Poniatowski's gr. m. Sinclope, 168 lb.	2	2

Sargentino won both heats very cleverly, amidst thunders of applause from the populace, who glorying heart and soul, in Vincentelli's triumph, rent the heavens with their cries, and nearly tore the little fellow to pieces when he returned to the winning-post; vociferating and swearing, by all their saints, that there never existed a horse to be compared to Sargentino, nor a rider equal to the infantine Vincentelli.

RACE IV.

Handicap Plate of 50 francesconi, given by the Society; heats, once round.

Signor Gasperini's ch. m. Topsy, by Reveller, 225 lb.	1	1
Signor L. Cipriani's ch. m. Elisa, 170 lb.	2	2
Prince Poniatowski's gr. m. Sinclope, a feather	3	dr.
Signor Julio Cipriani's ch. h. Spartaco, 165 lb.	4	3
Signor Abuderham's br. m. Bessy, 185 lb.	5	dr.
Signor Vincentelli's Sargentino, a feather	drawn.	
Count Grifao's b. m. Syren, 225 lb.	drawn.	

RACE V.

A Sweepstakes of 10 francesconi each; catch weights; straight in.

Signor Leone Cipriani's br. g. Corso	1
Baron Lowenberg's gr. g. Lucchino.	2
Mr. John Hawkins's gr. g. Viarreggio	3

Again was the wreath of victory entwined around the brows of the youthful Vincentelli, who made all the running on Corso, and won easily: and thus terminated the day's races, than which none ever came off with more decided *eclat*, or greater brilliancy. There were other engagements in the list, but the darkness which had crept over the earth, rendering it somewhat difficult to judge even the last race accurately, made it absolutely impossible to include them in the day's sport. And "every man to his tent," was the universal cry.

" 'Tis night! 'tis night! the hour of hours
When love lies down, with folded wings,
By Psyche in her starless bowers."

We all dined together at the Queria Reale, forming a merry and jovial party, of some fourteen at table, among whom were the Poniatowskis, Count Moretti, Mr. Cotterell, one of the Duke of Lucca's chamberlains, the Martellis, and one of the jolliest and best fellows going, under the cassock of a priest, who had brought up and educated the Trinity, *id est*, the three brothers, Martelli, in the ways of wisdom, and the paths of virtue. He, the priest, kept us all alive by one rich story after another, and jokes, and jovial humour; and fairly cast us into convulsions of laughter with a comic song: indeed, Friar John, with the Priestess of Bacchus, would have been a washy-bibber compared with him. Perceiving the bent of his vein, Charles Poniatowski and I encouraged him in it to the utmost, and essayed, with winning suavity, to induce him to pour forth more and more frequent libations before the shrine of the son of Semele; and, in truth, we had an admirable coadjutor in Ferdinando, who is as first-rate a valet as he is a jockey, and invaluable to Poniatowski in each capacity. Obedient to a sign of mine, he kept ever behind the jolly priest's chair, with a flask of champagne in his hand, and no sooner had the votary of Fun and Momus drained his goblet, than—*via*, and it was again filled to overflowing. Unluckily, the funny fellow discovered our drift, ere it was too late, and would drink no more, asserting that he was already *Bacchi plenus*.

After dinner, Poniatowski and I looked, for a few minutes, into the Jockey Club-room, and afterwards rejoined the rest of the party at the theatre, where a company of French comedians gave "*Tartuffe*," and "*Pauvre Jacques*," in the former of which Alexandre Mauzin and Mademoiselle Abit were admirable—and, in the latter, Josse superlatively good.

At the conclusion of the performance, Cipriani seized me by the arm, and hurried me away to a tavern, where Bartolommei, and some three or four other sportsmen were at supper. I was too tired and beat with the labours of the day, the excitement thereof being now quenched, to participate in their festivities; but pleaded extreme fatigue, and dragged myself homewards to the Queria Reale; where, lounging, by chance, into Poniatowski's *salon*, I was astonished to discover Moretti and him, fresh as four-year-olds, risking their tin at the Neapolitan game called *Zecchinetta*! and, as spectators of the tournament, the Princess Elisa, and Luigi Bastianelli—one of the primest fellows that ever speculated in molasses and hyson.

"Risk a napoleon," said the Princess to me, "and I will officiate as High Priestess of Fortune, and bring you off with gain."

I cast the Princess a napoleon—and myself into bed: and "*mi ricordo bene*," that, on the morrow, I received my nap. back again, with usurious interest.

OCTOBER 9TH, 1839.

We went, in much the same order as yesterday, unto the race-course; but what a falling off was there! In lieu of thousands, not a hundred pedestrians were on the prairie, and not twenty carriages; in conse-

quence of a report that floated through Leghorn, having been universally credited, that a clear day would intervene between the two days racing ; and we rather encouraged the misconception, as the only efficient method of keeping the course clear.

RACE I.

Match for 25 louis each ; once round.

Signor L. Cipriani's Elisa received forfeit from Signor G. Cipriani's Spartaco.

RACE II.

Match for 25 louis each ; once round.

Mr. Gangee's Reviver, 195 lb.	1
Prince Poniatowski's Elisa, 190 lb	2

It was Eclipse and the Old Woman over again. One horse running away as fast as his legs could carry him, and another running after him, but who might run, and run on until doomsday, without a chance of catching the first.

RACE III.

Match for 10 louis each ; 175 lb ; once round.

Prince Poniatowski's b. g. Antrim, by Lapwing	1
Signor Gasperini's ch. m. Topsy, by Reveiler	2

They kept together for about half the distance, when Topsy essayed to mend the pace, which had been anything but first-rate. Antrim, judiciously ridden by Ferdinando, bided his time, like the Lairds of Ravenswood, and came forward in the right moment to do the trick.

RACE IV., AND LAST.

A Sweepstakes of 10 louis each ; catch weights ; three-quarters of a mile.

Prince Charles Poniatowski's gr. m. Sinclope	1
Signor Giulio Cipriani's ch. g. Spartaco	2
Signor Leone Cipriani's ch. m. Elisa.	3

Before starting, Spartaco bolted with his rider, clearing a broad ditch in Meltonian style, and rushed in amongst the faggots and bavins of the Fattoria. After some delay, he was brought back, and I borrowed a nag and rode up with the racers to start them from the three-quarters of a mile post. Cantering back again, I was too completely engrossed with the genuflexions of the Maremma brute that I bestrode, and too much occupied with preventing him from pitching on his head, to think of, or even to catch a glimpse of, the running horses. Arriving safe and sound, by a miracle, at the Judge's stand, I perceived that something had gone wrong, and heard a dozen complaints, and as many versions of the story, from as many voices, in as many seconds. It appeared that, in the straight run in, Spartaco had rolled against Sinclope, and Ferdinando, who rode the latter, thrust out his whip to keep his mare clear, and shook and brandished it before the other jock's eyes. Some chaffing ensued, when the Cipriani, with their characteristic liberality, withdrew all claims, and the stakes were awarded to Sinclope, and all bets, if there were any, went, of course, with the stakes.

Thus terminated the first racing meeting ever held at Leghorn ; and so complete and triumphant was the success of the experiment, that Leone Cipriani, and the brothers Bartolommei, immediately proposed instituting and organizing a Society, or Jockey Club, for the certain term of

five years ;—but more of this anon, in some future paper, for I must now wind up my prolix narration, and even expunge many passages from my diary, to arrive at a speedy termination.

As I descended, in the *Via Grande*, Signor —— rushed up to me, his lips pallid with horror, his eyes glaring with consternation, and his frame trembling with excitement. “Oh, heavens, how awful !” he gasped forth, finding utterance for his words with difficulty ; “how horrible !”

“What ?” said I. “What has happened ? Speak out, I adjure thee, by Beelzebub ! Speak out, and speak briefly.”

“Have you heard nothing ?”

“Heard what ? Not a syllable.”

“Joseph Poniatowski has blown his brains out in the new burial ground !”

“Indeed !” said I ; “are you certain that he has done so ?”

“There is not a doubt of it. He lost immensely upon the races ; staked Monte Rotondo on Antrim's winning the Thorough-bred Stakes :—lost.—Beted more heavily than ever on Elisa against Reviver, this day, in the hope of bringing himself home ;—lost all and everything ;—rushed from the race-course, in a phrensy of desperation, and perpetrated the fatal deed.”

“He has been quick about it, then,” said I, “for twenty minutes since, the Martellis, their jolly priest, and *he* were bowling along in his stage-coach together, on the high road to Florence.”

“Impossible !”

“But, nevertheless, perfectly true,” said I ; “and now I'll put you up to trap. Joseph Poniatowski did not bet one farthing on any one race of the meeting, so you have been handsomely bamboozled with the cock-and-bull story of Antrim and Monte Rotondo, the burial ground, and the suicidal perpetration.”

A few minutes afterwards, on the *Piazza d' Arme*, I encountered Mr. Peel, laughing heartily, and evidently right well amazed.

“May I not be a participator in your mirth ?” said I.

“Certainly. Ha, ha, ha ! Such a ludicrous scene has just been enacted. That foolish young fellow, ——'s prodigal son, in the anticipation of frightening his governor out of some loose cash, stalked with a pistol in either hand into the new burial ground. When he had received a sufficiently numerous audience, bang—bang ! went the pistols, and, stunned and stupified, fell to ground the hapless youth, with his whiskers singed off by the explosion !”

Again was I indebted,—as I have very frequently been before, on former occasions,—again was I indebted to Peel's kindness for an excellent dinner, and a very agreeable evening. His other guests were Mr. Crawford, and John Grant, better known as S. Giovanni, or St. John Grant, among those (and *those* are all and every one at Leghorn) who esteem his worth, and value his friendship ; and if any man ever deserved canonization on earth for the possession of every excellent quality under the sun, he is the man !

“I, give thee sixpence ! I'll see thee d——ed first.
Wretch, who no sense of wrong can rouse to vengeance.
Sordid, unfeeling reprobate,—degraded,
Spiritless outcast !”

Such was the reply of the friend of humanity, when importuned for a tester by the weary knife-grinder, who was desirous to drink his health; and I doubt not that those lines will sweep across the memory of mine excellent friend, Mr. —, should he ever feel again disposed to stand treat to any acquaintances, as he did on the first day of the Leghorn races. Strolling down the course, between the heats for the Grand Prize, I espied a barouche-fly, nestled into the snuggest and coseyest corner for seeing the race from end to end, and in it were luxuriously smuggled four jovial revellers, each with a mug in one hand and a long-necked flask in the other, and deep and generous were the libations they poured forth to the vine-crowned god, to him of the Thyrsus and the Panthers.

As I at once recognised the Bacchanalians as followers of the horse, or what the ancients called *'ἰπποφορβοί*, their prodigality seemed to me to be somewhat misapplied, for I conceived that, at least, a month's salary must have been quenched in the brimming bowl. But so it was not. Mine friend, Mr. —, on arriving at the race-course, recognised many acquaintances of former days amidst the trainers and jockeys, whose spicy bits of blood, in his visits to Florence, had been invariably at his commands—for a *con-si-de-ra-tion*.

The delight of the *'ἰπποφορβοί* at beholding their ancient benefactor and patron, was so unequivocal, that his soul expanded with sentiments of philanthropy. "How are you Mr. —?" said he; "and you? and you and all your family?"

"Pretty bobbish, sir,—much obliged to you; and how wags the world with you, sir?"

"Tolerably well. If you wish for a glass of anything, call for it. 'Call for whate'er thou likest, there is nought to pay.'"

My friend, however, had to pay for the quotation, which cost him dear!

"Ah! you are a perfect gentleman, sir!" came from a dozen voices in chorus.

"Champagne for ever!" said one, as the cork, obedient to the pressure of the vender's thumb, flew whistling and hurling through the air.

"This is what I call prime stuff," exclaimed a second; "although not quite equal to Barclay and Perkins's best."

On the following morning, Mr. — entered the shop of the English tradesman who had supplied the treat. "What am I indebted to you," said he, "*for that bottle of champagne?*"

"Bottle, sir! Lord bless you, sir! those gentlemen swigged off *eighteen bottles of champagne* as if they had been lemonade, and would have floored twice as much again, if I ha'n't been completely brosiered!"

"*Corpo di Baccho!*"

"Court tobacco, did you say, sir? In a moment, sir! *They all had a shy at the liquor, down to the littlest boy wot rode!*"

SPORTING SKETCHES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

BY M. H. PERLEY, ESQ.

No. 2.*—THE FOREST FAIRIES OF THE MILICETES.

THE bright rays of the morning sun, darting across the lake, and shining directly into "The Camp of the Owls," awoke us from our dreamy repose: in a few minutes our party were astir, and all was again activity and bustle. While the night-mist was rolling off the lake, and rising, to the hill-tops, thence to form, in the latter part of the day, those white and fleecy clouds, called the "woolpacks," which are so truly beautiful in the bright blue skies of North America, we took a plunge in the clear waters, and braced ourselves for the day's fatigue, by a most refreshing bath. A luxurious breakfast followed, comprising "all the delicacies of the season," furnished by the preceding day's sport, which each member of our party endeavoured to enjoy in the way most suited to his taste. Seated by the margin of the lake, lolling on the green sward, or leaning against a tree, admiring the quiet beauty of the scene, and breathing the balmy morning air, we discussed our meal, with not a whit less zest because our breakfast-service was *not* furnished by Rundell and Bridge, or Storr and Mortimer; but had been prepared on the instant, in great variety of convenient shapes, from the ever-useful birch-bark.

Breakfast over, the camp was broken up; our various equipments were placed in the canoes, and, paddling down the lake, we passed through a short but rapid stream, and then opened a large and beautiful sheet of water, as yet nameless and unexplored. The fishing was so excellent in the rapids that a halt was resolved upon, and a most picturesque and convenient spot, under some spreading beeches, being selected by the Indians for our "*nee-pe-maw*," or "*resting-place*," they proceeded to build a camp with more than ordinary care, as we intended to make the station our head-quarters for some days. Those not accustomed to a forest life, would be surprised to observe with what facility a habitation is erected, and how very soon a spot, which had previously reposed for ages in a perfect state of nature, unmolested by a human being, becomes invested with the attributes of civilized life; not the least of which, is that strong and almost instinctive attraction which draws our thoughts and persons toward home and its comforts.

The afternoon was spent in fishing the rapids; and rarely have I seen better sport. Few of the trout were less than a pound weight, very many of them weighing upwards of two pounds, while the largest did not exceed three pounds and a half. Just at the tail of the rapid, where the swift stream was checked in its foaming career by the deep, still water of the lake, the trout were lying in great numbers, and they rose fast and boldly. We commenced fishing with three flies each; but, as we were continually hooking a brace, and sometimes three at once, and so losing them all, the number was reduced to one only, and that one a large gaudy lake-fly of Martin Kelly's, which did great execution.

* No. 1 appeared in vol. ii. p. 198.

Beside the red charr, we took a number of the long white trout, a gay and sportive fish, possessing great strength for their size, shaped not unlike the pike, and possessing a large mouth, armed with numerous strong, sharp teeth. In rising at the fly, they almost always throw themselves entirely out of the water, in a very peculiar manner, and, when hooked, instantly turn down stream, and run off the line with great velocity. When the run is spent, they spring perpendicularly into the air three or four times in succession, and then, if not kept in good play, shoot up the stream again to repeat the same game, until they become exhausted, or break the line. No fish, of their size, can afford finer sport than these white trout; but they require a steady hand, a quick eye, and sound tackle; for they are very apt to snap the casting-line, particularly if checked in the leaps, or during the first run. They answer, closely, the description given by Sir Humphry Davy, in his "Salmonia," of the *Salmo hucho*, and there is every reason to believe they belong to that class, if they are not the very *hucho* itself. They are a very predatory fish, of great length in proportion to their thickness, having a dark green back, and silvery belly, with black spots only on the sides. The head is long, and somewhat sharp; the lower jaw is much hooked upwards, and closes over the upper one. One of these *Salmo*, twenty-two inches in length, very clean and bright, weighed but two pounds, yet he gave good sport, and required nearly as much line to kill him as would be required for a grilse of six or seven pounds weight. These fish are most generally taken in swift water, and prefer a large and gaudy fly; they do not always rise readily, but never fail to run at a minnow, or the scarlet fins of the charr, when properly spun across the current. The tyro in fly-fishing need wish no better practice than these white trout will afford, before he aspires to attack the mighty salmon in all his strength and glory.

Ere the shades of evening fell, we were perfectly satiated with the sport, and having settled ourselves comfortably around the camp fire, began gossiping with the Indians, and taking lessons in the Milicete language. While pursuing our studies, the Indian names of the lakes and rivers of New Brunswick came in question, and, harsh and unpronounceable as many of them seem, we found that their significations were, in many instances, highly poetical; and, in all cases, conveyed a correct general idea of the character of the river or lake. The noble river, St. John, is called, by the aborigines, "Looshtork," literally, "the river which I love;" the "Magaguadaire," signifies "the river of hills;" the "Digdeguash," is "the rolling river;" the "Restigouche," is "the foaming river;" the "Nepisiguit," is "the difficult river;" the "Miramichi," signifies "the happy retreat;" while the "Richibucto" denotes "the river of the burnt country."

A small stream, which dashes down the mountain side, forming a succession of pools and cascades, is called the "Ammonoosook," or "the river which leaps from rock to rock." One of our dusky companions described to us a large lake, lying embosomed amid some richly wooded mountains, the bright waters of which were so perfectly sheltered as seldom to be disturbed, save by a slight ripple, no angry wave daring to agitate its unruffled surface. He pictured, in glowing terms, a scene of exquisite beauty; and became quite poetical while

descanting on the varied hues of the woods which clothed the mountain sides, and the brilliancy and bright sparkling of the waters, which, he said, seemed to rejoice in their quiet and happy situation. This lake is honoured with a long and difficult name, which signifies "the smile of the Great Spirit;" a designation more appropriate, or more in accordance with the perfect Indian paradise described to us, could scarcely have been selected.

Some long stories finally lulled us to sleep, which was only broken at early dawn on the following day. Snatching a hasty meal, we equipped ourselves in light marching order, for the purpose of visiting a mountain, a few miles distant from our camp, and ascending to its top, which seemed to be formed of a naked cap of granite, with very precipitous sides. We each carried a gun, and one of our party slung a short rifle over his shoulder, in case we should meet with deer. One of the Indians took the lead, and travelling in single file, as is always the custom in the woods, the other brought up the rear. We took the most direct line through the forest, and used great diligence, yet it was high noon ere we had gained two-thirds of the ascent to the mountain top. The leading Indian repeatedly cautioned us to be on the alert, it being highly probable that we should see some cariboo, as this was a favourite place of resort with them; our friend, therefore, unslung his rifle, and it lay in the hollow of his arm, ready for instant use. Just before reaching the naked top, we had to pass across a deep but narrow ravine, in the bottom of which flourished a luxuriant growth of firs, nourished by the soil and *débris* washed from above. In pushing through this thicket, a large covey of partridges was disturbed, and we commenced firing at them briskly. The rifleman looked on quietly, but was suddenly roused by a rush from the summit—a lofty cariboo came sweeping down, intending to pass the gorge about fifty yards from us. Three leaps more would place him in safety; two were accomplished, but the third he was not destined to complete. The sharp crack of the rifle was followed by the instant fall of the deer, which came heavily to earth, and, when we gathered round, he was quite dead. After sufficiently admiring our prize, and rejoicing at our good fortune, we left the Indians to do the needful, and clambered to the summit of the rock. We found it nearly a square *plateau*, of considerable size; on three sides, the mountain went down almost perpendicularly, to a very considerable depth (in one place, fully three hundred feet); and the fourth side, by which we ascended, was the only route by which the top could be reached. The *plateau* was covered with white moss, profusely intermingled with the small rock cranberry, upon which the deer had been browsing, and from the numerous hoof prints in the moss, we were satisfied he had not been alone. The others had probably gone earlier; or stolen off more quietly, and so escaped; yet they must, of necessity, have passed down the mountain at no great distance from us, while we were toiling up the steep ascent.

From this elevated spot we enjoyed an extensive panoramic view of a wide tract of densely wooded country, hitherto untouched by the woodman's axe, and bearing no trace of yet having become the residence of the white man. All lay in the perfect stillness of the undisturbed forest, although, perhaps, destined, at no distant day, to become

the home and abiding-place of hundreds of industrious and stalwart farmers, assisted by their active and thrifty dames, and troops of hardy, rosy-cheeked boys and girls. While our eyes roamed over hill, river, lake, plain, valley, and mountain-pass, we fancied ourselves viewing the same scene a hundred years hence, and believed that, in one charming nook, we beheld a thriving village, and heard the sound of the bell from the parish church, whose modest spire did not escape our notice. On a brawling stream, hard by, we saw the mill, and we certainly thought its wheel moved round, and that we heard its clack. Flocks and herds covered the rich pastures, and carriages were on the highways; the fields seemed highly cultivated, and the cottages were neatly whitewashed, while a sufficiency of trees had been preserved, to give beauty and variety to the landscape. All this, and more, was visible to our mind's eye, and we were rejoicing over the beauty of the scene, when a shout from the Indians announced their readiness to depart, awaking us from our day-dream to the sober realities of life, and at once brushing off the whole of the snug farm-houses, with the gardens, fields, pastures, shady lanes, and broad highways with which fancy had covered the magnificent country beneath and around us.

The deer had been dressed, quartered, and neatly packed up in the skin, ready to be carried to the camp. We were suffering intensely from thirst, and striking a well-beaten deer path, which we were told would lead with certainty to the nearest water, followed it down the sloping side of the mountain at a rattling pace, and soon found ourselves beside a clear cold spring, which gushed from beneath a huge over-hanging rock. Here we rested and refreshed, and thence following the bed of a mountain torrent, now nearly dry, reached our camp before sunset, killing more partridges, some woodcock, and a variety of small game by the way.

Evening found us again by the margin of the lake, listening to the rush of the stream, and watching the last rays of the setting sun, gilding the tops of the distant hills, producing that bright and gorgeous display of colours in the western sky, so common to North American sunsets, which, though often seen, never fail to excite undiminished admiration. The splendid and ever-varying tints sunk gradually into the long, delightful twilight of New Brunswick, and the shades of night settled slowly down, rendering objects less and less distinct; the distant shores of the lake faded from the view, and water, earth, and sky, became blended together, and, at length, covered with the impenetrable veil of darkness.

The Indians were reclining by the water side, and I had thrown myself beside them to take another lesson in their language, while gazing upon the scene. The moon had just risen in unclouded splendour, and her first rays were shooting across the lake in a long line of silvery light, when our attention was attracted by numerous voices and sounds, as of revelry and laughter, proceeding from the opposite shore, about a quarter of a mile distant. I eagerly inquired who it could be talking so loud and earnestly, and, seemingly, with so much glee, in that wild and unfrequented spot, but received no reply. The Indians listened with undivided attention, remaining motionless and silent, while their countenances wore an expression of surprise and deep awe. The sounds continued about ten minutes, when they sud-

denly ceased, and all was still again. After a short space, the Indians rose slowly, and retired to the camp, whither I soon followed, my curiosity excited to the uttermost, feeling assured, from their strange and unusual manner, and the broken exclamations which fell from them, that we had met with an incident of no ordinary occurrence, and of more than usual interest.

After a time, and with great but cautious pressing, I drew from them, by degrees, a traditionary belief of the Milicete tribe, seldom mentioned, except by their own camp fires, and in the presence of their own people. They said it had always been believed among them, that near every large lake in New Brunswick dwelt a certain number of "good Indians," who sported on the shores, fished in its waters, and hunted the neighbouring forest, never roaming far from its banks, and generally building their lodges in some shady hollow, near a bubbling stream, whose verdant banks would bear abundant marks of their merry gambols and happy life. These "good Indians," they said, were but seldom seen by the Milicetes, although frequently, in hunting, the lovely spots where they had dwelt were met with; and readily recognised by the rings amid the feathery brakes and clustering wild flowers, in which they seemed to delight. Sometimes, though rarely, their voices were heard in the distance; but it had ever been an invariable custom to avoid molesting them, or prying into their affairs: the Indians who had done so, were always unfortunate in hunting afterwards, and generally met with some serious accident. It was considered very wrong to infringe upon their hunting grounds, and no Milicete hunter, who regarded his own welfare, or the customs of his forefathers, would do so; but, if he accidentally came in their neighbourhood, would seek to please and propitiate them, by leaving presents suspended near their favourite haunts.

Several wild and beautiful legends, of meetings with this favoured race, were related to us, when the weary and unsuccessful hunter had been invited to their lodges, partaken of their hospitality, and been allowed to join in their sports and dances. Of dancing by moonlight they were said to be excessively fond, and it was their favourite pastime. The men were described as being of small stature, slightly made, exceedingly active, and very quick in their movements. The squaws were represented as being delicately formed, possessing the most perfect symmetry and surpassing beauty, while they were also gifted with the most winning ways.

The witchery of their dark eyes, sunny smiles, light step, and graceful, easy movements, as they threaded the pathless forest, or floated in the mazes of the dance, were pronounced irresistible; and no visitor had ever escaped their seductive wiles, or the magical influence of their sweet and musical voices. Few hunters who had visited the "good Indians" in their happy homes, had desired to return to the wigwams of the Milicetes, becoming perfectly enchanted with their pleasing customs, joyous manners, never-ending gaiety, and consummate skill in hunting and fishing. No hint would be given the loiterer that it was time to depart; but if the stay were prolonged beyond a reasonable time, the captivated guest found himself, some fine morning, on awaking from a long, deep sleep, and shaking the night dew from his garments, lying alone under a spreading tree, no trace

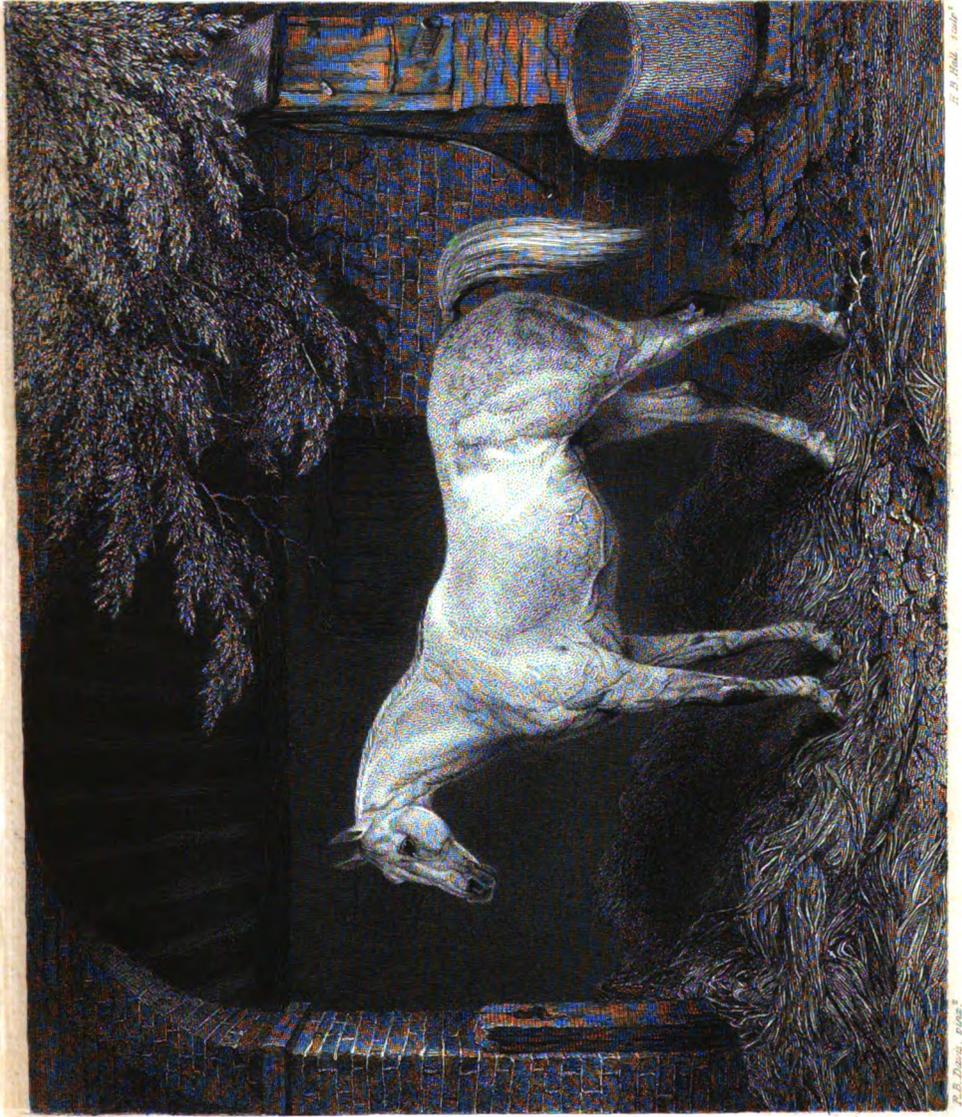
of his fascinating entertainers, or their snug lodges, remaining. The full cup of enjoyment had been suddenly dashed from his lips; and, departing on his unwilling return homeward, he would muse on the happy hours he had spent, with an ardent desire to be again with the "good Indians," and once more under the spells of the beautiful syrens who had held him in thrall, causing forgetfulness of his obligations as a hunter, and the obedience due to the sachems of his tribe.

The following day, at the earnest request of our Indians, we broke up our camp, and removed to another part of the lake, several miles distant, to avoid disturbing the "good Indians," in whose vicinity we had unwittingly placed ourselves. While the Indians were preparing for departure, we slipped quietly across the lake in our canoes, to the point from whence the sounds of mirth and revelry had proceeded, and made diligent search for traces of our neighbours. We were not fortunate enough to discover any, neither could we find any indication that the spot had ever been visited by the white or the red man. We had not heard the sound of the axe, neither had we seen the smoke of a camp fire, which we assuredly should have done, had any brother sportsmen, or Indian hunters, been resting near us,—and we left, fully convinced of the existence of the "good Indians," congratulating ourselves on having heard their voices in mirthful mood, and on the commencement of our acquaintance with "THE FOREST FAIRIES OF THE MILICETES."

St. John, New Brunswick.

THE HERMIT.

HAVING so long, and in so brilliant a style, carried Mr. Charles Davis, the huntsman to the Royal hounds, the Hermit is, perhaps, more generally known than it has fallen to the lot of any hunter to be, however celebrated in his calling. As all that can now be made available of his pedigree has already been detailed in Nimrod's key to Mr. Grant's celebrated picture of the Royal Hunt, we cannot do better than borrow that notice. "He is called *Hermit*, from the circumstance of Davis having purchased him of Mr. Gates, who resides at the Hermitage, near Guildford, in Surrey; his sire was Grey-skin, his dam a white mare, ridden by the trumpeter of some light dragoon regiment; pedigree, of course, unknown. He was then (December, 1832) rising six years old, and cost 150 guineas, which was considered a good price, his fore-legs being crooked, almost to deformity." This first-rate hunter is now in his fourteenth year, and goes as gallantly as in his first season: it is hardly necessary to add, that Mr. R. B. Davis has drawn him in his summer guise. His appearance when in condition to go to hounds, will be found in another illustration to this Number.



H. B. Hall, 1868

THE WHITE HORSE

P. R. Davis, 1868



BOYISH DAYS ;

WITH EARLY IMPRESSIONS OF THE OLD GOODWOOD HUNT, AND
A BRIEF MEMOIR OF TOM GRANT, THE HUNTSMAN.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

“ He’s gone ! he’s gone ! he’s frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e’er was born.
Thee, Thomas, Nature’s sel’ shall mourn,
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil’d.
Go to your sculp’ured tombs, ye great,
In a’ the tinsel trash of state ;
But by thy honest turf I’ll wait,
Thou man of worth,
And weep the ae best fellow fate
E’er lay in earth.”

BURNS.

OBITUARY.—At Goodwood, aged eighty-seven, Mr. Grant, who had been whipper-in and huntsman to three Dukes of Richmond in succession.

Poor old Tom, thou art gathered to thy fathers ! How often, in the words of that excellent sportsman, poet, and singer, Campbell of Saddel, I may say—

“ We have seen a run together ;
We have ridden side by side :
It binds us to each other,
Like a lover to his bride.

“ We have seen a run together,
When the hounds ran far and fast :
We have hearken’d by each other,
To the huntsman’s cheering blast.

“ How gay they bristled round him,
How gallantly they found him,
And how stealthily he wound him,
O’er each brake and woody dell.”

There is an indescribably mournful pleasure in reverting to those “ merry days—the merry days when we were young ;” and we are old-fashioned enough, and, perhaps, unworldly enough, to have juvenile prejudices and strong associations spring up in our minds on such occasions. The death of an associate of one’s boyish days calls up from the heart many a kindly feeling, that has been from time to time imperceptibly stored there ; past acts of attachment, by-gone feelings of kindness, temporary matters of interest, all rise up, and come back to the memory in all the freshness of their first impression :

“ Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you ;
Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast ;
Though sad and deserted, I ne’er can forget you ;
Your pleasures may still be in fancy possess.”

Such impressions wake up in our hearts the recollection of early dreams—of hopes gone by—of joys passed away for ever. Alas! for the brilliant imaginations of our youth; bright and beautiful as they are, they wither away. Associating, then, so much of this feeling as we do with the subject of this brief memoir, we trust we may be pardoned if we occasionally digress, in giving our early impressions connected with the old Goodwood Hunt, and its huntsman, Tom Grant. Never shall I forget my first meeting with Tom Grant, when, as a joyous urchin from Westminster School I went home for the Christmas holidays. Christmas, that inclement but hospitable season, when hospitality is more keenly and uninterruptedly enjoyed than ever;—the nipping frost without makes our roaring fires and kindly sympathies burn brighter within. Alas! the good old customs of our ancestors have experienced a greater decay than the venerable seats of feudal grandeur which they inhabited (though Goodwood, happily, is an exception to the rule). Christmas was revered, by all classes, not only as a season of solemn festival, but as one of jocund mirth. The crowded halls were enlivened with the busy hum of men; the “tables groaned beneath the smoking sirloin.” But to return to our school-days;—and here, as an episode, we must give the life of a “fag,” at Westminster, during the period I allude to, 1810:—Winter morning—up before day-break: first duty to “call” one’s master, a labour often repaid by a slap of the face, or, in the classical tongue of the school, a “buckhorse:” light the fire, boil the kettle, clean a pair of “high-lows”—brush coat, &c.: fill the pitcher (a huge stone jug) at the pump, or, as it was facetiously called, the “one-armed lady,” in Dean’s Yard; no joke, on a cold, raw, frosty, winter morning: wait at one’s master’s door during the period he was adorning, which generally lasted until the welcome tidings came, that “Carey (the head master) was going in.” In school for an hour: then breakfast; during which period *we have known* humane masters fag their fags to prepare their own breakfasts. School again till twelve; the holiday two hours, between morning and afternoon school, being often passed in being fagged to stand long-stop, or fagging out, at cricket. If a half-holiday, clean gloves, wash hair-brushes, pipe-clay cord and leather inexpressibles. At four o’clock, light fire; boil kettle; clean candlestick, knives and forks; prepare tea-things; run out to Tothill-street, to purchase a pennyworth of milk, two pennyworth of butter, and a threepenny roll, with the occasional addition of a bloater, or “a slice of beef cut with an *hammy* knife,” *for to give it a relish*, as the purveyor of comestibles used to call it. Return: make tea—wash up tea-things: prepare supper—a tuck out: fry sausages—dress sprats—roast potatoes—toast cheese—make the punch: wages—lickings *à discrétion*, or, again to use Westminster phraseology, “more kicks than halfpence.” We will pass over the school hours, their tediousness being occasionally enlivened by the *agrément* of drawing lots for a flogging, and finding one’s self the “fortunate winner” of a prize of either “a hander or a three-cutter:” the former an application of birch on the hand, and not a very agreeable cure for chaps or warts, on a cold winter’s morning; the latter, an application of birch elsewhere, and which made one envy the little cherub figures that supported the roof of the old school—“ALL HEADS AND WINGS.”

Nor will we dwell upon the tyranny that compelled one to assume the form of a human warming-pan for some cruel master, nor the ablution that was nightly made when the housekeeper, and her attendant nymphs, acted the parts of "Scrub," and with rough towels, the coldest water, yellow soap, and a scrubbing-brush that would have immortalized St. John Long, actually realized the old saying of turning some of the little blackamoors white; the amusements of the day usually terminating by being tossed in a blanket; *or*, being pulled *out of bed*, by having one's "feet fingers" (as a celebrated foreign countess designated her "toes") wired; *or*, being "turned up" *in bed*, which agreeable process was brought about by the bedstead assuming its *morning* form—"a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;" and the inmate himself in an antipodean attitude, literally not knowing whether "he stood upon his head or upon his heels;" *or*, finding one's bed in "apple-pie order," unable to gain entrance for more than half a yard; *or*, having the bolster taken from under your head, and the bedding cut from beneath you, floundering on the floor—literally speaking—*board* and lodging, and, *à la* middy, pricking for a soft plank to rest your weary limbs upon. Such was Westminster: and yet, Westminster, "with all thy faults, I love thee still." I passed many a happy day there, at that worthiest of worthy dames, Mrs. Packharness':

"Ye scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
Embitters the present, compared with the past,—
Where science first dawned on the powers of reflection,
And friendships were formed—too romantic to last."

There never were collected together such a number of light-hearted, merry, high-spirited fellows;—and yet, some of the tricks we played upon our dame still haunt my conscience: to wit, getting on her *blind* side, and thrusting our plate forward for a *second* "ration" of our supper-meat, after we had just received it on the proper side; filling a sponge with red ink, and one with Day and Martin, and gently placing them in the laced boots that were to adorn the feet and ankles of the kind-hearted dame;—not to forget the sundry number of detonating balls that were occasionally strewed upon the floor, or placed upon her throne at the dinner and supper table, and which rendered the act of sitting, a custom "more honoured in the breach than in the observance" of it. Once, indeed, we remember that she was, as Andrew Bang, the gamekeeper, says, in the play, unable to *essayez vous* for some days. Dr. Carey, the present Bishop of St. Asaph, was the best of masters. Poor Page, an honest, warm heart, under a rough exterior. Smedley Dodd, of whom I may say, as Byron said of Dr. Drury, was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed; whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late, when I have erred; and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely;—and here I have a pride, a pleasure, in acknowledging, to him do I owe all that I know. I never think of him but with gratitude and veneration; and should more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if by more closely following his injunctions I could reflect any honour upon my instructor. Campbell, Knox, Ellis, and, "last, not least, in our estimation," Longlands. Then, "our form"—how few are left:

" Alas! I have had playmates, I have had companions,
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days:
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!
 How some they have died, and some they have left me,
 And some are taken from me; all are departed—
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!"

C. LAMB.

But whither are we wandering! We have strayed from the thread of our narrative. To return. It was early in the month of January, 18—, that, having just got my remove into the upper school, I found myself, for the first time, "dining down stairs," at one of "the stately homes of England." We will not stop to present to our readers the party who, on this occasion, surrounded the festive board. Alas! how many are gone to

" That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns."

Of the worthy host we have only to say,—need we say more?—that he was a genuine sample of the good olden time; a plain, honest, kind-hearted "English gentleman;" a stanch fox-hunter, and a leading member of the old Goodwood Hunt. Few of the celebrated Goodwood Hunt now remain;—

" of all the hearts
 That beat with anxious life at sunset there,
 How few survive, how few are beating now;"—

a hunt that was graced with the names of many of the fair sex. One there still is, whose health, in the days we write of, was drank at every fox-hunter's table in the county, a thorough sportswoman—charmed with the music of the chase; of which she might well say—

" a cry more tuneable
 Was never hallooed to, or cheered with horn;"—

one who was damped by no disappointment—checked by no difficulties—terrified by no examples: superior to all sense of danger, she flew over hedge and ditch with amazing temerity, and gallantly followed the hounds after many stanch fox-hunters, and no contemptible sportsmen, had cried, "Hold, enough!" No county in England ever produced a finer horsewoman, or a better rider to hounds. "Bring another magnum of Sneyd" (for in *those* days Sneyd carried away the palm, as Cunningham does in ours), exclaimed the host of a party of ten, assembled round "the horseshoe mahogany," at —; "and Stephens put a little dash of cayenne on the next toasted biscuit." The well-trained butler withdrew, and speedily returned, brushing the cobwebs from the neck of a bottle, whose rotundity vied with the enormous paunch of its bearer. This primitive veteran was a fine specimen of a class of domestics, who, in the present days of innovation, will soon cease to exist. He had lived in the family nearly half a century, and looked with as much affection upon the members of it, as if they were his own relations. With a countenance beaming with good nature and cheerfulness, he proceeded to give fresh glasses, and carefully to uncork the bottle: the cork was drawn, and an odour, sweeter than as from "a bank of violets" stole into the air. The bottle went its round with unfailing regularity; every glass was charged to the brim. Our host's health was given amidst a tripple peal of shouts and acclamations. No oblation made by the priests of the jolly god

could be performed with more ceremony, or inspire greater satisfaction ; spirits rose with every bumper ; every one felt a wonderful inclination to take a leading part in the conversation : for Horace says, *Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?*—(whom have not copious cups made eloquent?) The conversation turned upon the “noble science,” and a gallant run they had had on the previous day. Each fought his battles over again. Every minute incident was told and retold. One boasted that his horse had cleared a gate of six feet, with an awkward grip on the further side ; another had taken a brook of greater extent than was ever taken before, thirty-three yards and a half ; a third had left the whole field behind him. The “landlord’s bottle” was now called for, and coffee ordered. “Ay ! this is the genuine Sneyd—the vintage of 18—, seven years in bottle,”—exclaimed a young kind-hearted descendant of Milesius, whose *patronymic* was always dropped for the soubriquet of “the Blazer,”—“it would make the very strictest Mussulman forswear his creed.” At this moment Tom Grant was announced ; and the noble host, presenting him with a bumper of port, (for Tom hated everything French,) rose, and said, “Let us drink, ‘Tom Grant, and fox-hunting ;’ fill your glasses ; hip, hip, hurrah !”—“Tom Grant, and fox-hunting,” echoed the party.

“By my faith, Tom,” cried the Blazer, “they could not shew us such a run as we had yesterday in ould Ireland, tho’ it was only five-and-forty minutes.”—“Upon my life, these youngsters provoke me with their only’s,” replied the warm-hearted huntsman ; “only five-and-forty minutes ! In *my* young days, half the time was considered quite “entertainment enough for man and horse.”—Tom was about to leave the room, when I ran forward and inquired after a favourite hound, called “Chanticleer,” which had been ridden over on the previous day, by a young “middy,” from Portsmouth, who, on the principle of the gallant Nelson, that “every man was expected to do his duty,” did his, by riding at the fox, and leaving the hounds little to do themselves. “Thank ye, thank ye, Chanticleer’s doing well,” replied Grant, whose principle was, “Love me, love my dogs ;” “but you’ll be out to-morrow ; sure find, the Valdoe.” I pleaded many reasons ; though the first would have struck most persons to be a sufficient one, namely, my having no horse. Tom looked sly, and then said, “Get on your boots, *she’s come*, and if *she* an’t fit, you shall ride Brown Bess, (a favourite pony of his). So set your mind at ease, and be at the kennel by eight.” On my return to the table, I found that Tom’s statement was perfectly correct. For some months I had urged an indulgent parent to allow me to bring down, for the Christmas holidays, a Westminster hack,—one that, on all high-days and holidays, “was let out at ten shillings per diem, and who had been *in* and *over* every grip and ditch in the then famed Tothill Fields. The “Tilbury” of Westminster had been desired to send down “*his best hunter*” for the month ; and a couple of days previous to the dinner above described, the animal had arrived, “thorough-bred, as Eclipse, by Whalebone, out of Tears ; warranted sound, exceedingly handsome, free from vice, a fast galloper, and undeniable fencer ;” and which he had purchased expressly for the young gentleman ! I will not attempt to describe my delight ; I ran first to my sisters’ room, to tell them the news ; then to the housekeeper’s—“may she live a thousand years,”

for she is still an evergreen ; then to my own room, to look at my paraphernalia for the chase. I had some idea of going to the stable ; but, deterred by the lateness of the hour, I went to bed, where I dreamt of horses, hounds, Westminster, Tom Grant, and Tothill Fields. "It's the early bird that gets the worm." I was up before daybreak, for Grant was one of the old "peep-o'-day" boys. With what rapturous delight did I accoutre myself for the chase ; it forms the "brightest, greenest spot" in "memory's waste." Never shall I forget the pride and satisfaction with which I made my hunting toilet : a green "duck-hunter," or cut away,—one that in *these* days might have been noticed in the House of Commons as forming part of a suit at Court ; white corduroys, unexceptionable top-boots, with an awful pair of *persuaders*, a whip that had taken my "savings" for many months to purchase, and a black ribbon attached to my hat. By seven o'clock in the morning I found myself at the kennel, a room decorated with fox's brushes, and other insignia of sport ; a good blazing wood fire ; a splendid cold round of beef, a formidable loaf of brown bread, new-laid eggs, a jug of old October, with two large drinking-cups, one a silver-tipped horn, the other a fox's head, in china, constituted the morning's repast ; on a side table was the "hissing urn," and every preparation for that Chinese beverage "which cheers, yet not inebriates." In a corner cupboard were sundry bottles containing *jumping draughts*, as poor Tom called them ; but which, on tasting, proved to be cherry and orange brandy.

Our meet was Goodwood House—

"delightful scene!
Where all around is gay— men, horses, dogs ;
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy."

After parading, in "field-day" order, before the ladies, we trotted off to the Valdoe.

I almost forgot to mention, that I found myself perched on the top of a tall giraffe of an animal, who had evidently seen better days, and who reminded me strongly of the poet Burns' celebrated Rosinante, Jenny Gedes, "an auld, ga'd gleyde o' a meere, wi' a stomach that wad hae digested tumbler-wheels, for she'd whip off five stimparts o' the best aits at a down-sittin', and ne'er fash her thumb." Of her breeding there could be no doubt. I was "rayther" sceptical as to her soundness ; and as for her beauty, I was compelled to content myself with the idea "that handsome is as handsome does." She was one of that class ycleped "a rum one to look at ;" whether or not she was "a good one to go," remained to be proved. Of her speed I had little doubt, inasmuch as the groom mentioned his conviction that she was decidedly a *speedy*—cutter : and as for her fencing, from the specimen she gave me at a small hurdle, she seemed to have as much idea of leaping as a clothes'-horse.

In other respects she resembled her prototype Jenny, for when "ance her ring-banes and spavies, her crucks and cramps, were fairly soupl'd, she beet to, and aye the hindmost hour the tightest."

I called this mare "Blubber," a rather unrefined name, I admit ; but, I thought, applicable,—her sire being "*Whalebone*," and her dam "*Tears*."

We soon found in the Valdoe. "Yoicks,—push him up!" cried Tom, in a tone—"ah, there never was a voice more sweet or more melodious;" and the fox broke, and would have gone away, had he not been headed by a gaping straw-yard canary, "who whistled as he went, for want of thought." The boor cried, "Dang it, who'd ha' thought it!" as he scared the wily animal back to the covert.

But to return to our doings: after some little time a gallant fox went away, in as good earnest as the most ardent lover of a good run could wish, giving a smart burst to Stripes Hanger, where some sheep caused a check; but in a few moments he was viewed stealing away, when Tally-ho was again heard, and the hounds went off breast high. He went straight to Up Park; here they ran from scent to view:—

"And now, in open view,
See, see, he flies! Each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve.
Away he flies; nor ships, with wind and tide,
And all their canvas wings, scud half so fast."

"Now, young 'un," cried Tom, "mind you ride for the brush."

I pushed my "Rosse" along. The first obstacle was a flight of rails, with a ditch on the further side. Tom Grant took it at a swing: determined not to be outdone, I stuck my spurs in (with shame be it spoken), held fast by the mane, and went at it railroad pace; the mare took the top bar with her knees, floundered, and, defining a parabola in the air, I alighted in the ditch. To jump up and remount was the work of a second: we came to the Lavant river; here there were more *Levanters* than *Lavanters*.

"I staid not for brake, I staid not for stone,
But swam 'Lavant' river, where ford there was none."

Somewhat *damped*, in everything but courage, my next attempt was at a brook, full "up to the brim:" of course I became a "candidate for Brooks'," and was admitted without opposition; nothing daunted, with some applause I cleared hedge, ditch, and double post and rail, and never *craned*.

I broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the law of hunting, for the sagest youth is frail;

"Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
And once o'er several country gentlemen."

The run was splendid. Just as the fox's brush and pads were cut off, up I came, like Sir Walter Blunt on his return from Holmedon,

"Stain'd with the variation of each soil."

"Hey! young one," exclaimed Tom Grant, "you are one of the right sort; once entered and blooded, and you'll do;" suiting the action to the word, he sprinkled the fox's "best blood" over me, and presented me with the brush and scalp. To this brush "there hangs a"—story; I was nearly, unwittingly, perpetrating a pun, and saying, a *tale*. So proud was I of these trophies, and the skin of a bear that I had killed in the back-woods of America, that I had them made up into a winter cap, the brush forming the band, and the scalp, with artificial eyes, and the tushes, looking as grim and ferocious as the death's head and cross-bones of the gallant Black Brunswickers.

But as the adventure — in which, owing to these trophies, I nearly fell a victim to the Indian, Sachem Mohawtan, or Hawk's Eye—took place in the interior of the Michigan country, in the wilds of North America,—I shall reserve it for some future article of my "Sporting Rambles through Lower and Upper Canada, in 1818 and 1819," and return to the subject of my memoir.

Thomas Grant, only son of Thomas and Mary Grant, (who kept a public-house, called the Running Horse, at Lyndhurst,) was born at Lyndhurst, in the New Forest, Hants, in the year 1752. At the early age of nine years, he shewed great inclination for hunting, and used frequently to hunt with his father, with his Majesty's stag-hounds, in the New Forest. At the age of fifteen years, he entered the service of Sir Philip Jennings, as whipper-in, where he continued for three years. His second place was with Lord Castlehaven, at Grovely, as whipper-in, under the celebrated Abraham Booker, where he continued for six years. In the year 1777, he entered the service of his Grace the third Duke of Richmond, as whipper-in, under Christopher Budd, whom he succeeded, as huntsman to his Grace, in the year 1791, and continued in the same situation until his Grace the fourth Duke of Richmond gave the pack of hounds to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., in the year 1813. At the death of the third Duke of Richmond, he was left an annuity of twenty pounds per annum, during life. When the hounds were given up, his Grace the fourth Duke of Richmond, in addition to his annuity, continued to allow him his wages, clothes, &c., as heretofore, with house, fuel, &c., and also kept a horse for him to ride for his own pleasure, which were continued by his Grace the fifth Duke of Richmond to the day of his death. A few years after the hounds left Goodwood, Colonel Wyndham established a pack of fox-hounds, which enabled Grant to resume his favourite sport, which he followed until within two years of his death. To him "it was a sport dearer than life, and but with life relinquished." He was a man of frugal and temperate habits, and was never known to indulge to excess. Indeed, poor Tom was a Teetotaler, and would have made an excellent president for one of the modern Temperance Societies; for, until the year 1791, he never tasted any malt or spirituous liquor. It was a joke against poor Tom, that he was "no friend to the excise;" for had he taken the usual allowance the first forty years of his life, deducting ten years of his earliest days, it would have amounted to 10,950 quarts, 2,737 gallons, or seventy-six barrels. At no period of his life did his weight exceed ten stone. He was an excellent huntsman, and his kennel discipline beyond all praise. His hounds were of the first-rate order, and kept in the most splendid condition.

The kennel at Goodwood has often been described. It is erected on a rising ground, about quarter of a mile from the house; in length about 140 feet, the height of the centre is twenty-eight feet; and of the wings eighteen feet. In the construction of the underground works, extraordinary pains were taken; the reservoir, which extends under the whole of the building, is capable of containing 10,000 hogsheads of water. The distribution of the building is in four kennels; two of them thirty-six feet by fifteen feet, and two others thirty feet by fifteen feet; two feeding-rooms, boiling-house, &c.; in each of

which is a ventilator, and stoves to warm them in winter. It was the beau ideal of neatness.

Tom Grant studied the character and disposition of his hounds ; in training them he acted with temper and firmness. He was one of the old school,—a genuine, thorough-going sportsman—a right worthy fellow ; his heart and soul were in the sport. He possessed those indispensable qualifications for a huntsman—zeal, nerve, quickness, and talent. But, quick as he was, he never hurried hounds in their work. It was a pity that Tom should so long have “wasted his sweetness on the desert air” of Sussex ; for, as a hunting country, the western division is below mediocrity ; steep hills, large woods, and “lots of flints.”

One word in conclusion. Grant was universally respected by Sir Philip Jennings, Lord Castlehaven, and the three Dukes of Richmond, with whom he lived. He had a family of nine children ; one son and two daughters now survive him. He died at Goodwood, on the 23rd of November, 1839, aged eighty-seven years, and was buried in the parish church, East Lavant—Peace to his manes !—

“A scene sequestered from the haunts of men,

Where weary pilgrims found their last repose.

No sculptured monument is taught to breathe
His praises, whom the worm devoured beneath.
The high, the low, the mighty and the fair,
Equal in death, are undistinguished there.
Yet not a hillock moulders near the spot
By one dishonoured, or by all forgot.
To some warm heart the poorest dust is near,
From some kind eye the meanest claims a tear.”

MONTGOMERY.

SCENES WITH “UNCLE SAM.”

No. 8.

“OUT WEST.”

“Then come there with me, 'tis the land I love best,—
'Tis the land of my sires,—my own darling West.”

S. LOVER.

THE West!—The Far West!—There is rough music in the very name :—a constant association of the sound in our ears with strange and novel sights,—rough-hewn originals of natives,—and all the gushing springs of drollery and fun, in constant and unfailling variety, with which the tales of travellers are wont to garnish this high-seasoned dish.

And, truly, he must be a dull and spiritless traveller in the land, who could pass between “the father of waters” and the “Devil’s Fork, on the little Red,” and find all barren. Though dreary and tame to the outward eye may be its tedious succession of far-spreading prairie and forest wilderness, these will be found fruitful of interest, and unfailling in attractions, for the sportsman who will not shrink from penetrating through their wild retreats ; taking such fortune

freely as the chance may send, and making up his mind to rough-and-tumble, brown-bear kind of treatment, in the fullest sense of the words.

Foremost among the murderers of comfort which meet the traveller, at the very outset of his journey Westward, is that great ugly blotch in Uncle Sam's face—the Road and its Coaches. Between the towns of Macon, in the State of Georgia, and Montgomery, in Alabama, there is a tract of land, known to unhappy mortals who may pass that way, by the name of the "Creek Nation," which all who travel Westward must traverse for a space of two weeks, day and night; and where unwieldy, springless, jolterhead machines toss to and fro, and labour in a painful struggle, through morasses, swamps, and forest wilds—where no roads are, and where, to all appearance, no roads ever will be.

At any time, and under any circumstances, it is a matter much above a joke, to undertake a fortnight's ride without a rest. What, then, must it be, when every hope of comfort is as far removed, even from probability, as is the notion of a flat-fish climbing up a greased pole with a loaf of bread in his mouth? No prospect, but of a protracted misery, for upwards of 300 mortal hours. A restless feeling of perfect sympathy with Sancho's sensations when tossed in the blanket, accompanied by a decided preference of his fate to your own; and, when a little light begins to gleam, that time will bring you better things, going farther only to fare worse.

"Now, then—who's for the West?" exclaimed a tall, spare, swampy-fied-looking fellow, with a pen in his ear, and a rifle in his hand, as I stood, like a victim prepared for the slaughter, at the door of the stage-office in Macon city. "Now, strangers, if ye're all fixed, just look light and clamber up, or else I'll lose the fine o' the mornin'—one, two, three, four, five; there, ye're all in—go a-head, Smith." And, as the lumbrous vehicle yawed and plunged forward, as soon as "Smith" cudgelled and cut away at his dull horses, I parted from the dirty town, and watched the waning figure of the agent, as he strode away to his day's sport, with a degree of interest, which could be excited only by a lively fear, that much less pleasant sights were yet in store for me.

During the first day or two, I was quite fresh, and found amusement, as well in the company of my fellow voyagers, as in the succession of forest, plain, and clearing, which varied the face of the country in our line of route. But, by degrees, the roads became more rough, the starts and plunges of the stage more rude and violent, and all the passengers more sulky in proportion; whilst the wide-scattered settlements grew fewer, and more far between, until the scene changed from a healthy forest, with a "moderate-bad" road, to dank and dismal swamps, whose only change of "living things" was from musquito to bull-frog; and where the land was of a quality to give enough employment to the tender-hearted farmer, whose neighbour sung out to him, when he was fencing-in a piece of land, "Hilloa! you, Barney! what are you fencing that for? why, forty acres of it would starve any cow." "Just so," says Barney; "I'm fencing it to keep my cows out."

Another day—and yet another came—and things were still, as Pat says, "looking better, backerds." The road had now degenerated

into nothing; that is to say, we made short cuts through any where, and any how; twisting and turning in and out among the trees, with a precision fearful to the uninitiated, from its very nicety; and if there was no real danger of being lost in these "bad ways," from the intimate acquaintance of our drivers with their every turn,—it was, at best, but an indifferent security for us to "guess" that Jehu knew his way;—when, at one time the wheels were rushing through a bubbling stream, or, at another, jolting over prostrate trees,—one moment dancing high up in mid air—the next plunging down, headlong, in some deep pit-hole.

"My bones! well now, that are a bumper, tho' not quite the right sort," screeched out my *vis-à-vis*, as we topped some fallen pine, like practised timber-leapers. "Stranger, you haven't chanced this line afore, I guess?" "No, blame me, and I won't again, if I can help it." "Ah! well, I thought not," says another; "by the ways you sort yer legs, and kick the people; but, however, I hope you'll get practised up before we run the Devil's Race Track, or else you'll break our arms, and blind us all for life." "The Devil's Race Track!" exclaimed I; "pray what is that?" "Oh, jest the least taste of a middlinish bit farther along this line." "Well, to be sure, that is a bit of ride; why, I was six-an'-thirty hours doing fifteen miles, last time I went along." "And I," quoth number two, "was in the coach, that sunk down in the swamp there, and was buried: there's nothin' of it to be seen now; but I'll shew you the place: the passengers were saved, but there's my luggage in the fore-boot now." "Aha!" chimed in a little, fat, sleepy-head fellow in the corner; "I was down that line once, and I didn't much mind walking all the way, and helping to pull out the stage, and so on, now and then; but it *did* put my dander up, I'll tell ye, when the stage-agent asked me to carry a long pole, and a pick-axe, to help dig 'em out; besides a band-box and two mail bags, as my portion of the luggage. "No, no, says I, I won't be hard upon ye, so I'll walk; but, blow me if I tote yer plunder."

"Tote your plunder," indeed, thought I; here's a fine tale for the marines: that's "carrying it too far," as the banker said, when he caught his runaway clerk with the bag of money at Liverpool. But, in sad, sober truth, I found the little man had really not quite wrought the subject out enough. Any description, however full and overcharged it might appear to those who only hear, and see not, would fall very far short of truth. Let *me*, then, merely sum up a few facts: walking, knee-deep in mud and slush, was the last poor resource of every passenger, who did not choose to risk his neck in constantly recurring "upsets." Sometimes the passengers (industrious youths!) were forced to reinstate, if not to build, the bridge across some creek, too deep for the unwieldy vehicle to wade. On other occasions, they were obliged to lead the horses, or to light and guide them through the darkness of the night, with pine-wood torches; in every case, they had to set the coach upon its legs again, whenever it upset. We had to do all these "small matters," and a thousand more, beneath the cooling influence of a pelting rain; and, in one word, I know of no such sickener for the most ardent lover of the picturesque, as a day on the Devil's Race Track, or a "rain effect" on—



“A SCENE IN THE CREEK NATION.”

At length we reached Montgomery, in Alabama State, bumped and bruised into most ferocious tempers, and having all the “go” quite shaken out of us; but, even here, I found that there is “no rest upon earth,” for I was obliged to hurry, and scurry, and tear, and run to the river side, without having law even to “feed the hungry,” in order to be in time for the boat going down the Alabama river to Mobile.

The Alabama river is a sluggish stream, winding through its wood-clothed banks in such a manner that a circuit of miles might often be avoided by a few minutes’ land-carriage. Upon its sides, at intervals, are wharfs, and landing-places, where the steam-boat stops to load with cotton for the Mobile market. There is a legend of a good shot made on this river, by an Indian, during the Indian war in Alabama,—to the effect, that, a steam-boat, full of militia, going down the river, to reduce the hostile tribes,—an Indian chief stationed himself upon the bank, and, firing as the boat flew past, cut the tiller-rope with a rifle-ball, so that the vessel, running instantly ashore, struck on a snag, and sank.

The green parrots flew screaming over our heads, the alligators stretched themselves lazily upon the fallen logs, and the sawyers nodded their heads familiarly, as we snorted by them. One fat, good-humoured-looking fellow, in the cabin, was my friend, and the time passed merrily. At first the decks were “clear for action,” and we walked to and fro, at our ease; but, as the steamer took in cargo after cargo, from the plantations on the river side, our space grew gradually less and less, until we were obliged to fly the deck, the cotton-bales

reaching half way up the chimneys ; and, as plantation succeeded to plantation, "the cry was, still, they come !" until, at last, the windows of the cabin were so covered, that we lived by candle-light, and the door-way was so narrow, and diminished of its fair proportions, that my fat friend, whose "shadow ne'er grew less," was quite unable to pass in or out, and so remained close prisoner in the cabin, until released by our arrival at Mobile. For my own part, I did not much regret this, as it brought forth a fund of humour and anecdote, to which the imprisoned fatty gave full play ; and one of the tales, of which he was himself the hero, I think, well worth transcribing here, under the title which he himself gave to it :—

"THE LAST OF THE FLORIDA HIGHWAYMEN."

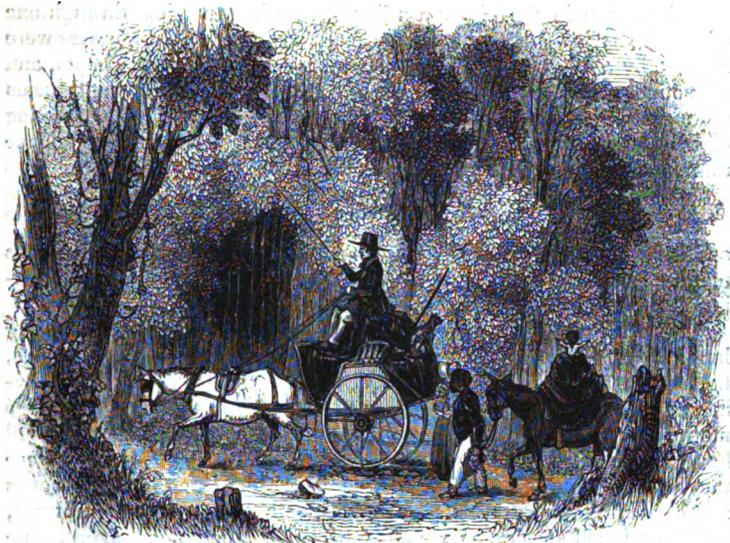
"You who have travelled through the Creek Nation," began my fat friend, "will scarcely feel inclined to do justice to the flowers of Florida, or to call it a clime of freshness and of beauty, where the wild orange-tree woos the sweet humming-bird ; yet, such it is—a land of loveliness, everlasting in perpetual summer.

"There was a time, before this head was so snow-white, or this fat paunch so round-about as it now is, when 'the lines' between Florida and Georgia were infested by wild borderers, of the most desperate character, levying contributions upon all the travellers who fell into their hands, without respect of persons, and often under circumstances of atrocious barbarity. These outrages have long since ceased ; but, at the time I speak of, they were notorious, and feared through all our Western World. In those days, I once chanced to have occasion to pass between two towns, along a road reported to be held in possession by a notorious robber, who had already perpetrated many acts of violence and wanton outrage. My business, however, would admit of no delay ; and, having money (a rare article in Florida) to carry with me, I prepared myself with dirk and pistols, and a strong, fast horse, to meet the enemy. All day I travelled on in peace ; but about night-fall I entered on the most suspected portion of my way. It was a deep ravine, covered on either side with dwarfish shrubs, the very ambush-place of villanies, whilst down the centre flowed a dark and sullen stream, whose deep and swollen waves seemed ready to engulf their victim. Brave as I felt by daylight, the closing shades of evening threw a shadowy chill around, which made my flesh creep : I started involuntarily at the slightest sound ; the echo of my horse's hoofs seemed, to my listening ear, the speed of a pursuing foe ; I often grasped my arms convulsively, and stopped, scarcely knowing why ; then onward urged my steed again, chiding myself for dealing in such visionary fears ; startled again, if I but heard the lizard's cry, the bull-frog's croak, or the crash of any dry limb dropping from a wounded tree.

"I had nearly reached the end of the ravine : before me lay a deep declivity, at the foot of which a wooden bridge was stretched across the stream ; where the black willows bent their arms in arches over, mirrored more darkly in the waves beneath. Here my horse started suddenly, stopped short, and snorted fearfully ; and, following the direction of his glaring eye, I clearly discerned the dark outline of a man among

the bushes near the bridge. My breath grew thick, my flesh chilled, and my sight wavered; but, hastily recovering myself, I drew a pistol forth, and fired; whilst my horse, startled at the flash, turned round, and galloped back along the road by which we had come. I checked him soon, considering that my business was so urgent, that, at the risk of life or death, I must get forward; so, with my second pistol in my grasp, I turned again towards the bridge, and my heart beat high as I perceived the form still standing in the self-same place. Again I fired, and, my horse springing forward on the bridge, at the same moment I was struck violently on the back, and horse and all hurled headlong into the swollen stream. I struggled hard for life, but a dead weight pressed on my back and kept me down, so that I found it difficult to raise my head, or take a gasp of breath. Suddenly the load slipped off, and, gently lifting up my head, I saw the broken bridge above me, and my horse standing quietly upon the bank, his bridle tangled in the wooden fragments. My next care was for the highwayman, when, to my horror, I perceived his crouching form among the bushes, not far from where I first had seen him, and evidently watching if I should give a sign of life. A moment formed my resolution; letting my body sink beneath the water, I crept among the ruins of the bridge; then stealthily and noiselessly moved forward, creeping, with all the caution of an Indian, silently towards him. For a few moments I moved unperceived; there was a noise among the bushes: I stopped; but yet the crouching form stirred not; and softly I crept on again. Thus I approached, with safety, within a few feet of my ambushed enemy; then, cautiously collecting all my strength for a last, mighty effort, and crouching low, I made one fearful spring, and, dashing full upon my foe, plunged my dirk deep into the heart of—AN OLD GREY STUMP!—And so the fat gentleman finished off ‘the last highwayman!’”

At one of the plantations on the bank of the river, where we waited three or four hours, for some or no reason, I had an opportunity of seeing a new sight—a western man “progressing” on his way to the new State of Texas; a bachelor squatter, “absquatulating,” as he himself informed me, “in search of a new squat—because the folk crowded him so that he wanted more elbow room!” Think of the notion!—In a neighbourhood where fifty miles or more will often intervene between the nearest settlements!—what outrageously long elbows such a fellow must have had. However, he was quite a specimen picture of his “genus;” with his sulky stuffed full of household goods, and he himself perched on the top; his rifle by his side, and a little curly-tailed dog balancing himself upon a heap of luggage fixed behind. His two slaves, man and wife, were trudging contentedly along in the rear, having their little piccaninny stuck up in a basket on the top of the working mule. I sketched this happy bachelor as he went forth, in emigration fix—ranging west: and here he is:—



“CELEBS IN SEARCH OF A SETTLEMENT.”

That the state of society in the western cities is not the most select or pleasant, may be gathered from the following “Announcement to our Readers,” taken from a Cincinnati paper: “*It is expected that the editor of this paper will be extensively comhided in the course of the day!*” But New Orleans is a “very queerosity,” even among such cities. Situated, as it is, in a pestilent swamp, a region of yellow fever, where death comes soonest often when least expected,—its population appear to have acquired a recklessness of life which seems truly wonderful, and which must be seen to be believed to its full extent. Yet are they pleasant people withal—full of frolic, life, and fun. There are three race-courses in the vicinity of the city, and nowhere in the Union are the sports of the turf more generously supported, or more numerously attended. Gambling at cards, and play of every kind, vices almost unknown to the more eastern cities, are common here, and well accord with the wild dispositions and ready passions of the citizens. “No person allowed to come armed,” is the notice appended to an invitation ticket to a public ball, now in my possession.

New Orleans is built some feet below the level of the river Mississippi; so that, in seasons of the severest drought, the water can be turned upon the streets in floods; and, at all times, a loose stone in the paving will spatter mud on all around. Moreover, water rises up immediately to the top of any hole, caused by the moving of a paving-stone, or otherwise,—a fact which caused great wonder in an honest English tar, who witnessed that phenomenon, and instantly hailed his companion with—“Hillo, Jack! Look ye here! Blow me if this here Yankee city haven’t sprung a leak!”

I had been in the city but a few days, when, passing through one of the many low streets, near the river, about twilight, my ears were assailed by a most multitudinous uproar; screeches, yells, shouts, and the sound of many raging voices; snatches of songs, broken by peals of laughter, and outpourings of lament; and altogether such a mixing of discordant din as can be seldom met with; whilst, above all the tumult, now and then arose a general chorus of—

“A ridin’, ridin’, ridin’! a ridin’ on a rail!”

and, on turning the next corner, I perceived a most miscellaneous medley of indescribables, tag-rag and bobtail, all dancing and howling in the most outlandish manner.

First in the ranks walked two gigantic, brown-skinned, loping lankies, carrying light-wood torches, which they tossed to and fro, flaunting and flaring them in the faces of the passers by, and bellowing frightfully through long tin horns. Next to these worthies came a motley crew, who called themselves “the band,”—“banditti” would have been a better name—so ragged, dirty, and ruffianly-looking were they. Their music was of the mixed class, combining marrow-bones and cleavers, hickory-sticks and shovels, with rolling drums, tin horns, and deep-toned speaking-trumpets; to these succeeded several fine specimens of watchmen’s rattles, tongs and tin kettles, torches, and clattering bells of various degrees. All these combined to keep the steam up, “FORTE, FORTISSIMO.”

After “the band,” drew nigh “the observed of all observers,” a long, lean, half-starved looking white man, stripped to a single tattered garment, and sitting astride upon a rough log-rail, which two ferocious-looking fellows bore, hoisted high in the air, upon their shoulders. His hair was plastered straight down on his face; his head topped by a steeple hat, adorned with a blazing pine-wood torch, protruding through the crown, in place of a feather; his bare legs dangled down on either side, like useless logs; and two strong fellows, each carrying a ponderous club, marched, with most ludicrous solemnity, close by his sides, to keep him fast and steady on his seat. Meanwhile, the rider’s back was curved up, like some angry cat’s, in vain endeavours to sit soft on his uneasy seat; his bony claws clenched firmly round the rail. Two lively niggers danced incessantly around him, and a ragged crowd of riff-raff, of all colours and complexions, closed this original procession, hooting, yelling, and, ever and anon, pelting the unprotected wretch with most inelegant missiles.

“What is in the wind now, nig?” inquired I, of one of the dark beauties, who swelled the “rail-rider’s” train.

“Oh, Gar! only Misser ‘Benezer Bowels, de dam ambolish’nist, takin’ a walking exercise to cool um hot human’ty.” Then, turning round towards the captive, he cried out, “Now, Misser Bowels, sar! open um mouth, an’ shut um eye! an’ see what Sambo ‘ull send um;” and, whirling a defunct cat by the tail, he swung it full across the abolition preacher’s lovely countenance, with such a force, that his attendants were obliged to exert their utmost strength to keep him steady in his seat.

“Hurrah for Bowels!” shouted one; “see how an abolition jockey rides.”

"Hell's afloat!" screamed out another; "go it, you cripples, timber is cheap!"

"See what a rockin'-horse he's got!" sung out a third; "rough up the rail, boys! Bowels is *rubbin' the bark off!*"

"Take it softly," yelled a fourth; "an' if you don't like it—slope—*an' cut yer stick.*"

"Go it, old abolition!" bellowed a fifth; "and don't be looking on both sides at once.—You've got a *jolly turn o'speed, but very bad bottom!*"

"Oh! oh!" groaned out the sufferer; "for mercy's sake, do set me down; the rail is *so* hard, and does *so* hurt my —;" but at this moment a shrill whistle echoed through the crowd, and in an instant every sound was hushed.

"Friends and fellow-citizens!" exclaimed a strong, clear voice, "I vote, that our friend has had sufficient walking exercise; and now let's give him jest a leetle bust of heels!" A scream of agony burst from the sufferer's lips; but it was answered by a tenfold shout of triumph and derision from the crowd, and off they went—tearing down the street, at a killing pace, and tossing the unhappy preacher to and fro upon the rail, until his screams for mercy, and their taunting yells, faded upon the ear alike, from the effect of distance.

"A most unpleasant kind of *railery!*" observed I, to an old Jack Tar, who had stood near me, whilst this strange scene passed.

"I've been in a few times myself, sir," answered Jack, turning his quid, "and I have felt a few rough breezes; but, I'll be blown if I have ever met with such a *regular white squall!*"

WILDRAKE.

DUNCHURCH STEEPLE CHASE.

A COMEDY, enacted at Drury Lane, is more agreeably presented than a similar performance in a village barn; the *ballet*, at the Opera, is more graceful and attractive than the Terpsichorean preparations of Bartholomew Fair; one note from Grisi, or Rubini—one tone of Paganini's violin, or Richardson's flute, is worth all the music made since the flood, or to be made till doomsday, by all the amateurs beneath crisp heaven. Therefore do we give precedence, among steeple chases, to that which heads this notice, because it was the first of the season that could claim the reputation of being truly professional. For the most part, in these "wild-goose races," what go we out to see? *Roué* squires, of low degree, and loose yeomen, in raiment of divers colours, and strong drink, engaged in a game utterly divested of skill, but pregnant with desperate chance, where the odd trick is all in favour of the coroner. The amateur racing, over the flat of our early years, we were wont to regard as an exhibition neither useful nor ornamental: * amateur steeple chasing, of modern days, is generally a monstrous burlesque, wherein the curtain too often falls on a scene of brutal inhumanity.

But, as aforesaid, our present affair is not of this character. We

* Courteous reader, wouldst thou behold the *beau idéal* of amateur jockeyship, provide thyself with "Cocktails running for the Garrison Stakes, with gentlemen riders;" recently published by Ackermann, of Regent-street.

are about to see a troop deploy—used, men and horses, to hard knocks, as eels to decortication,—and, withal, well fitted to ward off such dangers, seeing they are most cunning of *fence*. Suppose yourselves, then, at Dunchurch, a village of the bettermost class, built on what once was the London and Birmingham road, and consisting of a single wide street, a church, and a couple of respectable inns. On the 11th of February last, it presented that which is common to such occasions, in country places; *videlicet*, a considerable crowd, and more than a moiety of the little accommodation that it could afford, rendered unavailable by the horrible confusion that prevailed. Fortunately, the day was an exception to the season; the sun shone out gallantly, and the rendezvous (*per force al fresco* to many) was shorn of some of its wintry discomforts. By noon, the promise of a full attendance was assured, every nook of the *townlet* being literally choke full. The steeple chase was, evidently, a very attractive affair; and the locality, coupled with the character of the field, ensured a bumper. The Stewards were Lord Compton and the Hon. Mr. Craven: the event on the *tapis*—

A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added; 12 st. each; winners of a steeple chase to carry 7 lb. extra; the distance not to exceed four miles. Eleven were entered, of which the following eight came to the post:

Mr. Elmore's Lottery, 12 st. 7 lb. (Mason)	1
Lord Macdonald's The Nun, 12 st. 7 lb. (W. M'Donough)	2
Mr. Marshall's Physician, late Decider, 12 st. (Powell).				
Mr. Gray's Patron, late Rowland, 12 st. (Brotherton).				
Sir E. Mostyn's Seventy-four, 12 st. (Oliver).				
Mr. Robertson's Humbug, 12 st. (Martin).				
Mr. Ainsworth's Defence 12 st. (A. M'Donough).				
Lord Craven na. Dacre, 12 st. (Lawrence).				

The principle upon which this race was run, was the best that could be adopted, where, indeed, "bad is the best;" a white flag was shewn to the riders after they were mounted, round which they were to pass and return, to win, in a field near the starting-post. For the rest, each man had "the world before him where to choose;" there were no flags, here to be left on the right, and there, on the right, to be wrong; only let the distance be accomplished, and the way to all was fancy free. As soon as the word "go" was pronounced, the party went away at score, with Seventy-four in the van, the others well with him. At the first fence, however, he shewed the unequivocal rogue, meeting Oliver's resolute charge with the artful dodge, succeeding in turning short off, and throwing the lot into confusion. The first over, was Lottery, who at once took up his own running. To describe the various mishaps, or to attempt the details of such an affair, would be hopeless. The ground was in a truly awful state, and the brook, though little more than an ordinary drain, a draft that few would volunteer to negotiate. Over this, going out, Seventy-four led, his speed bringing up his stern-way; his rate of going, indeed, being as splendid as, probably, was ever seen over a country; his fencing, however, can never be depended on, and he is too uncertain a horse to be backed in a steeple chase. First round the white flag in the distance, shewed Lottery, The Nun and Physician close with him, and last, Seventy-four; Defence, however, and Dacre being "done with it," about this point. For the second edition of the brook, all now were on the *qui vive*. The Nun took it first, splendidly; then Lot-

tery (but with a scramble); next, Patron, who bit the *mud* on landing, while many went into it bodily. And now the Sweepstakes, as they say in the "Racing Calendar," were "reduced to a match." Lottery and The Nun were the happy couple, and, like many another one, dire was the strife between them. It was a fine race up to the last fence, which they took almost together in their stroke; but, to a practised eye, the mare was beaten, for she was clearly *running from her heart*; the physical force was gone. Landed in the winning-field, Mason took his horse a little out of his line, for a run home over straight land, while M'Donough charged the ridge and furrow, right for the post, as a forlorn hope, and was beaten by a couple of lengths—but, easily.

A very few remarks are needed as a summing up. Lottery had been backed, in the town, at 6 to 4 against the field, and thereby spoiled the general market; for nothing else was named, save for trifles. He is, decidedly, the most superior horse, over a country, of his day—if not of any day within recent memory; he does not know how to baulk, and his pace is like Harkaway's, as good at the finish as the start. Seventy-four, however, has the heels of him, and, did he but jump as well, or, rather, as honestly, would be invincible. The Nun is true as steel, but short of stamina; Patron's day is to come: in two more seasons (barring accidents, and training off,) he will, as I believe, prove a dangerous customer.

J. C.

SPORTING SUBJECTS IN THE BRITISH INSTITUTION,
FOR 1840.

WHETHER we examine this Exhibition upon its general merits, or merely with reference to that portion of it more immediately within our province, we find it infinitely below its average of late years. The new pictures are, for the most part, of inferior character, while the presence of troops of old familiar subjects, from a tour of half the Exhibitions of last year, gives it a sad patchwork look. There are, however, some goodly exceptions to the rule; and one "bright particular star," which alone should lead all, aspiring to taste, towards Pall Mall. We speak of the most exquisite gem of art that we have ever seen, placed, as well becomes it, No. 1, in the catalogue.

Young Roebuck and rough Hounds: E. LANDSEER, R. A. The subject is a dead roebuck, round which, in various attitudes, are grouped "rough hounds," in sizes from full length, to heads with "intellectual noses." We know not a creation of this great master more *gracefully* true to nature (the guise which gives to art her chiefest charms) than this lovely composition. Without betraying one touch of labour, looking as though the painter had *imagined* it upon his canvas; in finish it is as elaborate, as in design perfect; in conception and execution it is the poetry of the pencil.

No. 22. *Wood Scene with Gamekeepers*: F. R. LEE, R. A. Cool, green, and sylvan; but, to our eye, the bright emerald of the foliage is scarcely in keeping with its accompaniments—dead hares and pheasants.

No. 39. *Deer-stalkers returning with Deer*: C. HANCOCK. This picture is on a smaller scale than that usually adopted by Mr.

Hancock; but it lacks none of the talent which distinguishes all that gentleman's productions. The subject is a difficult one to handle effectively, as the figures are represented receding from the point of sight. It has, however, been treated with a skill that strikes us the more from the happy absence of pretension either in design or colouring.

No. 47. *Study of an old Brood Mare, the Property of the Artist*: J. H. WHEELRIGHT. We recommend this gentleman a better *study*, if fame be his object; and a better subject to breed from, if he has any eye to *property*.

No. 76. *Fighting Horses*: T. WOODWARD. A *hackneyed* idea, worked up, for the fiftieth time, in a wretched melo-dramatic style—the encounter being about as true to nature as are the combats at the Pavilion and Royal Standard.

No. 83. *The Horse and Groom Subscription Water, Lea Bridge*: T. C. HOFLAND. This most pleasant, pellucid picture, forms one of the subjects of illustration to the British Angler's Manual, of which the artist is the author.

No. 106. *The Timber Carriage*: J. F. HERRING. The landscape here, is, certainly, the most successfully designed and executed composition of the kind that we have seen from the pencil of this artist. Nothing can be more naturally rural than the green glade leading to the cottage, nestled among the monarchs of the forest. All the other details are cleverly managed; but did Mr. Herring ever see such horses as he has given us, tackled to a country timber wain? if so, he has had better luck than ever fell to our share. Why, the leader of the team—that magnificent grey—would do honour to the shafts of Count Frederick D'Orsay's cab! Anderson or Elmore would jump at him for an investment at a couple of hundred guineas.

No. 160. *A Highland Watering-place in Marr Forest*: J. GILES. A well imagined and cleverly executed design; the deer drinking are genuine specimens of the wild denizens of the Highlands.

No. 167. *Scene after a Battue*: J. GILES. We cannot equally commend this essay; the defunct venison is passable, of its kind, but the bull-terrier seated beside it is "too sentimental for anything."

No. 172. *Fox Cubs*: H. GRITTON, Jun. In a brown study.

No. 201. *The Straw Yard*: J. F. HERRING. Here all is worthy of every praise: the horses are grouped and drawn with great skill, and the pigs would warrant Moses never to omit a chine with his turkey. Moreland never accomplished more undeniable porkers.

No. 249. *Loch Achray, with the Trossacks and Ben Venue in the distance*: T. C. HOFLAND. A most soft, sweet scene, with fishing for the gods.

No. 313. *Haddon Hall in the Seventeenth Century*: W. and H. BARRAUD. Sporting in the olden time; hawk, horse, horn, and man, and a fine, antique "home of England," redolent of good cheer, and hearty welcome to it.

No. 419. *A Scene in the Highlands*: R. B. DAVIS. A bold, masterly sketch, in the "land of the mountain and the flood," populous with fat venison. Mr. Davis handles his deer *con amore*, and when we write it that he treats them as cleverly on canvas as that first rate artist his brother does on the champaign, no sportsman will need telling how excellent we esteem his talent.



1874

THE HUNTSMEN OF THE FOREST

Illustration by the artist of the scene of the hunt in the forest.



EXTRACTS FROM HUNTING JOURNALS.

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.

Ascot Heath, February 24th.

THIS has been a stirring month in these parts, between the excitement preceding, and consequent on, the Royal marriage, and a series of splendid sport. I know you are not fond of the mere topographical details of a run, however excellent; and, without saying that I am exactly of a like opinion, avoid *running* counter to your wish. One of the best days, at the commencement, was the Friday before the auspicious event, when we met at Uxbridge Common. The deer was "Hampton," a tried good one, and he certainly forfeited none of his fame on this occasion. From the moment the hounds owned him, to the take, close to the Hippodrome, the pace was tremendous, and the country a killing one for horses. At one time I thought we were booked for Hyde Park. There were but two very short checks; which, however, let a few more in than would have been there otherwise; the field was very select at the finish. Lord Kinnaird went well all through, and was up at the take.

Monday, the 10th, was, of course, a *dies non*, as far as the chase went, all the servants of the Royal Hunt passing it, as became the day, in mirth and good cheer.

Wednesday, the 12th, produced a long and severe run, which I pass untold, to come to its successor—a brilliant occasion, to be marked with a white stone in our annals. The Court having arrived at the Castle, on Wednesday, to join the Royal Couple, who had passed the previous happy days "the world forgetting," Lord Alfred Paget, at the instance of Prince Ernest, got up a "bye" for the morrow—sharp work, as the hounds would thus have three field days in succession. But, of course, a wish from such a source was law; and, accordingly, the meet took place at the residence of Lord Kinnaird. Such a turn out is not often seen, even in Royal wood-craft. The Duke of Gotha, a prince of a most unpretending and affable presence, drove the Duchess of Sutherland; and there were the Lords Steward and Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, and a train of dazzling equipages, enough to set all Portland Place on fire. The deer had been already despatched to the point where it had been arranged to enlarge him; but, of course, all former plans were given to the winds, when it was announced a wish existed that he should be turned out in the Park,

as Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, proposed coming to see the "hunting of that day." Forthwith, Bob Bartlett, with his jolly red face, was despatched, with orders to uncart the venison at Sandpit Gate (a beautiful spot); and Davis, having evidently selected that point under a conviction that the deer would cross the road between the farm gate and the cottage, placed the Royal company so that they might have a commanding view of the chase. The event crowned his judicious tactics, for he passed the noble party, at best pace, in a style fit "to place before a king,"—ay, or a queen either, even the lovely monarch of the isle that Dian hath chosen for her peculiar abiding-place. The deer was taken after a rattling burst of three-quarters of an hour; and, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the brave pack was honoured by the inspection of Her most Gracious Majesty, who was present in a pony phaeton, driven by her Royal Consort. I marked the flushed cheek, and flashing eye, with which he looked upon the scene; and never trust my reading of the human face again, if Prince Albert will not yet do honour to "the chase, the sport of Britain's kings."

Friday, 14th. The fixture for "the morn of Valentine" was Iver Heath; but when we arrived there, the fog was so dense that hunting was out of the question; while, at Ascot Heath, the sun shone all day, as blithely as in July.

Monday, 17th. Salt Hill; a very large field, to meet Prince Ernest, who came down from London, accompanied by Lord Alfred Paget. The deer was enlarged near Slough, but turned sulky, and would not go. Another was, however, tried, and he set to work as if he meant business, giving us a regular burster over the meadows, skirting the Thames for Eton Wick, and, finally, being secured hard by Dorney Court. We are now returned to the straw bed, for February is closing its career, "frosty and unkindly."

THE QUORN—LORD HASTINGS, &c.

Friday, January 24th. Mr. Hodgson at Six Hills—a large field. The old hostelrie here, that has afforded shelter and refreshment for kings, lords, and commons, in many a pitiless storm, has absolutely marched over the way; at least the sign has, as it is now affixed to the only neighbouring cottage. What associations are connected with that house! How often have I seen the best blood of Europe *going snacks* with our yeomanry within its walls. Sportsmen gazed with wonderment, this morning, as they trotted into the old yard, and learnt that they were no longer on *public grounds*. Tried Mundy's Gorse; a bootless task, that might have been spared: Mr. Hodgson may, by accident, find a fox in Burton Lordship, but it will be a miracle if he does. I *have* seen that gorse furnish a fox eleven consecutive times, and no mistake! Trotted off to Willoughby Gorse; saw a pitiable sight on the way—poor Mr. George Paget leading home his favourite horse, terribly lame from an overreach—a sight to awaken a sportsman's sympathies at any time, especially when a run was looked for; the hounds had been twenty-five minutes in the gorse before a note was heard; and even then, such was the fury of the storm, the sounds came so fitfully and faintly, as to leave the matter doubtful. Meanwhile, time must be killed; the weatherwise began their eternal prognosti-

cations ; antiquarians descanted on the ancient VEROMETUM, on the site of which we were standing ; gossips had their tittle-tattle, and politicians discussed "privilege," till the storm set talking at defiance, and compelled many to ensconce themselves in the hedge-bottom. It grew louder and fiercer, strongly reminding one of Lear's apostrophe to the elements :

"Blow winds, and crack your cheeks ; rage—blow."

In the midst of this hurly, out bounced master Reynard ; the hounds, despite of wind and a thick covert, being got out close after him in a most masterly manner : he went right up wind ; hats flew off, and broke from their *moorings* ; one gentleman was fairly unhorsed by old Æolus ; two or three lost the run for a castor, and one lost his castor for a run ! In the teeth, however, of the wind and sleet, the fox kept on his way at a pace to put his pursuers' mettle to the test. Thorpe in Glebis was his first point ; then, bearing to the right, he skirted WY-sall village ; crossed the brook, and pointed to Costock ; then to High-fields, through the gorse, without a check, and threaded Bunny Old Wood. Here three fresh foxes were unkennelled, and made a diversion in his favour, and the storm (which had never intermitted during the run) became so outrageous that no more good was done ; it was a perfect tornado. "Short and sharp." "Pretty!"—"capital!"—"surprising, though," were the general exchanges ; and, had the fox been killed, as I think he would have been, despite the elements, had no other foxes been afoot, this might have been pronounced one of the most wonderful short runs on record. I verily believe Lord Suffield's hounds would have turned their tails in the face of such a howling tempest. I remember a similar run, in a similar storm, with Mr. Osbaldeston, from the same covert, in 1815, but that was down wind.

Saturday, 25th. Lord Hastings' fixture was announced in the Nottingham papers to be at Cotes Turnpike—in the Leicester, at Colcorbon ; I went to Cotes, and was right, though the mistake had misled many : a thinner field with the Marquis was rarely witnessed ; Mr. Farnham, our county member, Mr. Gough, Mr. Colquitt, the two Messrs. Paget, Mr. Vere Dashwood, and Mr. Cradock, with Lord Rancliff, being all that were out. The hounds did not arrive till twelve ; the willow holt was first tried, unsuccessfully, as might have been expected, for it was knee-deep in water ; Prestwold next ; and the hounds had scarcely entered the plantation in front of the hall, than a fox was viewed stealing away : they were laid on directly ; the gallop through this park is always one of the finest scenes for pedestrian spectators that can be imagined, and even to those equestrians in whom the *ardor equitandi* does not exclude every other feeling and thought, the fine woodland scenery is a great adjunct to enjoyment. Reynard first pointed for Burton, but, having the fear of velveten before his eyes, he wisely turned short at the boundary, and made again for Prestwold, where he was lost in the gardens. "Stanford Park is a sure find—at least for a *circumbendibus* fox," said Will Head, "and the day is too far gone to trifle ;" and thither we went. Now Stanford foxes are proverbially averse to leave their lodgings ; and when under notice to quit, and forcibly ejected, they are much more prone to describe concentric circles than any other figure in Euclid. Two or three hours dodging in the park, is, therefore, a thing regularly looked

for : the cause is plain ; they have capital shelter, plenty of food, and they are rarely ever disturbed *early in the season* ; they are, therefore, fond of home, tame as Van Amburgh's lions, and, whenever they are set off, go like bagmen. The fox found to-day soon shewed the old propensity to curvilinear motion ; the hounds, however, at last got close upon him in a little patch of gorse, and frightened him off. He made for the brook, then for Rempstone Brick-yard, and bore left for Rempston Hall ; here a fresh fox was viewed ; and though he had lost his caudal appendage, and the hounds were close on the other, Head stopped them cleverly, lifted them a couple of fields, and laid them on the fresh fox, in preference to the dodger. Off they went, at the clockmaker's pace, for Costock, and nothing could be prettier, and few things this season have been faster than this. Skirting Costock, he made for Griffin's Hill ; then pointed for Wymeswold (very fast) ; leaving Wymeswold on the left, he crossed the Ramble ; made for Prestwold ; doubled ; passed Horton on the right ; crossed the Nottingham turnpike, near the toll-gate, and was finally run into near Mr. Dashwood's fish-pond ; time, from Rempstone, sixteen minutes. Mr Farnham, Mr. Fosbrooke, and Lord Raneliff were all forward during the run. Those that prefer *highways to byeways* were deservedly shaken off at Costock, and missed the treat.

Tuesday, 28th. A capital forest-day with Mr. Hodgson.

Thursday, 30th. Mr. Hodgson's fixture was Quenby—a capital country, and a focus sure to attract a large field. He had eighteen couple of hounds out—the bitch pack ; their condition was greatly admired by all judges. Tried Billesdon Coplow, and found immediately ; went away close at his brush over a very fine part of Lord Lonsdale's country ; all grass : scudded close by Tillon Wood, without entering ; then past Tugby Mill, Keythorpe, Hallaton Bottoms, turning to the left nearly to Allextion ; up to this time, fifty minutes ; the outside pace ; then about another fifty of great difficulty and trial to the hounds, from the fox running roads. He was, however, by consummate skill, on the part of the master and the huntsman, killed in a small wood belonging to Lord Lonsdale. This was allowed by all present to be one of the finest runs that Leicestershire has been favoured with for some years, and convinced the Meltonians (if there were any who were sceptical on the point), that, when the scent serves, the Quorn hounds *can go the pace* ! Lords Wilton, Gardner, Rosslyn, Clanwilliam, and many more from Melton, distinguished themselves as usual. There were also several good men and true from Harborough, who allowed they had nothing like it over the border.

Monday, February 3rd. The Quorn met at Houghton-on-the-Hill. Found first fox at Norton Gorse, and ran him to ground at Stoughton, a very fast twenty-five minutes. Found second fox at Scraptoft, a real good one ; he took his line by Quenby, Lowesby, Gaddesby, Ashby Pastures, and nearly to Gartree Hill, where the hounds raced him back to Cream Gorse, in which they were thought to have changed their fox, and were, in consequence, sent home. To those that know the country, no further description of this run will be needed ; to those who don't know it, no comment can adequately describe it.

Tuesday, 4th. Mr. Hodgson had a good day in Charnwood Forest ;

at first, about an hour's slow hunting, when the hounds got up to their fox in Loughborough Outwoods, and then running him hard for thirty-five minutes, killed him beautifully in the open—running out of scent into view. It is worthy remark, that there has scarcely been a single day in the forest (which is hunted once a week by the Quorn) that the hounds have not afforded a good day's sport, and accounted for their fox.

Wednesday, 5th. Lord Hastings had an entirely blank day from Leeke Pit House.

From all I have heard or seen of Mr. Musters, Lord Chesterfield, the Cottesmore, and the Duke of Rutland's, the general sport has by no means been first-rate. There have, however, been one or two good runs.

W. H.

Leicestershire.

THE SEDGEFIELD HOUNDS.

' Mr. Williamson has shewn us very fair sport—more than an average, indeed, considering this is only his second season. The hounds are beautiful to look at: their condition is excellent; they hunt like harriers: his men are civil, and well mounted; and if there ever was an enthusiastic sportsman, "Billy Williamson," *par excellence*, is that character, in every acceptance of the term. It was said his temper is not suited to his situation as master of fox-hounds, and their huntsman; but we, who know him well, know better. He is respected and beloved by all—by farmers, as well as by gentlemen and friends. Last Tuesday I saw him put to the test, with a good fox, a bad scent, and a large field, in the High Elstob country. On the previous Saturday, from Embleton, with only a very few men out, he had "a clipper;" and to-day, we had a very good thing—though wanting *the finish*—from Carlton and Oxeey covers.

Your readers will rejoice to hear a good account of our old master, Mr. Ralph Lambton. God bless him! He is wonderfully recovered, and enters into everything connected with "the good cause," with as much glee and anxiety for its welfare, as if he were still an active member of the chase.

A DUBHAMITE.

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

It would be an evidence of evil taste, that we could scarce desire to see these pages record, were the auspicious event which distinguished the last month allowed to pass without occupying the place of honour in our Memorabilia. The 10th of February, 1840, the nuptial day of

"the fair-hair'd daughter of the isles,
The hope of many nations,"—

Victoria, our young and gracious Queen, with His Royal Highness Prince Albert, is destined, if good fruit may be predicted from the richest buds of human promise, to be an anniversary long hailed among the happiest in the annals of this land. May those omens be

of fair portent! May a reign passed in the exchange of good will between the monarch and people, be crowned with the holy, true-born blessings of charity: we witnessed the fair dawn that broke upon this hope; may it set amid rays as calm, as brilliant, and as full of glory!

A Correspondent at Florence writes to us to this effect: "The passion for racing has become an epidemic in Tuscany. We have twenty-three subscribers to a gold cup in the Spring Meeting, and the other stakes will be proportionably well filled: eleven fresh thoroughbred nags are within a week's journey of this town, among which are Antler and Hill Coolie, lately selected by Mr. Tattersall, for Mr. Vansittart."

Major Yarburch has sold his colt, Charles the Twelfth, winner of the Great Doncaster St. Leger last year, to Mr. Johnstone, of Hal-leaths, Dumfries, for 3,000 guineas.

On the 31st of January, a steeple-chase came off at Cheltenham, which, out of a field of four, was won by Mr. De Winton, on his horse Nimrod, by a length. "An affair of honour" wound up the sports in this case.

On Monday, the 10th ult., a steeple-chase match was run in the neighbourhood of Cork, between Lord — Hill and Mr. Milbank, two officers of the Greys. After doing a small portion of the distance, in a bungling style, Zero, Lord — H.'s horse, broke his neck at a wall, and nearly did as much for his rider, who, however, was subsequently reported convalescent. There is no want of excitement in these affairs, at all events. It must be admitted "the Greys" took an undeniable method to keep "the Blues" at a distance.

The Blackmoor Vale country, from which Lord Portman has retired, has been entered upon by Mr. Drax, with every prospect of satisfaction, both to the new tenant, and his sporting *lords of the soil*.

The Hon. Admiral Fleming, Governor of Greenwich Hospital, has signified his acceptance of the office of Vice-Patron of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, in a letter expressive of most courteous good wishes for the prosperity of that society. We regret that, during the past season, circumstances prevented our notices of the Royal Thames Yacht Club being as ample as the subject so justly merited: in the approaching summer, we hope to render it and ourselves better justice.

On Tuesday, the 18th ult., the Brocklesby Hunt Steeple-Chase brought together a field of eighteen, and a distinguished sporting party to witness their achievements. The veteran Smith, Lord Yarborough's huntsman, selected the line of country, and a better could not have been chosen, as it afforded an almost uninterrupted view of the race. The winner was Gay Lad, the property of Mr. E. Davy; cleverly ridden by Mr. Whitworth, an old hand at the game.

On Friday, the 21st ult., the Bath Close Steeple-Chase took place with considerable *éclat*; eight horses, of a goodly repute, coming to the post for a sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each. It was won, after a most

beautiful finish between Walker and Cannon-ball, by the former, by half a neck; most admirably ridden by Oliver. The catastrophe common to these sports, in this instance, fell to the lot of Jester (the winner of this race on its last anniversary), who fell at one of the fences near home, and broke his back.

Lord Jersey's Muley Ishmael has broken down in the off hind leg. His Lordship's good fortune seems to have left him, in a very summary way, both his Derby colts being put out of the way.

LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

A NATURAL HISTORY OF QUADRUPEDS, AND OTHER MAMMIFEROUS ANIMALS; comprising a Description of the class Mammalia, including the principal varieties of the Human Race. By William Charles Linnæus Martin, F. L. S. Part I. London: Whitehead and Co., 76, Fleet-street. 1840.

THIS is the first number of a work on Natural History, publishing in monthly parts, which, when completed, will form four royal octavo volumes. These volumes will be illustrated by upwards of 1,500 engravings, of which more than 500 will consist of animals, engraved on wood, and drawn by that eminent artist, Harvey. An idea may thus be formed of the spirit with which the publishers have set about a work, which embraces the most important and interesting matter within the whole province of literary and scientific inquiry. How the author is likely to execute his momentous undertaking, it would be injustice, not only to him, but to his reviewer, to canvass in the present condition of his labours. The number before us is, professedly, no more than an introduction, explanatory of the principles by which he purposes being guided—a prefatory scheme, by which the reader is prepared for what is to follow. If the character of the future fabric may be predicted from the care and skill bestowed upon the foundation, we may surely anticipate, that, when these volumes are completed, they will form as lasting and elegant a monument to the Natural History of Quadrupeds as the talent and industry of any country have yet achieved.

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RURAL SPORTS. By D. P. Blaine. Part V. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

The matter comprised in this number is of great variety, embracing Hare-Hunting; Deer-Hunting and Stalking; the Chase of the Roe-buck, Otter, Badger, Martin, and Wild Cat; Coursing, with copious notices of the Greyhound of all times and climes; Falconry; and a most instructive and interesting Natural History of Birds. The wood-cuts are infinitely superior, both in character and execution, to those which preceded them; and the letter-press is more to our taste than any that we have yet met with in this work. It certainly improves as it advances; no small merit, where the commencement was of such unequivocal worth.

FINE ARTS.

PORTRAITS OF TWO WELL-KNOWN CHARACTERS in the East Riding of Yorkshire, ROBERT DARLING and JOHN BROWN. Dedicated to the Gentry and Farmers of the Holderness Hunt. Painted by John Ferneley, Jun. Engraved by R. G. and A. M. Reeve. London: M'Lean, Haymarket; and W. R. Goddard, Silver-street, Hull.

It is a pity we have no clue to the highly original *dramatis personæ* of this clever picture, beyond the fact, that the former is known to his immediate circle as "Dog Bob," and the latter as "Boot-and-Shoe Jack." There is something national and John Bullish about the canine Bob; but we can convey to the reader no idea of the *personnel* of "cordwainerous" Jack, save that he comes nearer to a white *Jim Crow* than anything we ever saw visiting the glimpses of the sun. There is a couple of hounds introduced; and, if they be portraits, we can only say, that they scarce deserve the honour; unless, indeed, as illustrative of the axiom, that "birds of a feather flock together." We have no doubt this plate will "take," in the districts where the subject of it is known: it bears the stamp of genuine character, and is certainly a clever production.

THE MEET AT BLAGDON. Painted by J. W. Snow, of Newcastle. Engraved by Thomas Lupton.

This is a print, upon a larger scale than Mr. Grant's celebrated picture of the Royal Hunt, of Sir Matthew White Ridley's hounds, with portraits of the late and present Baronet, Captain Ridley, the huntsman, two whips, and a strong field of hounds. Of the fidelity of the likenesses we are not enabled to give an opinion, but the grouping and general arrangement of the subject are good; and the engraver has certainly done every justice to the painter. The taste for works of this character is growing daily, and will continue to increase while we have such artists as Grant to design, and such publishers as Hodgson and Graves to give effect to similar creations of genius.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.

As the proud hunter with *unbounded bound*,
Cutting the air, scarce deigns to touch the ground;
 Urges with vigour each accomplished mile,
 Pales not at leaps, but leaps o'er *pales* in *style*;
 So shall the untired wheel, by steam propelled,
 Speed with a swiftness none have e'er beheld;
 With wings of water far outstrip the wind,
 Behind before,—leave those before behind,—
 Accomplish leagues ere yet a mile be past,
 And reach one city ere it leave the last.

G. T.

COURSING REGISTER.

••• The returns are confined to the running at Public Meetings.

WITHNULL (NEAR PRESTON) COURSING MEETING, Nov. 7.

Dr. Hampson, of Bolton, Judge.

Mr. Denham's Trump	beat	Mr. Horridge's Spanker.
Mr. Ricks's Racer	—	Mr. Markland's Eclipse.
Mr. Smith's Sampson	—	Mr. Sykes's Elis.
Mr. Blair's Rough Robin	—	Mr. Beckett's Topper.
Mr. Peel's Bess	—	Mr. Knowies's Duke.
Mr. Robinson's S. H. Fly	—	Mr. Pollard's Fly.
Mr. Schmidt's Croker	—	Mr. Eusterby's Czar.
Mr. Holmes's Fopp	—	Mr. Cartwright's Harriet.

First Ties: Trump beat Racer, Sampson beat Rough Robin, S. H. Fly beat Bess, Croker beat Fopp.

Second Ties: Trump beat Sampson, S. H. Fly beat Croker.

Deciding Course: S. H. Fly beat Trump, and won.

ALTCAR MEETING, Nov. 8 AND 9.

Mr. Nightingale, Tryer.

The PUPPY CUP AND SOVEREIGNS.

Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hagler	beat	Mr. Lamb's bk. d. Lord Lieutenant.
Mr. Blundell's r. b. Busy	—	Mr. Unsworth's bk. d. Upholder.
Mr. Lloyd's r. d. Luno	—	Mr. Kershaw's r. d. Kenneth.
Mr. E. G. Hornby's bl. b. Howqua	—	Mr. Fellowes's bk. d. Forester.
Mr. Swan's w. and r. d. Sandy	—	Mr. Clowes's bd. b. Cranberry.
Mr. Kershaw's bl. b. Kerchief	—	Mr. Blundell's r. b. Berry.
Mr. Unsworth's bk. and w. b. Unknown	—	Mr. Harper's r. b. Heroine.
Mr. Moore's bd. d. Mutineer	—	Mr. Calvert's bk. d. Coriander.

First Ties: Busy beat Hagler, Howqua beat Luno, Sandy beat Kerchief, Mutineer beat Unknown.

Second Ties: Howqua beat Busy, Mutineer beat Sandy.

Deciding Course: Mutineer, by Mr. Horrock's Hindrance, out of Medusa (late Hermione), beat Howqua, by Hæmus, out of a Gunshot bitch, and won the Cup; Howqua the Sovereigns.

The SEFTON STAKES of £2 each, for all-aged dogs.

Mr. Calvert's bk. d. Mango	beat	Mr. E. G. Hornby's f. d. Husbandman.
Mr. Unsworth's r. d. Umber	—	Mr. Harper's bk. d. Horace.
Mr. Clowes's bk. d. Combat	—	Mr. H. Hornby's r. and w. d. Holywell.
Mr. Lamb's bk. d. Landmark	—	Mr. Swan's bk. d. Sirocco.
Mr. Rigby's bk. d. Rector	—	Mr. Fellowes's w. and bk. d. Fogo.

Mr. Allison's r. d. Arbutus ran a bye.

First Ties: Mango beat Umber, Landmark beat Combat, Arbutus beat Rector.

Second Ties: Mango beat Landmark, Arbutus ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Arbutus, by Mr. Lamb's Laurel, out of Mr. Lloyd's Lightning, beat Mango, and won the Stakes.

The CROXTETH STAKES of £2 each, for bitches.

Mr. Fellowes's f. b. Fancy	beat	Mr. Allison's bk. b. Ada.
Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. b. Havannah	—	Lord Sefton's f. b. Maid of Honour.
Mr. H. Hornby's bk. b. Hyssop	—	Mr. Lloyd's bk. b. Laurine.
Mr. Clowes's bk. and w. b. Cripple	—	Mr. Calvert's bk. b. Birdlime.

Ties: Fancy beat Havannah, Cripple beat Hyssop.

Deciding Course: Fancy, by Fop, out of Music, beat Cripple, by Topper, out of Cora, and won the Stakes.

The WEST DERBY STAKES of £2 each.

Mr. Harper's bk. d. Horatio	beat	Mr. Lloyd's bk. d. Lathmon.
Mr. Clowes's bk. d. Cursitor	—	Mr. Kershaw's bk. and w. d. Kingsbury.
Mr. Swan's w. and r. d. Sirius	—	Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hermitage.

Mr. E. G. Hornby's bl. d. p. Hyson ran a bye.

Ties: Cursitor beat Horatio, Sirius beat Hyson.

Deciding Course: Cursitor beat Sirius, and won the Stakes.

The DITCH-IN STAKES of £2 each, for all-aged beaten dogs.

Mr. Calvert's bk. b. Birdlime	beat	Mr. Swan's bk. d. Sirocco.
Mr. Unsworth's bk. and w. d. Unknown	—	Mr. Lloyd's bk. b. Laurine.
Mr. Rigby's bk. d. Rector	—	Mr. E. G. Hornby's f. d. Husbandman.
Mr. Harper's bk. d. Horace	—	Mr. Clowes's bd. b. Cranberry.

Ties: Unknown beat Birdlime, Horace beat Rector.

Deciding Course: Unknown, by Mr. E. Hornby's Harts, beat Horace, and won the Stakes.

The ACKER'S HOLT STAKES of £2 each, for beaten puppies.

Mr. Blundell's f. b. Berry beat Mr. Harper's r. b. Heroine.
 Mr. Fellowes's bk. d. Forester — Mr. Lamb's bk. d. Lt.-Lieutenant (amiss).
 Mr. Unsworth's bk. d. Upholder — Mr. Lloyd's bk. d. Lathmon.

Mr. Kershaw's r. d. Kenneth ran a bye.

Ties: Berry beat Forester, Kenneth beat Upholder.

Deciding Course: Kenneth, by Kinsman, out of Knavery, beat Berry, by Major, out of Bilberry, and won the Stakes.

The ALTCAR HALL STAKES of £2 each.

Mr. Calvert's bk. and w. b. Cobweb beat Mr. Moore's bk. b. Margaret.
 Mr. Clowes's bk. b. Courage — Mr. Lamb's bk. d. Luther.

Deciding Course: Courage beat Cobweb, and won the Stakes.

The HILL HOUSE STAKES of £2 each.

Mr. Calvert's bk. b. Countess beat Mr. Clowes's bk. b. Crawl.
 Mr. Kershaw's bk. b. Knavery — Mr. Blundell's bl. d. Bluebeard.

Deciding Course: Countess beat Knavery, and won the Stakes.

MATCH.

Mr. Fellowes's f. b. Faithful beat { Mr. E. G. Hornby's r. and w. d. Hyacinthus
 (lamed).

THE BIGGAR CLUB MEETING, Nov. 8 AND 9.

Mr. Ramage, of Mid-Lothian, Tryer.

The SILVER SALVER.

Sir N. M. Lockart's w. d. The Antelope beat Mr. Woddrop's w. d. b. Kate Nickleby.
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Judy — Mr. Dickson's w. and r. b. Duchess.
 Lord Douglas's bd. and w. b. Mastic — Mr. Woddrop's bl. and w. d. Lottery.
 Sir N. M. Lockhart's bd. b. Sleepy Maggie — Mr. White's bk. d. Wellington.
 Lord Douglas's bd. d. Knight — Mr. Dickson's bk. b. Cora.
 Mr. Hutcheson's bk. and w. d. Damper — Mr. Borron's r. d. Glasgow.
 Lord Douglas's w. and bd. d. Hawthorn — Mr. B. Cochrane's y. b. Mouse.
 Mr. Woddrop's bd. b. Medwyn — Mr. Sim's r. b. Speed.
 Lord Douglas's bk. d. Fury — Mr. Pender's bd. d. Nelson.

First Ties: Judy beat The Antelope, Mastic beat Sleepy Maggie, Damper beat Knight, Hawthorn beat Medwyn, Fury ran a bye.

Second Ties: Judy beat Mastic, Fury beat Damper, Hawthorn ran a bye.

Third Ties: Hawthorn beat Fury, Judy ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Judy beat Hawthorn, and won the Salver.

The BIGGAR STAKES.

Mr. Sim's r. b. Brocket Lassie beat { Mr. Woddrop's bl. and w. d. Lottery (after
 an undecided course).
 Mr. B. Cochrane's y. b. Mouse — { Mr. Dickson's w. d. Duke (after an undecided
 course).
 Lord Douglas's bd. d. Barefoot — Mr. Woddrop's w. d. b. Kate Nickleby.
 Mr. Pender's bd. d. Nelson — Lord Douglas's bk. and w. b. Music.
 Mr. Hutcheson's w. and bk. d. Burke — Mr. Borron's r. d. Glasgow.

First Ties: Mouse beat Brocket Lassie, Barefoot beat Nelson, Burke ran a bye.

Second Ties: Burke beat Mouse, Barefoot ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Burke beat Barefoot, and won the Stakes.

The CHALLENGE CUP.

Mr. Dickson, Challenger; Mr. A. Graham, Defender.

Mr. Dickson's r. d. Spring (late Skirling) 1 1
 Mr. A. Graham's w. b. The Queen 2 2

Mr. Dickson's Spring thus winning the Challenge Cup.

Pedigrees of the Winners.—Judy is by Sir John Maxwell's, of Polloc, (formerly Sir Hussey Vivian's) r. d. Venture (formerly Mr. Biggs's Bobbington), out of Sir John Maxwell's, of Polloc, (formerly Lord Douglas's) bd. b. Venus; Burke is by Sir N. M. Lockhart's bk. and w. d. The Ocean (by Mr. A. Graham's Gilbertfield, and out of his Black-eyed Susan), out of a bitch Mr. Hutcheson received from Sir J. Boswell; Spring (late Sir T. G. Carmichael's Skirling), is by Mr. Baillie's r. d. Harold, out of his r. b. Thisbe.

ASHDOWN PARK MEETING, Nov. 12, 13, 14, AND 15.

The CUP.

Mr. Hamersley's bk. b. Handmaid beat Mr. Goodlake's f. d. Graduate.
 Mr. Morant's bk. b. The Mole — Mr. Pusey's bk. b. Platina.
 Mr. Cripps's bk. d. Comrade — Mr. Bennett's y. b. Brilliant.
 Mr. Agg's r. b. Amulet — Lord Talbot's bd. b. Thomasina.

Mr. Baildon's bk. d. Burgundy beat Mr. Locke's r. b. Lancet.
 Mr. Bowles's bk. b. Brocade — Mr. E. Cripps's bk. d. Exile.
 Mr. Hamersley's w. b. Witch — Mr. Cripps's bk. and w. d. Caliph.
 Mr. Locke's r. b. Luna — Mr. Agg's bk. d. Ariel.

First Ties: Brocade beat Comrade, The Mole beat Handmaid, Burgundy beat Witch, Amulet beat Luna.

Second Ties: The Mole beat Brocade, Burgundy beat Amulet.

Deciding Course: Burgundy beat the Mole, and won the Cup.

The DERBY STAKES.

Mr. Goodlake's bk. Gibraltar beat Mr. Hamersley's r. Hot Water.
 Lord Talbot's bk. Tresham — Mr. Agg's bk. and w. Amato.
 Mr. Bowles's bk. Black Diamond — Mr. Baildon's r. Boz.
 Mr. Locke's r. Longwaist — Mr. Cripps's r. Colbrook.
 Lord Talbot's bk. Ischort — Mr. Bennett's f. Blemish.
 Mr. Baildon's r. and w. Bronte — Mr. Fleetwood's (Goodlake's) bk. Gnome.

First Ties: Ischort beat Black Diamond, Tresham beat Bronte, Gibraltar beat Longwaist.

Second Ties: Tresham beat Gibraltar (a kit hare), Ischort ran a bye.

Lord Talbot won the Stakes.

The OAKS.

Mr. Baildon's f. Blush beat Mr. E. Cripps's bk. Eyebrow.
 Mr. Bowles's f. Brimstone — Mr. Agg's f. Anemone.
 Lord Talbot's bk. Thanks — Mr. Goodlake's f. Garonne.
 Mr. Pusey's y. Pardalis — Mr. Hamersley's f. Hornpipe.
 Mr. Locke's w. Blonde — Mr. Morant's r. b. The Mine.

First Ties: Brimstone beat Pardalis, Thanks beat Blonde, Blush ran a bye.

Second Ties: Brimstone beat Thanks, Blush ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Blush beat Brimstone, and won the Oaks.

The ALL-AGED CRAVEN STAKES, 3 SOVS. each.

Mr. Locke's bk. d. Laurel beat Mr. Pusey's y. d. Petrel.
 Mr. Baildon's bk. d. Bradford — Mr. Bennett's f. d. Bravo.
 Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Gratilla — Mr. E. Cripps's bk. b. Ellen.
 Mr. Bowle's r. d. Benedi — Mr. Cripps's bk. d. Cetus.

Ties: Benedi beat Gratilla, Bradford beat Laurel.

Deciding Course: Bradford beat Benedi, and won the Stakes.

The ST. LEGER STAKES.

Mr. Goodlake's Graduate beat Mr. Pusey's w. Perdita.
 Lord Talbot's Top — Mr. Bowles's Ben Brace.
 Mr. Baildon's w. Bertha — Mr. Agg's The Abbess.
 Mr. Etwall's Benlmond — Mr. Locke's y. Lancet.

First Ties: Top beat Bertha, Graduate beat Benlmond.

Deciding Course: Graduate won the Stakes, beating Top, the winner of the Great Champion Puppy Stakes of last December.

The CRAVEN PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Goodlake's bk. Ganges beat Mr. Hamersley's Harefoot.
 Mr. Cripps's Cetus — Mr. Locke's Linnet.
 Mr. Goddard's Galloper — Mr. Agg's r. Amaryllis.
 Mr. Baildon's Boz — Mr. Morant's Mischief.

First Ties: Ganges beat Galloper, Boz beat Cetus.

Deciding Course: Boz beat Ganges (a kit hare), and won the Stakes.

The LAMBOURN ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Agg's Ariel beat Mr. E. Cripps's Engineer.
 Mr. Hamersley's Hecuba — Mr. Morant's Mistake.

Deciding Course: Ariel beat Hecuba, and won the Stakes.

The LAMBOURN PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Goodlake's Gnome beat Mr. Goddard's Fly.
 Mr. Morant's Mariner — Mr. Agg's Anemone.

Deciding Course: Mariner beat Gnome, and won the Stakes.

The WEYLAND PUPPY STAKES (First Class).

Mr. Cripps's bk. and w. Cannibal beat Mr. Morant's r. b. Moorhen.
 Mr. Goddard's y. Goldenlock's — Mr. Bowles's bk. Black Diamond.

Deciding Course: Goldenlocks beat Cannibal, and won the Stakes.

The WEYLAND PUPPY STAKES (Second Class).

Mr. Agg's bk. Amato beat Mr. Morant's bk. Mainmast.
 Mr. Goodlake's f. Garonne — Mr. Goddard's bk. Gridiron.

Deciding Course: Garonne beat Amato, and won the Stakes.

The WEYLAND ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Bowles's Black Dwarf beat Mr. Agg's bk. and w. Abbess.
 Lord Talbot's bl. Tiara — Mr. Goodlake's Black Prince.

Deciding Course: Black Dwarf and Tiara ran a very fine course in the fog, which was not seen by the Umpire, and Mr. Bowles and Lord Talbot divided the Stakes.

MATCH for £10.

Mr. Goodlake's Garonne beat Mr. Baildon's Blush.

This meeting answered every expectation; it not only realized great sport, but attracted a full and fashionable company.

SWAFFHAM MEETING, Nov. 12, 13, 14, AND 15.

The Cup.

Lord Glentworth's bd. d. Lottery beat Lord Rivers's w. d. Gordon (late Waverley).
 Mr. Burroughes's bk. and w. d. Coxcomb — Mr. Squire's bk. d. Surprise.
 Earl Stradbroke's bk. d. Mealman — Mr. Gurney's dun d. p. Aristotle.
 Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Kenwigs — Mr. Chute's bk. d. Hangman.
 Lord Rivers's bk. d. Godfrey — Mr. Buckworth's bk. and w. d. Briton.
 Mr. Gurney's bk. d. Abelard — Mr. Chute's bk. and w. d. Hurrah.
 Mr. Burroughes's w. d. Captain — Mr. Caldwell's f. d. Ringwood (late Norwood).
 Mr. Villebois's bk. d. Negro — Mr. Grout's r. d. Duke.

First Ties: Mealman beat Coxcomb, Abelard ran a bye, (Kenwigs drawn), Negro beat Lottery, Captain beat Godfrey.

Second Ties: Negro beat Captain, Mealman beat Abelard.

Deciding Course: Mealman beat Negro, and won the Cup.

DERBY STAKES, for dog puppies.

Mr. Grout's r. d. Denizen beat Lord Glentworth's bk. d. Lightning.
 Lord Rivers's bk. d. Gregory — Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Kitchen-boy.
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. d. Marquis — Mr. Gurney's bk. d. Atlantic.

Mr. Burroughes's r. and w. d. Cannon-ball ran a bye.

First Ties: Denizen beat Marquis, Gregory beat Cannon-ball.

Deciding Course: Denizen and Gregory ran an undecided course and divided the Stakes.

OAKS STAKES, for bitch puppies.

Mr. Gurney's r. b. Anna beat Mr. Grout's bk. and w. b. Duenna.
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. Midsummer — Mr. Burroughes's bk. and w. b. Camilla.
 Mr. Bagge's bk. and w. b. Kate — Lord Glentworth's bk. b. Luna.

Lord Rivers's bk. b. Gravity ran a bye.

Ties: Kate beat Anna, Midsummer beat Gravity.

Deciding Course: Midsummer beat Kate, and won the Stakes.

MARHAM SMEETH STAKES, for bitch puppies.

Mr. Bagge's bk. b. Kaleidoscope beat Mr. Squire's bk. b. Secret.
 Mr. Buckworth's bd. b. Brilliant — Mr. Burroughes's r. b. Clara.

Brilliant received the Stakes after an undecided course with Kaleidoscope, who was drawn.

NARBOROUGH AGED STAKES.

Mr. Burroughes's bk. d. Coriolanus beat Lord Glentworth's f. d. Landrail.
 Mr. Buckworth's bk. d. Bacis — Mr. Squire's bk. b. Scandal.

Coriolanus and Bacis ran an undecided course, and divided the Stakes.

WEST-ACRE SWEEPSTAKES for dog puppies.

Lord Rivers's bk. d. Gilbert beat Earl of Stradbroke's r. d. Manchester.
 Mr. Gurney's r. d. Azrael agst. { Mr. Burroughes's r. d. Commodore—an un-
 decided course (Commodore drawn).

Deciding Course: Gilbert and Azrael ran an undecided course, and divided the Stakes.

WEST-ACRE SWEEPSTAKES

Mr. Burroughes's bk. and w. d. Courier agst. { Mr. Chute's bk. d. Hangman—Courier re-
 ceived after an undecided course.
 Lord Rivers's bk. b. Gazelle beat Mr. Caldwell's f. d. Ringwood.

Deciding Course: Courier beat Gazelle, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Chute's bd. b. Heroine beat Mr. Buckworth's bk. b. Bicon.
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. Mildred — Mr. Burroughes's bd. and w. b. Caroline.
 Mr. Burroughes's r. d. p. Commodore — Mr. Gurney's r. d. p. Azrael.
 Mr. Burroughes's r. d. Comet — Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Keeper.
 Lord Rivers's r. d. Grasshopper — Mr. Grout's r. d. Dreadnought.
 Mr. Gurney's r. d. p. Ash — Lord Glentworth's bk. b. p. Linda
 Mr. Grout's r. d. Drummer Boy — Mr. Buckworth's bd. d. Brass.
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. p. Motive — Mr. Grout's bl. b. p. Diadem.
 Mr. Grout's bk. and w. d. Drake — Lord Glentworth's r. d. Lucifer.
 Mr. Chute's bd. b. Heroine — Mr. Grout's bk. b. Dandizette.
 Mr. Gurney's bk. and w. d. p. Atlas — Mr. Burroughes's r. d. p. Comus.
 Lord Rivers's w. d. Gordon — Mr. Grout's f. d. Dart.
 Mr. Grout's bl. d. Dryden — Mr. Caldwell's r. d. Reefer.
 Mr. Gurney's r. b. p. Ash — Mr. Grout's b. p. Diadem.
 Mr. Buckworth's r. b. p. Blast — Lord Glentworth's bk. d. p. Lotus.
 Mr. Grout's r. d. Duke — Mr. Villebois's bd. d. Nap.
 Mr. Gurney's bk. d. p. Acle — Mr. Bagge's r. d. p. Knave.
 Lord Rivers's bk. b. d. p. Grace — Lord Glentworth's bk. b. p. Lunar.
 Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. Mildred — Mr. Gurney's bk. and w. d. p. Admiral.
 Mr. Buckworth's bk. and w. d. Boz — Lord Glentworth's bd. d. Lucksall.

Mr. Gurney's bk. d. Ambassador	... beat	Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Kneebone (late Ebony).
Mr. Gurney's bk. and w. d. p. Atlas	... —	Mr. Grout's f. d. p. Doctor.
Mr. Chute's bk. d. Haugman	... —	Mr. Burroughes's bk. and w. d. Coxcomb.
Mr. Gurney's r. b. p. Abigail	... —	Mr. Grout's bk. and w. b. p. Duenna.
Lord Rivers's r. d. Grasshopper	... —	Lord Glentworth's bd. d. Lottery.
Mr. Burroughes's r. d. Comet	... —	Mr. Chute's r. d. Hudibras.

UNDECIDED MATCHES.

Mr. Villebois's b. d. Nap	... agst.	Mr. Caldwell's r. d. Reefer (late Nelson).
Mr. Gurney's r. b. p. Abigail	... —	Lord Rivers's bk. b. p. Grace—no course.
Mr. Buckworth's w. b. Brim (late Likely)	... —	Mr. Grout's bk. b. Donna.
Mr. Chute's bk. and w. b. Helicon	... —	Mr. Gurney's r. d. Accident.
Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. p. Motive	... —	Mr. Gurney's r. b. p. Abigail.
Mr. Chute's r. d. Hudibras	... —	Mr. Burroughes's bd. and w. d. Croaker.
Mr. Grout's bk. b. Donna	... —	Mr. Chute's bk. and w. b. Helicon.
Mr. Chute's bd. b. Heroine	... —	Mr. Caldwell's bk. d. Rex.
Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. Mildred	... —	Mr. Gurney's bk. d. p. Atlantic.
Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. p. Motive	... —	Mr. Gurney's r. b. p. Ash.
Mr. Grout's bk. and w. d. Drake	... —	Mr. Caldwell's r. d. Rufus.
Mr. Grout's r. d. Drummer Boy	... —	Mr. Caldwell's bd. d. Rasper.

The coursing on Tuesday was in the First West-acre field, on Wednesday; in Narborough field; on Tuesday, in Marham field; and on Friday, in the Second West-acre field.

NEWMARKET NEW MEETING, (ALLINGTON HILL), Nov. 13, 14, 15, AND 16.

Stewards: Messrs. Dobede and Vipan. Judge: Mr. Thomas Perren.

The ALLINGTON HILL STAKES, for bitch puppies.

Mr. Saberton's r. Saqui	... beat	Mr. Nash's br. Acid.
Mr. Dunn's bk. and w. Busy	... —	Mr. Fyson's br. Faustina.
Mr. Dobede's b. and w. Darling	... —	Mr. Gillett's r. Ginger Sal.
Capt. Daintree's br. Keepsake	... —	Mr. Harlock's bk. Hecuba.
Mr. Dobede's r. Dewberry	... —	Mr. Inskip's f. Idle.
Mr. Inskip's f. Idle	... —	Capt. Daintree's br. and w. Kitty Clover.
Mr. Vipan's br. and w. Verbena	... —	Mr. Finch's bk. and w. Garland.
Mr. Edwards's br. Agnes Sorrel	... —	Mr. Bryant's w. Ellie Deans.

First Ties: Dewberry beat Busy, Keepsake beat Idle, Verbena against Saqui—undecided (Saqui drawn), Darling beat Agnes Sorrel.

Second Ties: Dewberry beat Keepsake, Darling beat Verbena.

Deciding Course: Mr. Dobede received the Stakes, his two puppies, Dewberry and Darling being the last tie.

The Cup.

Mr. Vipan's bk. b. Victory	... beat	Mr. Nash's bk. b. Cruiskeen.
Mr. Moody's r. b. Rebecca	... —	Mr. Thorp's r. d. p. Nimble.
Mr. Finch's bk. b. Graceful	... —	Capt. Daintree's b. and w. b. Kitty Fisher.
Mr. Edwards's f. d. Albert	... —	Mr. Inskip's r. and w. d. Index.
Mr. Saberton's bl. d. Selim	... —	Mr. Dobede's bk. d. Damon.
Mr. Bryant's bk. d. Euphrates	... —	Mr. King's r. d. Rasper.
Mr. Inskip's br. d. Ickwell	... —	Mr. Dunn's bl. d. Blucher.
Mr. Gillett's bl. d. Greenacre	... —	Mr. Fyson's br. and w. d. p. Farmer.

First Ties: Ickwell beat Rebecca, Victory beat Graceful, Selim beat Greenacre, Euphrates beat Albert.

Second Ties: Euphrates beat Victory, Ickwell beat Selim.

Deciding Course: Ickwell beat Euphrates, and won the Cup.

The CHIPPENHAM STAKES, for dog puppies.

Mr. Dobede's r. Duncan	... beat	Mr. Finch's r. Gallivant.
Mr. Saberton's bk. Stoic	... —	Mr. Gillett's f. Giles.
Mr. Vipan's f. and w. Vincent	... —	Mr. Moody's br. Rupert.
Mr. Nash's bk. and w. Cedric	... —	Capt. Daintree's br. and w. Kisel.
Mr. Inskip's br. Intruder	... —	Mr. King's r. Red Rover.
Mr. Fyson's w. and b. Falcon	... —	Capt. Daintree's r. King Pippin.
Mr. Dobede's bl. Dunallen	... —	Mr. Harlock's bl. Hector.
Mr. Edwards's f. Assassin	... —	Mr. Dunn's bk. and w. Burwell.

First Ties: Dunallen beat Cedric, Falcon beat Intruder, Assassin beat Vincent, Stoic beat Duncan.

Second Ties: Assassin beat Dunallen, Stoic beat Falcon.

The PORT STAKES.

Mr. Gillett's br. b. Guitar	... beat	Mr. Saberton's bk. d. Snowball.
Mr. Bryant's bk. d. Election	... —	Capt. Daintree's bk. and w. b. p. Kathleen.
Mr. Saberton's bk. d. Sportsman	... —	Mr. Bryant's bk. d. Everlasting.
Mr. Nash's bk. b. Cobweb	... —	Mr. Fyson's r. d. Fordham.
Mr. Inskip's br. d. Inledon	... —	Mr. Vipan's br. d. Vulcan.
Mr. Finch's r. d. p. Giraffe	... —	Mr. Dunn's f. and w. d. p. Bustle.
Mr. Inskip's br. d. Impel	... —	Mr. Dobede's r. d. Dandelion.
Mr. Moody's br. d. Rioter	... —	Mr. Edwards's br. b. p. A-la-mode.

First Ties: Impel beat Election, Guitar beat Rioter, Giraffe beat Cobweb, Inledon beat Sportsman.

Second Ties: Impel beat Giraffe, Guitar beat Inledon.

The CHEVELEY STAKES.

Mr. Edwards's r. d. p. Autolicus beat Mr. Fyson's br. and w. d. p. Frank.
Mr. Inskip's r. d. Index — Mr. Fyson's bk. d. p. Flamingo.
Mr. Dohede's bk. b. Demeaux — Mr. Vipan's w. b. p. Verity.
Mr. Nash's bk. b. Cruiskeen — Mr. Saberton's w. b. p. Silkworm.

Ties: Demeaux beat Index, Autolicus beat Cruiskeen (drawn).

MATCHES.

Mr. Dunn's bk. and w. Burwell beat Mr. Byrant's bk. Eclectress.
Mr. Gillett's w. and r. b. p. Georgiana — Mr. Nash's r. b. p. Cara.
Mr. Dohede's w. b. Diana — Mr. Nash's bk. b. Camarine.
Mr. Edwards's br. b. p. Acid — Mr. Fyson's br. b. p. Faustina.

The ALLINGTON HILL STAKES, for bitch puppies.

Deciding Course: Mr. Dohede received the Stakes, his two puppies, Dewberry and Darling, being the last tie.

The CUP.

Deciding Course: Ickwell beat Euphrates, after a capital course, but all in favour of Ickwell, who won the Cup.

The CHIPPENHAM STAKES, for dog puppies.

Deciding Course: Stoic beat Assassin, and won the Stakes.

The PORT STAKES.

Deciding Course: Guitar beat Impel, and won the Stakes.

The CHEVELEY STAKES.

Deciding Course: Demeaux beat Autolicus, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Inskip's r. d. p. Imp beat Mr. Fyson's bk. d. p. Flambeau.
Mr. Inskip's br. d. p. Intruder — Mr. Dohede's bk. d. Damon.

NORTHUMBERLAND CLUB MEETING, Nov. 14,

The Cup.

Mr. J. Atkinson's bk. d. Topper beat Mr. Anderson's bd. d. Thistle.
Mr. Hetherington's bd. d. Fly — Mr. Humble's f. d. Wizard.
Mr. Lee's w. and bl. d. Tom Cringle — Mr. Crawford's bl. and w. b. Fairy.
Mr. Armstrong's bk. d. Tramp — Mr. J. Jobling's bk. and w. d. Thunder.
Mr. Arthur's w. b. Smiling Beauty — Mr. J. Atkinson's bk. and w. d. Spanker.
Mr. Gregson's bl. d. Spring — Mr. J. Jobling's r. and w. d. Swamper.
Mr. Hetherington's bd. d. Frank — Mr. J. Jobling's w. d. Damon.

Mr. Crawford's bk. b. ran a bye.

First Ties: Topper beat Fly, Tom Cringle beat Tramp, Smiling Beauty beat Fly, Frank beat Spring.

Second Ties: Tom Cringle beat Topper, Smiling Beauty beat Frank.

Deciding Course: Tom Cringle beat Smiling Beauty, and won the Cup.

LANARKSHIRE AND RENFREWSHIRE CLUB AUTUMN MEETING, Nov. 14, 15, AND 19.
Stewards: A. Graham and H. Maxwell, Esqrs., and Mr. Donald Slipper. James Craig, Secretary.

The Cup, for dogs pupped in 1838.

Mr. Raimes's bl. d. Spring beat Mr. J. P. Duggan's k. b. Cinderella.
Mr. A. Graham's r. d. Prince Albert — Lord Eglinton's d. d. Glencoe.
Lord Eglinton's w. and d. d. Waterloo... .. — Mr. A. Graham's w. and y. b. Caledonia.
Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Dreadnought — Mr. Geddes's bd. d. Wellington.
Mr. L. Ewing's f. d. Lofty — Mr. Raimes's bk. b. Cora.
Marquis of Douglas's bk. w. d. Darnley — Mr. A. Pollok's bd. d. Sharp.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Moustache — Mr. Raimes's bk. and w. d. Captain.
Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Curron — Lord Eglinton's r. w. b. Maggie Lauder.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Mary Craig (late Merrythought) } — Mr. A. Pollok's r. and w. d. Linkboy.

Mr. H. Maxwell's w. and bk. d. Memnon ran a bye.

First Ties: Spring beat Prince Albert, Waterloo beat Dreadnought (dr.), Lofty beat Darnley (after an undecided course), Moustache beat Curron, Mary Craig beat Memnon (drawn).

Second Ties: Waterloo beat Spring, Lofty beat Moustache, Mary Craig ran a bye.

Third Ties: Waterloo beat Mary Craig, Lofty ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Waterloo beat Lofty, and won the Cup.

The POLLOC STAKES, of 2 sovs. each, for dogs of all ages.

Lord Eglinton's r. b. Skylark	beat	Mr. J. P. Duggan's w. and bl. d. Harkaway (after an undecided course).
Mr. Geddes's f. d. Glory	—	Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Cowboy (after two undecided courses).
Mr. J. Pollok's r. d. Rival	—	Lord Eglinton's bk. and w. b. Indiana (after an undecided course).
Mr. L. Ewing's bk. d. Lightning	—	Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Stewartfield.

Ties: Glory beat Skylark, Lightning beat Rival.

Deciding Course: Glory beat Lightning, and won the Stakes.

The PATTERTON STAKES, of 1 sov. each, for dogs of all ages.

Mr. Geddes's y. b. Go.	beat	Mr. Raimes's bk. and w. b. Cora Senior (after two undecided courses).
Marquis of Douglas's bd. d. Cashier	—	Mr. A. Pollok's w. d. Hope.
Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord	—	Mr. Ewing's bl. b. Imogene.
Marquis of Douglas's bl. d. Comedian	—	Lord Eglinton's w. b. Swan (after an undecided course).
Mr. A. Pollok's bd. b. Match	—	Mr. H. Maxwell's w. d. Mantalini.
Marquis of Douglas's f. b. Dewdrop	—	Mr. L. Ewing's bl. b. Lacerata.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Jean	—	Mr. A. Pollok's bk. d. Gameboy.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. w. d. Mullindhu	—	Lord Eglinton's r. and w. d. Moses.
Mr. Raimes's bk. d. Atlas	—	Lord Eglinton's f. and w. d. Stargazer.

First Ties: Go beat Cashier, My Lord beat Comedian (after an undecided course), Match beat Dewdrop, Mullindhu beat Jean, Atlas ran a bye.

Second Ties: My Lord beat Go, Match beat Atlas, Mullindhu ran a bye.

Third Ties: My Lord beat Mullindhu, Match ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Match beat My Lord (after an undecided course), and won the Stakes.

The POLLOKSHAW STAKES of 1 sov. each, for dogs pupped in 1838.

Mr. A. Graham's w. and y. d. Forster	beat	Mr. H. Maxwell's f. b. Melicent (after a single-handed course by Forester, Melicent having remained in the slips).
Mr. H. Maxwell's r. b. Mrs. M'Pherson	—	Mr. A. Graham's bk. b. Silverlock.
Mr. J. Pollok's r. b. Cora	—	Lord Eglinton's d. b. Bessy Bell (after an undecided course).
Mr. L. Ewing's bl. b. Irene	—	Mr. Raimes's bd. b. Iodine.
Mr. Raimes's bl. b. Beauty	—	Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Madcap.
Lord Eglinton's r. and w. b. Moonlight	—	Mr. L. Ewing's w. b. Blanche.
Mr. Downie's r. d. Rolla	—	Marquis of Douglas's bl. & w. b. Chouringee.
M. A. Graham's bd. d. Davie	—	Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. b. Mirza (after an undecided course).
Marquis of Douglas's bk. and w. b. Dino	—	Mr. J. Pollok's bk. d. Peter.

Lord Eglinton's bk. and w. b. Rain, ran a bye.

First Ties: Forester beat Mrs. M'Pherson, Cora beat Irene, Beauty beat Moonlight, Rolla beat Davie, Dino beat Rain.

Second Ties: Forester beat Cora, Beauty beat Rolla, Dino ran a bye.

Third Ties: Forester beat Dino, Beauty ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Beauty beat Forester, and won the Stakes

The DARNLEY STAKES of 1 sov. each, for dogs that never won a public prize.

Mr. L. Ewing's bk. and w. d. Emperor	beat	Mr. A. Pollok's r. d. Thorn.
Mr. Downie's bk. and w. d. Major	—	Mr. A. Graham's bk. b. Jessie.
Mr. Geddes's bk. and w. d. Purity	—	Mr. Ewing's bk. and w. d. Eclipse.
Mr. Raimes's bk. d. Ajax	—	Mr. A. Graham's hd. b. Jennie.
Mr. Downie's bd. and w. b. Myrtle	—	Marquis of Douglas's w. b. Hawk (after an undecided course).

First Ties: Emperor beat Major, Ajax beat Purity, Myrtle ran a bye.

Second Ties: Emperor beat Myrtle, Ajax ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Emperor beat Ajax, and won the Stakes.

Pedigrees of the Winners: Waterloo, by Lord Eglinton's Dusty Miller, out of his Exotic; Glory, of the blood of Dr. Brown, of Stewarton's stud; Match, by the late Mr. Graham of Airth's Squeezer and own sister to Lord Douglas's Maatic; Beauty, by Mr. Raimes's Ajax, out of his Cora, seu.; Emperor, bred by Dr. Belyse.

NOTTINGHAM CLUB MEETING, Nov. 15.

For a SILVER CLARET JUG, value 30 guineas.

Mr. H. Hemsley's bl. d. Smoker	beat	Lord Rancliffe's bl. and w. b. Skip.
Mr. Woolley's bl. d. Vengeance	—	Mr. Naville's f. d. Nickleby.
Mr. Hardy's d. and w. d. Smoker	—	Mr. Hodgkinson's r. b. Rosebud.
Mr. Milward's bl. b. Fly	—	Mr. Lacey's r. d. Smoker.
Mr. S. Hemsley's bl. and w. b. Fly	—	Mr. Godber's w. b. Webb.
Mr. Harvey na. w. b. Nun	—	Mr. Nixon's Bye.
Mr. W. H. Malpas's bl. d. Trip	—	Mr. Smith's Bye.
Mr. W. Parr's bl. b. Fly	—	Mr. Fisher's bl. b. Tawney.

First Ties: Smoker (Hemsley's) beat Vengeance, Fly (Milward's) beat Smoker (Hardy's), Fly (Hemsley's) beat Nuna, Trip (Malpas's) beat Fly (Parr's).

Second Ties: Smoker (Hemsley's) beat Fly (Milward's), Trip beat Fly (Hemsley's).

Deciding Course: Smoker (Hemsley's) beat Trip.

ALTHAM COURSING MEETING, Nov. 15.

Mr. Battye, of Skipton, Judge.

The ALTHAM CUP, value £100, for sixteen dogs; the second to receive £10.

Mr. Robinson's w. and y. b. Fly	beat	Mr. Hunt's f. d. Donald.
Mr. Bake's r. d. Skimmer	—	Mr. Longshaw's bk. and w. d. Lucky.
Mr. King's bk. b. Venus	—	Mr. Lille's bd. and w. d. Badger.
Mr. Williams's f. b. S. H. Fly	—	Mr. Chew's bk. and w. d. Carpenter.
Mr. Polding's bk. b. Enchantress	—	Mr. Smith's bk. d. Sultan.
Mr. Edwards's r. d. Merchant	—	Mr. Hodgson's bk. and w. d. Zernekob.
Mr. Whirworth's bl. b. Catherina	—	Mr. Upton's d. d. Vanish.
Mr. Brookes's bl. and w. d. Saddler	—	Mr. Openshaw's bd. d. Zebra.

First Ties: Fly beat Skimmer, S. H. Fly beat Venus, Enchantress beat Merchant, Saddler beat Catherina.

Second Ties: Fly beat S. H. Fly, Saddler beat Enchantress.

Deciding Course: Saddler beat Fly, and won the Cup.

WORKINGTON MEETING, Nov. 18 AND 19.

Mr. J. Thompson, Secretary. Mr. M'George, Judge.

The Cup.

Mr. Postlethwaite's r. and w. d. Ribton	beat	Mr. Jefferson's bk. d. Jim Crow.
Mr. Thompson's (Sandford) bk. & w. d. Elis	—	Mr. Mossop's bk. and w. d. p. Fury.
Mr. J. Dalzell's r. and w. b. Swallow	—	Mr. Roger's r. b. Ticker.
Mr. Borradale's f. and w. d. Conrad	—	Mr. Christian's bk. and w. d. Jerry.
Mr. Falcon's bl. d. Gelert	—	Mr. Salkeld's bd. d. Brandy.
Mr. Harris's bd. d. Hector	—	Mr. Clarke's bl. b. Musk.
Mr. J. Benn's f. and w. b. Bess	—	Mr. Brown's w. and bk. d. Bruce.
Mr. W. Thompson's bl. d. Blueskin	—	Mr. H. Jefferson's bk. b. Jig.
Mr. Bowman's bk. d. Jaffier	—	Mr. Leathe's bk. and w. d. Judea.
Mr. J. S. Dickinson's r. d. York	—	Mr. Twentyman's bl. b. Nimble.

Mr. Dickinson's r. d. Simon ran a bye.

First Ties: Ribton ran a bye, Swallow beat Elis, Gelert beat Conrad, Bess beat Hector, Blueskin beat Jaffier, Simon beat York.

Second Ties: Swallow beat Ribton, Bess beat Gelert, Simon beat Blueskin.

Third Ties: Swallow ran a bye, Bess beat Simon.

Deciding Course: Bess beat Swallow, and won the Cup.

The ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. H. Jefferson's w. and bk. b. Kate	beat	Mr. Mossip's bd. b. Vesta.
Mr. J. Benn's r. d. Quaker	—	Mr. Falcon's bk. d. Tramp.

Deciding Course: Kate beat Quaker, and won the Stakes.

The PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Christian's bk. d. Satan	beat	Mr. Bragg's bd. b. Fly.
Mr. Jefferson's r. and w. d. Jarvie	—	Mr. Mossip's f. b. Meg Merrilies.
Mr. Retson's l. and w. b. Fan	—	Mr. Little's bd. d. Dan.

Ties: Jarvie beat Satan, Fan ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Fan beat Jarvie, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Benn's Hyton	beat	Mr. Wm. Thompson's Our Sarah.
Mr. Benn's Bangor	—	Mr. Christian's Lady.
Mr. Bowman's Brandy	—	Mr. Wm. Thompson's York.
Mr. Benn's Quaker	—	Mr. Falcon's Tramp.

LANCASHIRE (SCARISBRICK BRIDGE) CLUB MEETING, Nov. 19.

(Over the Manors of Charles Scarisbrick, Esq.)

The SCARISBRICK CUP STAKES.

Mr. Harriott's bk. b. Helena	beat	Mr. Segar's bk. d. Felt.
Mr. Edwards's bk. b. Fly	—	Mr. Sharpe's bk. d. Smoker.
Mr. Moorcroft's f. and w. d. Young Hops	—	Mr. Salthouse's bk. and w. b. Fly.
Mr. Allen's f. b. Friendship	—	Mr. Shaw's bd. d. Spanker.

Ties: Helena beat Fly, Young Hops beat Friendship.

Deciding Course: Young Hops beat Helena, and won the Cup.

The HALSALL STAKES.

Mr. Segar's fal. d. Slender Billy beat Mr. Moorcroft's f. and w. b. Hops.
 Mr. Shawe's f. d. Sheridan — Mr. Matthews's bk. d. Lancer.
 Mr. Harriott's w. and f. d. Simpkin — Mr. W. Shawe's f. d. Springer.
 Mr. Allen's bk. d. Rattler — Mr. Segar's bd. d. Scroggins.

Ties : Slender Billy beat Sheridan, Rattler beat Simpkin.
Deciding Course : Rattler beat Slender Billy, and won the Stakes.

MALTON MEETING, Nov. 19.

FIRST CLASS.

Mr. T. Wilson's r. d. Skip beat Mr. Harrison's br. and w. d. Revenue.
 Mr. G. Studley's bk. tk. d. Mat — Mr. Kingston's bl. and w. d. Twig.
 Mr. Gibson's bk. and w. b. Grace — Mr. Watson's bk. and w. d. Timour.
 Mr. T. Etty's f. d. Mango — Mr. Revis's r. and w. b. Fly.

Ties : Mat beat Skip, Mango beat Grace.
Deciding Course : Mango beat Mat, and won the Class.

SECOND CLASS.

Mr. T. T. Smith's bl. d. Grasper beat Mr. Wilson's f. b. Fly.
 Mr. Harrison's bl. and w. d. Cricket — Mr. Revis's r. and w. b. Saddler.
 Mr. Spence's bd. b. Flora — Mr. Kimberley's bk. and w. b. Mayday.
 Mr. Hewgill's y. b. Ply — Mr. T. Wilson's bd. b. Muta.

Ties : Cricket beat Grasper, Flora beat Fly.
Deciding Course : Cricket beat Flora, and won the Class.

THIRD CLASS.

Mr. Bartliff's r. and w. d. Patch beat Mr. Lapish's br. d. Bullet.
 Mr. Scott's br. and w. d. Elis — Mr. Buxton's br. d. Shields.
 Mr. C. Walker's r. and w. d. Redcap — Mr. Simpson's bk. tk. d. Tramp.
 Mr. Bilton's bl. tk. b. Marcia — Mr. R. Pickering's bk. d. Snowball.

Ties : Patch beat Elis, Redcap beat Marcia.
Deciding Course : Patch beat Redcap, and won the Class.

FOURTH CLASS.

Mr. Bilton's bk. d. Blacklock beat Mr. Ward's f. and w. b. Venus.
 Mr. Ward's bk. and w. b. Fly — Mr. Etty's bk. b. Blossom.
 Mr. Wardell's f. and w. d. Shylock — Mr. Walker's r. b. Switch.
 Mr. Lapish's bd. b. Dent — Mr. H. Kimberley's r. and w. b. Harlock.

Ties : Blacklock beat Fly, Dent beat Shylock.
Deciding Course : Dent beat Blacklock, and won the Class.

The PUPPY STAKES—(First Class).

Mr. T. Key's br. d. Theodore beat Mr. Grayson's bk. b. Victoria.
 Mr. Lapish's bd. and w. d. Sutton — Mr. Simpson's bd. b. Venus.

Deciding Course : Theodore beat Sutton, and won the Stakes.

The PUPPY STAKES—(Second Class).

Mr. Wardell's bk. d. Brewer beat Mr. Buxton's br. and w. b. Violet.
 Mr. R. Monkman's bk. d. Matchem — Mr. Bartliff's bl. d. Skyblue.

Deciding Course : Brewer and Matchem divided the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. C. Walker's r. b. Switch beat Mr. Harrison's Revenue.
 Mr. Lapish's bd. d. Bullet — Mr. Buxton's bd. d. Shields.

CARSE CLUB MEETING, Nov. 19.

The SILVER COLLAR AND PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Baillie's y. d. Blucher beat Mr. G. H. Binning's b. d. Squeezer.
 Hon. J. Dundas's b. b. Buletta — Mr. Mowbray's y. and w. d. Lowther.
 Capt. Forbes's bd. b. Fanny — Capt. Dundas na. y. and w. b. Lowtherina.
 Mr. T. Graham Stirling's h. b. Virgin — Col. Abercromby na. b. b. Swift.
 Mr. Stein's bd. d. Satellite — Mr. Graham's b. d. Cairnie.

Mr. Forbes's bd. d. Fencer ran a bye.
First Ties : Blucher beat Fencer, Fanny beat Buletta, Satellite beat Virgin.

Second Ties : Blucher ran a bye, Satellite beat Fanny.

Deciding Course : Satellite beat Blucher, and won the Collar and Stakes.

The ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Stein's b. b. Sylph beat Mr. G. Stirling's b. b. Lady.
 Mr. Forbes's b. b. Fairy — Mr. Bruce na. bd. d. Wonder.
 Hon. J. Dundas's w. d. M. P. — Capt. Forbes's w. d. Flyer.
 Mr. Salmon's w. and b. b. Countess — { Mr. Baillie's r. b. Beauty (after an undecided course).
 Mr. Baillie's b. d. The Bravo — Mr. Graham's b. d. Charlie.

First Ties: Sylph ran a bye, Fairy beat M. P., The Bravo beat Countess.

Second Ties: Fairy ran a bye, The Bravo beat Sylph.

Deciding Course: Fairy beat Bravo, and won the Stakes.

Satellite was got by Mr. Stein's Driver, out of his bitch Nimble.

Mr. Ramage, of Kenleith, officiated as Tryer.

Mr. Stein having won the Champion Collar three times, it now becomes his property.

CURRAGH CLUB MEETING (IRELAND), Nov. 20.

SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Bourne's bk. d. Barb* beat	Mr. White's bk. d. Hero.
Mr. Brennan's br. b. Nimble —	Mr. Disney's bk. b. Matchless.
Mr. E. Kelly's bl. b. Dove —	Mr. Browne's bk. b. Beatrice.
Mr. Neal's bk. b. Nimble —	Mr. Baker's r. d. Rhoda.
Mr. Watt's bl. d. Victory* —	Mr. Brennan's bk. d. Baron.
Mr. Carter's br. b. Speed —	Mr. Baker's d. d. Rush.

First Ties: *Nimble beat Mr. Neal's Nimble, *Dove beat Barb, Victory beat Speed.

Second Ties: *Victory beat Dove, *Nimble ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Nimble beat Victory, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Bourne's bk. d. Naboeish beat	Mr. Disney's bk. and w. b. Matchless.
Mr. E. Kelly's bk. d. Scrape —	Mr. White's rd. d. Random.

• Hares killed.

HAREWOOD MEETING, Nov. 19, 20, AND 21.

The Cup, 3 sovs. each; second dog to receive 23 sovs.

Mr. Muscroft's f. and w. b. Lovely beat	Mr. T. Gascoigne's b. d. Victor.
Mr. Holroyd's r. and w. d. Guardsman —	Mr. Fould's f. b. Frisk.
Sir John Johnstone's b. d. Tetotum —	Mr. G. L. Fox's b. b. Echo.
Mr. Openshaw's br. d. Zebra —	Mr. Staniland's bl. and w. d. Blucher
Hon. H. Lascelles' bl. tk. d. Lupus —	Mr. Hustler's b. b. Skylark.
Mr. Gibbs' f. d. Ginger —	Mr. Kay's bl. d. Spink.
Mr. Vansittart's b. d. Thaddeus —	Mr. Wilson's b. and w. b. Fly.
Hon. A. Lascelles' bl. b. Catharina —	Mr. R. Gascoigne's f. b. Trinket.
Mr. Teal's r. b. Birdlime —	Hon. E. Lascelles' f. d. Isaac.
Dr. Cockcroft's f. d. Topper —	Mr. Hargreave's bl. b. Whiskey.
Mr. Harrison's r. and w. b. Myrtle —	Mr. Bingley's w. and br. d. Glider.
Mr. Robertshaw's f. b. Muss —	Mr. Cook's bl. d. Thrasher.

First Ties: Zebra beat Lovely, Topper beat Birdlime, Muss beat Guardsman, Tetotum beat Lupus, Myrtle beat Catharina, Ginger beat Thaddeus.

Second Ties: Topper beat Zebra, Tetotum beat Muss, Myrtle beat Ginger.

Third Ties: Myrtle beat Tetotum, Topper ran a bye.

The ALL-AGED STAKES, 2 sovs. each.

Sir J. Johnstone's bl. b. Janet beat	Mr. Gibbs's w. and b. d. Tagrag.
Mr. Fould's bl. b. Countess —	Mr. Cook's f. d. Tact.
Mr. Bingley's br. b. Venus —	Mr. Brooke's b. d. Nimrod.
Mr. T. Gascoigne's f. d. Frank —	Dr. Cockcroft's b. d. Frank.
Mr. Openshaw's w. and b. d. Brighton —	Mr. Hill's c. b. Dame.
Mr. Teal's f. b. Jessie —	Mr. Hustler's br. b. Victoria.

First Ties: Janet beat Jessie, Venus beat Brighton, Frank beat Countess.

Second Ties: Frank beat Janet, Venus ran a bye.

The Deciding Course was postponed till Friday.

The DOG PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Gibbs's Tomboy beat	Mr. Staniland's Mundig.
Mr. Hargreave's Viscount —	Mr. Brooke's Starlight.
Mr. Teal's Champion —	Sir J. Johnstone's Ion.
Mr. Hustler's Chartist —	Mr. Cooke's Trudge.

Ties: Viscount beat Tomboy, Chartist beat Champion.

Deciding Course: Chartist beat Viscount, and won the Stakes.

The BITCH PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Bingley's r. b. Wilful beat	Mr. Hustler's b. b. Celeste.
Mr. Openshaw's r. b. Taglioni —	Mr. Cook's b. b. Tingle.

Mr. Staniland's br. b. Madam and Sir J. Johnstone's r. b. Graceful ran a dead heat.

First Ties: Venus beat Taglioni, Wilful ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Wilful beat Venus, and won the Stakes.

The Cup.

Deciding Course: Myrtle beat Topper, and won the Cup; Topper the Sovereigns.

Pedigrees of the Winners.—Myrtle is by Dr. Hobson's Burke, out of Mr. Teal's Myrtle; Topper by Dr. Hobson's President, out of Lucy.

The ALL-AGED STAKES.

Deciding Course: Frank beat Venus, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Brooke's Nimrod	beat	Mr. Hustler's Skylark.
Mr. Hargreave's Echo	—	Sir J. Johnstone's Isaac.
Mr. Bingley's Gamesome	—	Mr. Cooke's Thrasham.
Mr. Hargreave's Whiskey	—	Mr. Gibbs' Celerity.

Ties: Nimrod beat Wiskey, Echo beat Gamesome.

Deciding Course: Nimrod beat Echo, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Sir J. Johnstone's Bittern	beat	Mr. Hustler's Skylark.
Mr. Staniland's Mundig	—	Mr. Brooke's Catharina.

Deciding Course: Bittern beat Mundig, and won the Stakes.

HAMPTON VICTORIA CLUB MEETING, Nov. 21 and 28.

The PUPPY CUP STAKES; the first dog to receive £30, the second £12, the third £8, and the fourth £5.

Mr. Clarke's r. b. Cameo	beat	Mr. Cox's r. b. Elfine.
Mr. Dingwell's bd. d. St. Andrew	—	Mr. Sperring's bk. b. Violet.
Mr. G. Evans's r. and w. d. Abercrombie	—	Mr. Dingwell's f. b. Auricula.
Mr. Parkinson's bk. b. Sister to Bab	—	Mr. Bragg's bd. b. Lady Nickleby.
Mr. J. Graves's bl. d. Blue	—	Mr. Harvey's bk. and w. b. Half-and-half.
Mr. Charrington's f. b. Comet	—	Mr. Sheppard's bk. and w. b. Bee's-wing.
Mr. Collins's f. d. Cadet	—	Mr. T. Hodsdon's r. d. Critic.
Mr. Moseley's w. d. Bloomsbury	—	Mr. Bragg's r. b. Miss Nickleby.
Dr. Scott's y. and w. b. Sprite	—	Mr. Patient's bk. b. Ruby.
Mr. Dyson's r. d. Crib	—	Mr. R. Coombe's w. d. Don John.
Mr. Elmore's f. and w. d. Euclid	—	Mr. Pfeil's bk. d. Bob.
Mr. J. Hodsdon's r. b. Victoria	—	Mr. J. Harvey's bk. b. Lucetta.
Mr. Bacon's y. and w. d. Charles XII.	—	Mr. Dingwell's f. d. Anson.
Mr. W. Silcock's f. b. Madge	—	Mr. Minton's w. d. Windsor.
Mr. Dansey's y. d. Dangerous	—	Mr. Brown's f. b. Kate Nickleby.
Mr. Jessop's bk. b. Cara	—	Mr. Burford's bk. b. Fly.

First Ties: Cameo beat St. Andrew, Abercrombie beat Sister to Bab, Blue beat Comet, Cadet beat Bloomsbury, Sprite beat Crib, Victoria beat Euclid, Madge beat Charles XII., Cara beat Dangerous.

Second Ties: Cameo beat Abercrombie, Cadet beat Blue, Sprite beat Victoria, Madge beat Cara.

Third Ties: Cameo beat Cadet, Sprite beat Madge.

Deciding Courses: Sprite beat Cameo, and won the Cup; Cameo the Goblet; Cadet beat Madge, and won the third prize; Madge, the fourth prize.

Pedigrees: Sprite, a red and white bitch, is by Burgundy, out of a bitch whose pedigree is unknown. Cameo, a red bitch, is by Critic, out of Jewel, own sister to Mr. Elmore's Gem.

FLEETWOOD AUTUMN MEETING, Nov. 25 and 26.

The FLEETWOOD CUP.

Mr. Craven's Cara	beat	Mr. Chaloner's Fly.
Mr. Houghton's True Blue	—	Mr. Heyes's Hemlock.
Mr. Parker's Pleader	—	Mr. McIntyre's Donald.
Mr. Rowley's Emperor	—	Mr. Turner's Stopper.
Mr. Easterly's Rough Robin	—	Mr. King's Clinker.
Mr. Polding's Eclipse	—	Mr. Coup's Fly.
Mr. Robinson's Hero	—	Mr. Hind's Pickpocket.
Mr. Fellowe's Frolic	—	Mr. Craven's Carlos.

First Ties: Cara beat True Blue, Emperor beat Pleader, Rough Robin beat Eclipse, Hero beat Frolic.

Second Ties: Emperor beat Cara, Rough Robin beat Hero.

Deciding Course: Rough Robin beat Emperor, and won.

The PRESTON PUPPY CUP.

Mr. Fellowe's Faithful	beat	Mr. Robinson's Topper.
Mr. Coup's Clayton Lass	—	Mr. Craven's Castle Carey.
Mr. Rowley's Scramble	—	Mr. Polding's Fly.
Mr. Parker's Promise	—	Mr. Fellowe's Forester.
Mr. Houghton's Don John	—	Mr. Heyes's Hyjus.

First Ties: Clayton Lass beat Faithful, Scramble beat Promise, Don John beat Hawk-eye.

Second Ties: Clayton Lass ran a bye, Scramble beat Don John.

Deciding Course: Scramble beat Clayton Lass, and won, after a desperate course, Clayton Lass falling twice.

The ROSSALL STAKES.

Mr. Turner's Trimmer	beat	Mr. Fellowe's Frisk.
Mr. Rowley's Earl	—	Mr. King's Patty.
Mr. McIntyre's Firefly	—	Mr. Hinde's Trump.
Mr. Heyes's Spot	—	Mr. Fellowe's Friendship.

Ties: Earl beat Trimmer, Spot beat Firefly.

Deciding Course: Spot beat Earl, and won.

THE CHURCHTOWN STAKES.

Mr. Fellowe's Forester	beat	Mr. Houghton's True Blue.
Mr. Parker's Pleader	—	Mr. King's Clinker.
Mr. Rowley's Earl	—	Mr. Heyes's Hemlock.
Mr. Fellowe's Frolic	—	Mr. M'intyre's Donald.

Ties: Forester beat Pleader, Earl beat Frolic.

Deciding Course: Earl beat Forester, and won.

THE SOUTHPORT STAKES.

Mr. Craven's Carlos	beat	Mr. Chaloner's Topper.
Mr. Fellowe's Faithful	—	Mr. Robinson's Topper.
Mr. Hinde's Pickpocket	—	Mr. King's Patty.
Mr. Chaloner's Sylvia	—	Mr. M'intyre's Firefly.

Ties: Carlos beat Faithful, Pickpocket beat Sylvia.

Deciding Course: Pickpocket beat Carlos, and won.

THE CROSSANDS PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Craven's Castle Carey	beat	Mr. Easterby's Sister to Esperance.
Mr. King's Hawk-eye	—	Mr. Parker's Promise.

Deciding Course: Castle Carey beat Hawk-eye, and won.

LOUTH MEETING, NOV. 26, 28, 29, AND 30.

THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES.

Mr. Dudding's bk. d. Dreadnought, by Mr. Bartholomew's Baron, out of his Caroline	beat	{ Mr. Fowler's bk. tk. d. Magistrate, by Col. Elmhirst's Pounce, out of his Midnight.
Mr. Fowler's bk. b. Bashful, by his Sportsman, out of his Rarity	—	{ Mr. Hutchins n's bk. d. Raven, by Blackbird, out of Mr. Calvert's Swallow.
Mr. Vipan's r. d. Voltaire, by his Victory, out of Mr. Smith's Susan	—	{ Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Butteryburn, by his Gilbertfield, out of his Lilliput.
Mr. Caldwell's bk. d. Kenwigs, by Mr. Bagge's Kinsman, out of his Kettle	—	{ Mr. W. Marshall's r. b. Ellen, by Mr. Nix's David, out of Lord Stradbroke's Memina.
Mr. Vipan's w. b. p. Verity, by his Vulcan, out of his Verity	—	{ Col. Elmhirst's bk. d. Bashaw, by Bouncer, out of his Bashful (sister to Belvidera).
Capt. Daintree's r. and w. d. p. King Cob, by Mr. Inskip's Ton, out of his Kate	—	{ Mr. Foster's bk. d. Marc Antony, by Mr. J. Foster's Brutus, out of Mr. T. Foster's Fan.
Capt. Daintree's r. and w. b. Kitty Fisher, by Mr. Purser's Stumps, out of his Kate	—	{ Mr. Gunning's r. b. Blackstreets, by Mr. Golden's Victory, out of Mr. Elsey's Fly.
Mr. Foster's r. d. Chasse, by Mr. Petchell's Spring, out of Mr. Tindale's Patch	—	{ Mr. Hutchinson's c. d. Major, by Derbyshire Bullet, out of his Ruby.
Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. p. Castlehill, by his Gilbertfield, out of his Black-eyed Susan	—	{ Col. Elmhirst's bk. tk. b. Bella, by his Pounce, out of his Belvidera.
Mr. Darley's f. and w. b. Delicate, by his Dart, out of his Dainty	—	{ Mr. W. Marshall's w. b. Echo, by Mr. Fowler's Sportsman, out of Snowbell's dam.

First Ties: Dreadnought beat Bashful, Kenwigs beat Voltaire, King Cob beat Verity, Chasse beat Kitty Fisher, Castlehill received, Delicate drawn lame.

THE CUP.

Col. Elmhirst's bk. tk. b. Magic, by his Sportsman, out of his Midnight	beat	{ Mr. Heneage's w. b. Lunatic, by his Lion, out of Mr. Wright's Fly.
Mr. Caldwell's bk. b. Reliance (pedigree unknown)	—	{ Mr. Fowler's w. d. Venture, by Paramount, out of —.
Mr. Foster's w. d. Freebooter, by Mr. Hutchinson's Trick, out of Mr. Whittaker's Fly	—	{ Mr. W. Marshall's bl. d. Eager, by Mr. Golden's Bravery, out of Mr. Dawson's Buttercup.
Mr. Dudding's bk. d. Dandy, by Mr. Bartholomew's Baron, out of his Caroline	—	{ Mr. Fowler's r. d. Tipppo, by Lord of the Isle, out of —.
Mr. Darly's bd. b. Duchess, by his Dart, out of Capt. Holland's Hatfield Lass	—	{ Mr. Dawson's bk. and w. p. d. Bouncer, out of his Violet, by Mr. Alington's Bouncer.
Mr. Gunning's f. d. Cliff, by Mr. Golden's Bravery, out of Mr. Elsey's Fly	—	{ Mr. G. Alington's bk. d. Major, by his Bouncer, out of Col. Elmhirst's Magic.
Mr. Heneage's r. b. p. Lilac, by Mr. Golden's Blacklock, out of his Lively	—	{ Capt. Daintree's f. d. Killaloe, by Mr. Purser's Stumps, out of his Kate.
Mr. Vipan's bk. d. p. Volens, by his Victory, out of Mr. Pope's Fly	—	{ Mr. Foster's r. d. Trustee, by Mr. Hutchinson's Trick, out of Mr. Vincent's bitch.

First Ties: Reliance beat Cliff, Lilac beat Magic, Volens beat Duchess, Dandy beat Freebooter.

THE DERBY STAKES.

Mr. Fowler's w. d. Dart	beat	Mr. Gunning's f. d. Pop.
Mr. Heneage's bk. d. Lofty	—	Mr. Vipan's w. d. Vanquish.
Mr. Dudding's f. and w. d. Dusty	—	Col. Elmhirst's bk. d. Young Barrister.

Mr. Caldwell's r. d. Rex ran a bye.

Ties: Dusty beat Rex, Lofty beat Dart.

The OAKS STAKES.

Mr. W. Marshall's bk. and w. b. Eva beat Mr. Fowler's w. b. Fly.
 Mr. Foster's bk. b. Executrix — Mr. Caldwell's bk. b. Regina.
 Mr. Heneage's r. b. Lipsalve — Mr. Vipan's w. b. Venella.

M. Dudding's w. b. Day Star ran a bye.

Ties: Executrix beat Eva, Day Star beat Lipsalve.

The GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES.

Second Ties: Kenwigs beat Dreadnought, King Cob beat Chasse, Castlehill ran a bye.

Third Ties: Kenwigs beat Castlehill, King Cob ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Kenwigs beat King Cob, and won 150 sovs.; King Cob, 30 sovs.; Castlehill, 10 sovs.; Chasse and Dreadnought 5 sovs. each.

The CUP AND SOVEREIGNS.

Second Ties: Dandy beat Reliance, Volens beat Lilac.

Deciding Course: Dandy beat Volens, and won the Cup; Volens, the Sovs.

The DERBY STAKES of 3 sovs. each (seven subscribers).

Deciding Course: Lofty, by Blacklock out of Lively, beat Dusty, by Clifford, out of Bonnie Lassie, and won the Stakes; Dusty, 3 sovs.

The OAKS STAKES of 3 sovs. each (seven subscribers).

Deciding Course: Executrix, by Bandage, out of Mr. Fidler's b., beat Day Star, sister to Dusty, and won the Stakes; Day Star, 3 sovs.

The WITHCALL ALL-AGED STAKES of 2 sovs. each (four subscribers).

Mr. Hutchinson's cr. d. Major beat Mr. Darley's bd. and w. b. Victoria.
 Captain Daintree's bd. b. Keepsake — Mr. Dudding's bk. d. Defiance.

Deciding Course: Major, by Derbyshire Bullet, out of Ruby, beat Keepsake by Colonel, out of Bellona, and won the Stakes.

The LOUTH ALL-AGED STAKES of 2 sovs. each (four subscribers).

Mr. Fowler's bk. tk. d. Magistrate beat Mr. Gunning's bk. d. Garrick.
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Butteryburn — Mr. Foster's bk. d. Marc Antony.

Deciding Course: Magistrate beat Butteryburn, and won the Stakes.

The WITHCALL WARREN STAKES of 2 sovs. each (four subscribers).

Mr. Darley's f. and w. b. Destiny beat Mr. Hutchinson's bk. d. Raven.
 Mr. Dudding's w. b. Dainty — Mr. Gunning's bk. and w. b. Baroness.

Deciding Course: Destiny (pedigree unknown) beat Dainty, by Walesby, out of Bonnie Lassie, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Fowler's bk. b. Bashful beat Mr. Caldwell's bk. d. Dreadnought.
 Mr. Darley's bk. b. Dahlia agst. Capt. Daintree's w. b. p. Kathleen (off.)

SOUTH LANCASHIRE CLUB (SOUTHPORT) MEETING, Nov. 27 AND 28.

Stewards:—Messrs. Hunt, King, Robinson, and Easterby. Mr. M'George, Judge.

The FLEETWOOD CUP, for all-aged dogs.

Mr. Bake's r. d. Skimmer beat Mr. Chew's bl. and w. d. Spring.
 Mr. King's f. d. Clasher — Mr. Orden's r. d. Touchstone.
 Mr. Easterby's bl. d. Earwig — Mr. Robinson's f. b. S. H. Fly.
 Mr. Lucas's bl. d. Pluto — Mr. Mayall's r. d. Nelson.
 Mr. Hodgson's br. and w. b. Zorillo — Mr. Marlow's bd. d. Rattler.
 Mr. King's bl. b. Sarah — Mr. Parkinson's r. b. Venus.
 Mr. Hunt's bd. b. Sylvian — Mr. Whitehead's r. and wh. d. Rock.
 Mr. Robinson's w. and y. b. Fly — Mr. Edward's r. d. Merchant.

First Ties: Skimmer beat Clasher, Pluto beat Earwig, Zorillo beat Sarah, Fly beat Sylvian.

Second Ties: Skimmer beat Pluto, Fly beat Zorillo.

Deciding Course: Skimmer beat Fly, and won the Cup.

The HESKETH PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Rowley's f. b. Rebecca beat Mr. Hodgson's r. d. Zinganee, by Shillelagh.
 Mr. Hunt's b. d. Hugo — Mr. S. H. Williams's bl. and w. b. Harriett.
 Mr. King's bl. d. Jerry — Mr. Williams's y. and w. d. Filho.
 Mr. Mayall's f. and wh. d. Don John — Mr. Bake's r. d. Burgundy.
 Mr. Gawthorpe's r. d. Glencoe — Mr. Chew's b. d. Claret.
 Mr. Tunstall's r. d. Thunder — Mr. Bake's b. d. Bluecap.
 Mr. Robinson's bl. d. William — Mr. Fellowe's w. d. Fidget.
 Mr. King's bl. d. Royal — Mr. Whitehead's w. and bl. d. Pedlar.

First Ties: Rebecca beat Hugo, Don John beat Jerry, Thunder beat Glencoe, William beat Royal.

Second Ties: Rebecca beat Don John, William beat Thunder.

Deciding Course: Rebecca beat William, and won the Stakes.

The CHURCHTOWN STAKES for all-aged dogs.

Mr. Chew's bk. and w. d. Carpenter beat	Mr. Ogden's r. and w. d. Beaver.
Mr. Easterby's bk. and w. b. Erico	— Mr. Williams's r. b. Venus.
Mr. Edward's bk. b. Maiden Queen	— Mr. Parkinson's bd. b. Silk.
Mr. Gale's bk. and w. d. Liverpool	— Mr. Gawthorpe's r. d. Gordon Glenmore.
Mr. Tunstall r. d. Chasse	— Mr. Gale's bk. w. b. Fly (sister to Liverpool.)
Mr. Ogden's bk. d. Black Diamond	— Mr. Buckley's bk. b. Mona.
Mr. Marlow's f. and w. d. Elis	— Mr. King's bk. and w. d. Kingston.
Mr. Walker's f. b. Mary	— Mr. Bake's f. d. Brother to Burgundy.

First Ties: Erico beat Carpenter, Maiden Queen beat Liverpool, Chasse beat Black Diamond, Mary beat Elis.

Second Ties: Maiden Queen beat Erico, Chasse beat Mary.

Deciding Course: Maiden Queen beat Chasse, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Easterby's Earwig - beat	Mr. Gale's Fly.
Mr. Parkinson's Venus	— Mr. King's Clasher.
Mr. Ogden's Touchstone	— Mr. Robison's S. H. Fly.
Mr. Marlow's Elis	— Mr. Gawthorpe's Gordon Glenmore.
Mr. Hunt's Hugo	— Mr. Fellowe's Fidget.
Mr. Forrest's Zinganee	— Mr. Bake's Burgundy.
Mr. Williams's Filho	— Mr. Chew's Claret.
Mr. King's Royal	— Mr. S. H. Williams's Harriett.
Mr. King's Kingston	— Mr. Parkinson's Satin.
Mr. Arden's Commodore	— Mr. Rowley's Earl.
Mr. Chew's Spring	— Mr. Ogden's Elis.
Mr. Hunt's Hawk-eye	— Mr. Tunstall's Honeysuckle.
Mr. King's Clinker	— Mr. Tunstall's Mona.
Mr. Parkinson's Silk	— Mr. Ogden's Black Diamond.
Mr. Parkinson's Venus	— Mr. Hunt's Hypocrite.
Mr. King's Hawk-eye	— Mr. Robison's Hero.

LETCOMB BOWERS MEETING, Nov. 28 AND 29.

THE CUP.

Mr. Wasbrough's bd. b. Breeze beat	Mr. Ensworth's f. d. Eurus.
Mr. Warman's y. b. Wreath	— Mr. Morrell's b. d. Mountainpecker.
Mr. Bennett's f. d. Bonaparte	— Mr. Edmonds's f. d. Westcar.
Mr. Bowles's r. d. Benledi	— Mr. Spooner's bl. b. Splendour.
Mr. Trinder's y. b. Titmouse	— Mr. Stone's b. d. Ensign.
Mr. Pusey's y. b. Petrel	— Mr. Williams's bl. d. Whalebone.
Mr. Goodlake's b. b. Gratilla	— Mr. Flesher's b. b. Elastic.
Mr. Harries's b. d. Black Prince	— Mr. Walker's r. d. Sultan.

First Ties: Wreath beat Breeze, Benledi beat Bonaparte, Petrel beat Titmouse, Gratilla beat Black Prince.

Second Ties: Wreath beat Benledi, Gratilla beat Petrel.

Deciding Course: Gratilla beat Wreath, and won the Cup; Wreath, the Goblet.

The ASHDOWN PARK SWEEPSTAKES of £2 each—(First Class).

Mr. Spooner's f. b. Shamrock beat	Mr. Morrell's bl. d. Musician.
Mr. Bowles's b. d. Black Dwarf	— Mr. Bennett's w. d. Bravo.

Deciding Course: Black Dwarf beat Shamrock, and won the Stakes.

The ASHDOWN PARK SWEEPSTAKES of 30s. each—(Second Class).

Mr. Warman's y. b. Weapon beat	Mr. Spooner's y. b. Swallow.
Mr. Goodlake's y. and w. b. Graceful	— Mr. Williams's y. d. Whisker.

Deciding Course: Graceful beat Weapon, and won the Stakes.

LETCOMB BOWERS STAKES, £2 each.

Mr. Morrell's b. d. Mountainpecker beat	Mr. Ensworth's f. d. Furus.
Mr. Spooner's bk. b. Splendour	— Mr. Edmond's f. d. Westcar.

Deciding Course: Splendour beat Mountainpecker, and won the Stakes.

LETCOMB BOWERS STAKES—(Second Class).

Mr. Williams's bl. d. Whalebone beat	Mr. Stone's b. d. Ensign.
Mr. Flesher's b. b. Elastic	— Mr. Walker's r. d. Sultan.

Deciding Course: Elastic beat Whalebone, and won the Stakes.

OSTERLEY PARK, Nov. 29 AND 30.

The PUPPY CUP AND GOBLET.

Mr. Taylor's bl. b. Nimble beat	Mr. Daw's bk. d. Pilot.
Mr. Nicholl's r. b. Nimble	— Mr. Thackerall's bk. b. Thais.
Mr. J. Grove's r. d. Merlin	— Mr. C. Farnell's bl. b. Fly.
Mr. Jupp's f. b. Venus... ..	— Mr. Grove's w. b. Vic.
Mr. Eley's bl. b. Fancy	— Mr. Evans's bk. d. Beau.
Mr. J. Farnell's r. b. Fairy	— Mr. Chandler's r. b. Nancy.
Mr. Wilshin's bd. d. Bell	— Mr. H. Farnell's bl. h. Frantic.
Mr. Tillyer's f. b. Deception	— Mr. Watson's bk. d. Frank.

First Ties: Mr. Nicholl's Nimble beat Mr. Taylor's Nimble, Venus beat Merlin, Fairy beat Fancy, Bell beat Deception.

Second Ties: Venus beat Nimble, Bell beat Fairy.

Deciding Course: Venus beat Bell, and won the Cup, Bell the Goblet.

The WYKE STAKES.

Mr. H. Farnell's f. d. Horsea beat Mr. Thackrah's bk. b. Thetis.
Mr. C. Farnell's bk. b. Fidget — Mr. Jupp's bk. b. Juvenile.

Deciding Course: Horsea beat Fidget, and won the Stakes.

The WARREN STAKES.

Mr. Grove's r. d. Nelson beat Mr. Trumper's bk. d. Miracle.
Mr. Chandler's r. b. Nancy — Mr. Jupp's bk. b. Jewess.

Deciding Course: Nancy beat Nelson, and won the Stakes.

The NORWOOD STAKES.

Mr. J. Farnell's bk. b. Fury beat Mr. Taylor's bl. d. Spring.
Mr. Wilshin's bk. d. Frolic — Mr. Godfrey's bk. and w. b. Phil.

In consequence of the lateness of the day, Fury and Frolic divided the Stakes.

DEPTFORD INN MEETING, DEC. 3 AND 4.

The CUP AND SOVS.

Mr. Bowles's y. d. Boscobel, by Warwick, out of Swift	beat	{	Capt. Wyndham's bk. d. Whistler, by Czar, out of Woodbine.
Mr. Etwall's f. d. Enham, by Critic, out of Georgiana's sister	—	{	Mr. Locke's r. b. Luna.
Mr. Bigg's r. b. Bliss, by Bradley, out of Bridesmaid	—	{	Mr. Bruncker's bl. and w. b. Brucha, by Wonder, out of Wildfire.
Mr. Goodlake's f. d. Graduate, by Critic, out of a bitch of Gohanna blood	—	{	Mr. Heathcote's r. b. Honey, by Eurus, out of Boveridge.
Mr. Agg's bk. d. African (late Negro), out of Mr. Inskip's Image	—	{	Mr. Ley's, bk. d. Euroclendon, brother to Honey.
Mr. Agg's bk. b. Ariel, by Bradley, out of Capel's bitch	—	{	Mr. Heathcot's r. d. Harvest, brother to Honey.
Mr. Bigg's bk. d. Blackwater, by Mountain, out of Bridesmaid	—	{	Mr. Etwall's bk. d. Expatria (late Hornsey.)
Mr. Bowles's bk. b. Brocarde, by Stumptail, out of Goodlake's Darling	—	{	Mr. Wyndham's bk. b. Wroth, sister to Whistler.

First Ties: Brocarde beat Blackwater, Boscobel beat African, Graduate beat Enham, Ariel beat Bliss.

Second Ties: Graduate agst. Brocarde, Boscobel agst. Ariel.

Deciding Course: Ariel was so severely injured the day before, that her owner drew her; and as Boscobel was the joint property of Messrs. Goodlake and Bowles, they divided the Cup and Sovereigns. The frost made the coursing dangerous and unsatisfactory.

The DERBY, for dogs.

Mr. Etwall's bd. Equerry, by Eurus	beat	Mr. Bigg's bl. Banquetor.
Mr. Bowles's bk. Diamond	—	Mr. Locke's bk. Lisbon.
Mr. Goodlake's bk. Gibraltar	—	Mr. Wyndham's bk. Lizard.
Mr. Locke's r. Lunardi	—	Mr. Heathcote's bk. Hericourt.
Mr. Etwall's f. Earl of York	—	Mr. Heathcote's r. Haroal.
Mr. Wyndham's r. Weller	—	Mr. Bowles's y. Beagle.

Mr. Ley's f. Eccaleobon (Etwall's) ran a bye, Mr. Spooner absent.

Ties: Gibraltar beat Lunardi, Eccaleobon beat Weller (after an undecided course), Equerry beat Black Diamond, Earl of York ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Eccaleobon was drawn to run with Earl of York, and Equerry, against Gibraltar, but, owing to the frost, Mr. Goodlake drew Gibraltar, and Mr. Etwall received the Stakes.

The OAKS, for bitches.

Mr. Bigg's bk. Blackberry	beat	Mr. Etwall's w. and bd. Equipage.
Mr. Locke's bk. Leda	—	Mr. Goodlake's y. Garonne.
Mr. Locke's w. Lark (late Blonde)	—	Mr. Agg's bd. Angelica.
Mr. Bigg's bl. Banquet	—	Mr. Wyndham's f. and w. Witch.

Mr. Heathcote's bk. Hasty ran a bye, Mr. Spooner absent.

Mr. Bowles's r. Brimstone ran a bye.

Ties: Lark beat Banquet, Hasty beat Brimstone, Blackberry beat Leda.

Deciding Course: Hasty agst. Blackberry, Lark ran a bye; divided between the three, owing to the frost.

The FISKERTON STAKES of 3 sovs. each.

Mr. Locke's bl. Laurel	beat	Capt. Wyndham's bk. Weird.
Mr. Goodlake's bk. Gratilla	—	Mr. Bowles's y. Benlomond.
Mr. Bigg's bk. Baltic	—	Capt. Wyndham's bl. and w. Wings.
Mr. Bigg's bk. Balsam	—	Mr. Heathcote's y. Hocknell.

Ties: Laurel agst. Baltic, Balsam agst. Gratilla.

Divided between the four winners, owing to the frost.

The STOCKTON STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Etwall's hd. and w. d. Earl Marshal| ... beat Capt. Wyndham's w. Wizard.
Mr. Morant's bk. d. Mainmast ... — Mr. Bigg's bl. d. Banquetor.

Deciding Course: Earl Marshal beat Mainmast, and won the Stakes.

The CODFORD BITCH PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Agg's b. d. and w. Angelica beat Capt. Wyndham's y. and w. Witch.
Mr. Morant's b. d. Magnolia — Mr. Etwall's y. and w. Elegante.
Mr. Goodlake's y. Garonne — Mr. Agg's bk. Atalanta.

Ties: Garonne beat Angelica, and divided the Stakes with Magnolia, that had to run a bye.

The ASHTON ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Bowles's bk. Black Dwarf beat Capt. Wyndham's bk. Broth.
Mr. Morant's bk. b. The Mole — Mr. Heathcote's r. Honey.

Deciding Course: Mr. Bowles, on receiving his Stake, drew Black Dwarf, who was cut, and Mole received the Stakes.

DEPTFORD INN CHAMPION MEETING, WILTSHIRE, FEB. 18.

FISHERTON CHAMPION STAKES of £12 each.

Mr. Etwall's f. d. Enham beat Capt. Wyndham's bk. d. Wrekin.
Mr. Bigg's w. and y. d. Transit — Mr. Bowles's b. and w. b. Belcena.
Mr. Calvert's b. b. Martha — Mr. Clarke's r. b. Cameo.
Mr. Goodlake's f. d. Graduate — Lord Rivers's bk. d. Godfrey.
Mr. Agg's b. d. Impetus — Mr. Locke's bl. d. Evander.
Lord Stradbroke's b. b. Midsummer — Mr. Spooner's bk. and w. d. Spot.

Mr. Calvert's Blucher ran a bye.

First Ties: Transit beat Graduate, Midsummer beat Impetus, Martha beat Enham. Blucher ran a bye.

Owing to the frost, the above four winners divided the Stakes.

CODFORD CHAMPION STAKES, £8 each.

Lord Rivers's b. b. Gipsy beat Mr. Goodlake's b. b. Gratilla.
Mr. Spooner's f. b. Shamrock — Mr. Bowles's y. b. Boscobel.
Mr. Etwall's y. and w. d. Ion — Sir J. Johnson's b. d. Fard.
Mr. Calvert's b. b. Birdlime — { Capt. Wyndham's b. d. Worfe (after an un-
decided Course).
Mr. Hall's y. d. Golden Lion — Mr. Calvert's b. d. Mango.
Mr. Clarke's f. b. Coquette — Mr. Locke's r. b. Lancet.
Lord Stradbroke's bk. b. Morel — Mr. Agg's r. b. Amulet.
Lord Stradbroke's f. b. Maple — Mr. Morant's r. b. Mischief.

First Ties: Morel beat Birdlime, Coquette beat Shamrock, Ion beat Gipsy, Golden Lion beat Maple.

The four winners divided.

CHITTERNE CHAMPION STAKES, £5 each.

Mr. Locke's bd. b. Lovely beat Mr. Clarke's r. b. Casket.
Capt. Wyndham's f. and w. b. Witch — Mr. Calvert's bk. b. Margaret.
Mr. Bigg's bk. b. Blackberry — Capt. Wyndham's bk. b. Lady.
Lord Rivers's bk. d. Gilbert — Mr. Spooner's bk. b. Susan.
Mr. Bowles's bk. b. Brocard — Mr. Goodlake's f. b. Garonne.
Lord Stradbroke's r. b. Madam — Mr. Etwall's bd. d. Equerry.
Mr. Calvert's bk. b. Countess — Mr. Bowles's y. d. Benledi.
Mr. Agg's r. b. Airy — { Mr. Pewsey's r. b. Lady (after an undecided
Course).

First Ties: Airy beat Lovely, Gilbert beat Witch, Brocard beat Blackberry, Madam beat Countess.

The four winners divided.

STOCKTON STAKES (Second Day).

Mr. Bowles's r. b. Boscobel beat Mr. Clarke's r. d. Ccerops.
Capt. Wyndham's bk. d. Wrekin — Mr. Agg's r. b. Amulet.
Mr. Bowles's f. b. Bustle — Mr. Bigg's bl. d. Banquetor.
Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Melton — Mr. Calvert's bk. d. Mango.

The four winners divided.

DEPTFORD STAKES—(First Class).

Lord Stradbroke's f. d. Mosquito beat Capt. Wyndham's w. d. Wanderer.
Mr. Bowles's r. d. Benledi — Mr. Agg's bk. d. African.

The two winners divided.

DEPTFORD STAKES—(Second Class).

Mr. Bigg's r. d. Balsam beat { Mr. Goodlake's bk. Gratilla (after an unde-
cided Course).
Mr. Morant's bk. d. Mariner — Lord Rivers's bk. b. Gravity.

The two winners divided.

THE SPORTING REVIEW.

APRIL, 1840.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

“THE RETURN FROM DEER-STALKING;” BY PRIOR, AFTER SPALDING.

“WARE-HORSE:” PAINTED BY ALKEN, AND ENGRAVED BY ENGLEHEART;

AND

“A SCENE, FROM THE NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE, MARCH 5, 1840;”

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY ALKEN.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Racing Studs of England, Part I., will appear in our next Number.

The History of the Turf, Chap. IV., will also appear in the Number for May.

“Q in the Corner.”—We have not had time to read the article, but, from its bulk and subject, we do not think it will suit us.—Certainly not unless it be greatly curtailed.

“GLASGOW.”—The “Remarks” proposed will *not* “suit our book.”

Many thanks for the good wishes of our Correspondent in the Oakley country. We shall be happy to hear from him at all times.

Lord Kelburne’s hounds, not later than next month.—This to our Glasgow Correspondent.

Want of room compels us to postpone, till May, notices of several new works, both in Literature and Art, to which justice, though tardy, shall be meted with a liberal hand.

The Editor regrets that he is compelled to defer notices of several packs of hounds from a similar cause.

Accounts of the Nottingham, Northampton, Spalding, and several other Steeple Chases are declined, as much from disinclination to give them insertion as from want of space.

Proof Impressions of all the Plates that have appeared in this Work, are on sale at 2s. each; or, beautifully coloured, 2s. 6d.

Vols. I. and II. of THE SPORTING REVIEW, bound in fancy cloth boards, lettered, may now be had at all Booksellers, price 16s. 6d. each.

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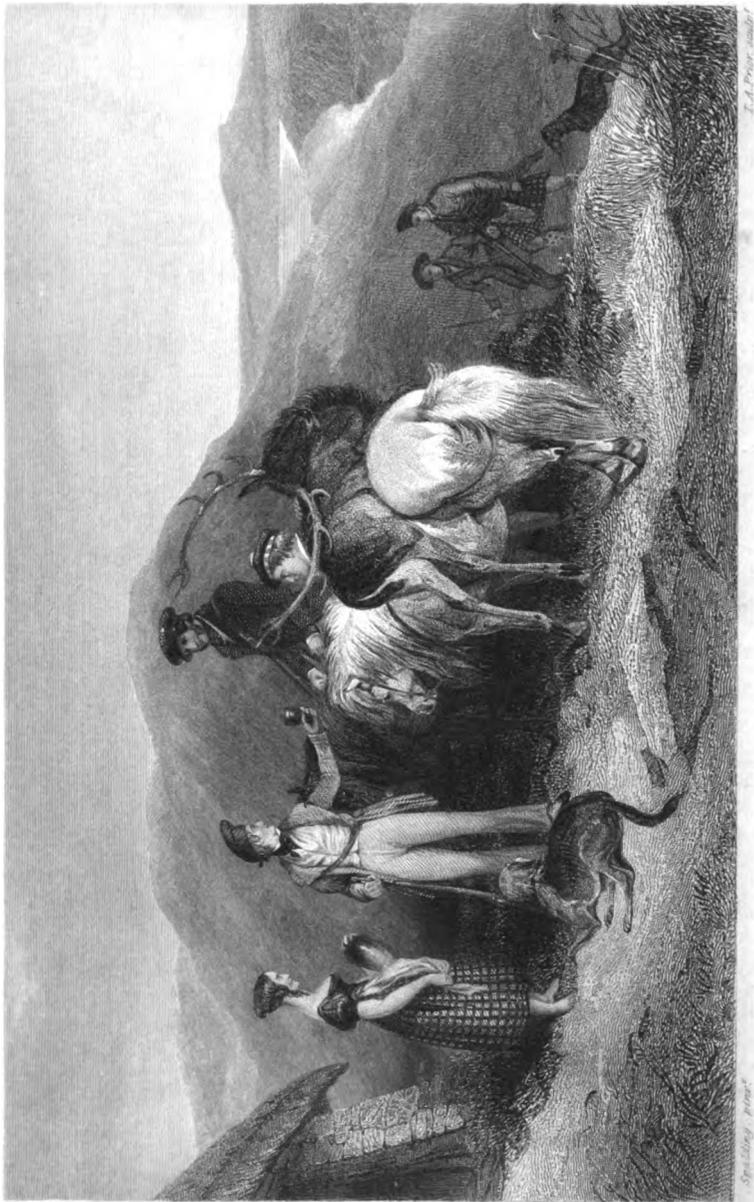


FIG. 16. THE MOUNTAINS OF THE GREAT HIMALAYAS.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY W. H. BARRINGTON, 10, BARRINGTON STREET, S.W.

RACING.

"Olympiacæ—præmia palmæ."
VIRG.

COVENTRY AND WARWICK SPRING MEETINGS.

COVENTRY, March 11th. The approach of our blithe Olympic season is heralded, like the dawn of a goodly day, with here and there a bright streak on its horizon. The earliest of these pleasant indications sheds its rays from that famed city where erst was achieved one of the noblest moral triumphs written in the page of history; a glorious victory, wherein even matron modesty threw loose the zone at the holy pleading of humanity. With the chivalry of Godiva, however, we have nothing to do; save to hint, that, had the fair Murcian been announced once more to witch the world in *puris naturalibus*, a stronger muster could scarce have been there to see. Probably never, since its establishment, has a more fortunate combination of circumstances operated in favour of this meeting. The weather was lovely, while the trysting place has become the centre of a series of railway radii. Though but in its sixth year, it is a robust and thriving young one; and, if provided for with the care and liberality heretofore bestowed upon it, there can be no question but that it will strengthen with its growth.

The character of the racing, as must ever be the case, was almost solely of local interest. The month of March is too early in the turf season to allow a hope that horses will be sent far from home, particularly such as are engaged in any of the great Spring Stakes. The first event upon the list was the only one with any prospective interest; Fitzroy, the trial nag of Confederate (if rumour is to be trusted), being named for the Craven Trial Stakes. The result of the race is by no means to be taken as the criterion of that colt's real performance. Treen having two nominations, Fitzroy and Fitzambo, engaged, declared to win with the latter; and not until the hope was a forlorn one, was Fitzroy brought forward. The speed was excellent, and the style in which "the Derby horse" made good his lee-way shewed that the pace was in him. Still there was nothing like flying about it; and if Confederate did not give long odds when he measured with him, he has no business to stand forth as champion of the South.

The second race was a Handicap, which seven shewed for, and Fitzambo won. It was a most spirited and scientific finish, the victory, beyond a doubt, being attributable to the fine riding of Mr. William Sadler. Gentlemen amateurs of Croxton Park, with all possible consideration and courtesy, this hint is submitted to you. Taken in the aggregate, you offer a handsome average of "good men and true;" but, by the great goddess of the Ephesians, that same Sadler can give the pick of your basket half a stone, and a sound thrashing to boot. Beyond the returns of the running, there is little to be said of the day's sport, good as it unquestionably was, of sufficient general concern to call for more lengthened detail.

Four races over the course, and one over hurdles (well ridden, and

won by Mr. Barker, who was *kilt* at the Liverpool Steeple-Chase), constituted the bill of fare; and having enjoyed the good things which it promised with a cordial *gout*, the guests departed, well pleased with the feast.

WARWICK SPRING MEETING.

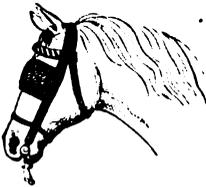
Wednesday, March 18th. There is, at the moment in which we write, a gentleman delivering a daily lecture in Regent-street, on the facility of travelling from New York to London in ninety-six hours; a theory whose truth he proposes to demonstrate in person during the approaching summer. People listen to him, and smile, and call him an ingenious enthusiast, and go their ways. Suppose any one had told our grandsires that their successors in the second generation might breakfast in London, pass the day at Warwick Races, and return to town to dinner, performing the journey in carriages *drawn by boiling water*, what think ye would have been the consequence? Would not our ancestors have thrown their wigs into the fire, or their informants out of the window? How much more reason do they manifest who sneer at Mr. Green, when he asserts that he will be due in Regent-street at four days' date, from Broadway? . . .

The hot-water generation being now in the flesh, many of them departed on Wednesday, the 18th ult., attracted by the list prepared at Warwick for that day. The attendance, greatly swelled by the second attraction, the Leamington Steeple-Chase, fixed for the day but one succeeding, was, probably, the largest ever seen on the pretty little course adjoining the tidy, dull borough, that bestowed a title upon the mighty King-maker. The weather was delightful, the ground in excellent order, as likewise the sporting spirit whence it drew its interest, manifested by two matches for £200 each, with which the business of the day opened. The leading event, however, here, is the Trial Stakes; and these mustered a good field of eleven, having a fair squeeze of Derby flavour, to give it a zest. It was stated that Fitzroy was "dead amiss," which accounted, as people said, for his place in the betting, as well as for his place in the running. But did it require anything out of the common to account for one or the other? The race, by no means a striking performance, has introduced a new subject into the Derby betting; the winner, Mr. Etwall's Melody colt (one of Day's lot), being now at 40 to 1 for the great South Country Stakes. It may as well be here stated (as a "refresher" to our friends in the provinces) that, at Warwick, horses still continue to take their ages from the first of May; and that, consequently, this new "outsider" carried but two-years-old weight; that is to say, 6 st. 12 lb.; and although, of course, those opposed to him were weighted after a similar proportion, it does not follow, a colt that defeats a field at 6 st. 12 lb. could also do the trick at 8 st. 7 lb. There is neither room nor necessity for particulars of the various contests (amounting in all to eight) which made the right good day's sport, here given in abstract. Oliver, another of the Lancashire semi-slain, was again up and doing; where-ant we would suggest the following problem to the various committees of the metropolitan insurance companies:—"Given that a cat has nine lives; how many lives has a steeple-chase rider?"

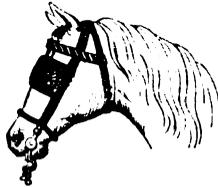
THE DISUSE OF THE BEARING-REIN.

WE lately received a communication on this "*vexata questio*," written, evidently, by one awake to his business, however "unaccustomed to public writing." We cannot give the letter as it reached us; but, as the purport of it is good, we extract the pith, in the conviction that the author will forgive the liberty, in his zeal for his purpose. He prefaces his reasons for advocating abolition, by asserting that absence of the bearing-rein affords additional power to the muscles, more play to the shoulders, and greater freedom to the respiratory organs. "All considerate coachmen," he goes on to say, "allow that horses go with greater ease without it, or why do they 'unbear' their horses when going up a hill: hence we may reasonably suppose that they would go easier without it on level ground also. Nimrod, on the Abolition of the Bearing-rein (vol. i. p. 201, of your REVIEW), allows that 'on all leaders of coaches, provided they have good mouths, and are steady workers, the bearing-rein may be well and safely dispensed with; but in no case is the dispensing with its use to wheel-horses, in coaches, free from imminent danger; and states, that very serious accidents have, and do continually happen from driving without it, either by the bit fastening in the pole-hook, or by the horse slipping the bridle from his head.'" To these data our Correspondent offers no objection; but for the latter evil he proposes a remedy, as simple as it appears efficacious. "If," he urges, "the bridle cannot be kept on by the common throat-strap (fig. 1.), have it made as in (fig. 2.), where the throat-strap comes more direct from the top of the head."

1



2



For every purpose the latter arrangement appears the most convenient, and, certainly, the most secure for horses' head-gear, while it gives a finish not afforded by the ordinary bridle. With another short quotation we conclude our extracts from the letter of our sensible and well-meaning friend: "Now, I suppose, you would like some authority for all this. That 'father of the field,' both in a sporting and agricultural sense, and, I may add, with propriety, 'father of the road' too, the late John Warde, Esq., never used a bearing-rein, either driving a pair, or four-in-hand."

THE PYTCHLEY HUNT MEETING.

I DO not know whether you can find a place for a few words about this most pleasant Meeting; but this I *do* know, that they would be welcome to many of your readers, merely if thus any item of the steeple-chase barbarities, which have defiled the sporting annals of the

present month, was denied admission into your pages. Risking, then, the chance of a nook, it is with true gratification I bear witness of the good things to which the late anniversary of the Pytchley Hunt gave birth. The attendance was the largest, certainly, within my recollection; and the spirit with which "the requisite" was furnished was an example worthy all imitation. The reverse of the medal was the public announcement, that, with the season, would close Lord Chesterfield's reign in Northamptonshire. Rumour has already given him a successor in Mr. Osbaldeston, but with what truth I am unable to say. Whosoever may become Master of the Pytchley, so long as comparisons continue to be "odious," will certainly succeed to an invidious distinction, as heir to such men as Lord Chesterfield and George Payne.

Although not without a sprinkling of actual turf business, in the shape of thorough-bred stakes, the end and aim of this meeting are essentially directed to the maintenance and promotion of the interests of the Chase in this, one of the most sporting districts in England. If it call not into being any new impulses, it fosters and excites the existing spirit, and winds up the season with a festival peculiarly designed to bind those about to depart, for a while, to other scenes, to that left behind, with the "silver links" of good fellowship.

Ere I "set my seal upon my sheet," allow me, as ladies are wont in their postscripts, to urge the pith of the matter which induced me to intrude upon you the correspondence of one "so rude in composition." If we are to lose Lord Chesterfield, I trust we may be saved the infliction of a *trading* M. F. H. A native of Northamptonshire, and for nearly half a century intimately known to a large portion of the sporting yeomanry of that county, I think I may venture to claim some acquaintance with their sentiments and feelings. My brother farmers, I am convinced, will never be induced to preserve foxes for, or yield obedience in the field to, a mere hunting mercenary, without personal condition, or local influence.—Let this hint be taken as it is meant.—A liberal subscription, no doubt, may be reckoned on—there will be lots of flies about the treacle.

A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE FARMER.

March 27th.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

BETTINGS FOR MARCH.

MONDAY, March 2.

DERBY.

Angelica colt	12 to	1 agst. (tk.)
Launcelot	14 to	1 — (tk.)
Theon	15 to	1 — —
Confederate	20 to	1 — (tk.)
Ottoman	22 to	1 — (tk.)
Bokhara	22 to	1 — —
Monops	25 to	1 — —
Gambia	25 to	1 — —
Wardan	30 to	1 — (tk.)
Chameau	33 to	1 — —
Maroon	30 to	1 — (tk.)
Assassin	1000 to	22 — (tk.)
Grey Milton	50 to	1 — (tk.)
Diplomatist	50 to	1 — (tk.)
Torres Vedras	3000 to	45 — (tk.)
Brother to Heron	4000 to	50 — —

Brother to Margrave.....	1000 to	15 agst. (tk.)
Cambyses	1000 to	3 — (tk.)
Theon and Launcelot, each,		
in 1 bet	15 to	1 — (tk.)
Maroon agst. Assassin ...	500 even.	
Maroon agst. Velvet	500 even.	
Glenorchy, Brother to Heron,		
Brother to Margrave, and Diplomatist,		
each, in 1 bet	1000 to	15 — (tk.)
Launcelot agst. Maroon.....	1000 to	500 on.

OAKS.

Black Bess	8 to	1 agst. —
Lallah Rookh	8 to	1 — —
Rowton's dam.....	12 to	1 — —

THURSDAY, March 5.

DERBY.

Angelica colt	11 to 1	agst.	—
Launcelot	14 to 1	—	—
Theon	13 to 1	—	—
Confederate	17 to 1	—	(tk.)
Ottoman	22 to 1	—	—
Bokhara	25 to 1	—	(tk.)
Monops	30 to 1	—	(tk.)
Wardan	30 to 1	—	—
Fitzroy	40 to 1	—	—
Maroon	30 to 1	—	—
Black Bess	40 to 1	—	—
Glenorchy	1000 to 15	—	(tk.)

Diplomatist	60 to 1	agst.	(tk.)
Muley Ishmael	1000 to 15	—	(tk.)
Sir G. Heathcote's lot, bar one	2000 to 20	—	(tk.)
Confederate agst. Ottoman	500 to 400	on O.	(tk.)
Theon agst Confederate.	550 to 500	on T.	(tk.)
Between Maroon and Wardan	500 even.		

OAKS.

Crucifix	4 to 1	agst.	(tk.)
Black Bess	8 to 1	—	—
Lallah Rookh	8 to 1	—	—

MONDAY, March 9.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Angelica colt	5 to 2	agst.	(tk.)
Wardan	6 to 1	—	(tk.)
Crucifix	10 to 1	—	—
Crucifix and G. Milton	5 to 1	—	(tk.)
Angelica winning this and the Derby	1000 to 40	—	(tk.)

Gambia	28 to 1	agst.	(tk.)
Ottoman	30 to 1	—	—
Fitzroy	40 to 1	—	—
Black Bess	50 to 1	—	(tk.)
Defendant	50 to 1	—	(tk.)
Maroon	50 to 1	—	(tk.)
Torres Vedras	50 to 1	—	(tk.)
Muley Ishmael	2000 to 25	—	(tk.)

OAKS.

Black Bess	8 to 1	agst.	—
Lallah Rookh	9 to 1	—	(tk.)

DERBY, 1841.

Mobarek	10,000 to 200	—	(tk.)
St. Gross	10,000 to 200	—	(tk.)

DERBY.

Angelica colt	12 to 1	agst.	—
Theon	13 to 1	—	—
Confederate	13 to 1	—	—
Launcelot	16 to 1	—	(tk.)
Bokhara	25 to 1	—	—
Wardan	25 to 1	—	—
Monops	27 to 1	—	—

THURSDAY, March 12.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Angelica colt	5 to 2	agst.	(tk.)
Wardan	6 to 1	—	(tk.)
Crucifix	8 to 1	—	—
Grey Milton	10 to 1	—	—

Torres Vedras	40 to 1	agst.	—
Maroon	50 to 1	—	(tk.)
Diplomatist	50 to 10	—	(tk.)
Muley Ishmael	1000 to 15	—	(tk.)
Glenorchy	100 to 1	—	—
Cobham's dam	2500 to 25	—	(tk.)

DERBY.

Angelica colt	13 to 1	agst.	—
Theon	14 to 1	—	—
Confederate	14 to 1	—	(tk.)
Launcelot	18 to 1	—	—
Bokhara	25 to 1	—	(tk.)
Wardan	30 to 1	—	—
Gambia	23 to 1	—	—
Ottoman	30 to 1	—	—
Fitzroy	50 to 1	—	—
Grey Milton	40 to 1	—	(tk.)
Black Bess	40 to 1	—	(tk.)
Assassin	40 to 1	—	—

Fitzroy and Muley Ishmael	4000 even.		
Muley Ishmael agst. Glenorchy	600 to 400	on M. I.	
Grey Milton agst. Chameau	250 to 200	on G. M.	

OAKS.

Crucifix	7 to 2	agst.	—
Black Bess	8 to 1	—	—
Rowton's dam	16 to 1	—	(tk.)
Japonica	20 to 1	—	(tk.)

MONDAY, March 16.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Angelica colt	3 to 1	agst.	—
Wardan	6 to 1	—	—
Ottoman	8 to 1	—	—
Crucifix	8 to 1	—	(tk.)
Grey Milton	10 to 1	—	—
Crucifix and Grey Milton	5 to 1	—	(tk.)
Wardan agst. Ottoman	25 even.		
Angelica agst. Confederate	50 even (not p.p.)		

Torres Vedras	35 to 1	agst.	(tk.)
St. Andrew	40 to 1	—	—
Assassin	40 to 1	—	—
Grey Milton	45 to 1	—	(tk.)
Diplomatist	50 to 1	—	(tk.)
Maroon	50 to 1	—	—
Fitzroy	2000 to 30	—	(tk.)
Muley Ishmael	1000 to 15	—	(tk.)
Janus	2000 to 25	—	(tk.)

DERBY.

Confederate	13 to 1	agst.	(tk.)
Theon	14 to 1	—	—
Angelica colt	14 to 1	—	(tk.)
Launcelot	18 to 1	—	—
Bokhara	22 to 1	—	(tk.)
Gambia	23 to 1	—	—
Monops	27 to 1	—	—
Wardan	30 to 1	—	(tk.)
Ottoman	30 to 1	—	(tk.)
Black Bess	33 to 1	—	(tk.)

Monops agst. Wardan	{ 600 to 500 } on.		
	{ 500 to 400 }		
Ottoman agst. Wardan	600 to 500	on.	
Confederate winning the Derby and Crucifix			
Oaks and St. Leger	1000 to 10	agst.	—

OAKS.

Crucifix	4 to 1	agst.	—
Black Bess	8 to 1	—	—
Lallah Rookh	8 to 1	—	—
Pocahontas	18 to 1	—	(tk.)
Japonica	30 to 1	—	(tk.)

THURSDAY, March 19.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Crucifix	8 to 1	agst. —
Angelica colt, winning this and the Derby.....	28 to 1	— (tk.)

DERBY.

John Day's lot	1200 to 100	— —
Confederate	14 to 1	— —
Theon	14 to 1	— (tk.)
Angelica colt	14 to 1	— —
Gambia	18 to 1	— —
Launcelot.....	20 to 1	— —
Ottoman	28 to 1	— —
Wardan	30 to 1	— (tk.)
Black Bess	30 to 1	— (tk.)

Torres Vedras	40 to 1	agst. —
Melody colt.....	40 to 1	— —
Grey Milton	50 to 1	— (tk.)
Chameau	50 to 1	— —
Dreadnought	2000 to 30	— (tk.)
Janus	2000 to 25	— (tk.)
Lord Kelburne's Retain- er colt	2000 to 20	— (tk.)
Gambia agst. Launcelot.....	500 even.	—
Gambia agst. Wardan	275 to 200	on G.

OAKS.

Crucifix	4 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Black Bess	8 to 1	— (tk.)
Lallah Rookh	9 to 1	— (tk.)

MONDAY, March 23.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Angelica colt	5 to 2	agst. —
Wardan	6 to 1	— (tk.)
Angelica colt, winning this & Column Stakes	9 to 2	— (tk.)

DERBY.

Confederate	12½ to 1	agst. —
Angelica colt	13 to 10	— (tk.)
Theon	14 to 1	— —
Launcelot.....	18 to 1	— (tk.)
Gambia	20 to 1	— —
Bokhara	22 to 1	— —
Wardan	28 to 1	— (tk.)
Ottoman	28 to 1	— —
Monops	1000 to 35	— (tk.)
Black Bess	30 to 1	— —
Assassin	40 to 1	— —
Janus	40 to 1	— —
Diplomatist	50 to 1	— —

Muley Ishmael	50 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Melody colt.....	1000 to 15	— (tk.)
Grey Milton	50 to 1	— —
Pathfinder(Retainer colt).....	1000 to 10	— (tk.)
Fitzroy	1000 to 5	— (tk.)
Crazy Boy	1000 to 5	— (tk.)
Diplomatist agst. Prince Albert	1000 even.	—
Monops agst. Wardan	1000 even.	—
Bokhara agst. Wardan.....	500 even.	—
Bokhara agst. Gambia.....	500 even.	—
Diplomatist agst. Muley Ishmael (laid 3 times)	600 to 500	on.

OAKS.

Crucifix	4 to 1	agst. (tk.)
Black Bess.....	8 to 1	— —
Lallah Rookh.....	9 to 1	— —
Taletta	20 to 1	— —
Welfare	20 to 1	— —

THURSDAY, March 26.

RIDDLESWORTH.

Glenorchy (30 to 10 for this, and 1000 to 10 for the Derby, laid agst. him on Thursday, in 1 bet	2 to 1	agst. (tk.)
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COLUMN STAKES.

Angelica colt	6 to 5	agst. (tk.)
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DERBY.

Lord Exeter's lot.....	1000 to 60	agst. (tk.)
Confederate	12 to 1	— —
Angelica colt.....	14 to 1	— (tk.)
Theon	13 to 1	— —
Launcelot	18 to 1	— —
Wardan.....	23 to 1	— (tk.)
Monops.....	25 to 1	— —
Bokhara	25 to 1	— —
Ottoman	28 to 2	— —
Janus	40 to 1	— (tk.)
Velvet colt.....	40 to 1	— —
Assassin	50 to 1	— (tk.)

Diplomatist	50 to 1	— (tk.)
Muley Ishmael.....	50 to 1	— (tk.)
Melody colt	1000 to 10	— —
Drayton	1000 to 10	— (tk.)
Dreadnought	1000 to 10	— (tk.)
Grey Milton	1000 to 15	— (tk.)
Pathfinder (Retainer c.)	1000 to 10	— (tk.)
Fitzroy	1000 to 15	— —
Merle.....	2000 to 15	— (tk.)
Lord Eglinton's Banquo and Greysteel	1000 to 10	agst. (tk.)
Brother to Cobham and Merle	1000 to 10	— (tk.)
Angelica, Confederate, and Wardan, in 1 bet.....	4 to 1	— (tk.)
Theon agst. Launcelot. 1200 to 800 on T.		
Diplomatist agst. Velvet	500 even.	—
Fitzroy agst. Melody.....	1000 even.	—
Janus agst. Assassin.....	1500 even.	—
Wardan agst. Janus and Assassin	500 to 400	on W.
Wardan agst. Janus.....	200 to 100	on W.

* * A few changes, based on causes within the compass of every capacity, have, at length, affected the betting on the Derby. The Spring Meetings have put, here and there, an outsider, *hors de combat*, but the favourites still preserve their places with a steadiness hardly to have been expected—in one instance, particularly. Our next quotations will probably contain some striking alterations; such as have already occurred are not of a character to call for more than this mere allusion to them.

THE NATIONAL STEEPLE CHASE AT LIVERPOOL.

BY THE EDITOR.

"BECAUSE a man is born in a stable," says the proverb, "it is no reason he should be a horse;" and, by parity of logic, because the "*res angustæ*" transform him into a sporting editor, there is no necessity that he perpetually express himself after the fashion of "Blaine's Encyclopædia." Supposing that my reader agrees to this proposition (indeed, I don't see how he is to better himself, should he dissent from it *toto cælo*), I offer him my arm for a stroll upon the noble quays, washed by the sparkling waves of the wealth-bearing Mersey, which, to seaward, bound the fair town of Liverpool. 'Tis the forenoon of the 5th of March, and the sun is out bright and beaming as in a morning of July. Nay, refuse me not; the walk will serve your health; and who can say but it may add something to the stock of your philosophy. . . You smile, half doubtingly—half derisively, but your courtesy impels you to accept the offer.

Is not this a scene of which an Englishman may be justly proud? These docks—floating forests! these cloud-capp'd stores; these spreading thoroughfares, rich in all the glories of merchandise; these palaces, homes of merchant-princes; where have Industry and Enterprise raised to themselves monuments, full of "pride, pomp, and circumstance," such as these? I salute one who passes. You see amazement in my looks: would learn the cause of that astonishment: let us saunter on the Prince's Pier: did I not say occasion might arise for adding an item to your philosophy?

Among the few peculiarities that mark the monotony of social life in country towns, is one, which none familiar with such places can have failed to notice. In all communities coming under that class, there is to be found an individual invested with privileges above his fellows. If advanced in years, his antiquity is "beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant;" if youthful, he sticks to his juvenility with a pertinacity that promises to enrol him among the last quick. He makes one at every tea-drinking of the season; and, where the party numbers thirteen, is asked to dinner "for luck." Welcome alike to flirts and prudes, old ladies use his arm as they would a crutch, and young ones rifle the flowery treasury of his button-hole as unceremoniously as though it were "a bed of violets." Such a one, some years since, was he whom but now I saluted. He was an awfully ugly fellow; and how he was permitted to thrust his nose (*such a nose!*) into any company where there was a chance of being seen by lady "as ladies wish to be who love their lords," was always a mystery beyond my solution. He *did* go among them, however; and I never learnt (much to my surprise) that any young monster was in consequence rated upon the bills of mortality. It was moving to hear the terms in which his friends (for even such a libel on his species claimed some whose pity was akin to friendship) would speak of the fashion in

which he had been sent "into this breathing world." "It is quite dreadful," they would say, "to contemplate a miserable wretch, with a brand upon his face (or snout), terrible as the motto on the doors of the Inquisition; for what hope *can* there be for a horrible mockery of a man, with a countenance like a damaged old copper coal-scuttle?" The truth of these remarks there was no gainsaying: his *did* appear a hopeless case.

Nor Persian bloom, nor Kalydor,
Nor all the choice cosmetics in the world,

could render that "*inhuman face, divine.*" Macassar *might* clothe with "*Hyperian curls*" the unplanned board of Norway-pine—transmuting a deal box into a hair trunk; but what *could* human art avail a cuticle in colour and consistence the pattern of a rhinoceros' hide? So thought I—and so thought all: but how has it fallen out? Even thus: vaccination, fortunately, did not fulfil its office in his case. Disease, foul and fearful to others, came to him "a real blessing:" with her harpy talons she ploughed the dark and drear inane of face, leaving behind furrows, in which human mien and expression might, at length, find spots whereupon to vegetate. Not to say it profanely, he is a living illustration of the "*beauty of holey-ness,*"—a gigantic evidence in support of that most consolatory axiom, "When things come to the worst, they mend."

Some dozen virgins hawking cards of the races at the Waterloo Hotel, and a small circle of raffish Legs in front of Lucas's Repository, were the sole tokens of the event on the *tapis* which the town exhibited, at noon, on the day of the great National Steeple Chase. An absurd and mischievous crotchet seems to have taken possession of the heads of newspaper reporters, in dealing with accounts of festivals of all sorts that occur in country towns. All the beds are invariably full inside; and as to carriages, they are luxuries not to be had for love or money. Thus multitudes, we are told, on the occasion before us, had, in the classic phrase of St. Giles's, to go by the "*Marrow-bone 'Bus,*" every machine upon wheels having been engaged for weeks before. Now nothing could be less true: there was a glut of conveyances, the charge to the course being but three shillings a head. It was one o'clock when I reached that point of attraction, and it certainly did not much resemble the scene exhibited on a like occasion last year. Everything, however, connected with the business department, had evidently been carefully provided for. In proceeding to view the ground, I found every fence guarded by policemen; so that, as each was arranged, so it must remain—equal main and chance for all engaged in the race. The ground to be run over was, with a very trifling variation, the same as last season, but the character of the leaps was infinitely less hazardous. In all places where timber was placed to give them additional size or difficulty, it inclined *from* the taking off, and not towards it, as heretofore. There was, certainly, not one fence in the whole that did not come within the meaning of a fair sporting jump; not even the wall, unlucky as it was destined to prove. The fears that the nightly frosts had made the surface too hard for galloping, were happily unfounded. I never saw the country in a more perfect state for a race of the kind: the fallows were soft, without being too yielding; the turf as elastic as India rubber.

Things wore a more promising aspect on my return to the Stand. The attendance had greatly increased : numerically, it was, probably, as good as on the last anniversary ; in *quality*, undoubtedly inferior. The note of preparation had already sounded ; that is to say, the first bell had been rung. I hastened to the weighing-house.—Why is not Jack Sheppardism indictable as a nuisance ? Nothing, surely, but the Tyburn balderdash now rampant could have given birth to the raw-head-and-bloody-bones idea that seized me as I entered.—The scene was in this wise. The centre of a small dark room was occupied by a circle of men, with note-books and pencils in hand, mum and motionless as mutes. The death-silence that prevailed was broken only by an ominous clanking, which proceeded from a kind of block (the weighing machine), at which there stood one with a face like Cooper's when enacting the ghost of the Royal Dane. How may I expect pardon for transforming, "in my mind's eye," mine excellent friend Jackson (the Judge) into the finisher of the law, striking off the *gyves* (the *darbies*, alas ! so sadly eloquent of the *turf* !)—the gentleman jock, preparing for his fences, to the ungentle "fence" making ready for his solitary leap—or the members of the press, to the same attentive body in the *press-room*, eagerly watching for the last words of the wretch about to suffer ? It was quite a relief, when William M'Donough exclaimed, in a tone "soft as straits from sweet Killarney"—"I'll lay £250 to £5, Lottery don't win this, and Crucifix, the Oaks."—"Take it," said I to Col. C., who seemed to look at me for the cue ; "take it ; anything's fun in the country, and there might be a worse investment." How Uncle Sam's internal spirit would have capered to see the *ultra* "loco-focoism" of that chamber : here, a peer—there, a member of the Commons House (no breach of privilege, I hope, this announcement)—and there. Dick Christian—all peeled to row in the same boat !

But let us close these preliminaries : the weighing has concluded ; the bell for saddling, rung ; the rush is for the Grand Stand. How stands the promise of the day now ? A vast multitude covers the course at every point of interest : every leap is surrounded by excitement-seekers, and every stand crowded to the roof. The wall (a substantial plain stone fabric, in height from four feet five to four feet eight) was the great trysting of the curious ; I hope they were pleased. The betting, at this moment, had the appearance of being brisk ; but I believe it was very insignificant. It was now known that the field would consist of thirteen, and the odds finished thus :—3 to 1 against The Nun ; 4 to 1 against Lottery ; 7 to 1 against Seventy-four ; 6 to 1 against Arthur ; 12 to 1 against Jerry ; and various offers about the others. There had been some keen manoeuvring about Lottery, no doubt ; but I do not think there exists a shadow of foundation for a charge of foul play on the part of his proprietor. Had Mr. Elmore been the greatest rogue in Christendom, can any sane man suppose he could have induced Mason to second him in the way that the knavery is stated to have been effected ? Admit the owner of Lottery to have been desirous of a "throw over," would he have fixed upon a *throw over the wall*, the very move of the game upon which the greatest number of the keenest and most interested eyes were most intensely fixed ? How the case really stood, will appear hereafter. As the horses paraded past the Stand, preparatory to the start, the sight certainly

was a brave and stirring one; first came Lottery and Jerry, then Valentine, Seventy-four, and then the main body. Lottery looked light, and below his average; Seventy-four was in bloom; but the gem for condition was Arthur, a splendid grey horse—a racer all over. The Sea by no means took my fancy; he is narrow and leggy, two of the most fatal defects in a steeple chaser. They have now turned, and we will accompany them to the start, for—

A Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 150 added; the second horse to have 30 sovs. out of the stakes; and the third to save his stake; for horses of all denominations carrying 12 st. each; a winner of four Steeple Chases, in 1839, to carry 5 lb. extra; over a line of country within ten miles of the town of Liverpool. The ground to be chosen by the umpires, or such persons as they may appoint: no rider to go through any gateway, or more than 100 yards along any road or foot path. Any of the horses entered for this race going over any of the leaps in the Steeple-chase Course before the race, to be disqualified. The winner to pay 10 sovs. for expenses.

Mr. Elmore's Jerry, by Catterick (Mr. Bretherton)	1
Mr. Barry's Arthur, by Sir Hercules, out of Angelica (Mr. Wm. M'Donough)	2
Mr. Power's Valentine, by Irishman (J. Power, Esq., M.P.)	3
Sir E. Mostyn's Seventy-four, by Memnon (Oliver)			
Lord Macdonald's The Nun, by Catton (Powell)			
Mr. Elmore's Lottery, by Lottery, 7 lb. extra, (Mason)			
Mr. T. H. Wakefield na. Weathercock, by Strephon (Barker)			
Mr. Thompson's b. m. Hasty, by Harry, sister to Clare (Rigg)			
Lord Howth's ch. h. The Augean, by Sir Hercules, out of Dandizette (Dick Christian.)			
Marquis of Waterford's The Sea, by Whalebone (owner)			
Marquis of Waterford's Columbine (Won)			
Mr. W. A. Rose's Spolasco, by Master Richard (owner)			
Mr. T. Whittaker's Cruikshank, late Stranger, by Langar (Guy).			

At about half-past three the word "go" was given, and the lot went handsomely away, all getting well over the first leap, a stiff fence, out of the road, with the exception of the Augean, who made "no go" of it; and Dick was obliged to give in, though not, certainly, with the patience of a *Christian*. The pace at once became first-rate, the game being shewn at the earliest move—Columbine in the front, cutting out the work at killing speed for The Sea, and Lottery officiating in the same capacity for Jerry. In the first half-mile the awful tailing was assurance of the resolution with which the running was carried on; but, till the first brook was reached, nothing disastrous occurred. Over this the leading lot got well; on landing, however, Weathercock came down a burster, heels over head, with Barker under him; and, in rising, jumped upon the unfortunate man's chest, and apparently knocked the life out of him. At that instant Cruikshank also took it—fouled Weathercock, who had just risen, and came crash upon the apparently lifeless body of Barker. Guy was soon up again;—but the wretched rider of Weathercock was carried senseless off the ground. At the leap into the road, Hasty came down, and threw The Sea out of his ground (as well as I could make out, he appeared to bolt smack for the canal)—and he certainly lost at least a distance by the mishap. Columbine, by this time, had shot her bolt, Lottery shewing first into the course, with Valentine inside, close upon him; The Nun very handy; the grey, Seventy-four, Columbine and Jerry following. As they raced up the sward, Mr. Power, who had his turn made *before* he reached it, took the lead from Lottery, and laid hold of his horse's head for the wall like a trump, "and no mistake," I.





U. Men del. A. scene from the National People Show at Liverpool, March 5, 1887.

Lottery
Columbian
The Sun

Valentine.

Twenty four.

do not think a beaten horse (for the puff was all but out of him) was ever handed over stone in a more workmanlike fashion than was Valentine. As he was in the air, Lottery, who was going very unkindly, his head being *almost* skewered to his near shoulder, and Mason hauling away at him like grim Death, took the wall bodily with his chest, and rolled upon his head on the other side, Mason slipping clear of him, and under the rails, as cleverly as if he had been an *élève* of Ducrow's. The Nun was at this instant racing her best up the centre of the course, and, as Powell told me, ran slap into the wall, without offering to rise, or put herself out of her stride; of course she bit the dust.* While the ground was thus strewn with fallen men and horses, Won went at the breach with fearful energy, and I *did* think his days were numbered. A worse fall than Columbine gave him, I never saw. By this time The Nun had managed to get on her legs again; just in time, indeed, to floor Seventy-four, who had leaped a whole part of the wall splendidly. Down came unhappy Oliver, and snap went his collar-bone in two places; while Powell, with his foot stuck fast in the stirrup, would, in all probability, have wound up his affairs, had not his spur-leather given way, and so let him loose. The rear rank now came to the charge; Arthur, Jerry, The Sea, and Spolasco getting safe over: and these, with Valentine, were all that remained in the race. Mr. Power, however, had an awful lead; and how or where he lost ground I cannot say; but when I got sight of the cavaliers, after they had crossed the lane going out, Jerry, Arthur, and Valentine were together; indeed, nothing was left but these three, and they were engaged in a beautifully savage struggle, nearly in a bundle. Thus they rushed at the brook by the canal. Arthur charged it first, and, as M'Donough told me, would have gone "twenty yards into the next field," but for a fellow who crossed him at taking off, causing him to jump short, and give himself and rider a bath. Jerry and Valentine were over and well away before M'Donough was up and mounted, though he was into the pigskin like a monkey. Twenty yards, more or less, in ordinary cases, are of no great importance; but at the end of a nose, or a race, they make a considerable difference. To this truth Arthur's jock was clearly awake, from the vigour with which he "set to" the moment he could contrive to sit on. Before the turn for the run in was accomplished, he had passed Valentine, and thrown the gauntlet to Jerry with terrible sincerity. It was a finish of rare interest; for, though two lengths separated the first and second at the goal, the result was in manifest jeopardy till the winning-post was passed. Jerry won by two lengths, as I have said; but Bretherton had the steel into his nag "to the last syllable of recorded time;" while M'Donough rushed after him like the concentrated essence of a thousand Chifneys. Valentine was beaten about ten lengths: and, as the Judge only placed these three, there is no need to say anything about the others.

In the weighing-house I found only poor Won, who was lying, in a fainting condition, in the arms of one of the attendants; and M'Donough, who, breathless, the picture of a man raked up from the bottom of a scavenger's cart, sat rubbing the mud out of his eyes, with

* It is with great regret I have to add, that a letter received to-day (March 23), from Melton, informs me this excellent mare was ruined by the fall, having dislocated one of her hips.

a pair of hands scarified like crimped cod. A few minutes after, Lord Sefton entered, in great anxiety and concern. "This year no one objected to that unlucky wall," was his observation; "if anything had been said against it, I would have had it removed. I cannot express the pain these most unfortunate accidents have caused me!" With a few remarks, for which Lord Sefton's observation shall serve for a thesis, I will close this notice, which already exceeds the limit I had designed for it.

There was nothing in the line selected for the Liverpool National Steeple Chase that was not warranted, indeed necessary, in a contest of the kind. It is to the matter itself that great and grave objections attach. The fact is, the Steeple Chase of the present day retains neither the spirit nor character of the type whence we derive it. It was instituted as a sort of district trial of excellence for riders and *boná fide* hunters. It is now, for the greater part, confined to race-horses trained to leap, ridden by a small desperate band of equestrian gladiators, whose lure to the forlorn hope is the rich reward that waits upon victory. Few people have an idea of the style of payment common to Steeple-chase riders. Perhaps this example may enlighten them. One of the most celebrated of our gentlemen jocks was, three years ago, a stable-boy in one of the midland counties. A party who had a horse engaged in a Steeple Chase in the neighbourhood, not having a jockey for him, asked this lad would he ride, and for what remuneration? His answer was "that he should be proud to ride for a sovereign." Though he did not win, the skill and coolness of his riding brought him into notice, and he was constantly engaged in races across country during the rest of the season. The next year his first employer again called upon him to ride his horse: he did so, and won. Shortly after the race was over, he handed his jockey twenty pounds. The latter looked at it gravely. "Are you not satisfied?" inquired the employer, somewhat astonished. "Why," replied the other, "*when we win anything under a hundred, we always expect half the stakes.*"

There are many dashing exceptions to the rule of paid riding, I am most willing to admit. Lord Waterford rode on the late occasion, though three pounds over weight; and I have no doubt Lord Macdonald's chivalry would have put him up, could he have come even so near. But it is not here and there an example, however sporting, that can redeem a principle essentially vicious. The taste for this sport, is evidently on the wane. Many of the leaders of field sports were absent from the late anniversary at Liverpool. More than one, who, to my knowledge, last year declared they would never be present at another scene of the kind, kept their promise. At five o'clock a Hurdle Race came off; without, however, any feature of interest worth recording. It was won by Mr. Ferguson's Rust, ridden, certainly, in a most superior manner, by Byrne, an Irish professional, for whom the chances of the Steeple Chase have brought about as singular change of fortune as the French Revolution did for Napoleon.

A CHAPTER ON COACHING.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

 "Let us take the road."

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

ONE of the most popular noblemen of the present day, on being asked whether he liked driving, replied, "that he was devoted to every amusement an English nobleman ought to patronize." Among the sports enumerated, were "hunting, shooting, racing, yachting, and coaching."

His Lordship is no bad authority; for he is a perfect Crichton in British sports; his heart and soul are in the pursuit of them:

"Witching the world with noble horsemanship,"

he is a scientific and hard rider with hounds; a first-rate shot; a Jem Robinson in the racing-saddle; a good sailor, the owner of as rakish a craft as any in the Royal Yacht Squadron, and unlike those fresh-water nautical Major Sturgeons who—dressed out *à la* T. P. Cooke, in "Black-eyed Susan," at the Surrey, checked shirts, glazed hats, pea jackets—boast of their sailings, and tackings, and scuddings, and beatings, from Greenwich to Blackwall, from Blackwall to Woolwich, from Woolwich to Erith, from Erith to Gravesend, and talk

"of 'caulking,'
And 'quarter-deck walking,'
'Fore and aft,'
And 'abat;'
'Hookers,' 'harkeys,' and 'craft';
Of binacles, bilboes, the boom called the spanker,
The best bower cable, the jib, and sheet anchor;
Of lower-deck guns, and of broadsides and chases,
Of taffrails and topsails, and splicing main-braces;"

and last, not least, the noble Lord is an excellent performer on the box.

We have, in a former article, given our opinion of Road *v.* Rail, in *re* Steam (as the lawyers say): we have lamented over the serious disadvantages that the general adoption of steam will infallibly entail upon the country. Our heart sinks to the axle, when we think of the past. We sympathize with Jerry Drag, him wot drove the Old Highflyer, Red Rover, and Markiss of Huntley, and quote his words:

"Them as have seen coaches, afore rails came into fashion, av seen something worth remembering; them was happy days for Old England, afore reforms and rails turned everything upside down, and men rode as natur intended they should, on pikes with coaches, and smart active cattle, and not by machinery, like bags of cotton and hardware; but coaches is done for ever, and a heavy blow it is. They was the pride of the country; there wasn't anything like them, as I've heard gemmen say from forrin parts, to be found nowhere, nor never will be again."

"*Mais revenons à nos moutons,*" our present object is to compare

amateur coaching *as it is*, with amateur coaching *as it was*; the gentleman artist of the present day, with him of thirty years ago.

It may not be here uninteresting to mention, that coaches were introduced into England by Fitz-Allan, Earl of Arundel, A. D. 1580; before which time, Queen Elizabeth, on public occasions, rode behind her chamberlain; and she, in her old age, according to Wilson, used reluctantly such an effeminate conveyance. They were at first only drawn by two horses; "but," says the same author, "the rest crept in by degrees, as men at first ventured to sea." It was Buckingham, the favourite, who (about 1619) began to have a "team" of six horses; which, as another historian says, "was wondered at as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride." Before that time, ladies chiefly rode on horseback, either single, on their palfreys, or double, behind some person, on a pillion. In the year 1672, at which period throughout the kingdom there were only six stage-coaches constantly running, a pamphlet was written and published by Mr. John Cresset, of the Charter House, urging their suppression; and, amongst the grave reasons given against their continuance, the author says: "These stage-coaches make gentlemen come to London on every small occasion, which otherwise they would not do, but upon urgent necessity; nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Then, when they come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and, by these means, get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure as makes them uneasy ever after."

What would Mr. Cresset say of the road fast coaches during the last twelve years? few of which, alas! are now left: roads good—coaches full—able dragsmen—spicy teams, doing their eleven miles an hour easy, true as a trivet, without breaking into a gallop, or turning a hair; or how surprised would the worthy chronicler of 1672 be at the present annihilators of time and space—the railroads, when "the convenience of the passage" enables parties to come up from Liverpool, Birmingham, or Manchester, in time for the play or opera, and return for dinner the following day. To prove the advantages that may be derived from gentlemen being *au fait* with the ribbons, we give the following fact, that has lately gone the round of the newspapers:—

"An accident occurred to Mr. Bramble, the driver of the Chichester Duke of Richmond coach, on its road to London, when within a few miles of Esher, by which his leg was fractured; the Earl of March was upon the box, who, after conveying the sufferer to the nearest inn, and ordering every attention to be paid to him, took the reins, and brought the coach, full inside and out, to the White Horse Cellar." It is only a few days ago that we saw a scion of a ducal house, and a chum of the noble Lord's before alluded to, working a heavy-laden coach through Piccadilly. He sat like an artist; and *we rather* think that, on the box, the friends are, in the phraseology of Sam Slick, "letter A, No. 1, and you can't find *their ditto* nowhere."

But to proceed. To my mind, there is nothing, or, rather, there *was* nothing, more amusing than the White Horse Cellars in the good old times of coaching. What a confusion—what a Babel of tongues!

The tumult, the noise, was worthy the pen of Boz, or pencil of Hogarth. People hurrying hither and thither; some who had come too soon, others too late. There were coaches, and carriages, and vans, and carts, and barrows; porters hurrying, *touters* swearing, *cads* elbowing, coachmen wrangling, passengers grumbling, men pushing, women scolding. Trunks, portmanteaus, hat-boxes, band-boxes, strewed the pavement; orange merchants, cigar merchants, umbrella merchants, dog merchants, sponge merchants, proclaiming the superiority of their various wares. Pocket-knives, with ten blades, a corkscrew, button-hooks, punch, picker, lancet, gimlet, gun-screw, and a saw!—Trowser-straps, four pair for a shilling; silver watch-guards, "cheap, cheap, very cheap;" patent pens and n'ever pointed pencils, twelve a shilling; Bandana handkerchiefs, that had never seen foreign parts, to be *given* away for an old hat; London sparrows, painted, as the coach-makers say, "yellow bodies," passed off as canaries, though "their native wood notes wild" had never been heard out of the sound of Bow bells; ill-shaped curs, "shaven and shorn," and looking, like the priest in the child's story, "all forlorn," painted, powdered, and decked with blue ribbons, assumed the form of French poodles, who did "everything but speak."

Members of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge were hawking literature at the lowest rate imaginable: "last year's h'annuals, at the small charge of one shilling, the h'engravings, to any h'amateur, worth double the money;" "the *Prophetic Almanack*," neatly bound, one penny; or "a pocket-book, containing one hundred pages of letter-paper, one penny;" "a yard-and-a-half of songs, one penny;" and the "*History of England*," *pictorially* illustrated, for sixpence: the remainder of the group, consisting of perambulating piemen; coachmen out of place; apothecaries' boys, with glazed hats and wicker-baskets, sent on errands of life and death; country clods, town cads, gaping, talking, wondering. The din, occasionally interrupted by a street serenade, the trampling of cattle, or the music of a guard's horn, now called the *penny trumpet*, in compliment to Rowland Hill, and some *penny wise* and pound foolish legislators, who have, as the wags say, found a *pennycea* for all evils, in converting the General Post-office into a general *pennyentiary*.

We will not here stop to enumerate all the neat and well-appointed "turns out" that were wont to pull up at "the Cellars;" but cannot resist the gratification of noticing a few. For light and quick work, nothing could exceed "the Taglioni" (Windsor); the "York House," and "White Hart," Bath, were models of elegance and comfort. No concern could be more correctly turned out than the Oxford Defiance. Jack Adams (we trust he will excuse the liberty of an old pupil of his, in sinking the Mr.) was, and is, a most amusing and shrewd *compagnon de voyage*. Peer's Southampton was perfection; the very *beau ideal* of neatness; the "Duke of Richmond," Chichester, was, and, we are happy to say, still is, a well-regulated concern: making no unnecessary delays or stoppages, persevering from end to end at a steady regular pace, it performs its journeys well, and keeps its time admirably.

There is a story of an Irishman, who boasted that his watch went so well that the sun kept time by it. We may truly say, of the above

coach, that we could have set our watch by it; for it passed our windows, morning and afternoon daily, throughout last season, and seldom, if ever, varied five minutes. Poor Faulkner, one of its proprietors, who lately died, was a most respected and respectable man: at his decease the road lost a scientific coachman and an honest man, one whose constant and unceasing desire was to oblige.

In 1837, 141 mails and coaches daily passed Hyde-Park barracks; *mais ces beaux jours sont passés*; few now are left; though the *omnibi* (as the learned call them), barouche, and pair-horse coaches, and others of the cruelty-van class, have increased considerably. One word, here, as to the habits and manners of our modern dragsmen. "The school-master has not been abroad" with them: turned out at all points like gentlemen, their demeanour is ever correct; full of anecdote, they wile away many a tedious hour. We travelled with a most amusing guard, of whom we have, in a previous article, made favourable mention. We give "*his last*," which, we believe, has never yet appeared in print. It is a well-known fact, that a class of persons, who are called "regular diners-out," always lead, or get a kind friend to lead, to their jokes and premeditated impromptus. Acting upon this principle, a "swell dragsman," who owned a small share in a "way-side public," or rather, *beer-shop*, had purposely painted up "*Bear sold here.*" This naturally drew forth from the erudite passengers, the remark, "*Bear sold here!*" why, the fellow can't spell." "Oh! it's all right," the jocose jehu would reply; "it evidently means it's the man's own *Bruin*" (brewing).

So great have been the losses of the mail and coach proprietors in the past year, occasioned by the unprecedented bad weather, high price of corn, and other untoward circumstances, that many of the minor partners in coach establishments have declined horsing the mails, thereby throwing the whole risk of the concerns on the larger capitalists. Nothing but a further remission of coach duties can afford relief to that most useful class of the public—mail and stage-coach proprietors. In this *dirge* over the loss of our valued friends, it may be here not inappropriate to state, that the first mail-coach started August 2, 1784, and that the last birthday procession was May 17, 1838, on which occasion the following mails took part in it:—

Birmingham and Liverpool.	Hastings.
Birmingham and Manchester.	Holyhead.
Birmingham and Carlisle.	Hull.
Birmingham.	Leeds.
Bath.	Louth.
Bristol.	Lynn and Wells.
Brighton.	Manchester by Derby.
Devonport.	Norwich and Ipswich.
Dover.	Norwich by Newmarket.
Edinburgh.	Poole and Southampton.
Exeter.	Portsmouth.
Glasgow.	Stroud.
Gloucester.	Worcester.
Halifax.	

The number of miles travelled over, in England and Scotland, by the mail-coaches, for the year ending January 5th, 1837, was 6,643,217.

But we have digressed from the subject; let us take up the thread of our narrative, and place before our readers an extract from a newspaper, published in 1808, describing the Four-in-Hand Club, "names and colours" of the drivers.

"The Driving Club set out from London on Thursday the 9th of June, 1808, and made a most noble display of horses and carriages, in the following order:—

Sir Henry Peyton's barouche landau, four bays.
 Mr. Annesley's do., four roans (thorough-bred).
 Mr. Stephen Glynn's do., four bays.
 Lord Edward Somerset's do.
 Mr. Villebois's do.
 Mr. Harrison's do.
 Mr. Whitmore's do.
 Mr. O'Conver's do.
 Sir Henry Smith's do.
 Mr. Pierrepont's do.
 Mr. Cox's do.
 Sir Thomas Mostyn's do.
 Lord Foley's do.
 Mr. J. Warde's do.

"After dining at Bedford, they dashed home in a style of speed and splendour equal to the spirit and judgment displayed by the noble, honourable, and respective drivers."

"*Whip Club.*—Another club, called the Whip Club, in rivalry with the above, met on Monday, the 6th, in Park Lane, and proceeded from thence to dine at Harrow-on-the-Hill. There were fifteen barouche landaus, with four horses; Lord Hawke, Mr. Buxton, and the Honourable Lincoln Stanhope* were among the leaders.

"The following was the style of the set-out:—Yellow-bodied carriages, with whip-springs and dickey-boxes; cattle of a bright bay colour, with silver-plate ornaments on the harness, and rosettes to the ears.

"*Costume of the drivers.*—A light drab-coloured cloth coat, made full, single-breasted, with three tiers of pockets, the skirts reaching to the ankles, a mother-o'-pearl button of the size of a crown piece; waistcoat blue and yellow stripe, each stripe an inch in depth; small-clothes, corded silk plush, made to button over the calf of the leg, with sixteen strings, and rosettes to each knee; the boots very short, and finished with very broad straps, which hang over the tops, and down to the ankle; a hat three inches and a half deep in the crown only, and the same depth in the brim: each wore a large bouquet at the breast, thus resembling the coachmen of our nobility."

Now turn we from 1808 to 1838.

It was one of the bright days—those soft, sweet, sunny, joyous days—when, as the novelists say, the voice of Spring is in the meadow—her breath upon the breeze—when earth is teeming with fertility—when buds unfold, and flowers burst—when birds carol cheerfully—when all is rife with happiness and glee. The sun shone proudly in its fullest

* Poor Lincoln Stanhope! Whilst writing this, we have heard of the sudden death of that noble and gallant spirit. A writer in the "United Service Gazette" has done his memory so much justice, that we will give a brief extract from it:—"He was never known to say an unkind word—never known to do an unkind action. Peace be with him! for he was one in whom the soldier, the courtier, and the man of honour were so happily blended, that, when a few of his remaining compatriots shall have passed away, we fear that we may long search the fashionable throng in vain to find such another."

splendour—we would here describe it poetically, by a quotation ; but fear another sun, a brilliant “ Evening Sun,” would withdraw its cheering rays from our humble endeavours ; so, in simple prose, we will say, it was a love-ly morning in the spring of 1838, that the first meeting of the Richmond Driving Club was held, at Chesterfield House ; and a sight more brilliant cannot be imagined. No longer, as in olden time, the gentlemen aping the manners and costumes of coachmen. See the noble president, the “ observed of all observers,” in an easy and graceful attitude, with the most perfect command over his team : see, too, a nobleman, not a member of the club, but one devoted to every manly sport, enter the yard—“ ay, every inch a duke”—and, on the box, a first-rate performer ; his “ shooter,” a gallant young guardsman, a scientific judge of all the minutiae of coaching. But we will not, as the Yankees say, “ individualize ;” where all are excellent, it would be invidious to select any :

“ In this fam'd driving club, it were endless to trace
All the notable coachmen the ribbons who grace ;
Since Waterford, Paget, and Pitt swell the stream,
And the eye dwells delighted on every team.”

The Club consisted of the following members :—

President—Earl of Chesterfield. Blue and red coach ; four greys.
Marquis of Waterford. Brown and red coach ; bay team.
Earl of Waldegrave. Blue and red open barouche ; four browns.
Earl of Sefton. Dark coloured barouche ; bay team.
Earl of Rosslyn. Dark coloured coach ; bay team.
Count Bathyan. Dark blue and white coach ; bay team.
Viscount Powerscourt. Open barouche ; four greys.
Lord Alford. Dark brown and red coach ; bay team.
Lord Alfred Paget. Yellow and blue coach ; mixed team.
Lord Macdonald. Dark brown and red coach ; bay team.
Hon. Horace Pitt. Blue and red coach ; mixed team.
Sir E. Smythe, Bart. Dark green coach ; three greys and a piebald.
A. W. Hervey Aston, Esq. Dark blue and white coach ; two bays and two greys.
— Angerstein, Esq. Dark brown coach ; bay team.
T. Bernard, Esq. Dark brown coach ; bay team.
Col. Copeland. Yellow barouche ; four stallions.
George Payne, Esq. Yellow coach ; bay team.
Lewis Ricardo, Esq. Dark blue and white coach ; bay team.
H. Villebois, Esq., jun. Yellow coach ; four greys.

As nothing in England has the most remote chance of prospering, unless it be accompanied by a dinner, the Club dined at Topham's Hotel, Richmond. At that meal, sacred to hospitality, social pleasure, and festal joy, a toast was given, which we respond to with all our hearts :—“ Health to the President of the R. D. C., and prosperity to the Club.”

THE BASHAS' STUDS AT TANGIERS AND TETUAN.

"If you really want a thorough good Arabian, wait till you reach Tetuan."

Such was the quaint advice given, at Gibraltar, to a very distinguished English cavalry officer, who, having visited the Rock from curiosity, was about to cross over to Barbary, for the gratification of the same impulse.

"If you want a real good one, wait till then," again repeated my acquaintance. Neither was he far wrong; inasmuch as the person addressed, might, with equal chance of success, have expected an omnibus to whisk him through the galleries, as to discover an Arabian charger in the garrison. But the adviser forgot to add one circumstance,—to the effect, that, having reached his destination, the traveller would be very considerably delayed were he to remain there until the purchase was completed.

It is a very common, but equally erroneous notion, to suppose, because a man finds himself in a Moorish town, it follows, that the best description of horses may readily be obtained: nothing can be further from the truth. A foreigner might, with equal probability of success, look for a reputed racer in the posting stables of the George Inn, at Hounslow, as for a valuable horse at Tangiers or Tetuan. In confirmation of this assertion, I will detail what fell under my own observation at those places, about two months since.

It so chanced, that the officer in question possessed many advantages over the generality of travellers. Hereditary and military rank, added to no inconsiderable portion of celebrity as a diplomatist, being centred in his own person; he went armed with so many letters and notifications of his arrival, that he became an object of as much curiosity to the despotic rulers, as their Excellencies, the distributors of the bastinado, could possibly have been to him.

On reaching Tangiers, the first inquiry was for permission to wait on the Basha; access to his stables being one of the principal motives for making the request. Numerous complimentary messages having been exchanged between the parties, through the instrumentality of the British consul, El-Basha-Abd-Salam fixed on the following morning as an auspicious period for the audience to take place.

On the succeeding day, therefore, arrayed in full costume, we proceeded in state to the castle; where the uncontrolled dispenser of summary justice was waiting, in all due form, for the occasion. A prolonged description of the interview would be irrelevant here; I will, therefore, get over the visit in as few words as possible.

We were received, at the entrance, by a strong guard, clad in white haiks and red caps; their countenances garnished with black beards, piercing eyes, and scowling looks; each man was armed with a match-lock, as long as one of our cavalry lances; while daggers, swords, and knives of all descriptions, were distributed among these gentry in profusion. Passing this military array, we entered a long passage,—

then another,—and, finally, a third; in which last were deposited more guards, more guns, &c. ; and thence we were ushered into the august presence of the great Basha himself.

The Court in which we found his Excellency, squatted like a tailor, and reclining on piles of embroidered cushions, Fez carpets, and richly worked shawls, was paved with black and white marble. A large fountain in the centre, threw its clear water into a circular reservoir, filled with gold fish, while refreshing rills, bright as crystal, gushed forth from behind the many lofty pillars that supported the beautiful trellis-work of the piazza, which wholly surrounded this open hall of audience. There were black slaves in abundance, and brilliant black eyes gazed at us from a net-work of gilded wire, whence we were subjected to the criticisms of the ladies of the harem. Then we had fine speeches, spluttered by a fat interpreter, while the Basha smiled, stroked his beard, shewed his teeth like a mastiff, and then applied both hands to his neck, as if searching for the proper spot for the bow-string. These, we were told, were indications of pleasure; and the corpulent dragoman being, by this time, completely blown, permission was asked, and immediately granted, to view the stables; when, after a profusion of bows, smiles, and prostrations—all of which we executed in most becoming fashion,—his Excellency went up to his wives, while our party went down to the horses.

Forthwith we were handed over to the safe keeping of half a dozen as cut-throat-looking gentlemen, divested of any superabundance of clothing, as the greatest admirer of nature, in its unsophisticated state, might desire to behold. Onward we went, our new acquaintances talking at the very highest pitch of their voices, but on what subject their oratorical powers were called into play, it is not in my power to explain.

At length we halted before a wretched-looking out-house, without a roof; the walls were composed of rough stones, cemented with mud; and in this unsightly building, we were given to understand, his Excellency's quadrupeds had their abode. At a signal from our escort, the gates were unfastened from within, and, stepping over a considerable puddle of mud and filth, we entered the guarded enclosure. This walled-in piece of ground—for no other denomination does it deserve—was about seventy feet long, by forty broad, having unplanned rafters overhead, around parts of which the small tendrils of some wild vines clung.

To this place the brush of the painter, and the broom of the stable boy, were alike unknown; the only thing to which the attention of the grooms was visibly drawn, appeared to be the pegs whereunto cords were affixed, for the purpose of tethering the horses. There were seven in all, each having an amulet, or charm, suspended round his neck, and depending from the throat; these talismanic spells were sewn in small linen bags, shaped like a crescent; and whatever advantages they might have bestowed on the quadrupeds, "grooming," and "freedom from blemish," certainly formed no portion of the list. The horses were, mostly, under fifteen hands one inch; and, though only in two instances old, all had been clumsily fired, in various modes and directions; yet, in Barbary, this is not so much resorted to as a cure, as it is adopted as a preservative against future contingencies;

hence it happens that an animal is frequently to be met with, in Africa, most effectually blemished, but guiltless of having suffered from any of the ills for which that mode of treatment is a remedy.

There was one little compact chestnut—all were stallions—that might have been made a good hack, and, in England, would possibly have fetched from forty to fifty pounds; but the remainder formed as miserable a looking stud as might be selected from any hackney-coach stand in London. Two of these long-legged quadrupeds were presented to Abd-Salam, by the munificent hand of the Sultan; and it was only on beholding an equal number, of similar appearance, in the possession of the Basha of Tetuan, that we were apprized of the cause of so much liberality. This, when explained, however, readily dispelled all astonishment on our parts, except that which arose from the very natural wonder, as to where the Sultan could have picked up such awful brutes wherewith to honour his favourite lieutenants.

It appears that, when desirous of replenishing his coffers, the monarch is wont to despatch his worst cast horse, as a present, to one of his most faithful servants: in return for this, the said faithful servant (having a tingling in his feet ever present) finds himself under the painful necessity, not only of receiving the proffered favour, but, at the same time, imperatively obliged to transmit to his bountiful lord and master, a round sum in gold, competent to purchase as many animals of a like description as would supply all the kennels of the United Kingdom for a twelvemonth.

Great, though not without good cause, was our astonishment at the Basha's stud. The horses were picquetted at some distance from each other, and betrayed no token of the slightest animation. How they might have borne themselves outside the stable, we were not permitted to judge; but, if any conclusion was to be drawn from what we beheld within, I opine, the rider would deem a sharp rowel somewhat preferable to a blunt one. Be that as it may, the General, of course, expressed his unqualified approbation and delight; and, having left some more substantial proof of his satisfaction, with the owners of the ill-favoured features, we adjourned, to witness the evolutions of the Basha's body-guard, on the sands.

The horses bestridden by these gallant warriors, varied from fourteen to sixteen hands in height; there were between thirty and forty men out on this occasion, all of whom, apparently, came and departed as it best suited their own private convenience. The long matchlock was the chief and favourite weapon; but nothing seemed to afford them such unqualified gratification, as, when galloping at full speed, they suddenly pulled their horses up dead-short, thereby throwing the animals on their haunches; then, pointing the muzzles of the before-named long guns to heaven, they fired in the only direction in which it was impossible they might wound or annoy any opposing foe.

In appearance, the horses greatly resembled those we had just seen in his Excellency's stable; for the most part they were sadly blemished, and indicated but little stamina or bone. Their pace, however, when charging on the sands, was swift and good, but the distance was far too short to enable a spectator to judge what the animals' real qualities might have been. This exhibition, without the

slightest approach at variation, was pertinaciously persisted in for some time, when, fully convinced that our object was not attainable at Tangiers, we took leave of the dusky-visaged heroes, and set sail for Tetuan, in hopes of better luck.

In due time, we came to anchor off the castle of El Capitan Hash-Hash, a miraculous building, divested of door or door-way, situated on the beach, and about seven miles from the town. The country was covered with a dwarf-oak, and sharp prickly shrubs; the latter of which, penetrating our clothes at every step, caused us to lift our legs somewhat after the fashion of horses affected with stringhalt.

Some one having suggested the propriety of our beating the ground for birds, we proceeded to extract the respectable Moor from his fortified dwelling, for the purpose of obtaining his leave. In brief time he descended by a rope fixed near the summit of his tower, like a monkey, at the Zoological Gardens, attracted by a display of nuts; when, having crossed his hand with a small piece of gold, he instantaneously discovered that no objection whatever to our shooting could possibly arise. Not so, however, thought another antiquated Moor, for scarcely had we bagged two brace of red-legged partridges, than a very irascible individual came rushing towards us, evidently labouring under no trifling degree of excitement. His countenance betrayed strong symptoms of disapprobation, and while, with one hand, he held up the tail of his haik, in no very elegant attitude, with the other he flourished an old scimitar, with which he made many abortive, though strenuous efforts, to execute something closely assimilating to Angelo's sword exercise. This gentleman was evidently in possession of much information, which, with a generosity highly commendable, he appeared anxious to impart for our special benefit; but, as the new comer was unable to utter a syllable of any language, save Arabic, and since none of us could interpret a particle of his harmonious tongue, our intercourse, at length, dwindled down to a style of communication much in vogue at theatres, during a Christmas pantomime. In due time his gestures became sufficiently expressive, to leave no doubt on our minds that the presence of the irate mortal bade fair to put an end to our excursion; but, having a lively faith in the powers of a metallic currency, we tried the effect of a two-dollar piece on the barbarian. Instantly he became an altered man, and, having delivered an umbrella into his charge, (which curious piece of mechanism he instantly squatted down to examine), he paid not the slightest attention to our further proceedings; but it was now rapidly becoming dark, and, compelled as we were to return on board, in order to prepare for our next day's interview, we were reluctantly obliged to strike work, and embark, with our birds, for the yachts. The ponies despatched to the beach for our use, were miserable, half-starved wretches, and an equal degree of skill was as requisite to keep them on their legs, as to urge them forward on the road.

The reception at Tetuan was, in style, similar, though far superior, to that of Tangiers. The guards and attendants were more numerous: the cushions, carpets, and hangings which adorned the marble courts, greatly excelled those at Tangiers in richness and splendour; tea, milk, and cakes, together with a profusion of sweetmeats, were served round; after which we were permitted to visit the stables. At Tetuan,

we found twelve horses, comprising the Basha's stud, and, as at Tangiers, they were all of an inferior description. One white old fellow was pointed out as the most recent mark of the Sultan's favour; and I very much doubt whether the Basha does not fervently hope it may prove the last. The animal was indisputably fourteen or fifteen years of age, and bore every symptom of having once been a noble creature, but that must have been in days long gone by: for, at the time I write of, he more resembled the fine remains of a broken down cab-horse, than a charger destined to bear the weight of the most despotic power in the province. The stables were roofed, and amulets were in as much request as at Tangiers. The treatment of the horses appeared in nowise different: racks or mangers they had none; grooming was out of vogue, but the animals' tails were carefully gathered into thick knots. Generally speaking, their heads were finely-shaped, and well put on; and, had the lower extremities borne any proportion to the beauty of their large and intelligent-looking eyes, they would have appeared to far greater advantage than was the case.

Such were the animals I beheld in Barbary, and it may readily be concluded, if the Bashas were unable to boast the possession of studs superior to those shewn, it is far from probable that any less exalted personages could be more favoured. The fact is, the best horses are not permitted to leave the interior; and, although much has been said regarding the beauty of those in the neighbourhood of the coast, I have never had the good fortune to behold them, notwithstanding having visited the country many times.

A superior description of animal may, possibly, be met with farther up; should opportunity offer, I hope, some day, to extend my wanderings as far as Fez, and possibly beyond; in which case, should I find cause to exclaim, as did my acquaintance,—“If you really want a thorough-bred Arabian, wait till you reach *Fez*.”—I will not fail to mention the discovery, in the hope that future travellers may avoid the disappointment that fell to the lot of the distinguished officer whom I had the pleasure to accompany on this trip.

R. H.

December, 12th, 1839.—At Sea.

MY HORSES.

BY NIMROD.

(Continued from page 178.)

IN the year 1820, two years before I commenced my scribbling career, I had a good stable of hunters. Amongst them, was the race-horse Bolus, by Doctor, out of a sister to Grey Pilot. I bought this horse of Mr. Vevers, of Herefordshire, whose name is well known on the turf, for 140 guineas. There cannot be a better man than Mr. Vevers to buy a hunter from. He is an excellent horseman, and has, perhaps, taken more pains in making his young horses hunters than any one I am acquainted with; unless it be that crack sportsman, Mr. George Templar, whose plan I described in my notice of the Devonshire staghounds. Bolus was one of the most accomplished fencers I ever was master of, and it was from my riding him over a line of gates,

with Lord Segrave's hounds,—all of which would have opened, but the pace was too good to allow of it,—that I sold him for 300 guineas, to Mr. Charles Kemys Tynte, late M.P. for Somersetshire. He was not only a good hunter, but a most *sagacious* animal, as the following anecdote of him will prove. Finding a fox, one day, at the bottom of Bredon Hill, with the Worcestershire pack, and perceiving that he put his head straight for the top of it, I thought I would give Bolus a chance, by letting the boy, who brought him to cover, ride him till my hack cried "enough." At the second or third fence, however, that we came to, Bolus shyed at a sheep, that was struggling on his back on the headland, after he had cleared the leap, and away went Jack over his head.* "A pretty go," said I, "a stallion loose among the crowd!" But my fears were soon dispersed; for Bolus came galloping up to me, and placed himself along-side my hack; when I jumped from the one to the other, leaving the latter, with bellows to mend, waiting the arrival of the boy. But the most extraordinary part of Bolus's history is yet to appear. He was, during the time I had him, and the two first seasons Mr. Tynte rode him with Mr. Farquharson's hounds, as quiet and as free from vice as a mill-horse, but, in the third, he became so dangerous, as a kicker, owing to getting loose in the night, in a stable in which there was a mare, that Mr. Tynte sold him for a pair of coach-horses and eighty guineas:—he was a perfect hunter for twelve stone.

The Hero, afterwards Chillington (by a brother to Stamford), was this year in my stud; and his history affords a good practical lesson. When I first knew him, he was the property of Sir Holyoake Goodricke's father; but, afterwards, for two or three years, of Mr. Giffard, of Chillington; a splendid fencer, and beautiful goer, but supposed to be rotten and going blind; and Mr. Giffard himself very seldom rode him with hounds. Notwithstanding all this, 100 guineas was his price, and not a shilling less; but, having seen his performance over a country, with that fine horseman, Mr. Walter Giffard, and feeling convinced that his weeping eyes, and washy constitution, were both to be attributed to half-and-half grooming, and *grass*, I plucked up courage, and bought him at that price. During the next summer, he ate two bushels of oats per week, with a moderate allowance of beans, but not a blade of grass; and the following winter, he was a very different-looking animal; having dry eyes, a good round barrel, and flesh as hard as marble. The season following he was still better, and I sold him, to the late Mr. Mytton, for 300 guineas. He remained sound and well, on the dry meat system, for two seasons more; when, in an evil hour, his unfortunate owner listened to his groom, and turned him out to grass, in the spring, from which he came up a roarer, and looking like a hunted devil. He was sold for twenty-five pounds, and got into a Wigan coach, in which Mr. George Fitzherbert told me he saw him a year or two afterwards, "looking as round as a ball," from the effect of hard meat.

This horse, as a hunter, had but one fault, namely, his dislike to

* Jack, by good conduct, was promoted over other heads than this. He went from my stable into Mr. Mytton's, and then became his valet, for several years; but was nearly killed, by the upsetting of his master's carriage, near Lichfield, by the postboy mistaking the road, and coming in contact, in the dark, with a tree felled across it.

touch a thorn, which prevented his rider putting him *into* a fence when he wished it: and a great fault it is, as it causes horses to over-leap themselves, and often doubles the exertion at certain kinds of fences. But he was a most *splendid* fencer—if that epithet is allowable—and very fast over a country; and poor Mytton, who was no boaster, often spoke of one fence he rode him over; which, he said, he did not before believe any horse on earth could have cleared. It was a broad holly hedge, cut level at the top, and a wide sunken fence on the far side, with an awful drop, to boot. But, perhaps, the highest timber fence ever ridden over, without touching it, was taken by my old brother sportsman, on this horse, in Mr. Jellicoe's grounds, Shropshire, with his own hounds, when the brandy was in, and the wit was out. I have before stated the almost incredible height of it, but am afraid to repeat it, as it really appears out of the pale of truth. Those who witnessed it, however, did not contradict my statement. About the highest gate I ever rode over, was a bridle gate, in the Bicester county, which this horse carried me over, taking his footing from a narrow bridge.

Morris-dancer was this year in my stable, and was produced as another proof of the hard-meat system; having been sneered at, which many of your readers will remember, as "an ugly brute," the first year I had him, by a very good judge of a hunter, and called "a very neat horse" the next; having been so metamorphosed as not to be recognisable by him. This is the horse that, as has been before stated by me, jumped out of the window of his loose box—four feet deep, by three wide, and he himself sixteen hands high—in the presence of Mr. Chute's huntsman and whipper-in, when they brought the hounds, in the summer, to swim them across the moat that surrounded my house, in Hampshire. But he could do anything in the jumping way, that could be done by a horse, and twice played a *solo* with me over park paling, with hounds, as will be remembered by those who saw him in Hampshire and Surrey. I believe him to have been an Irish horse; for he had not only the appearance of being one, but he was, like so many of his kind that come from that country, not more than half broke, being, at times, excessively restiff, but never in the presence of hounds. I sold him to Mr. Vincent Corbet for 200 guineas, who gave me sixty guineas to take him again, on account of his tricks; but I was free from blame here, as he kicked him off when trying him, and gave him a slight concussion of the brain. He ended his days in my hands, several years afterwards; and I shot him, because his proud spirit would not submit to farm-work, after he broke down. As a hunter, I never found the bottom of him (as the farmer said of his old mare), but once, in the Bicester Vale, before he got into condition; and he never gave me more than one fall, which was by a false bank of a brook, on the landing side, at the finish of a beautiful hour with the Surrey subscription hounds, which, no doubt, Tom Hill, the huntsman, will remember; at least, I have not forgotten how like a workman *he* went, on his old Grog horse, over a very stiff vale, "below *hill*," as they call it. I got Morris-dancer in part of payment from Mr. Fitzhugh, for the horse I sold him, and, at the suggestion of Sir Henry Peyton, called him Morris-dancer, because Mr. Fitzhugh had purchased him from a gentleman of the name of Morris, at Wrexham.

I had also Welchman, at this time, but did not ride him with hounds more than was necessary to qualify him for the Mostyn-Hunt Stakes (180 guineas), which I rode him for, and won, as also a match for 100 guineas, the same year. He was a slapping chestnut gelding, by Sasenah, out of an Alexander mare, not thorough-bred, sixteen hands high, with excellent action, but very hollow-backed. I gave Mr. Vincent Corbet 100 guineas for him, and sold him for 250, and he met with his death in Liecestershire, by rushing upon a lancet, which had not a shoulder to it, the moment he felt the puncture. He was dead in five minutes.

Welchman promised to make a tip-top hunter; and, before I parted with him, was become a very safe fencer, and would jump timber standing. I shall never forget the first time he fell into a ditch, or, rather, a small brook, near Burbage Wood: he groaned as if he had been dying; and the next place I put him at, he cleared, by some yards. I had likewise the educating of another young horse that year, which I had *booked* as a winner of Hunter's Stakes, but, falling amiss with the strangles, I could not qualify him. I called him *Young Prince*, being got by Fitz-James (out of a Totteridge mare), and he was fit to carry any young Prince in the land, being a beautiful grey, and sixteen hands high. I gave 100 guineas for him, to the Governor of the House of Industry, at Shrewsbury, and sold him, the next year, for 150, for a hunter.

If your readers will look into the Epwell Hunt Poem, they will see honourable mention made of that most honourable and much lamented gentleman, the late Mr. Canning, of Foxcote, on a five-year-old horse, called *The General*; and, what added to the fame of both, was, the said horse was, to appearance, and, indeed, in reality, much under his weight; but he was one of those wiry, well-bred, cross-made animals, whose powers no one could define, and he *did* carry his immense weight, full seventeen stone, magnificently, on that, and several other occasions. Apprehensive, however, of crushing him, Mr. Canning determined on selling him; and, on my recommendation, Sir John Dashwood purchased him for 250 guineas. He did not like him, and for this reason,—he sprang at his fences with him, with the same muscular exertion that he had been accustomed to put in force under Mr. Canning, and thereby strained those muscles of the thigh which are liable to be thus injured in the act of a horse leaping. What was to be done? Why, Sir John turned him over to his son, George, until a customer could be found for him; and the said George, thinking, no doubt, that *The General* could fly under his weight, got him hung up in the branch of a tree, and nearly dislocated his stifle joint. So soon as he was pronounced sound, I purchased him for 160 guineas; but it was somewhat of a hazardous speculation, the stifle being a complicated joint, and, though not often injured, difficult of cure, when it is. "He has had a rattling gallop over the hill this morning," said Sir John to me, when I went to buy him, "and he is sound after it; but, mind ye, he does not return to my stable, after he has stepped over the door-sill." I took courage, and sent him to Stratford that evening; and, the first day I rode him, dropped into a tickler of one hour and ten minutes, over the finest part of Warwickshire, with a second fox, and so well did *The General* carry me to the end of it, that the next morn-

ing he went into Lord Warwick's stable, and his Lordship's cheque, for 220 guineas, into my pocket, in exchange. Neither will the evening of that day be forgotten by me, if I were to live as long as old Parr lived. I, at that time, thought it was not in the power of a horse to tire me in one day; but, from the similar effects to those which Sir John felt the inconvenience of, I was so completely knocked up, as to be scarcely able to keep awake during dinner—good as it was—at the hospitable board of Mr. Kynaston, who then resided at Warwick. But I was not the only dead man: poor George Hancox—as Lord Warwick will well remember, for he was one of us—was punished for his deep and deafening snoring, by being suffered to play a solo, for an hour after we had, all but himself, retired to the drawing-room: and when he awoke, found himself, to his great discomfiture, in darkness, the lights having been, purposely, put out. The last I heard of The General, was, in Lord Alvanley's stables, at Melton, from which he was drafted, in consequence of his wind failing; but he lasted more than the average time for horses that carry such high weights, being fourteen years old, at least, at the time I allude to.*

The General was far from a handsome horse; for, although his head, neck, and shoulders were perfect, he was ragged-hipped, had a drooping quarter, and a vulgar tail, with a curl in it. I remember a party of us standing, dismounted, one day, by a cover side, waiting for a fresh fox, after having had a burst with our first—which is the time, of all others, if the air be cold, that horses look most to disadvantage—when Lord Clonmel, who had been riding Ferryman, took The General, whom Lord Warwick had been riding, and put them side by side, like coach-horses. "There," exclaimed that good-humoured peer, "are two ugly brutes; no man but A— could have sold such for 420 guineas." With horses ridden over Warwickshire, however, it is, "handsome is, that handsome does;" and I also remember what happened five minutes afterwards. Lord Clonmel was in the act of mounting Ferryman, by the side of a brook, on the bank of which we had been standing, when he hopped over it, to his Lordship's no little surprise; but that horse actually liked leaping.

I now come to the year 1822, when I commenced my career as Nimrod. I had but a small stud; it consisted of Morris-dancer, a big bay horse, not worth two rows of gingerbread; † a mare, by Walton, out of Highland Lass, which a nephew of mine did me the favour to break down, in Shropshire, by riding her into a hard road, from a bank as high as a house; and a mare I called *Epsom Lass*, purchased of Dockeray the jockey. The last-mentioned mare was one of the best fencers I ever had, especially at wide places; so good, indeed, was she at this work, that I fairly planted Jonathan, Lord Derby's huntsman, upon his famous hunter, Prospero, at the end of a run with the staghounds. It was a stopper of this description:—a

* Whoever happens to take up a bottle, supposing it to be full, whereas it proves to be empty, will account for the extra muscular exertion used by The General, at his fences, till some time after he had been released from carrying eighteen stone.

† This was the only horse I ever had, that I could not make *something of a hunter of*; but, with immense strength, and good shape, he would not rise at his fences. He ran clean through two gates with me, one day, in Mr. Villebois' country, shivering every bar in them. I conclude, his former owner, Mr. Hopkinson, the celebrated London coach-maker, could make nothing of him.

wide ditch towards me, with a very strongly splashed hedge, with a great fall on the far side, into a narrow shaw. She did not touch a twig of it: but all this was nothing. Within a few strides, was the same description of fence, only, the ditch and hedge reversed; that is, the hedge towards me, and ditch from me, the former of which was higher than her back. I meant to have turned her round at it; but, putting up my hand to secure my hat, she thought I was going to strike her, and rushed at, and cleared it, without touching. This is the mare for which I refused Sir Charles Taylor's cheque, in which he left me to fill up the amount, and I refused it, for this reason: I suspected she was injured in the navicular-joint, which proved to be the case; but, with great care and attention, she carried me four seasons; and, notwithstanding this defect, there was no better mare on the road, than she was, for the first three. The Yorkshire tour, however, finished her; and after working twelve months at wheel, in the Nimrod coach, in which she got fatter than any bacon hog, I put her to Tarrare, and she was sold, at my sale, in foal, for twenty-seven pounds! But I wish she had never been foaled: it was from her that I met with the injury to my back, from which I thought I never should have recovered, and which spoiled the enjoyment of my Yorkshire tour. She also gave me a fall with Mr. George Wyndham's hounds, which nearly cost me the loss of my left eye; and this was a heart-breaking job, as, not five minutes before she fell with me, at quite a small place, she had carried me over a brook, which only one of a large field attempted, and his horse turned round at it, and afterwards refused.

When I was in Surrey, this year (1822), I was mounted, one day, with the staghounds, by a gentleman, who then resided at Merton, on a grey gelding, by Grimaldi, upwards of sixteen hands high, and not five years old till the following spring; and this was before Christmas. In an account I gave of the run (which was a capital one) in my first tour, I had the pleasure of stating the rare occurrence, of this overgrown four-year-old being one of only seven at the finish, having cleared three boggy brooks, on a marsh, *in succession*, which entirely stopped the greater part of the field, and proved squire-traps to eight out of every ten who rode at them. As may be imagined, I had no little hankering after this "promising young one," and offered 100 guineas for him, which were refused. In the following spring, however, he was at the point of death, with general inflammation, and I purchased him, on speculation, for fifty pounds.

I may, perhaps, be allowed to dwell a little longer on the history of this horse, and I am certain I shall have credit for what I assert of him. It is this; that, when the country was not *very* deep (he was rather slack over his loins, for such a big one), and with my weight upon him, I do not think that any hounds, on any day, could have got away from him with anything like a start—barring impassable places. In tolerably light countries, indeed, after the fashion of a certain noble lord, I have often "voted the hounds a bore," for not getting from under his feet; and the following sample of his speed may be taken, to justify this boast. On a certain day, and with a certain pack of hounds,—I'll name them, if called on,—I got a tolerable start on this horse; but, before they had gone three miles, at the very best pace, I had got so far a-head of all the leading men, that I ac-

tually had time to dismount, and pick up one of my stirrups, which had been drawn out of its bar, in a fence, and still kept the lead, till the pack came to check. His fencing was, likewise, perfect, which that fine horseman, Mr. Webb, of Kidlington, near Oxford, will vouch for; and I'll answer for it he never forgets one timber fence he followed me over, in a splitter, with the Mostyn hounds, which I may be pardoned if I describe. It was a set of four high and stiff rails, in a very wet meadow; and we had been going, some miles, at the very best pace. But the worst is to come. About six yards *in front of it*, on the rising side, was a water-course, which, by breaking the horse's stride, rendered it almost a double leap, and, of course, doubled the difficulty. "Awful, by Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Webb, as he saw me in the act of taking it; but he took it also; and although, he said, he doubted whether he should, had it not been for "*the Book*." When I was visiting Mr. Musters, in Northamptonshire, Mr. Benton, having heard from Mr. Meyrick, of this horse's performance, wished to purchase him; but I could not put a price upon him, as I had smashed two of my hunters in Shropshire, and had but four left. The next year, however, he became blind, when in Yorkshire; no doubt, from the effects of the violent inflammatory attack; and made an excellent leader in the Nimrod coach.

Now this horse furnishes matter for a few more observations; and affords a striking instance of the difficulty of procuring *really good* hunters. He had every qualification *but one*; he had speed, temper, judgment in, and powers of, fencing, to satisfy the most fastidious rider, and he never refused a fence; but there was one thing wanting—he was not good in very deep ground. He also warned me against purchasing horses that I knew had been subjected to severe *internal* inflammation.

I bought two very clever hunters of Sir Charles Taylor, of Holleycombe, in Sussex, during the period of his keeping his harriers at Stockbridge; namely, Amesbury and Bull-dog. I first saw the former at Amesbury coursing meeting, where a friend of Sir Charles was riding him, in very ragged condition, but with the appearance of being much better than he looked to be. On being told he was for sale, I asked his owner the price of him; the answer to which question was—"As much as you think he is worth." Having, however, heard his friend say that fifty pounds had been asked for him, that was the sum I gave for him. I rode him two seasons and a half, over every description of country, without his making one mistake, and sold him to Sir Edmund Antrobus, for 150 guineas. Your readers will remember his portrait in the old Magazine; and, what is singular, Sir Edmund had him painted again by the same artist, Mr. Smith.

Amesbury was a very perfect hunter, for the weight he could carry—say twelve stone; excellent at timber and doubles, very safe at water, but he would go his own pace at it, which was slow, with his ears erect, as if he were measuring its extent to an inch. His speed over a country was quite equal to hounds, and he was uncommonly quick at a start.

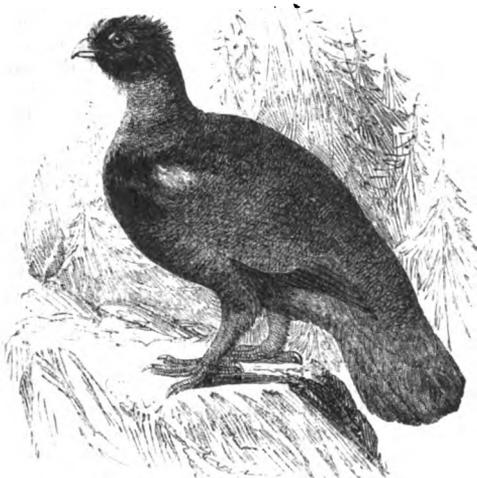
Bull-dog had been the property of Mr. Maxse, and afterwards of Mr. John Moore, two well-known Meltonians. He acquired his name in

consequence of a horse having flown at him, and bitten off one of his ears, which made it necessary to crop the other. I gave Sir Charles Taylor 100 guineas for him, and sold him to the late Lord Mountsandford, for eighty guineas, and the very celebrated Irish hunter, Slug, for which he had just given Lord Howth 280 guineas. There need not be a better hunter for fourteen stone, in most countries, than Bull-dog was; perfect at all sorts of fences, and a very pleasant horse to ride. It was said he could not go the *best* pace in Leicestershire; and truly said, no doubt; but Lord Forester, to whom I lent him, one day, in Shropshire, when disappointed of his own horse, gave it as his opinion, that he was quite fast enough for all close countries; and, in consequence of the character his Lordship gave him, I refused 200 guineas for him, from Mr. Charlton, of Apley Castle, in the latter county, the same day. I mention this, because I have often asserted, that a fast horse in the provincials, and a fast horse in Leicestershire, are not to be considered synonymous terms. For example: many of Mr. Ralph Lambton's hunt will remember how easily he (Bull-dog) beat a fine grey mare of Mr. Cookson's, in a trial of speed; and it would have, no doubt, very much surprised that gentleman, had he been told *she* was not fast enough for Leicestershire, and the neighbouring crack grass countries, which she certainly appeared to be. But the well-known axiom, "*virtus in actione consistit*," applies to both horse and man.

One word more of Bull-dog. He was what is termed a very true-made horse; in other words, all his proportions were so just, and so thick was he withal, that brother sportsmen would often say to me, when I was riding him—"You have a clever *little* horse there." "Pretty well," was my usual reply, "*considering he measures full sixteen hands in height.*" Cropping horses, however, certainly makes them appear lower than they really are. This is caused by the ear being the highest point of elevation, and that naturally catches our eye, as we throw it casually over the frame. I have only to add, that the legs of this horse were completely renovated by the twice-repeated use of Mr. Field's mercurial charge; and he was as sound and as clean upon them, when I sold him, as he could have been at four years old.

Of Slug, I need not say much. His fame, for the number of steeple-chases he won in Ireland, and the distinguished manner in which he carried Lord Howth over Leicestershire, requires no trumpeter. In one instance, indeed, his Lordship did with him, what is very seldom done—he picked up the dead fox, with the Duke of Rutland's hounds, a quarter of an hour before any of the field came up, having been the only horse that leaped the Smite, in the wide part which they that day came down upon. I sold him to Lord Garlies, but do not now exactly remember the sum. The cause of Lord Mountsandford preferring my horse to Slug, was, he found Slug somewhat unpleasant with his mouth, when he shewed him his fences, which I also found; but remedied it, by substituting the plain snaffle for the sharp curb bit, which ruffled his temper; and, by dropping my hand to him, when within a few strides of the fence. He was a little horse to look at, barely fifteen hands, but very long, and beautifully coated; colour, a dappled bay.

(To be continued.)



THE CAPERCALLIE :

From a forthcoming number of "Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports."

THROUGH the politeness of the Messrs. Longmans, the eminent publishers, we are enabled to present to our readers some novel and interesting particulars of that most magnificent of European birds, the capercallie, or wood grouse. The article from which the following extract is taken, contains copious information concerning the natural history, habits, and general characteristics of this lord of the woods. Upon these subjects, Sir William Jardine, Messrs. Brehm, and Lloyd, the author of the popular work on the "Field Sports of Norway and Sweden," are quoted as authorities, and supply all the knowledge that can be desired. Our notices, however, are necessarily limited, and we confine them to the recent efforts made for the reintroduction of the species into this country, not only because the matter is, of itself, full of interest, but because it is treated of in one of the most *unique* pieces of journalism that has appeared in type since the days of Defoe. Some three or four years ago, an account was given of a large importation of the capercallie into Scotland, by Mr. Fowell Buxton, the great brewer, for whom they had been procured in Sweden by Mr. Lloyd, then residing in that country. By Mr. Buxton they were presented to the Marquis of Breadalbane, whose vast Highland property afforded the most promising field for their cultivation. This brief introduction leads us to the point at which our purposed extract commences :—

"Since the above statement was made, the proprietors of this work have received, from the son of Mr. Buxton, a much more detailed account of the extent and success of the attempts to again naturalize the capercallies in Great Britain, with kind permission to make what use we please of the communication. The subject, it must be confessed, is of considerable interest both to the

sportsman and naturalist; and, as we know that the matter so kindly handed to us is correctly detailed, we think it will best answer the purpose of our readers to give them the whole of it as it has been sent to us; not omitting the *naively*-told tales of the adventures of the gamekeeper in his journeyings to and from Sweden, and the final success which crowned his active and ingenious endeavours. Let us also hope, that, under the judicious management of Mr. Guthrie, the head-keeper, and the active co-operation of this valuable subordinate, with those of the other assistants at hand, the spirited and continuous attempts of the Marquis of Breadalbane will finally be crowned with success, and that this noble head of the grouse family may once more triumphantly crow over the Scottish woods. 'I send you,' says Mr. Edward Buxton, in a letter to a friend, 'all the information I can collect of the introduction of the capercallies into Scotland. About fifteen years ago my father received, in Norfolk, a present of a cock and hen capercallie, from Mr. Llewellen Lloyd, who was residing in Sweden. They were kept in a house where they bred, and the hen brought off six young ones. They grew till they had nearly reached the size of pheasants, and then, in consequence of being exposed to the sun on a hot day, they, with the mother, all died. The cock was turned out, and lived two years in a wild state, when he was killed by accident. Several years after this my father was very kindly invited to shoot in Scotland, on the Marquis of Breadalbane's moors, and he then proposed to him to make another attempt to introduce this bird into Scotland. He applied to Mr. Llewellen Lloyd to procure them, and, through his great perseverance and assiduity, sixteen hens and thirteen cocks were collected at Venusburg, and sent to England in 1837. Many had died on the road; which may be accounted for, as they were collected from all parts of Sweden. Lawrence Banville, Mr. Buxton's Irish gamekeeper, was purposely sent to Sweden to bring them to Scotland, and some extracts from his entertaining journal will inform you of his adventures, until his safe arrival at Taymouth Castle, with twenty-eight birds. They were received with delight by the Lord of Breadalbane, who has spared neither pains nor expense to give the experiment success.'

Lawrence Banville's journal.—"Saturday, April 1st, 1837. Yesterday I took leave of my little family, started on the coach to Norwich, and stayed there for the night. To-day I set out on the Ipswich coach. I halted at this town for the night, and agreed for a boat to take me down the river.—Sunday, April 2nd. This morning I set out, and arrived at the inn at Harwich about twelve o'clock: the wind in the right quarter for us to sail to Sweden.—Thursday, 6th. This day I helped to take Mr. Lloyd's things to a boat that was going to the yacht; as I was getting into it, I slipped in, and hit my leg against one of the thwarts of it. I hurt it very much.—Tuesday, 11th. This day we weighed anchor. I was sick in a few hours, as also the following day.—Monday, 17th. After a somewhat cold and stormy passage, we this day made the Swedish coast, and got on shore.—Thursday, April 20th. At nine o'clock on this day I gained the long-wished-for spot (Mr. Lloyd's house, near Venusburg), and all seemed as pleased to see L. Lloyd, Esq., as I should be to see my worthy master after a long journey. There are thirteen of these great birds for me to see in the morning.—Friday, 21st. This morning I was up at an early hour, and saw the birds: they look well—only one hen, which I fear will not be long here. L. Lloyd, Esq., went to Troulhatten after the men to come to make the coops for the birds, which are about five feet in length by three and a half in breadth, with a division in each of them to enable me to clean them out on the sea if all is well. This day I saw martins.—Thursday, 27th. This morning another cock came to us: I was happy to see it; a fine bird it is. I was chiefly receiving the birds this day. L. Lloyd and his men went out to fish.—Thursday, May 4th. This day, I am happy to say that there are three of the coops fit for my birds.—Friday, 5th. I got the whole command of the birds this day. One old cock died yesterday. I shall skin him. We had put the old cock in a cage by himself, and two in each apartment. This was a busy day with me, in doing all things for the birds.—Saturday, 6th. This morning I found the birds in the house were fighting;

but what was the cause I knew not. I now and then put some of them into other apartments to see if it would be over; they were, however, not so easy to be put off, for one of their legs was broken. We were forced to put them in the coops by themselves. I was so sorry to see them fight, as I did not know when it would be over. We were all employed after the birds, as they seemed to be coming from the forest to us in good style. The cock that died weighed nine pounds. My leg was very painful to me.—Wednesday, 10th. This morning I did all things for my feathered tribe. The cock that I said was hurt, this day he is dead; his leg was broken in two places.—Saturday, 13th. This day I skinned two of the great cocks, and, as I was dressing the skin of one of them, a drop of the stuff flew in the corner of my right eye: it is very painful to me. I keep watching every day for some of the eggs, but no sign of them yet.—Sunday, 14th. This day I was obliged to keep at home to keep the people from tormenting my little feathered family, as I had them now to attend to in this country. They all look well, with the exception of one hen. She feeds well, but did not go up to the roost.—Monday, 15th. This is a great holiday with them in this part of the world. We got a hen (black game), also some eggs. I went into the woods with a man, to see if he could shew me a kind of grass the birds are fond of; but I am sorry to say it was not grown, that he could find it. We again returned home with plenty of moss out of the woods, to make some nests for the hens to lay in, in my houses, or to try if they would lay in them; they are all doing well, and I am happy to have it to say of L. Lloyd, Esq., that he is doing all in his power to get all he can for my master, as he says there were four or five dozen on the road, or ten, or perhaps more. Cold at night. It rained this day.—Wednesday, 17th. At this present time we have only one capercallie's egg, two black game eggs; they call them *arro* in this part.—Saturday, 20th. A man came to inform Mr. Lloyd that he had got a capercallie in a house, also a blackcock, one egg of the black game, and four of the capercallie.—Monday, 22nd. This morning I was well pleased to hear the black game that were in the house playing the same as when in the wood. It is a fine bird. The capercallie cocks have played a long time, which is amusing to any one to hear them.—Sunday, 28th. I waited on my birds. It is hard work, on Sundays, to keep the people from tormenting my birds, and I do not like to be too hard on them.—Tuesday, 30th. I was chiefly fishing; as to my birds I had them all settled in the coops; it put me out to find, at night, that the housekeeper wanted Mr. Lloyd to alter the birds again; but I asked his honour for what did he want to do so? is it not an old saying, 'let well alone?' which he agreed with. Any wild creatures the more seldom they are disturbed, the better for the birds or beasts; also for them that have them under their care.—Thursday, June 1st. I stopped at home attending to my birds; they were all well except one, which was either dead or killed; but it was very much torn by the rats. I went into the woods and got trees for them.—Tuesday, June 6th. Now this was rather a day of joy to me, after, it was a day of torment to me—now all was to be got ready to put the birds into the coops also; first one thing was to be done; all in a minute, it was to get boards and nail them on the boat, so that we could put the two sets of coops in it, with them facing each other, so that I could walk between them, to feed and water them on the river. On our way to Gottenburg, as we were to be there on Thursday, at the longest, any one may think what a day it was to me, how to get all this done by the close of night. Now came the grand points. It was to put the birds in order for their long journey, which I had to do by myself. I must say I had not time to think of anything, but to run from one place to the other; but, in a word, all was the same. Now, at ten o'clock, I got into the house to get those wild birds; they are chiefly hens; I got them all in safety into the coops: seven of the black game and two of the others into one coop, five cocks into another, four cocks into another, seven hens in another, also four cocks: in this manner we put them—seven hens in a coop by themselves; by this I think there are thirty-six birds under the six coops this night,—I may say, a wet weary night to me;—up to ten o'clock the night wet and cold. I got wet through; but that was little to be

wondered at, as we had to carry the six coops full two hundred yards or more. I got a drop of coffee at one; then I took a big coat and a bunch of straw to the boat for my bed; but as ill-luck would have it to be, the rain came in in all parts where poor Larry was to take up his quarters; so by that I was forced to sit under the coops in the best manner I could, and I was as cold as ever I felt in my life; but this was not all; to add to my misery, the birds that I put in the coops were flapping against the coops to that degree, that I thought, by the clear daylight, I should have them all dead in the coops. I was waiting for daylight to appear.—Wednesday, 7th. As soon as I could take a look at them, it may be expected I did; to my surprise the coops of two of them were almost covered with feathers and blood. I then felt what I never thought of in my life, to see them in such a state; so I took up my blinds off them, and gave them all plenty of boughs and corn; I went up and got them up at the house; I went to the bed-room of Mr. Lloyd, and informed him of the state of them on board; by that he got up in a few minutes. All things were got in order for our voyage down the river, and we left the shore. The birds by this time were become settled, unless we went near them.—Thursday, June 8th. This day we arrived at Gottenburg. We went to the boats, then to the schooner, which was to take me and my birds to Hull. We got the birds on board; they seemed well pleased to get them, to bring the birds over to England with them, as they said it was the greatest thing that ever was heard of in this life, to see so many of the birds alive and looking well.—Saturday, 10th. This morning they run down to the castle; then we got down to the mouth of the river: the wind was so that we could not get out; but at seven o'clock they weighed anchor, and now I took my last sight of the Swedish shore.—Sunday, 11th. At twelve o'clock they were out in the main ocean fifty-four miles; my birds were all right, they seemed to feed well.—Monday to Wednesday the birds were well.—Thursday I thought one was dying, but it recovered in a short time.—Friday and Saturday all well.—Sunday, 18th. This day the birds in one coop were very angry with each other; but I put them by themselves—wild and tame will not do well in the same coop. This evening we came close under the Yorkshire coast; we were in sight of the fields and houses.—Monday, 19th. We went on shore at Hull; the birds feed well at present.—Wednesday, 21st. I got all my birds on the steamer quite safe; they are all on the quarter deck.—Thursday, 22nd. This day was a fine one; the birds were all well. Nothing happened worth notice on the passage.—Saturday, 24th. This morning I set out from Dundee with a cart and mule, with four more, to the place where the birds came; they were all in the best of health; I got them up to the inn, fed them, and put the coops all in a settled place, and then got all things ready for packing them into my small baskets, that I had brought with me for the purpose from Sweden, and started off with a great many good wishes for our safe arrival. On my arrival at Taymouth Castle, I put up my birds as well as I could for the night.—Sunday, 25th. I found the birds as well as I could expect; they all fed well. I must say that there are some of the birds' heads stripped almost of their feathers, striving to get out of the small places where they are cooped up.—Tuesday, 27th. The house intended for the birds being completed, I went and put them all in it; the hens into one end, and the cocks into the other.—Wednesday, 28th. I went to see the birds; the most of them were up at the top of the house, and had eaten of the trees that were there.—Monday, July 3rd. To this time the birds were well. On this day I started by the mail-cart for Inverness, where I arrived (having stopped on the road) on the following Saturday.—Thursday, 13th. After an excursion to Sir G. Sinclair's, I returned, and arrived this day, once more, at Perth; set out for Dundee; and, on Saturday, 15th, got on board the *Forfarshire*, from which I was put down at Sheringham, in safety, on Thursday, the 20th."

Mr. Buxton observes further: "A part of the birds were turned out in the autumn of 1837, and part were kept in a house. In the year 1838, a brace only was reared by the keeper, but two fine broods were seen in the woods. In the summer of 1838, sixteen hens were forwarded to Taymouth; so that, in all, thirteen cock capercallies and twenty-nine hens have reached Lord Breadal-

bane. In the spring of 1839, instead of attempting to rear any capercallies, Mr. Guthrie placed the eggs laid by the birds in confinement in the nests of grey hens, who hatched them, and brought them up in a wild state. The following extracts from two letters from Mr. Guthrie, Lord Breadalbane's head-keeper, will shew how well the experiment has answered. The first is dated Taymouth, July 4th, 1839:—"I have now to inform you, that I have seen a brood of young capercallies in the large wood behind Taymouth Castle. I saw four young ones, but there might have been more of them, as I did not disturb the place to look for them. They appeared to me to be about twenty days old. The game-hind that looks over that wood saw another brood, with eight young ones in it, about a month old. This was two miles from the place where I saw the brood. I have also to inform you that we have forty-nine young capercallies, brought out by the grey hens this season. I saw a brood of young capercallies with a grey hen on the first of this month: there were seven young ones; they were about twelve days old. I tried to rear a few out of hand, but they are not doing very well with me. I will not try them any more after this season.' In a second letter, written Sept. 15th, 1839, he says, 'With regard to the capercallies, I think we shall have between sixty and seventy young ones. I am not so sure what number of old ones we have, as some of them might have left their places when turned out. We have still a few of the old ones kept in, in order to have their eggs to put under the grey hens. The most we see of them in a brood is eight or ten, and very often single ones are seen wandering through the woods by themselves.' I am sorry to add, that though Lord Breadalbane has hitherto scrupulously abstained from shooting a single capercallie, and even went so far as to forbid that any black game should be shot in the neighbourhood of Taymouth, for fear that a young capercallie might be killed in mistake, others have not been so scrupulous; two of the birds were shot in the north of Scotland last year, and a hen has been offered this season to a poulterer, in Princes-street, Edinburgh. I mention this because I am convinced that these birds cannot generally be established in Scotland, unless sportsmen will unite to preserve them for some years to come, and until their numbers are very much increased."

LAY OF THE LAST "CHARLEY."

THE times that are, and eke the times that were,
 I fancy, are two very different things;
 For though of modern beaux, and beauties rare,
 And gentle forms, the courtly poet sings,
 Yet, notwithstanding, his smooth lines declare,
 As passing good, what innovation brings;
 Had he been born a Charley, in old times,
 He'd take another subject for his rhymes.

The good old times, it hath been soothly said,
 Are bitter satires on the present day;
 Then, with the dawn, the sportsman left his bed,
 And with his hounds to covert bent his way:
 But first, on food substantial was he fed,
 Sufficient to keep hunger well at bay;
 Brave beef and ale, the pasty and the chime,
 Composed the goodly breakfasts of "lang syne."

And by him rode—arrayed in Lincoln green,
 With hooded falcon on the 'broidered glove—
 Figures,—which now, alas! are seldom seen—
 On ambling palfrey,—gazing up above,
 T'wards the scared heron, who had lately been,
 'Mid the high rushes, croaking tales of love
 To some young birdlet flirting by his side,
 While he fished minnows from the passing tide.

Ah! those were days, when laughter echoed round,
 And health and spirits cheered the jovial throng,
 When hearts beat quickly at the bugle-sound,
 And 'squires of old their hunters shoved along;
 What, though they went not over so much ground
 As modern Nimrods;—there was nothing wrong,
 If they preferred a steady, quiet pace,
 In lieu of turning hunting to a race.

And then, at eve, the 'squire would gather near
 The cheerful blaze the scions of his house,
 The butler draw the foaming cans of beer,
 The parson squeeze the limes for a carouse,
 And music breathe, the youthful hearts to cheer,
 While others fed on venison, hares, and grouse;
 Nor was love wanting to fill up the scene,
 Beneath the mistletoe and holly green.

But times are altered: now behold, at nine,
 The Melton dandy rises to partake,
 His matutinal tea and toast—in fine,
 The washy breakfast of a modern rake.
 Your "fine old English gentleman" would dine,
 What time fair ladies now their luncheons make:
 Long days of early rising were the fruit,
 Beside full many a long wet night to boot.

And that was something, for they liked to take
 Their time, whene'er they had a thing in hand;
 They had no notion with the cloth to break
 Up from the table, while a man could stand
 And toast his "king and country," and could slake
 His thirst in magnums of "the oldest brand;"
 And if he chose to strain his voice to sing,
 'Twas reckoned quite the gentlemanly thing.

They had no operas: but a good old play,
 At Christmas time, was got up in the hall,
 There was no—"Pray excuse me," "Yea," and "Nay;"
 All took a part; old, young, both great and small;
 And if it so fell out, as in our day,
 Young maids would trip, and, tripping, haply fall,
 No prying overseer's keen nose's tip
 Poked in, to scent the nature of the slip.

All things are changed : boys ape the man, at school ;
 The very urchins smoke along the street ;
 All ancient laws are held in ridicule,
 And grim policemen walk the watchman's beat ;
 " You must move on ! " is now the golden rule ;
 No matter whom you wish to stop and greet ;
 " Move on ! " they cry, " no words, no altercation,
 Or we'll provide you with another *station*."

It was not thus some dozen years ago,
 When, as St. Martin's clock announced the time,
 In good array, with measured step, and slow,
 We Charleys mustered at the well-known chime :
 The watch-house crib was anything but low ;
 Quite unconnected with plebeian crime,
 It was a place of *ton* and fashion, then,
 In vogue among great folks and noblemen.

None are so blind as those who will not see,
 And none so deaf as those who will not hear !
 With both which maxims I, for one, agree ;
 At least I practised them for many a year :
 If lamps and knockers suffered in a spree,
 Who could suppose *I* always should be near ?
 Was it in reason, if " larks " were afloat,
 That Charley should not sometimes *catch a note* ?

I have seen windows shattered at a blow ;
 Linch-pins extracted, and the Jarveys floored ;
 Bell-handles twisted, antique signs laid low,
 And all the parish gas-pipes quaintly bored.
 Those were the days, when it was reckoned " slow,"
 Homeward to wend, unless drunk as a lord ;
 But now, I'm told, that only one or two
 Go the whole hog, as once *all* used to do.

'Tis no good grieving : but I can't but pause
 To think, next morn, when trudging to " the Beak,"
 How the crisp flimseys crackled 'gainst my paws,
 Prompting my tongue, in mod'rate words to speak ;
 And sure it was I ever found some cause
 To make the charge indefinite and weak ;
 Could I be silent, when a few white lies
 Might cause a settlement—or *compromise* ?

But that is o'er : the parish took my coat,
 My rattle hangs in some churchwarden's room ;
 I and my brethren all are turned afloat,
 Buried in one unmitigable doom.
 My staff and lantern sail in the same boat ;
 No more with gin and beer my nose shall bloom ;
 The New Police, with sticking-plaster hats,
 Have now sole licences to *do* the flats.

Then, when I die—as probably I must—
 In this said parish, where I held my sway,
 When in a coffin they enclose my dust,
 My watchman's coat shall shroud my frigid clay ;
 And, 'stead of having pomp or marble bust,
 To shew how once I had it all my way,
 I'll have my rattle laid upon my pall,
 To grace the worn-out Charley's funeral.

RATHCOOLE (IRELAND) STEEPLE-CHASE MEETING.

Parvum parva decet. Mihi jam non regia Roma
 Sed vacuum Tibur placet aut imbelles Tarentum.

AMID the excitement of more stirring events, we must not forget the humbler interests of the minor sections into which the great sporting body is divided. I am not one of your commercial sportsmen, who look upon a race only through the pages of their betting-book, and examine a horse's points merely with a view to the "state of the odds." I betake myself to the racing-ground to look at the hedges which the horses are crossing, not to calculate the means by which I may "hedge" out of some awkward speculation. I love the quiet provincial race-meeting, where "turf business" can scarcely be said to have a home; but where, if the business be bad, the racing, at least, is tolerable; if speculation be dull, amusement is afoot and full of life. I love to amuse myself with the long-cherished speculations of the simple peasantry, and to witness the honest heartiness with which they set themselves down, in predetermined happiness, to enjoy the "sport" to which they have been looking forward through many a busy, and otherwise cheerless, day. It gladdens my heart to see, at the approach of the long-expected hour,

" the ploughman leave
 Th' unfinished furrow; and his bleating flocks
 No more the shepherd's care; men, boys, and girls
 Desert th' unpeopled village, and wild crowds
 Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet phrensy seized!"

The reader, however, has my permission to turn, in the first instance, to the "Dunchurch," or the "Liverpool," provided he refuse not to follow me to a lowlier scene; but one, like the fountain in the great square of Abdera, equally important in the eyes of those whom it immediately concerned.

The morning of Wednesday, February 26th, was one of intense anxiety to the sporting community of Rathcoole and its neighbourhood. Their Cup, already twice won, was on the eve of being wrested from them, in the third year of its existence; and the difficulty, owing to some peculiar circumstances, of re-establishing the race naturally added to the concern with which the event was regarded. The winner in the two previous years, Mr. Rutherford's Paddy Whack, continued to be the favourite. His competitors, three in number, though known as hunters of considerable promise, were yet untried in the arduous

arena of the Steeple Chase : and friend as well as foe seemed, by their blank looks, to say that the days of their Cup were already numbered with the past.

How far this confidence was carried, on the part of Paddy Whack's backers, may be gathered from a slip of paper, announcing the result by anticipation, which I picked up upon the ground ; and which, like the trophies of the expectant conqueror of Marathon, had been brought ready-made to the field. It appears to have been prepared for insertion in the morning journals ; and, as it is not without some humour, I think it fair that it should be permitted to see the light :—

“ OBITUARY OF THE RATHCOOLE CUP.

“ At three o'clock on Wednesday, February 26, in the ‘ Piper's Meadow,’ Rathcoole, the Rathcoole Subscription Cup, universally regretted by the surrounding population. The lamented individual thus prematurely cut off, had scarcely reached the third year of its existence. For the last twelve months its state of health has been extremely precarious—in fact, almost utterly hopeless ; a desperate effort has been made to call in ‘ the Doctor’ (an allusion, I suppose to some horse expected to start) ; but the list of pre-(sub)scriptions not being filled up, it was ‘ no go’ with the wary Doctor. For the last fortnight its strength has been rapidly ebbing away ; and so desperate was its condition, this morning, that there scarce needed a Whack to terminate its existence.”

Such was the disheartening prospect when the trumpet called to the post—

Mr. Rutherford's br. h. Paddy Whack, aged (owner)	..	12 st. 6 lb.
Mr. Sheil's ch. m. Victoria, four-years old, (Mr. Poole)		10 st. 4 lb.
Mr. Melia's ch. m. Primrose, four-years old (Mr. Murphy)		10 st. 4 lb.
Mr. Byrne's br. h. Heart of Oak, five-years old (owner)		11 st. 4 lb.

The appearance of the horses went to confirm the general fears of Paddy Whack's success. He is a handsome brown horse, extremely well put together, a first-rate fencer, and, from his peculiar knack of getting away after his leap, almost as fast over a country as on the flat. He has been a successful steeple-chase horse ; and, as he passed me by, and my eye scanned the depth and solidity of muscle which his hind quarters displayed, my only hope was that, perhaps, time (for he has long passed the grand climacteric) had begun to tell upon his apparently faultless legs, and to make his jumping, and *especially a down leap*, less comfortable than it was “ when he was young.” Perhaps, whispered Hope, his master having neglected Horace's kind-hearted advice,

Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum,

may find that, retained too long in the ungrateful service,

Peccat ad extremum ridendus,

I was right. They got away pretty well together ; save that, at the first leap, Victoria (whose rider, though a bold hunting horseman, was making his *début* as a steeple-chaser) was completely thrown out by a bolt. When they passed me in the third field—Heart of Oak well first, Whack second, Primrose third, and Victoria far behind—I began to imagine that the first-named horse, a remarkably tight, low-weight hunter, and obviously well within himself, had the race his own, without difficulty. But his jock seemed anything but comfortable on his

back ; his seat being of that undecided class, which, even in its best time, may appear—

—— jamjam lapsura, cadentique
Adsimilis.

And so it proved. In returning to a river, which, in going out, they had all cleared well (much in the same order, save that Victoria was gradually, and without effort, gathering-in her distance), Heart of Oak thought proper to realize the prediction. The “jamjam” became “now”—the “adsimilis” was converted into a reality: he stopt short upon the brink, and his rider was hurled into the river with a splash, which almost left it dry for the rest to gallop through! Confound it! that hedge, for a moment, shuts them out from view. Ay, there they are again—Paddy first; Primrose a-dropping second; Victoria, who seems to be making a quiet push, gaining steadily at every stride; and Heart of Oak—nowhere! Ha, this is a yawner, and will try the young ones! But no, they are all well over; Victoria creeping up at a pace which satisfies me that she is still within her speed. On they come—

O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and top
The thorny-twining hedge.

The next jump was a trifle, and Paddy Whack seemed to maintain his ground, if not to gain, in crossing. But stay; we are coming to a sturdy “drop;” let us see how he will manage it.

I was right in my conjecture. The cautious veteran, consulting his venerable toes, bolted on the top of the bank; and although his rider, to whom this appeared no unusual phenomenon, lost no time in getting him round again, Victoria was over before him. And now there remained but one jump; nor was it a severe one. But, unluckily, in the hurry of the pace, the mare, by a slight mistake, lost her advantage, and Whack gained the winning field fully two lengths before her. The close of the heat was one of the most beautiful sights I ever witnessed; the pace, for steeple-chasing, was amazingly good: and yet the mare at every stride visibly diminished her distance; nor did Paddy feel secure in his position: the whip was plied briskly in all quarters; still she continues to gain upon him; ten yards more, and the race is hers. Will no one move back the post? Alas! no; the space is too brief with such a start; he wins by half a neck. So closely, indeed, was it run, that the judge, owing to some accident, not having been on the precise spot, the heat was necessarily suffered to remain undecided.

Both the subsequent heats were won by Mr. Sheil's mare, whom, after the race, he named *Victoria*, amid shouts of honest exultation from those for whom she had saved their Cup, almost given up in despair. She is a bright chestnut—under-sized, but very beautiful, singularly steady at her fences, and of excellent speed. From the killing pace at which the thing was run, I have no doubt she gave Paddy a *whack*-ing, much more likely to lead to his own “obituary” than that of the Cup, which his friends thus prematurely represented as having been demolished by a **WHACK**.

**THE WATERLOO COURSING MEETING,
OVER ALT CAR, NEAR LIVERPOOL;
ON THE FOURTH AND SIXTH OF MARCH.**

THE popularity of the leash grows with every season: never before was the taste for coursing so general as it now is; never, certainly, were its prospects so cheering and full of promise. The meeting at Altcar, during the late month, was one of the most brilliant of the year; the attendance, for number and character, was probably never surpassed; the sport, particularly on the last day, all that could be desired. Placed centrally for the great studs of the North and South, and offering prizes, brilliant in amount, and of admirable arrangement, the Waterloo, if it be not now, soon must be the most influential of all the coursing meetings in Great Britain. In eulogizing the arrangement of the prizes, I would more particularly point out the reservation of a bonus of £170 from the great Subscription Cup, to be run for under the denomination of the Altcar Stakes, by the sixteen dogs beaten in the first round. Nothing can be more excellent than this. Everybody knows the many accidents by which the greyhound's success is jeopardied, as well as by the superiority of his opponent. A dog, probably, is blinked before he is clear of the slips; and what a bitter mortification is it for a man, who has brought a crack from a remote district, at great expense, to be, by a mere chance, deprived even of a trial for gain or glory. How many of the most distinguished patrons of this sport were attracted from every part of the kingdom—and how many distinguished themselves on the field of Waterloo, the returns of the running will shew. It is my purpose to give an outline of all that struck me as worthy of notice, and to offer a practical hint or two, which may be usefully adopted at other places.

Fears that the flying frosts, which, in several parts of the country, put a partial stop to the sports of the field in the early part of the month, would make a postponement of the March festivities at Liverpool necessary, had the effect, no doubt, of keeping away many amateur visitors; but the business division mustered its full complement. The prefatory dinner at the Waterloo, on Tuesday, (what *can* John Bull attempt, in the way of business or pleasure, with an abhorrent void in the ventricle?) was attended by as zealous and sporting a party as ever boded well for the object which had called such a company together. The entries having been effected, the drawing commenced; preceded, however, by a discussion as to the propriety of adopting certain precautionary measures, where parties had more than one nomination; a proposition which was, ultimately, negatived. Before the breaking up, the odds stood thus, upon the draw for the Cup:—

6 to 4 on Empress.
Even between Lady and Streamer.
6 to 4 on Mutineer.
11 to 10—Tippoo.
6 to 4 — Emperor.
5 to 4 — Dart.
5 to 4 — Maiden Queen.
6 to 4 — Clayton Lass.

2 to 1 on Marquis.
5 to 4 — Busy.
6 to 4 — Kenwigs.
Even between Fly and Executer.
5 to 4 on Earwig.
5 to 4 — Magic.
Even between Touchstone and Skylark
5 to 4 on Ambassador.

And thus for THE PURSE :—

5 to 4 on Bendigo.

Even between Major and Brenda.

Even between Castle Carey and Tschort.

5 to 4 on Hector.

6 to 4 on Hempseed.

Even between My Lord and Mat.

6 to 4 on Mealman.

No betting betw. Victory and Enterprise.

Wednesday, all sunshine and life, dawned full of promise. Nothing could be finer than the condition of the ground; and the whole arrangement, as last year, was perfect. A scene more full of animation and interest cannot be conceived: here and there were scattered groups of dashing, superbly-mounted equestrians, miniature racing teams, in their various array, and bands of pedestrians, admitted by tickets to the coursing-ground. A little before noon the first brace was slipped for the Cup; the first ties for which, together with the draw for the Purse, constituted the day's running. I have already said that it was not of a first-rate character, though some superior courses occurred. The Yorkshire and Norfolk dogs were sadly puzzled by the drains, over which they threw themselves as much in elevation as in length. Although the courses were short and easy (the hares, almost without exception, proving neither stout nor stanch), there were some awful falls. There were also some *mal-apropos* casualties among the favourites; such, for example, as when Kenwigs and Violet were unsighted, the starting of a second hare, who gave them a most trying course. On the whole, everybody seemed satisfied, and the day closed with anxious anticipations for the eventful Friday. I could not help musing, as we returned to Liverpool, upon a question which frequently suggested itself to me during the day, and with increased emphasis when, at the request of his owner, I examined a young dog, the property of Mr. Fowler, the proprietor of Executrix—How does the present taste for breeding greyhounds with extraordinary power and substance further any of the objects of the public courser? Half the dogs put into the slips appear as if they were bred to carry weight, or pull down a moose-deer: speed and wind are the sole properties required in an animal, the extent of whose exertion may be some three or four courses during the day,—over ground, too, carefully selected, as possessing the greatest racing facilities. Without any hyperbole, Mr. Fowler's white dog would carry Howlett or Billy Day cleverly with foxhounds: what size gives in stride, it more than takes away in diminished readiness at turning—of all qualities the most winning for a greyhound.

The weather, on Friday, was even more propitious than on Wednesday, and the ground in still better order. The sport, too, was infinitely superior, some of the courses being as fine specimens of speed, bottom, and style of running as ever were seen; the home party had it almost wholly their own way, Lancashire keeping the first and second Cup prizes, and the Waterloo Purse, in the county. The running of Countess, however, warrants the very general impression, that she would have been thereabouts for the Cup, but for an "untoward event" that immediately followed her course with Executrix. Having defeated her opponent, after a severe tussle, the hare took to cover, where she blinked them: returning to the outside, Countess viewed a fresh hare, and, single-handed, ran her a most trying burst. Her next trial was also unusually severe, and her defeat was far from a decisive one.

It is time to bring this notice to a close ; and I cannot do so with a better wind-up than the statement, that the promise for next year bids fair to place the ensuing anniversary upon a higher footing than any of its predecessors. Subjoined, I give you a sample of the method in which the return-lists were made out,—a plan as much recommended by its simplicity as its convenience.

WATERLOO CUP,

Mr. B. Robinson's r. b. Empress	} Empress ...	} Lady.....	} Fingal	} Emperor
Mr. Eden'sbk. d. Skyrocket.....	} Lady.....			
Mr. J. King na.r. d. Streamer.....	} Lady.....	} Fingal.....	} Emperor	
Mr. Allen'sr. and w. b. Lady.....	} Mutineer..			
Mr. Moore's.....brin. d. Mutineer.....	} Mutineer..	} Fingal.....	} Emperor	
Mr. Williamson's. bl. b. Cruiskeen	} Fingal			
Lord Talbot'sr. d. Tipoo	} Fingal	} Emperor	} Emperor	
Lord Eglinton'sbl. d. Fingal.....	} Emperor ...			
Mr. H. Hornby's...w. & brin. d. Helmsman.....	} Emperor ...	} Emperor	} Emperor	
Mr. Easterby's.....bk. d. Emperor	} Dart			
Mr. Jas. Bake'sr. d. Skimmer.....	} Dart	} Isabella ...	} Earwig	
Mr. J. Robinson na. f. d. Dart	} Mango			
Mr. Swan na.....bk. b. Maiden Queen.....	} Mango	} Isabella ...	} Earwig	
Mr. Calvert's.....bk. d. Mango	} Isabella ...			
Mr. Harriott'sbk. and w. b. Isabella.....	} Isabella ...	} Countess ...	} Earwig	
Mr. Reid na.....w. & brin. b. Clayton Lass	} Countess ...			
Lord Stradbroke's..bk. d. Marquis.....	} Countess ...	} Countess	} Earwig	
Mr. Harper na.....bk. and w. b. Countess	} Busy.....			
Mr. A. Graham's..bk. d. Oyes, Oyes, Oyes.	} Busy.....	} Countess	} Earwig	
Mr. N. Blundell's..r. b. Busy	} Violet			
Mr. Bauge'sbk. d. Kenwigs	} Violet	} Executrix	} Earwig	
Mr. Elliot'sbrin. and w. b. Violet.....	} Executrix			
Mr. Kearsley's.....w. and f. b. Fly	} Executrix	} Earwig ...	} Earwig	
Mr. Fowler's.....bk. b. Executrix.....	} Earwig.....			
Mr. Craven na.....w. and f. d. Hylax	} Earwig.....	} Twist	} Earwig	
Mr. Easterby's.....bk. d. Earwig	} Twist			
Mr. Machell'sr. d. Magic	} Twist	} Touchstone	} Rose.....	
Mr. Elliot'sbk. and w. d. Twist	} Touchstone			
Mr. Slater'sr. d. Touchstone	} Touchstone	} Rose.....	} Rose.....	
Lord Eglinton's.....r. b. Skylark.....	} Rose.....			
Mr. Edward's bl. d. Ambassador (late Selim)	} Rose.....			
Mr. J. Ball's.....r. b. Rose.....	} Rose.....			

☞ The return of the running will be found in the Coursing Register, at the end of the Number.

THE DERBY AND OAKS.

A SYNOPSIS of the Derby and Oaks for 1840 ; containing the performances of all the Nominations in those Stakes up to the 1st of April.

THE DERBY.

WEDNESDAY, June 3.—Renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb., last mile and a half ; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes ; and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of additional police officers ; Stakes to be made to Messrs. Weatherby, in London, as usual (145 subscribers).

	Won.	Lost.
Albemarle's, Lord, ch. c. Exit, by Vanish, out of Miss Tree	1
_____ b. c. Janus, by Jerry, out of Destiny, by Centaur	1
_____ b. c. Cambyzes, by Camel, out of Antiope	2
_____ ch. c. The Orphan, by Actæon, out of Clansman's dam	1
Allen's, Mr., br. c. by Belshazzar, out of Acklam Lass		
_____ ch. c. by Belshazzar, out of Lady Newton		
_____ ch. c. by Belshazzar, dam by Langar, grandam by Cervantes, out of the Juggler's dam		
_____ ch. c. Fitzroy, by Belshazzar	1 4
_____ ch. c. Fitz-Alice, by Belshazzar, out of Alice, by Langar		
_____ ch. c. by Belshazzar, out of Jenny Sutton, by Soothsayer		

	Won.	Lost.
Anson's, Col., f. Black Bess, by Camel, out of Cloudesley's dam		
_____ c. Nicholas, by Jerry, out of Olive	1	3
Armitage's, Mr., ch. c. by Velocipede, out of Alice, by Phantom		
_____ ch. c. Greysteel, by Velocipede, out of Nonplus's dam		
Batson's, Mr., ch. f. by Plenipotentiary, out of Acacia		
Bentinck's, Lord G., b. c. Dreadnought		
_____ gr. c. Grey Milton	2	
_____ br. c. Marmot (dead), by the Colonel, out of Mus's dam		
_____ gr. c. Bagdad, brother to Aleppo		
_____ ch. c. Capote, by Velocipede, out of Mantilla (reed. ft. 1)	3	4
_____ ch. c. Bonnet Rouge, by Langar, out of Chapeau de Paille		
_____ br. c. Seraglio, by Plenipotentiary, out of Pastime		
Bigg's, Mr., ch. c. Thessalus, by Sir Hercules, out of Miss Badsley, by Middleton	1	
Bleeck's, Mr., ch. c. Warminster, by Ishmael, out of Malvina		
Booth's, Mr. T., ch. c. by Langar, dam (foaled in 1830) by Confederate, out of Primrose (foaled in 1818) by Clinker—Justice, out of Parsley, by Pot80's		
_____ c. Prince Albert, by Langar, out of Primrose (foaled in 1818) by Clinker—Justice—Parsley, by Pot80's		
Bowes's, Mr., b. c. Black Beck, by Mulatto, out of Mundig's dam ..	1	
_____ c. The Wizard of Wemmergill, by Curtius, out of Gibside Fairy	1	
_____ ch. c. Bob Major, by Tomboy, out of Chorister's dam		
_____ b. c. Morgan Rattler, by Velocipede, out of Mrs. Bang-up		
_____ c. Middleham, by Memnon Junior, out of Amulet, by Jerry	1	
Briskham's, Mr., br. c. Banquo, by Bedlamite, out of Miss Alice		
Bristow's, Mr., bl. c. Janus, by Waverley, out of Dinah	1	
Bruce's, Lord, ch. c. by Actæon, dam (foaled in 1829) by Oscar, out of Camarine's dam		
Bulkeley's, Sir R. W., ch. c. Bangor, by Battledore, out of Miss Patrick		
_____ b. c. by Physician, dam by Caccia Piatti, out of Fair Jane's dam		
Burgess's, Mr. S., br. c. by the Saddler, out of Lillian, by Lottery		
Chesterfield's, Lord, c. Molineux, by Mulatto, out of Arcot Lass		
_____ c. Gambia, by the Colonel, out Black Daphne		
Clark's, Mr., b. f. by Polygar, dam by Skim, out of Pentagon		
Combe's, Mr. H., ch. c. by Actæon, out of Cobham's dam		
_____ ch. c. by Actæon, out of Evens	1	
_____ ch. c. by Vanish, out of Pomona		
Cookes's, Mr., br. c. Chameau, by Camel		
Crawfurd's, Col., br. c. Shark, brother to Sinbad, by Priam out of Mermaid, by Whalebone	2	
Crockford's, Mr., c. by Bentley, out of Bamboo's dam		
Day's, Mr. Isaac, Mulciber, by Mulatto, out of Lady Sarah, by Tramp ..	1	
Edwards's, Mr. W., c. Assassin, by Taurus, out of Sneaker	1	1
_____ c. Cap-à-pie, brother to Drum Major, by the Colonel		
Exeter's, Lord, c. Hellespont, by Reveller, out of Marmora	2	
_____ c. Stamboul, by Reveller, out of Galata	1	6
_____ c. by Sultan, out of Velvet		
_____ c. Amurath, by Sultan, out of Marinella		
_____ c. by Sultan, out of Datura		
_____ c. by Jerry, out of Lucetta		
_____ c. by Sultan, out of Ramona		
Fairlie's, Mr. J. O., ch. c. Ambassador, by Plenipotentiary, out of Ayesha, by Sultan.		
Gardnor's, Capt., ch. c. by Actæon, out of Wings		
Goddard's, Mr., b. c. Columella, by Emilius, out of Ophelia		
_____ b. c. Partridge, by Emilius, out of Wild Duck, by Whisker out of Shoveler		
Grafton's, Duke of, ch. c. Ottoman, by Plenipotentiary, out of Whizgig		
Gregson's, Mr., b. c. brother to Charlatan, by Physician, dam by Soothsayer		
Greville's, Mr., ch. c. Perseus, by Emilius, out of Victoire	2	
Grosvenor's, Gen., c. by Maple, out of Myrtilla		
Heathcote's, Sir G., b. c. Bokhara, by Samarcand, out of Zenobia, by Whalebone		

Won. Lost.

Heathcote's, Sir G., ch. c. Uzbek, by Samarcand, out of Paradigm, by Partisan		
_____ b. c. Sophocles, by Laurel, out of Bertha, by Reveller	1	
_____ b. c. Camello, by Camel, out of Shirine, by Blacklock		
Hebden's, Mr. B., b. c. Isaac of York, by Mulatto, out of Van, by Ivanhoe		
Herbert's, Mr. S., br. c. by Sultan, out of Charlotte West		
Houldsworth's, Mr., b. or br. c. Confederate, by Velocipede, out of Miss Maltby		
Jersey's, Lord, c. Glenorchy, by Glencoe, out of Cobweb		
_____ c. Muley Ishmael, by Ishmael, out of Filagree		
Kelburne's, Lord, ch. c. by Retainer, out of Emilia, by Abjer (pd. ft.1)	..	4
Kirby's, Mr., b. c. Malay by Mulatto, out of Melody, by Bustard	..	1
Knight's, Mr., c. by Buzzard, out of Margaret, by Wrangler	..	4
Lichfield's, Lord, c. by Belzoni, out of Zillah		
_____ Firefly, sister to Phosphorus	..	2
Nevill's, Mr., ch. c. Merry Pebbles, by Saracen, out of Lady Canford, by Catton		
_____ ch. c. Cupid, by Saracen, dam by Castrel, out of Stingtail by Gohanna		
_____ ch. c. by Velocipede, out of Amadou, by Sultan		
_____ b. f. Cristinetta, by Saracen, out of Mandadinè, by Filho da Puta		
Nowell's, Mr., br. c. Meerut, brother to Margrave		
_____ ch. c. brother to Dick, by Muley, dam by Comus		
_____ br. c. by Muley, out of Rosalia, by Walton, out of Rosanne		
_____ br. c. Drayton, by Muley, out of Prima Donna (the dam of Moloch)		
_____ b. c. Snoozer, by Muley, out of Bequest, by Election	..	2
_____ ch. c. by Muley, out of Souvenir's dam		
_____ b. c. Little Wonder, by Muley, out of Marvel's dam		
_____ b. c. by Muley, dam by Longwaist, out of Young Duchess, by Walton		
_____ b. c. by Muley, out of Venus, by Lottery		
_____ b. c. by Muley, out of Solace, by Longwaist	..	1
_____ b. c. Cormorant, by Bustard, out of Heron's and Doncaster's dam		
Orford's, Lord, c. by Clearwell, out of Angelica		
_____ c. Foundling, by Clearwell, out of Schedam		
_____ b. c. by Reveller, out of Chapeau de Paille; bought of Mr. Tattersall		
_____ c. by Reveller, out of The Etching		
_____ b. c. by Velocipede, out of Goldpin		
Osbaldeston's, Mr., c. by The Saddler, out of The Fairy Queen's dam		
_____ sister to Alexandrina		
_____ c. by The Saddler, dam by Granby, out of Matilda's dam (foaled in 1832)		
Parkin's, Mr., br. c. Naworth, by Liverpool, dam by Emilius, out of Surprise	2	
Peel's, Col., b. c. St. Swithin, by Velocipede, or St. Nicholas, out of Fille de Joie	2	
Powlett's, Mr. Orde, b. c. by Liverpool, out of Miss Fanny's dam, by Orville		
_____ br. c. Hawkesbury, by Liverpool, out of Miss Fanny, by Walton	..	1
Prince's, Mr., gr. c. Merle, by Clearwell, out of Mischance, by Merlin (brought once to the post but would not start)		
Rayner's, Mr., br. c. Diplomatist, by Plenipotentiary, out of the sister to Cactus (foaled in 1832)		
Robinson's, Mr., b. c. St. Andrew, by Langar, out of Calista, by St. Patrick		
Rutland's, Duke of, c. Crazy-boy, by Tomboy, out of Bessy Bedlam		
Sadler's, Mr., br. c. European, brother to Bulwark		
_____ ch. c. Defendant, by Defence, out of Lady Stumps	..	2
_____ br. c. Protector, by Defence, out of Euryone, by Reveller	..	3
_____ ch. c. Petulant, by Defence, out of Pet (walked over 1)	..	1
Scott's, Mr. John, ch. c. by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam, by Blucher	..	1
_____ b. c. Mayboy, by Lambtonian, out of Lincoln's dam by Tramp.		
Smith's, Mr. H. J., ch. c. Vapour, by Glencoe, out of Apparition, by Comus		
_____ b. c. Somerford, by Sertorius (the Sire of Elizabeth, out of Pentagon) out of Rigmarol		
_____ Mr. J., b. c. Richmond, by Memnon Junior, out of Henrietta, by Jerry.	..	2

	Won.	Lost.
Smith's, Mr. Assheton, gr. c. Torres Vedras, by Defence, dam by Comus, grandam by Sancho, out of Vesta, by Delpini		
Stephenson's, Mr., c. by Camel, dam by Sultan, grandam by the Napoleon Arabian	..	2
Stirling's, Mr. T. H., ch. c. Coronation, by Actæon, out of Electa
Stradbroke's, Lord, b. c. Algy, by Jerry, dam Louisa, by Orville, out of Quadrille	..	2
Taylor's, Mr. G., b. f. Levinna, by Young Longwaist, dam by Blacklock, grandam by Whisker		
Theobald's, Mr., ch. c. Fearnought, by Tarrare, out of Bobadilla		
Thompson's, Mr., ch. f. Sovereign Lady, by Priam, out of Her Majesty	..	1
Thornhill's, Mr., ch. c. by Emilius, out of Misrule	..	1
_____ b. c. Theon, by Emilius, out of Maria, by Whisker	..	2
_____ ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce	..	5
_____ ch. c. by Emilius, out of Y. Maniac		
_____ ch. f. Emetic, sister to Preserve		
Vaine's, Mr., b. c. by Defensive, dam by Sertorius, grandam by Petworth (half bred)		
Verulam's, Lord, br. c. by Jerry, dam, Corumba, by Filho da Puta, out of Brocard (foaled in 1832)		
_____ ch. c. Carlos, by Ishmael, out of Brocard		
Walker's, Mr., b. c. Lanner, by Velocipede, out of Cotillon		
Weguelin's, Mr. J. C. Rees, b. c. by Discount, dam by Belzoni (foaled in 1831) out of Flora's dam, by Hit-or-Miss		
Westminster's, Lord, Launcelot, bro. to Touchstone (walked over 1, recd. ft. 1)	1	1
_____ b. c. Maroon, by Mulatto, out of Miss Giles		
Williamson's, Capt., c. The Iman, by The Colouel, out of an Arabian mare; bought at the Hampton Court sale in 1837		
Willis's Mr., br. f. Lama, by Sir Hercules, out of Blue Stockings		
Wilson's, Mr., c. (dead) by Mulatto, out of Silvertail		
_____ c. Hill Coolie, by Mulatto, dam (foaled in 1829) by Figaro, out of Cora	..	4
Worrall's, Mr., b. c. Reindeer, by Vanish, out of Fawn		
Wreford's, Mr., b. c. Wardan, by Glencoe, out of Margellina (walked over 1)	3	
Wyndham's, Col. G., ch. c. by Nonsense, dam (foaled in 1830) by Muley, out of Harriet, by Selim		
_____ b. c. by Nonsense, out of Gift, by Y. Gohanna.		

THE OAKS.

FRIDAY, 5th.—A renewal of the Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; all other conditions as for the Derby (103 subscribers).

	Won.	Lost.
Albermarle's, Lord, ch. f. Iris, by Cain, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow	..	3
_____ bl. f. Olive-branch, by Plenipotentiary, out of Ally	..	1
_____ b. f. Spangle, by Cræsus, out of Variella, by Blacklock	..	1
_____ b. f. Clove, by Cain, out of Perfume	..	4
Allen's, Mr., b. f. Pelisse, by Belshazzar, out of Madame Pelerine		
Ambrose's, Mr., b. f. by Agreeable, dam by Woful (foaled in 1824) out of Phantom, by Hambletonian		
_____ br. f. by Agreeable, out of Caradori, by Centaur		
Anson's, Col., Black Bess, by Camel, out of Cloudesley's dam.		
Armitage's, Mr., ch. f. by Velocipede, out of Monica, by Lottery		
Batson's, Mr., ch. f. by Plenipotentiary, out of Acacia		
_____ br. f. Plenary, own sister to Plenipotentiary		
_____ b. f. Barbakin, by Plenipotentiary, out of Saffi		
Bell's, Mr., b. f. La Femme Sage, by Gainsborough, out of Golden-drop's dam	..	4
Bentinck's, Lord G., b. f. Giggler, by Tomboy, out of Duchess of York		
_____ ch. f. Blue Devils, by Velocipede, out of Care		
_____ br. f. Caudle (dead) by Tomboy, out of Tesane		
_____ b. f. Crucifix, by Priam, out of Carmelite's dam (walked over once, and ran one dead heat)	..	7

	Won.	Lost.
Berkeley's, Mr. A. F., br. f. Trifle, by Nonsense, dam by Edmund, out of The Gimmer		
Bland, Mr. jun.'s, br. f. Miss Betsy, by Plenipotentiary, out of Emilian's dam		
Bower's, Mr., f. by Langar, out of Lady Stafford's dam		
— ch. f. by Langar, out of Lady Stafford
Bowes's, Mr., b. f. Corinna, by Mulatto, out of Barbara, by The Laird	..	1
Briskham's, Mr., ch. f. Vermilion, by Bedlamite, dam by Blacklock, out of Physician's dam	..	4
Bristow's, Mr., br. f. Rose Bradwardine, by Waverley, out of Mary, by Friday		
Bulkeley's, Mr. G., b. or br. f. by Emilius, dam, Christabel, by Woful		
— Sir R. W., br. or b. f. by Birdcatcher, out of Jemima, by Count Porro		
— ch. f. Jenny Jones, by Birdcatcher, out of Mrs. Suggs		
Chesterfield's, Lord, by Priam, out of Rowton's dam		
— sister to Industry		
Clark's, Mr., b. f. by Polygar, dam by Skim, out of Pentagon		
Dilly's, Mr. M., b. f. Katherine, by Camel, out of Jenny Vertpré		
Dockeray's, Mr., gr. f. by Y. Wanderer (by Wanderer, out of Eleanor, by Election), out of Grey Agnes, by President	..	1
Exeter's, Lord, f. by Reveller, out of Green Mantle		
— br. f. Siliustria, by Reveller, out of Varna		
— ch. f. by Beiram, out of Augusta's dam		
Firth's, Mr., b. or ro. f. Wilderness, by Camel, out of Xarifa, by Moses	..	1 2
Fowler's, Mr., b. f. Lallah Rookh, by Defence, out of Leila, by Waterloo (came in first for a sixth, but ran on the wrong side of a post)	..	5
Gardnor's, Capt., b. f. Remorse, by Cain, out of Cinderella, by Whalebone		
— f. by Cain, out of Ada (sister to Augusta)		
— ch. f. by Count Porro, out of Mopsy		
Grafton's, Duke of, b. f. Liffey (dead) by Jerry, out of Dublin		
— b. f. Currency, by St. Patrick, out of Oxygen	..	2
Greatrex's, Mr., b. f. Pucahontas, by Glencoe, out of Marpessa	..	1 2
Grosvenor's, Gen., f. Diploma, by Plenipotentiary, out of Icaria	..	1
— f. Bounty, by Mulatto, out of Charity		
— f. by Maple, out of Gaiety		
Heathcote's, Sir G., b. f. by Emilius, out of Nannette, sister to Glaucus		
— ch. f. by Velocipede, out of Stately		
— b. f. by Huntington, out of Beauty, by Blacklock		
Herbert's, Mr. S., b. f. by Mulatto, out of Carnaby's dam		
Hesseltine's, Mr., b. f., Slashing Molly, sister to Slashing Harry		
Hill's, Lieut.-Col., b. f. by Langar, out of Alfred's dam, by Clinker		
Houldsworth's, Mr., h. f. Brunette, by Mulatto, out of Persian		
Jersey's, Lord, f. by Sultan, out of Trampoline		
— f. by Glencoe, out of Ishmael's dam		
Lichfield's, Lord, Firefly, sister to Phosphorus	..	3
— sister to Hector	..	1
Nevill's, Mr., b. f. Christinetta, by Saracen, out of Mandadiné, by Filho da Putá		
Osbaldeston's, Mr., sister to Alexandrina		
— f. by Belshazzar, dam by Whalebone, grandam by Frolic, out of Camel's dam		
Osborne's, Mr., f. May-day, by Turcoman, out of Pleiad		
Orton's, Mr., J. W., b. f. Crazy Peggy, by Bedlamite, dam by Brutendorf, out of Scancataldi, by Sancho		
Phillipson's, Mr. J. B., f. Hoax, by Glencoe, out of sister to Romana (Fre- derica's dam)		
Price's, Mr. F. R., br. f. The Rose of Maelor, by Pantaloon, or The Tulip, out of Valve, by Bob Booty		
Rayner's, Mr., br. f. by Velocipede, out of Young Kean's dam		
Ray's, Mr., br. f. by Taurus, dam by Centaur, out of Problem		
Richmond's, Duke of, br. f. Sherbet, by Plenipotentiary, out of Hock's dam		
Roberts's, Mr., ch. f. by Plenipotentiary, dam by Whisker, out of Cloudesley's dam		
Rogers's, Mr., f. Caution, by Glaucus, out of Guardsman's dam		

	Won.	Lost.
Rush's, Mr., b. f. by Camel, dam, Bangtail, by Phantom, out of Discord, (foaled in 1828)		
Rutland's, Duke of, f. Scintilla, by Taurus, out of Flame's dam	..	1
Scott's, Mr. J., ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle, by Ashton		
———— ch. f. by Langar, out of Melrose's dam, by Whisker		
———— Mr. W., br. f. own sister to Hornsea		
Shelley's, Mr. J. V., b. or br. f. Adah, by Rubini, or Cain, out of Sultana, sister to Sultan	..	2
Smith's, Mr. Assheton, br. f. Japonica, by Camel, out of Morotto's dam		
———— ch. f. Glimpse, by Glencoe, out of Emiliانا		
Squire's, Mr., ch. f. by Buzzard, out of Minetta, by Woful		
Stanley's, Lord, b. f. Betsy Austin, by Mulatto, out of Mysinda	..	2
———— bl. f. Hoyden, by Tomboy (walked over once)	..	1
Stirling's, Mr. T. H., ch. f. Miss Matilda, by Aaron, out of Matilda, by Orville		
———— b. f. Herodia, by Aaron, out of Young Election mare		
Taylor's, Mr. G., b. f. Levinna, by Y. Longwaist, dam by Blacklock, grandam by Whisker		
Thompson's, Mr., ch. f. Sovereign Lady, by Priam, out of Her Majesty	..	1
Thornhill, Mr., na. br. f. by Emilius, out of Anne Boleyn's dam		
———— Empress, sister to Egeria		
———— Emetic, sister to Preserve		
———— b. f. Elphine, by Emilius, out of Variation	..	1
———— b. f. Lantern, by Lamplighter, dam (foaled in 1830) by Oscar, out of Camarine's dam		
Walker's, Mr. G., b. f. Gloxinia, by Glencoe, out of Pauline, by Moses	..	1
———— b. f. Kaleidoscope, by Velocipede, out of Francesca, by Partisan		
———— b. f. Maranta, by Mulatto, out of Velocity, by Blacklock		
Walters's, Mr. T., ch. f. The Rose, by Priam, out of Malibran, by Rubens	..	3
Watt's, Mr., b. f. by Belshazzar, out of Fanchon (sister to Lapdog)		
Wegulin's, Mr. J. C. Rees, br. f. own sister to Queen of Queens		
Westenra's, Col., br. f. Welfare, by Priam, out of Vat (Wedge's dam)	..	3 1
Wigram's, Mr., ch. f. Teleta, by Plenipotentiary, out of Sheereen's dam		
Williamson's, Capt., ch. f. Darkness, by Glencoe, out of Fanny, by Whisker (walked over once)	..	1 1
———— ro. f. Muscat, by Actæon, out of an Arabian mare; bought at the Hampton Court stud sale, 1837		
Willis's, Mr., br. f. Lama, by Sir Hercules, out of Blue Stockings		
Wreford's, Mr., b. f. by Glencoe, out of Victoria		
Wyndham's, Col., ch. f. by Glaucus, out of Miss Southcote, by Muley		
———— ch. f. by Nonsense, out of Elfrid (sister to Gaberlunzie).		

STEEPLE-CHASING :

ITS CRUEL AND UNSPORTSMANLIKE CHARACTER.

BY NIMROD.

It must be well known to the readers of most of the sporting periodicals, that I was never favourable to what is called steeple-racing. In fact, I have always looked upon it as the most cruel, the most unsportsmanlike, the most *cocktail* pursuit ever entered into by English gentlemen; and more especially so by that portion which comes under the denomination of real sportsmen. Each succeeding year has strengthened the force of this impression; still, although I have occasionally given vent to its influence, to a certain extent, it is now only that I am induced to speak boldly out, in consequence of

what has just taken place at Liverpool, in a disgusting exhibition of this nature, absurdly designated the "Great National Steeple-Chase." I do this without the slightest apprehension for the result, from a confidence that I shall be backed and supported in my opinion and censure by nine-tenths of the *true* sportsmen of Great Britain and Ireland.

But let me clear the way before me. I might be asked, have I not already given a detailed account of two of these exhibitions, the last of which I went all the way to Paris to see? I did. Being at Melton at the time the first took place, I wrote an account of it, and it was ably illustrated by the well-known Mr. Alken. Respecting the other, the case stood thus: I was applied to, by the Prince of Moskowa, to procure him a rider for the race in question. I had the good fortune to procure him a successful one;* and having received an invitation to visit him at his hotel in Paris, for the occasion, which afforded me an opportunity of seeing that city, and some of the best of its society, at the same time—to say nothing of the pleasure of visiting the kind-hearted Prince, I accepted it; witnessed the steeple-race, and gave a detailed account of it. I may, however, observe, that, with the exception of one, it was the last steeple-race run in France, although two years have since passed away.

It may next be asked why I had not sooner expressed my sentiments publicly respecting steeple-racing and its enormities? I answer, about six months back, I addressed two rather long letters on the subject for publication; one to the "Times," the other to the "Standard," fixing upon those papers, not so much from their general influence on public opinion, as on account of their *non-sporting* character, which would, I conceived, be the means of attracting notice beyond what might have been their fate, had they appeared in the sporting journals. But when did these letters appear? Never: the person who took charge of them to London thought proper to swallow them; that is to say, he put the letters into the fire, and the money, to pay the postage of them, into his pocket; so that they never saw the light; and, as I had no rough copies, I let the matter drop.† This explanation being afforded on my part, let us look at steeple-racing in all its bearings, and in all its repulsive forms.

In the first place, its cruelty. We can have no right or authority to call upon an animal—as we do in this case—to perform for us more than his natural powers, assisted by what is called high bodily condition, enable him to do, without extreme danger to his life, or, at least, great temporary suffering. Think of the number of excellent horses which have been sacrificed to this, miscalled, diversion! I am afraid to state the number, lest I should not be correct; but the list I possess is a long one. But these noble animals have not been sacrificed unheeded, or unlamented, by a vast portion of the public. The celebrated surgeon, of Charles-street, St. James's-square, Dr. Wardrop, obtained the heart of one of the victims—the well-known and victorious Grimaldi, who died from a rupture of it, after passing the winning-post.

* Mr. Mackenzie Gieves.

† The answer of the "Times," to my question, whether the letter ever reached their office, was to the point. It was as much as to say that it mattered not to them how many steeple-chase riders broke their necks, inasmuch as they would come within the meaning of the French proverb of "One fool the less."

“It was of uncommon dimensions,” said he to me, “larger than that of Eclipse; but it could not stand steeple-racing. It burst in the moment of victory!” Then what said Mr. Haycock to me? I mean the equally celebrated Leicestershire yeoman, one of the best sportsmen and horsemen of the day. “In the last steeple-race which I rode,” said he, “I saw three horses, engaged in it, lying on the ground in the same field, and *one, sitting up like a dog, with his back broken!* I have made up my mind *never* to ride another.” And how many horses’ backs have been broken in this infamous pursuit, I am again afraid to say; but it *must* be a case of frequent occurrence, and I will clearly shew why. From the speed at which horses are ridden in these races, at fences, of which a ditch or ditches form part,—and those often newly cut for the purpose, consequently with perpendicular sides to them,—their hind shins necessarily strike the further side, and thus are their backs broken by the shock their frame experiences, caused by the rapidity of the pace. Now, in all my experience in the hunting-field, I have only seen one hunter break her back, and I can affirm as a fact, that it is a casualty of rare occurrence in that field. Neither have I seen more than two hunters killed by accident in the chase. But if we call upon horses to do what, by their mechanical formation, they are absolutely deprived of the power of doing—that is, to take all kinds of fences at full speed, fatal accidents to them must be the result.

Let us now look at the proceedings in the late Liverpool affair. Eight horses, first-rate fencers, we may conclude, with first-rate horsemen on their backs, out of thirteen, fell in the course of the race; a plain proof that they were called upon to do what their mechanical construction disables them from doing. It is stated, that some hard riders turned up their noses at the fences in question. No doubt they did. Such men as Lords Waterford and Sefton, the Macdonalds, Sir F. Johnson, and a few others who were on the ground, have not a hunter in their stables that would not carry his owner over those fences a dozen times, without making a mistake, *giving him time to collect himself for the effort*; and I would have betted high odds on half the horses I myself have had doing the same thing with hounds, and at hounds’ pace. But the thing speaks for itself. If horses were to tumble about in the way here described, over a country, who would ride them after hounds? Why, I will answer for it, there are scores of hard-riding men, hunting regularly four and five days a-week, who do not get five falls a season. I will instance one; the first that comes across my mind, with whose style of riding I am acquainted: it is Mr. Drake, whose hounds hunt the Bicester country; the greatest portion of it very strongly fenced, and abounding with brooks; who rides well up to his hounds, and seldom misses a day’s sport. I will be bold to say *he* does not, on the average, get five falls in the year: but he does not ride at his fences at the rate of twenty miles in the hour: if he did, he would have, not five, but fifty falls in the year; because his horses, in that case, could not rise at timber and other upright fences, with any certainty of clearing them, at that speed; or support themselves, under his weight, on the landing side, at brooks and other fences of width, especially if the ground were tender, or deep, as we say in the field. But let me ask, who ever saw first-rate riders to hounds put their

horses *very fast* at fences, unless it were at brooks with doubtful opposite banks? Did Mr. Assheton Smith do so? Did Sir Bellingham Graham, Lord Lichfield, Mr. Maxse, the late Lord Forester, or any of those men who usually got nearest to hounds at starting, and kept with them to the finish, in fast things over Leicestershire, in by-gone days, or do the best men of the present time, act so unwisely? Certainly not; they pull their horses together, as the term is, to a certain extent, when approaching their fences, giving them the opportunity not only to take measure of them, before they rise, but also to collect themselves in their stroke, so as to spring chiefly from, and alight upon, as they should do, their hinder legs, instead of being obliged to perform both motions chiefly from the fore ones, which horses ridden at steeple-chase rate (twenty miles in the hour) must very often do. Compare a man with a horse, as regards the act of leaping: were the former to back himself to leap a turnpike gate, would he approach it at the top of his speed, or nearly so? Certainly not; but with a very moderate step, and with only a short run. Were he to back himself to leap a brook, he would go faster, as a horse ought to do at the same description of obstacle, though not so fast as the man, by reason of the weight on his back, which may cause him to falter, if not fall, after he has alighted on the opposite side; as well as from the fact of the centre of gravity being more easily lost in a horse with a man on his back, than in a man without anything on his.

Supposing the accounts which I have seen of the late race at Liverpool to be correct, let me examine its proceedings minutely and carefully. First, Cruikshank and Weathercock met in collision; the former falling against Weathercock, knocking off his rider, rolling upon him, &c. A pleasant start this! Next, Hasty fell, and balked The Sea, causing him to refuse, when, of course, *his* chance was out, in a race of this sort, in which four miles and a quarter of ground, with thirty fences, are said to have been passed over at the rate of a mile in three minutes. Then Valentine and Lottery *race* for the wall, when the latter fell,—and who can wonder at it? Columbine, The Nun, and Seventy-four next appear, not on the stage, but on their backs on the ground, with two of the three riders nearly killed. They wanted but a Harlequin to keep them company.

Here, then, we have presented to us eight of the thirteen horses unable to keep upon their legs, four of them falling opposite to the Grand Stand, where the ladies were placed, and where the riders lay, stunned and maimed, before their eyes! Can this be termed sport—still more, amusement? Was it a sight proper for females to witness?—should they be exposed even to the chance of witnessing it? Are such scenes at all in character with the tender sympathies and finer feelings of woman's breast! Even pagan propriety provided against the outrage, women having not only been forbidden to be present at the Olympic Games, but to be even within the distance of many miles of the place—a river having, as it were, been made the boundary between the exhibition of manly intrepidity, accompanied by danger, and what ought to be preserved as the distinguishing characteristics of the female sex.

But is it possible that this barbarous pursuit can long continue to be a reproach to the character Great Britain and Ireland? Surely the

good sense of the people, aided by reflection on the consequences resulting from it, must soon put it down ; at all events, cause to be withdrawn from it the countenance of influential members of the sporting world ; and then we may safely anticipate the result. And I am the more confident on this point, from what took place last winter, in my presence, by a cover's side in Leicestershire. Steeple-racing was reprobated generally by those who took a part in it ; and Lord Wilton and Mr. White, very influential characters in the sporting world, both declared they would not again patronize steeple-races. That they are to a great extent obnoxious, is evident by the fact, that, in many cases, the greatest difficulty has been experienced in procuring ground to run them upon. I know several large proprietors have forbidden their tenants to let them take place over the land they occupy ; and we cannot forget that the injury done by one of these exhibitions to the occupiers and proprietors of land in the rich vale of Aylesbury, was the occasion of even the late King's hounds having been warned off, as the term is, a great extent of country. In fact, the mischief they occasion to certain districts in which they take place is incalculable ; so much so, as to have roused the indignation of farmers ; and, if persisted in, over highly-cultivated parts, will doubtless, and that shortly, go far towards the destruction of, or, at all events, interruption to, the noble diversion of fox-hunting. As regards riding to hounds, indeed, they have already done much harm, by creating a jealous spirit among the field, in the display of desperate horsemanship, which is most injurious to hounds in their work. Again, they are the very hotbeds of wrangles, and have been productive of no little fraud.

As regards horses engaged in steeple-races, two-thirds of them are made nearly worthless as hunters, from having contended in them. From believing that they are to contend for speed with every horse which may come alongside them in a run, they of course become pullers in their gallop, and rushers at their fences ; consequently, unpleasant and dangerous to ride. Then, is their value greatly increased by the character of being steeple-chase horses ? Certainly not. I will take one as an example ; Sir Edward Mostyn's Seventy-four. Now I have not seen Seventy-four ; but, knowing whose stable he comes out of, I will answer for his being a superb animal, which his name, indeed, implies. In fact, with the exception of the late Lord Sefton, and the late Mr. Scarisbrick, of Scarisbrick, I have known no man who has prided himself on the possession of what may be termed magnificent horses so much as Sir Edward Mostyn has done. But let us look at the history of this splendid horse—“ on *this* picture and on *that*.” Although beaten by Lottery, at Liverpool, last year, Mr. Elmore offered the almost unheard-of sum (for a hunter) of 1,200 guineas for him, which was refused. The question is, what is he worth *now*, by reason of his having been bullied into refusing his fences, as he did in the late Dunchurch Steeple-race ? Why, in my opinion, three-fourths of his real value have been sacrificed by his steeple-racing performances.* Of all faults in a hunter, refusing his fences is, in my opinion, the greatest and most dangerous ; and were I to see a hunter refuse

* I have been informed, since the above was written, that Seventy-four has not refused in his two last steeple-chases.

twice, I would not give fifty pounds for him, for my own riding, even were he the finest animal in the shape of a horse the world ever saw. Falling over a fence, in a hunter, is a trifle, compared with refusing it. With a horse that refuses, you are not only never sure of getting out of the field you are in, but, by his turning himself round when he gets close to a fence, you endanger the safety of your brother sportsmen, as well as your own, by interfering with their line. Two of the worst falls I ever experienced were occasioned by horses ridden by others refusing fences, at the moment of my charging them myself.

Hurdle-races, although childish and silly exhibitions, cannot, perhaps, come under the denomination of cruel; but they serve to shew the cruelty of steeple-races, by the numerous falls of the horses that contend in them.

Why, what regular hunting-man ever possessed a cover-hack for a season, that could not leap forty hurdles in a day?—or what sportsman, calling himself a horseman, will not keep a horse from falling over a hurdle, although he may not clear the height of it, provided he be not quite blown at the time? But it is the wind being so pumped out of them, by the rapidity of the pace at which they are ridden at them, that makes so many horses refuse, or fall over hurdles, in hurdle races. I have myself witnessed half-a-dozen, or more, dangerous mishaps in the few exhibitions of this nature at which I have been present; the last, to the renowned James Mason.

I do not think walls should form part of steeple-race fences, because, in eight out of ten hunting countries, walls are not met with; and, consequently, horses are, in that case, not upon an equality. I remember taking a well-known good fencer into the late Duke of Beaufort's country, and the first wall I rode him at, he jumped across, and wall and horse came down together.

I cannot think steeple-racing can be classed among objects of amusement. It is a part of man's nature, unless he be one of the *corpus sine pectore* order, to feel sympathy for his fellow beings, though strangers to him, when exposed to hazard of life or limb, which is assuredly their position in steeple-racing. Death, indeed, has ensued in two cases; broken bones, in several; and others have received injuries, the consequences of which will be felt by them to the last hour of their lives.

Next, let us look at steeple-racing as a field for bettings. Why, it is nothing short of a matter of surprise to me, supposing all to be right, or "on the square," as the term is, that any man should risk a sovereign in so dangerous a game; still less, that he should back one particular horse, and at odds, against a field of a dozen or more, as Lottery was backed at Dunchurch. That he is a very superior horse, and has had a very superior jockey on his back, does not admit of a doubt; nevertheless, an overreach in deep ground, a mistake at a fence, or being knocked down by a competitor, are all chances against him, which do not exist in legitimate horse-racing.

The limits of this paper will not permit me to refer at length to the kind treatment of animals—the horse especially—by the pagan world, both ancient and modern, which, perhaps, has been, and is, carried somewhat to excess; but this much I will say, if steeple-racing

and its abominations be persevered in, and continued, in our part of the Christian world, it will be justly subjected to the charge of cruelty, and of cruelty under the patronage and by the encouragement of those persons who, from their rank in life, and their *education*, ought to be the last either to sanction or to encourage it; of persons who, if no other considerations influenced their conduct in this respect—and it would be an unjust reflection on their character to place them in such a position—must be familiar with the beautiful appeals by the poets and orators of antiquity, as well as of those of the present day, in favour of the noble horse and all domesticated animals.* And having said this, I will be bold enough to represent myself in the act of addressing the Earl of Sefton on the subject of, and the occasion for, this paper on steeple-racing.

“My Lord Sefton,—I had the honour of knowing your Lordship’s father, and I regarded him as a pattern of the master of foxhounds and the sportsman. It also delighted me to see him in another character, congenial with my own taste—I mean, on the coach-box. No man in England, or anywhere else, put four nobler horses into harness than he did; none handled them better. I may also assert, that no master of foxhounds mounted himself and his men, in the field, more efficiently than he did; and I believe I may add, that, in consideration of his weight, and the suffering it might occasion the noble animals that carried him, at the quick rate at which he was nevertheless wont to go, he was the first to set the humane example of having a second horse in the field, ridden by the son of one of his huntsmen (Raven), whom I have now in my mind’s eye, on Plato, Rowland, or Gooseberry—magnificent animals, all of them, that cost within a trifle of a thousand pounds a-piece. I have also had the honour of your Lordship’s acquaintance, and for rather a long period of years. I have seen you go brilliantly over Leicestershire; and once—and in days, too, when it was no easy achievement—saw you, with only two others, ride away from at least 150 well-mounted men, towards the end of a tremendous run over Warwickshire, having all the honours of the day to yourselves. I have, likewise, seen you on the coach-box, where it is evident you have profited by your father’s experience and lessons. Again, I hear of you as pre-eminent in another field, to which I myself am a stranger—I mean the coursing field; and I know you, in your social walk, to fulfil the duties and obligations of an English nobleman and gentleman. I wish, then, my Lord Sefton, I had never heard of you as a *conspicuous* patron of steeple-racing; and believe me, the day will come, when you yourself will wish you never had lent your countenance and influence to such a cruel and unsportsman-like exhibition. If it is to continue for a time,—not among English pastimes, for such will it never be esteemed,—but as an English practice or pursuit,—leave it, I beseech you, to those below your own station in life; it will then soon be in general disfavour, and only heard of, in after days, as one among the many inconsiderate actions, if not follies, of mankind, which reflection and better judgment caused them to abandon. Be assured of this, all your Lordship’s compeers would

* “Sir William Jones’s Works,” vol. iii., and “Elwood’s Travels through India,” exhibit proofs of the extreme kindness of the non-Christian world to the horse and other animals.

follow your example ; and as there is already an evident falling-off in the interest attached to the steeple-race exhibitions of the present year, let me hope that the next will see its further decline, if not its much-wished-for *finale*."

But this question may be put to me : " Are there no other influential persons, of high rank and large fortune, who have lent their countenance to steeple-racing ? There are a few who do so ; but chiefly from the result of circumstances, and not from approbation of the system. The Duke of Beaufort, for instance, has acted as steward to the Bath Steeple-chase ; but we know his Grace would with difficulty refuse requests from his friends, to oblige them in *any way* within his power, and especially from those who "unt with the Duke." The same may be said of Lord Segrave, whose object through life has been to encourage the amusements of the Cheltenhamites, who have had the bad taste to class steeple-racing as one. " Then, my Lord Waterford—not only a patron of, but a performer in, several steeple-chases ? " Why, all I have to say on this point, is, that it is in unison with his Lordship's gallant spirit, and bravely has he shewn it in many a hard contest, and to the imminent risk of his life.* Lord Macdonald, again, has made himself signal in steeple-racing ; but I hope "The Nun" will resume the veil : and as regards Lord Howth, his steeple-racing may be accounted for : his Lordship breeds, or purchases when young, in his own country, the horses he runs, and the *esprit de corps* induces him to contend with those of English growth.

I shall conclude with one observation, that may not be misplaced here. The supporters of steeple-racing may exclaim—" Are not many good horses killed every year on the hunting-field ? " I answer, yes—if we believe all we read or hear ; but, as I do not, I boldly say, no. I do not believe there are a dozen real hunters killed in a season ; but the fact is, no sooner does some snob in the rural countries return home from having the luck to see the finish of a good run, than down he sits to give an account of it to some newspaper, generally finishing with either the death, or the *anticipated* death, of half-a-dozen horses. For example, I stumbled, by accident, on a paragraph of this nature in a sporting periodical, detailing the doings of some north-country packs, in 1837. " The Fifeshire hounds," says the writer, " have had a most extraordinary five-and-forty minutes, going as hard as they could split, and shaking off nearly the whole field. *Several horses were killed !* " Now this statement carries improbability on the face of it. Had the whole field been said to have gone to the end of this " terrible burst," some colour might have been given to the assertion : but as " nearly the whole " were shaken off, we may conclude their nags survived the event. Add to this, the Fifeshire nags are renowned for bottom, and much attention is paid to their condition. Again, a run with the Vine hounds, only a short time back, was thus announced : " Bellows to mend ; " ending with the death of four or five horses. Now, if there were all this destruction of horse-flesh in the hunting-field, how is it

* In an account of the Great Buckingham Steeple-race of 1837, the following notice is made of his Lordship : " On getting to the last brook, Lord Waterford was the only one that attempted to jump it. He came rattling on, and took a regular rush at it, without attempting to ford it ; and his Lordship's horse's chest came with great force against the opposite bank, which brought him into the stream, from which he could not be extricated without great difficulty."

that, in my long experience of that field, I should not be able to recount a dozen horses which lost their lives by the effects of severe runs; and that, in my own case, I should not have lost one from that cause; neither have I had more than one very severely injured from being over-ridden; and even such would not have been the case, had it not been that the animal in question (the case has already been before the public) was taken up from out of a rich meadow, in Cheshire, in August, and the run that injured him—an hour with Sir Bellingham Graham's hounds, over Leicestershire—took place in November. I may also add the consoling fact, that, by the progressive improvement in the condition of hunters, chiefly by abandoning the irrational practice of summering them in the fields, their suffering is proportionally diminished; and further, as I told Lord Rosslyn, last year, at Melton, upon discussing the subject with his Lordship—that I expect all my sins to be forgiven me, for having been a principal agent in producing so desirable an effect.



EXTRACTS FROM HUNTING JOURNALS.

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.

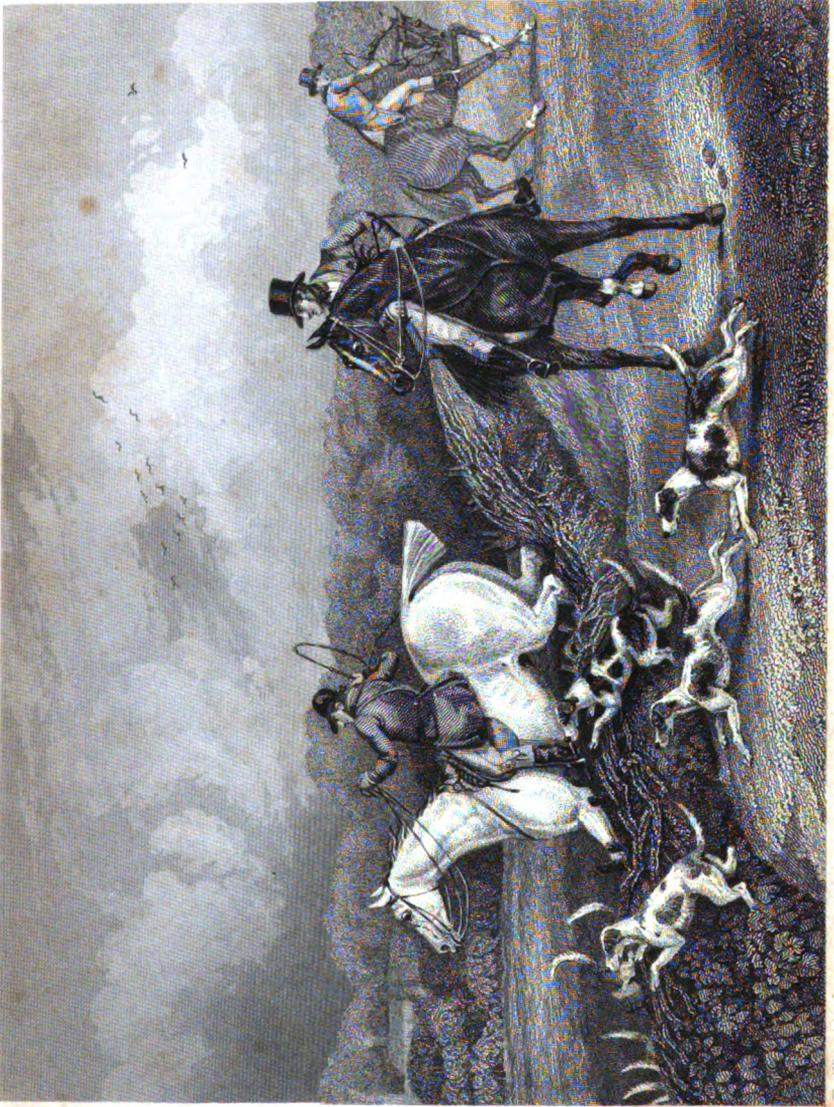
Ascot Heath, March 25th.

SINCE the return of open weather we have had some of the finest runs within my memory. I merely send a slight epitome of them to enable you to keep up a record of our season's sport, which, in the present anniversary, at all events, leaves a strong balance in favour of stag-hunting.*

Monday, 16th. Our fixture was Dawley Wall, and we turned out the deer at Poll Hill. It was a truly beautiful run over as fine a country as one could have chosen, who had the power to lay out a line of his own selection. At the end of an hour and a half, we took our deer at Stanmore Park.

Wednesday, 18th. "Robin Hood," just imported from the Highlands of Scotland, was turned out near New Lodge, and, after an extra-

* I regret to say that three or four horses died from the effects of this severe day.



By W. B. Woodhouse, sculp.

H. Allon, print.

ordinary chase of *three hours and a quarter*, was taken near Othershaw Park: if I mistake not, Robin will become another "Ripley."

Saturday, 20th. Met at Iver Heath, and turned out at Long Copse, going away to Denham, Harefield, Moor Park, and Rickmansworth, where the deer was taken after an hour and a half—but not severe. This satisfied the majority of the field, but some, whose road home led them to the spot where the second deer was stationed, expressed a wish to the noble master for another gallop, to which he, ever anxious to oblige, willingly consented. Accordingly, a young hind was uncarted, and ran for about an hour in a large wood, near Stoke, without breaking, which, I think, was fortunate for the horses, as the heat, at the time, was very great, and a second run across country must have told tales among them.

Monday, 23rd. Our meet to-day was a most exhilarating one, for, although the wind was intensely cold, all who know the situation of Cranford House, are aware how well it is sheltered from the northern blasts. The kind affability and hospitality of the venerable Lady Berkeley, on the occasion of the annual meet of Her Majesty's staghounds, are familiar to all who know aught of metropolitan hunting. In this instance, as in every other, the vestibule of the mansion exhibited a profuse and elegant supply of glazed meats and long-necked bottles; and not less pleasant to the eye was the bright and gay assemblage on the lawn from all the neighbouring villages. The hounds and their attendants paraded on the velvet sward close to the windows, and, mingled with ladies fair, and cavaliers arrayed in the gallant costume of the chase, made a picture whereat an Englishman's heart might well bound within him. Dan Phœbus, too, withheld not his tribute, but, from his golden treasury, poured light and glory upon the stirring scene. "Forward" is now the word, or the famous "Trump" will not be taken to-day, for the clouds are big with storms, and the fallows dry and dusty as the highways in July. The noble lady having conducted her guests to the rear of the house, ordered the deer to be enlarged, and, after five minutes' law, away went the pack with a good hunting scent "far west." Leaving the Magpies on our left, we crossed the meadows to Riching's Park, over "the rail," to George Green, Slough, Stoke Park, Farnham, and to Brocket Wood—exactly two hours—and most satisfactory.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Though the sport in Leicestershire, during the latter end of February, and the whole of March, has been of a character hardly deserving description, the faithful chronicler deems it not the less proper that all kinds of days—good, bad, and indifferent—should be put upon the record. The state of the ground, even when there has been no frost, has been such as to give little hope of a continuous scent; hounds could only work by sniffs and snatches.

The fields, with Lord Hastings', the Quorn, the Belvoir, and Lord Lonsdale's, have, consequently, been unusually thin, though the influx of sportsmen into Leicestershire has been unusually large.

Monday, March 2nd. Mr. Hodgson and Lord Hastings, without preconcert, had both announced Bunny Hall as their meet; and it

was subsequently agreed, by the two masters, that each should bring only ten couples of hounds; that they should unite; and that Mr. Henson, of Walton, should be huntsman *pro tem.*, in order to afford an opportunity of judging of the speed, training, and bottom of the respective packs. The meet, therefore, assumed the character of a friendly match, and a great treat was anticipated. General Frost, however, sent in his *veto*, to the great disappointment of hundreds.

Saturday, 7th. A private day with the Quorn, at Bunny; the frost scarcely gone. Found in the Roundhill; ran, at a good pace, a circle of three miles, and lost in the Park. Found second fox at Debdale; and, by the great skill and perseverance of Mr. Hodgson, hunted him into Mr. Musters' country, and finally lost him on Wilford Hills. The working of the hounds was the admiration of every sportsman present.

Wednesday, 11th. Met Lord Hastings at Cotes Park. Tried Prestwold, &c., blank; found at Stanford, at one o'clock; went prettily by Hoton, Prestwold, Burton, by Walton village, through Barrow Lordship, and, finally, lost near Sibley. Returned, and found at Stanford again; but did little but dodge about.

Monday, 16th. Missed a pretty thing with Mr. Hodgson, from Shearsby, by going to the Nottingham Steeple-chase. Heard Lord Lonsdale did well this day, from Ranksborough.

Tuesday, 17th. The Quorn at Bunny again. Frequent as are the fixtures here (for they are frequently two a-week), they are not too frequent. Indeed, Bunny seems a general rendezvous for foxes; and a distinguished naturalist assures me they hold a sort of court there, of which he once got a view, and counted *seventeen* lords and ladies, of the vulpine tribe, making their bow to an elderly-looking personage, whose tone and manner were evidently regal! The meet to-day was to accommodate the large party of Meltonians and distinguished foreigners sojourning at Lord Rancliffe's for the steeple-chase, &c. A very select field, pinks almost to a man, always saving and excepting the sombre jerk^m of the master. Found, on the Round Hill, the same fox as on the 7th; took precisely the same road; the woods, the Decoy, Rancliffe, &c., and lost him on the spot he was found. Tried Willoughby Gorse; found immediately; made play for Highfield and Bunny; but earthed her in Thorpe Earths. Mr. H., in the hope of preserving the vixen from the fangs of a prowling poacher, then present, by transportation to Quorn, dug hard, but was obliged to leave her, under promise of waiting upon her, with a couple of terriers and a sack, in the course of the evening.

Thursday, 19th. Mr. Assheton Smith's hounds at Rollestone.— This announcement will lead many a reader of this Journal, as it did many an old sportsman in this neighbourhood, to stare. "Assheton Smith at Rollestone! This generally accurate chronicler is at fault here! It was his favourite fixture in days gone by; but this is a hoax—a bit of Melton larking,"—was the exclamation that came from every mouth. It was no hoax; Mr. Assheton Smith's fixture, for Thursday last, was positively Rollestone, Leicestershire!

The reason why our county was so honoured, was this: Mr. Greene, the hospitable and spirited laird of Rollestone, knowing Mr. Smith was about to visit Sir Richard Sutton, and try his hounds in the Burton country, invited his old friend to make Rollestone Hall a resting-

place in his progress. That this old favourite should be in Leicestershire, and his old friends have no opportunity of seeing him, Mr. Greene at once saw *would not do*. It was, therefore, soon arranged, that Mr. Assheton Smith should draw any or all of Mr. Hodgson's coverts; and a select party of sporting friends were soon invited to be ready to welcome him to the Hall. Lord Wilton, Hon. H. Wilson, Sir H. Hazlerigge, Sir James Musgrave, Messrs. Moore, Maher, Hodgson, Grantham, Fellowes, Bright, Farrar, &c. &c., with the ladies of such as were Benedicts. Thursday was as fine a morning as could be desired for a spectacle; as bad as could be for sport.

With the early dawn, from a circumference of fifty miles, sportsmen began to converge in lines which met at Rolleston. At ten o'clock the field was thought immensely large; at eleven, it had more than doubled; and, at twelve, it was a sight such as none present ever saw before, nor ever will see again:

" 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at such array!"

Well may one fly to poetry for aid; no prose, that I can write, can give an adequate idea of the scene; though, I trust, some outline of it will go down to future times, by the aid of Hodgson and Graves!

The place of meet is itself a beautiful and time-honoured spot; and when I state that it was enlivened by the presence of more than 900 sportsmen in scarlet, and nearly 2,000 others, I shall be below the actual number!

A battle-field, or, still better, the Eglintoun tournament, is the nearest parallel I can think of:

" Hic verò ingentem pugnam ceu cætera nusquam
Bella forent; nulli morentur in urbe."

Nor was the mighty group confined to the manly sex alone: the gentler, in great numbers, glittered like bright stars in the throng; many superbly mounted and elegantly equipped in scarlet habits; still more in carriages which lined the road, like St. James's Park at a Drawing-room. In the centre of the glittering ring was Mr. Assheton Smith's splendid pack which sportsmen seemed to gaze at, as if they could never satiate their eyes with beholding.

But the hall-door opens, and the mark of all eyes, and the idol of all hearts, Mr.—no—Tom Smith himself steps forward; *the* Tom Smith of the last century; the real, veritable, and *sole* Tom Smith. Never shall I forget the moment. The enthusiasm of all his old companions of the chase knew no bounds.—"The hero of a hundred fights" was never more an object of interest:—we looked at him as we did at Blucher, Platoff, &c. in 1815, or as we looked, lately, at Marshal Soult. Time has slightly touched him: when last I saw him, "the auburn was beginning to be mingled with the mournful grey:"—it was gone: now still he looked young, hale, and hearty!—looked, indeed, as only a sportsman *can* look, after a lapse of twenty years on the downward side of forty. Then there was Dick Burton, his huntsman, who had almost as many friends in Leicestershire as his master: he, too, was "to be seen alive;" and the yeomen pressed him so cordially, that he was at length obliged to glove, to save his fingers.

While all this was going on, up came Prince Ernest and Lord Cardigan; the Prince beautifully mounted, and looking every inch a sportsman. He was received and welcomed as the brother of our glorious Queen's consort deserves to be received; and he looked evidently pleased and surprised with the scene he saw before him.

Could I be mistaken in the venerable person on that gallant grey? It could only be Lord Lonsdale. Then there were—but why go through half the peerage?—Why mention the Meynells, and Musters, and Suttons, and Hodgsons, and fifty other famous masters who were out? In fact, all the sporting world, and his wife, were at Rollestone.

The cavalcade, army, pageant—(call it what you will),—at length moved to Mr. Greene's covert. It was blank! and ditto, ditto, ditto, was the case with others! What matter?—we could ride and *see*.—Hunting was out of the question, even if a fox could be found. Yet dearly should I have loved to see how the Prince went, for he looked the *beau ideal* of a good performer; and, I will confess, I should have liked to see 2,000 of the finest steeds in the world taking a line over the Harborough country, and getting “beautifully less” at every rasper. But it was not Diana's will. The shades of evening began to hover over us, and all the hospitable halls for five miles round were soon filled with all the hungry guests they could accommodate, and the grand *cortège* returned to Rollestone.

Thus ended the most memorable meet that even Leicestershire can boast of; to see which again, one sporting nobleman declared he would go to the antipodes, or even circumnavigate the globe!

For Mr. Assheton Smith it must be said, that he declared that “all the honours and pleasures he had enjoyed, during a long life, were as nothing in comparison of all he received this day.”

More than a county's thanks are due to Mr. Greene for getting up such a re-union; and Mr. Hodgson declared, that “if anything could increase his desire to give satisfaction, he should find it in the grateful respect Leicestershire could pay to a master who had done his duty.”

Leicestershire, March 27, 1840.

W. H.

WILTSHIRE HUNTING.

MR. WYNDHAM'S HOUNDS.

Having arrived in Wiltshire a day or two before the Great Champion Coursing Meeting at the Deptford Inn, last month, and seeing that Mr. Wyndham's hounds were to meet at the Beckford Arms, Fonthill, on the 16th of February, immediately adjoining the beautiful place of that name, late the property of Mr. Beckford, I availed myself of the opportunity of the meet; and, though we were not fortunate in our day's sport, I was gratified by the sight of a very fine pack of hounds, which are kept by Mr. Wyndham (who is the eldest son of W. Wyndham, Esq., of Denton House, and late master of the New Forest hounds), and hunted by himself. After passing through Great Ridge, a cover of 2,000 and odd acres, we cantered over four or five miles of open country, leaving Hindon on our right, and went through the Park at Fonthill, the beauty of which, after passing over so barren a country, was most striking; the lake, which is extensive, and studded with islet plantations, was full of swans,

and wild fowl of all descriptions : the house was on our right (which is a comfortable modern residence, but not a quarter the size of the one occupied by Mr. Beckford), looking on the lake, at the back of which there are some fine trees ; the whole is beautiful, bearing testimony to the exquisite taste of its late owner. From the Park we passed over a green ride of a mile, with fine trees on each side : we were rather late, and the hounds had gone on to draw a gorse covert, in a pasture of great extent, called the Summer Leaze, which lies between Fonthill and Knoyle ; a more beautiful place to see a fox found, it would be difficult to fix on. We had not arrived long ere the tally-ho! was given ; and it being one of the most hunting-like-looking days we have had this season, I made up my mind for a good thing. He broke the upper side of the gorse, went through Little Ridge, and over the fields towards the Hindon road from Knoyle ; crossed it, and went over some wheat and fallows, up to which point the hounds went merrily ; but all at once threw up, and, after a great deal of cold hunting, were whipped off. On the 18th they met at Cricklade Bottom, and drew Great Ridge ; found at Purt Wood Corner, had a fifty minutes' run, and killed in Stockton Wood. Found another, which they also killed, after a short run.

MR. ASSHETON SMITH'S HOUNDS.

These hounds met (I believe for the last time this season, in their own neighbourhood), on the 16th of March, at Netherhaven House, Wilts. I never saw them, or their master, looking better. We found immediately in the Park ; the fox broke for Fyledean meadows, was headed and met by the hounds, and chopped. We then trotted away to the new gorse covert on Enford Down ; found a fine dog fox, which was either asleep or over-filled with rabbits or other food, as he did not run 100 yards before he headed back into the ditch bounding the covert, met the hounds and was killed. We then went away to a plantation called Newfoundland, where we moved a vixen, and whipped off, and trotted to Far Go, a fir plantation belonging to Sir Edmund Antrobus, which we drew blank, as we did some others on Stonehenge Down and Seven Barrows ; threw into the osier beds at West Amesbury, and chopped another ; drew Beacon Hill gorse blank, and gave it up. I was glad to see Dick Burton again in his place, and his health quite restored. These hounds started the next day for Lincolnshire, where Mr. Smith is gone to stay for a time with Sir Richard Sutton ; and with the two packs that country will be hunted every day. On their road they were to stop and hunt one day at Melton Mowbray, at some favourite fixture of Mr. Smith's, by permission of Mr. Hodgson.

March 20, 1840.

H. H.

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

As the name of Harkaway has very generally appeared among the sires for the present season, it may be as well to state that he has not been put to stud ; that he is at Flintoff's training stables at Hedgeford,

and doing gentle work. Little doubt can exist that he will come out again this year for some of our principal weight-for-age races; indeed, we are assured that his candid proprietor, some few months ago, alluding to the circumstance in a dealer's yard, in Dublin, stated that it was his intention "to give them (meaning the family of Bull) a prod yet."

The Marquis of Waterford was the purchaser of Sir John Halket's staghounds, deer, and stag-hunting paraphernalia, lately brought to the hammer at Tattersall's. Report says, the object of the purchase is to enable the sporting Marquis to keep moving, on the days the Quorn do not hunt, at a better pace than Squire Hodgson can help him to. Forefend we should doubt the orthodoxy of a Beresford; but, of a verity, the present head of that most Protestant family evinces an undeniable attachment to a *fast day*.

The question as to Bob Peel's qualification to start for the Doncaster St. Leger has been submitted by the stewards of those races to the stewards of the Jockey Club, who have decided that he is not properly named. His dam being without a name, and having an own sister, it should have been stated in the nomination which of the sisters Bob Peel was out of.

For the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket, Mr. Rogers has made a wrong nomination. The filly by Red Rover is three years old.

We copy the following from among the advertisements in "The New York Spirit of the Times," of Feb. 1st., last past. It is a pleasant illustration of the way they manage things in "the only free country in the world."

FOR SALE.—"A FIRST-RATE TRAINER, twenty-seven years of age. Any person wishing to buy him, may apply to J. S. Garrison, City Hotel, New Orleans; or Thomas Watson, Alabama Hotel, Mobile."

It *may* be urged that trainers are *bought* in this country too: no doubt of it, but only spiritually. Uncle Sam goes the entire animal, body and bones.

It is generally understood that Mr. Leche, of Carden, will resign the country now hunted by him, at the end of the season, and that it will be then taken by the present Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., who is extremely fond of hunting.

A brood mare (the property of an Irish turf-man) being turned into a house for the purpose of being caught, jumped through a window, little more than three feet square, without balk or touch. The height of the window from the ground was four feet. The mare is nearly fifteen hands, and will foal in about a week. This feat took place on the 8th of this month.

Dublin, March 13th.

S. G.

A very clever picture of The Cheshire Hunt, with portraits of upwards of forty members of the Club, will be on view, from the 2nd to the 12th inst., at ACKERMANN'S, 191, Regent Street, previous to its being put into the hands of Mr. LEWIS, the celebrated Engraver.

COURSING REGISTER.

. The returns are confined to the running at Public Meetings.

COUNTY OF CORK CLUB, (IRELAND) NOV. 21 AND 28, DEC. 5 AND 12.

The PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. French's d. Spy	beat	Mr. Power's b. Taglioni.
Mr. Hewitt's b. Gem	—	Mr. O'Brien's b. Nell.
Mr. O'Brien's b. Nancy	—	Mr. Woodley's b. Rose.
Mr. Hewitt's d. Turk	—	Mr. O'Brien's d. Rowdlum.
Mr. Hewitt's b. Mayday	—	Mr. O'Brien's d. Peeler.
Mr. Power's b. Kino	—	Mr. Leahy's b. Zeela.
Mr. Maxwell's d. Bibo	—	Mr. Power's b. Kali.

First Ties: Kino beat Turk, Spy beat Mayday, Gem beat Nancy, Bibo ran a bye.

Second Ties: Spy beat Bibo, Kino beat Gem.

Deciding Course: Gem beat Spy, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. French's d. Killigrew.	beat	Mr. Power's b. Taglioni.
Mr. French's b. Dart	—	Mr. Gregory's b. Albertazzi.
Mr. O'Brien's d. Felix	—	Mr. Hewitt's b. Topaz.
Mr. Hewitt's b. Muslin	—	Mr. Woodley's d. Rocket.
Mr. Blake's b. Eclipse	—	Mr. Woodley's b. Rhoda.
Mr. Courtenay's d. Fox	—	Mr. Blake's d. Tonnaire.
Mr. Courtenay's d. Governor	—	Mr. Hewitt's b. Topaz.
Mr. Blake's d. Oscar	—	Mr. Power's b. Taglioni
Mr. Power's b. Kali	—	Mr. O'Brien's d. Peeler.
Mr. Courtenay's b. Lay	—	Mr. French's d. Killigrew.
Mr. Hewitt's d. Turk	—	Mr. O'Brien's d. Felix.
Mr. Hewitt's b. Gem	—	Mr. O'Brien's d. Peeler.
Mr. Woodley's b. Rhoda	—	Mr. Hewitt's d. Turk.
Mr. O'Brien's b. Nancy.	—	Mr. Power's b. Kali.

ANDOVERSFORD CLUB MEETING, DEC. 3.

The ANDOVERSFORD CUP.*

Mr. Baylis's r. and w. Ion	beat	Mr. Crump's bk. Magic.
Mr. Freeman's r. and w. Firebrand	—	Mr. Turk's w. Trinket.
Mr. Nelson's r. Racket	—	Mr. Fletcher's f. Fairy.
Mr. Giles's bd. Gipsy	—	Mr. Beckett's y. Brilliant.

Ties: Ion beat Firebrand, Gipsy beat Racket.

Deciding Course: Ion beat Gipsy and won the Cup.

The SANDYWELL CUP.

Mr. Smith's bl. Negro	beat	Mr. Bidmead's bd. Winn.
Mr. Dancock's y. Clara	—	Mr. Kitsall's bk. Wallace.
Mr. Hewer's y. Barker	—	Mr. Cook's bk. and w. Conservative.
Mr. Williams's Witch	—	Mr. Jones's y. Doctor.

Ties: Negro beat Clara (drawn), lame, Barker beat Witch.

Deciding Course: Negro won the Cup, Barker being drawn (ill).

HAMPTON VICTORIA CLUB MEETING, DEC. 5.

The Coursing on Thursday last was confined to Matches from £20 to £2 each, as follows:—

Mr. Sperring's bk. b. Violet	beat	Mr. Partridge's bk. d. Jack Ketch.
Mr. Leigh's (Capt. Best's) bk. b. Beauty	—	Mr. T. Hodsdon's r. d. Brilliant.
Mr. Harvey's bk. and w. b. Half-and-half	—	Mr. Sheppard's bk. b. Bee's-wing.
Mr. Moseley's w. d. Bloomsbury	—	Mr. Burford's bk. b. Fly.
Mr. Collins's bk. b. Clara	—	Mr. S. Taylor's bk. d. Chase.
Mr. Elmore's r. d.	—	Mr. Clarke's r. b.
Mr. Pfcil's f. b. Priestess	—	Mr. Dunsie's bk. and w. b. Violet.
Dr. Scott's b. b. sister to Bab	—	Mr. Spooner's f. b. Shamrock.
Mr. Sherrott's (Capt. Best's) f. b. Belle	—	Mr. Charrington's (Spooner's) bk. b. Susan.
Mr. J. Harvey's bk. d. Spot	—	Mr. Evans's (Spinnall's) f. b. Woisky.
Mr. R. Taylor's bl. b. Nimble	—	Mr. A. Atwood's (Martinson's) br. b. Merry.
Mr. Williams's (Mr. Sheppard's) bk. b. Babel	—	Mr. Newman's buff d. Buff.
Mr. Chitty's f. b. Crucifix	—	Mr. Whittington's r. d. Carrick.
Mr. Hodsdon's r. b. Victoria	—	Mr. Siscock's (Thompson's) r. b. Swelta.
Dr. Scott's f. b. Susan	—	Mr. Cox's (Mr. Spooner's) w. d. Lancet.
Mr. Atwood's bk. d. Chase	—	Mr. Hare's bk. d. Brigand (no course).

SECOND CLASS.

Mr. Sheppard's bk. b. Fly	beat	Mr. Wareham's f. b. Sherry.
Mr. Harvey's bk. d. Homer	—	Mr. Evans's (Sheppard's) f. b. Harkaway
Capt. Best's r. d. Billy	—	Mr. Spooner's r. d. Squib.
Mr. Siscock's bk. d. Barrister	—	Mr. Goddard's bk. and w. b. Hebron.
Mr. Pfall's r. b. Pöabe	—	Mr. R. Taylor's w. d. Snowball.
Mr. Collins's f. b. p. Crocus	—	Mr. Rangecroft's (Spooners) r. d. Clipper.

HAMPTON VICTORIA CLUB, Dec. 12.

Mr. Rangecroft's w. and bk. d. Rex	beat	Mr. Dyson's bk. and w. b. Regina.
Mr. Moseley's bl. b. Fly	—	Mr. Burford's bl. and w. d. Skim.
Mr. Gardner's bk. and w. b. Lilly	—	Mr. Moseley's w. d. Pilot.
Mr. Taylor's bl. b. Nimble	—	Mr. R. Taylor's bl. d. Hector.
Mr. T. Hodsdon's r. d. Critic	—	Mr. J. Hodsdon's r. d. Brilliant.
Mr. A. Atwood's bk. and w. b. Fly	—	Mr. Charrington's f. b. Comet.
Mr. R. Coombes's bk. b. Industry	—	Mr. Harvey's (now Mr. Hodsdon's) Cæsar.
Mr. J. Harvey's bk. d. Confidence	—	Mr. Evan's w. and y. Blucher.
Mr. Newman's bl. d. Mars	—	Mr. E. Evan's bk. d. Conrad.
Mr. Whittington's r. d. Garrick	—	Mr. Sherrot's r. d. Critic.
Mr. T. Hodsdon's r. d. Whalebone	—	Mr. Whittington's f. b. puppy.
Mr. Moseley's w. d. Bloomsbury	agst	Mr. Sheppard's f. b. (undecided).

THE TILSHEAD (WILTS) LEASH CLUB, Dec 12.

The Cup.

Mr. Taylor's w. d. Transit	beat	Mr. Smith's b. Snail.
Mr. F. Long's b. and w. b. Liberty	—	Mr. Miller's d. Major.
Mr. R. Song's r. b. Lady Fly	—	Mr. Hitchcock's Hazard.
Mr. Fowle's w. b. Fairy	—	Mr. Rawlence's Racket.

Ties : Transit beat Liberty, Fairy beat Lady Fly.

Deciding Course : Transit beat Fairy, and won the Cup; Fairy the Sovereigns.

The PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Hitchcock's Hector	beat	Mr. R. Long's Lottery.
Mr. Miller's Mouse	—	Mr. T. Long's Landrail.
Mr. Smith's Sampson	—	Mr. Fowle's Flyaway.

Mr. Taylor's Trip ran a bye.

Ties : Hector beat Mouse, Trip beat Sampson.—Hector and Trip divided the Stakes.

THE CALEDONIAN GOLD CUP, VALUE 100 SOVS., OVER EAGLESHAM,

Dec. 13, 14, 16, 17, AND 18.

Stewards : The Marquis of Douglas, Earl of Eglinton, and Lord Douglas. *Secretary* : A. Graham
Esq. *Tryer* : Mr. Nightingale. *Slipper* : Mr. Roy.

Lord Ossulton's w. and d. b. Tillside Lass*	beat	Lord Douglas's bk. d. Squeezer.
Mr. Fowler's bk. d. Magistrate*	—	Mr. W. Ramsay's bl. d. Victor.
Mr. Raimes's bk. d. Ajax	—	Mr. Elliot's bk. b. Taglioni* (late Jig).
Dr. Brown's bd. d. Whistler	—	Mr. Pollok's bd. b. Match.
Mr. Elliot's bd. and w. d. Tom Jones* (late Brandy)	—	Mr. Pollok's r. d. Rival.
Mr. Mitchell's y. d. Simon	—	Mr. Piper's r. d. Chip.
Mr. Mitchell's r. d. Grasper	—	Mr. Jamieson's d. and w. d. Glen.
Lord Douglas's bk. d. Kent	—	Mr. Dickson's w. and f. d. Duke.
Mr. Bainbridge's f. b. Jesse*	—	Dr. Brown's bd. and w. d. Jock.
Mr. Henderson's w. and f. d. Prince Albert (late Snowball)	—	Lord Eglinton's bk. and w. b. Indianst
Dr. Brown's bd. d. Chance	—	Mr. Duggan's w. and bl. d. Harkaway.
Lord Eglinton's w. and d. d. Waterloo†	—	Mr. Armstrong's bl. d. Mango.*
Mr. Fowler's bk. b. Bashful*	—	Lord Eglinton's w. b. Bessie Bell †
Marquis of Douglas's bd. d. Driver	—	Dr. Brown's bd. d. Sweeper.
Sir W. A. Maxwell's bl. b. Mignonette†	—	Mr. Henderson's bk. and w. b. Lady Maria.
Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. O Yes, O Yes† (late Storm)	—	Mr. Duggan's y. and w. d. Dashaway.
Lord Douglas's bd. d. Knight	—	Mr. Elliot's br. and bd. b. Lion.*
Sir W. A. Maxwell's bd. d. Moustache†	—	Mr. Turner's bk. and w. b. Sly.*
Mr. A. Graham's w. bd. d. Cacciatore†	—	Sir W. A. Maxwell's f. b. Belle. †
Mr. Bainbridge's bk. b. Flora	—	Mr. Dickson's r. d. Spring.
Mr. A. Graham's bk. w. d. Stewartfield†	—	Mr. Bainbridge's r. and w. d. Ribton.*
Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Dreadnought †	—	Mr. Raimes's w. d. Gambler
Mr. Pollok's w. d. Hope	—	Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Cowboy. †
Mr. Turner's w. and r. d. Stopper*	—	Mr. Raimes's bk. and w. b. Cora.
Mr. Armstrong's bk. and w. d. Doctor*	—	Mr. Piper's f. d. Druid.
Marquis of Douglas's w. d. Doctor	—	Lord Eglinton's r. b. Skylark. †
Sir W. A. Maxwell's bk. d. Mullenduff	—	Mr. Elliot's w. and bl. d. Tom Cringle.*
Mr. Bainbridge's bk. b. Pepper*	—	Mr. Downie's bd. and w. b. Myrtle.

Lord Eglinton's r. and w. d. Moses†	...	beat	Marquis of Douglas's bl. d. Comedian.
Mr. Raimes's bl. b. Beauty	...	—	Mr. Walker's bl. d. Ruthvenfield.
Mr. Mitchell's w. and r. b. Flora M'lvor	...	—	Marquis of Douglas's bk. and w. d. Drafran.
Sir W. A. Maxwell's y. b. Go†	...	—	Mr. Turner's r. and w. d. Trimmer.*
Mr. W. Ramsey's bk. d. Rocket	...	—	Mr. Raimes's bk. d. Atlas.
Lord Eglinton's bl. d. Fingal†	...	—	Mr. Downie's r. b. Cora.
Sir W. A. Maxwell's bd. d. Mountain Dew†	...	—	Mr. Bainbridge's f. b. Ginger.*
Mr. Elliot's w. and bk. d. Twist*	...	—	Mr. Duggan's bk. d. Glee.
Sir W. A. Maxwell's f. d. Mighty† (late Glory)	...	—	Lord Ossulton's r. d. York.*
Lord Douglas's bd. and w. b. Mastic	...	—	Mr. A. Graham's bd. b. Judy.†
Dr. Brown's r. d. Oscar	...	—	Mr. Williamson's bk. and w. d. Sylla.*
Mr. Armstrong's y. d. The Shamrock*	...	—	Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Cur Non.†
Mr. A. Graham's bd. b. Jeannie†	...	—	Mr. W. Ramsay's r. b. Rosa.
Mr. Fowler's y. d. Tippoo*	...	—	Lord Eglinton's d. d. Glencoe.†

First Ties: Tillside Lass beat Magistrate, Whistler beat Ajax, Simon beat Tom Jones, Kent beat Grasper, Jesse beat Prince Albert, Waterloo beat Chance, Driver beat Bashful, Mignonette beat O Yes, O Yes, O Yes, Knight beat Moustache, Cacciotore beat Flora, Dreadnought beat Stewardfield, Hope beat Stopper, Mr. Armstrong's Doctor beat Marquis of Douglas's Doctor, Mulindhu beat Pepper, Beauty beat Moses, Go beat Flora M'lvor, Fingal beat Rocket, Mountain Dew beat Twist, Mastic beat Mighty, Oscar beat Shamrock, Tippoo beat Jeannie.

Second Ties: Whistler beat Tillside Lass, Kent beat Simon, Waterloo beat Jesse, Driver beat Mignonette, Cacciotore beat Knight, Hope beat Dreadnought (drawn), Mulindhu beat Doctor, Go beat Beauty, Fingal beat Mountain Dew, Mastic beat Oscar, Tippoo ran a bye.

Third Ties: Whistler beat Kent, Waterloo beat Driver, Hope beat Cacciotore, Go beat Mulindhu, Tippoo beat Fingal, Mastic ran a bye.

Fourth Ties: Whistler beat Waterloo (drawn), Hope beat Go, Tippoo beat Mastic.

Fifth Ties: Whistler beat Tippoo, Hope ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Whistler beat Hope, and won the Cup, and 100 sovs.

* English dogs. † One set of one owner's dogs. ‡ Another set of the same owner's dogs.

HAMPTON VICTORIA CLUB, DEC. 19.

For Sweepstakes of two couples of dogs, at £2 each the first class, and £1 the second class.

FIRST CLASS.—THE VICTORIA, ADELAIDE, AND ALBEMARLE STAKES.

Mr. Atwood's (Mr. Patient's) bk. b. Ruby	...	beat	Mr. Sheppard's bk. and w. b. Miss Brunton.
Mr. Clark's (Capt. Best's) bk. b. Beauty	...	—	Capt. Best's r. d. Bugle.
Mr. Patient's bk. b. Planet	...	—	Mr. Harvey's w. and bk. b. Howdah.
Mr. Coombe's f. b. Imogene	...	—	Mr. Charrington's (Mr. Patient's) bk. b. Ebony.
Mr. Taylor's (Capt. Best's) f. b. Belle	...	—	Mr. Elmore's r. b. Eel.
Mr. Spooner's r. b. Swallow	...	—	Mr. Hodsdon's r. d. Critic.

SECOND CLASS.—THE PALACE, HOME PARK, AND HAMPTON STAKES.

Mr. J. Hodsdon's r. d. Brilliant	...	beat	Mr. Coombe's bk. b. Industry.
Mr. Garner's nom. f. d. Gipsy	...	—	Mr. Kirton's r. d. Waxlow.
Mr. J. Hodsdon's r. d. Whalebone	...	—	Mr. Patent's bk. d. Plenipo.
Mr. Taylor's bl. b. Nimble	...	—	Mr. Sheppard's w. d. Byron.
Mr. Atwood's w. and bk. b. Fly	...	—	Mr. Chitty's f. b. Crucifix.

The ties will be run off on Thursday, the 2nd of January.

LANARKSHIRE AND RENFREWSHIRE CLUB MEETING (ON SIR JOHN MAXWELL'S ESTATE OF POLLOC), DEC. 19.

Mr. Ramage, of Easter Kinleith, Tryer: Mr. Donald, Slipper.

COLLAR DOGS, 3 sovs. each.

Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord	...	beat	Mr. J. L. Ewing's w. and bk. d. Emperor.
Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Butteryburn	...	—	Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. b. Mignonette.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Mountain Dew	...	—	Mr. J. L. Ewing's bk. d. Lightning.

Ties: My Lord beat Mountain Dew, Butteryburn ran a bye.

Deciding Course: My Lord beat Butteryburn, and won the Champion Collar and Stakes.

THE DARNLEY STAKES, of 1 sov. each, for Dogs that never won a Public Prize.

Mr. A. Graham's bk. b. Jesse	...	beat	Mr. J. L. Ewing's w. b. Blanche.
Mr. J. L. Ewing's y. d. Lofty	...	—	Mr. Wilson's w. and bl. b. Mary.
Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. O Yes	...	—	Mr. Geddes' w. and bk. b. Purity.

Ties: Lofty beat Jesse, O Yes ran a bye.

Deciding Course: O Yes beat Lofty, and won the Stakes.

Pedigrees: My Lord and Butteryburn are both by Gilbertfield; My Lord (rough) being out of Black-eyed Susan, and Butteryburn (smooth) out of Lillyput; O Yes, O Yes, O Yes, is by Mr. Ball's Bugle (winner of the Waterloo Cup of 1837,) out of Mr. A. Graham's Black Bess (by Gilbert-field, out of Mr. Ball's Bess.)

CLYDESDALE MEETING, DEC. 26, AND JAN. 16.

The DOUGLAS STAKES, value 140 sovs.

Mr. Wauchope's bk. d. Cerberus, by Mr. Mitchell's Sailor, out of Marquis of Douglas's Catch	...	beat	Mr. A. Graham's y. d. The Bleacher, by his Sassenagh, out of his Harp.
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Lord Eglinton's d. and w. d. Waterloo, by his Dusty Miller, out of his Exotic ...	beat	{ Mr. Wauchope's bk. and w. d. Don John, by his Claret, out of his Regina.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. and w. d. Mustapha, by Mr. Packen's Kingswell, out of Mr. Gordon's Alicia ...	—	{ The Marquis of Douglas's bk. and w. d. Croll, by Mr. Raimes's Rattler, out of his Nettle.
Lord Douglas's bk. d. Annan, by Mr. Bell's Spring, out of Mr. Wilson's Fly ...	—	{ Mr. Wauchope's bd. d. Cetus, by Mr. Etwell's f. d. out of Mr. Gillert's Gaicity.
Lord Eglinton's bl. d. Fingal, by his Dusty Miller, out of his Blast ...	—	{ Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. d. Mosstrooper, by Mr. A. Graham's Gilbertfield, out of his Jean.
Marquis of Douglas's w. and bk. d. Darnley, by Mr. Raimes's Rattler, out of his Nettle ...	—	{ Mr. Wauchope's r. d. Combat, by his Catton, out of his Vivid.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Moustache, by Mr. A. Graham's Gilbertfield, out of his Jean ...	—	{ Mr. A. Graham's Prince Albert, by his Gilbertfield, out of his Effie.
Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Glenkillock, by his Gilbertfield, out of his Judy ...	—	{ Lord Douglas's bd. d. Beatoek, by Mr. Bell's Spring, out of Mr. Wilson's Fly.
Mr. Jardine's y. and w. d. Carron (late Mr. Cairnie's), by Mr. Cairnie's Carron, out of Mr. C.'s Catharine ...	—	{ Mr. A. Graham's br. and w. d. Blantyre-farm, by his Gilbert, out of his Effie.
Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Castlehill, by his Gilbertfield, out of his Black-eyed Susan ...	—	{ Mr. Wauchope's bl. and w. d. Chesterfield, by his Claret, out of his Regina.
Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Spankaway, by his Deluge, out of his Buttery ...	—	{ Mr. A. Graham's w. and bd. d. Cacciatore, by Mr. Ball's Bugie, out of his Black Bess.
Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Landseer, by his Gilbertfield, out of his Effie, ran a bye.		

The EGLINTON STAKES, value 80 sovs.

Mr. A. Graham's w. and y. b. Caledonia, by his Sassenagh, out of his Harp ...	beat	{ Mr. Wauchope's bk. and w. b. Claret, by his Claret, out of his Regina (after an undecided course).
Mr. A. Graham's y. b. My-ain-thing, by his Gilbertfield, out of his Judy ...	—	{ Mr. H. Maxwell's br. and w. b. Melicent, by Mr. Havrington's Haut-ton, out of Mr. Hunter's Lass (after an undecided course).
Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. b. Mirza, by Mr. Picken's Kingswell, out of Mr. Gordon's Alicia ...	—	{ Lord Eglinton's r. and w. b. Maggie Lauder, by his Dusty Miller, out of his Exotic.
Marquis of Douglas's bk. and w. b. Dino, by Mr. Raimes's Ajax, out of Mr. R.'s Cora ...	—	{ Mr. Wauchope's r. b. Camarine, by his Claret, out of his Bess.

The EAST KILBRIDE STAKES.

Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. O Yes, O Yes, O Yes ...	beat	Lord Eglinton's d. d. Glencoe.
Lord Eglinton's r. and w. d. Moses ...	—	Marquis of Douglas's bk. d. Draffan.

The DOUGLAS STAKES, 5 sovs. each, JAN. 16th (resumed after the frost).

First Ties: Lord Eglinton's Waterloo beat Mr. Wauchope's Cerberus; Mr. Maxwell's Mustapha beat Lord Douglas's Annan; Marquis of Douglas's Darnley beat Lord Eglinton's Fingal; Mr. H. Maxwell's Moustache beat Mr. A. Graham's Glenkillock; Mr. Jardine's Carron beat Mr. A. Graham's Castlehill; Lord Eglinton's Spankaway beat Mr. A. Graham's Landseer.

Second Ties: Waterloo beat Mustapha; Moustache beat Darnley; Carron beat Spankaway.

The EGLINTON STAKES.

First Ties: Mr. H. Maxwell's Mirza beat Mr. A. Graham's Caledonia; Marquis of Douglas's Dino beat Mr. A. Graham's My-ain-thing.

Deciding Course: It having been agreed to run off the last tie to-day, and the Marquis of Douglas's Dino being taken away, Mr. H. Maxwell claimed the Stakes.

The EAST KILBRIDE STAKES.

First Ties: Mr. A. Graham's O Yes, O Yes, O Yes beat Lord Eglinton's Moses, and won the Stakes.

The BRANDON STAKES.

First Ties: Mr. Maxwell's Mantalini beat Lord Douglas's Kent; Lord Eglinton's Swan beat Marquis of Douglas's Doctor; Mr. A. Graham's My Lord beat Lord Eglinton's Moonlight; Marquis of Douglas's Dewdrop beat Mr. Downie's Carronade; Mr. A. Graham's Butteryburn beat Lord Douglas's Knight; Lord Eglinton's Indiana beat Mr. Downie's Van.

The CLYDE STAKES.

Lord Eglinton's Bessy Bell ...	beat	Mr. A. Graham's Jenny.
Mr. Downie's Rollo ...	—	Lord Douglas's Hero.
Mr. Maxwell's Mullendhu ...	—	Mr. A. Graham's Janie.
Marquis of Douglas's Chouringee ...	—	Mr. A. Graham's Jessy.

Lord Douglas's Music ran a bye.

MR. CHEW'S MEETING, SOUTHPORT, JAN. 2 AND 3.

Stewards: Messrs. Easterby, Chew, Hunt, Robinson, Tootell, and Bake.

Mr. M'George, Judge.

The GREAT FLEETWOOD STAKES, value £160.

The winners of the first class to receive £2 each; the second class, £3 each; the third class, £5 each; and the winner of the fifth class, £60—the second, £20. The winner to pay £7, and the second, £3, to be added to a Stake of £2 each, for the first sixteen beaten dogs.

Mr. Barge's bk. b. Maiden Queen	... beat	Mr. Hey's r. and w. d. Hookey Walker.
Mr. Blackburn's r. b. Fly	Mr. John's r. d. Glaucus.
Mr. Thomas's f. d. Achilles	Mr. Robinson's w. and f. b. Fly.
Mr. Arden's f. and w. d. Commodore	Mr. Marlow's f. and w. d. Elis.
Mr. Slater's r. b. Smart	Mr. Bake's r. b. Venus.
Mr. Easterby's bk. d. Earwig	Mr. Chew's bk. and w. d. Spring.
Mr. Machell's bk. and w. d. Bedford	Mr. Hunt's br. b. Hopeless.
Mr. Bardsley's bk. b. Smut	Mr. Duckworth's f. b. Stella.
Mr. Tootell's w. and bk. b. Eruca	Mr. King's bl. d. Alfred.
Mr. Hunt's bl. and w. d. Hawk-eye	Mr. Travis's bl. b. Violet.
Mr. Chew's bl. and w. d. Saddler	Mr. Thomas's r. d. Chasse.
Mr. Ogden's r. d. Touchstone	Mr. Gale's bk. and w. d. Lucky.
Mr. Machell's r. d. Magic	Mr. Bake's r. d. Skimmer.
Mr. Easterby's bk. and w. d. Emperor	Mr. Hines's bk. d. Nimrod.
Mr. Eden's r. and w. b. Enchantress	Mr. Houghton's r. d. Ranger.
Mr. Hey's w. and br. b. Clayton Lass	Mr. Bennett's r. d. Rubens.

First Ties: Maiden Queen beat r. b. Fly, Commodore beat Achilles, Earwig beat Smart, Bedford beat Smut, Eruca beat Hawk-eye, Touchstone beat Saddler, Magic beat Emperor, Clayton Lass beat Enchantress.

Second Ties: Maiden Queen beat Commodore, Bedford beat Earwig, Eruca beat Touchstone, Clayton Lass beat Magic.

Third Ties: Mr. Barge's bl. b. Maiden Queen beat Mr. Machell's bk. and w. d. Bedford, Mr. Tootell's w. and bk. b. Eruca beat Mr. Hey's w. and br. b. Clayton Lass.

Deciding Course: Maiden Queen beat Eruca, and won the Stakes.

THE ROSSALL PUPPY STAKES for sixteen puppies, under 2 yrs. old, at £2 each.—The first to receive £24, and the second £8.

Mr. Bake's f. and w. b. Swallow beat	Mr. Edwards's bk. and w. d. Emerald.
Mr. Machell's f. and w. b. Tulip	Mr. Mayall's f. and w. d. Don John.
Mr. Chew's bk. b. Beppo	Mr. Slater's w. and f. d. Snap.
Mr. King's bk d. Hawk-eye	Mr. Rowley's r. d. Scramble.
Mr. Rowley's f. b. Rebecca	Mr. Hunt's br. b. Hannah.
Mr. Chew's br. d. Claret	Mr. Gale's f. d. Drunkard.
Mr. Craven's r. b. Castle Carey	Mr. Robinson's bk. d. William.
Mr. Houghton's r. and w. d. Don John	Mr. Thomas's r. b. Fairy.

First Ties: Swallow beat Tulip, Beppo beat Hawk-eye, Rebecca beat Claret, Castle Carey beat Don John.

THE ROSSALL PUPPY STAKES.

Second Ties: Mr. Chew's bl. d. Beppo beat Mr. Bake's f. and w. b. Swallow, Mr. Rowley's f. b. Rebecca beat Mr. Craven's r. b. Castle Carey.

Deciding Course: Beppo beat Rebecca, and won the Stakes.

THE CONSOLATION STAKES.

Mr. Bake's r. d. Skimmer beat	Mr. Chew's bk. and w. d. Spring.
Mr. Marlow's f. and w. d. Elis	Mr. Robinson's w. and f. b. Fly.
Mr. Gale's bk. and w. d. Lucky	Mr. Johns's r. d. Glaucus.
Mr. Hunt's bd. b. Hopeless	Mr. Thomas's r. d. Chasse.
Mr. Hey's r. and w. d. Hookey Walker	Mr. King's bl. d. Alfred.
Mr. Bake's r. b. Venus	Mr. Bennett's r. d. Rubens.
Mr. Houghton's r. d. Ranger	Mr. Travis's bl. b. Violet.
Mr. Hind's bk. d. Nimrod	Mr. Duckworth's f. b. Stella.

First Ties: Elis beat Skimmer, Hopeless beat Lucky, Venus beat Hookey Walker, Nimrod beat Ranger.

Second Ties: Hopeless beat Elis, Venus beat Nimrod.

Deciding Course: Hopeless beat Venus, and won the Stakes.

THE SOUTHPORT STAKES.

Mr. Mayall's r. d. Nelson beat	Mr. Thomas's br. and w. d. Fly.
Mr. Bennett's bk. d. Sky Rocket	Mr. Chew's bk. and w. d. Carpenter.
Mr. King's bk. and w. b. Patty	Mr. Ogden's w. and bk. d. Talleyrand.
Mr. Bake's f. b. Belvidera	Mr. Hunt's bl. d. Hugo.

Ties: Sky Rocket beat Nelson, Patty beat Belvidera.

Deciding Course: Sky Rocket beat Patty, and won the Stakes.

THE CHURCHTOWN STAKES.

Mr. Rowley's r. d. Earl beat	Mr. T. O. Thomas's w. b. Terryalt.
Mr. Marlow's bl. d. Saddler	Mr. Robinson's r. d. Hero.
Mr. Craven's bl. b. Cara	Mr. Ogden's f. d. Ergot.
Mr. Easterby's r. b. Regina	Mr. King's bk. b. Venus.

Ties: Earl beat Saddler, Cara beat Regina.

Deciding Course: Cara beat Earl, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES for £40, best of three courses,

Mr. Paulden's bl. b. Enchantress	... beat	{ Mr. G. Allanson's f. b. Zephyr (in two courses).
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HAMPTON VICTORIA CLUB MEETING, JAN. 9.

FIRST CLASS OF VICTORIA STAKES, of £8 each.

Capt. Best's bk. b. Beauty beat	Mr. Patient's bk. b. Ruby.
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ADELAIDE STAKES, ditto.

Mr. Coombe's f. b. Imogene beat	Mr. Patient's bk. b. Planet.
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ALBERMARLE STAKES, of £8 each

Mr. Taylor na. Captain Best's f. b. Belle ... beat Mr. Spooner's r. b. Swallow.

SECOND CLASS, of £4 each.

Mr. J. Hodsdon's r. d. Brilliant ... beat Mr. Garner na. f. b. Gipsy.
 Mr. T. Hodsdon's r. d. Whalebone ... — Mr. Collins's bk. b. Clara.
 Mr. R. Taylor's bl. b. Nimble ... — Mr. Atwood's bk. and w. b. Fly.

MATCHES for sums of £20 to £2.

Mr. Combe's bk. d. Industry ... beat Mr. Elmore's f. b. Elegante.
 Mr. Charrington's w. d. Lumpey ... — Mr. Whittington's r. d. Garrick.
 Mr. R. Taylor's b. b. Transit ... — Mr. Sheppard's bk. d. Barrister.
 Mr. Atwood na. Mr. Spooner's tk. d. Spanker ... — Mr. Sherrot na. Mr. Spooner's f. b. Shamrock.
 Dr. Scott's bk. b. Susan ... agst. Mr. Parkinson's f. b. Rosebud (undecided).
 Mr. Collin's bk. b. Creole ... beat Mr. Spooner's r. d. Squib.
 Mr. Sheppard's r. b. Madge ... — Mr. Chitty's f. d. Caesar.
 Mr. Dunsie's bk. d. Fencer ... — Mr. Evan's r. b. Daisy.
 Mr. J. Hodsdon's r. d. Critic ... — Mr. Patient's bk. b. Ruby.
 Mr. Kirkton's r. d. Waxton ... — Mr. Brown's f. d. Windsor.

SECOND CLASS.

Mr. Elmore's f. b. Trinket ... beat Capt. Best's r. d. Billy.
 Dr. Scott's f. b. Susan ... — Mr. Parkinson na. Dr. Scott's bk. b. Rosebud.

ARDROSSAN CLUB MEETING, JAN. 9 AND 10.

The AYRSHIRE OPEN CUP, value 45 sovs., with 10 to second dogs, and 5 each to two others.

Sir W. Maxwell's bd. b. Mignonette ... beat Mr. H. Brown's r. d. Couper.
 Mr. Geddes's f. d. Glory ... — Mr. Warner's d. b. Bessy Bell.
 Dr. Brown's bd. d. Chance ... — Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. O Yes.
 Sir W. Maxwell's bd. d. Mountain Dew ... — Mr. Walker's bl. b. Witch.
 Mr. Geddes's y. b. Go ... — Mr. Duggan's f. d. Sam Weller.
 Dr. Brown's bd. d. Whistler ... — Mr. Walker's bk. d. Dashaway.
 Lord Eglinton's bk. and w. b. Indiana ... — Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord.

Lord Eglinton's r. and w. b. Moonlight ran a bye.

First Ties: Glory beat Mignonette, Chance beat Mountain Dew, Go beat Indiana, Moonlight beat Whistler.

Second Ties: Chance beat Glory, Go beat Moonlight.

Deciding Course: Chance beat Go, and won the Cup.

THE CHAMPION COLLAR, with a Stake of 35 sovs.

Lord Eglinton's r. b. Skylark ... beat Sir W. Maxwell's bk. d. Mosstrooper.
 Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Dreadnought ... — Sir W. Maxwell's bk. b. Madcap.
 Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Cowboy ... — Dr. Brown's bd. d. Sweeper.

Mr. A. Graham's r. d. Prince Albert ran a bye.

Ties: Skylark beat Cowboy, Prince Albert beat Dreadnought.

Deciding Course: Prince Albert beat Skylark, and won the Collar and Stake.

MATCHES.

Lord Eglinton's Waterloo ... beat Lord Eglinton's Fingal.
 Sir W. Maxwell's Madcap ... — Lord Eglinton's Grace Darling.
 Sir W. Maxwell's Mosstrooper ... — Lord Eglinton's Spankaway.

Pedigrees of the Winners: Chance is by the late Mr. Marshall's (of Nisland) Sweeper, out of Dr. Brown's Fanny; Prince Albert is by Mr. A. Graham's Gilbertfield, out of his Effie.

NORTHUMBERLAND CLUB (AT WHITFIELD) MEETING, JAN. 10.

Mr. M'George, Tryer.

The Cup, value 80 sovs.

Mr. N. Armstrong's bk. w. d. Doctor ... beat Mr. Gregson's bl. and w. d. Talisman.
 Mr. Crawford's bd. b. Sylph ... — Mr. T. Spoor's bk. and w. d. Tippler.
 Mr. Lee's w. and bl. d. Tom Cringle ... — Mr. J. Arthur's bk. d. Tramp.
 Mr. J. Bell's r. d. Skip ... — Mr. Anderson's bl. d. Eagle.
 Mr. Hetherington's bd. d. Frank ... — Mr. Crawford's bk. b. The Queen.
 Mr. Armstrong's bl. b. Sylvia ... — Mr. Gregson's bl. b. Puss.
 Mr. Anderson's y. d. Shamrock ... — Mr. Crawford's d. b. Norna.
 Mr. Humble's f. b. Witch ... — Mr. Gregson's bk. and w. d. Twist.

First Ties: Sylph beat Doctor, Skip beat Tom Cringle, Frank beat Sylvia, Shamrock beat Witch.

Second Ties: Skip beat Sylph, Frank beat Shamrock.

Deciding Course: Skip beat Frank, and won the Cup.

Frank is by Skip, both the property of Mr. Hetherington.

MATCH for £20, one course.

Mr. Armstrong's bl. and w. d. Bran ... beat Mr. Anderson's w. d. Wee Geordie.

MATCH for £50, best of three courses.

Mr. Armstrong's bl. and w. d. Bran 1 1
 Mr. Spoor's bl. and w. d. Tippler 2 2

MATCH for £20, one course.

Mr. Anderson's w. d. Wee Geordie ... beat Mr. Robson's r. d. Clipper.

SHERWOOD CLUB MEETING, JAN. 14.

Mr. R. Clifton's bl. d. Whistler beat Mr. Nevill's bk. d. Negro.
 Mr. Brown's r. d. Nimrod — Mr. Malpas na. w. b. Nun.
 Mr. Turner's bl. d. Blucher — Mr. Hardy's bl. b. Ellen.
 Mr. Parr's bk. d. Tinker — Mr. Foster's r. b. Rose.
 Mr. Nevill's r. d. Nimrod — Mr. Butt's bk. d. Roller.
 Mr. Brewster's r. b. Kate — Mr. Harrison's bk. b. Harriet
 Mr. Hemsley na. bk. b. Fan — Mr. Godber's bk. d. Hamlet.

First Ties: Whistler beat Mr. Brown's Nimrod, Nimrod beat Kate, Tinker beat Blucher, Fan ran a bye.

Second Ties: Tinker beat Whistler, Fan beat Nimrod.

Deciding Course: Fan beat Tinker, and won the Stakes.

Pedigrees of the Winners: The winner is by Mr. Foster's w. d. Freebooter, out of Mr. Fisher's bk. b.; and Tinker is by Mr. Foster's bk. d. Brutus, out of Mr. Hardy's bl. b. Harriet.

THE UNION (ADJOURNED) MEETING, JAN. 21 AND 22.

Stewards: T. B. Rowley, T. Redish, E. Craven, and R. Slater, Esqs.

THE GREAT FLEETWOOD CUP.

Mr. Redish's r. b. Rose, by Streamer, out of } beat { Mr. Ball's bk. d. Lucifer, by Lucifer, out of
 Bride — { a Bachelor Bitch.
 Mr. Hodgson's bd. and w. b. Zorillo, by Em- } — { Sir P. H. Fleetwood's r. and w. Hannah, by
 peror, out of Mischief — { Fitzalpine, out of Fly.
 Mr. Garvin's br. d. Jorom, by Snowball, out } — { Mr. Eden's f. and w. d. Enterprise, by Snow,
 of Kate — { out of Fly.
 Mr. Slater's r. d. Sorrel, by a son of Streamers } — { Mr. Williamson's bk. and w. d. Sylla, by
 Helot, out of Swiss.
 Mr. Harriott's br. d. Hope, by Mr. Selby's } — { Mr. Easterby's w. and bk. b. Eruca, by Sailor,
 dog, out of Fly — { out of Mr. Rolf's bitch.
 Mr. Rowley's bk. d. Emperor, by Helenus, } — { Mr. Harrison's dun. d. Ginger, by Gimcrack,
 out of Fly — { out of Fly.
 Mr. Swan's w. d. Sirius, by Slashing Harry, } — { Mr. Radcliffe's br. and w. d. Rattler, by Cato,
 out of Mallice — { out of Tulip.
 Mr. Lee's r. and w. d. Leicester — Mr. Craven's bl. b. Cara, by Leader—Hebe.

First Ties: Rose beat Zorillo, Sorrel beat Jorom, Emperor beat Hope, Leicester beat Sirius.

Second Ties: Sorrel beat Rose, Leicester beat Emperor.

Deciding Course: Mr. Lee's Leicester beat Mr. Slater's Sorrel, and won the Cup.

THE ROSSALL PUPPY CUP.

Mr. Slater's f. d. Sheridan, by Ranter, out of } beat { Mr. Craven's r. b. Castle Carey, by Fudge, out
 Favourite — { of sister to Cato.
 Mr. Williamson's bl. b. Cruiskeen, by Helot, } — { Mr. Lee's bk. and w. d. Luck's-all.
 out of Swiss — {
 Mr. Birch's bl. d. True Blue, by Tramp, out } — { Mr. Ball's bk. d. Bittern, by Bachelor, out
 of Nettle — { of Nimble.
 Mr. Redish's br. d. Rowton, by Tramp, out } — { Mr. Harrison's r. and w. d. Topper, by
 of Nettle — { Rocket out of beauty.
 Mr. Heyes's w. and f. d. Hylax, by Vandeanu, } — { Mr. Swan's r. and w. d. Sandy, by Bachelor,
 out of Fly — { out of Solomon.
 Mr. Garvin's bk. and w. d. Gale, by Tam } — { Sir P. H. Fleetwood's, Bart., br. b. Helen, by
 O'Shanter, out of Glide — { Rocket.
 Mr. Fellow's w. and bk. d. Fidget — { Mr. Rowley's f. b. Rebecca, by Hidalgo, out
 of Fly.
 Mr. Harriott's bk. and w. b. Isabella, by } — { Mr. Hodgson's r. d. Zinganez, by Shillelagh,
 Bugle-eye, out of Harriet — { out of Fly.

First Ties: Sheridan beat Cruiskeen, Rowton beat True Blue, Hylax beat Gale, Fidget beat Isabella.

Second Ties: Sheridan beat Rowton, Hylax beat Fidget.

Deciding Course: Mr. Heyes's Hylax beat Mr. Slater's Sheridan, and won the Cup.

THE UNION STAKES.

Mr. Fellow's f. and w. d. Rough Robin, by } beat { Mr. Rowley's r. d. Scramble, by Herdsman,
 Pop, out of Alice — { out of Rachel.
 Mr. Birch's f. d. Dart, by Tramp, out of } — { Mr. Hancott's bk. d. Hornsea, by Marquis,
 Nettle — { out of Gin.
 Mr. Hodgson's f. and w. b. Zatella, by Chance } — { Mr. Swan's bk. and w. d. Sergeant, by Trojan,
 out of Mallice.
 Mr. Ball's br. b. Cheshire Witch, by Treasurer, } — { Mr. H. Hey's br. and w. d. Doctor, by Spring,
 out of Harmony — { out of Venus.
 Mr. Lee's r. and w. b. Lamboo — { Mr. Williamson's r. b. Savourneen Deelish,
 by Glaucus.
 Mr. Easterby's bk. d. Earwig, by Hailstone, } — { Mr. Fellow's f. b. Fancy, by Fop, out of Alice,
 out of Pastime — {
 Mr. Eden's r. b. Enchantress, by Streamer, } — { Mr. Slater's w. and r. d. Snap, by Royal Oak,
 out of Bride — { out of Fly.
 Mr. Oddie's bl. d. Carlos, by Leader, out of } — { Mr. Garvin's bl. b. Glide.
 Alpha — {

First Ties: Dart beat Rough Robin, Cheshire Witch beat Zatzella, Earwig beat Lamboo, Carlos beat Enchantress.

Second Ties: Dart beat Cheshire Witch, Earwig beat Carlos.

Deciding Course: Mr. Easterby's Earwig beat Mr. Birch's Dart, and won the Stakes.

The BOLD STAKES.

Mr. Rowley's bk. d. Napoleon (late Tory) ... beat Mr. Harrison's dun d. Ginger.
 Mr. Harriott's bk. d. Hornsea ... — Mr. Williamson's bk. and w. d. Sylla.
 Mr. Eden's r. d. Eclair ... — Mr. Swan's bk. and w. d. Sergeant.
 Mr. Redish's bk. and w. d. Rubens ... — Mr. Fellow's f. b. Fancy.
 Mr. Easterby's w. and bk. b. Eruca ... — Mr. Ball's bk. d. Lucifer.
 Mr. Hodgson's br. and w. b. Zorillo ... — Mr. Lee's r. d. Lolly.

First Ties: Napoleon beat Hornsea, Rubens ran a bye (Eclair killed), Zorillo ran a bye (Eruca drawn).

Second Ties: Napoleon beat Rubens, Zorillo ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Mr. Hodgson's Zorillo beat Mr. Rowley's Napoleon, and won the Stakes.

The CHAMPAGNE STAKES.

Mr. Swan's w. and r. d. Sandy ... beat Mr. Oddie's f. d. Careless.
 Mr. Fellow's bk. d. Friendship ... — Mr. Harrison's br. b. Whitefoot.
 Mr. Hodgson's bk. and w. b. Zafra ... — Mr. Redish's r. b. Ruby.
 Mr. Craven's r. b. Castle Carey ... — Mr. Lee's bk. and w. d. Lottery.
 Mr. Slater's w. and r. d. Snap ... — Mr. Ball's bl. and w. d. Blueskin.
 Mr. Rowley's f. b. Rebecca ... — Mr. Hancott's f. d. Hannibal.

First Ties: Sandy beat Friendship, Castle Carey beat Zafra, Rebecca ran a bye.

Second Ties: Castle Carey beat Sandy, Rebecca ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Mr. Craven's Castle Carey beat Mr. Rowley's f. b. Rebecca, and won the Stakes.

The CLARET STAKES.

Sir P. H. Fleetwood's, Bart. r. b. Hannah ... beat Mr. Easterby's f. d. Hemlock.
 Mr. Craven's bl. b. Cara ... — Mr. Eden's f. and w. d. Enterprise.
 Mr. Swan's w. d. Sirius ... — Mr. Williamson's bl. b. Cruiskeen.
 Mr. Lee's bk. d. Luck's-all ... — Mr. Harriott's br. d. Hope.

Ties: Cara beat Hannah, Sirius beat Luck's-all.

Deciding Course: Mr. Swan's Sirius beat Mr. Craven's Cara, and won the Stakes.

HAMPTON VICTORIA CLUB MEETING, JAN. 30.

The Ties of the Sixteen DOG STAKES.

Mr. Hodsdon's Victoria ... beat Dr. Scott's Sister to Bab.
 Mr. Coombe's Imogene ... — Mr. Clarke's Cameo.

Deciding Course: Imogene beat Victoria in a very short course, not sufficient to try the merit of the dogs. Imogene won 10 guineas, and Victoria £5.

MATCHES for sums of £50 to £5 aside.

Mr. Spooner's Sector ... beat Mr. Chitty's bk. b. Cara.
 Mr. Mat-on's r. d. Saladin ... — Mr. Parkinson's r. b. Rosebud.
 Mr. Spooner's f. d. Spartan ... — Mr. Collins's r. d. Stump.
 Mr. Elmore w. d. Euclid ... — Mr. Sherrott's (Mr. Chitty's) f. d. Cæsar.
 Dr. Scott's bk. b. Creole ... — Mr. Norton's f. d. Spring.
 Mr. Lorton's bk. d. Spider ... — Mr. Sperring's r. b. Violet.

Mr. Kerton's r. d. Watlow agst. Mr. Brown's d.—Mr. Brown absent.

Mr. Clark's Cecrops agst. Mr. Hodsdon's r. d. Brilliant. After twice being slipt, and given no course, the third was undecided.

MATCH for £5.

Mr. Mosely's w. d. Bloomsbury ... beat Mr. Burford's r. b. Fly.

MATCH for £50 aside.

Capt. Best's (Mr. Spooner's) Spot ... agst. Dr. Scott's Sprite.

The betting was 5 to 4 on Spot, and taken.

The Stewards, Messrs. Elmore and Chitty, were of opinion that sufficient merit was not gained by Sprite to entitle her to the course, and gave it undecided accordingly.

CLYDESDALE CLUB, FEB. 3 AND 4.

The Cup.

Lord Douglas's bk. d. Kent ... beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord.
 Marquis of Douglas's bk. and w. d. Draffan ... — Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. d. Mullandhu.
 Lord Eglinton's r. b. Skylark ... — Lord Douglas's bd. and w. b. Mastic.
 Mr. Geddes's y. b. Go ... — Mr. A. Graham's w. and bd. d. Cacciatoro
 (after an undecided course).
 Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. b. Mignonette ... — Lord Eglinton's bk. and w. b. Indiana.

First Ties: Draffan beat Kent, Skylark beat Go, Mignonette ran a bye.

Second Ties: Draffan beat Mignonette, Skylark ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Draffan beat Skylark, and won the Cup.

The CHAMPION COLLAR.

Lord Eglinton's r. and w. b. Moonlight ... beat Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Mountain Dew.
 Marquis of Douglas's bd. d. Clyde ... — { Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. O Yes, O Yes, O Yes.

Mr. Jardine's y. and w. d. Carron ran a bye.

Ties: Carron beat Moonlight, Clyde ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Carron beat Clyde, and won the Collar.

The EAST KILBRIDE STAKES.

Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Glenkilloch beat Mr. Jardine's y. and w. d. Cringet.

Mr. Duggan's w. and r. d. Dickens ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Glenkilloch beat Dickens, and won the Stakes.

The HAMILTON STAKES.

Mr. Geddes's f. d. Glory beat Marquis of Douglas's f. b. Dewdrop.
 Lord Eglinton's dun b. Bessy Bell ... — Mr. A. Graham's w. and y. d. Forester.
 Lord Douglas's w. and bd. d. Hawthorn ... — { Mr. Duggan's f. d. Sam Weller (after an undecided course).
 Lord Douglas's bd. d. Knight ... — Lord Eglinton's bd. and w. h. Grace Darling.
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Butterburn ... — Mr. H. Maxwell's w. d. Mantilini.

First Ties: Glory beat Bessy Bell, Hawthorn beat Butterburn, Knight ran a bye.

Second Ties: Glory beat Knight, Hawthorn ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Hawthorn beat Glory (after an undecided course), and won the Stakes.

The CAMBUSLANG STAKES.

Mr. A. Graham's r. d. Prince Albert ... beat Mr. H. Maxwell's f. b. Melicent.
 Lord Douglas's b. d. Hero ... — { Mr. Geddes's dun and d. w. Gemmel (late Dashaway), after an undecided course.
 Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Dreadnought ... — Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Landseer.
 Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Mars ... — Lord Eglinton's bk. b. Sleet.

Ties: Prince Albert beat Hero, Dreadnought beat Mars.

Deciding Course: Prince Albert beat Dreadnought, and won the Stakes.

The CLYDE STAKES.

Lord Douglas's bd. d. Barefoot beat { Mr. A. Graham's bk. b. Jessy (after an undecided course).
 Lord Douglas's bd. d. Beatock ... — Lord Eglinton's dun d. Glencoe.
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. b. Jeanie ... — Lord Douglas's bk. d. Annau.
 Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Glenkilloch ... — Mr. H. Maxwell's Daphne.

Ties: Barefoot beat Jeanie, Beatock beat Glenkilloch.

Deciding Course: Barefoot and Beatock won the Stakes.

Pedigrees of the Winners.—Druffan is by Mr. Henderson's Hillhead, out of Mr. Smith's black bitch; Carron is by Mr. Carnie's Carron, out of Mr. Carnie's Catharine; Glenkilloch is by Mr. A. Graham's Gilbertfield, out of his Judy; Hawthorn is by Lord Douglas's Thorn; Prince Albert is by Mr. A. Graham's Gilbertfield, out of his Etie; Barefoot is by the late Mr. Graham's (of Airth), Squeezer; Beatock is by Mr. Bell's Spring, out of Mr. Wilson's Fly.

EVERLEIGH MEETING, FEB. 3, 4, AND 5.

The ALL-AGED CUP.

Mr. Clarke's r. d. Cecrops beat Mr. Spooner's f. b. Shamrock.
 Mr. Bailey's f. b. Bertha ... — Mr. Russell's f. b. Fan.
 Mr. Elmore's r. d. Brilliant ... — Mr. Jones's y. and w. b. Fly.
 Mr. Elmore's y. b. Cameo ... — Mr. Chitty's (Mr. Bailey's) w. b. Bulow.
 Mr. Hunt's r. b. Victoria ... — Mr. Dingwall's bk. b. Aurora.
 Mr. Palmer's f. d. Hawk ... — Mr. Charrington's w. b. Comet.
 Mr. Best's (Spooner's) br. d. Sevella ... — Mr. Miller's (Sherrott's) bk. & w. d. Wonder.
 Mr. Walker's (Elmore's) f. b. Elegant ... — Mr. Patient's (Dingwall's) r. d. Artist.

First Ties: Cecrop's beat Bertha, Cameo beat Brilliant, Victoria beat Hawk, Sevella beat Elegant.

Second Ties: Cameo beat Cecrops, Sevella beat Victoria.

Deciding Course: Cameo beat Sevella, and won the Cup; Sevella the Goblet.

The JENNER STAKES.

Mr. Charrington's bd. b. Chance beat Mr. Dingwall's f. d. Anson.
 Mr. Elmore's r. d. Whalebone ... — Mr. Jones's r. b. Nun.
 Mr. Spooner's bd. b. Star ... — Mr. Palmer's bl. b. Nonsense.
 Mr. Miller's r. d. Spring ... — Mr. Bailey's r. b. Balsam.

Ties: Whalebone beat Chance, Star beat Spring.

Deciding Course: Whalebone beat Star, and won the Stakes.

The ENFORD STAKES.

Mr. Elmore's r. d. Critic beat Mr. Danger's f. b. Victory.
 Mr. Clarke's r. b. Elfin — { Mr. Pimmer's r. and w. d. Claret (after an
 undecided course.)

Deciding Course: Elfin was drawn, and Critic won the Stakes.

The UNITED CLUB STAKES.

Mr. Elmore's f. and w. d. Euclid beat Mr. Dingwall's r. d. Artist.
 Mr. Jones's y. and w. b. Fly — Mr. Russell's f. b. Fan.
 Mr. Humphries's bl. b. Hebe — Mr. Danger's f. b. Victory.
 Mr. Jones's r. b. Nun — Mr. Bailey's r. b. Balsam.

Ties: Fly beat Euclid, Hebe was drawn, after two undecided courses with Nun, and Fly being also drawn, Nun won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Elmore's f. b. Elegant beat Mr. Dingwall's r. d. Artist
 Mr. Miller's bk. and w. d. Wonder — Mr. Pimmer's r. and w. d. Claret.
 Mr. Clarke's r. b. Elfin — Mr. Charrington's bd. d. Critic.
 Mr. Palmer's f. d. Hawk — Mr. Charrington's f. b. Comet.
 Mr. Elmore's b. d. Brilliant — Mr. Bailey's f. b. Bertha.
 Mr. Miller's bl. d. Beelzebub — Mr. Danger's f. b. Victory.
 Mr. Beaven's bl. and w. d. Plunder — Mr. Elmore's r. d. Critic.

Pedigrees: Cameo, Whalebone, and Critic, are all by Mr. Clarke's Critic, out of Mr. Elmore's Jewel, and of one litter.

ASHDOWN PARK MEETING.—FEB. 4, 5, AND 6.

The Cup.

Mr. Agg's Amulet beat Mr. E. Cripps's bl. b. Eyebrow.
 Mr. Bowles's bk. Brocarde — Lord Stradbroke's bk. b. Mildred.
 Mr. W. Etwall's f. d. Warden (late Ekedictu)... .. — Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Gratilla.
 Mr. Cripps's br. d. Colbrook — Lord Lisburne's w. and bk. d. Rifle.
 Mr. Etwall's f. d. Enham — Mr. Baildon's f. b. Blush.
 Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Kenwigs — Lord Rivers's r. d. Grasshopper.
 Mr. Goodlake's y. d. Golden Lion — Mr. Agg's w. and f. d. Argus.
 Lord Stradbroke's r. b. Madam — Mr. Bowles's r. d. Ben Brace.

First Ties: Amulet beat Warden, Enham beat Brocarde, Kenwigs beat Golden Lion, Madam beat Colbrook.

Second Ties: Kenwigs beat Amulet, Enham beat Madam.

The CLARET STAKES

Lord Stradbroke's r. d. Musquito beat Mr. Baildon's bk. Burgundy.
 Mr. Bowles's r. b. Boscobel — Lord Lisburne's f. Lottery.
 Mr. Agg's r. b. Ada — Lord Rivers's bk. d. Gregory.
 Mr. Goodlake's f. Graduate — Mr. E. Cripps's w. b. Eglantine.

Ties: Graduate beat Ada, Boscobel beat Musquito.

Mr. Goodlake's Graduate and Mr. Bowles's Boscobel divided the Stakes.

The CRAVEN STAKES—(First Class).

Mr. Bowles's r. d. Benledi beat Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Melton.
 Mr. Etwall's bd. d. Equerry — Lord Lisburne's bk. and w. d. Locket.
 Mr. Goodlake's f. b. Garonne — Mr. Agg's r. d. Ajax.

Ties: Benledi beat Bronti, Equerry beat Garonne.

Mr. Etwall's Equerry and Mr. Bowles's Benledi divided the Stakes.

The CRAVEN STAKES—(Second Class).

Mr. Bowles's Black Diamond beat Mr. E. Cripps's bl. b. Emilia.
 Mr. Pusey's y. Petrel — Lord Lisburne's r. d. Lightfoot.
 Mr. Baildon's bk. d. Bradford — Lord Rivers's bk. b. Grace.
 Lord Stradbroke's bk. b. Muslin — Mr. Etwall's bk. d. Euroclidon.

Ties: Petrel beat Bradford, Muslin beat Black Diamond.

The LAMBOURN STAKES.

Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Gratilla beat Mr. Baildon's r. d. Buccellas.
 Mr. Bowles's bk. Black Dwarf — Mr. Agg's r. b. Arabella.
 Mr. Pusey's bk. d. Prad — Mr. Baildon's f. b. Blush.
 Mr. Goddard's bk. d. Galloper — Lord Lisburne's r. b. Lucy.

Ties: Prad beat Galloper, Gratilla beat Black Dwarf.

The WEYLAND STAKES.

Mr. Goddard's y. b. Fly beat Lord Rivers's bk. d. Gilbert.
 Mr. Goodlakes's bk. b. Ganges — Mr. Agg's r. d. Adrian.

Deciding Course: Fly beat Ganges, and won the Stakes.

* A line has evidently been omitted here in the return.

The SCRUB STAKES.

Lord Rivers's bk. Gregory beat Mr. Bowles's y. Ben Brace.
 Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Melton — Mr. Agg's w. d. Argus.

The ASHDOWN PARK STAKES.

Lord Rivers's bk. d. Godfrey beat Mr. Agg's bk. African (late Negro.)
 Lord Stradbroke's bk. Mildred — Mr. Bowles's bd. b. Breeze.

MATCH.

Lord Rivers's bk. b. Gipsy beat Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Kimberley.

MATCH for £5.

Lord Rivers's bk. d. Godfrey Pineapple ... beat Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Ganges.
Deciding Course for the Cup: Enham, beat Kenwigs, and won the Cup; Kenwigs the Sovereigns.

The CRAVEN STAKES—(Second Class).

Lord Stradbroke's bk. b. Muslin and Mr. Pusey's y. b. Petrel divided the Stakes.

The LAMBOURN STAKES.

Mr. Goodlake's bk. h. Gratilla and Mr. Pusey's bk. d. Prad divided the Stakes.

The SCRUB STAKES.

Lord Rivers's bk. d. Gregory and Lord Stradbroke's bk. t. d. Melton divided the Stakes.

The ASHDOWN PARK STAKES.

Lord Rivers's bk. d. Godfrey and Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Mildred divided the Stakes.

NEWMARKET NEW MEETING (ALLINGTON HILL), FEB. 5, 6, 7 AND 8.

The ALLINGTON HILL STAKES, for bitch puppies.

Mr. Gillett's r. and w. Georgiana beat Mr. Dunn's bk. and w. Busy.
 Mr. Saberton's bk. Susan — Mr. Inskip's br. I wish-you-may.
 Capt. Daintree's Kix Vix-y — Mr. Bryant's w. Effie Deans.
 Capt. Daintree's br. Keepsake — Mr. Vipan's w. Verity.
 Mr. Dobede's r. Dewberry — Mr. Nash's br. Acid.
 Mr. Saberton's w. Silkworm — Mr. Finch's bk. and w. Garland.
 Mr. King's w. and bl. Roxana — Mr. Edwards's br. A-la-mode.
 Mr. Vipan's w. Violante — Mr. Inskip's f. Idol.

First Ties: Roxana beat Kix Vix-y, Violante beat Silkworm, Dewberry beat Susan, Keepsake beat Georgiana.

Second Ties: Keepsake beat Dewberry, Violante beat Roxana.

THE CUP.

Capt. Daintree's r. w. d. p. King Cob beat Mr. Bryant's bk. d. Euphrates.
 Mr. Saberton's bl. d. Selim — Mr. Vipan's bk. d. p. Volens.
 Mr. Edwards's f. d. p. Antar — Mr. Dunn's bl. d. Blucher.
 Mr. Moody's br. b. Rebecca — Mr. Fyson's bk. b. p. Fligel.
 Mr. King's r. d. p. Red Rover — Mr. Inskip's br. d. Ickwell.
 Mr. Fyson's bk. d. Favourite (late Damon) — Mr. Vipan's bk. d. Victory.
 Mr. Dobede's bk. and w. d. p. Douro — Mr. Gillett's br. b. Guitar.
 Mr. Finch's bk. d. Grandee — Mr. Nash's br. d. Critic.

First Ties: Favourite (late Damon) beat Rebecca, Selim beat King Cob, Douro beat Grandee Red Rover beat Antar.

Second Ties: Favourite beat Red Rover, Selim beat Douro.

The CHIFFENHAM STAKES, for dog puppies.

Mr. Edwards's f. Assassin beat Mr. Gillett's bl. Gladiator.
 Mr. Fyson's r. Follett (late Duncan) — Mr. Bryant's f. Enoch.
 Mr. Dunn's bk. and w. Burwell — Mr. Dobede's r. Dandelion.
 Mr. Dunn's f. and w. Bustle — Mr. Bryant's bk. and w. Euclid.
 Mr. Dobede's bl. Dunallen — Mr. Finch's r. Gulliver.
 Mr. Inskip's br. Intruder — Mr. Saberton's w. Slyboots.
 Mr. Inskip's r. Imp — Mr. Fyson's bk. and w. Flamingo.
 Capt. Daintree's r. King Pepin — Mr. Vipan's f. Vincent.

First Ties: Assassin beat Follet, Dunallen beat Burwell, King Pepin beat Intruder, Bustle beat Imp.

Second Ties: Dunallen beat Assassin, King Pepin beat Bustle.

The PORT STAKES.

Mr. Inskip's bk. d. Impetus beat Mr. Bryant's bk. d. Everlasting.
 Capt. Daintree's w. d. Keel — Mr. Finch's bk. b. Graceful.
 Mr. Dobede's w. b. Diana — Mr. Moody's br. d. Rioter.
 Mr. Vipan's r. d. Voltaire — Mr. Gillett's bl. d. Greenacre.
 Mr. Edwards's br. d. Abraham Newland — Mr. Saberton's bk. d. p. Stoic.
 Mr. Vipan's r. and w. b. p. Verbena — Mr. Inskip's r. and w. d. Index.
 Mr. Saberton's bk. d. Sportsman — Mr. Gillett's f. d. p. Giles.
 Mr. Dobede's bk. b. Demeaux — Mr. Fyson's w. d. p. Falcon.

First Ties: Diana beat Keel, Abraham Newland beat Impetus, Sportsman beat Voltaire, Verbena beat Demeaux.

Second Ties: Verbena beat Abraham Newland, Diana beat Sportsman.

The RUTLAND STAKES.

Mr. Dobede's r. d. p. Dandelion	beat	Mr. Gillett's br. b. Guitar.
Mr. Saberton's w. d. p. Slyboots	—	Mr. Inskip's r. and w. Index.
Mr. Vipan's bk. d. p. Volens	—	Mr. Fyson's bk. b. Fliigel.

Ties: Slyboots beat Volens, Dandelion ran a bye.

MATCHES.

Mr. Nash's bk. b. Cruiskeen	beat	Mr. Moody's br. d. Rioter.
Mr. Inskip's bk. b. p. Icaria	—	Mr. Gillett's br. b. p. Grisi.
Mr. Edwards's br. b. Agnes	—	Mr. Nash's br. d. Critic.
Mr. Dunn's bk. and w. b. p. Busy	—	Mr. Inskip's br. b. p. I-wish-you-may.
Mr. Dunn's bl. d. Blucher	—	Mr. Vipan's bk. d. Victory.
Mr. Edwards's br. b. p. A-la-mode	agst.	Mr. Fyson's bk. b. p. Fliigel (undecided).
Mr. Inskip's f. b. Idle	—	Mr. Fyson's bk. w. d. p. Flamingo, (no c.)

The ALLINGTON HILL STAKES, for bitch puppies.

Mr. Vipan's w. Violante	beat	{ Capt. Daintree's br. Keepsake, and won the Stakes.
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The Cup.

Mr. Fyson's bk. d. Favourite (late Damon)	beat	Mr. Saberton's bl. d. Selim, and won the Cup.
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The CHIPPENHAM STAKES, for dog puppies.

Mr. Dobede's bl. Dunallen	beat	{ Capt. Daintree's r. King Pepin, and won the Stakes.
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The PORT STAKES.

Mr. Vipan's r. and w. d. p. Verbena	beat	{ Mr. Dobede's w. b. Diana, and won the Stakes.
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The RUTLAND STAKES.

Mr. Saberton's w. d. p. Slyboots	beat	{ Mr. Dobede's r. d. p. Dandelion, and won the Stakes.
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MATCH.

Mr. Bryant's bk. d. Euphrates	beat	Mr. Nash's bk. b. Cruiskeen.
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BARTON-UPON-HUMBER MEETING, FEB. 11, 12, AND 14.

W. Uppleby and P. Richardson, Esqrs., Stewards. Bryan Hesleden, Esq., Secretary.

Mr. M'George, of Darlington, Tryer.

The GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES.

Mr. J. Nevill's bk. d. Negro	beat	Mr. Hutchinson's bd. b. Violet.
Mr. Richardson's bk. and w. d. Marmion	—	Mr. Teal's, (jun.) r. and w. b. Myrtle.
Mr. Helmsley's bl. d. Smoker	—	Sir H. Boynton's r. t. d. Patch.
Mr. Foster's bk. b. Executrix	—	Mr. King's bk. t. d. Mat.
Mr. Foster's r. d. Chasse	—	Mr. Dudding's bk. d. Dandy.
Mr. Abbott's bk. b. Jewess	—	Col. Elmhirst's bk. b. Madame.
Sir H. Boynton's bk. and w. d. Bachelor	—	Mr. Fowler's f. and w. b. Harkaway.
Mr. Darley's bl. b. Dulcimer	—	Mr. J. Nevill's bk. and w. b. Lady.
Mr. Craven's bk. and w. b. Ereuco	—	Mr. Fowler's f. d. Tippoo.
Mr. Craven's f. b. Rebecca	—	Mr. Hutchinson's c. c. d. Major.

Mr. King's bd. and w. b. Clayton Lass ran a bye.

First Ties: Dulcimer beat Rebecca, Jewess beat Bachelor, Smoker beat Executrix, Clayton Lass beat Chasse, Negro beat Marmion, Ereuco ran a bye.

Second Ties: Dulcimer beat Negro, Clayton Lass beat Ereuco, Smoker beat Jewess.

Third Ties: Smoker beat Clayton Lass, Dulcimer ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Dulcimer, beat Smoker, and won the Stakes.

The Cup.

Mr. I. Burkill's bl. b. Kate Nickleby	beat	Mr. Benson's bd. b. Lass of the Isle.
Mr. Uppleby's r. b. Tidy	—	Mr. G. C. Healey's f. and w. b. Amelia.
Mr. Richardson's bl. d. Jim Crow	—	Mr. Dudding's f. and w. d. Defiance.
Mr. B. Nicholson's bd. d. Hit-or-Miss	—	Mr. Gunning's f. and w. d. Caledonia.
Mr. W. Richardson's f. b. Ready	—	Mr. P. Richardson's bk. b. Lobelia.
Mr. Gunning's f. d. Nelson	—	Mr. W. Richardson's br. and r. d. Resolution.
Mr. Dudding's bk. and w. d. Pilot	—	Mr. Healey's bd. d. Roxby.
Mr. Richardson's bk. b. Clementina	—	Mr. Darley's f. and w. b. Destiny.

First Ties: Tidy beat Kate Nickleby, Jim Crow beat Hit-or-Miss, Ready beat Nelson, Pilot beat Clementina.

Second Ties: Tidy beat Jim Crow, Pilot beat ready.

Deciding Course: Tidy beat Pilot, and won the Cup; Pilot the Sovereigns.

The DERBY.

Mr. Fowler's f. d. North Star	beat	Mr. Gunning's f. d. Norwood.
Mr. Dudding's r. d. Douro	—	Mr. Darley's r. d. Don.

Deciding Course: Douro, beat North Star, and won the Stakes.

The OAKS.

Mr. Dudding's w. b. Day-Star beat Mr. Uppleby's w. b. Her Majesty.
Mr. Richardson's bk. b. Prunella — Mr. Fowler's. b. and w. b. Patty.

Deciding Course: Day-Star, beat Prunella, and won the Stakes.

The APPLEBY CAR STAKES.

Mr. King's bk. d. Hawk-eye beat Mr. Richardson's bk. b. Grasshopper.
Mr. Dudding's bk. d. Defiance — Mr. Fowler's Magistrate.

Deciding Course: Defiance beat Hawk-eye, and won the Stakes.

The ANCHOLME STAKES.

Mr. Dudding's w. b. Dainty beat Mr. Nicholson's bl. b. Graceful.
Mr. Fowler's f. and w. b. Harkaway — Mr. W. Richardson's f. d. Marquis.

Deciding Course: Harkaway beat Dainty, and won the Stakes.

The CONSOLATION STAKES.

Mr. Foster's bk. b. Executrix beat Mr. King's bk. d. Mat.
Mr. Benson's bd. b. Lass of the Isle — Mr. Richardson's bk. b. Lobelia.

Deciding Course: Executrix beat Lass of the Isle, and won the Stakes.

MATCH £20 a side.

Mr. Hutchinson's cr. d. Major beat Mr. Dudding's bk. d. Dandy.

WINCHBURGH CLUB SPRING MEETING, FEB. 18.

The PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Raines's r. and w. b. Whimsey beat Mr. Henderson's bd. d. Wee Geordie.
Mr. Jamieson's bk. and w. d. Cote — Hon. C. Hope's bd. b. Maggie Lauder.

Deciding Course: Whimsey beat Cote, and won the Stakes.

The ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Scott's w. and r. d. Steam beat Mr. Mitchell's bl. d. Stranger.
Earl Roseberry's bk. d. Young Sailor — Mr. Raines's bk. d. Atlas.
Mr. Raines's bk. and w. d. Captain — Mr. Mitchell's cr. b. Brenda.
Mr. Scott's r. d. Alfred — Mr. Henderson's f. and w. d. Prince Albert.
Mr. Raines's bk. and w. b. Cora, sen. — Mr. Henderson's bk. and w. b. Lady Maria.
Mr. Mitchell's w. and r. b. Flora M'Ivor — Mr. Raines's bl. b. Beauty.

First Ties: Young Sailor beat Steam, Captain beat Alfred, Brush beat Cora, Flora ran a bye.

Second Ties: Flora beat Young Sailor, Captain beat Brush.

Deciding Course: Flora M'Ivor beat Captain, and won the Stakes.

LIVERPOOL WATERLOO MEETING, MARCH 4 AND 6.

Mr. Nightingale, Judge.

The WATERLOO CUP—WEDNESDAY, 4.

A subscription of 25 sovs. each, thirty-two subscribers; the winner to receive 300 sovs., the second 100 sovs., a winner of three courses 30 sovs., of two 20 sovs., of one 10 sovs., and the dog which is beaten in the first ties for the Cup, by the winner of it, an additional 10 sovs.; a bonus of £170 to be reserved for the sixteen beaten dogs in the first round.

Mr. Bold Robinson's r. b. Empress, by Tramp, out of Nettle	beat	Mr. Eden's bk. d. Skyrocket, by Rocket, out of Victoria, after an undecided course.
Mr. Allen's r. w. b. Lady, by Dr. Bellysees' Nathan, out of Risk	—	Mr. J. King na. r. d. Streamer, brother to Lady.
Mr. Moore's bd. d. Mutineer, by Hindrance, out of Medusa	—	Mr. Williamson's bl. b. Cruiskeen.
Lord Eglinton's bl. d. Fingal, by Dusty Miller, out of Blast	—	Lord Talbot's r. d. Tippee.
Mr. Easterby's bk. d. Emperor, by Helenus, out of Butler's Fly	—	Mr. H. Hornby's w. and bd. d. Helmsman.
Mr. John Robinson's f. d. Dart	—	Mr. Bake's r. d. Skimmer, by Streamer, out of Bessy Bedlam.
Mr. Calvert's bk. d. Mango, by Vanish, out of Swallow	—	Mr. Swan na. Maiden Queen, by the Colonel, out of Linnet.
Mr. Harriott's bk. and w. b. Isabella, by Bugle-eye, out of Harriet	—	Mr. Reid na. w. and bd. b. Clayton Lass, own sister to Hylax.
Mr. Harper na. bk. and w. b. Countess, by Brother to Brilliant	—	Earl Stradbroke's bk. d. Marquis, by Madman, out of Margery.
Mr. N. Blundell's r. b. Busy, by his Major, out of his Hilberry	—	Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. O Yes, O Yes, O Yes, by Mr. Ball's Bugle, out of Mr. A. Graham's Black Bess.
Mr. Elliott's bd. and w. b. Violet, by Blunder, out of Luna	—	Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Kenwigs, by Kinsman, out of Kettle (after an undecided course).

Mr. Fowler's bk. b. Executrix, by Bandage, out of Fiddler's Fly	} beat {	Mr. Kearsley's w. and f. b. Fly, by Lumber, out of Queen.
Mr. Easterby's bk. d. Earwig, by Hailstone, out of Pastime		Mr. Craven na. w. and f. d. Hylax, by Van-deau, out of Fly.
Mr. Elliott's bk. and w. d. Twist, by Spanker, out of Niece		Mr. Machell's r. d. Magic, by Bob Logic, out of Secret.
Mr. Slater's r. d. Touchstone, by Ranter, out of Anne		Lord Eglinton's r. b. Skylark, by Clipper, out of Blast.
Mr. James Ball's r. b. Rose, by Streamer, out of Bride		Mr. Edwards na. bl. d. Ambassador (late Selim), by Nix's David, out of Lord Stradbroke's Memina.

First Ties: Lady beat Empress (after an undecided course), Fingal beat Mutineer (after an undecided course), Emperor beat Dart, Isabella beat Mango, Countess beat Busy, Executrix beat Violet, Earwig beat Twist, Rose beat Touchstone.

THE WATERLOO PURSE.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, sixteen subscribers: the winner to receive 100 sovs., the second 42 sovs., a winner of two courses 5 sovs. each, and a winner of one course 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Ball's bk. d. Victory, by Bugie, out of Kate	} beat {	Mr. Eden's f. and w. d. Enterprise, by Snow, out of Fly.
Mr. Calvert's bk. b. Martha, own sister to Mango		Mr. Machell's r. and w. d. Bendigo, own brother to Magic.
Mr. Fowler's f. d. Major, by Bullet, out of Ruby		Mr. Brundell's r. b. Brenda, by Claret, out of Whip.
Mr. Heys na. r. b. Castle Carey, by Fudge, out of sister to Cato		Lord Talbot's bk. d. Tschort.
Mr. Unsworth's bl. d. Rector, by Raymond, out of Young Lutestring		Mr. Kershaw's r. d. Kenneth, by Kingsman, out of Knavery.
Mr. Easterby's f. b. Rebecca, by Mr. Hornby's Hidelgo, out of Emperor's dam		Mr. E. Hornby's brin. b. Hempseed by An-son, out of Handkerchief.
Mr. Swan's r. and w. d. Sandy, by Bachelor, out of sister to Solomon	Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Mealman, by Mariner, out of Bird's-wing.	
Mr. J. King's bk. and t. d. Mat	Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord, by Gilbertfield, out of Black-eyed Susan.	

FRIDAY, 6.

Second Ties for the Cup: Fingal beat Lady, Emperor beat Isabella, Countess beat Executrix, Earwig beat Rose.

Third Ties: Emperor beat Fingal, Earwig beat Countess.

Deciding Course: Earwig beat Emperor, and won the Cup; Emperor the Sovereigns.

THE WATERLOO PURSE.

First Ties: Martha beat Victory, Castle Carey beat Major, Rebecca beat Rector, Sandy beat Mat.

Second Ties: Castle Carey beat Martha, Sandy beat Rebecca.

Deciding Course: Castle Carey beat Sandy, and won the Purse; Sandy the Sovereigns.

The **ALTCAR PURSE** of £170, being a bonus from the Waterloo Cup, for the beaten dogs in the first class for it.

Mr. J. King na. r. d. Streamer	beat	Mr. Eden's bk. d. Skyrocket.
Lord Talbot's r. d. Tippee	—	Mr. William-son's bl. b. Cruiskeen.
Mr. J. Bake's r. d. Skimmer	—	Mr. H. Hornby's w. and bd. d. Helmsman.
Mr. Swan na. bk. b. Maiden Queen	—	{ Mr. Reid na. w. and bd. b. Clayton Lass (after an undecided course).
Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Marquis	—	Mr. Graham's bk. d. O Yes, O Yes.
Mr. Kearsley's w. and f. b. Fly	—	Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Kenwigs.
Mr. Craven na. w. and f. d. Hylax	—	Mr. Machell's r. d. Magic.

Lord Eglinton's r. b. Skylark ran a bye.

First Ties: Tippee beat Streamer, Marquis beat Fly, Maiden Queen beat Skimmer, Hylax beat Skylark.

Second Ties: Maiden Queen beat Tippee, Marquis beat Hylax.

Deciding Course: Marquis beat Maiden Queen, and won the Purse.

TURF REGISTER.

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

COVENTRY SPRING MEETING.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11TH.

The Craven Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added from the fund, for three and four-year-olds; once round and a distance (eleven subscribers).

Mrs. Massey's b. g. Tubalcain, by Cain, four-years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Marlow) ...	1
Mr. Treen's ch. c. Fitzroy, by Belshazzar, three-years old, 7 st. (Howlett) ...	2
Mr. Treen's br. c. Fitzambo, by The Saddler, or Tramp, four-years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Treen) ...	3
Mr. Goodman's b. m. Fame, four-years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (General) ...	0
Earl Craven na. br. m. Clara, by Clearwell, out of Spurna, by Orville, four-years old, 8 st. 4 lb. (Frost) ...	0
Mr. Sadler's b. c. Protector, by Defence, three-years old, 7 st. (G. Whitehouse) ...	0

Betting: 6 to 4 on Treen's two, 5 to 2 agst. Tubalcain, and 5 to 1 agst. Protector. The owner declared to win with Fitzambo.—A falsely run race, Fitzroy never attempting to go up till Fitzambo was defeated, and then having too much ground to make good to leave him a chance, at the pace and distance. Won by three quarters of a length, after a very severe struggle.

The Handicap of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., for any horse, with 30 sovs. added from the fund; one mile and a half (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Treen's br. c. Fitzambo, by The Saddler, or Tramp, four-years old, 10 st. 2 lb. (Mr. W. Sadler) ...	1
Mr. Matthews's b. g. Master Teddy, by Defence, four-years old, 9 st. (h.-b.) (Treen) ...	2
Mr. W. Lacey's br. f. Viola, by Dr. Syntax, four-years old, 9 st. (Frost) ...	3
Mr. Collins's Catamaran, by Strepion, aged, 11 st. (Darling) ...	0
Mr. Drewe's h. Malton, by H. Clinker, six-years old, 10 st. 6 lb. (Crickmere) ...	0
Mr. Webber's b. g. Harold, by Master Henry, aged, 10 st. (E. Day) ...	0
Mr. W. Walter's b. h. Goldhurst, by Confederate, dam by Tramp, six-years old, 10 st. (Calloway) ...	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Fitzambo, 5 to 2 agst. Master Teddy, and 5 to 2 agst. Catamaran.—A capital race, won by a short half length.

The City Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added from the fund, for horses not thorough-bred; one mile and a half (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Maley's c. m. Bellissima, by Bizarre, five-years old, 11 st. 6 lb. (Mr. W. Sadler) ...	1
Mr. W. Jones's b. h. Bolivar, aged, 12 st. 5 lb. (Darling) ...	2
Mr. Matthews's b. g. Master Teddy, four-years old, 10 st. 9 lb. (Treen) ...	3
Mr. E. Herbert's b. g. Sam Weller, six-years old, 11 st. 12 lb. (Marlow) ...	0
Mr. Wadlow's b. m. Woodbine, five-years old, 11 st. 4 lb. (Wadlow) ...	0
Mr. G. Ongley's b. f. by Game Boy, four-years old, 10 st. 4 lb. (Mr. Parr) ...	0
Mr. J. R. Cowley's br. f. La Belle, four-years old, 10 st. 4 lb. (owner) ...	0
Mr. Stevens's br. m. Rosa, by Belzoni, four-years old, 10 st. 4 lb. (Fletcher) ...	0

Betting: 6 and 7 to 4 on Bellissima, and 7 to 2 agst. Master Teddy.

A Silver Cup, with 10 sovs. for the second horse, to be added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; two mile heats; entrance 1 sov.

Mr. Drew's Young Forester, by Merman, d. by Claude Loraine, 8 st. 10 lb. (Crickmere) ...	1	2	0	1
Mr. W. Walter's b. h. Goldhurst, six-years old, 9 st. 5 lb. (Calloway) ...	2	1	3	3
Mr. B. Coile's b. f. Juvenile, by Jerry, three-years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Whitehouse) ...	0	3	0	2
Mr. Collins's Catamaran, aged, 10 st. (Darling) ...	3	4	4	dr.
Mr. Stevens's b. m. Rosa, by Belzoni, four-years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (E. Marlow) ...	5	dr.		

The Hurdle Race of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added; two miles; six leaps of four feet high (six subscribers).

Mr. J. Bunney na. ch. m. Duenna, by Reveller, aged, 12 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Barker) ...	1
Mr. Ferguson's g. h. Rust, aged, 13 st. 5 lb. (Mr. Saunders, jun.) ...	2
Mr. Robertson's g. g. Cigar, aged, 12 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Martin) ...	0
Mr. Newcomb's b. g. Cannon Ball, aged, 12 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Powell) ...	0
Mr. Cowley's b. m. Eva, by Middleton, six-years old, 12 st. (owner) ...	0
Mr. Beech's ch. m. The Melton Lass, 11 st. 9 lb. (Mr. Roots) ...	0

WARWICK SPRING MEETING.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18TH.

(Ages from 1st of May.)

Match for 200 sovs., p. p.; two-mile course; 11 st. each.

Sir E. Mostyn's g. g. Tobacconist (Cheswas), beat Mr. Bradley's ch. g. Tartar.
Tartar the favourite.

Match for 200 sovs., p. p.; two-mile course; 11 st. 7 lb. each.

Mr. Bradley's bl. m. Emma (Mr. W. Sadler), beat Mr. Wight's b. g. Claxton (Powell).
5 to 2 on the mare.

Royal Leamington Handicap, of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 if declared, &c., with 50 sovs. added by the town of Leamington; gentlemen riders; two miles (ages from the 1st of January).

Lord Warwick's b. c. Melodrame, five-years old, 10 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Powell) ...	1
Mr. Maley's ch. f. Bellissima, five-years old, 11 st. 2 lb. (half-bred) (Mr. W. Sadler) ...	2
Mr. Treen's br. c. Fitzambo, four-years old, 10 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Oliver) ...	3

Betting: 12 to 10 on Bellissima, 7 to 4 agst. Fitzambo, and 7 to 1 agst. Melodrame.

The Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for two and three-year-olds; mile course (fifteen subscribers).

Mr. Etwall's b. c. by Mulatto, out of Melody, two-years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Howlett) ...	1
Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. Chilson, three-years old, 9 st. ...	2
Mr. Flintoff's ch. c. Brother to Dulcimer, two-years old, 6 st. 12 lb. ...	3
Lord Warwick's br. c. by Giovanni, out of Petty Larceny's dam, two-years old, 6 st. 12 lb. ...	0
Mr. Collins's ch. c. Springfield, three-years old, 9 st. ...	0
Mr. W. Sadler na. br. c. Protector, two-years old, 6 st. 12 lb. ...	0
Mr. Isaac Day's b. c. Mulciber, by Mulatto, out of Lady Sarah, two-years old, 6 st. 12 lb. ...	0
Mr. Roe's ch. f. Darkness, two-years old, 7 st. ...	0
Mr. Treen's ch. c. Fitzroy, two-years old, 6 st. 12 lb. ...	0
Mr. Buckley's ch. c. Charley, three-years old, 9 st. ...	0
Mr. W. Hervey's b. f. Kate Nickleby, two-years old, 6 st. 12 lb. ...	0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Mulatto (tk.), 7 to 2 agst. Mulciber (tk.), 5 to 1 agst. Darkness, and 7 to 1 agst. Fitzroy. A race of fair average speed, won very cleverly. Fitzroy, who was declared to be amiss at starting, was beaten off.

The Debdale Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred: three-year-olds, 9 st. 9 lb.; four, 10 st. 9 lb.; five, 11 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; winners once, to carry 7 lb.; twice, 10 lb.; and thrice, 14 lb. extra; horses, &c., that never won before the day of naming, allowed 5 lb.; gentlemen riders; two-mile course (six subscribers).

Mr. George Cowley's b. g. Spangle, four-years old, 10 st. 4 lb. (T. H. Cowley) ...	1
Sir F. L. H. Goodricke na. b. m. Maid-of-all's ork, aged, 12 st. 7 lb. (Oliver) ...	2
Mr. Robertson's b. g. Humbug, aged, 12 st. 7 lb. (owner) ...	0
Mr. S. Parker's dun m. Duenna, aged, 13 st. (Godwin) ...	0
Mr. C. Brookes's br. g. President, five-years old, 11 st. 12 lb. (owner) ...	0

Betting: 5 to 1 agst. Spangle, and 7 to 4 on Duenna.

The Hurdle Race Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; thorough-bred horses, 12 st. 3 lb., half-bred, 11 st. 7 lb.; the winner to be sold for £150; six leaps; gentlemen riders (five subscribers).

Mr. H. Robbins's Single Peeper, five-years old, 11 st. 7 lb. (Powell) ...	1
Mr. Robertson's b. g. Humbug, aged, 11 st. 7 lb. (Machin) ...	2
Mr. Godwin's b. m. Betsy, aged, 11 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Barker) ...	0
Mr. Carceless's b. g. Powick, five-years old, 11 st. 7 lb. (Frisby) ...	0

Betting: 6 to 4 on Single Peeper.

The Farmers' Plate of 50 sovs., with 10 to the second horse; heats, the two-mile course.

Mr. Lucas's b. g. by Spring Gun, out of Ellen's dam, three-years old, 10 st. 2 lb. (Hughes) ...	1
Mr. J. Cross's ch. c. Billy-the-Beau, five-years old, 11 st. 9 lb. (owner) ...	2
Mr. F. Robbins's b. m. Eva, by Middleton Cheney, five-years old, 11 st. 9 lb. (Cowley) ...	0
Mr. Cowper's br. f. Antelope, by Belzoni, dam by Grimaldi, three-years old, 10 st. 2 lb. (Page) ...	0
Mr. H. Cross s br. c. Clopton, by Belzoni, out of Etiquette, three-years old, 10 st. (Perks) ...	0
Mr. Reading's g. g. Compton, by Belzoni, dam by Grimaldi, four-years old, 11 st. (Roots) ...	0
Mr. Smith Tibbit's g. g. Mazeppa, by Belzoni, five-years old, 11 st. 9 lb. (Pemberton) ...	0 dr.

Forced Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each; once round and a distance.

Mr. H. Robbins's b. g. Single Peeper, five-years old, 9 st. 3 lb. (Marlow) ...	1
Mr. I. Goodwin's Zethus, 10 st. 4 lb. ...	2
Mr. Collins's ch. c. Springfield, three-years old, 9 st. 3 lb. ...	3

Betting: 4 to 1 agst. Single Peeper, even on Zethus, and 5 to 2 agst. Springfield.

THE SPORTING REVIEW.

MAY, 1840.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

“CHAMOIS SHOOTING ON THE JUNGFRAU;” DRAWN BY G. TATTERSALL,
ENGRAVED BY T. A. PRIOR.

“HOG HUNTERS;” PAINTED BY SPALDING, ENGRAVED BY H. B. HALL.
AND

“UNCARTING THE DEER AT ASCOT HEATH, EASTER MONDAY, 1840;”
DRAWN AND ETCHED BY LANDELLS.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor has the gratification to announce that he has been so fortunate as to secure the valuable services of "Shamrock," the author of the popular sketches of Irish Sporting, this Work being the *only* Periodical to which, in future, that talented writer will contribute.

Part I. of "The Racing Studs of England" is unavoidably postponed to our next Number.

In the synopsis of the Derby and Oaks, for 1840, in our last, a few typographical errors occurred from the carelessness of the compositor: for example, Crucifix is made a *loser* of seven races, as a two-year-old, instead of a *winner* to that amount.

The next time Mr. Thomas Williams, of Warwick, favours us with a letter on his own especial business, requiring an immediate answer, "*post paid*," we hope he will be obliging enough to set us the example.

A Correspondent calls our attention to what he terms a "most invidious allusion," in the last Number of the "Old Sporting Magazine," to a picture of the racer, Caravan, painted by Herring, of which picture somebody or other has published an engraving. The "invidious allusion" is in this wise:—"We think corresponding action should be exhibited in the figure holding the horse, as we never yet *found* two legs *occupy* so firm a base as four, or, to speak plainer, *of a man* being able to hold a horse in action with all the imperturbability of a post." Now, as we never saw, nor ever before heard of the engraving, we must decline any opinion as to its merits, and, although our contemporary reiterates his argument, to enable him "to speak plainer," we must take leave to say the meaning is not quite so pellucid as might be convenient. If, however, we *do* take the point aright, we certainly agree with our old friend, that the proper attendant upon a race-horse is not a *post* man.

The hint about the portraits shall not be neglected. If possible, they shall be given as suggested.

We do not think the "Table" proposed by our Windsor Correspondent would be of general interest; the establishment to which it would relate has had ample mention made of it during each hunting month of the season.

The numerous articles that are lying over, shall have the earliest attention we can command.

Proof Impressions of all the Plates that have appeared in this Work, are on sale at 2s. each; or, beautifully coloured, 2s. 6d.

Vois. I. and II. of THE SPORTING REVIEW, bound in fancy cloth boards, lettered, may now be had at all Booksellers, price 16s. 6d. each.

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THE MOUNTAIN OF THE MOUNTAINS, IN THE DISTRICT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Engraving from the Mountains of the Mountains, by J. G. Thompson, 1847.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING,

BY THE EDITOR.

“I will shew thee that thou hast not got among beggars.”

GIL BLAS, vol. i. chap. iv.

If the shadows, which coming events cast before them, be indeed omens of good faith, then may we anticipate that the present anniversary will be one of the most brilliant that the turf has known; for never, within my memory, did a season open so brim-full of promise. As *amende honorable*, for having wholly deserted us in the past year, spring has burst upon us in the present, in all the glowing splendour of mature summer. Heaven forgive me if I sin; but I cannot look back upon Easter Sunday of this year of grace, without accounting it among the most excellent that have been vouchsafed to me. What though the learned pundits of the Cam proclaim it sacrilege to journey by stage on the seventh day of the week (holding a private carriage, or a yellow post-chaise at the least, essential to the soul's safety of the wayfarer of the Sabbath),* the passage from Charing Cross to the confines of Suffolk, by means of the Norwich Telegraph, was, on the occasion stated, most pleasant to one, whose philosophy hath not yet taught him that on the fashion of locomotion depends its vice or virtue. However, to cut short a digression that, perhaps, is hardly legitimate in this place, we will suppose that Newmarket has been reached; taking as our authority for making the descent on the festival aforementioned, the old axiom, “The better day the better deed.” There was about as much palpable token of a race meeting being on the *tapis*, as at the same moment might have been observed in the main street of Pompeii; and yet the list that was put into my hand, as I touched the gravel in front of the White Hart, announced that between £9,000 and £10,000 were to be run for during the five succeeding days. A pleasant party was soon arranged for the evening's dinner; and then I strolled about, and chatted to every man I could find—the conversation in every instance, of course, being of the approaching meeting; and the result was that which, since I have known the place, I have invariably found to be the case, that all information upon the events about to come off, was as hermetically sealed to the denizens of Newmarket, as to the dwellers beyond Jordan. Seeing, then, that in the matter of racing facts, nothing is to help us but our proper experience, and, as for that, we must attend the morrow; we'll to our vivers with what appetite we may.

Monday dawned like a flattering sample of midsummer, and by noon, the town was on the *qui vive*. The front of the Rooms was crowded, and business was being as actively carried on as if the people knew what they were trafficking in: the extent of their knowledge

* It may be convenient to explain this passage for the service of such as have had no experience of the local laws of Cambridge, by stating, that no travellers are allowed to pass through that town upon Sundays, save those who post, or use their own carriages and horses.

will be exhibited anon. The wagering was about the Riddlesworth, for the which, 6 to 4 was eagerly laid on Glenorchy; and such as "got on" looked knowing, and put the amount to the credit side of their books. I never bet, and when I *do* go into the ring, it is as I would enter any other menagerie, to contemplate a collection of predatory animals. As I lounged among the *carnivora* in the present instance, one of a *genus*, such as I had never before seen, attracted my notice. The creature was remarkable for an air of extreme cunning, and a frame utterly divested of grace or proportion; the head literally growing out of its shoulders. I cannot do better than beguile our way to the heath with an anecdote of it, that I had from a friend who rode with me thither, on the occasion to which this relates. "It's a rum un' to look at," said my companion, "and by no means a bad un' to go:" *e. g.* A few years ago it was here, during a meeting, and returning home, somewhat in a case of drink, on retiring to rest found its bed occupied by a large mastiff. The means it employed to get rid of the intruder were as summary as they were efficacious. Opening the sash, it took the unconscious interloper by the nape of the neck, and holding it out of the window, cut its throat with a razor, and let it drop into the street. The name of this strange beast is —, but they have since dubbed it "The Assassin."

At two o'clock, preparations began for the opening event of the meeting—the Craven Stakes, and I cantered over for a look at my travelled friend, Scroggins, who saddled away from the stables; despite the unusual nature of his winter's work for a racer, his condition was perfect; and his noble owner has every reason to be satisfied with the form in which Boyce brought him to the post. As Connelly was about to mount, I said to him, "How is this to come off?" "I mean to land the old horse first by a head, sir," was his reply; and so he did. A Sweepstakes succeeded, won by a son of Clearwell, and then, after a most indifferent match, the saddling stables were beset by a dense crowd, as the time appointed for the Riddlesworth approached, all struggling for a glimpse of the scion of a race, whose fame has been second to none of modern days. Glenorchy, however, saddled beyond the ditch, and I met him as he came to the post through the gap of the B.C. He had just finished his canter, and the tale was out. His off fore leg was utterly gone; so much so, indeed, that he appeared about to drop when pulled up. I really felt for Robinson, his look was so wo-begone; besides that, his prospect, of riding a horse in such a condition, was anything but pleasant. It may be asked, how could the parties concerned be ignorant of the hopeless state of Glenorchy? or how were the keen eyes of the Newmarket professionals blinded to the *whole* truth? for he continued, up to the hour of starting, at odds against the field. The reply is a simple one: he had done the little work required of him on ground as soft as an onion bed; and not till he was tried on the sod did the staff break under him, and under the hopes of his stable. The race in itself was, and will be, insignificant; it was run at no speed; but, still, it seemed to afford a pleasant prospective to Lord Chesterfield. No doubt the winner was not the best of his Lordship's two Oaks fillies; and methought he seemed to say, "I'll win with Rowton's dam yet." I forgot to name, that Glenorchy has all the characteristics of his father;

had he been as good, and as sound, his fortune would have been better ; for 1840 is likely to produce no Plenipo.

The 50 sovs. Sweepstakes followed, which were to introduce to the Southrons, a leading favourite for the Derby—Theon, who had run four times at two years old, winning and losing twice. He won this race easy enough ; but a glance at the Turf Register will shew, as well as a page written upon it, the character of the conquest. The pace was very indifferent ; and if the odds are to be any criterion of the coming Derby, alas ! for the glories of Epsom ! There is yet one matter connected with this day to be told—probably not the least interesting to some of my readers. In the evening, Lord George Bentinck scratched the whole of his large entry for the Derby : a savory sop for the bettors round, at all events. With the motives for this step, I have no concern : a proprietor of race horses may do as he likes with his own. If, however, the precedent should be generally adopted, betting, as a profession, of course, would be at an end—a consummation devoutly to be wished, by whatever means brought about. Tuesday's sport was poor and unimportant ; the Riddlesworth, peculiar to that day, being the most wretched exhibition—the most ill-paired match, conceivable. The 300 sovs. Sweepstakes was another and a severe blow to Lord Jersey's stable, Cæsar having broken down, by splitting the pastern-bone of the off fore leg : there was nothing in the racing that deserves more particular allusion.

Everything combined to render Wednesday replete with interest : the weather was perfect ; the attendance very good ; and the town alive with excitement, the *esprit de corps* enlisting all the natives, down to the babes and sucklings, on the side of "the grey." The business on the heath commenced with the victory of Dreadnought (one of Lord G. Bentinck's Derby lot) for the High Ash Stakes ; and then came the important Column, booked safe to Lord Orford, his colt being backed at odds against the field. Before he was stripped I fancied him not ; the removal of his clothes by no means removed my prejudice. He is a leggy colt, his timbers being none of the stoutest ; and he carried, to the eye, flesh enough for a Park hackney. In appearance, he is what comes under the denomination of a "peacock horse," having a lengthy, upstanding, showy forehead, and tail to correspond. Fifty reasons were assigned for his being beaten ; the true one, in my mind, being, that the winner was too good for him. He certainly ran an honest race, coming again, though evidently choked off by the pace at the beginning, when called upon for the finish. Still, it should be remembered who rode him ; and that, barring a horse were actually in the boiler, Robinson will make something like a manifestation with him at the run home. Assassin has certainly many racing points about him ; but the pace was bad, decidedly bad, and, *ni fallor*, the Derby field is a good investment still. Every one was delighted at Lord Albemarle's turn of luck ; his popularity is well merited.

Of course the event aforesaid had an effect upon the Epsom betting, the grey's friends looking particularly shy on the evening of his defeat. He "came again" on Thursday, however ; but, as our affair is with the sport of that day, we pass on to the details of it, brief as they are. Flambeau began by beating Mendizabel, in a fine struggle, and

Euclid closed by serving the Corsair after the same fashion, the pair having run a slashing race for the Claret. As the practice is here, a strong bill of fare was reserved for the last day; and not only, in this instance, was the feast ample, but of a most superior character. For the 200 sovereigns Sweepstakes, Nicholas, a Derby nag, beat the Duke of Portland's Beiram colt, in a very honest fashion, and under rather trying circumstances. Next came a Fifty Pound Plate; and then the Berkeley-square Stakes, which brought out but a short field; the question lay between Black Bess and Grey Milton, the former carrying it by a considerable majority. Some other races followed; in two of which it will be seen my Lord Albemarle was again victorious; and thus ended the Craven Meeting. With a few observations, here, too, shall close my notice of it. The first feature that attracted my attention, was the obvious falling off in public betting. Offers to lay were plenty as blackberries, but takers evidently shy to bite. This was well; and, with the growth of such caution, will increase the character and prosperity of the turf. Another prominent point of notice was the scarcity of jockeys; at least, of men of that profession; or the promise of a succession likely to represent their predecessors fittingly. A few good youngsters are working their way upward; and Lord Exeter's stable is bringing forward a boy of the name of Nunn, who, if he mind what Turner says to him, will probably turn out well. Still the supply by no means equals the demand; and some, that offered well, are sadly breaking the promise to the hope. One, from whom I once expected better things, appears desirous to be written down an ass. Does he suppose that adopting the costume of a buffoon will lead to patronage? Let him—let *all* of his profession—adopt this as a golden rule: Integrity of purpose, and modesty of demeanour; earnestness of design, and courtesy in pursuit of an object: these, and these alone, will lead to ultimate success, whatever Fortune may have marked out as a man's *course* in life.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.

BETTINGS FOR APRIL.

MONDAY, March 30.

RIDDLESWORTH.

Glenorchy	2 to 1 agst. (tk.)
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TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Angelica colt	5 to 2 agst. —
Wardan	5 to 1 — —
Crucifix	13 to 2 — —
Glenorchy	12 to 1 — (tk.)
J. Day's lot agst. Angelica	50 even.

DERBY.

Angelica colt	14 to 1 agst. (tk.)
Theon	12 to 1 — (tk.)
Confederate	15 to 1 — (tk.)
Launcelot	17 to 1 — —
Gambia	25 to 1 — —
Ottoman	25 to 1 — —
Wardan	25 to 1 — —
Bokhara	25 to 1 — —
Monops	25 to 1 — —
Black Bess	33 to 1 — (tk.)

Prince Albert	35 to 1 agst. —
Muley Ishmael	45 to 1 — (tk.)
Janus	50 to 1 — —
Amurath	50 to 1 — —
Glenorchy	1000 to 16 — (tk.)
Cormorant	1000 to 16 — —
Melody colt	1000 to 15 — —
Fitzroy	1000 to 15 — —
Sophocles	1000 to 15 — (tk.)
Pathfinder	2000 to 25 — (tk.)
Chameau	1000 to 10 — —
Janus and Assassin	21 to 1 — (tk.)
Lord Jersey's lot	35 to 1 — (tk.)
Theon agst. Confederate	1000 to 800 on.

OAKS.

Crucifix	4 to 1 agst. (tk.)
Lallah Rookh	9 to 1 — —
Diploma	20 to 1 — —
Japonica	20 to 1 — —
Welfare	25 to 1 — —

THURSDAY, April 2.

RIDDLESWORTH.

Bowton's dam	2 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.			
Angelica colt	5 to	2 agst.	(tk.)
Confederate	5 to	1	—
Wardan	6 to	1	— (tk.)
Crucifix	7 to	1	—

DERBY.

Angelica colt	9 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
Theon	11 to	1	— (tk.)
Confederate	13 to	1	— (tk.)
Launcelot	14 to	1	— (tk.)
Ottoman	25 to	1	—
Wardan	25 to	1	—
Bokhara	28 to	1	— (tk.)
Monops	26 to	1	—

Prince Albert	33 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
Muley Ishmael	40 to	1	— (tk.)
Janus	50 to	1	—
Glenorchy	1000 to	15	—
Cormorant	1000 to	15	—
Melody colt	50 to	1	— (tk.)
Sophocles	50 to	1	— (tk.)
Pathfinder	1000 to	15	— (tk.)
Maroon	1000 to	15	— (tk.)
Janus and Assassin	25 to	1	—
Confederate and Japonica	1000 to	10	— (tk.)
for Derby and Oaks			

OAKS.

Teleta	20 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
Diploma	20 to	1	— (tk.)
Japonica	20 to	1	—

MONDAY, April 6.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Angelica colt	9 to	4 agst.	—
Crucifix	7 to	1	—

DERBY.

Angelica colt	9 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
Launcelot	10 to	1	— (tk.)
Confederate	10 to	1	— (tk.)
Theon	12 to	1	— (tk.)
Monops	25 to	1	—
Ottoman	25 to	1	—
Muley Ishmael	25 to	1	—
Melody colt	30 to	1	—
Prince Albert	33 to	1	—
Black Bess	33 to	1	—
Janus	40 to	1	— (tk.)
Assassin	40 to	1	—
Velvet colt	40 to	1	— (tk.)
Amurath	50 to	1	— (tk.)
Pathfinder	50 to	1	— (tk.)
Maroon	50 to	1	— (tk.)

Cormorant	1000 to	15 agst.	(tk.)
Bokhara	1000 to	15	—
Cobham's dam	1000 to	10	— (tk.)
Lord Exeter's lot	{ 1000 to 60 } { 1700 to 100 }	—	(tk.)
Black Bess agst. Janus.	500 to 400	—	—
Theon and Launcelot agst.	Angelica & Confederate	500	even.
Wardan agst. Prince Albert	300 to 250	on.	
Launcelot winning Derby, and Crucifix Oaks and St. Leger	1000 to 10	—	—
Angelica and Crucifix the same way	1000 to 10	—	(tk.)

OAKS.

Crucifix	7 to	2 agst.	—
Black Bess	8 to	1	—
Teleta	20 to	1	— (tk.)
Diploma	20 to	1	— (tk.)

THURSDAY, April 9.

DERBY.

Angelica colt	9 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
Launcelot	10 to	1	—
Confederate	10 to	1	— (tk.)
Theon	11 to	1	—
Monops	23 to	1	—
Ottoman	24 to	1	—
Melody colt	30 to	1	—
Janus	50 to	1	— (tk.)
Glenorchy	1000 to	15	—

Rogers's lot (bar St. Andrew)	20 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
Forty agst. the Field	12 to	1 on 40	(tk.)
Angelica and Confederate	10 to	1 agst.	—
Launcelot and Theon	11 to	1	— { in 1 bet
Sophocles and Bokhara	1000 to 15	—	(tk.)

OAKS.

Teleta	16 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
Diploma	20 to	1	— (tk.)

MONDAY, April 13.

COLUMN STAKES.

Angelica colt	Even on.
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TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Angelica colt	9 to	4 agst.	(tk.)
Confederate	4 to	1	— (tk.)
Crucifix	9 to	2	— (tk.)
Ottoman	9 to	1	— (tk.)

DERBY.

Launcelot	8 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
Angelica colt	9 to	1	— (tk.)
Confederate	11 to	1	— (tk.)
Theon	12 to	1	— (tk.)
Muley Ishmael	18 to	1	— (tk.)
Melody colt	23 to	1	— (tk.)

Assassin	25 to	1 agst.	—
Monops	25 to	1	— (tk.)
Ottoman	28 to	1	— (tk.)
Gambia	33 to	1	—
Janus	50 to	1	—
Diplomatist	50 to	1	—
Brother to Melbourne	1000 to 10	—	(tk.)
Bejamin	3000 to 20	—	(tk.)
Gambia and Black Bess	{ 18 to 1 } { 16 to 1 }	—	—
Launcelot and Angelica	800 to 200	—	—
Angelica agst. Launcelot	1000	even.	

OAKS.

Crucifix	7 to	2 agst.	(tk.)
Teleta	18 to	1	—

THURSDAY, April 16.

COLUMN STAKES.

Angelica colt..... 6 to 5 on.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Angelica colt..... 5 to 2 agst. (tk.)
 Confederate..... 3 to 1 — (tk.)
 Crucifix..... 5 to 1 — —

DERBY.

Scott's lot..... 7 to 2 agst. —
 J. Day's lot..... 11 to 1 — (tk.)
 Launcelot..... 7 to 1 — —
 Angelica colt..... 8 to 1 — (tk.)
 Confederate..... 10 to 1 — (tk.)
 Theon..... 12 to 1 — (tk.)
 Muley Ishmael..... 20 to 1 — —
 Melody colt..... 22 to 1 — —
 Warden..... 30 to 1 — (tk.)
 Ottoman..... 33 to 1 — (tk.)

Black Bess..... 40 to 1 agst. (tk.)
 Velvet colt..... 50 to 1 — —
 Prince Albert..... 1000 to 15 — (tk.)
 Benjamin..... 1000 to 15 — (tk.)
 Maroon..... 1000 to 15 — (tk.)
 Greysteel..... 1000 to 15 — (tk.)
 The Ruler..... 1000 to 12 — (tk.)
 Confederate & Angelica..... 400 to 100 — (tk.)
 Launcelot agst. Angelica..... 500 to 400 on L.
 Launcelot for Derby and
 St. Leger, and Crucifix
 for Oaks..... 2000 to 20 — (tk.)
 Launcelot and Crucifix for
 Derby and Oaks..... 25 to 1 — (tk.)

OAKS.

Lallah Rookh..... 12 to 1 agst. (tk.)
 Teleta..... 18 to 1 — (tk.)
 Mr. Osbaldeston's f. b.
 Belshazzar..... 30 to 1 — (tk.)

MONDAY, April 27.

LANSDOWN STAKES AT BATH.

Confederate agst. Grey
Milton, not p. p..... 2 to 1 on (tk.)

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

Crucifix..... 5 to 2 agst. (tk.)
 Confederate..... 3 to 1 — (tk.)
 Angelica colt..... 9 to 2 — —
 Between the Angelica &
 Lucetta colts (not p. p.) 100 even.

DERBY.

Scott's lot (3 to 1 tk.)..... 5 to 2 agst. —
 Launcelot..... 5 to 1 — —
 Theon..... 8 to 1 — —
 Confederate..... 10 to 1 — —
 Assassin..... 11 to 1 — (tk.)
 Assassin..... 18 to 1 — (tk.)
 Lucetta colt..... 20 to 1 — —
 Muley Ishmael..... 20 to 1 — —
 Melody colt..... 20 to 1 — —
 Angelica colt..... 20 to 1 — —
 Monops..... 22 to 1 — (tk.)

Pathfinder..... 28 to 1 agst. (tk.)
 Crazy Boy..... 30 to 1 — —
 Black Bess..... 33 to 1 — (tk.)
 Warden..... 40 to 1 — (tk.)
 Gambia..... 50 to 1 — (tk.)
 Maroon..... 50 to 1 — (tk.)
 Prince Albert..... 1000 to 16 — (tk.)
 Greysteel..... 1000 to 15 — (tk.)
 Cormorant..... 1000 to 15 — (tk.)
 Benjamin..... 1000 to 15 — (tk.)
 Little Wonder..... 1000 to 15 — (tk.)
 Solace colt..... 1000 to 10 — (tk.)
 Between Confederate
 and Assassin..... 200 even. (tk.)
 Theon agst. Confederate. 500 to 400 (tk.)
 Assassin agst. Pathfinder. 1000 to 500 on. (tk.)

OAKS.

Crucifix..... 3 to 1 agst. (tk.)
 Black Bess..... 7 to 2 — (tk.)
 Teleta..... 10 to 1 — (tk.)

Beyond the light which our account of the Craven Meeting at Newmarket will throw upon the present prospects of the Derby and Oaks, we have nothing to add to the foregoing quotations upon these events. A strong field is in the betting upon the first of them, but a very weak one is likely to shew at the post. As far as we have advanced, the three-year-olds of the season have come out very moderately; something may be behind of first-rate pretensions; at present, the north country division is unquestionably first and first in public performers.

CHAMOIS SHOOTING ON THE JUNGFRAU.

THE design with which this clever sketch was made, and that which caused its being selected as one of the embellishments for this work, were the same; namely, to convey a general idea of one of the most characteristic sports of the region in which it is pursued. Upon the same principle we have chosen for its companion the

"HOG HUNTERS,"

to illustrate a pastime followed in a far different clime, if not with similar enthusiasm, certainly with unquestionable *ardour*.

THE HISTORY OF THE TURF,

ITS ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT CONDITION:

WITH NOTICES OF THE LEADING CHARACTERS CONNECTED WITH IT FROM THE EARLIEST PERIODS: PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED HORSES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN DAYS; AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MOST INTERESTING EVENTS IN THE ANNALS OF RACING.

BY "CRAVEN."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH: THE HORSEMANSHIP OF THE ROMANS.

IN the history of Grecian equestrianism, I have anticipated much matter which equally belongs to the present chapter. When the polished nations of Greece yielded to the rude but hardy warriors of Rome, they yet retained a portion of their superiority over their conquerors, whom they still continued to despise.

*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio.*

The Romans did not disdain to borrow all that was valuable in their civil institutions; and, in the usages of social life, the regulation of taste, and the cultivation of the useful and ornamental arts, the polished strangers gave laws with authority as unquestioned as in the palmiest days of their independence and sovereignty. Towards the close of the Republic, and still more under the Empire, the affectation of Grecian usages became universal; and the Roman equestrians adopted all the equipments of the Greeks, which, in elegance and luxuriousness, surpassed those of every other nation.

But, long before the subjugation of the Greek provinces, horsemanship was held in high repute at Rome. It was considered one of the most important branches in the physical education of youth; and, although the main strength of the army, at all times, lay in the heavy-armed infantry, yet there are few of its early victories in which the small, but select, body of cavalry does not hold a distinguished place. This early introduction of horses at Rome, and the importance which, in the very infancy of the state, the Romans attached to the training of their cavalry, may be traced to the lessons of traditionary wisdom which they drew from Etruria—the Egypt of the western continent, and, like its mysterious prototype, the cradle in which were nurtured the arts, as well as the science and religion, of the surrounding nations. The body of horse, 300 in number, established by Romulus, was, like the people, divided into three tribes, the names of which, according to Varro, are Etrurian; and that the Etrurians themselves were early initiated in the mysteries of equestrianism we have abundant evidence. Most of the institutions of the equestrian order at Rome are known to have had their origin in Etruria. In common with all the other arts, that of horsemanship had there reached, at a comparatively early period, a degree of refined and luxurious elegance which the Romans, with all their advantages, were long before they equalled. Thus in Tarquin the Elder's journey to Rome, we find him and his wife, Tanaquil, travelling in a *carpentum*—a convenient, and not inele-

gant carriage, which continued, even to a later and more luxurious period, to be the ordinary vehicle of the noblest Roman ladies.

The creation, too, of an equestrian order, similar to that instituted by Solon, at Athens, contributed very much to sustain and elevate the character of their cavalry. Forming an intermediate grade between the patrician and plebeian parties, and exercising a very considerable control over the decisions of both, the enrolment in this order became an object of ambition to all; and the most rigid surveillance was observed over the conduct and character of those who were admitted. If an Eques was found to have led a corrupt or profligate life—to have been guilty of fraud or violence—to have squandered his fortune, it was the duty of the censors to degrade him from his order.

With these provisions, however, we have but little to do. There are other grounds of degradation more closely connected with the subject, and from which we ourselves may learn a useful lesson. Into these every lover of horsemanship will fully enter. If the knight was found to have neglected his horse—if he appeared rough and out of condition, by the negligence of his master, the censor was directed to degrade the unworthy horseman,* as not possessing the first characteristic of a true knight—one which Xenophon thought not undeserving a place among the high qualities of his favourite Cyrus—"a love of his horse, and a solicitude for his comforts and enjoyments." There was another crime which some may consider as treated with undue severity. If a knight were found *unbecomingly fat* †—if he had suffered himself to fall into unseemly corpulence, and thus had become indolent and inactive, the same degradation was incurred.

The form, too, in which the sentence was executed, was well conceived, and most characteristic of the crime. The tasteless and unworthy knight was, by public sentence of the censor, compelled to give up or sell the animal to whose wants he had been so cruelly indifferent.

An amusing case of this character is recorded by Aulus Gellius, in that most entertaining and instructive work, the *Noctes Atticæ*. ‡ At the closing of each lustrum, the whole equestrian body rode in solemn procession, each one, as he approached the censor's tribunal, dismounting and leading his horse past, in order that both might be reviewed. In the censorship of Scipio Nasica and Popillius, a knight leading his horse, according to usage, came before them for review. He himself presented a striking contrast to the animal which he led. He was sleek and well conditioned—a very Falstaff, in bulk and in appearance; and, if we may judge from the story, in good-humoured jollity. But the poor horse, who was to carry this comfortable and well-fed knight, was lean and lank—*strigosus et male habitus*—his coat staring, the bones starting through the skin—in a word, with every symptom of starvation. The censors demanded an explanation of this strange contrast. "*My slave, Staius, takes care of my horse,*" replied the jolly knight; "*but I take care of myself.*" The ready reply raised a laugh among the spectators, but it did not disarm the rigour of the censors. He was degraded without mercy.

But, although these provisions might be deemed a sufficient

* Aulus Gellius, iv. xii.

† Ibid. vii. xxii.

‡ iv. xx.

stimulus to the cultivation of the art of horsemanship, it was not left to individual exertion. It was made a portion of the education of the youth of Rome. From their earliest years, they were systematically exercised in riding—generally in public; though we find Cato the censor refusing to commit the education of his son to the public school, and himself undertaking the charge of training him in riding and all the other manly exercises. Julius Cæsar had practised riding from his earliest boyhood; and so secure did he become in his seat, even while a youth, that Plutarch tells us he would sit a horse going at full speed, with his hands behind his back. In his later years, he was so completely at home on the back of his steed, that he usually dictated to one, and often to two secretaries, while riding. In the Campus Martius, the fashionable ride of ancient Rome, it was customary with the young men to assemble for this and other martial exercises: and, in order to render them expert in mounting on horse-back (an expertness which the want of the stirrup rendered peculiarly necessary), *wooden horses* were placed through the plain, upon which they were practised to spring, with their sword drawn, or their spear in rest, both from the left side and from the right.

In the very infancy of the city, too, before it had risen to any eminence among the neighbouring states, horse-races were appointed to be held in the Campus Martius, at stated periods of the year:—on the twenty-ninth of January, the twenty-seventh of February, and the thirteenth of March. To add solemnity to the institution, and thus secure more effectually the end it was intended to meet, this, like almost all their other observances, was placed under the auspices of religion: these games were dedicated to Mars.

Such are a few of the leading institutions by which the policy of ancient Rome sought to foster and encourage this most useful exercise. Upon this I shall not longer dwell, but turn to the more practical details of its progress.

The riding equipments of the Romans will be easily understood, from what I have said, in the last chapter, of those in use among the Greeks. And, indeed, the same observation may, with little modification, be applied to all the civilized nations of antiquity.

To begin with the bridle. The description in ordinary use at Rome seems to fall in precisely, with that of our modern snaffle, consisting of a bit, a headstall, and reins. With regard to the bit, there is considerable obscurity in the accounts of the antiquarians, which it might scarcely be worth while to attempt clearing up, had it not already been, in great part, done in the last chapter. We sometimes find the bit called *lupata*, as in Horace's ode to Lydia,

"Gallica nec lupatis
Temperat ora frænis,"

and not unfrequently we find it designated by the single word *lupi*. This instrument, like the Greek *λυκοι*, takes its name from its likeness to a *wolf's teeth*, and consisted of certain sharp points which pressed upon the horse's jaw, acting with the utmost severity on the most callous mouth, or the most sullen temper. The writers on ancient equestrianism have puzzled themselves with the arrangement of these *lupi*, and discussed, with great animation, the part of the bit to which

they were attached. Now, if the reader will recollect the passage cited from Xenophon in the former chapter, he will find that the *lupi* did not form, by any means, an essential part of the ordinary bit,—that it was intended only as a severe breaking, or training bit, where peculiar hardness of mouth, or perversity of disposition, rendered severity necessary. Even in the passage cited above from Horace, this is sufficiently apparent; and it would seem that it was resorted to, like some bits still in use, principally in managing horses of uneven mouth. The common bit was round, full, and smooth, like our snaffle: it was called *oreca*, and sometimes *frænum*, though the latter word is often used for the entire bridle, and sometimes for the other portions of it, distinct from the bit. There seems to be no doubt, for instance, that the curb was in use among the Romans: Scheffer lays it down as quite certain; and yet there is no single word by which it was expressed, unless it be true, as the lexicographers generally assert, that the word *frænum* is used to designate the curb as well as the bit. Of the reins, there is little to be said. Ordinarily speaking, they were of pliant leather. But, in the more luxurious period, it became fashionable to employ the most costly materials. The richest stuffs, interwoven with gold, and studded with the most precious stones—embroidered bands of silken cord—even chains of solid gold were used, especially under the Emperors, and cast completely into the shade the unpretending apparatus which we now employ.

The headstall (*capistrum*) it is more difficult to describe. Here, as in almost everything else, we miss the copious vocabulary which the rich language of Greece places at our command, leaving nothing, however minute, without a name. That it consisted of the same parts as the modern headstall, is quite evident from the antique representations of equestrian figures. But, from the written description, and the names employed, it is difficult to distinguish the separate parts. The strap which is fastened to the bit, and passes across the head, seems to have been called *capital*; the forehead-band was called *aurea*; but, although the throat-band is clearly distinguishable in all the engravings, I have never seen, in any classical writer, an allusion to it under a distinct name. They used, occasionally, a sort of close nose-band (*camus*), somewhat resembling the hoop of the cavesson, the object of which was to prevent the opening of the mouth, and thus secure the effective and equal working of the bit upon both jaws. I cannot find that they were acquainted with the martingal. In one of the engravings from Trajan's pillar, copied from Lafrerius into Scheffer's work *De re Vehiculari Veterum*, there is a strap round the horse's neck, which may have been used to confine the reins, and thus effect the same object. But, if it were employed for this purpose, it was an inconvenient and very imperfect substitute.

The Roman saddle, or saddle-cushion, in every respect resembled that already described as in use among the Greeks, except that, perhaps, it was more ornamental, and more costly, at least in the latter days of Roman magnificence. The materials were frequently of the most expensive description—the richest furs, skins of the rarest animals, cloth of Tyrian dye, interwoven with various devices, and embroidered with gold. Of the expense of these trappings we can have no conception. A single pound of Tyrian cloth, Pliny relates,

cost, in the time of Augustus, 100 crowns! And Plutarch, in the life of Alexander, says that, at the taking of Susa, one purple robe was found, which, though 190 years old, was valued at the incredible sum of 5000 talents—nearly a million of our money! It is no wonder that Livy reproaches the Romans with adorning their horses more than their wives; and that Macrobius ridicules the foolish pride of the purchaser, who attends more to a horse's trappings than his points.

However, even as late as the close of the Republic, the less effeminate horsemen at Rome dispensed with the saddle; and Varro boasts that, when a youth, he had always ridden without one. But, among the cavalry, it was used at a very early period; and, at the time of Alexander Severus, the equipments of the Roman cavalry are described as gorgeous in the extreme. The reader, however, must remember, that this saddle bore little, if any, resemblance to that which we use. It was, in fact, but a cloth, or, at best, a cushion, without either stirrups or frame. Beckmann, it is true, in his "History of Inventions," mentions, among other pretended relics of antiquity which were palmed upon the ignorant or credulous traveller, a saddle, *with stirrups*, kept at Rome, and exhibited, in 1675, as having belonged to Julius Cæsar! But, in 1685, the stirrups were gone; and since then the imposition would seem altogether forgotten.

The earliest trace, among the Romans, of anything analogous to our saddle, is found, perhaps, in the time of Theodosius the Great. Montfauçon, in one of the figures on Theodosius' pillar, imagines that he can distinguish the elevation of the pommel, and of the croup. This, however, is extremely doubtful. But, in the time of Theodosius the Younger, we find a proof so substantial, that few will be disposed to call it in question. In the provisions with regard to post-horses, contained in the Theodosian code, it is ruled that no saddle shall be used which, together with the bridle, *shall exceed the weight of sixty pounds!* This, one would think, was a pretty fair allowance. But, in addition to this feather-weight saddle, it is permitted that the *averta*—the saddle-bags—shall weigh *sixty-pounds more!* If either should exceed this prescribed limit, it is ordained that the saddle shall be cut in pieces, and the saddle-bags be forfeited to the royal treasury. From this very ample allowance, it would appear evident that the saddle must have contained something in the shape of a tree: for it would be impossible, by ordinary coverings, no matter to what extent multiplied, to reach anything approaching the weight of sixty pounds. From this period the regular saddle seems to have been gradually introduced; and, in the sixth century, there is, among the sumptuary laws of Leo I., a prohibition to adorn it with pearls or precious stones. It must naturally have been a matter of considerable difficulty to keep this massive apparatus steady in its place. We find, therefore, that they used, for this purpose, both the crupper (*postilla*) and the breast plate (*antilla*), with which our hunting saddles are still frequently provided.

This was the earliest attempt at the construction of a saddle such as we now see in ordinary use. It is needless to say that the improvement proceeded by slow and uncertain steps. There is no reason to believe that, even when this imperfect and clumsy saddle began to be used, it was provided with stirrups, or any contrivance which might

serve as a substitute. The first mention of these, Beckmann believes to be in a work attributed to the Emperor Maurice, in the sixth century. In the seventh, Isidore speaks of two *scalæ* appended to the saddle; and, in the ninth, the Emperor Leo II. prescribes that the officers styled *deputati* should have two of these *scalæ* on the left side of their saddles, one pendent from the pommel, and the other from the croup, in order that they might be enabled to carry a wounded soldier with greater security. However, they seem to have been very slow in making their way to general use. In the time of Homer's celebrated commentator, Eustathius (the eleventh century), they were still uncommon; and there seems to have been the same prejudice against them which existed, in earlier days, against the use of the saddle—as a device of effeminacy, or want of skill. In the days of chivalry, however, this feeling vanished, and they came into almost universal use throughout Europe.

Not to weary the reader, I shall pass over the endless discussions on the antiquity of horse-shoes, in which the learning of Gesner and Pancirollus have expended themselves. For my purpose, it will be sufficient to say that, among the Romans, at least in and after the Augustan age, a certain kind of metal shoe was used; which, however, instead of being nailed, was *laced to the foot*. Among the examples of Nero's absurd extravagance, Suetonius records that, in short journeys, he had his mules shod with silver. Pliny tells that Poppæa, unwilling to be outdone, scorned to use a meaner metal than gold for this purpose: while Commodus, surpassing both in extravagance, had the hoofs of his horses gilt, in order that all might appear of solid gold! I am inclined to doubt, however, whether any passage can be produced in which this is stated with regard to riding horses. I have never seen one; and, from the clumsiness of the apparatus, it may be fairly doubted whether, where speed was an object, it would have been adopted; although it served well enough all the purposes of slow, or even moderate, speed in draught. Certain it is, at all events, that the mode of fastening was very imperfect. That these shoes were easily pulled off in miry ground, is clear from Catullus:—

“*Ferreum ut soleam tenaci in voragine mula.*”

Indeed, there are reasons for believing that they were not constantly worn, but were put on only when the road was peculiarly difficult. Thus, Vespasian's muleteer, in Suetonius, stops by the way to *put the shoes on his mules*. Had it been to replace a shoe cast accidentally by the road, he would have spoken of but one mule. It is clear, therefore, or, at least, very probable, that he got down for the purpose of putting on the entire set, having reached a part of the road where they became necessary.

The first clear and indisputable trace of the modern shoe, *regularly nailed upon the foot*, is found in the latter part of the sixth century. From that time, this invaluable contrivance gradually found its way into every civilized country; and though some continued to decry the shoe as unnatural and barbarous, yet, before the eleventh century, it was adopted everywhere throughout Europe. In that century, we find an example of sumptuousness, in this particular, not unworthy the luxurious days of the Roman empire. Boniface, Marquis of Tuscany,

when, in 1048, he went to meet his bride, Beatrice, had all the horses in his train shod with silver. The shoes were fastened with silver nails, and, if any dropped by the way, it was left, in the true spirit of feudal magnificence, the property of the fortunate finder.

Into England, the horse-shoe seems to have been introduced by William the Conqueror. He is said to have assigned the city of Southampton to one of his followers, to be held in fief, on condition of providing for the shoeing of his stud.

Having said so much of the horse-furniture of the Romans, I may be permitted to add a few observations on their habits of breeding, training, and managing the stud.

To the first they attached very great importance, as also to the country in which the horse was bred. The earliest and most extensive depôt of horses was the Assyrian empire. Herodotus tells that the province of Babylon alone maintained, for the use of the sovereign, no less than 16,000 mares, and 800 sires. I do not find, however, that the Persian horse was ever a favourite at Rome. Of the Grecian horses, those of Thessaly were particularly prized; and, among the provinces of Italy, Apulia stood highest. But, for spirit, it would appear that the horses of Gaul were especially famous, as those of Scythia for strength and endurance, though deficient in size and beauty. The famous horse of the Emperor Probus was of this hardy breed. His performances have seldom been equalled, even among the extraordinary feats of equestrianism in which the last century abounded. Vopiscus, in his beautiful Life of Probus, states that this horse could travel 100 miles per diem for eight, and even ten, successive days! And yet his appearance was anything rather than promising. In fact, he was a mere pony-horse—*nec decorus nec ingens*. The German horses, on the contrary, though strong, possessed neither swiftness nor beauty. Cæsar tells that the young men were able, by running, to keep pace with them in their swiftest gallop.

But, although they attached considerable importance to the country, they were even more attentive to the breeding; and the names of one or two famous sires have been accidentally preserved, chiefly by some casual allusion in the poets. I said, accidentally, although it would appear that the pedigree of their horses was kept with great care, especially of those who had figured in the Circus. Martial places it among the accomplishments of the finished dandy to be able to trace the genealogy of every racer of note; and even the mob of the Circus were guided in their judgment, and in their bets, by the horse's pedigree, and the character of his ancestors.

“Qualis per jugera circi
Cum pulcher viau, titulis generosus onustis,
Expectatur equus, cujus de stemmate longo
Felix emeritos habet admissura parentes.”

Juvenal speaks of one celebrated sire, Hirpinus, whose progeny had been very successful; and an ancient inscription, which Lipsius saw at Rome, records that this Hirpinus, who had won 114 first prizes, besides fifty-six second, and thirty-six third, was a lineal descendant of Aquilo, who, in his day, had been a still more successful courser, having obtained no less than 130 first, eighty-eight second, and thirty-seven third prizes! We find, too, that, like the modern Arabs, they

attached even more importance to the qualities of the dam. Thus, Corytha is cited by Juvenal, in the same passage, as a mare who had produced a great number of winners. They had a custom, too, which is still retained, and which I have myself seen in the royal stock of Andalusia—intended, probably, to prevent the confusion of blood—of stamping on the hip the mark of the animal's pedigree. This, however, was not peculiar to the Romans. Anacreon mentions it of the Greeks, also :—

Ἐν ἰσχυροῖς μὲν ἵπποι
Πυρὸς χαραγμὶ ἐχουσι.

With regard to the age at which the horse may be considered fit to bear the fatigues of training, their notions seem to have coincided perfectly with our own. The work may begin, Columella thinks, after the second year; in the third, occasional trials of speed may be permitted; and, in the fourth, the animal may be introduced to the full work of the Circus. As to the method of breaking in the young colt, I have not found, in any Latin writer, instructions near so minute as those given by Xenophon in his treatise on horsemanship. However, it is quite certain that they began by training in a circle as we do; and that the animal received lessons in all his paces—the walk, the trot, and the gallop—before he was regularly mounted. With them, too, as with the Greeks, the point principally attended to, in training, was the temper of the horse: he was taught to make a pleasure of his work; and this, rather than terror, was made the leading principle in his education. Hence we find, among the Romans, instances of affection, I might say, friendship, between master and horse, not surpassed even among the Greeks. Every one knows the extravagant lengths to which this was carried by some of the emperors. Nero raised his favourite horse to the consulship; he was outdone by Caligula, who appointed his horse, Incitatus, to the office of high priest! He usually had him to sup at his own table; his oats being served in a golden manger, and his wine in a bucket of solid gold! Extravagant as this may appear, it was surpassed by Helio-gabalus, who actually had the oats gilt before they were given to his charger! Nor was this confined to monsters of absurdity as well as crime, such as those whom I have mentioned. The learned and austere Adrian deemed it not unworthy of his wisdom to raise a splendid monument to his favourite hunter, Borysthenes, for years his trusted and tried companion in the field.

Their manner of "training into condition," so as to procure that firmness of flesh, solidity of muscle, and capacity of wind, which are indispensable for the violent and protracted exertions of the horse-race, was, in principle, the same as that still observed. But, in its details, it was much more simple. Instead of the courses of medicine which we employ, a simple alterative regimen (*farrago*) was used for a certain number of days; after which the exercise gradually proceeded. The horse was severely sweated; after the sweat, *being rubbed with oil, and occasionally with wine*. They attached a great deal of importance, too, to the cold bath. The horse was brought to the river to swim as regularly as ours are led to the exercise-ground; and, for their hot climate, the practice, at all events, had nature upon its side.

They have left us specifics for almost all the common diseases—for cold, for inflammation, for a disease of the skin resembling farcy, and a thousand others. I was amused to observe that, for inflammation of the eye, Columella adopts the treatment still followed—bleeding in the angular vein. Many of the phrases, too, remind us of expressions which we still hear every day. They had their “high-blowers,” “roarers,” and “whistlers,” as well as ourselves; and when I read of a horse “*perditus cruribus*,” I cannot but recognise the phrase, in its now popular form, “done in the legs.” It is an ordinary opinion, that the practice of docking and squaring the tail is of modern invention. This is a mistake; it was practised among the Romans. This is, probably, the meaning of the “*curto equo*,” in Propertius. In the splendid antique Mosaic pavements, discovered at Seville and at Lyons, representing the chariot-races of the Circus, the tails are all cut in the modern fashion. Nor was this confined to the coursers of the Circus; Horace’s hack mule was, to recall the schoolboy translation, “bobtailed.”

The colour of a horse is generally regarded as indicative of his qualities. This impression existed among the Romans; though they differed from us in some notions with regard to colour. The various shades are detailed by Varro under their several names, which it will puzzle the most accomplished fancier to distinguish; I myself have never been able to get beyond the *myrtle* and *rose-colours*; though the *purple* is even more inconceivable. The same prejudice existed against black, which is still entertained; but they differed from us in considering white as the surest indication of swiftness and spirit—an opinion in which the Tartars are said still to agree. Herodotus mentions a nation (the Argippæi) who took their name from the valuable breed of white horses which they possessed.

“*Qui candore nives anteirent, cursibus auras.*”

Introducing their superstitions, too, into all the departments of life, they fancied that some horses were *lucky*; while others, on the contrary, never failed to bring ill-fortune on their possessor. Some remarkable instances of this have been preserved. A noble Roman, named Caius Sejus, we are told by Aulus Gellius,* had a horse of extraordinary beauty. He was bred at Argos, and was believed to be descended of the famous stock introduced by Hercules. Few of our noblest coursers could boast a genealogical tree, stretching, like that of Sejus’s horse, over a period of more than 1200 years. He was no less remarkable for size than for beauty—a high, arching rein, with a deep and flowing mane. His colour is called, by Gellius, *Phæniceus*; it may, probably, have been a bright chestnut. His master, with his entire family, having been proscribed by Antony, the public crier offered the horse for sale. He was purchased by Dolabella, before setting out to Syria, for the enormous sum of 300,000 sesterces. Dolabella did not long survive the fatal possession. Upon his death, Crassus became the master of this ill-starred animal, just in time to meet the wretched fate which awaited him in the Parthian war; and, as if to render the doom still more signal, the last owner was Antony himself, of whose well-known fulfilment of the destiny it is unnecessary to remind the reader!

* iii. ix.

With regard to the prices usually paid, at Rome, for horses, I regret that I am unable to offer much detailed information. The few scattered conjectures on this subject which we occasionally meet among the commentators, are marked by the same, and, perhaps, greater want of precision than all else which relates to the prices of merchandise. Writing for contemporaries, to whom these things were familiar, there was little inducement, and little occasion, to particularize what they all knew; and the only information which they have left us, regards those extraordinary prices, which were so beyond the common standard, as to be deemed worthy of record even for a contemporary. In the last chapter, I cited a passage from Pliny, adducing, in proof of the wealth of certain islanders on the Mediterranean coast of Africa, the fact that "they would not hesitate to give a talent (£193 : 3s. 4d.) for a horse. It would appear to follow, that, at Rome, this was deemed a very exorbitant price. But we have many instances in which it was far exceeded. The doomed horse of Sejus, just mentioned, was purchased by Dolabella for what will still be considered an enormous sum. The 300,000 sesterces amount to £2,421 : 17s. 6d. ! The truth is, that then, as now and always, there were persons who, when they set their fancy upon anything, would stay at no price. Varro, for example, tells us that Quintus Axius, for an ass, gave 400,000 sesterces (£3,228 : 3s. 4d.) ! The fact is confirmed by Pliny.

It is difficult to find anything definite as to the speed of the Roman coursers. However, as far as we can judge from the data which we possess, it would appear far from commensurate with the care which was bestowed on them, and the assiduity with which the exercise of horsemanship was cultivated. The modern reader, accustomed to the rapidity, almost of thought, to which travelling has been brought in our day, will be tempted to smile at the greatest efforts of expedition recorded in the Roman classics, which, however, in their time, excited the wonder and admiration of all. It may not be uninteresting to collect a few of them before I close.

Even as late as the days of Livy, it was considered a great effort, in Cato the Elder, to have, on one occasion, reached Rome, from Hydruntum, on the fifth day. The distance was little more than 400 miles, yet Livy speaks of him as having travelled *ingenti cursu*.

Julius Cæsar, a paragon of activity and decision, and an equestrian of the highest order, was considered to have done wonders in travelling at the rate of 100 miles a-day. On his celebrated journey to the Rhone, when expedition was of the last importance, he did not accomplish more than this.

Mithridates, however, surpassed him. Appian tells us, that he ordinarily travelled 125 miles a day on occasions of importance. The same Appian relates of Hannibal, that, in two days and two nights, he accomplished a journey of no less than 375 miles.

Later, however, in the history of the empire, when the posting arrangements were more regular and more complete, these things ceased to be extraordinary. The news of Nero's death was carried, in seven days, from Rome to the very heart of Spain, by one of Galba's freedmen, named Icelus; and, when Drusus was sick in Germany, Tiberius travelled 200 miles in a day, for the purpose of visiting him.

It is still more extraordinary, that, upon the defeat of Maximin, the messenger who brought the news from Aquileia arrived at Rome on the fourth day, having ridden the prodigious journey of 798 miles. Socrates, the historian, too, mentions, that, in the time of Theodosius, Palladius rode from Constantinople to the confines of Persia (about 700 miles) in three days, and returned in the same time. I need not say that, in all these cases, they used relays of horses.

Of the endurance of some steeds of antiquity, anecdotes are preserved, which, to us, with all our advantages, may appear almost incredible. The small, but hardy horse of the Emperor Probus, already mentioned, has seldom been surpassed either for speed or lasting; and of the Sarmatian horses, Pliny relates facts which are equally extraordinary. Their manner of preparing for a journey was very peculiar, and would be likely to make our modern trainers stare. The horse was kept, for a day previous to setting out, without food or drink; and yet they would not hesitate to ride him 150 miles upon a stretch, almost without dismounting.

But it is time to have done. From the circumstance of these facts—at least some of them—being recorded as remarkable examples of expedition, and, indeed, from the tone of wonder in which all are related, we may fairly infer that the speed of the Roman horses was very far removed from perfection; and it is easy to conceive the astonishment with which some of the modern performances would have been regarded among them. In what terms would Livy have spoken of the popular accounts of Dick Turpin's ride to York! How would he have been amazed to find Cato's *ingens cursus* accomplished by Mr. Osbaldeston, in less than one-eighth of the time which he considered almost preternatural!

“ Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore ——.”

SECOND GREAT TRIAL BETWEEN BRITISH AND RUSSO-ORIENTAL BLOOD HORSES :

BEING PART OF A LETTER FROM A RUSSIAN TO AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN, KINDLY COMMUNICATED TO US BY THE LATTER.

I BELIEVE I told you that I had to give you an account of a curious race that was run, a few months ago, in Russia. You will recollect that, some years since, with a view to prove the superiority of English thorough-bred horses over any others, Count Matuchewitz started Sharper and Mina against an Arabian and a Cossack, for a race of no less than forty-eight English miles, on a turnpike road, and won easy, by which he became the richer by several thousands; and yet every possible misfortune had befallen both him and his horses. By way of being cunning, he had made the race catch-weights, and was caught in his own trap, his horses being difficult to hold, and requiring regular jockeys, who rode 9st. 7lb.; whereas his adversaries had put upon their steeds mere lads, who were at least three stone lighter. Then, in the first quarter of a mile, one of Sharper's jockey's stirrup-irons breaking in the eye, Sharper ran away, passing Mina, whose jockey had been ordered to take the lead, and cut out the work at a

steady pace; and who, to execute those orders, *au pied de la lettre*, ran a race of twenty-one miles head to head with Sharper, but, luckily, at last, did up his own horse, whose condition was not so perfect as Sharper's. However, notwithstanding these untoward events, Sharper won triumphantly:—the Cossack, having stopped long before Mina was pulled up (who was found to have severely injured one of his coronets) was actually carried in between two rows of Cossack soldiers, who prevented his tumbling down. He was beat about three miles, and would not have come in at all, but for the very extraordinary assistance he received. That race settled the Cossacks and their party for a number of years; the more effectually as it had pretty well emptied their purses. Last winter, however, it appears that the party had again become clamorous; and, as Imperial Racing Prizes had been established in different parts of Russia, they wanted one added for a twenty-mile race. There are many breeders of English horses in Russia, who have some excellent blood, and it is supposed that Count Matuchewitz, or some one well-versed in English horse-racing, excited their courage by assuring them that this proposal was an absolute godsend; and that they ought themselves to apply for the grant of such an Imperial prize—give away no weight, and feel sure of winning any distance, unless their horses should be struck by lightning in the race; and a full description of the manner in which Count Matuchewitz had prepared his horses, on the former occasion, was forwarded to one of the Days, who has settled in Russia, as a trainer and jockey, with the present owner of Memnon. These gentlemen were brought, at last, to a fighting mood, the prize was granted, and the race run, I am told, on a beautiful race-course, near a town called Libidian, about 120 miles to the south-east of Moscow, where a good racing-meeting and an immense horse-fair take place yearly. The events of the race were as follow:

Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds (English money), given by His Imperial Majesty, with £50 added for the second horse; four-year-olds, to carry 8 st. 5 lb.; five, 9 st.; six, 9 st.; aged, 9 st. 9 lb. Mares allowed 4 lbs. Distance, twenty miles (English).

Mr. Koratcheggan's ch. c. by Red Rover, out of Proserpine, four-years old	1
Mr. Petrofky's br. m. by Regent, out of Fair Ellen, five-years old	2
Mr. Wockoff's b. h. Concert, by Memnon, out of Cassandra, five-years old	3
Prince Tumen's ch. m. by a Persian stallion, out of a Calmouck mare	
Mr. Talkoff's br. m. Mouse, of pure Calmouck breed	

(The two last stood still between the seventeenth and eighteenth mile).

Mr. Varle's b. m. Hope, by an Arabian, out of a Cossack mare (stood still at the sixteenth mile)

A pretty race between the three English-bred horses, for some distance, but won very easy at last. Run in fifty-eight minutes fifty-four seconds.

This is a signal triumph of the English over the Asiatic blood. The pace killed the Orientals; and it must have been pretty fair, since the running of twenty English miles in less than fifty-nine minutes cannot be considered a bad performance. I should tell you that the sire of the winner was bought in England, about ten years ago, by Count Matuchewitz, and he was bred by General Grosvenor. He proved himself a very moderate two-year-old; but the Count bought him on account of his extraordinary powers, bone, symmetry, and capital blood. He is by Nicolo (a Slim horse), out of a Beningbrough mare, and has been a most successful sire in Russia: his stock carry everything before them.

MY HORSES.

BY NIMROD.

(Concluded from page 272.)

I PURCHASED another hunter of Sir Charles Taylor, when he gave up his hounds—a one-eyed thorough-bred gelding, which he got from the Honourable Edward Mostyn, then Mr. Mostyn Lloyd. He was a good fencer, but weak in dirt; therefore not suited to the Bicester country; and only worth mentioning for one circumstance. When I took him to Melton, the following year, he was recognised by Mr. Foljambe, as having been once in his stud, and so tired, on one occasion, as to be left all night in a lane, in a gipsy's tent. He was then, however, only four years old; for he was not one of the tiring sort when I had him; and when in training, was high-up amongst the favourites for the Derby.

I bought the race-horse, Shamrock (formerly Mr. Lechmere Charlton's, and one of the best nags at Newmarket), of Mr. John Lucy, on my road into Yorkshire, where I rode him all one winter. He was strong in dirt, and a good fencer; but, like too many thorough-bred ones, a little peevish at his fences, now and then going up to them at the rate of thirty miles an hour; and now and then—though not often—not going at all. I sold him for 150 guineas, to Mr. Middleton Biddulph, at Melton, who rode him one season in Leicestershire, and then obliged the Marquis of Anglesea with him, at the same price. I say “obliged,” because he was the very horse, of all others, for the Marquis, being low to mount, and very safe on the road. I gave a hundred for him; but, in my opinion, there was scarcely enough of him for a hunter, good as he was in nature: but I had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Biddulph say he would not take 300 for him.

I purchased an extraordinary horse, of a sporting farmer (a very good horseman), by the name of Darke, who resided near Worcester, and, for aught I know to the contrary, resides there still. I have pleasure in speaking of this horse; first, because I had several delightful rides on him during one season; and, secondly, the purchase of him was a triumph of my judgment of a hunter, over that of a very celebrated veterinary surgeon, whose judgment in horses, also, was much looked up to in his neighbourhood. He had fired this horse, for the largest ring-bone, on his near fore-leg, that I had ever seen on any horse, and had given it as his *decided* opinion, that he never could stand sound, if put to strong work; and, consequently, valued him at fifteen pounds! Notwithstanding this, I gave eighty guineas for him; and, if I were to purchase a stud of hunters to-morrow, I should like half a dozen such, at that price. I called him Turnpike, from the fact of his having, for a small wager, carried Mr. Darke over the Worcester turnpike-gate, on the London road, out of that city; the topmost bar of which was of iron. I sold him to Mr. Mytton for 150 guineas, and I have his letter now in my possession, in which he says:—“Turnpike is the *only* hunter I ever possessed;” with

three strong dashes of the pen, underneath the word "only." He was, certainly, a most complete hunter; and I did, with him, what I never did before, and, I am quite sure, I shall never do again—I rode him over a gate, near High-on Wood, in Staffordshire, with Mytton's hounds, taking his footing from a bridge over a wide ditch, in the centre of which I saw a large hole; but he was too cunning to step into it.

Turnpike had every appearance of being a thorough-bred horse; full sixteen hands high, with very prominent knees, and very oblique fetlocks; back and loins splendid; action, in dirt, superb, and well equal to fourteen stone; and, had his shoulders been a *little more* lengthy, he would have been complete. But where do we find the complete ones? Seldom in a poor man's stable. Mr. Mytton rode him two seasons; then turned him to grass, in opposition to my earnest entreaties to the contrary; for—a cormorant at feeding—he came up from it with inflamed eyes, and very soon went blind. I afterwards drove him, leader, in the Holyhead mail, as sound on his legs as he ever was. (I have just recollected that I sold this horse the year before I adopted the name of Nimrod).

The brown mare, the property of Mr. Payne, of Sulby, purchased at Tattersall's, for thirty-five pounds, is only worthy of mention as having been cured of her runaway propensities, by the use of the clipper-bit, which I stated in my Shropshire tour. From being sold as incurable and dangerous, I much lamented the loss of her, after having made her so quiet, and particularly from the way in which she was ruined. It was said to have been done by her taking fright at a coach, when at exercise in the frost; but I suspected the injury was from a kick with a heavily-nailed shoe, in the stable. She was a rare bit of stuff, and I really believe she would not have turned her tail to a house on fire, had such a thing come in her way, with hounds.

I purchased two hunters when on my Yorkshire tour, but I have little to say of them. One was a good black horse, belonging to Mr. George Swann, of York, down with one hip;* and the other, a very promising young horse, of Sir Bellingham Graham, which he had purchased, in his neighbourhood, with the view of riding him the following year, but did not think him equal to his weight. I was unlucky with him, as he was attacked with inflammation, and went wrong, or, I think, he would have proved a trump, being got by President, a horse noted for getting hunters; and he was a capital natural fencer. Here, then, my reminiscences of my hunters come to a close.

It is difficult to abandon old and favourite pursuits. I had not been long in France before I inquired for a forthcoming horse-fair, and found there was one at Guines, a small town within seven miles of Calais, to which I drove, having already become master—not of a horse-and-shay, as we say on our side the water,—but of a good and nearly new cabriolet, and a horse, which I purchased of Monsieur

* This is the third horse that I have had, "down in a hip," as it is called. With the other two, namely, the Black Sultan horse and Hosier (late Colonel Mellish's), I never found any deficiency arising from this cause; but Mr. Swann's horse, a rare bit of stuff, suffered pain in that part, after a hard day, and always limped for a few hundred yards, when first out of the stable. But a word or two about Hosier: he once fell with me into a snow-drift, and, in digging him out, a pig was found which had been missing eight days.

Quilliacq, the well-known proprietor of one of the best Calais hotels, for the sum of 900 francs, or thirty-six pounds. The nag was a little screwed on one leg, but pleasant to drive, and, like the generality of French horses, so docile that I could actually leave him standing, *unattended*, in the cab, on the open sands, for upwards of an hour at a time. But, to return to Guines horse-fair. It certainly had but little resemblance to an English scene of a similar nature, the tits being of the roughest order, and nowise embellished for the occasion, as they invariably are with us, by either scientifically plaited manes and tails, ornamented head-collars, and scarlet-bound body-rugs, &c., to say nothing of the ginger under the tail. And the dealers, God help them! they seemed to be children of Nature, compared with our own; and were they to appear in one of our fairs, they would be supposed to have been asleep for the last hundred years. However, to come to the pith of my story; I purchased, for ten pounds, a bay cob mare, about nine years old, so perfect in every respect—in harness, and out—that, had I been a wealthy old gentleman of fifteen stone weight, and with nerves much the worse for past indulgences and years, I would not have taken 200 guineas for her, as she appeared as though she could not do wrong. As it was, my only object in purchasing her having been to employ a few vacant hours, and to get a penny for my pains, if I could,—I sold her, shortly afterwards, to an English gentleman in the town, both heavy and gouty, for just double what I gave for her, and he was highly pleased with his bargain.

If my memory serve me truly, my next purchase was a slapping five-year-old gelding, the property of an Englishman, who was soon afterwards killed in a duel, in Boulogne, and for which I gave the sum of thirty pounds. He was bred in Mecklenburgh; but, notwithstanding this circumstance, which might have operated against him, by the force of prejudice, in the English sporting world, I am well convinced he would have made a first-rate Warwickshire hunter. And I say this, not on my own judgment alone; but it was the opinion of that celebrated performer over Warwickshire, namely, Mr. Henry Wyatt, who galloped him in *very deep and holding* ground, over which he went with perfect ease to himself, and delightfully so to his rider. He was likewise equal to great weight. But of what use was a horse of this description to me, in this country? I sold him to a French gentleman, in the town of Calais, for the sum of fifty pounds, such an event not having, I believe, occurred before, in the memory of the oldest of its inhabitants.

The sequel of this story must be related, because it may create a smile. The purchaser having examined my horse in the stable, with the assistance of a veterinary surgeon, called on me to conclude the bargain; the opinion of the *vet* being satisfactory, although a small bone spavin escaped his notice; situated, albeit, so free from the action of the joint as to be a matter of no moment. But the incident that is to create a smile! Why, in those days, I was a worse Frenchman than I now am; and, consequently, obliged to negotiate with my customer by an interpreter. "The gentleman wants to know how many feet your horse has?" said my cook, who performed the office of interpreter, although but little better acquainted with English than

I was with French. "How many feet?" I exclaimed; "what does the gentleman mean?—of course he has four." "Oh, sir," replied the cook, "the gentleman says he is sure he has *more than four*." Now the fact is, my customer wanted to know how tall my horse was; and as, reckoning by the hand of four inches, a horse of fifteen hands high stands five feet,—and, also, as the animal in question wanted only half an inch of sixteen hands,—the purport of the question was to ascertain whether he was more or less than five feet high. This reminds me of a question put by a German horse-buyer to Tattersall, at Newmarket, when a brood mare was under his hammer. "What years she has," observed the foreigner. "Yes," said Tattersall (mistaking the word "years" for "ears") "she is rather wide in her ears, as many thoroughbred ones are." "No, no," resumed the German, "I mean, what *years* she has?" "D—n it," said a friend, who stood by, "the Baron wants to know how old the mare is."—Now, then, for the *finale* of this momentous affair.

It appeared that the horse was purchased for an officer of rank, in Paris; and, at the request of the purchaser, I sent him thither, under the care of my own servant, which I was glad to do, as his temper was, at times, none of the best. Two years afterwards, at a dinner party in Paris, I was thus addressed by Mr. Charles Lafitte: "The horse you sold to my friend, Colonel — (I forget his name), is now the best horse in the army. He carries eighteen stone;" at the same time appealing to a Marquis, who was at table (whose name I also forget) to corroborate what he had asserted.

My next purchase was a fine old coach-horse, which I called *Charley Dix*, by reason of his having been the property of the ex-monarch of France. He must have been a noble animal when in his prime; but, being given to choke in his collar, I sold him for what he cost me.

The next nag worthy of notice—and her history is rather a singular one—is a dun mare, or, perhaps, I should have said, a dun gallopway, shewing a great deal of blood, with the action of a deer; but so restive as to induce her owner to jump at my offer of six pounds for her. Well! I rode her seventeen months; and, although at times it was delightful to be upon her back, I could not cure her of her restiveness; and, after a very narrow escape for my life, by one of her antics, I sold her for less than I gave for her; and, as she was known to have killed one man before she became mine, it was well to find a purchaser for her at any price. It appears she is of a vicious family, her own brother having kicked himself to death the first time he was put into the Boulogne coach; and there was a species of vice about this mare which I never before experienced. She would run open-mouthed at a person (she once seized me by the arm), and strike at him with her fore-feet, like a prize-fighter. And I once witnessed a laughable scene touching this part of her character. It is well known to most English sportsmen, that Mr. Vevers, of country-racing fame, is celebrated for his skill in making horses tractable, and also perfect as hunters. It so happened that he called on me one morning when this mare was in a paddock, into which I often turned her, when fresh, to have a little of her *temper* taken out of her. "Don't go near her," said I, to Mr. Vevers, as he walked into the paddock in which she

was. "Nonsense," said he; "what can she do to me?" He soon found his mistake; she instantly attacked him, fighting with her fore-legs, in her usual style, and he just made his escape by the gate in time to save himself.

But the most extraordinary, and, to the observer of the habits and temper of horses, the most interesting part of the history of this animal is to come. Subsequently to my selling her, she found her way, first, into the double harness of a letter-out of carriages in Calais, and then into that of a person of the same description in Boulogne; the former owner of her assuring me that nothing was too heavy for her, nor any distance too long, and she was perfectly quiet in *double* harness. Worked out, as may be expected, at this trade, she was purchased by the present master of the Boulogne foxhounds, at the beginning of last season but one, to carry a boy; but he himself has since constantly ridden her, and, galloway as she is, I have reason to believe there are few better hunters in Boulogne than herself. And, what is remarkable, *when with hounds*, which she delights in, she never attempts to shew the least vice. Then what a fencer she is! I saw her leap, without a rider, a fence considerably higher than her back; and a Gloucestershire sportsman, residing at Boulogne, told me she carried him (fifteen stone) over as high a stile as he ever rode over in his life.

But let us account for the goodness of this extraordinary animal (said, in a late notice of her in "Bell's Life," to have been bred by me, which was not the case), by a reference to the "Stud-book:" she was got by Briton, out of a thorough-bred mare, the property of Mr. Collett, the owner of Briton, when he covered in this neighbourhood; but her pedigree is unknown to me. Let us, however, look to her blood on one side of her head. Briton (own brother to Sovereign) was by Rubens, dam by Pegasus, out of a Highflyer mare; thus coming close to both Highflyer and Eclipse, Pegasus being by Eclipse. And one word more, which may be interesting to the owner of horses, as well as to the veterinarian. The animal in question fell lame in a fore-leg, when in my possession, from a bad sinew-strain. What was to be done? It was winter time; I could not turn her out; and I knew, if she rested long in the stable, I should have all my trouble over again, as she was then tolerably quiet to ride. I had nothing for it but to keep her going; so, stimulating the part at night, I rode her as usual, lame as she was, and at the end of a month she became sound. I have always been of opinion, that, in cases of strained sinews, a little walking exercise was beneficial; but would not recommend the plan necessarily had prompted me, in this case, to adopt.

I here bring to a close the account of my own horses. My present stud comprises a mare with foal, who bears honourable testimony to her military career, in sundry scars, from a bomb that burst near her, at the siege of Antwerp; and a black cob that I ride and drive. The cob has some pretensions to notice, having been already mentioned as a specimen of the extreme docility of French horses. Although never used as a shooting-horse, nor broke in to the smell of powder, you may fire a gun between his ears without his moving his head; and I once saw a brood of young chickens comfortably reposing themselves, at the edge of night, on his back: I purchased him at two years old,

in a state of starvation, for three pounds ten shillings : he is now rising five, honestly worth twenty pounds, verifying the apothegm of the great John Warde, that half the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth.

I was never celebrated for hacks. My object was to get those which would not tire, and then I forgave them many faults. The distance from my house in Shropshire, to either Stratford-upon-Avon, or Bourton-on-the-Hill, was just fifty miles, which I generally rode without a stop. I am of opinion, indeed, that a hack, in condition, is not refreshed, but the contrary, by a *short* stop, in a day's work. Better get it over at once ; but I found very good effects from dismounting, every now and then, and walking down a hill, with frequent sips of soft water—a hint given me, many years back, by a Gloucestershire horse-dealer, who was in the habit of riding great distances to fairs. I had a mare, got by General, out of a General mare, with dreadfully deformed fore legs, that made nothing of this trip, but she was very unsafe in her slow paces. " You clumsy fellow," said I, one day, to a helper who took my horse to cover, and rode this hack back ; " you are always throwing this mare down. She does not fall with *me*." " No," said the man ; " because you don't give her time to fall ;" which was true. In fact, she could only walk and gallop. This reminds me of a day's work she did, under fifteen stone. I lent her to John Lockley, to go to Lord Northampton's, to see the park fence he rode Confidence over, the day after he sold him for 750 guineas to Mr. Best, which fence sold him, as it was quite at the finish of a very distressing burst. But he trespassed sadly on her. Not content with viewing the place, full seventeen miles from Stratford-on-Avon, whence he started, he rode away to call on Mr. Morant, ten miles further. Mr. Morant was out with his harriers, God knows where ; away went old John, and saw two runs with them, and then home to Stratford. " A devilish good hack, upon my soul," said the old sinner, as he rode into the yard ; " but she can only walk and gallop."

During the nine years I lived in Hampshire, I had three rather curious hacks ; and, as I could ride from my house to Hounslow by only paying one turnpike, my cheapest mode of getting to London, where I was then often obliged to be, was on the outside of a hack ; and this was the way I did it. I kept some clothes at the George Inn, at Hounslow ; rode my hack there over night, and was in town the next morning, for a shilling, and very often for nothing. This distance, thirty-six miles, I always did in four hours ; and in the time of Harry, the celebrated ostler of that inn, known to half the noblemen and gentlemen in England, and also of his son, I never troubled myself about my hack. It was sure to be well taken care of. I had a thoroughbred Walton mare, with pearls in her eyes, which I often rode fifty miles at a stretch, but she always groaned, as if in pain, the last ten or fifteen—showing no other symptoms of distress, and I rode her three years. I rode, for five years, a little thorough-bred mare, purchased, when I was at Hungerford with Mr. Warde, for twelve pounds. She gave me several falls, but never tired. I had, also, a blind mare at the same time, which I bred, that I could gallop twenty miles, in a very short time ; but she could not go further, as she was out of a

cart mare. She never made a false step. I was silly enough, some twenty years ago, to give sixty guineas for a hack, and he gave me an awful fall. I either bought him from, or sold him to, Captain Parker, of the Cheshire militia. My usual price was twenty pounds.

The best, and, at the same time, one of the safest hacks I ever had, was a restiff horse, got by Lord Stamford's George, the property of Mr. Francis Giffard, of Chillington. As it took an hour to put his bridle on, when I tried him, the price was left to me, and I paid the mighty sum of fifteen pounds for him. I mounted him in the park, and gave him a good bucketting in the snow; and the next day, rode him fifty-two miles (from Chillington, to four miles beyond Bromyard) without a stop except to have some frost-nails put into his shoes, which did him a deal of good. There was no end to that horse, in a day's work; just the right sort, full of breeding, and good shape, but very awkward to handle in the stable, or out of it. He would rear up, and knock a man down, *à la Cribb*.

I have more than once stated, in my remarks on horses' action, that high action is by no means a criterion of safety. Indeed, I have mentioned a mare that was in my own family for fifteen years, which appeared as if she would kick a sixpence before her, in her walk, and yet she never made a trip. But the lowest-actioned horse I ever saw, and, at the same time, one of the safest, was a bay gelding I sold Mr. Lloyd Williams, of Penylan, near Wrexham, which hardly bent his knees at all in his walk or canter. Notwithstanding this, he was his favourite hack for several years, and one of the best woman's horses in the world; his action, in the canter, scarcely disturbing the seat. The putting the foot down is the main point.

I once possessed an extraordinary mare-galloway, which carried the Lottery express, on the Irish road, which then was timed at twenty miles in the hour. I forget how many years I rode her, or my brother rode her, or the Jones's of Hay Hill (Gloucestershire), rode her, and after she was stone blind; but I fear we have all much to answer for, in the abuse of that excellent animal, which neither pace nor distance could subdue. A roan galloway, also, that I bought of Mr. Parker, late of the Worcestershire, and who hunted several other countries, was a wonderful animal of its sort. I once saw Mr. Parker take him out of his straw-yard, and ride him a sharp burst, with harriers, over nearly the strongest part of Worcestershire, without turning from anything. In fact, Mr. Moseley, of Ludlow, on a very good hunter, and in excellent condition, said, he felt quite ashamed of his horse and himself, in not being able to ride away from Mr. Parker, on this pony. Of his fencing, it is enough to say, he rode him over a turnstile. But, speaking of ponies, I must not forget one that will long be remembered in Staffordshire; I mean, a grey one which I purchased at Cheltenham, for twenty-five guineas (the price tells what he was), for my son, who is now in India; and, I am happy to be able to add, one of the best horsemen there. The places which that pony would get over, after hounds, were such as I should be afraid of attempting to describe.

Of gig-horses, I have little to say; but the following incidents are not common. I put a horse which had never been in harness before that day, into a gig, to drive him fifteen miles. No horse could go

more quietly than he did for fourteen miles, when he set to work, in earnest, and kicked the gig to pieces.

I had another gig-horse which played me several awkward tricks ; one of which nearly cost me my life, but I was prepared for them, having purchased him for ten pounds in consequence of his bad temper. The following may afford a lesson to gig drivers. One dark winter's night, he stood still, on the middle of a hill, five miles from Stratford (whither I was going), on the Birmingham road ; and, as I had driven him a long distance, in rather a short time, I, at first, supposed he was knocked up. I got down, therefore, loosened his bearing rein, and tried to coax him, but he refused to touch collar, and ran backwards. My situation was an unpleasant one. A large cover was on my left, and a sad murder had been committed a few nights before, not many miles distant (the perpetrators of which, by the way, I was accidentally instrumental in bringing to justice) ; and, moreover, I had a sum of money in my pocket, that it would not have been convenient to lose. Putting down the slides of my lamps, then, I waited patiently in the road, with the hope that something would turn up to assist me, when, all at once, the horse started off, and we reached the turnpike-gate. "Have you a good oaken sapling in your house?" said I to the keeper of the gate. He had, and I gave him what he asked for it ; and suspecting my horse was only in the sulks, I struck him three times over his back, I am sorry to say, as hard as I could strike him (it was no time for scruples of conscience), when he went off in a gallop ; and in about twenty minutes I was at Stratford. From this day, he became an excellent gig-horse, never afterwards refusing to start, or running backwards ; for I carried a small ashen plant in the loops of the apron, on the dashing iron ; and whenever he heard me touch it, as if to draw it out, he was off like an arrow out of a bow !

Of race-horses, I have nothing to say ; and for the best reason in the world—I know very little about them. But this I can affirm ; very few gentlemen of my acquaintance, have been the better for them ; many of them a great deal the worse. The last I had, was that good little mare, Victorine, by Haphazard, out of Phantasmagoria, by Mercury. I gave 100 guineas for her, and sold her to Mr. West, for the same money, within three months, having won three or four plates at Wrexham, and Walsall, for me, in that time. Your racing readers will not require to be told the rest of her history. She went on running and winning, in Isaac Day's possession, till past her ninth year, one of the honestest animals that ever came to the post. From the excellence of her blood, she was put to the horse at five years old, and produced a foal, which she instantly killed. Her Thyestean appetite was not a second time indulged ; so, being put into training again, she paid her way by country plating.

I have often been asked, how I have escaped as to falls ? having been, as is very well known, in the habit of riding all sorts of horses, both young and old, many of which never saw hounds until I shewed them to them. Why, thanks to my protecting genius—I should rather have said, to that protecting Providence to which we are all highly indebted—I have so far escaped, that, excepting a thumb, I never broke, or even dislocated a bone. The injury the Epsom mare did to

my back, I shall feel to the end of my life; and that to my eye, in spite of the assistance of the celebrated Mr. Wardrop, is only very lately got the better of, by the simplest of all simple applications. After six years' ailment, that often prevented my using it in writing, and, of course, I gave it up for lost, I read in the newspaper, an extract from Mr. Curtis's book (I think it was), recommending the use of milk and water, as a daily lotion. It soon abated the almost constant irritation; the consequence was, the eye gained strength, and it is now quite as good as the other. I mention this, as a hint to others, who, by the same means, may avoid six years' infliction to which I have been obliged to submit.

Twenty years ago, I never thought much of falls, and used to ride young horses at timber, with the betting, two to one on a fall. The only two things I dreaded were, first, being dragged in the stirrup—having once had that honour—and, secondly, with young horses, very fresh, I dreaded a fall over the first two or three fences; as it is then that a young one is apt to kick at a man on the ground. I very soon learned to provide against almost the possibility of being dragged, by using large and *heavy* stirrups, always flat bottomed. Many people object to heavy stirrups; saying, they break your shins, when swinging about, should your feet get out of them, which will sometimes happen to the best of horsemen; and then, again, they add weight to your horse. There may be truth in each of these objections; but a broken shin is better than a broken head; and better hurt your horse than hurt yourself. Never throw away a chance, in these matters, as Mr. Warde said in one of his jocose moods, but always think of *No. one*. "Thus," adds he, "if I have a kicking wheel-horse, I always put him *near* side; he *may* kick *somebody* then, but he *can't* kick *me*."

Speaking of Mr. Warde, reminds me of a fall I got with his hounds in the Craven country, and a hint may be gleaned from it. I fell on my back, from the top of a high fence, and there I lay, without the power of moving. "Floored at last," said I to myself; but the fact was, the wind was knocked out of me by the concussion, and I got up, not much the worse. But I deserved this fall for my presumption. I was riding a young horse, not half made, and those who had got up to the fence before me, refused it, although on hunters. It must have been amusing, however, to any one but myself, to have heard an Irish gentleman exclaim, "Well rode, by the powers!" as I was in the act of pitching a summerset.

The most acute pain I ever suffered, from an accident in hunting; was not when I hurt my back, and lay eleven days on the floor; for, when not moved, I did not suffer; but it was from this cause:—I was riding Chillington, in the Bicester country, and came to a brook, on one side of which was a bullfinch fence. I had no fear of a fall from that horse, but my fear was for my eyes; so, thoughtlessly, shut them as he sprang at the fence. The consequence might be anticipated, for we do most things by the *eye*. I alighted on the pommel of the saddle, and soon fell to the ground. The agony I endured, I don't wish even to think of, much less to describe; but, on coming to myself, I said to myself, "Here's a pretty go! A month in bed, the doctor to pay, and 180 guineas clean gone, for I shall not be able to ride Welshman for the Mostyn Hunt Stakes." But it was

this forthcoming race that saved me the month in bed; and the doctor's bill. I had been sweating, and physicking, to prepare for it, which checked inflammation, and I was soon well, but always kept one eye open, afterwards, at a bullfinch, or, indeed, on most other occasions.

The two most break-neck falls I ever had, were from Spring; one was in the middle of the first field, after breaking cover with the Mostyn hounds, by a hollow drain breaking in under him, in a furrow, as I was going at full speed, to get alongside the pack. How many times we rolled over I cannot pretend to say; but when the momentum was exhausted, I found Spring on his back, and myself lying amongst his legs; the bridle reins almost all broken. Sir Thomas Mostyn was coming up the same furrow, behind me, and declared he never saw such a dangerous fall; but it was in a piece of deep plough. The second fall he gave me, was a near go for Spring's neck, as well as my own, in a splitter from out of the Warwickshire Vale, to Epwell White House, in which he particularly distinguished himself. But the fall was thus: Mr. Morant got first up to four rails, bushed with thorns; and coming up to them, somewhat obliquely, was enabled to see what was on the other side, and that they must be taken at twice. His horse refused them; but Spring, who never refused anything, went at them, neither knowing nor caring what was on the other side, and I could see nothing but the rails, because I came to them in a straight line. But lo, and behold! what should there be but, first, a space of ground, the width of a cross-country road, and, beyond that, a newly cut, and very deep drain, within a few inches of the further edge of which did Spring's fore legs find themselves. The rebound was something awful, and, to mend the matter, I was bare-headed at the time, having lost my hat at the second fence. How we escaped, I know not; but neither was hurt; and Spring soon jumped out of the drain. But, I shall never forget an old shepherd's exclamation, who chanced to stand near the place at the time. "Why, sure-ly, you gentlemen must be mad, to think of ven'tring your lives in this way. *What be ye made on?* I can't think."

The fall I had in Scotland, five years back, from Lord Kintore's capital old mare, the Duchess, when she made my left breast the fulcrum to rise from, after she was down, has caused me to feel uncomfortable when I see a woman riding to hounds.

As Black Will said of a brother coachman (a very good one, but renowned for larking), "he *now* begins to *see danger*," so, of late years, I have thought a little more of tumbling, which the many bad accidents, it has been my lot to witness, has had something to do with. I have before stated, that I have been three times ridden over, owing to my horse falling; and seeing the Squire's sad accident, from the same cause, did not mend the matter; and it has been in the rush, at the start, that I have since been most shy of a fall. Let your imagination loose, Mr. Editor, and fancy yourself in the position in which I once found myself:—on my back, on a headland, and good fifteen stone of human flesh, in addition to a huge chestnut gelding, equal to fifty stone more, in the act of alighting on the top of me! This happened in Warwickshire, with Lord Middleton's hounds; and, strange to say, all the harm done was, tattered garments, a broken spur, and a bruised thigh.

Mr. Hawkes leaped clean over me, *à la* Leicestershire, which I thought little of, for I had no time to think ; and " Ned Tommes, of Southam," so called, to distinguish him from the Warwick hero of that name, rode over me, at full speed, and our two selves, and our two horses, were all rolling on the ground together. It is astonishing how little regard some people shew for the lives or limbs of their brother sportsmen, when hounds are running hard. " Pray, sir, don't jump upon me," said I, to a gentleman at the end of a run, with Sir Bellingham Graham, in the Atherstone country, when the horses were getting weak ; and, before my horse had recovered his footing, from a down-hill fence, I saw him and his horse, up in the air, behind me. " I beg your pardon," was his reply, " but my horse has carried me so well." " He has," said I, " but that is no reason for your riding over me."

The greatest number of falls I ever remember to have had in one run, was *three* ; in Shropshire, with Mr. Mytton's hounds ; but we were in so soft a country, that fractures, or concussions, were out of the question ; and the only danger was, of being smothered. I have always taken the precaution of keeping my head back, in a fall, and putting my arms out, thinking little of a fractured collar bone, compared with a lick on the head. As to being thrown off a horse, when sober, that has never happened to me, since the time I sold the Hero to Mr. Vennor, when a standing-jumping pony, I purchased of Mr. Ladbroke's keeper, at Idlicote, with the Hero's money, sent me flying over his head, at a down hill fence. But I have, occasionally, had a struggle for it. For example,;—when I went to Cheltenham, to have a fortnight with Lord Segrave, the winter before I left England, I had the riding of the late Mr. Meyrick's stud. " What horse shall I send to cover for you, in the morning ?" said his groom, on the evening of my arrival. " Which you please," was my answer. " Do you mind a *bit* of a *kicker* ?" inquired the man. Of course, I said " no." But, of all the kickers I ever heard of, this horse was the worst. I had no sooner mounted him, than he began ; and, after breaking both stirrup leathers (new ones of Wilson's), and a third, lent me by the landlord of Guiting Inn, where we met, I gave him up, and rode my hack. I tried him in all paces, and he kicked equally in all, leaping about three feet from the ground, at every kick. I have heard a great deal of riding without stirrups, but no man in England could have sat three of this horse's kicks, without their aid ; and my breaking three leathers, in succession, bears me out in the assertion. Mr. Meyrick was obliged to give him up, which was a pity, as he was well-bred, and a very fine goer ; but, this having been the first day of his being with hounds that season, of course made him worse ; and it appeared to me, to have been the skirts of the coat that disturbed him. I was also near making a pretty exhibition in Yorkshire. I was riding Sir Bellingham Graham's blue horse, with Sir Tatton Sykes's hounds, and put him rather quickly at a fence, which I thought he would have taken at twice. Instead of that, he took it all at a fly ; and I rode half the way across the next field, fairly astride his neck, but, at last, got back into the saddle. I did not believe it had been in the power of any horse thus to have disturbed my seat ; but, if I had fallen, I think I should have broken my

neck, as the horse started off at full speed as soon as he found where he had got me.

I never had but one fall in riding a race; neither was I ever near having another, except when my brother 'gentleman-jockey' tried to make me safe, by throwing me over the bank, at Doberan, in Germany. The fall I got was at Hambledon, after I had beaten nine horses for the cup, when the one I rode took me into the crowd, and landed me on the top of a cart. A cut over the eye, and the loss of some blood, was all the harm done.

The foregoing statement will shew, that it is possible to enjoy the pleasure of hunting, at no very great expense. The following twenty-three horses, it appears, realized rather more than 120 guineas profit, on each horse; and several others would shew a good face, if I could recollect the particulars relating to them; but many of them having been sold by barter, or exchange more properly speaking, that is impossible. Let them, then, be placed against such (not many) as went over the left shoulder.

<i>Prices given. Guineas.</i>		<i>Prices sold for. Guineas.</i>	
Caravan	85 ..	sold to Mr. Roynon Jones, for	200
A Bay Mare	20 ..	Mr. Shugburgh "	60
Contract	110 ..	Mr. Bayzard	150
Emperor	130 ..	Ditto	200
Jupiter	80 ..	Mr. Lechmere Charlton	200
Conkeybeau	130 ..	Mr. Benson	172
Vingt-un	60 ..	Mr. Lloyd Williams	160
Saladine	100 ..	Mr. Murray 280, won 290	570
Ferryman	52 ..	Lord Warwick	200
Cœlebs	140 ..	Mr. Price	260
The General	160 ..	Lord Warwick	220
Welshman	100 ..	Mr. Mytton 250, won 280	530
Kingham	30 ..	Lord Apsley	120
Bolus	140 ..	Mr. Tynte	280
Nimrod	140 ..	Mr. West	210
Black-Eyes	100 ..	Mr. Dean	200
Turnpike	80 ..	Mr. Mytton	150
Amesbury	50 ..	Sir Edmund Antrobus	150
Chillington	100 ..	Mr. Mytton	250
Victorine	100 ..	Mr. West 100, won 160	260
Bull-dog	100 ..	Lord Mountsandford	170
Shamrock	100 ..	Mr. Middleton Biddulph	150
Young Prince	100 ..	Mr. Williams	150
	<u>Gr. 2,207</u>		<u>Gr. 5,012</u>

N.B. Balance in favour of horses sold, 2,807 guineas, or £3,000, minus a mere trifle, to say nothing of nearly £200 more by Morris Dancer and Spring.

“ THE GIFT HORSE.”

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

“ The intrinsic value of a thing,
Is just the sum that it will bring.”

HUDIBRAS.

THERE is an old axiom “ never look a gift horse in the mouth ;” the origin of which is supposed to have been a story of a country bumpkin gaping, with wonder, at a new gift in the shape of a steed, and finding himself minus the organ of smelling. We are, however, inclined to believe the above version (which we have read in print) to be a mere fiction, and that the saying is simply a piece of advice, which, in common parlance, means, “ that a gift cannot cost you much.” Now we are about to give a practical illustration of the saying, proving, by “ a modern instance,” the fallacy of this “ old wise saw.”

It is now exactly three springs ago, that, in looking over the racing stud of (as they say in parliamentary language) a near and dear relative, we observed a most promising-looking two-year-old colt, by St. Patrick out of Gulistan. The pedigree would have satisfied even Arabian horsedealers, who study, more than those of any other nation, to secure the purity of the race, and consider their favourite horses, the Koshlani (bred by the Bedoweens in the northern desert), as sprung from the breed of Solomon. But to the pedigree, it was as follows (*vide* “ General Stud-book”):—

Bay colt by St. Patrick, winner of the St. Leger in 1820, and sire of Rubini, Bird-catcher, Pickpocket, Shillelagh, Saintfoin, and St. Francis, out of Gulistan; Gulistan by Whalebone, winner of the Derby in 1810, and sire of Caroline, winner of the Oaks in 1820, Lapdog, winner of the Derby in 1826, and Spaniel, winner of the Derby in 1831, out of Guldare, winner of the Oaks in 1827; Guldare by Smolensko, winner of the Derby in 1813; her dam, Medora, winner of the Oaks in 1814, by Selim—Sir Harry, winner of the Derby in 1798, Volunteer, Herod, Blank.—One St. Leger, five Derbys, and three Oaks in the family.

Few things are sought after with greater avidity, and attended with less success, than a thorough knowledge of the shape and action of the horse. All pretend to a little smattering on the subject, a pretension for which the majority pay pretty dearly, proving the truth of an old and trite proverb, “ that a little learning is a dangerous thing.” Milton (not the poet), as the wags call him, he of the *mens*, not muse, once remarked, on being asked how all the bad horses are got rid of, “ that if Providence sent bad horses, there were always customers provided accordingly ;”—a fact which daily experience will prove.

As a general proposition, I had been informed, in early life, that the proportion of a well-formed horse ought to be a perfect square, that is to say, he should be as high from the withers to the ground as he is long; but, with this dogma in my head, I did not always bear in mind, that even in this proportion he may either be a short-backed horse or a long one, from the position of the shoulders, and the length of the hip to the croup-bone. Thus, with an upright shoulder and a short croup, the back will, of necessity, be long, while, on the contrary, if the

shoulders be backward, and the hip be ribbed home, the back will be short. How often I have experienced the fallacy of this *square* system, I will not stop to mention. Suffice it to say that, in the case of my St. Patrick colt, it was fully realized. After measuring him, I somewhat ostentatiously remarked to a friend that his symmetry was perfect: a knowing shake of the head, which, like Lord Burleigh's in the *Critic*, meant a great deal, was accompanied by the observation, "that he thought the shoulder blades were *rayther* perpendicular, and the fore-legs stood a *little* under:" I, of course, in rejoinder, advanced the fallacious remark, common even among horsemen, that "it is all nonsense about shape and make, for they go in all forms."

"See too," exclaimed I, "what a neat, light, and well-formed head." Another Burleigh shake.

"Well, you'll admit his hind-quarters are good," said I, somewhat piqued at my honest friend's opinion.

"Granted," replied he; "just as they should be; thigh, broad and muscular; hocks, broad and flat." "Approbation from such a censor," replied I, "is praise indeed," quoting, at the same time, Virgil's description of a colt, and still fancying my young one came quite up to it:

"Continuo pecoris generosi pullus in arvis,
 Altius ingreditur et mollia crura reponit,
 Primus et ire viam, et fluvios tentare minaces
 Audit, et ignoto sese committere ponto;
 Nec vanos horret strepitus."

"A period of three years" (as the modern play-bills say) is now supposed to have elapsed, during which time the colt had been *living in clover*—at grass: bay colt, five-year-old, thorough-bred, that had never done a day's work, sounded magnificent, and I looked upon myself as the probable owner of the neatest hack in the world. As *the season* approached, I gave orders that the young horse should be taken up, and sent to the barracks of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), there to be "broken in" by that excellent horseman, and right worthy fellow, the riding-master of the finest corps in Her Majesty's service. The horse arrived, and, with the greatest anxiety, I ordered him to be paraded in watering order; it was then, and not till then, I remembered my friend's opinion, "that his shoulders were *rayther* perpendicular," and that I discovered all the evils of the grazing system. Instead of the glossy-coated, firm-crested, bright-eyed creature that my imagination had pictured, bounding over the turf like a thing of air, I saw a *Smikey*-like looking animal, with dingy skin, flabby neck, dull eye, and languid look, shewing that he had been subject to "all the ills that (horse) flesh is heir to."

The well-known adage that "like begets like" was never less strongly exemplified than in the present instance. I thought of the beauty of his sire—the tutelary saint of ould Ireland;—of Gulistan,—of Whalebone,—of Gulnare. Where was the likeness? Echo answered, where? for the unworthy scion did not partake of one of the good qualities of his parents. "What's to be done with him," I exclaimed? A council of three was formed. "Shoot him," replied one, "though he's hardly worth the powder and ball." "Present him to Her Majesty's kennels," cried a second. "Send him to Tattersall's," said another: this latter advice I adopted; and, on the following Monday, among the

list of the "terrible high-bred cattle,"—hunters and hacks,—was the following announcement :—

"The property of a nobleman. Lot 48.—A bay colt, five-years old, by St. Patrick, out of Gulistan."

"What will any gentleman say?" exclaimed the truly popular head of the establishment, as my Rosinante was brought out. "Sixty guineas,—excellent blood, the sire a winner of the Derby;—fifty guineas—forty guineas—thirty guineas—twenty guineas. Will no gentleman offer twenty guineas?" "Why, the tail's worth half the money," cried a yahoo, in the crowd, "h'especially now they've taken to the *lex Talioni* principle of rubbing bipeds down with horsehair gloves." "Trot him down; what will any gentleman offer—ten guineas?" Here a Bill Sykes-looking fellow, the master of a cruelty van, ejaculated "Eight guineas." "Eight guineas only offered; no gentleman advance on eight? Nine—ten—eleven guineas; a horse by St. Patrick, out of Gulistan, going for eleven guineas;—eleven guineas and a half—twelve—thirteen." "Thirteen and a half," cried a nervous man, evidently fearful of being *shot, id est*, having the horse knocked down to him. "Thirteen and a half only offered." Here the nervous man shook like an aspen. "Fourteen guineas—fourteen guineas; going for fourteen;—last time, fourteen—gone!" and the son of St. Patrick was knocked down at fourteen guineas.

Although, in this instance, the kindness of the donor defrayed the greatest portion of the expense, by giving the colt a run at grass, we cannot refrain (as a warning to breeders or buyers of yearlings) from laying before them the expenses that would have been incurred had no such liberality been extended.

First year (including birth and parentage)	£36	0	0
Four following years at grass	40	0	0
Expenses to London (including coach-hire back, &c.)	3	13	0
A week's keep in London	1	3	6
Stall, commission duty, &c., at Tattersall's	1	18	0
Total	82	14	6
Deduct by Sale	14	14	0

(Errors excepted)—Balance against the gift horse £68 0 6

Reader, take the advice of an old hand, and always "look a gift horse in the mouth."

SOME HINTS ON WILD FOWL SHOOTING.

THE British sportsman may fairly exult, that though his dear little island may yield to some climes the quantity and size of her game, yet, if a man be a true sportsman, a title which few indeed can claim, there is no period of the year in which he need remain totally idle. To recapitulate the sports which each month claims for herself, would be to encroach too much on the patience of my readers; I need only add, that the same severe weather which brings rest and refreshment

to many a weary hound and hunter, affords ample scope for the skill and perseverance of the hardy wild-fowl shooter. Our midland counties—as Northamptonshire, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire—may boast that they are not excelled, if rivalled, in the quantity of their wild fowl, by any other part of the kingdom, some of our sea-coasts, perhaps, excepted, where, at times, wild fowl, in all their numerous varieties, may be said to swarm. But there the sportsman, with his hand-gun, has but a poor chance of getting much sport; though the duckman, who earns a precarious livelihood by making a trade of what the gentleman-shot follows as a pleasure, reaps a plentiful harvest. The fowl which abound most in our part of the country, are the wild goose, similar to the tame one, only of a dark grey colour, and smaller; the mallard, or male wild duck, answering to, and very much resembling, our tame duck; the pochard, called by our duckmen the magpie pochard, black and white, with eyes of a bright golden colour, but which they do not esteem worth the trouble of shooting, being very badly flavoured; the widgeon; and last, but not least in the eyes of the epicure, the diminutive teal. We are occasionally honoured by a visit from the stately wild swan, and in the winter of 1836, the cutting severity of which will be long remembered, a great many were seen inland, but they were, for the most part, very wild and difficult to get near. I examined one which was shot, and the difference between it and the tame one, was, its being of a smaller size, and a reddish brown. There have been many disputes with regard to their colour, some asserting that they are quite white; in fact, a swan was shot near me, in the same winter, of a large size, and perfectly white; but there was little doubt of its having been a tame one driven from its own water by the unusual rigour of the season. Wild fowl were hardly ever known so tame as in the winter of 1836. Indeed, I have approached within eighty yards of a large trip of ducks, sitting moping on the ice, quite tamed by cold and hunger. Numbers were shot, but, towards the close of the season, they were so poor as scarcely to be worth the trouble of following. I shot that winter a bird seldom met with so far inland; it was of the Grebe species, quite white, with a long tapering beak and legs, both of a bright red colour. It had a crest of feathers on its head, and was about the size of a widgeon. It seemed quite averse to flying, but dived very frequently, and continued under water for a great length of time. During severe weather, or after the subsiding of a winter flood, to which our low lands are very subject, we are visited by great quantities of snipes: so much has been already said about their habits, &c., that it will be only necessary to mention two things with respect to them here. The first is, always, when snipe-shooting, beat down wind, as they invariably rise facing the wind, or sideways to it, and thus present a fairer and nearer shot, as they must pass you. Although some good judges recommend either taking aim the moment they rise, before they have commenced their unsteady flight, or else to wait till they have gone some distance, and settled down to a steady course; yet, if the sportsman could but keep cool, and fire the moment he brings his gun to bear on them, this bird, usually reckoned so difficult to kill, would but seldom escape. No doubt, to acquire perfection in snipe-shooting takes more practice than any other description of trigger

work (rabbit-shooting, perhaps, excepted); but how so many are constantly missed by old and experienced shots, who ought to be cool enough, at all events, is to me a mystery. It has been stated that snipes cannot rise without the help of their bills; this, however, is a most erroneous idea, and can no more apply to the snipe than to the heron, which bird it greatly resembles in formation; in fact, I have seen snipes settle close to me, and rise again without touching the ground with their bills. In severe weather, when the marshy ground and sides of the ditches are too hard for their slender bills to penetrate, snipes invariably resort to the osier holts, both on account of the shelter afforded there, and the nourishment found at the roots of the osiers. By entering an osier holt against the wind, and without a dog,—or, if you will have one, a very steady retriever,—you may, in severe weather, sometimes get shots as fast as you can load, for snipes will generally lie closer in osier holts than anywhere else. In beating an osier holt, you may frequently spring an odd duck; but their favourite resorts in sharp weather, are the withered reeds by the side of a river, where they will sometimes lie so close as to allow you to pass them. When our meadows are flooded, they become a very favourite resort for wild fowl of all descriptions; and you may frequently see as many as five different sorts, gracefully floating on the surface, either engaged in chasing each other, or else diving to obtain the meadow grass, or weeds, which constitute their favourite food. They are then only to be approached in a small, flat-bottomed canoe, armed with a long and heavy gun, the barrel sometimes measuring eight feet, and carrying from twelve ounces to a pound of shot, or even more. This sport can seldom be followed with much success by the “gentleman gunner;” a man, to be an adept at it, must have been brought up to it from his youth, and know that all chance of success hinges on his patient watching, and frequent endurance of the most piercing weather. On the bleak winter night, the duckman will quit his fireside, and repair to the water, where he quietly waits till the hoarse quack of the mallard, or the low whistle of the widgeon, assure him that game is nigh. With no other covering than his well-worn shooting-coat, his legs encased in a pair of black grained water-boots, and a dark fur cap on his head, does he defy the cold, which, to any one less hardy, would be almost fatal. Kneeling down at the bottom of his boat, he paddles swiftly forward, taking care to keep her head to the wind, as ducks invariably sit with their faces turned towards it, or, if the night be quiet, with their breasts to the stream or ripple of the waters. When he has approached within 200 yards or so of the fowl, he lies flat down at the bottom of his boat, with his shoulder resting against the butt of his gun; his large paddle is then laid in, and he either takes a small one in each hand, or, if the water be shallow, two stalking-sticks; with these he urges the boat forward, till within about eighty yards, when his right paddle is shipped, and, aiming rather above the fowl, he fires; should his aim be correct, several couple may fall; but, owing to the difficulty of finding them at night, and the many crippled ones which escape, he may think himself lucky to bag three or, at most, four couple. The gentleman gunner usually fires his gun from a large swivel, which is a firm iron bar fixed in the seat of the boat, and fastening into a block of wood at the bottom, and thus feels no recoil:

of course his aim is got by moving the gun up or down, as occasion requires. But the old-fashioned duckman despises all that sort of humbug, as he styles the swivel; his gun lies loose, resting on the head and seat of his boat; he takes his aim by leaning his weight on the right or left of the boat, without moving his gun, which serves either to depress or raise the muzzle of his piece; and, as he seldom has occasion to aim higher than about thirty yards, this method serves him very well, and, with a little practice, he rarely misses his object. When he fires, the recoil is slightly checked by his shoulder, and the gun then flies under his arm. The butt is padded to render the force of the recoil less felt; and, when we consider the immense charge, this is very necessary; in fact, it is wonderful how few duckmen are injured by it. I never tried this sort of shooting but twice; the first time I fired, the gun resting full against my shoulder, I quite forgot the very necessary precaution of letting it fly under my arm; the result was, as might have been expected, my shoulder was nearly dislocated, and my nose and mouth swollen to a very unnatural size, even for a duckman! The second time I had a swivel fastened in the seat of my boat to which the gun was fastened. But, lo! what was my surprise when, on looking up after the explosion, I found the seat half blown out, and the boat itself about twenty yards farther back than it was when I fired; the diver, which I had shot at, quietly regarding me with with a most astonished air. After this, I followed the old adage—"let well alone;" so I sold my gun, turned my punt into a fishing-boat, and rested quite content, with my hand duck-gun, which I find will kill very well at ninety yards. To some of my readers this may seem a very short distance, for I hardly ever asked a person how far his duck-gun would kill, but I invariably received for answer, "O, somewhere about 150 yards;" indeed one gentleman assured me he could almost make sure of ducks at 250! In spite of this modest assertion, I think 130 yards is the greatest distance wild fowl can be killed with any certainty; perhaps they may have been killed at greater lengths, but it was more by chance than anything else. I have, up to this time, been treating of night shooting, but shooting wild fowl by daylight in every way resembles it, except that the duckman uses his hand-paddles when he has approached to within about 400 yards, or else the ducks would perceive him, and, once alarmed, all hopes of getting a shot are at an end: he takes care to have his boat, dress, and everything about him, of a dark colour, as nearly resembling the colour of the water as possible.

I have thus endeavoured to give some sketch of the fen duckman, as he is now found; but, alas! with the increase of draining, wild fowl and snipes are gradually becoming more and more scarce, and about us, where once you might have had twenty or thirty shots at the latter, you may now think yourself lucky to get ten or twelve. In fact, at some future time these papers may become valuable as a memorial of what our happy country once boasted. After the lapse of a few short years our fenny counties, which, till lately, had preserved their natural surface, bidding defiance to the spade and ploughshare of the avaricious landowner, will yield to the rapid encroachments of the drainer, and where the wild fowl once delighted to feed, will, perhaps, be the site of some flourishing town. Our partridge shooting, and hunt-

ing, will be destroyed by the railroads, which are increasing with such fearful rapidity, and which threaten, unless coals fail, not to leave a square mile in the whole country. But, before this takes place, the hand that wrote these pages, and the eyes that read them, will be alike forgotten. The fields which we have so often traversed in pursuit of our favourite game; the springs and marshes which we knew as the resort of the snipe, woodcock, and crafty mallard, will be trodden by another; and the voice of many a dear friend which has cheered us during the fatigue and heat of the long September day, will be hushed for ever. But I have already trespassed more than I had at first intended; so, I lay aside my pen, hoping that the endeavours of every true sportsman may be crowned with success, whatever branch he undertakes, from the Indian, who can bag his brace of tigers and a buffalo or two before breakfast, and eat them, too, for all I know to the contrary (for we hear of such wonderful things out there), down to the schoolboy who passes hours by the side of some gurgling stream, patiently watching the movements of a bit of stick, his substitute for a float.

Того!

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. LINCOLN STANHOPE.

IN our November Number we gave a characteristic sketch of this gallant officer, who has since paid the debt of Nature; and we hold it but right that, in these pages, some kindly memorial should be registered of one who was so long distinguished as the liberal and tasteful advocate of many of the pursuits to which they are dedicated. No man ever enjoyed a more general popularity; few, if any one, more justly merited. By his brothers in arms he was universally esteemed and respected; and while his taste in equipage and appointments was the theme of all praise, the courteous deportment which gave them *éclat* secured him from the possibility of invidious feeling or observation. In early life he was a leader of the Four-in-hand Club, and, subsequently, gave name to a carriage of less pretence, but of scarce less fashion, than the driving barouche. He was also a member of Crockford's, to which alone his social disposition inclined him, for he never played. The Honourable Lincoln Stanhope entered the army in April, 1798, and was gazetted a major-general in June, 1838. He led one of the regiments of dragoons on the field of Talavera, and for many years commanded the 17th light dragoons, in India, where, full of honours and respect, he became the father of the Bombay native cavalry. After thirty years of active service, in 1826 he returned to this country, and became one of the *élite* of the fashionable and sporting circles; respected and esteemed in his life, and mourned and honoured in his death, by all who had the fortune to be ranked in the number of his friends, or to have enjoyed the happiness of his society.

SONG.

AIR.—*The brave old Oak.*

HERE'S a song for the weed, so racy and ripe,
 In flavour so pungent and strong ;
 A song for the pipe, the coal-black pipe,
 That hath served me truly and long :
 There is joy in his sight, when the fire burns bright,
 And all looks cheerful and gay,
 And it gladdens my soul, o'er his prime old bowl,
 To puff my cares away.

CHORUS.

So, here's to my pipe, my coal-black pipe,
 That hath served me truly and long ;
 And still flourish he, for a century,
 Is the burden of my song.

He saw the rare time, when the blythe Yule chime
 Proclaimed the boon holy day :
 When each man, o'er his pot, his cares forgot,
 Enjoying his yard of clay :
 Now nothing will suit but cigar or cheroot,
 Who cares for such new-fangled gear ?
 Deny it who dare, there's naught can compare
 With a pipe and good home-brew'd beer.

In the days of yore, when their work was o'er,
 At the close of the summer-day,
 Merry groups might be seen, on the village green,
 Engaged in their rustic play.
 Then the old men would sit, with their pipes all lit,
 And the homely tale repeat,
 Or beguile the time with some quaint old rhyme,
 On the well-worn alehouse seat.

So, here's to my pipe, my coal-black pipe,
 That hath served me truly and long ;
 And still flourish he, for a century,
 Is the burden of my song.

STEEPLE-CHASING IN IRELAND :

A SKETCH.

BY SHAMROCK.

 " We will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

WHILE the Borghese family are at daggers drawn with Noah's progeny, as to their respective antiquity, I believe even Joe Hume, that "Kilkenny blade," would cheerfully allow the claim of originality, so far as regards steeple-chasing, to my beloved country, Ireland, a spot where, if our deeds had been at all co-equal with our words, our fields would have been (as the enlightened and enthusiastic O'Grady called them) "top-dressed with human brain, and irrigated with human gore;" and where the only chance of diminishing the fecundity of its inhabitants, namely, spontaneous combustion, has been entirely overwhelmed by the energetic crusade of Father Mathew.

Macliag, in his "History of Brian Borovey, *alias* Brian Boru," A. D. 984, gives a good account of that monarch's steeple-chase with Maolhuadh, at Bealach-leachta, and how he buckled him on the *run home*, and having the whip-hand of him, won on the chair (*i. e.* the Chair river); but I only quote that for the proof of our antiquity; the public steeple-chasing of Ireland began long after that pious warrior :

" The long-ribbed aisles were torn and sunk,
And departed was the pious monk;"

the walls, which once reared in high and priestly pride their height to heaven, were now not sufficiently high to stop a rheumatic jackass; the old tree was only left to tell the tale in the ruined quadrangle. Time had nipped the altar-stone, and the holy water basin was to be found as a cooler in the adjacent smith's porch, ere the orange and blue jackets were shewn upon the verdant sod of the sea-girt Isle, and the spires of the Protestant church formed starting and winning posts for the Irish steeple-chasers.

There was some analogy between the lay and the clerical steeple-chasers,—I beg their reverences' pardons,—the clerical and lay steeple-chasers, of that day; the clerical steeple-chaser often went from steeple to steeple, so did the lay; the clerical wore a silk gown; the lay, a silk spencer. The clerical crowned his victory by a *bowl with a bishop*, The lay *with a bowl of bishop*. The clerical touched on the church, so did the lay; but while the clerical pursued the chase for a plurality of livings, the lay was satisfied with one; and while the clerical's victories were to destroy an enemy under the sod, the lay tried to conquer his adversary over it.

The steeple-chase was literally a race over a country from steeple to steeple; and as those emblems of Protestant power were numerous in the country, the space was generally about four miles; at which distance, I should think, the relative merits of two nags could be *easily* ascertained, especially as all the steeple-chases of those days were

matches, and seldom included more than two horses, which, in general, were ridden by their owners. There was no crossing—no jostling—no process of swearing, to be gone through; and a good hand at the book was not required in conjunction with a good hand at a snaffle; the makers of steeple-chases, also, were men of property, whose actual subsistence did not depend upon racing as a trade, but who followed it as an amusement; and cavillings and objections never found their way to disturb the harmony of the “merrie meeting.”

The first steeple-chase of which I can find any record, appears to have taken place in the county of Cork, between a Mr. O’Callaghan, commonly called “Cider Jack,” and a Mr. Edmond Roche, also bearing the soubriquet of “Money Mon,” and, as an old manuscript (for which I am indebted to Sir Lucius O’Brien, Bart., of Dromoland) informs me, was run from the spire of Botevant to St. Leger’s church, about four miles and a half, over (what is now) a beautiful light grass land, and is stated to have taken place in the year 1752: it was for a bet of one hundred sheep, and twenty cows. Mr. O’C. rode a horse called Star, and “Money Mon” a mare called Queen Dick. Cider Jack was a red-hot Protestant, and Mon a lapsed Catholic, whom it was shrewdly supposed had conformed to save his property; but he was a backslider; he was much liked in the country; and, although it was well known that his supposed steward was a Jesuit priest, yet no information had been laid against him. O’Callaghan, after leading for two miles, got a purl, and Star was, for a moment, a “falling one.” Money arrived first at the church-gate, which was impregnable, and surrounded by a wall even too high for that sky-scraper, “ould Muck:” thinking that he should have found it open, he was brought to a regular nonplus, and roared for the sexton, whom he devoted to an extra official residence in purgatory, forgetting that such an infiction brought him within the penal statute. In the meantime, O’Callaghan, who bribed the sexton, and had the key in his pocket, arrived; but, ere he came up, a friend had whispered Mon that the wily Jack was master of the key. Mon planted his horse across the door-way, and refused to stir. Cider, finding that time crept on, sent for a feed of oats for his nag, and a bottle of cider for himself. Mon followed his example; the friends of both parties crowded around them; and the antagonists very courteously drank each other’s healths: the jest and song went round, but “Money Mon” remained unflinchingly at his post; and, in all probability, night would have closed upon the parties, but at that moment there was seen descending the hill of Scarrigauna the funeral of a Captain Wrixon, who, being a real captain, and a magistrate, was, of course, a true blue, to whose mortal remains all honour should be paid; and, as his relatives mustered strong, “locks, bolts, and bars should fly asunder.” In this dilemma, Cider Jack proposed an armistice, and intimated a wish to cry quits; but Money Mon was too wary; he knew that, as nearest to the door, and as a county-of-Cork man, he should have the *entrée*. The mourners arrived, and the coffin was lifted off the hearse; the key was called for, and was offered to be given up by O’Callaghan, if permitted to enter first. Money Mon called upon his dear friends to tear the key from the intruder (Cider Jack was a Tipperary man): he stated that he never would have ridden so hard across the country, but to be in time to see

his friend, the dear captain, laid in his grave : he offered to give up his place to any person, except Cider Jack ; nay, more, he stated his anxiety to allow even him *to walk into the churchyard*, which, he said, he would be glad to do himself, but for the gout, which had deprived him of the use of his limbs. After much debate, it was agreed upon that both champions should withdraw, and should be started, after the funeral, at 300 yards' distance from the gate. In the meantime they adjourned to the funeral, with all due solemnity ; and immediately after, both belligerents being placed at the distance, the word was given, spurs were put to the horses' flanks ; but as they neared the gate, an uncouth figure appeared at the entrance, and beat a tambarine, with its numerous bells. Cider Jack's nag bolted down the road, but Money Mon's mare (an old trooper) stood firm, and Money went in, an easy winner, and touched the church. The Tipperary hero, who came looking for wool, went home shorn ; and, as Money Mon afterwards remarked, " this was all that the church ever did for him : " and hence arose the phrase " the nearer the church, the farther the friend. " Steeple-chasing steadily advanced in Ireland up to the year 1800 ; but neither from any records, nor from the reminiscences of the oldest sportsmen, have I been able to find that any public money was added up to that time. Most of the steeple-chases of that day were the product either of a hunt dinner or a convivial party ; and were generally ridden by the owners ; the bet being more frequently for a dinner than for the *lucre of gold*. In Ireland, then (and as I am grieved to remark, now), the famine of Cræsus was considered an *Æsopian difficulty* ; and the venison, beef, claret and Madeira, with their then accompaniment of rum, were much easier to be procured than the *ready money for the lemons*. But although our ancestors feasted high, and were droughty bibulants, in those days (and, as they had given up *holy water*, it is to be supposed that the liquids were of an exciting nature), yet, upon reference to those gratis *truth-tellers*—the tombstones, the record of longevity seems to be sadly upon the decrease ; and I believe they all acted upon the old Frenchman's plan of " never taking medicine for fear of putting Death in mind of them. " " In my lifetime, " said an old sportsman of ninety-two, to me, the other day, " I never took but one kind of medicine ; and, as I have never altered it, I think I shall go to my grave without any other, namely, in the morning, fasting, a tumbler of butter-milk, and a tumbler of claret, mixed, and swallowed at a draught. By my word, sir, *it is the natural physic of man*. " It was at a dinner of this nature that the first steeple-chase, with public money added, of which I am cognizant, was got up : it was in the month of April, 1803 ; and took place in the *kingdom of Galway* : a hogshead of claret, a pipe of port, a quarter cask of rum, and ten pounds (as our Jims of the Say would put it) the money added. Upon this occasion, a Limerick hero appeared amongst the aspirants ; and a difference having taken place about the race, which was decided against the interloper, he and his friends determined to have revenge ; and going back to the inn where the ordinary was held, they bought from the landlord all the wine he had in the house ; which consisted of a hogshead of claret, and some port and Madeira. As the inn was more than twelve miles from Galway, no more could be obtained for that night ; and, when the thirsty

Blakes, Bodkins Martins, Frenches, Burkes, and D'Arcys, sat down to dinner, their astonishment was only equalled by their anger at the trick played upon them. The landlord had escaped; the landlady had taken refuge with the priest; the waiters had absconded, and knowing the gallantry of the Galwaygians, had only left the housemaids to "tend the jontlemen." Rum was the only liquid to be procured; and the kitchen-maid had whispered the president to be "tindir of that same, in the regard of there being but two gallons of it." The dinner passed in solemn silence, upon the part of the lords of the soil; and the Limerick men were noisy in proportion to their adversaries' silence. The defection of the celebrated Giles Daxon from the Galway side took place after the first course. Mr. D., in his own pithy manner, merely stated that, as a "Clare man," he lay between Limerick and Galway; and while he had no objection to take rum and water from the one, he was quite ready to join the other in claret and Madeira. He was received with cheers by the Limerick men, and proved the proverb, "*medio tutissimus ibis*," to be true. Dinner went off, and so did the rum; for anger is dry, and the natural drought of the Westerns had received an additional stimulus from the noisy deglutition of the Bullock-feeders (as they called the Limerick men). After dinner, matters became worse; the crafty kine-fatteners had secured the key of the cellar, and sent down their croupier *guarded*: they also placed a large jug of cold water, surmounted by an empty glass upon a plate, at the top of their part of the table, to form a *cordón*, and at the same time to intimate that the Galwaygians were quite welcome to form any alliance they chose with that article.

In this dilemma there were but two resources open to the infuriated stewards,—one to carry the key *vi et armis*; the other, to burglarize the cellar. There were cogent reasons against the first; the Bullock-feeders mustered as strong as themselves; and although they counted in their ranks Tom B——n, *alias* "Clear the Way," and Capt. F——ty, vulgarly called "the Coroner's Joy," yet the Limerick men had Jack F——ly, *alias* "Melt the Lead," and Joe M——n, better known as "Joe the Settler;" and with regard to the burglary, since Mr. Anthony, of K——n, of blessed memory, had blown up the cellar door, in search of liquor, the landlord had rendered it nearly impregnable by strong iron fastenings. The Galwaygians placed, near the jug of cold water, a kettle full of boiling water; and a silence reigned for some minutes; during which sundry warlike glances were exchanged, between "Clear the Way" and "the Coroner's Joy," on the one side, and "Melt the Lead" and "Joe the Settler," upon the other. At last Mr. Daxon rose, and said that he wished to be the *connecting link* between the parties; that although he had hot water upon one side, and cold upon the other, he assured them he was not "milk-warm," and that he begged to drink the healths of the gentlemen *at both sides of the water*. In conclusion, he would only remark, that he thought the evening might be more pleasantly passed than in "*Quakerizing their meeting*;" and that he would give them a song. He finished amidst cheers from both sides; and struck up at once the song of "Martin Allingham's Aunt," the burden of which is,

"And send round the bottle, my boy;
How do you know but your neighbour is dry?"

The appeal was irresistible; the President of the Limerick begged to remark, that if the President of the Galway wished anything at his end of the table, the claret should not be caret. The Galway President had only to say, that the last thing he should wish to do, so far as regarded any accommodation at his end of the room, would be to offer to keep the Limerick gentlemen *in hot water*. The Limerick retorted, that he also would be sorry to throw *cold water* upon any remark of the gentlemen of Galway; and requested to drink "the gentry of Galway, and may they never want wrecks (*quære, rex*) and constitution." The jug was sent up to the President of the Galway. He drank the health of "the Limerick gentry, and may their *contract never be contracted*." The gentleman who had been declared the winner, stated, that it was the wish of his heart to give up the race to the Limerick hero; who, in reply, begged to remark, that the only share he would have of it, would be as many bumpers as he could drain in the winner's house: to which the other rejoined by asking him to go home with him, and stop a year or two, to try the county Galway air. The key was thrown into the middle of the table; the parties mingled; fox-hunting was drank in a bumper; the fin of "Clear the Way" was nearly disjointed by the friendly grip of "Melt the Lead;" the manus of the "Coroner's Joy" was engulfed in the digits of "Joe the Settler;" the landlady forsook the missal and the priest; the landlord ventured out of his hiding-place; the waiters re-appeared, as if by magic; a fowl massacre took place for spatch cocks; and the morning gleamed upon the drawing-room of the inn, with its array of empty bottles, spiritualized devils, and snoring waiters; while, in the gentleman's apartment, namely, the rug before the fire, "Melt the Lead's" nasal promontory (which it cost as much to paint as would pay for a frigate's decorations) gleamed most rubicund from under the shoulder of "Faugh a baillagh," in conjunction with two terriers and a bull-bitch.

(To be continued.)

A LUNCHEON AT SWAFFHAM, WITH A RETIRED K.C.B.

BY AN AMATEUR.

BE it known unto all men, that, this seventeenth day of April, we stepped into our dog-cart, with a long-trotting chestnut, having intention of halting at the rural town of Swaffham (of coursing notoriety), and proceeding thence, *vid* Brandon, to Newmarket; for on the nineteenth there were to be gathered together "divers fellows of the XXX sort," to aid, assist, and abet in the vanity of horse-racing; of whom we, being one, did incontinently thither proceed. Now be it also known, that we, the aforesaid, on arriving at the said town, were seized with a dire craving, to wit, a longing after luncheon — bread, cheese, ale, and other condiments; in the which wishfulness our friend, by the power of sympathy, or animal magnetism, did fully participate: whereupon it came into our mind that there lived thereabouts one Tomkins, a mighty man in corn, and wine, and coals; the which Tomkins, being

hospitably inclined, and of good discretion, invited us in, and placed before us sundry cakes, wines, and other delicacies, "such as the house afforded." Porter was not wanting, neither was ale,—to the which we did ample justice.

I know not, Mr. Editor, if it is with you as with me; but if a traveller sojourn at my house, and "fiercely feed and fiercely drink," I like him better than your namby-pamby fellow, who will scarce ope his jaws when in hunger, or will make ye compliments between each mouthful. I feel inclined to give my "fierce" man a bottle of my "best,"—it does me good to see him "lap" it: I know it goes direct, if not to the Elysium, at least to the *aïdōs*, where has passed many a good fellow, instead of being *sipped away* into the *purgatory of a snob's stomach!* So thought my man of corn. I had scarcely alighted before he had dived into his cellar, and brought up a bottle of earthly nectar,—such as George Robins would declare "the finest growth of the Alta Doura."

"*Si non*," I began.—"D—n your Latin," said my friend; "talk English—if you can!"

"If not a brick," I resumed, "*valdē similis*,' very like one: what's 'to carry,' eh! my Latin-hater?"—"Porto!" growled he.

"Then," rejoined I, "let us carry away our share—*Portabimus!*"

And "*Portabimus*" we did. Before the end of our first bottle, the man of many virtues *came out*. His last story, the best, or, rather, that which tickled my fancy most, I commit to paper.

Imagine a little, lively-looking quartogenarian, as unlike a sporting "kracker" as anything even the vicinity of Bow bells could produce, "flaring up" thus:—

"Did you ever hear of the K.C.B.?"—"Oh, yes! Knight Commander of the Bath."

"Not at all—K.-C.-B. Finest club in England. Never heard of that? Well, you *do* surprise me!"—"Pray tell us all about it."

"I will. About four years ago, Squire Fatsides, George Silver, Ebenezer Fast, Bob Rattler, and a whole lot of good fellows—uncommon hard-up for amusement—formed a club; meetings held three days a-week, when we did not *go out*."—"I understand," interrupted I, "it was a fox-hunting club."

"You're just wrong," replied he; "it was better than that, by chalks,—it was a *rat-hunting* club. Sixty of the best fellows in the country met three days a-week; and, sir," said my little friend, warming with his subject, "though you may smile, we killed 3000 the first season,—4000 the next,—and 5000 the next; there are the registers—read them. Each man kept a dog or a ferret. Our breed was perfection. Did a dog misbehave, he was tried again, then tried for his life,—and his life generally paid forfeit. An ugly ferret was an abomination to us. You remember, Ellen (addressing his wife), poor Eliza! Ah! that was a loss!"—"Your child?" I ventured to ask, after a solemn pause.

"No, sir,—no: worse—much worse; the very best, the handsomest, the most intelligent ferret I ever reared. But she's dead—poor thing! Boxer mistook her for a rat, and it was all over in a moment. Had a farmer 'rats,' he sent for the K.C.B.; and if a farmer had no rats, then, sir, *he bred rats*, in order to have us. A

strict rule (No. XIV.) was, that 'club fare consisted of bread, cheese, and ale ;'—on our visits, nothing more allowed. The evenings we finished either at 'mine' or at the Crown,—or anywhere, in short. Ah, those were jolly times ! but — (and here my *laudator temporis acti* sighed) — but they are gone, for ever ! — “ You forgot to explain one thing,” I observed, as we rose to depart,—“ what does K. C. B. stand for ? ”

“ Stand for !—why, the uniform of the club being a blue tie round the neck, we christened ourselves 'Knights of the Kerchief (C) Blue !' ” Here my friend burst into such a guffaw, that I was fain to take a hasty departure from the worthy knight ; and wending my way to Newmarket, I met with adventures, which may, hereafter, be duly detailed.

BACCHANALIAN.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

LET Asia boast her spices rare,
 Let England's oak the ocean dare,
 Let roses twine round Beauty's shrine,
 And bloom, and shed their incense there :
 Of every flow'r, of every tree,
 The vine ! the rosy vine for me !
 Come, and around my heart entwine
 Thy wreaths immortal, mighty Vine !

Let lovers rave of woman's lip,
 I envy not the joys they sip,
 If but for those the wine-cup flows,
 Who join me in good fellowship.
 Of every flow'r, of every tree,
 The vine ! the rosy vine for me !
 Around my heart, my soul, entwine
 Thy wreaths immortal, mighty Vine !

ANGLING FOR MARSEER, AT THE MOUTH OF THE SOANY.

THE Assan takes its rise, as nearly as possible, in the centre of the valley of the Dhun, and meanders, in a westerly direction, for a distance of about twenty-six miles. For the last eight or ten miles of its course, it is a fine body of water, clear as crystal ; hurrying along in a succession of rapids and races, with intervals of from 100 to 200 yards of deep and comparatively smooth water, it joins the Jamná, a little below Raj Ghat, in the Dhun.

The Soany rises nearly in the same spot, but runs, in the opposite direction, almost due east; is joined in its course through the valley by several streams, some of them very large, and empties itself into the Ganges, close to Karrak, about ten miles above Hurdwâr, and twenty-eight from its source. Of the two streams, the Soany is to be preferred; there is a much larger body of water, and heavier fish are found in it: the river, altogether, would have distracted sober Isaak Walton. The bed of the Soany is formed of large stones, throughout the whole of its course; so large, in some parts of the centre of a rapid, as to obstruct the rushing of the stream, as it roars and hurries on its way, four or five feet deep, and causes the water either to roll in huge waves, or to leap into the air in a shower of spray. With all possible veneration for honest Isaak, the imagination cannot picture him rattling along the shore of such a tumultuous river, with a twenty-five pound fish; or scudding down one of its rapids, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, obliged to give the monster all the line it chooses to take; stopping him being out of the question. There is nothing *peaceful* in such a pastime; and the surrounding scenery is the most savage and wild imaginable. Impervious forests stretch down, in many places, to the water's edge, thickly matted with cane and luxurious underwood, or reeds twenty feet high, under the shade of which the tiger and wild elephant slumber undisturbed. Many a time has the angler been startled by the roar of the former, or the shrill trump of the latter, whilst whipping the waters of this mountain river. In most parts, however, there is, on one side or the other, a bed of shingle, thirty or forty yards broad, which is covered with water in the rains only; so that a tiger cannot steal on the sportsman unobserved. Still, it is not agreeable to have fresh *paddings*, of all sizes and shapes, staring you in the face every twenty paces. The forest absolutely swarms with tigers; and there is no possibility of hurting them, owing to the impervious nature of the jungle. Deer are very abundant, so that the forest of the Dhun will form a *preserve* for many years to come; and tiger-hunters need not despair of sport during the present generation; for, even in these days of improvement, nothing but European enterprise and industry will fell these forests for the next century.

The first time I tried the fly, during the cold season, was on the 20th of January. I pitched my tent at Karrak, about three miles from the Ganges, and fished down the Soany to its junction with the magnificent Gangâ. On that occasion the Soany emptied itself by three mouths, the centre one being the main body of the stream, and one of the others merely a brook, not more than ten feet wide, but extremely rapid. There is no depending on the localities of the streams for two successive seasons; for the torrent, when swollen by the rains, sweeps away everything in its course, and opens fresh channels for itself; so that it is impossible to calculate whether the stream will run, after the rains, under the right or left bank; and, consequently, all the well-remembered objects of the preceding year disappear. The arrowy rapid, below which I once hooked a monster, is now a dry, stony bed, glittering in the sunshine; and the huge uprooted tree, whose giant trunk checked the foaming stream, as it wheeled round that corner, "rejoicing in its strength," leaving a calm, deep pool under its lee, has been whirled by the flood a couple of miles farther down, and left

high and dry on a bank, in the centre of the shingle. There is this advantage, however, that, at each successive season, the angler enjoys the charm of novelty as much as if he had never thrown a fly on the stream before. At the junction of the Soany with the Ganges, the latter is about 150 yards broad, clear as crystal, and deep enough to float a frigate in some parts. It runs in a south-easterly direction, at right angles with the Soany, and, about 200 yards beyond the junction, sweeps round to the left, rolling over a precipitous rapid, 100 yards in length, in a succession of huge waves, broken into foam here and there by the rocks below, and roaring so as to render the voice inaudible within a few paces. This sweep forms a bay of calm water, beyond the influence of the current of the Soany and the midstream of the Ganges; and in this the fish sport about, when not tempted to the mouth of the Soany by hunger. On reaching the spot, I approached within twenty paces of the bank of the Ganges, and saw at once that the mouth of the Soany, as it rushed into the magnificent river, was black with Marseers of a very unusual size; their dorsal fins now and then appearing for a moment above water, as they steadied themselves in a line in the midst of the roaring torrent. The wind was blowing from the mountains direct in my teeth; and it was almost impossible to throw against it. However, I made the trial, taking advantage of a lull, and now and then succeeded in dropping my fly almost at their noses. I tried every salmon-fly I possessed, but in vain: there was a rush now and then, but no attempt to seize. Almost in despair, I at last tried a large fly, which was unlike anything I had ever seen—*perfectly yellow*, and ribbed with silver twist; the hook, a No. 1, Limerick. No sooner did it touch the water than every fish in the line rushed at it, and my treble-gut bottom went slap in two. Fortunately, I had several flies of the same description; but I lost a number of them successively, *from the first rush* of the fish. Three treble-gut bottoms vanished, and I broke my rod twice; but I was not discouraged. I walked away thirty or forty yards, to repair damages; and, after half an hour's tight work, returned to renew the action; vowing vengeance. I whipped the fly on to the line, without any gut attached to it; and no sooner was it within reach of the monsters, than a fellow dashed at it, five yards up the stream. I *hit* him, and, was delighted to find, *held* him; but as to stopping the brute, I might as well have tried to hold a wild elephant. After his first rush, I laid my finger on the line, as it was rattling off the reel, to endeavour to retard his career a little; but all I got by the experiment, was a deep cut in the said finger, through a tolerably thick glove; at such an awful pace was he rushing down the stream. He made directly for the rapid in the Ganges, which I have already described, and I was obliged to let him go, walking into the river along a sand bank, to the right of the mouth of the Soany, as far as I could, without losing my footing. In the course of two minutes, the fish had run out 160 yards of line, and I had not an inch more to give him. The reel ceased to revolve; and it became a dead pull between us. I gave him the *butt*, for four or five minutes, and, at last, to my inexpressible gratification, found my rod gradually rise, until I had it nearly upright: no sooner, however, did he find himself balked in his rush at the rapid, than he returned to the spot where I had hooked him, at the same tremendous rate, and my large

multiplying reel could not gather the line fast enough. I walked out, and made all ready for another rush, and then touched my friend once more, in order gently to insinuate that I had something more to say to him. He sprang to the surface, lashed the water into foam around him for a moment, and was off again like a bowman's arrow. This time, however, he sobbed on it, when he had bolted about 100 yards; so I wheeled him round into the calm water to the right, where, after three-quarters of an hour's hard work and excitement—for his dying struggles were still trying to the tackle—I brought him triumphantly on shore. When taken home to my tents he weighed 28 lbs.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT CUTTER MATCH BETWEEN THE UNIVERSITIES OF OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

HAD the cap of Fortunatus been on hire "by the day or hour," and thus available to the jolly young watermen of Cam and Isis, what time they arranged that Wednesday, the 15th ult., should witness the putting forth of their prowess for the championship of the oar, a more perfect day for such a purpose could not have been. With a sky of unsullied azure, whence a dazzling sun was shedding living light and glory, came young playful zephyrs, now kissing the cheek of lady passing fair, now fanning the brow of cavalier, and anon decking with gems and waving silver the bosom of old Thames. Long before noon, the greatest assemblage that, probably, ever congregated to see a boat-race, occupied every fathom of the river's banks from Westminster Bridge to Putney, the line selected for the Match. It will be recollected that two contests had already taken place over the same course, between picked crews of either University, in both of which the Oxford men were defeated; in that of last season most signally. The natural consequence was, that Cambridge had the call in the market; indeed, takers might almost have fixed their own prices. Certainly, the appearance of the Oxford men entitled them to a higher average than the popular voice assigned,—a finer eight having rarely filled the thwarts of a cutter. At half-past one both cutters were manned, the following composing the crews :

OXFORD.

1. Mountain, Merton College.
 2. Pockock, Merton College.
 3. Maberley, Christ Church College.
 4. Rogers, Balliol College.
 5. Walls, Brazennose College.
 6. Royds, Brazennose College.
 7. Meynell, Brazennose College.
 8. Cocks (stroke), Brazennose College.
- Garnet (steerer), Brazennose College.

CAMBRIDGE.

1. Shadwell, St. John's College.
 2. Massey, Trinity College.
 3. Taylor, Trinity College.
 4. Ridley, Jesus College.
 5. Uppleby, Magdalen College.
 6. Penrose, Magdalen College.
 7. Jones, Magdalen College.
 8. Vials (stroke), Trinity College.
- Egan (steerer), Caius College.

The wagger boats were first-rate samples of the taste and science with which such craft are turned out by the crack builders of the Thames. The Oxford cutter was plain black, with a gold moulding outside, and light blue within,—her crew wearing blue striped Guernseys, and black straw hats; the Cambridge, black outside, with gold moulding and

lilac within,—the crew sporting white Guernseys, and white straw hats. The umpires were Mr. Bewick for Oxford, and Mr. Selwyn for Cambridge; our much-valued friend, W. H. Harrison, Esq., the universally esteemed and respected Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, being elected to serve as referee. Long before the hour named for starting, the river above Westminster Bridge was a moving mass of every conceivable variety of floating convenience, as well as being occupied by some half-dozen monstrous inconveniences, in shape of steam-boats—as dangerous and abominable nuisances as ever infested a similar scene. At the signal to “give way,” the Oxford men jumped off with the lead at most resolute work, their adversaries being taken somewhat aback. In a few strokes, however, the Cantabs had good way on, and bounded onward “as darts the dolphin from the shark.” Up to Vauxhall the men of Isis led gallantly, and, as they passed under the bridge, shouts arose from the crowds with which it was thronged—“Oxford wins.” Abreast the Red House, however, things wore a different aspect. The Cambridge men, with their long slashing stroke, had laid their boat alongside that of their antagonists. At Battersea Bridge the race had assumed another form. The crew from the banks of Cam had forged ahead a clear boat’s length, and were evidently winning, though after a fashion very unlike that in which they cut down the Oxford blues last season. The straight run home, up to Putney Bridge, was as manly and splendid a struggle as ever was seen on blue water. The distance between the cutters was evidently not on the increase, and as they shot the goal—Putney Bridge—the Cantabs had only the best of it by a good half boat’s length; the course, about five miles and three quarters, was announced by the referee to have been done in twenty-nine minutes and a half. The most perfect harmony marked the whole of the proceedings, and we cannot close our notice of this noble match, without offering our unqualified praise of the manner in which all engaged in it conducted themselves, or assuring the losers that few victories could be compared with the honour of being defeated in such a contest.

THE EXHIBITIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, AND OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

WE never remember either of these Exhibitions so meagre in sporting subjects as each is in the present season. While both are rich in productions of rare merit in almost every matter to which the genius or industry of the artist can give interest, or existence, that, peculiar to our tastes and concern, has either been wholly neglected, or treated in a fashion that makes us regret it did *not* escape attention. To begin with the Society of British Artists, for example, in which we find such gems as No. 39. *A young Lady in a Turkish Dress*; No. 204. *The Memnons—Sunrise*; No. 257. *The Indian Mother*; and very many others of the same class of excellence: we have No. 594. *Study of Spaniel Puppies*, and, in the same room, some horse pieces that

would disgrace the sign-board of a Tom and Jerry shop. Of the few things in our way, the first that struck us was—

No. 214. *Tourville and the Port of Cherbourg, on the Coast of Normandy*: T. C. HOPLAND. This is a fine masterly picture, painted, we believe, for the Earl of Egremont; and it does good credit both to patron and artist. The woodland foreground, with its rustic accompaniments, blends and harmonizes perfectly with the bold distance of ocean; while, like a white sea-bird returning from her voyage, a yacht, clothed with snowy canvas, is seen making for the land. Both in design and execution, there is everything that we could desire in this clever composition.

No. 184. *Portraits of the Children of the Earl and Countess of Galloway*. F. Y. HURLSTONE. We cast back to this picture to offer our testimony to the admirable character with which the artist has endowed all his little *galloways*, quadruped as well as biped.

No. 384. *W. Foster, Esq., with Portraits of a favourite Horse and Greyhounds*. The animals here are executed with all the truth and finish for which Mr. Hancock is so distinguished.

No. 409. *A Study from Nature, of Pincher and Wowskie, celebrated Terriers, with their Offspring*. H. B. CHALON. We do not like the way in which these portraits are grouped, or treated, though they have the air of being faithful representatives of their originals.

No. 479. *River Trout*. E. HAVELL. This is the oddest composition that ever was perpetrated, and we hardly know how to convey an idea of it: here is something like it. Imagine a brace and a half of river-trout laid upon a table, under Mesmeric influences—two in somnambulism, and one in delirium, standing upon its tail. This is as near as we can go; the whole affair, as the novelists have it, "is easier imagined than described."

The Painters in Water-colours have done still less for us than their brethren of Suffolk-street; yet we might have expected better luck, seeing the industry of some of the members—one, Mr. Aaron Penley, for instance, having no less than *eight-and-twenty pictures* in the Exhibition. The first item in our way is—

No. 91. *Gone away*. G. H. LAPORTE. Very much in that artist's style, without any positive fault or excellence.

No. 175. *Fowls, and Interior of Stable*. E. DUNCAN and C. H. WEIGALL. This little Siamese effort has much merit. Chanticleer is capital, and all is in admirable keeping.

Were our rules not as exclusive as they are, we should have great gratification in offering our tribute of praise to many distinguished efforts of genius which adorn the walls of the gallery in Pall Mall. Several pictures, by Mr. R. K. Penson, and one, *The Last Man*, by Mr. W. N. Hardwick, rank with the highest-class productions of the school to which they belong.

YACHTING.

SYMPTOMS of preparations are here and there to be seen in the different yards, at Cowes and Southampton, and a brilliant season is anticipated; an extra Cup, of great value, is talked of, and rumour

(perhaps, rather prematurely) leads us to hope that our shores will be honoured by the presence of our youthful and lovely Queen, and her Royal Consort, during the summer. We ardently hope such may be the case, it being the only thing that can give additional *éclat* to the movements of the splendid establishment of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

R. Y. S. INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. William Lyon, in his schooner yacht, *Merlin*, in his passage to Jamaica, touched at St. Domingo, and received the greatest attention from General Ingalac, the first minister of the Haytian Republic, and obtained the privilege of yachts, of the R. Y. S., entering the Haytian ports on the same footing as men-of-war.

Mr. Delmé Radcliffe has sailed in his cutter yacht, the *Fanny*, for Norway and St. Petersburg. Lord Lovain has purchased the cutter yacht, *Turquoise*, seventy-seven tons, and has taken Norris Castle. Sir Hyde Parker has purchased Mr. Neil's new schooner yacht, the *Louisa*, 123 tons; and Lord Powerscourt has bought Colonel Markham's cutter yacht, the *Antelope*, ninety tons, of Mr. Bates, the Secretary to the R. Y. S.

ON THE BEARING REIN.

To the Editor of the Sporting Review.

SIR,—In the last number of your admirable REVIEW, I perceive that your correspondent on that *vexata questio*, as you have justly called it, the Disuse of the Bearing-rein, has proposed a remedy for only one of the evils brought forward, by Nimrod, as arguments against the disuse of the bearing-rein on wheelers in coaches. It is now full twenty years since I, myself, discarded the bearing-rein; and I have always found my horses go better and freer without it; and I have never yet met with an accident of any kind whatever. The fact is, that the danger arising from the bit fastening in the pole-hook, can only occur through the negligence of the osler in harnessing, and the carelessness of the driver, who most decidedly ought, before taking his reins in hand, to see that every strap and buckle is in its proper place. As, however, many gentlemen consider this to be too much trouble, I take leave to propose the following remedy. In the present pole-hook, the

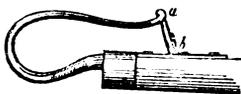


Fig. 1.

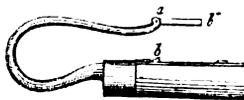


Fig. 2.

line, *a, b*, fig. 1, is a leather strap, fixed across the opening of the pole-hook, by means of buckles. Now, if, instead of this strap, a small steel bar were used, acting with a spring at joint *a*, precisely in the same manner as a common pen-knife, and resting, when closed, on a small ledge, or niche, made in the pole-hook, at *b*, in order to give it greater strength, and keep it steady, it seems to me that the whole

danger would be overcome. Of course, the steel bar opens outwards, and, when open, is in the position *a, b, fig. 2*. And thus, in the first place, if the steel bar were not put down, after the leaders are hooked on, but left in the position it is in *fig. 2*, it would be so evident and easily seen, that it could not fail to attract the attention of the driver; and, in the second place, as merely pushing the steel bar down, is, comparatively, no trouble, grooms would be less likely to neglect doing it.

Cambridge, April 7th, 1840.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ.



EXTRACTS FROM HUNTING JOURNALS.

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.

Ascot Heath, Tuesday, April 21st.

I CONFINE my notice of our sport, during the month, to a brief detail of yesterday's gala, the most splendid anniversary of the Royal Easter Hunt of which any memorial is in existence. A public announcement having been made, that it was the gracious intention of Her Majesty and Prince Albert to honour the meet at Ascot Heath, on Easter Monday, with their presence, it is needless to say that thousands were attracted that had not been led to the field by the Syren music of hound or horn. The morn dawned as became it on so auspicious an occasion, and a day followed in every way worthy the scene. As the custom has been for the last few years, a *dejeuné à la fourchette*, on a scale of true English liberality and elegance, was given by Mr. Charles Davis, Her Majesty's huntsman, at his beautiful lodge, at the Royal kennels. Here, long before noon, was assembled as gay and aristocratic a party as ever donned scarlet for its most legitimate purpose. At one o'clock, Her Majesty, driven in a pony phaeton by Prince Ernest, and accompanied by a right royal escort, was seen approaching the heath, which was literally thronged by a multitude in holiday array. On arriving at the Grand Stand, the Queen was met by her Royal Consort and his *cortège*, and being handed from her carriage by the Prince, ascended to the drawing-room, and appeared in the balcony. At this moment the *coup d'œil* was the most animating and national that it has been my fortune to witness. In the balcony of the



Chasing the Devil, Last Year, Kentucky 1870

Grand Stand stood Her Majesty, Her Royal Mother, Prince Ernest, Lord Melbourne, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Kinnaird, the Ladies Paget, and a large suit, while the roof was peopled with a gay and gallant colony. In front, a large semicircular area was kept clear, and after the hounds had been shewn on the lawn to the royal party, thither the deer-cart was drawn, and the quarry enlarged. As the doors were thrown open, out bounded a superb hind; a moment she paused, as fixed by the most unaccustomed sights and sounds; a moment gazed, more in wonder than alarm, upon such worshipful good company:

Then onward stretch'd, nor rested till
She made the shades of Hawthorn-hill.

His Royal Highness went well to Maidenhead-bridge, where he left, the scent growing weak, and the deer beginning to run short. Indeed it could hardly have been expected he would have gone so far, for the crowd, and various *disagrèmens* of a public day, within easy reach of the metropolis, are not exactly calculated to add to the pleasures of a run with hounds. The next time the Prince honours us with his presence in the field, I trust the result may be of a more decidedly sporting character:—of a more gratifying nature to himself the knowledge of his Royal Highness's courtesy and kindness assures me it cannot be.

MR. TUDWAY'S HOUNDS.

Having had so good a day with these hounds when I met them at Hardington Pillars, last month, and finding I was within fourteen miles of their fixture, on the 6th of April, which was at the Spread Eagle, at Stourton (Wilts), I gladly availed myself of another chance of a run; such things as good ones having been, since the dry weather has set in, rarely to be met with. The meet at Stourton is a good subject for a picture; it is on a green, immediately adjoining Sir Hugh Hoare's park, surrounded by rising ground, covered with the most luxuriant laurels and shrubs of all kinds; the church, which is very beautiful, on one side of the green; the inn, equally picturesque, on the other; and the residence of Sir Hugh Hoare's steward, also quite a fancy cottage, and in the most perfect keeping, bounding it on another side. In the midst of these unique and beautiful objects were the hounds, waiting the arrival of Mr. Tudway, looking all that they should, and adding a finish to one of the most interesting places I have ever seen. We found immediately, in Deverill Long Wood, and had two-and-thirty minutes, with scarcely a check; the fox having taken a line, up-wind, as far as the upper side of Stourton Park; when he headed back, and bore towards where we found him; and we were picking out the scent with very slow hunting, just touching it here and there, for more than an hour; and, at last, marked him in a drain which crosses the Mere and Wincanton road, adjoining the residence of the Rev. — Grove, whence we bolted him, and he ran into the mouths of the hounds.

On Wednesday, the 8th of April, they met at Bradley (Wilts), and had a good woodland run, for nearly two hours, and killed. Mr. Tudway has been most fortunate in his sport, considering the weather; but his country is very good, chiefly vale-land, abounding with pasture.

H. H.

THE HAMBLEDON HOUNDS.

The management of these hounds has now passed from Mr. King, to Mr. Long, jun., of Preshaw House (Hants); and John Squire, who has been first whip to Mr. King for more than ten years, is appointed huntsman, and is to have one whip under him. I have before stated, that Mr. Long is, in every respect, the right sort of man to take the lead in this hunt, and I cannot place him in a higher position, as a sportsman, than by wishing that he may shew as good sport as Mr. King has done, for a period of, I believe, nearly, or quite, twelve years; a better sportsman, or a judge of hounds, or one with more aptness at suiting them to his country, I think, it would be difficult to find, than the late master of the Hambledon hounds; and, to a lover of hunting, his style of making his wide casts is, at any time, worth riding out to see. The members of the Hunt Club have purchased the hounds of Mr. King, for £400; and are fortunate to get such hounds at so moderate a price.

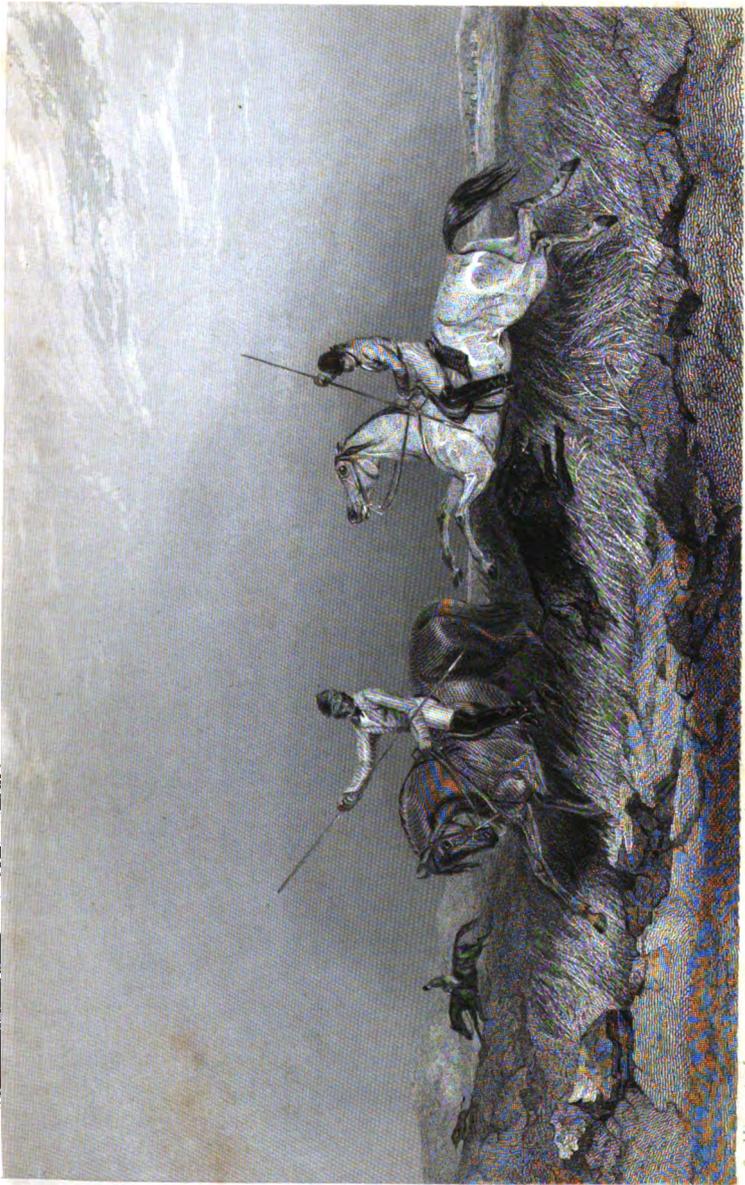
H. H.

THE AYRSHIRE FOXHOUNDS.

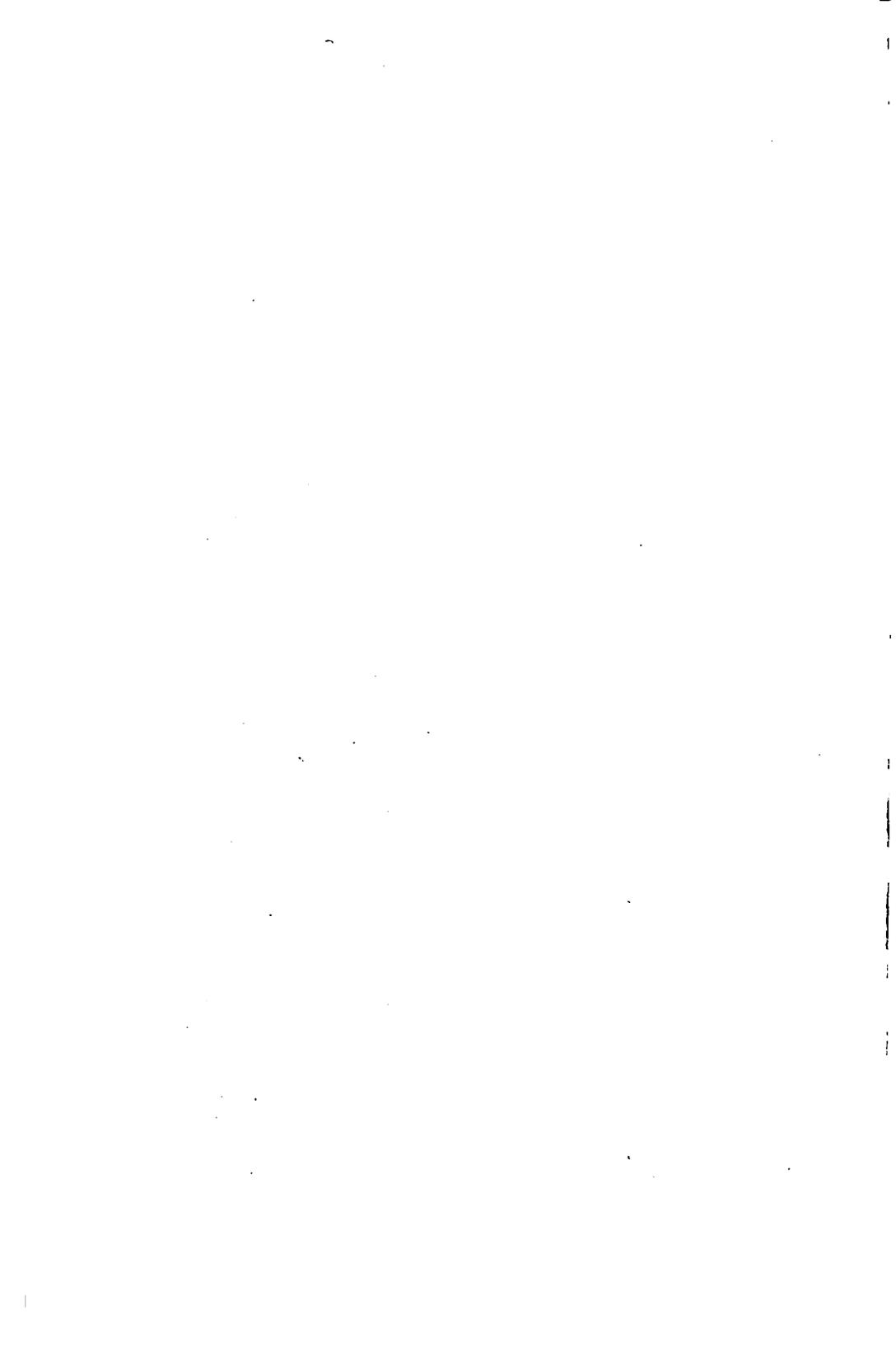
These hounds, managed and hunted by John Campbell, Esq., of Sornbeg, and subscribed to by a few gallant sportsmen of the county, shew most excellent sport. This fine pack consists of twenty couples, of good height and symmetry, with straight legs, deep chests, and heads well carried. The huntsman under Mr. Campbell, is a valuable aid to his master, a good sportsman, possessed of fortitude, acute perception, patience, sobriety, and activity. The whip is attentive, and a material assistant in keeping hounds together, knowing well where his services are wanted, and knowing his duty equally well in the kennel. As to horses, Mr. Campbell's stud is excellent, all in fine hunting condition, and in number beyond what is required for two days a-week. Eight of them are fully three parts bred, fit to carry fourteen stone up to any hounds; three are thorough-bred, equal to twelve stone. Altogether, the establishment is complete, and is an instance of how much good sport can be shewn to the gentlemen of a neighbourhood, with little trouble and expense, and without parade of any sort. The farmers in the county are beginning to find that to encourage sport, is of advantage to their interest in many ways, and that preserving foxes secures customers for their produce, by encouraging hunting. The ladies of the county are equally pleased, as it keeps many beaux amongst them to enliven society, to ride with them to the cover side, as well as lead the dance in the evening. Sornbeg is in high favour with them, as being the medium by which so much good society is kept in the county. He holds many elegant trophies of their friendship and esteem. When a Lady's Match is to be ridden, he is sure to be first favourite, and selected to ride.

At the meets are frequently seen the friend and generous patron of sport, Lord Eglinton, Mr. Lamb, Sir James Boswell, Bart., Capt. J. O. Fairlie, Capt. Taite of the fourth Dragoons, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Campbell, of Tees Banks, Mr. Hay, Dr. Whiteside, master of the Ayrshire harriers, Capt. Wilson, late of the Hon. E. I. Company's service, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Hamilton, &c., all good sportsmen.

The foxes in this county are the stoutest anywhere, often lasting



Spalding race. W. H. Hall - artist.



before the hounds, which may be called a swift pack, fifty to sixty minutes without a check, performing distances of from twelve to fifteen miles, from point to point, much to the distress of the horses ; in some instances, to their entire loss. But still the lines are applicable :

“ All hail to the land where foxes are flyers,
Where the fences are larger than any where else ;
Where none value their necks, and if the horse tires,
Decline for the animal, not for themselves.”

MR. ANDERSON'S STAGHOUNDS.

I have been told that many of the landowners and holders, in this part of the country, are not favourably disposed towards hunting ; that some *few* may be so, I do not deny ; but, at the same time, I most distinctly declare, that, as far as I was enabled to judge, a very great proportion of them are quite the reverse. I can but express my surprise and regret that farmers are so blind to their own interests, and gentlemen so illiberal, as to *wish* to put a stop to this truly “ noble science.” “ *Dii talem terris avertite pestem.*”

Saturday, March 14th. Turned out on the Common, going to the left of Scratch, by Barnet Common, to the back of the town, where we ran into view ; the fastest twenty minutes I ever rode to ; stopped the hounds ten minutes ; went away a fair pace, nearly the same line, to Scratch, through the Wood, and from thence straight across the fine grass country to Hendon ; bearing to the right down to the river Brent, where our deer laid up ; after making two or three wide casts, he was viewed stealing away from the water, and, facing the open once more, he brought us to Kilburn, turning to the left to Primrose Hill, and was eventually taken near Hampstead, after a fine hunting run of two hours and a half, over a great extent of country, nearly all grass, with some very severe fencing. Amongst those who went the best, were Lord A. Paget, the spirited master of the pack, Captains Gerrard and Best, Messrs. Alfred Dyson, Darrell, Weston, James Mason, and the veteran Becher.—I cannot conclude without one or two remarks on this very promising establishment, which really appears to be kept up, by the liberal master, in a manner well worthy of imitation. In the first place, let me remind Mr. Dyson that I have *seen him* bring his hounds out more *blooming* and *stronger* in their condition, and a *little* more handy in their *slow* work. I am aware of the difficulties he has to contend with, the greatest among which must be, having several *steeple-chase riders* in his field. He should also have a little assistance from *some one* in checking the *hot ones*, it being more than any one man can do to hunt hounds (as he does it), and, also, have the command of a riotous field. I never saw anything more beautiful, in the way of horsemanship, than the riding, this day, of Mr. James Mason and Mr. Dyson. As a rider to hounds, I think Mr. D. superior to any one I have seen. He is the only *riding* man that never does them harm ; he appears to know, by instinct, when they are *going* to throw up : enthusiastically fond of his hounds, very cool in difficulties, and possessing in an eminent degree the “ *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re,*” he appears to have been born a huntsman.

He is what I remember Tom (Assheton) Smith some five-and-twenty years ago.

I can only add my regret at this being *my* last day with this pack; for this season, at all events; but—

“ Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus.”

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.—A match for twenty sovereigns, at twenty-one birds each, twenty-one yards rise, came off on Thursday, the 16th ult., between R. Toomer, Esq. of Fairfield, Isle of Wight, and R. Missing, Esq. of Twyford, near Winchester, at the residence of the former gentleman; which was decided in favour of Mr. Toomer, by one bird only, as will be seen by the score, each killing eighteen birds out of twenty-one.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Toomer . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1
Missing . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0

Ties at three birds each:—Missing, 101. Toomer, 111.

The birds were supplied by Clayard, who furnishes the Red House, and were all good.

On Saturday, the 4th ult., came off, at Eaglisham, the much-talked-of Champion Coursing Match, between Lord Eglinton's celebrated dog, Waterloo, and Mr. Bruce Jardine's Carron, for 200 sovs. a side, the best of three courses. The crowd was “prodigious;” there they swarmed, Hielandmen and Glasgie “bodies,” as if another Tournament was “agait.” The affair intrinsically was a very interesting one; Waterloo proving victorious, having won two runs out of the three.

A bitch fox, heavy in cub, was, during the last month, run down and cut in two by an engine attached to one of the trains on the Birmingham and Derby Railway.

A new safety-guard for a gun, for which Mr. Lang, the celebrated gun-maker of the Haymarket, has recently taken out a patent, has been shewn to us, and certainly ranks among the most admirable inventions of modern times. It is extremely simple, and can be applied to any gun, at a trifling expense. It bolts the lock when down on the nipple, and at half, and at full cock; and requires nothing to be done when the gun is to be discharged, as it relieves itself by the mere pressure applied to the guard at the moment of firing. Simple in operation, and of easy reach to every one, we hope to see this clever and most useful invention adopted by all classes of trigger-men. Is it necessary to allude to the melancholy catastrophes that would have been avoided by such a preventive? To such of our readers as take interest in the

general *matériel* of sporting, we strongly recommend, should occasion be afforded, a visit to Lang's establishment. He has very many improvements in the various appliances of the sportsman; and is, withal, a person of great intelligence, and practical knowledge in the details of the majority of field sports.

LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

THE BOOK OF ARCHERY. By George Agar Hansard, Gwent Bowman; author of "Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales." London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans, Paternoster-row. 1840.

AMONG the many changes which the march of improvement has effected, during the present century, in this country, in the literary department, none is more striking than the signal progress made in the character of sporting works: whether we regard the matter treated of, or the manner of their getting up, our sporting literature has assumed a position of no equivocal importance in the republic of letters. Men, eminent in talent and station, seeing how closely the interests of a country, so emphatically rural as England, are linked with a taste for manly exercises and recreations, have entered, with a fitting earnestness, into the subject of our popular pastimes, and adorned it with their pens and pencils. In the list of these true patriots, though last, assuredly not least, is the author of the very elegant volume now before us. Whether examined in reference to the learned research and taste displayed by its author, the perfection of its exquisite engravings, the accuracy of its antique and classic outline illustrations, or the admirable style in which, as a whole, it has been put before the public, "The Book of Archery" must win unanimous admiration for all who took part in its production;—unanimous admiration and patronage from all capable of appreciating the value of talent and taste combined in a work at once interesting, instructive, and national.

THE CANADIAN NATURALIST; a series of Conversations on the Natural History of Lower Canada. By P. H. Gosse. Illustrated by Forty-four Engravings. London: John Van Voorst, 1, Paternoster-row. 1840.

If the rising generation learn not "to look through nature up to nature's God," very surely will it deserve to be branded as stiff-necked and perverse. Among the best signs of the improving taste of the day, is the great progress made in the character of our lighter literature, and the very general popularity of those authors who, discarding the masquerade of romance, don the more natural and becoming costume which unites the graver robe of the closet with the gay and graceful mantle of the saloon. Whether to these belongs the credit of forming a more healthy taste in the great body of general readers, or whether they formed their model to suit that which they

saw was already founded on a solid favour, we are not less their debtors, from whom we derive that goodly harvest of the press, our tomes of blendid instruction and entertainment. Many and beautiful as these works are, where shall we find a class more sublime in their aim, or more excellent in their end, than the volumes on Natural History, of which the present day is so prolific? They come to us in a succession suited to all classes and tastes, from the highly scientific—such as the splendid work on Quadrupeds, which we shall have to notice presently—to the unpretending gossiping treatise now before us. Mr. Gosse, who is a relation of the celebrated naturalist, Professor Bell, has turned to excellent account his residence in Lower Canada. He has given us a very instructive and pleasing account of the animal productions of a portion of our dominions to which public attention has been lately much directed; composed, as he tells us, “in the far-off wilds of the West, where systems, books, and museums are almost unknown.” His “Canadian Naturalist’s Calendar,” as he says it may be called, is written in the form of a dialogue between a father and his son, and contains, amid a mass of most useful information, some anecdotes as novel as they are singular. For instance, the subjoined tale of a popular pastime among the otters has something by no means commonplace about it.

“Some years ago, I was travelling on foot in Newfoundland, from St. Mary’s, on the southern coast, to Trinity Bay. It was in the month of January, and there was a considerable depth of snow upon the ground. The old furrier, who acted as my guide, shewed me many ‘otter slides.’ These were always on the steep sloping banks of a pond or stream, where the water remained unfrozen. They were as smooth and slippery as glass, caused by the otters sliding on them in play, in the following manner: several of these animals seek a suitable place, and then each, in succession, lying flat on his belly, at the top of the bank, slides swiftly down over the snow, and plunges into the water. The others follow, while he crawls up the bank at some distance, and, running round to the sliding-place, takes his turn again, to perform the same evolutions as before. The wetness running from their bodies freezes on the surface of the slide, and so the snow becomes a smooth glitter of ice. This sport, I was assured, is frequently continued with the greatest eagerness, and with every demonstration of delight, for hours together.”

As a specimen of Transatlantic poetry, we copy from Mr. Gosse’s book, Bryant’s “Stanzas to a Waterfowl,” a composition as replete with genius as genuine and unaffected sensibility.

“Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?
Vainly the fowler’s eye
Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.
Seek’st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?
There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere ;
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end :
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
 Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form : yet, on my heart,
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright."

A NATURAL HISTORY OF QUADRUPEDS AND OTHER MAMMIFEROUS ANIMALS ; comprising a Description of the class Mammalia, including the principal varieties of the Human Race. By William Charles Linnæus Martin, F. L. S. Parts II. and III. London : Whitehead and Co., 76, Fleet-street.

In our March Number we had occasion to announce the appearance of this work, and to speak most favourably of the style of finished excellence in which it was brought out. We have now before us the means of forming a judgment of its claims in a higher character, and the opinion at which they enable us to arrive, is one of most unqualified approval. Having, in the two first Parts, considered, with great care and skill, the natural properties—the nervous and osseous systems of Mammalia,—in the third, Mr. Martin enters upon the most deeply interesting inquiry within the whole range of natural philosophy. The question of the unity and permanence of SPECIES, is one, indeed, whose concern is not limited to the naturalist, but that addresses itself, with still greater force, to those engaged in researches beyond the things of this world. In the space permitted to the literary notices of a periodical, almost an allusion to so grave a proposition is prohibited. Still we cannot avoid briefly touching upon a passage in Mr. Martin's chapter on "Species, Hybrids, and Varieties," because it involves one hypothesis infinitely affecting the truth of Mosaic history. In his observations upon the varieties of the human race, he says—

"It may be observed, that no natural causes, with which we are acquainted, appear to be capable of producing distinct races. With respect to the Negro, for example (a term which has ignorantly been applied, indiscriminately, to the whole of the black natives of Africa, as if they were all one people), it has been asserted, and taken for granted, that their form and colour have resulted from the heat to which they have been exposed, generation after generation, which, with other minor agents, has blackened their skin, thickened their lips, crisped their hair, and elongated the jaws and the heel : but these, if the true causes, would operate in like manner in like circumstances. What the Negroes are now, they were 3000 years ago. The period in which the change took place, eludes investigation : nor can it be traced to the influence of climate or soil. An European, exposed to the fervid rays of the inter-tropics, will, indeed, become swarthy, tanned, and sunburnt, but not changed into a Negro. No people, within the records of history, have been changed into a race of Negroes. While, however, the Negro retains his fixed and distinguishing characters, he is not only surrounded by the descendants of

European colonists, retaining theirs, but by African tribes, not Negroes, differing in tint of skin, physiognomy, hair, and general contour. . . . The question, then, arises, whether their origin is to be attributed to that tendency to variation of form, which obtains, more or less, throughout the animal kingdom, resulting from circumstances which elude our scrutiny, or, whether they are aboriginal, and, in this sense, a distinct race? One thing is clear, that no external or physical causes, with which physiologists are acquainted, can change a nation of the Celtic, or the Teutonic race, into the Negro, the Papuan, or Alfourou. Formed *for* the regions they inhabit, and not *by* them, the true circumstances of their primordial rise are lost in the night of unrecorded ages."

Nothing can be more candid, nothing, indeed, more reverent, than the spirit in which Mr. Martin treats his subject; while it cannot but be seen, that he leans not to the theory which assigns to the whole human race but one root. If we accept the Mosaic records, we are bound to believe that, in Asia, mankind had its origin from two individuals, alike in species, and differing alone in sex. Here is a statement, no proof of which, it is true, can be adduced; but whose veracity becomes every day more manifest, from the light which science is continually throwing upon the history of the earth. That the creation of man occurred about the period to which it is attributed in the book of Genesis, is a fact established by all the researches of geologists. To those practical philosophers we owe the knowledge that we are now in the midst of a fourth succession of land animals: that, after the age of reptiles, the age of palæotheria, the age of mammoths, and that of mastodons, came the age of the human species. Into the causes of those great catastrophes by which the world was devastated, it is not here necessary to inquire; it is enough for our present purpose, that not a single bone of our own species has been found in the primary, secondary, or tertiary deposits; and that it is alone in those formed since the commencement of this age, that bones have been discovered, in a fossil state, which belong to the human family. Thus corroborated in one essential fact, it is not merely because they have not been made equally evident to us, that we should question other portions of the Mosaic history. Let us, then, examine the doubts that are urged as to the unity of the human race. "No people, within the records of history, have been changed into a race of Negroes." History, unquestionably, helps us to no such events; but is it thereby proved that no such physical revolution *could* be effected by the operations of climate in centuries of ages? So far from it, we have, in one quarter of the earth,—unfortunately, that of which we possess infinitely the least knowledge,—a succession of links, leading us, from races that closely resemble the natives of Europe, up to the perfectly developed Negro. "The inhabitants of the northern coasts of Africa differ but little from Europeans, in colour and form: but the difference gradually becomes more striking as we approach the equator; the colour darkens, the hair becomes more woolly, the profile undergoes a remarkable change, and man, at last, becomes altogether a Negro. Beyond the equator, the figure and swarthy colour are again lost in successive gradations. The Caffres and Hottentots seem to have, from what we know of them, much of the Negro nature, without being completely Negroes." Thus writes Heeran; and, adopting his inference, we construct our Negro out of

the materials furnished by food, climate, and habit, without seeing any necessity for disturbing the Mosaic dispensation.

PLAYING ABOUT; or, Theatrical Anecdotes and Adventures. By Benson Earle Hill, Author of "Recollections of an Artillery Officer," &c. Two vols. London: Sams, St. James's-street. 1840.

How many a *bon-mot*, and most pleasant instance, would "waste its sweetness on the desert air," were it not for those valuable literary gleaners to whom the public is so much indebted. That such books as these before us, and the class to which they belong, should have pushed from their stools the stilted romances, and vapid, nauseous novels, which once constituted the staple of our light reading, is but a natural result of the improved taste of the days in which we live. We have a general desire to encourage all such works as provide a "feast of reason," divested of the meretricious seasoning of personal scandal or satire. In the present instance, private friendship induces us to bid good speed to the two amusing little volumes which have drawn these observations from us. To effect this, in the way most likely to do good service to the author, we will let Mr. Hill grace his own tale, selecting our specimen lots at random from his excellent budget.

"Roscius (Betty), Raymond, Yates, Hendy, and a Swedish friend of his, Rolands, supped with me. My sister had retired for the night. The baron spoke pretty intelligible broken English, but sung us one of his own country ballads, the plot of which he previously translated, with a difference. Hendy's knowledge of the *locale* made him warn his northern intimate, that fastidious, and, too probably, wakeful ears were at hand. Somewhat to this effect, then, interpreted the young baron: 'One varmer, you zee, go to glurch mid de daughter of a richer, older von; her fader, he z-ay, 'vell, every morning my girl can tell me dat you have been quiet and peaceable, I shall give you a fine gow: but eef she zay you have been violent and disturb her, I shall give no more gows: one, two, dree, vour days dere come gow, and noder gow; veeks, months, more gow, till de lady had very large dairy! At last, her fader z-ay—neber mind what—she answer, 'Ah, you promise gows so long as I not gomplain. I want no more gows, I Gould not have a galf midhout a pull.' So her fader send her very fine pull, that's all. . . . After enacting Richard (at Gloucester), he (Kean) played Silvester Daggerwood, and thus *improvised* to the servant: 'Come hither, slavey! let me tell ye something. I acted Richard in this town, eleven years ago. I was a d—nd sight a better actor *then* than I am now, and—I *lost eighteen-pence by my benefit.*' . . . 'Every one tries to *flatter* me, captain (he is now addressing the author). They *will* omit this inequality in the bridge of my nose. Sir, it was dealt me by a pewter-pot, hurled from the hand of Jack Thurtle. We were borne, drunk and bleeding, to the watch-house, for the night, when *I* was taken out, washed, plastered, and left to cogitate on any lie of an accident in a stage fight. I told it, and was believed, for the next day *I dined with the Bishop of Norwich.*"

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RURAL SPORTS. By D. P. Blaine. London: Longman and Co. Parts VI. and VII.

A very elaborate and admirable account of Hawking, and all its "properties," occupies the first half of Part VI.; the other moiety being given to the gun, and all practical details connected with it. The various ingenious improvements in safety-locks are placed before the

reader, by the aid of wood-cuts, with a perspicuity that enables him to judge of their nature and merits, quite as well as if the locks themselves were in his hands. Each is certainly entitled to much credit; but one, of far greater perfection than any of its predecessors, has just been submitted to us, of which we have spoken at length elsewhere. Part VII. is exclusively devoted to Shooting, into every variety of which Mr. Blaine has entered with unwearied industry, and signal success. In our last Number we gave an extract from the chapter on the Capercallie, full of interesting and novel matter. The whole of this Part is of a similar character; there is not a page of it from which the sportsman may not glean instruction, or the general reader much healthy amusement.

FINE ARTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BREEDS OF THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS. By David Low, Esq., F. R. S. E., Professor of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, &c. &c. Parts I. and II. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1840.

Professor Low has set about a work of national concern, with a spirit worthy the matter to which he has addressed himself. In no country in the world have skill, industry and capital been directed into more universally fertilizing channels than in England; no branch of the mighty stream of her enterprise has diffused more general good than that which has covered her valleys and her hills with herds and flocks, unmatched for their beauty and their excellence. How welcome, then, must be his labours who, while he hands down to after ages memorials of the true patriotism which animated that in which he lived, offers, to every land, counsel, both by precept and example, that it should "go, and do likewise." The two Parts of this splendid undertaking which have already appeared, are devoted, the first to **THE OX**, containing superbly coloured engravings of **THE WILD OR FOREST BREED**; **THE PEMBROKE BREED**; **THE WEST HIGHLAND BREED (Bull and Cow)**; **THE WEST HIGHLAND BREED (Bull and Heifer)**; the second, to **THE SHEEP**, with illustrations of **THE BREEDS OF THE ZETLAND AND ORKNEY ISLANDS**; **THE SHEEP OF THE HIGHER WELSH MOUNTAINS**; **THE SOFT-WOOLLED SHEEP OF WALES**; **THE SHEEP OF THE WICKLOW HILLS**. The reputation of the author will be guarantee for the excellence of the literary portion of this admirable work: we can with confidence assert, that the combined talents of the scholar and the painter have given to us nothing of a similar character at all to be compared with it. We commend it, with all earnestness, to public favour, which it must command, at no distant time. The forthcoming Parts we look for most anxiously, more especially that announced for August, which will contain illustrations of all the varieties of the Horse.

COURSING REGISTER.

*•• The returns are confined to the running at Public Meetings.

LANARKSHIRE AND RENFREWSHIRE CLUB MEETING, FEB. 13 AND 14.

The CUP, by dogs of all ages.

Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Madcap beat	Mr. A. Graham's bd. b. Butteryburn.
Mr. Duggan's f. d. Sam Weller —	Mr. Ewing's br. b. Imogene.
Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Castlehill —	Mr. A. Pollok's bd. b. Match.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Moustache —	Mr. Ewing's bk. d. Lightning.
Mr. Geddes's f. d. Glory —	Mr. A. Pollok's bk. d. Gameboy.
Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Cur-non —	Mr. Duggan's r. and w. d. Dickins.

First Ties: Madcap beat Sam Weller, Moustache beat Castlehill, Glory beat Cur-non

Second Ties: Moustache beat Madcap, Glory ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Glory beat Moustache, and won the Cup.

The PATTERTON STAKES, of 1 sov. each, for dogs of all ages.

Mr. J. Pollok's f. and w. d. Craigton beat	Mr. Ewing's w. and bk. d. Emperor (after an undecided course).
Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. My Lord —	Mr. Downie's r. d. Carronade.
Mr. J. Pollok's r. b. Catherine —	Mr. Ewing's bl. b. Lacerta.

Mr. A. Graham's w. and y. b. Caledonia ran a bye.

Ties: My Lord beat Craigton, Catherine beat Caledonia (after an undecided course).

Deciding Course: My Lord beat Catherine, and won the Stakes.

The CROOKSTON STAKES, of 1 sov. each, for dogs not exceeding 22 months.

Mr. Ewing's bl. b. Irene beat	Mr. A. Pollok's w. and bk. d. Major.
Mr. Downie's f. d. Rolla —	Mr. H. Maxwell's bl. d. Mulberry.
Mr. Geddes's d. and w. d. Gemmel —	Mr. A. Graham's w. and bd. d. Cacciatore.
Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Landseer —	Mr. A. Pollok's br. and w. d. Linkboy.

Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. and w. b. Mirza ran a bye.

First Ties: Irene beat Rolla (drawn lame), Landseer ran a bye, Gemmel beat Mirza (after two undecided courses).

Second Ties: Landseer beat Irene, Gemmel ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Landseer beat Gemmel, and won the Stakes.

The DARNLEY STAKES, of 1 sov. each, for dogs that never won a public prize.

Mr. A. Graham's bk. b. Jessie beat	Mr. Ewing's w. b. Blanche.
Mr. A. Graham's Jeanie —	Mr. Ewing's bk. d. Indian (after an undecided course).
Mr. Ewing's f. d. Lofty —	Mr. Pollok's r. d. Rival.
Mr. J. Pollok's r. b. Cora —	Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Daphne.

Ties: Jessie beat Jeanie (drawn lame), Cora beat Lofty.

Deciding Course: Cora beat Jessie, and won the Stakes.

Pedigrees of the Winners: Glory is by Dr. Brown's Sport, out of a bitch that never appeared in public; My Lord is by Mr. A. Graham's Gilbertfield, out of his Black-eyed Susan; Landseer is by Mr. A. Graham's Gilbertfield, out of his Effie; Cora is by Mr. Greenshield's Rival, out of Mr. Pollok's Cora.

NORTHUMBERLAND CLUB, FEB. 18.

Mr. M'George, Tryer.

A MATCH, for £100 a side, between Mr. Elliott's bk. and w. d. Twist, and Mr. Crawford's bl. and w. b. Fairy, best of three courses, was decided in favour of the bitch, as follows:—

Fairy	1 0 0 1
Twist	0 1 0 0

The third course was undecided.

A MATCH, for £50 a side, between Mr. Armstrong's bk. and w. d. Doctor, and Mr. Crawford's bd. b. Sylph, best of five courses, came off in favour of the Doctor, as follows:—

Doctor	1 0 0 1 1
Sylph	0 1 1 0 0

ALTCAR MEETING, FEB. 21 AND 22.

The CUP AND SOVEREIGNS.

Mr. R. T. Parker's bk. d. Priam beat	Mr. Alison's f. d. Arbutus.
Mr. Rigby's bk. d. Rector —	Mr. Harpur's bk. d. Horatio.
Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hagler —	Lord Talbot's bd. b. Thomasine.

Mr. N. Blundell's r. b. Brenda	beat	Mr. Unsworth's r. d. UMBER.
Mr. E. Moore's bd. and w. b. Medusa	—	Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. b. Handcuff.
Mr. Lloyd's r. d. Luno	—	Mr. Fellowes's w. and f. d. Rough Robin.
Mr. R. Congreve's bd. d. Claret	—	Mr. Clowes's bk. b. Contest.
Mr. Swan's w. and y. d. Sandy	—	Mr. Kershaw's f. d. Kouli Khan.

First Ties: Rector beat Priam, Brenda beat Hagler, Medusa beat Luno, Claret beat Sandy.

Second Ties: Rector beat Brenda, Claret beat Medusa.

Deciding Course: beat Claret, and won the Cup; Claret the Sovereigns.

THE SEPTON STAKES, for dogs.

Mr. Kershaw's bk. d. Kneebone (late Sam Slick)	beat	Mr. Swan's w. d. Sirius.
Mr. E. Hornby's bl. d. Hyson	—	Mr. Clowes's bk. d. Courage.
Lord Talbot's bk. d. Tschort	—	Mr. Congreve's bk. d. Caffre.
Mr. Unsworth's bk. and w. d. Unknown	—	Mr. Harpur's bk. d. Harbinger.

Ties: Kneebone beat Hyson, Tschort beat Unknown.

Deciding Course: Tschort beat Kneebone, and won the Stakes.

THE CROXTETH STAKES, for bitches.

Mr. Fellowes's f. b. Fancy	beat	Mr. Moore's bk. b. Margaret.
Mr. Congreve's bk. b. Celeste	—	Mr. Lloyd's bk. b. Lona.
Lord Talbot's r. b. Top	—	Mr. Clowes's w. and bk. b. Cripple.
Mr. N. Blundell's r. b. Busy	—	Lord Seton's bk. b. Suffolk Lass.

Ties: Celeste beat Fancy, Busy beat Top.

Deciding Course: Busy beat Celeste, and won the Stakes.

THE WEST DERBY STAKES.

Mr. N. Blundell's r. b. Berry	beat	Mr. Clowes's bk. d. Corsitor.
Mr. H. Hornby's r. and w. d. Holywell	—	Mr. Harpur's bk. and w. d. Hippodrome.
Lord Talbot's bk. b. Thanks	—	Mr. Unsworth's bd. and w. d. Upas.
Mr. Swan's bk. d. Saul	—	Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. d. Halo.

Ties: Berry beat Holywell, Thanks beat Saul.

Deciding Course: Berry beat Thanks, and won the Stakes.

THE SAPLING STAKES.

Lord Talbot's bk. b. Taffety	beat	Mr. E. G. Hornby's bd. b. Highland Lassie.
Mr. Swan's bd. and w. b. Sheba	—	Mr. Congreve's bk. b. Clap Trap.

Taffeta and Sheba divided the Stakes.

THE DITCH-IN STAKES.

Mr. E. G. Hornby's bl. d. Hyson	beat	Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hagler.
Mr. Fellowes's f. b. Fancy	—	Lord Talbot's bd. b. Thomasine.
Mr. Swan's w. d. Sirius	—	Mr. Clowes's w. and bk. b. Cripple.
Mr. Unsworth's bd. and w. d. Upas	—	Mr. Harpur's bk. d. Horatio.

Ties: Hyson beat Fancy, Sirius beat Upas.

Deciding Course: Hyson beat Sirius, and won the Stakes.

THE ALTAR HILL STAKES.

Lord Talbot's r. d. Tippoo	beat	Mr. Fellowes's f. b. Faithful.
Mr. Harpur's bk. d. Harbinger	—	Mr. Unsworth's bk. d. Upholder.
Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. b. Handcuff	—	Mr. R. T. Parker's bl. and w. d. Pilot.
Mr. Clowes's bk. b. Charm	—	Mr. H. Hornby's bd. d. Hermitage.

Ties: Tippoo beat Harbinger, Charm ran a bye (Handcuff drawn), having had the most severe course ever seen over some fallow ground, which was very hard. It is supposed the course lasted upwards of ten minutes!

Deciding Course: Tippoo beat Charm, and won the Stakes.

THE ACKERS HOLT STAKES.

Lord Talbot's gr. d. Tartarus	beat	Mr. Lloyd's f. d. Ilew.
Mr. Fellowes's w. and f. d. Rough Robin	—	Mr. Harpur's bl. and w. d. Hippodrome.

Deciding Course: Tartarus beat Rough Robin, and won the Stakes.

THE HILL-HOUSE STAKES.

Mr. Clowes's r. d. Consul	beat	Mr. Swan's bk. d. Skyrocket.
Mr. Kershaw's bd. d. Korah	—	Mr. E. Hornby's r. and w. d. Hyacinthus.

Deciding Course: Korah beat Consul, and won the Stakes.

Pedigrees of the Winners: Rector is by Mr. Robert's Raymond, out of Lama; Claret, by Major, out of Circe; Tschort, by Lucifer; Hyson, by Hæmus, out of Blythe, by Laurel; Tartarus, by Lucifer. Rector, was bred by Mr. Lloyd, of Rhagatt, and was called Lawn.

GISBORNE MEETING, FEB. 13 AND 14.

THE RIBBLESDALE CUP, £10 for the first, £15 for the second, and £5 for the third.

Stewards: MESSRS. HARGREAVES, B. B. ROBINSON, HODSON, and MACHIELL.

Mr. Hodgson's f. and w. b. Zitella	...	beat	Mr. Hind's f. and w. b. Columba.
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Mr. Machell's bl. and w. d. Bedford beat Mr. Forrest's w. and bd. d. Eclipse.
 Mr. Thomas's r. d. Chasse — Mr. S. H. William's r. b. Fly.
 Mr. B. Robinson's f. and w. b. P. E. Fly — Mr. Craven's r. b. Castle Carey.
 Mr. Hardman's bl. d. General Chasse — Mr. Oddie's bl. b. Enchantress.
 Mr. Rowley's bl. d. Emperor — Mr. Hargreave's r. b. Fly.
 Mr. B. Robinson's f. b. S. H. Fly — Mr. Nicholl's bl. b. Gaddy.
 Mr. Easterby's bd. d. Joram — Mr. Hind's bl. d. Dart.
 Mr. Hodgson's fr. and w. b. Zorillo — Mr. Oddie's bl. and w. d. Smuggler.
 Mr. Thomas's f. d. Traveller (late Achilles) — { Mr. R. Robinson's f. b. The Witch (late Vul-
 ture).
 Mr. Machell's Ribton — Mr. P. Houghton's bd. d. Nelson.
 Mr. Forrest's w. and r. d. Stopper — Mr. Craven's bl. b. Cara.

First Ties : Bedford beat Zitella, Chasse beat P. E. Fly, Emperor beat Gen. Chasse, Joram beat S. H. Fly, Zorillo beat Traveller, Ribton beat Stopper.

Second Ties : Bedford beat Chasse, Emperor beat Joram, Zorillo beat Ribton.

Third Ties : Emperor beat Bedford, Zorillo ran a bye.

Deciding Course : Emperor beat Zorillo, and won the Cup.

THE GIBBORNE PUPPY CUP, £12 for the first, £3 for the second.

Mr. Tunstall's r. b. Fairy beat Mr. Openshaw's r. d. Taglioni.
 Mr. Tunstall's r. d. Thunder — Mr. Hodgson's bl. and w. b. Zafra.
 Mr. Rodgett's r. b. Fly ran a bye.

Ties : Fly beat Fairy, Thunder ran a bye.

Deciding Course : Thunder beat Fly, and won the Cup.

NORTHUMBERLAND CLUB (AT CAMBO), FEB. 24.

A CUP, value 80 guineas.

Mr. T. Hedley's r. d. Skip beat Mr. Gregson's bd. b. Gruel.
 Mr. Armstrong's bl. and w. d. Doctor — Mr. Arthur's bl. b. The Queen.
 Dr. Hedley's bl. b. Trim — Mr. Anderson's bl. d. Deil-may-care.
 Mr. B. Johnson's bd. w. d. Tom Jones — Mr. E. Hall's bl. d. Claret.
 Mr. Hotherington's bd. d. Frank — Mr. Gregson's bl. d. Spring.
 Mr. Crawford's bl. and w. b. Fairy — Mr. J. Bell's bl. d. Spring.
 Mrs. E. Arthur's bl. b. Sylvia — Mr. Humble's bd. b. Sylph.
 Mr. Anderson's y. d. Shamrock — Mr. Elliott's r. d. Tippler.

First Ties : Doctor beat Skip, Tom Jones beat Trim, Fairy beat Frank, Sylvia beat Shamrock.

Second Ties : Doctor beat Tom Jones, Sylvia beat Fairy.

Deciding Course : Sylvia beat Doctor, and won the Cup.

The winner and second dog are by Mr. Armstrong's Bran.

MID-LOTHIAN MEETING, FEB. 25 AND 26.

The PUPPY STAKES, of 1 sov. each, with 10 added from the fund, by dogs not exceeding twenty months.

Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Money beat Mr. Sharp's bk. d. Sambo.
 Mr. H. Dundas's r. b. The Duchess (late Whimsey) — Mr. Ramsay's f. d. Bolam.
 Duke of Buccleuch's r. and w. d. Mountain — Mr. Trotter's bl. and w. b. Rennet.
 Mr. Dewar's w. and bk. d. D. I. O. ran a bye.

Ties : Money beat D. I. O., The Duchess beat Mountain.

Deciding Course : Money beat The Duchess, and won the Stakes.

The CLUB CUP, value 20 guineas, by dogs of all ages.

Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. d. Rocket beat Mr. Dewar's bk. and w. b. Delight.
 Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Merrythought — { Mr. H. Dundas's w. and r. d. The Duke (late
 Prince Albert).
 Mr. Sharpe's f. d. Monarch — Mr. Trotter's w. d. Champion.
 Mr. Wauchope's bk. d. Cerberus — Mr. Aitchinson's bl. d. Adam.
 Mr. Walker's f. d. Wizard — Lord J. Scott's bl. and w. b. Buek (drawn).
 Duke of Buccleuch's f. d. Young Lowther — Mr. Ramsay's bl. d. Baron.
 Mr. G. Wauchope's bl. and w. b. Whisper — Sir W. Baillie's bk. d. Bangour.

Mr. Hunter's bd. d. Spring ran a bye.

First Ties : Rocket beat Spring, Merrythought beat Monarch, Wizard beat Cerberus, Young Lowther beat Whisper.

Second Ties : Merrythought beat Rocket, Young Lowther beat Wizard.

Deciding Course : Merrythought beat Young Lowther, and won the Cup.

The CHAMPION CUP and STAKES of 5 sovs. each, for dogs of all ages.

Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Mountain Dew beat Sir W. Baillie's bk. d. The Bravo.
 Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. and w. d. Rasper — Duke of Buccleuch's bk. d. Marquis.

Deciding Course : Mountain Dew beat Rasper, and won the Cup and Stakes.

The **MAXWELL CUP**, added to a Sweepstakes of 1 sov. each, by dogs of all ages; the second dog to receive 3 sovs. out of the Stakes.

Mr. Wauchope's f. and w. d. Carver ...	beat	Mr. Walker's r. b. Queen Bee.
Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. d. Round Robin ...	—	Mr. Walker's bl. b. Witch.
Mr. Sharpe's f. d. Scud ...	—	Mr. G. Wauchope's f. d. Woful.
Mr. W. Ramsay's bl. d. Rob the Ranter ...	—	Mr. Wauchope's bk. and w. d. Don John.
Mr. Walker's bl. and w. d. Warlock ...	—	Mr. Dewar's r. b. Fly.
Mr. Dewar's bk. d. Dominie Sampson ...	—	Mr. Wauchope's r. b. Camarine.
Mr. Walker's bk. d. Dashaway ...	—	Mr. Hunter's bk. b. Hebe.
Mr. Sharpe's bl. b. Wings ...	—	Mr. Walker's r. d. Bedouin.
Mr. W. Ramsay's bl. and w. d. Victor ...	—	Duke of Buccleuch's r. b. Gipsy.
Mr. Wauchope's bk. b. Clotho ...	—	Lord J. Scott's w. b. Camden (drawn).

Sir W. Baillie's f. d. Blucher ran a bye.

First Ties: Blucher beat Carver, Scud beat Round Robin, Rob the Ranter beat Warlock. Dashaway beat Dominie Sampson, Victor beat Wings, Clotho ran a bye.

Second Ties: Blucher beat Clotho, Rob the Ranter beat Scud, Victor beat Dashaway.

Third Ties: Rob the Ranter beat Blucher, Victor ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Victor beat Rob the Ranter (drawn), and won the Cup and Stakes.

MATCH.

Mr. Sharpe's f. d. Monarch beat Mr. Wauchope's bk. and w. d. Don John.

Pedigrees of the Winners: Money Is by Mr. Maxwell's Moloch, out of his Vanity; Merrythought is by Mr. Perkin's Kingswell, out of the late Mr. Gordon's (of Aberdeen) Alicia; Mountain Dew is by Mr. H. Maxwell's Courthill, out of his Jean; Victor is by Mr. Ramsay's (of Barnton), Teazer, out of the late Mr. G. Stiffing's Squeezer; Rob the Ranter is by Mr. Ben's Lowther, out of Sir William Anstruther's Lassic; Monarch is by Mr. G. Craig's Castor, out of Lord Torphichan's Fly.

HAMPTON VICTORIA CLUB MEETING, FEB. 27, MARCH 2, 5, AND 12.

The **ALL-AGED CUP** (in specie), by fifty-six dogs, at £2: 10s. each; the first dog to receive £40, second £18, third £12, fourth £7; fourth ties, three losers, £5 each—£15; third ties, seven losers, £2: 10s. each—£17: 10s.; expenses £30: 10s.; making £140, the sum subscribed.

Mr. Dansie's bk. b. Fancy	beat	Mr. Baildon's r. d. Boz.
Mr. Dingwall's r. d. Archduke	—	Mr. Clark's y. d. Cecrops.
Mr. Newman's buff d. Buff	—	Mr. Patient's bk. b. Ruby.
Mr. Goodlake's f. d. Graduate	—	Mr. Bank's f. b. Comet.
Mr. Dingwall's bk. b. Ada	—	Mr. Harvey's bk. d. Confidence.
Dr. Scott's r. d. Saladin	—	Mr. Whittington's f. d. Mars.
Mr. Bank's br. b. Dart	—	Mr. Dyson's br. d. Jim Crow.
Mr. Grove's bk. b. Gaylass	—	Capt. Best's f. b. Belle.
Mr. Bowles's bl. b. Birdlime	—	Mr. Hitchcock's bk. d. Driver.
Mr. Bayley's w. b. Bulow	—	Mr. Matson's bk. d. Go-it.
Mr. Bank's bk. and w. d. Spring	—	Mr. Mousley's w. d. Bloomsbury.
Mr. Baildon's bk. d. Burgundy	—	Mr. G. Harvey's bk. d. Homer.
Mr. Comport's f. d. Comus	—	Mr. Burford's bk. and w. d. Spring.
Mr. Spooner's f. b. Shamrock	—	Mr. Partridge's bl. and w. d. Balloon.
Mr. Baildon's f. b. Blush	—	Mr. Williams's w. b. Queen.
Mr. Matson's w. and r. d. Snowball	—	Mr. Clark's y. b. Cameo.
Mr. Bank's bk. and w. d. Pelham	—	Mr. Patient's bk. b. Ebony.
Capt. Best's r. d. Battledore (late Sultan)	—	Mr. Graves's f. b. Imogene.
Mr. Taylor's bl. b. Nimble	—	Mr. Dingwall's w. and f. b. Albinia.
Dr. Scott's y. and w. b. Sprite	—	Mr. J. Hodsdon's y. b. Victoria.
Capt. Best's f. d. Lancer	—	Mr. Bowles's f. d. Bargemaister.
Capt. Best's r. d. Billy	—	Mr. Minton's r. b. Maria.
Mr. Bowles's y. b. Boscobel	—	Mr. Partridge's bl. and w. d. Bachelor.
Mr. Baildon's bk. b. Bashful	—	Mr. T. Hodsdon's r. b. Brilliant.
Mr. Bank's bk. and w. b. Bona Dea	—	Mr. Elmore's bk. b. Envy.
Mr. Dingwell's bk. d. Atlas	—	Mr. Pfeil's r. b. Phœbe.
Mr. Attwood's r. d. Whalebone	—	Mr. R. Taylor's bl. d. Spring.
Mr. Pfeil's bk. d. Nelson	—	Mr. Rancecroft's w. and bk. b. Young Flixer.

First Ties: Comus beat Shamrock, Gaylass beat Dart, Graduate beat Buff, Sprite beat Nimble, Bulow beat Birdlime, Bashful beat Lancer, Boscobel beat Billy, Bona Dea beat Atlas, Archduke, beat Fancy, Blush beat Snowball, Ada beat Saladin, Battledore (late Sultan) beat Pelham, Nelson beat Whalebone, Burgundy beat Spring.

Second Ties: Gaylass beat Comus, Graduate beat Sprite, Bashful beat Bulow, Boscobel beat Bona Dea, Blush beat Archduke, Ada beat Battledore (late Sultan), Nelson beat Burgundy.

Third Ties: Boscobel beat Blush, Nelson beat Gaylass, Graduate beat Ada, Bashful ran a bye.

Fourth Ties: Boscobel and Graduate being joint property of Messrs. Bowles and Goodlake, Graduate was drawn, and Boscobel ran a bye. Nelson beat Bashful.

Deciding Course: Nelson beat Boscobel, and won the gold cup, Boscobel the second prize, Bashful the third, and Graduate the fourth.

ARDROSSAN CLUB MEETING, MARCH 12 AND 13.

Mr. Nightingale, Tryer.

The Cup, with 10 sovs. added by the Earl of Eglinton.

Dr. Brown's f. and w. d. Sport	beat	Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Butteryburn.
Mr. Geddes's f. b. Go	—	Dr. Brown's r. d. Oscar.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Mountain Dew	—	Lord Eglinton's r. b. Skylark.
Mr. Geddes's f. d. Glory	—	Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Drednought.
Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Castlehill	—	Captain Graham's bd. b. Nora Creina.

Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Merrythought ran a bye.

First Ties: Go beat Sport (after an undecided, course), Glory beat Mountain Dew, Castlehill beat Merrythought.

Second Ties: Go beat Castlehill, Glory ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Go and Glory won the Cup and Sovs.

The EGLINTON PARK STAKES, for dogs of all ages.

Capt. Morris's w. and bk. d. Terror	beat	Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. and w. d. Memnon	—	Lord Eglinton's bk. and w. b. Indiana.
Lord Eglinton's bd. w. b. Grace Darling	—	Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. b. Mirza.
Mr. A. Graham's w. and y. d. Forester	—	Lord Eglinton's r. and w. b. Moonlight.

First Ties: Memnon beat Terror, Forester beat Grace Darling.

Deciding Course: Memnon beat Forester (after an undecided course), and won the Stakes.

The TYRO STAKES, for dogs not exceeding twenty-two months.

Dr. Brown's b. b. Bess	beat	Mr. Geddes's d. d. Gemmell.
Mr. Duggan's bk. and w. d. Dodger	—	Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Landseer.
Dr. Brown's r. d. Couper	—	Mr. Duggan's bl. d. Demon.
Mr. A. Graham's bd. w. d. Cacciatore	—	Lord Eglinton's bk. b. Sleet.
Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Spankaway	—	Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Money.

Mr. Geddes's bd. d. Wellington ran a bye.

First Ties: Bess beat Dodger (after two undecided courses), Cacciatore beat Couper, Spankaway beat Wellington.

Second Ties: Cacciatore beat Bess, Spankaway ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Cacciatore beat Spankaway, and won the Stakes.

The HARBOUR STAKES, for dogs that never won a public prize.

Mr. A. Graham's w. y. b. Caledonia	beat	Dr. Brown's bd. d. Sweeper.
Mr. H. Maxwell's bk. b. Daphne	—	Mr. A. Graham's bd. b. Jeanie.
Dr. Brown's bk. and w. d. Ocean	—	Mr. Miller's bk. d. St. Winning.
Lord Eglinton's d. b. Bessy Bell	—	Mr. Quin's bl. b. Victoria.

Mr. Geddes's bd. and w. d. Grasper ran a bye.

First Ties: Caledonia beat Daphne, Grasper beat Ocean, Bessy Bell ran a bye.

Second Ties: Grasper beat Bessy Bell, Caledonia ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Grasper beat Caledonia (after an undecided course), and won the Stakes.

Pedigrees of the Winners: Go and Glory are both by Dr. Brown's Sport, out of bitches that have never ran in public; Memnon is by Mr. Picken's Kingswell, out of the late Mr. Gordon's (of Aberdeen) Alicia; Cacciatore is by Mr. Ball's Bugie, out of Mr. A. Graham's Black Bess, by Gilbertfield.

CALEDONIAN COURSING MEETING, MARCH 24, 25, 26, AND 27.

The CALEDONIAN CUP.

Lord Eglinton's d. and w. d. Waterloo	beat	Mr. Geddes na. bd. d. Glenkilloch.
Lord Douglas's w. and bd. d. Hawthorn	—	Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. and w. d. Rasper.
Mr. Bruce Jardine's y. and w. d. Carron	—	Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Cacciatore.
Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. O Yes, O Yes,	—	Mr. King's r. d. Traveller.*
O Yes	—	
Sir W. A. Maxwell's bk. and w. d. Memnon	—	Mr. Dingwall's bk. b. Ada.
Marquis of Douglas's bk. and w. d. Draffan	—	Dr. Brown's bd. d. Chance.
Sir W. A. Maxwell's bd. d. Mountain Dew	—	Mr. Dingwall's w. and r. b. Albinia.
Mr. Baillie's bk. d. The Bravo	—	Dr. Brown's r. d. Oscar.
Mr. Duggan na. bk. and w. b. The Nun	—	Mr. Armstrong's bk. d. Tramp.*
Mr. Geddes's y. b. Go	—	Mr. Hunt's r. and w. b. Zorilla.*
Mr. King's bk. d. Mat*	—	Marquis of Douglas's bk. and w. d. Darnley.
Mr. Pollock's bd. b. Match	—	Mr. Armstrong's bl. d. Mango.*
Lord Douglas's bk. d. Kent	—	Mr. Fowler na. bk. b. The Jewess.*
Mr. Hunt's r. b. Empress*	—	Mr. W. Ramsay's bl. and w. d. Victor.

Lord Eglinton's bl. d. Fingal ran a bye.

First Ties: Waterloo beat Hawthorn, Draffan beat Memnon, Go beat The Nun, Kent beat Fingal, O Yes, O Yes, O Yes beat Carron, The Bravo beat Mountain Dew, Mat beat Match. Empress ran a bye.

Second Ties: O Yes beat Waterloo (after a tremendous course), Mat beat Go, The Bravo beat Draffan, Empress beat Kent.

The CALEDONIAN PLATE.

Mr. Downie na. b. bl. b. Wings	beat	Mr. Raimes's r. b. Whimsey.
Mr. Henderson's A bd. d. Wee Charlie	—	Sir W. A. Maxwell's bk. b. Merrythought.
Mr. Dingwall's bl. and w. b. Ariel	—	Mr. C. Dunlop na. y. and w. d. Cringet.

Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Spankaway	... beat	Mr. Henderson's B. bk. and w. b. Lady Maria.
Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Landseer	... —	Mr. Craig na. bl. and w. b. Polly.
Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Castlehill	... —	Lord Eglinton's bk. d. Dreadnought.
Mr. Slater's r. b. Smart*	... —	Sir W. A. Maxwell's bk. d. Mosstrooper.
Dr. Brown's bd. d. Whistle	... —	Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. d. Rocket.
Mr. Dingwall's r. d. Archduke	... —	Mr. Duggan's bk. and w. d. Dodger.
Mr. Geddes's r. d. Glasgow	... —	Mr. Henderson's A. f. and w. d. Prince Albert.
Lord Douglas's bd. d. Hero	... —	Marquis of Douglas's bk. and w. b. Dino.
Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. d. Robert	... —	Dr. Brown's w. d. Dancer.
Marquis of Douglas's bd. d. Driver	... —	Lord Douglas's bd. and w. b. Mastic.
Mr. Slater's bk. b. Maiden Queen*	... —	Mr. Raines's bk. d. Captain.
Mr. Downie's r. b. Cora	... —	Mr. Bake's r. d. Touchstone.*
Mr. Bake's r. b. Venus*	... —	Mr. C. Dunlop na. r. d. Grasper.

First Ties: Wings beat Wee Charlie, Spankaway beat Ariel, Landseer beat Smart, Castlehill beat Whistler, Glasgow beat Arch Duke, Hero beat Robert, Maiden Queen beat Driver, Venus beat Cora.

Second Ties: Spankaway beat Wings (drawn after an undecided course, on account of a severe accident), Maiden Queen beat Venus, Gasgow beat Landseer, Castlehill beat Hero.

THE CALEDONIAN PURSE.

Dr. Brown's w. b. Bess	... beat	Mr. Dingwall's bk. d. Atlas.
Lord Douglas's bd. d. Knight	... —	Mr. Pollok's f. d. Craigton.
Sir W. A. Maxwell's bd. b. Mignonette	... —	Mr. W. Ramsay's bk. d. Round Robin.
Sir W. A. Maxwell's bd. d. Moustache	... —	Mr. W. Ramsay na. f. and w. d. Carver.
Mr. A. Graham's r. b. My-ain-thing	... —	Mr. Dingwall na. Mr. Elmore's r. d. Cecrops.*
Lord Eglinton's bd. and w. b. Grace Darling...	... —	Mr. A. Graham's w. and r. d. Forester.
Dr. Brown's r. d. Couper	... —	Lord Douglas's bd. d. Beatoock.
Mr. Geddes's f. d. Glory	... —	Mr. Walker's bk. d. Dashaway.

First Ties: Knight beat Bess, Glory beat Couper, Moustache beat Grace Darling, Mignonette beat My-ain-thing (after an undecided course).

Second Ties: Mignonette beat Knight (after an undecided course), Glory beat Moustache.

THE EAGLESHAM (CONSOLATION) STAKES OF 2 SOVS. EACH.

Sir W. A. Maxwell's bk. and w. d. Memnon	... beat	Mr. Dingwall's bk. b. Ada.
Sir W. A. Maxwell's bd. b. Merrythought	... —	Mr. Henderson's B. bk. and w. b. Lady Maria.
Mr. Walker's bk. d. Dashaway	... —	Mr. Slater's r. b. Smart.*
Mr. A. Graham's bk. and w. d. Cacciatore	... —	Mr. Downie's r. b. Cora.

THE POLNOON CASTLE (CONSOLATION) STAKES OF 2 SOVS. EACH.

Mr. King's r. d. Traveller*	... beat	Mr. Dingwall's bl. and w. b. Ariel.
Mr. A. Graham's w. and r. d. Forester	... —	Sir W. A. Maxwell's bk. d. Mosstrooper.
Mr. Armstrong's bk. d. Tramp*	... —	Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Glenkilloch.
Mr. Henderson's bd. d. Wee Charlie	... —	Mr. C. Dunlop na. y. and w. d. Cringet.

* English.

THE CALEDONIAN CUP.

Third Ties: O Yes, O Yes, O Yes beat The Bravo, Empress beat Mat.

Deciding Course: Empress beat O Yes, O Yes, O Yes, and won the Cup.

THE CALEDONIAN PLATE.

Third Ties: Glasgow beat Spankaway, Maiden Queen beat Castlehill.

Deciding Course: Glasgow beat Maiden Queen, and won the Plate.

THE CALEDONIAN PURSE.

Deciding Course: Glory beat Mignonette, and won the Purse.

THE EAGLESHAM (CONSOLATION) STAKES.

Ties: Memnon beat Dashaway, Cacciatore beat Merrythought.

Deciding Course: Memnon beat Cacciatore, and won the Stakes.

THE POLNOON CASTLE (CONSOLATION) STAKES.

Ties: Traveller beat Forester, Wee Charlie beat Tramp.

Deciding Course: Wee Charlie beat Traveller, and won the Stakes.

Pedigrees of the Winners:—Empress is by Tramp, out of Nettle; Glasgow was bred by Mr. Hassal; Glory is by Spot, out of a bitch that never ran in public; Memnon is by Kingswell, out of Alicia; Wee Willie is by Jerry, out of Jerry.

BIGGAR CLUB MEETING, MARCH 31 AND APRIL 1.

THE CHAMPION COLLAR AND STAKE.

Lord Douglas's bd. Barefoot	... beat	Mr. Hutcheson's bk. d. Dampier (after an undecided course).
Marquis of Douglas's f. b. Dewdrop	... —	Mr. Pender's f. d. January.
Lord Douglas's bk. d. Annan	... —	Mr. Hutcheson's bk. d. Thacker.
Mr. Borron's bd. b. Bess	... —	Mr. Dickson's r. b. Bess.
Mr. White's bk. d. Wellington	... —	Mr. Dickson's r. d. Clyde.
Mr. Anderson's bk. and w. d. Velox	... —	Mr. Dickson's bk. b. Cora.
Lord Douglas's bk. d. Kent	... —	Mr. Geddes's bk. d. Bob.
Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Butteryburn	... —	Marquess Douglas's bk and w. d. Darnley.
Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. My Lord	... —	Mr. Hutcheson's w. d. Burke.
Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Glenkilloch	... —	Lord Douglas's w. and bd. d. Hawthorn (after an undecided course).

Mr. Borron's w. and y. b. Britannia (late Caledonia) ran a bye.

First Ties: Dewdrop beat Barefoot, Annan beat Bess, Veloz beat Wellington, Kent beat Butteryburn, Britannia beat My Lord, Glenkilloch ran a bye.

Second Ties: Dewdrop beat Annan, Kent beat Veloz (after an undecided course), Britannia beat Glenkilloch.

Third Ties: Dewdrop beat Britannia, Kent ran a bye.

Deciding Course: Lord Douglas's Kent beat Marquis of Douglas's Dewdrop, and won the Collar and Stake.

The CHALLENGE CUP; the best of three heats.

Mr. Baillie Cochrane, Challenger; Mr. Dickson, Holder and Acceptor.

Mr. Baillie Cochrane's bd. and w. d. Swallow	1	1
Mr. Dickson's r. d. Spring	2	2

Pedigrees of the Winners.—Kent is by the late Mr. Graham's (of Airth) Squeezer, out of Lord Douglas's Kerse; Swallow is by Mr. Moffat's Victor, out of Mr. Baillie's (of Calteraller) celebrated Swallow.

EAGLESHAM, SATURDAY, APRIL 4.

MATCH BETWEEN WATERLOO AND CARRON. Best of three runs, for 200 sovs.

Lord Eglintou's d. and w. d. Waterloo	1	2	1
Mr. Bruce Jardine's f. and w. d. Carron	2	1	2

END OF COURSING REGISTER.

TURF REGISTER

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

PYTCHLEY HUNT RACES.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH, 25th.

Stewards:—The Earls of Chesterfield and Compton, and Justinian Isham, Esq.

The Chesterfield Handicap of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5, &c., with 50 added by Lord Chesterfield, and 50 from the Town Fund; once round and a distance; gentlemen riders (thirty-three subscribers, nineteen of whom declared).

Mr. Worthington's Northenden, by Battledore, five-years old, 11 st. 3 lb. (Mr. Barker)	1
Mr. Dawson's Blue Pill, by Physician, four-years old, 10 st. 12 lb. (Capt. White)	2
Mr. Kingston's Appleton Lass, four-years old, 10 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Simmons)	3
Mr. Barry's Arthur, aged, 12 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Hysie Dixon)	0
Mr. Goodman's Fame, four-years old, 11 st. 7 lb. (Mr. A. M'Donough)	0
Lord Chesterfield's Cubhunter, aged, 11 st. 5 lb. (Capt. Becher)	0
Capt. Lamb's Gardham, six-years old, 11 st. 3 lb. (Mr. W. M'Donough)	0
Mr. Curwen's Sir Felix, aged, 11 st. 2 lb. (owner)	0
Mr. Matthews's Master Teddy, four-years old, 10 st. (Mr. Oliver)	0
Mr. Westbrook's Cerberus (half-bred), four-years old, 10 st. (Mr. W. Sadler)	0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Blue Pill (taken), 4 to 1 agst. Appleton Lass, 5 to 1 agst. Cerberus, 10 to 1 agst. Arthur, and 10 to 1 agst. Fame.

The Open Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added from the fund; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs., &c.; gentlemen riders; once round and a distance (five subscribers).

Mr. Goodman's Pluto, four-years old, 10 st. 5 lb. (Capt. Becher)	1
Mr. Booth's Hahneman, five-years old, 10 st. 12 lb. (Mr. Simmons)	2
Mr. Foster's Variety, by Bizarre—Maria, three-years old, 9 st. (Mr. W. Sadler)	3
Mr. Lucas's Malton, six-years old, 11 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Drewe)	4
Mr. Faulconer's Honesty, six-years old, 11 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Oliver)	5

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Hahneman, 5 to 2 agst. Variety, and 3 to 1 agst. Pluto.

The Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added from the fund, and 25 from Town Fund; one mile and a quarter (eight subscribers).

Mr. T. Critchley's bl. c. Dunstan, three-years old, 7 st. (Dodgson)	1
Mr. Sadler's Protector, three-years old, 7 st. (Goslin)	2
Mr. Faulconer's b. m. March First, five-years old, 9 st. 13 lb. (Goode)	3
Mr. E. Peele's b. c. Cuthbert, brother to Gilbert Gurney, by Muley, three-years old, 7 st. (G. Whitehouse)	4
Mr. V. Kingston's Appleton Lass, four-years old, 9 st. 4 lb. (Sly)	5

Betting: Even on Dunstan, and 2 to 1 agst. Cuthbert.

The Tally-ho Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., for horses not thorough-bred; gentlemen riders; two miles (twenty subscribers).

Mr. Bell's Fearnley, by Gainsborough, four-years old, 10 st. 9 lb. (Capt. Williams)	1
Lord Chesterfield's Prizeflower, by Priam, six-years old, 12 st. (Capt. Becher)	2
Mr. Robertson na. Cracksman, by Pickpocket, four-years old, 10 st. 12 lb. (Mr. Sirdfield)	3

Mr. Harris na. sister to Prizeflower, three-years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Mr. Simmons)	0
Mr. Hungerford na. br. f. by Scgrave, d. by Fireaway, four-years old, 10 st. 6 lb. (Mr. Wau)	0
Mr. Maley's Bellissima, by Bizarre, five-years old (3 lb. extra), 12 st. 4 lb. (Mr. Powell)	0
Mr. J. O. Fairlie na. Bolivar, aged (3 lb. extra), 12 st. (Mr. Kent)	0
Mr. Westbrook's Cerberus, by Defence, four-years old, 10 st. 12 lb. (Mr. W. Sadler)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Fearnley (taken), 3 to 1 agst. Cerberus, 6 to 1 agst. Bellissima, and 7 to 1 agst. Bolivar.

A Farmers' Cup, value 50 sovs., for horses not thorough-bred, but bred in the county; gentlemen and farmers riders; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. T. Westley's br. g. Thief Cox (late Blackfriars), aged, 11 st. 11 lb. (Barker)	1	1
Mr. J. Pettifer's b. m. Catchfly, four-years old, 11 st. (Lebird)	...	2
Mr. R. Cowley's br. f. La Belle, by Belzoni, dam by Tiresias, the Curate's dam, four-years old, 10 st. 7 lb. (Cowley, jun.)	...	3
Mr. W. Marriott's br. m. Lecway, aged, 11 st. 11 lb. (owner)	...	4
Mr. Burbidge's b. g. Monteaule, by Spring Gun, dam by Amadis, aged, 11 st. 11 lb. (Fisher)	...	0
Mr. J. Faucett's ch. g. Kenwigs, by Hazard, out of a half-bred mare, six-years old, 11 st. 9 lb. (Faucett, jun.)	...	0
Mr. S. Dickins's br. m. May-day, by Frederick, dam by Clinker, five-years old, 11 st. 1 lb. (Frisby)	...	0

A Hurdle Race Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 40 sovs. added; four-year-olds, 10 st. 10 lb.; five, 11 st. 4 lb.; six, 11 st. 12 lb.; and aged, 12 st.; mares and geldings allowed three pounds; winners once of any race or steeple-chase, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; and thrice, 7 lb. extra; thorough-bred horses 7 lb. in addition; two-miles; seven leaps.

Mr. Ferguson's g. h. Rust (thorough-bred), aged (Mr. Byrne)	...	1
Captain Lamb's Vivian, aged (Mr. A. McDonough)	...	2
Mr. Williams's Marc Antony, aged (Captain Barton)	...	3
Captain Caldwell's b. g. Protestant, aged (Mr. Wau)	...	0
Mr. S. Parker's d. m. Duenna, aged (Mr. Barker)	...	0

Betting: 6 and 7 to 4 on Duenna, and 3 to 1 agst. Rust.

HAMPTON SPRING MEETING.—TUESDAY, APRIL 7TH.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. for officers' horses, 11 st. each; winners once, 7 lb.; twice, 12 lb.; thrice, or more, 14 lb. extra; heats, once round and a distance (five subscribers).

Mr. Cauty's ch. g. Sir Felix (owner)	...	1	1
Mr. Birstard's Mystery (Mr. Beauchamp)	...	2	2
Mr. Alexander's Blueskin (Mr. Birstard)	...	3	3

Hurdle Race Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., for all horses; weights, &c. as above, and the winner to be sold for £80, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Beauchamp's ch. m. The Queen (owner)	...	1	0	2	1
Mr. Hope's b. g. Fidget (a lad)	...	2	2	1	2
Mr. Theobald's ch. g. Warwick (Mr. Curwen)	...	3	4	4	3
Lord Drumlanrig's The Poacher (owner)	...	4	0	3	0

A Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with a Silver Cup added, for horses of all denominations; three-year-olds, 9 st. 4 lb.; four, 10 st. 2 lb.; five, 11 st. 4 lb.; six and aged, 12 st.; heats, once round; the winner to be sold for £40, if demanded.

Mr. Gurney na. May the First (Mr. Boast)	...	1	1
Mr. T. Masson's Haldon (owner)	...	3	2
Mr. Cauty's Sir Felix (owner)	...	2	3
Mr. Reynard's Gipsy Queen, aged, (owner)	...	0	0
Mr. Chas. Doherty's ch. m. Curraghmore (owner)	...	0	0
Mr. Stutsbury's b. g. What-for, aged (owner)	...	0	0

A Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, and 40 added, for horses the property of Officers of the Household Brigade of Cavalry, and 11th Light Dragoons; 11 st. each, once round and a distance, was won by Capt. Wells's horse (Lord George Paget) beating Capt. Birstard's Mystery (W. Beauchamp), Capt. Alexander's b. m. (Mr. Birstard), and Capt. Doherty's Moustache (owner)

CROXTON PARK RACES.

Stewards: The Earl of Wilton, Lord Forester, and the Marquis of Granby.

WEDNESDAY, April 8th.—The Farmer's Plate of 50 sovs., and 10 to the second horse, given by the gentleman of the Belvoir and Quorndon Hunts, for horses not thorough-bred (the property of, and bred by, farmers, residing within the district of the country hunted by the Belvoir, Quorndon, or Cottesmore hounds), which have been regularly hunted with one of those packs, and which never started previous to the day (except for this Plate), paid or received forfeit. A winner not allowed to start; four-year-olds, 11 st. 10 lb.; five, 12 st. 3 lb.; six and aged, 12 st. 7 lb.; mares allowed 3 lb.; heats, two miles; to be ridden by farmers or their sons.

Mr. Horsepool's ch. g. Bearblock, by Rector, aged (Mr. Pilgrim)	...	2	1	1
Mr. Sampey's b. g. Jocelyn, by King of the Valley, aged (owner)	...	0	0	2
Mr. H. Pyatt's ch. g. Little Tommy, aged (Mr. Nichol)	...	0	0	0
Mr. Wilder's ch. m. Kate Kearney, five-years old (owner)	...	0	0	0
Mr. Stokes's ch. c. Whitefoot, by Advance, four-years old (owner)	...	1	2	dis.

Mr. Wright's ch. g. by Saracen, six-years old (owner)	0 0 dr.
Mr. Hilton's ch. m. Emma, by Rector, five-years old (Mr. Mackay)	0 0 dr.
Mr. Gibson's br. m. by Sir Gilbert, six-years old (Mr. Lunn)	0 dr.
Mr. Clarke's b. g. by Alonzo, six-years old (Mr. Spriggs)	0 dis.

Match, 200 sovs., h. ft.; once round; 8 st. 4 lb. each. Mr. Doncaster's bl. f. Gambolette, four-years old, agst. Mr. Lacey's b. f. Viola, four-years old—off.

This Match was drawn, in consequence of no gentlemen jocks being to be found, who could go to scale near the weights, and the rules of Croxton Park Meeting in no case allowing professional jockeys to ride.

The Scurry Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; for horses of all denominations (winners previous to starting excepted), 12 st. each. To start at the Turn of the Lands, a little less than the third of a mile (eight subscribers).

Mr. Willans's ch. g. Robin, by Master Richard, aged (owner)	0 1
Mr. Worth's b. g. Corinthian, six-years old (Capt. Williams)	0
Lord Chesterfield's gr. h. Cubhunter, aged (Lord Wilton)	0
Mr. Eddowes's Ikey Solomons, aged (owner)	0
Mr. Christian's m. by Rector, six-years old (Hon. J. A Villiers)	0
Mr. A. M'Donough's Lorenzo, five-years old (owner)	0
Lord Waterford's ch. m. Columbine, aged (owner)	dis.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Lorenzo. A slashing burst, ending in a dead heat between Robin and Columbine. In consequence, however, of Lord Waterford having dismounted without going to scale, &c., he was declared distanced, and Robin walked over for the Stakes.

The Granby Handicap of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared to the secretary, or Messrs. Weatherly, London, by the 20th February, with 50 added; for horses of all denominations (two-year-olds excepted); once round and a distance, about a mile and five-eighths. Three horses to start, or the 50 will not be given. The winner to subscribe to this Stake and the Billesdon Coplow for 1841, to pay 10 sovs. towards the Farmers' Handicap, and 5 towards the expenses of the course (thirty-three subscribers, eighteen of whom declared, &c.)

Mr. Jones's b. h. Bolivar (half-bred), by Dactyle, out of Blue Ruin, aged, 11 st. (Mr. Kent)	1
Mr. Fairlie's The Hydra, by Sir Hercules, five-years old, 11 st. 8 lb. (Capt. Pettat) 2	
Lord Waterford's Cardinal Puff, six-years old, 13 st. 8 lb. (owner)	0
Hon. S. Herbert's Arctic, aged, 12 st. (Mr. Osbaldeston)	0
Mr. H. S. Thompson's ch. g. Van Buren, six-years old, 11 st. 2 lb. (owner)	0
Sir D. Baird's b. g. The Morning Star, aged, 11 st. (owner)	0
Capt. Lamb's br. h. Gardham, six-years old, 11 st. (Mr. A. M'Donough)	0
Mr. Worthington's b. h. Northenden, five-years old, 11 st. (Lord Wilton)	0
Mr. Milward's b. g. by Brutandorf (half-bred), five-years old, 10 st. 10 lb. (Capt. White) 0	
Mr. Harrison's b. g. Tumbler, six-years old, 10 st. 8 lb. (Mr. Whitworth)	0
Lord Howth's ch. h. The Clock, six-years old, 10 st. 8 lb. (Mr. W. M'Donough) 0	
Mr. Bell's Fernely (half-bred), four-years old, 10 st. 8 lb. (Capt. Williams)	0
Mr. Arthur's b. c. The Poet, four-years old, 10 st. 4 lb. (Mr. Sirdiffield)	0
Mr. Willan's ch. g. Robin, aged, 10 st. (Mr. Tongue)	0
Mr. Westbrook's Cerberus, four-years old, 9 st. 11 lb. (Mr. W. Sadler)	0

Betting: 9 to 4 agst. The Hydra, 3 to 1 agst. Fernely, 5 to 1 agst. Arctic, 6 to 1 agst. Van Buren, 10 to 1 agst. Northenden; the winner not named. This populous field made a gallant show, and produced a fine struggle. The winner, who ran a waiting race, was admirably ridden by Mr. Kent, the best, or thereabouts, of the gentleman jocks over the flat. The pace was excellent, and the finish a pretty close one, The Hydra being only beaten by a length.

Match 50 sovs., h. ft.; half a mile. Capt. King's b. m. L'Amitié, 9 st. agst. Capt. Havenden's gr. m. Harriett, 9 st. 7 lb.—off.

THURSDAY, 9th.—The Farmers' Handicap of 50 sovs. and 5 to the second horse, given to be run for by the horses that start for the Farmers' Plate; once round; heats; to be ridden by gentlemen.

Mr. Hilton's ch. m. Emma, six-years old, 11 st. 8 lb. (owner)	1 1
Mr. Horsepool's ch. g. Bearblock, aged, 13 st. (Capt. White)	2 0
Mr. Sampey's b. f. Jocelyn, aged, 12 st. 5 lb. (Hon. J. Villiers)	0 0
Mr. H. Pyatt's ch. g. Little Tommy, aged, 11 st. 9 lb. (Mr. Parr)	0 0
Mr. Wilder's ch. m. Kate Kearney, five-years old, 11 st. 9 lb. (Capt. Decher)	0 0
Mr. Stokes's ch. c. Whitefoot, four-years old, 11 st. 9 lb. (Capt. Williams)	0 dis.
Mr. Wright's ch. g. by Saracen, six-years old, 12 st. (Mr. A. M'Donough)	0 dr.
Mr. Gibson's br. m. by Sir Gilbert, six-years old, 10 st. 5 lb. (Capt. Pettat) 0 dr.	

The second heat was won by Whitefoot, who ran across the Course, when half way up the distance, stopped the others (to their great risk), was consequently declared distanced, and the heat given to Emma.

Match, 50 sovs. h. ft.; two miles: 15 st. each.

Capt. King's ch. g. Archie (Capt. White)	1
Capt. Havenden's ch. g. Saltfish (Mr. A. M'Donough)	2

Won easily.

The Billesdon Coplow Stakes of 25 sovs. each, h. ft., for horses not thorough-bred; four-year-olds, 10 st. 9 lb.; five, 11 st. 7 lb.; six, 12 st.; and aged, 12 st. 2 lb.; mares allowed 3 lb.; a winner, previous to starting, of the Bosworth, to carry 5 lb.; of the Coplow, 7 lb.; of the Tally-ho, 7 lb. extra; if of two of the preceding Stakes, or any one of them twice, 14 lb. extra; two miles; gentlemen riders; the winner to subscribe to this Stake and the Granby Handicap in 1841, to pay 10 sovs. towards the Farmers' Handicap, and 5 towards the expenses of the Course (fifteen subs).

Mr. Bell's ch. h. Fernely, by Gainsborough, four-years old, 11 st. 2 lb. (Capt. Williams)	1
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Hon. S. Herbert's Arctic, aged, 12 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Osbaldeston)	2
Mr. Maley's Bellissima, five-years old, 12 st. 4 lb. (Mr. W. Sadler)	0
Mr. Jones's b. h. Bolivar, aged, 12 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Kent)	0
Col. Thompson's b. h. Hamlet, six-years old, 12 st. 2 lb. (owner)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Arctic, 2 to 1 agst. Fernely, 5 to 1 agst. Bellissima, 5 to 1 agst. Hamlet, and 5 to 1 agst. Bolivar. This was also a waiting race, won almost on the post, by a fine workman-like rush of the gallant jock's.

A Gold Cup, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared to the secretary, or to Messrs. Weatherby, London, by the 2th of February, for horses of all denominations (two-year-olds excepted). To start at the Scurry Post and go once round (nearly two miles). The winner of the Granby to carry 10 lb., and of the Coplow, 7 lb. extra (twenty-five subscribers), eight of whom declared.

Mr. Fairlie's ch. h. The Hydra, by Sir Hercules, five-years old, 11 st. 1 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	1
Mr. Dawson's b. c. Blue-pill, by Physician, four-years old, 10 st. 6 lb. (Capt. White)	2
Lord Waterford's Cardinal Puff, six years old, 13 st. 5 lb. (Turner)	0
Mr. Rush's b. g. Pickwick, six-years old, 11 st. 10 lb. (Mr. Kent)	0
Mr. H. S. Thompson's ch. g. Van Buren, by Velocipede, six-years old, 10 st. 12 lb. (owner)	0
Mr. Harrison's Tumbler, by Walthamstow, six years old, 10 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Whitworth)	0
Mr. Milward's b. g. by Brutandorf (half-bred), five-years old, 10 st. 1 lb. (Capt. Barton)	0

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. The Hydra, 3 to 1 agst. Blue Pill, 5 to 1 agst. Pickwick, 6 to 1 agst. Cardinal Puff, and 7 to 1 agst. Van Buren. This was a stragling affair for the greater portion of the distance, when Van Buren, Blue Pill, and the winner ran together for a short space, The Hydra shaking them off, however, with ease, and winning in a canter.

The Melton Plate of 50 sovs. given by the Inhabitants of Melton Mowbray, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; four-years-old, 10 st. 12 lb.; five, 11 st. 9 lb.; six, 12 st. 2 lb.; and aged, 12 st. 5 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; thorough-bred horses to carry 5 lb. extra; a winner previous to starting, to carry 5 lb. extra; if of the Bosworth, Tally-ho, Granby, or Coplow, 10 lb. extra; once round; three horses to start or no race; the second horse to receive back his Stake; the winner to pay 5 sovs. towards the Farmers' Handicap, and 2 towards the expenses of the Course, and also to subscribe to this Stake in 1841 (ten subscribers).

Lord Waterford's Red Wing, five-years old, 12 st. 5 lb. (owner)	1
Lord Chesterfield's Prizelower, six-years old, 12 st. 12 lb. (Lord Wilton)	2
Mr. Bell's bl. g. Humblekite, four years old, 11 st. (Capt. Williams)	3
Mr. Doncaster's bl. m. Singleweeper, four-years old, 10 st. 8 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	0
Sir D. Baird's b. g. The Morning Star, aged, 12 st. 2 lb. (owner)	0
Mr. Bestow's b. g. Speculation, by Percy, five-years old, 11 st. 6 lb. (Mr. Bosworth)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 on Prizelower. Won in a canter.

A Free Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added; once round.

Marquis of Waterford's Cardinal Puff, 13 st. (owner)	0
Marquis of Waterford's Red Wing, 10 st. 8 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	0
Mr. Rush's Pickwick, 12 st. (Mr. Kent)	0
Mr. Dawson's Blue Pill, 10 st. 12 lb. (Capt. White)	0
Mr. Thompson's Van Buren, 11 st. 6 lb. (owner)	0

Betting: 5 to 4 on Red Wing. Something out of the common this: a dead heat between two nominations of the same owner. Lord Waterford had declared, before starting, that "the best should win;" and a more honestly carried out resolution never was seen on the turf.

A Match of 100 sovs., h. ft.; four miles; 11 st. 7 lb. each.

Mr. A. M'Donough's Lorenzo	walked over.
Mr. Percy's ch. m. Sarah	paid.

BIBURY MEETING (OLD COURSE).—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1ST.

(Ages from the 1st January.)

Stewards: Lord Folkestone and Captain Howard.

The Bibury Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., for maiden horses, &c. not thorough-bred; six-year-olds, 11 st. 7 lb.; aged, 12 st.; gentlemen riders; two miles (seven subscribers).

Mr. Crowdy na. ch. h. Marmion, by Bob Gore, aged (Capt. Pettat)	1
Mr. De Winton's Nimrod, by Nimrod—a half-bred mare, six-years old (Mr. Brown)	2
Mr. Dutton's gr. g. Butterfly, by Emilius—a half-bred mare, aged (owner)	3

A good race: won by a length. The Sherbourne Stakes did not fill.

The Jim Crow Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., for hunters; thorough-bred, 13 st.; half-bred, 12 st.; one mile (four subscribers).

Mr. De Winton's b. g. Gilbert (owner)	1
Mr. Dutton's gr. g. Butterfly (owner)	2
Mr. Lovell's ch. g. Gamecock, by Fencer, out of a half-bred mare (owner)	3

Won easily.

Match, £50, h. ft.: Mr. Dutton's b. g. President (owner), beat Mr. Codrington's b. g. Jack Sheppard, 12 st. each.

The Hack Stakes of 5 sovs. each; thorough-bred, 11 st. 10 lb.; half-bred, 11 st.; the winner to be sold for 40 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the straight run in (seven subscribers).

Sir C. R. Cockerill's b. m. by Zinganez (Capt. Pettat)	1
Mr. Chas. W. Myers's b. h. Rory O'More (Mr. Oliver)	2
Mr. Parr's ch. g. Snipe (owner)	3
Lord Folkestone na. b. m. Fanny (Mr. E. King)	4
Mr. Brancker's b. m. Mary Anne (Mr. Brotherton)	5
Sir Geo. Armitage na. ch. g. Intruder (Mr. Beesley)	6
Mr. Smythies' ch. h. (Mr. Lovell)	7

A capital race; won by a head only.

A Hurdle Race Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 10 added, for horses not thoroughbred; weights as for the Bibury Stakes; three miles, with five leaps over hurdles four feet high (four subscribers).

Mr. Newcombe's Cannon Ball (Mr. Powell)	1
Mr. Brancker's b. m. Miss Fanny (Mr. Brotherton)	2
Mr. De Winton's br. g. Nimrod (Mr. Oliver)	3
Mr. Beesley's ch. g. Exterminator (owner)	4

A beautiful race; won by a length.

A Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs. each, 1 ft.; the winner of each race to enter; one mile (six subs.)

Sir C. R. Cockerill's b. m. by Zinganez, 12 st. (Capt. Pettat)	1
Mr. C. W. Myers na. br. g. Rory O'More, 10 st. 13 lb. (Mr. Powell)	2
Mr. De Winton's b. g. Gilbert, 11 st. (Mr. Brotherton)	3
Mr. Wortley na. ch. g. Oxonian (Mr. Oliver)	4

A good race; won by half a length.

HUNTINGDON SPRING RACES.—FRIDAY, APRIL 3RD.

Stewards: The Earl of Sandwich, and G. Thornhill, Jun., Esq.

A Hunters' Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for four, five, and six-year-olds, and aged; heats, two miles, with four leaps over hurdles (nine subscribers).

Sir F. Pollock. M. P. na. br. g. Brampton, jun., aged, 12 st. 7 lb.	1	1
The Earl of Sandwich's b. g. Ruby, six-years old, 12 st.	2	2
Mr. Edward Fellowes, M. P. na. br. m. Ellen, 12 st.	3	3
Sir R. H. H. Hussey, K. C. B., na. Amadis, 12 st.	dis.	dis.
Mr. P. C. Sherard na. c. m. The Hare, aged, 12 st.	dis.	dis.

This is the sixth time that Brampton, jun. has won this Stake.

The Farmers' Stakes of 2 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, being bona fide the property of farmers or farmers' sons, in the county of Huntingdon; three, four, five, six-year-olds, and aged; the best of three two-mile heats, with four leaps over hurdles (seven subscribers).

Mr. T. Warsop's br. g. Teddy the Tiler, 12 st.	1	1
Mr. George's br. g. Unique, four-years old, 10 st. 9 lb.	2	2
Mr. R. Martin's g. g. The Hermit, aged, 12 st.	3	3
Mr. Ashby's b. m. Miss Alexander, aged, 12 st.	5	5
Mr. E. Fellowes, M. P. na. b. g. Sweetbriar, four-years old, 10 st. 9 lb.	6	6
The Earl of Sandwich's b. g. Flyer, aged, 12 st.	4	dr.
Mr. W. Jenkins's br. m. Pretty Jane, 11 st. 6 lb.	7	dr.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each, with a Purse added by the town, for horses of all denominations; once round; to start at the distance post, with four leaps over hurdles; the last horse to pay the second horse's Stake.

Mr. Maule's ch. m. Lockjaw	1
Mr. Martin's gr. g. The Ghost	2
Mr. Wady's c. m. Juliet	dis.

BEDFORD SPRING MEETING.—THURSDAY, APRIL 9TH.

Stewards: the Duke of Bedford and Philip Booth, Esq.

The Oakley Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with £50 added; one mile and a quarter (six subs.).

Duke of Bedford's br. c. King of the Peak, by Taurus, three-years old, 7 st. (Sly)	1
Hon. F. Ongley's br. f. Sister to Prizeflower, three-years old, 7 st. (half-bred)	2
Mr. C. Higgin's ch. c. Bedford, by Shortwaist (Christabel) four-years old, 9 st. 4 lb.	3
Mr. P. Booth's ch. m. Appleton Lass, four-years old, 9 st. 4 lb.	4

Betting: 5 to 1 agst. King of the Peak. Won easy.

The Milton Stakes of 10 sovs. each, p. p., with a Silver Cup, value 50 guineas, given by Philip Booth, Esq.: Oakley Stakes Course (six subscribers).

Mr. T. A. Bainbridge's b. g. Bletsoe (half bred), aged (owner)	1
Mr. Jas. Henderson's b. g. Prince Albert	2
Mr. P. Booth's ch. g. Dabchick, aged	3
Hon. G. Ongley's b. g. Napoleon, aged	4

The Open Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft.; once round and a distance (four subscribers).

Mr. P. Booth's ch. g. Hahneman, five-years old ... walked over.

The Oakley Stakes of 10 sovs. each; heats; from the distance post, and once round (five subs.).

Hon. G. Ongley's b. f. by Gameboy, d. by Royal Oak, four-years old, 10 st. 10 lb.	1	1
(Mr. Simmons)	2	dr.
Mr. A. Bainbridge's b. m. The Hack, aged, 12 st.	2	dr.

The Warden Stakes of 5 sovs. each; once round (three subscribers).

Mr. P. Booth's ch. g. Hahneman, five-years old walked over.

The Farmers' Plate of 60 sovs., given by the Oakley Club; heats, from the distance-post, once round.

Mr. C. Higgins's ch. c. The Admiral, four-years old, 11 st. 7 lb. (Mr. G. Higgins)	4	4	1	1
Mr. J. Whitworth's ch. g. Mr. Brown, five-years old, 12 st.	3	1	2	2
Mr. W. Purser's br. g. Infidel, by Saracen, five-years old, 12 st.	0	2	3	3
Mr. H. Peacock's b. g. Billy the Beau, five-years old, 12 st.	0	3	dr.	
Mr. T. Price's br. m. Tickford Bess, four-years old, 11 st. 7 lb.	5	dr.		

A Hurdle Race of 5 sovs. each; once round and a distance.

Mr. Maule's br. g. Brampton, jun., aged, 12 st. (owner)	1
Mr. Ridge's br. g. White Stockings (late Independence), aged, 12 st.	2
Mr. T. A. Bainbridge's b. g. Bletsoe, aged, 12 st.	3
Mr. T. Westley's ch. g. Leopard, aged, 12 st.	0
Mr. G. Hurst's b. g. Brilliant, aged, 12 st.	0
Mr. G. Higgins's b. m. Lunatic, six-year olds, 11 st. 12 lb.	0
Hon. G. Ongley's b. g. Napoleon, aged, 12 st.	0
Hon. G. Ongley's b. m. Harriet, by Bellamite, five-years old, 12 st. 3 lb.	0

A Handicap Stake of 5 sovs. each, 2 ft., with 20 added, the last three-quarters of a mile, was won by Mr. Booth's Hahneman (Mr. Simmons) beating five others.

EPSOM SPRING MEETING.—THURSDAY, APRIL 9TH.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by Sir G. Heathcote, Bart., M. P.; three-year-olds, 7 st. 2 lb.; four-years, 8 st. 12 lb.; one mile (seven subscribers).

Capt. Gardnor's ch. m. Io, by Taurus, four-years old (S. Mann)	1
Mr. M. Stubb's ch. c. by Langar, dam by Confederate, three-years old	2
Sir G. Heathcote's Sophocles, by Laurel, three-years old	3

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. Forth's br. m. by Hokee Pokee, out of Echo, four-years old; Mr. Preston's Drogheda, four-years old; and Mr. Goodman's bl. h. Pluto, four-years old.

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Sophocles 3 to 1 agst. Io, and 6 to 1 agst. Pluto. Won in a canter; Sophocles, a Derby nag in some odour, cutting up miserably.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; three-year-olds, 6 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st 13 lb.; six-year-olds and aged, 9 st. 5 lb. The winner to be sold for £250, if demanded, &c.; mile heats (six subscribers).

Mr. Shelley's br. m. The Drama, by Emilius, four-years old (Wakefield)	1
Mr. Balchin's b. b. Munchausen, five-years old	0
Mr. Faulconer's b. m. March the First, five-years old	2

The following were not placed:—Capt. Gardnor's b. f. by the Colonel, out of Mary Ann, three-years-old; Sir G. Heathcote's c. h. f. by Velocipede, out of Tawney Owl's dam, three-years-old, and Mr. Turner's gr. g. Jim Crow, six-years-old.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

MONDAY, APRIL 20.—The Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 6 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five 8 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; A. F. (nine subscribers).

Mr. Boyce's Scroggins, by Tramp, aged (Connelly)	1
Duke of Grafton's Montreal by Langar, 4 yrs. (J. Day)	2
Mr. Bowes's Epirus, by Langar, 6 yrs. (Scott)	3
Mr. Osbaldeston's Auburn, by Zealot, 4 yrs. (Harrison)	0
Lord Exeter's Brother to Romania, by Sultan, 3 yrs. (Nunn)	0
Duke of Portland's c. by Glencoe, out of Ruth, 3 yrs. (J. Howlett)	0
Mr. Howe's ch. c. by Belshazzar—Jenny Sutton, 2 yrs. (W. Edwards)	0
Mr. Goddard's c. Columella, by Emilius, out of Ophelia, 3 yrs. (A lad)	0

Mr. Morgan's Quo Minus—paid.

Betting: 7 to 4 on Montreal, 3 to 1 agst. Epirus, and 6 to 1 agst. Scroggins.

A slashing race between the two first, won by a head: awful tailing among the young ones: the pace very good.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft. if declared by ten o'clock the night before the race, to go to the second horse; for three and four-year-olds; D.M. (ten subscribers).

Lord Orford's c. by Clearwell—Petulence, 3 yrs. 6 st. 7 lb. (R. Pettit)	1
Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Velvet, 4 yrs. 8 st. 4 lb. (Darling)	2
Mr. Key's Marialva, by Gambol, 3 yrs. 7 st. 4 lb. (Lyc)	3
Lord Miltown's Medea, by Drone, 4 yrs. 8 st. 3 lb. (Connelly)	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Capote, by Velocipede, 3 yrs 7 st. 10 lb. (Howlett)	0
Mr. Worrall's Reindeer, by Vanish, 3 yrs. 7 st. 10 lb. (Rogers)	0
Lord Albemarle's Exit, by Vanish, 3 yrs. 6 st. 7 lb. (Cotton)	0

Flambeau, 4 yrs. 9 st. 3 lb.; Domino, 4 yrs. 8 st. 13 lb.; and The Ant, 3 yrs. 7 st. 4 lb., paid 5 sovs. each.

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. Exit, 7 to 2 agst. Velvet colt, 4 to 1 agst. Capote, 5 to 1 agst. Medea, 5 to 1 agst. Marialva, and 6 to 1 agst. Reindeer.

A fine race, the winner making all the running, and finishing in front by a head only.

Match, 100; D.M.

Lord Albemarle's f. Olive Branch, by Plenipotentiary, out of Ally, 8 st. (Cotton) ... 1
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Ottoman, by Plenipotentiary, out of Whizgig, 8 st. 7 lb. (J. Day) ... 2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Ottoman. won very easy by two lengths.

The Twenty-sixth Riddlesworth Stakes, of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; Ab. M.; untried mares or stallions allowed 3 lb.; if both, 5 lb. (nine subscribers.)

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. The Ant, sister to Industry, by Priam, out of Arachne, 8 st. 4 lb. (Scott) ... 1
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Emetic, sister to Preserve, by Emilius, out of Mustard, 8 st. 4 lb. (Connelly) ... 2
 Lord Exeter's c. Raymond, by Mulatto, out of Agnes, 8 st. 4 lb. (Darling) ... 3
 Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glenorchy, by Glencoe, out of Cobweb, 8 st. 4 lb. (Robinson) 4

The betting commenced at 6 to 4 on Glenorchy, and when the ring had partially dispersed, was even, and 6 to 5 on the field, 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 agst. The Ant, and 7 to 2 agst. Emetic.

There was nothing in the race that had a chance with the winner, who took the lead at her pleasure, and went in first by a length: the pace was indifferent. Glenorchy, after taking his canter preparatory to the start, pulled up so lame that he might literally be said to have gone upon three legs.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb. D.M.; the produce of mares which, at the time of naming, have bred a winner of the 2000 gs. Stakes, Derby, Oaks, or St. Leger, to carry 7 lb. extra (eight subscribers).

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Theon, by Emilius, out of Maria (Lye) ... 1
 Lord Albemarle's b. c. Janus, by Jerry, out of Destiny (Cotton) ... 2
 General Grosvenor's ch. f. Diploma, by Plenipotentiary, out of Icaria (Robinson)... 3
 Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. Half-caste, by Mulatto (J. Day) ... 4
 Mr. Prince's gr. c. Merle, by Clearwell, out of Mischance (Wakefield) ... 5

Betting: 5 to 2 on Theon, 5 to 1 agst. Janus (tk.), and 5 to 1 agst. Diploma.

Won from end to end by Theon—at the finish by a length: a poor affair, at very moderate speed.

TUESDAY, 21st.—Sweepstakes, of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb., not engaged in either Riddlesworth; 3 lb. allowed to those by untried stallions, or out of untried mares; D.M. (three subscribers.)

Lord Albemarle's b. c. Cambyses, by Camel, out of Antiope (Cotton) ... 1
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. by Sultan, out of Datura (Darling) ... 2
 Mr. Osbaldeston's c. by The Saddler, dam (foaled in 1822) by Granby, out of Matilda's dam—both untried (Robinson) ... 3

Betting: 6 to 5 agst. The Saddler colt, and 2 to 1 agst. Cambyses.

A good race with the two first: won by a head.

Match, 200, h. ft.; Ab. M.

Mr. W. S. Stanley's Flambeau, by Taurus, 8 st. 3 lb. (Robinson) ... 1
 Mr. Thornhill's Merganser, by Merchant, 8 st. 7 lb. (Connelly) ... 2
 Even, and 6 to 5 on Flambeau. Won in a canter, by several lengths.

Seventh year of the Tuesday's Riddlesworth Stakes, of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; 3 lb. and 5 lb. allowed, as for the Riddlesworth; Ab. M. (four subscribers.)

Duke of Bedford's f. Billow, by Taurus, out of Leeway (horse untried), carried 8 st. 4 lb. (Robinson) ... 1
 Lord Exeter's f. by Reveller, out of Green Mantle, 8 st. 1 lb. (Darling) ... 2

Betting: 4 to 1 on Billow, who won by at least fifteen lengths!

Sweepstakes, of 300 sovs. each, h. ft.; A.F. (three subscribers.)

Mr. Thornhill's Euclid, by Emilius, 8 st. (Connelly) ... 1
 Lord Exeter's Bosphorus, by Reveller, 7 st. 7 lb. (Darling) ... 2
 Lord Jersey's Caesar, by Sultan, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson) ... 3

Betting: 6 and 7 to 4 on Euclid, 5 to 2 agst. Caesar (tk.), and 4 to 1 agst. Bosphorus.

Won easily by a short length. Caesar broke down at the new ground, having split the fetlock bone of his off fore leg.

The Coffee-room Stakes, of 50 sovs. each, for fillies; three-year-olds, 8 st. 4 lb. each, R.M., out of mares which never produced a winner of more than 300 sovs. at one time before the day of nomination; those by untried stallions allowed 3 lb.; this Stake is confined to members of the Coffee-room (five subscribers).

Lord Albemarle's b. f. Spangle, by Cæsus, out of Variella (h. untried), carried 8 st. 4 lb. (Cotton) ... 1
 Mr. Thornhill's Elphine, by Emilius, out of Variation (Connelly) ... 2
 Lord Exeter's f. Silistria, by Reveller, out of Varna (Darling) ... 3
 Mr. Batson's f. by Plenipotentiary, out of Acacia—h. untried, (Chapple) ... 4

Betting: Even on Acacia, 2 to 1 agst. Silistria (tk.), and 3 to 1 agst. Elphine.

A very fine race, from the first stride to the ropes, the lot running well together. The finish was a slashing one with the three first—won eventually by a short half length.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for foals of 1837, out of mares that never bred a winner of the 2000 guinea, Derby, or St. Leger Stakes; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; D. M.; (seven subscribers).

Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce (J. Day)	1
Lord Albermarle's c. The Orphan, by Actæon, out of Clansman's dam (Cotton)	2
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Amurath, by Sultan, out of Marinella (Darling)	3

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Amurath, 7 to 4 agst. Farce (taken), and 7 to 2 agst. the Orphan. The Farce colt cut out all the work, and won by a neck.

Match, 200, h. ft.; 3 st. 5 lb. each; D. M.

Lord Exeter's Stamboul, by Reveller	received.
Mr. Greville's Proteus, by Cetus	paid.

Match, 200, h. ft.; D. I.

Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick, 9 st.	received.
Lord Lichfield's Feather, by Actæon, 6 st. 12 lb.	paid.

WEDNESDAY, 22nd.—The High Ash Stakes, of 150 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; R. M. (five subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's Dreadnought, brother to Defender (J. Day)	1
Lord Exeter's c. Hellespont, by Reveller, out of Marinora (Darling)	0
Mr. Greville's c. Perseus, by Emilius, out of Victoire (Nat)	0

Betting: 6 to 5 agst. Perseus, and 7 to 4 agst. Dreadnought. Dreadnought made a waiting race for this for half the distance, running up at the fall of the hill, and winning, when called upon, cleverly, by a length.

The Column Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1836; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed, 3 lb., if both, 5 lb.; R. M. (thirty subscribers).

Lord Albermarle's c. Assassin, by Taurus, out of Sneaker—both untried (E. Edwards)	1
Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, out of Velvet (Darling)	2
Lord Orford's gr. c. by Clearwell, out of Angelica—h. untried (Robinson)	3
Lord Albermarle's c. Janus, by Jerry, out of Destiny (Cotton)	0
Mr. Batson's hr. f. Plenary, by Emilius, out of Harriet (Chapple)	0
Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Molineux, by Mulatto, out of Arcot Lass (Scott)	0
Duke of Portland's c. by Glencoe, out of Tragedy—h. untried (J. Day)	0

Betting: 5 to 4 on Angelica, and 5 to 2 agst. Assassin. The lot came away on good terms, and ran so to the fall, where the pace had already told on the favourite, and the cry was "the grey's beaten." To the bottom the Velvet colt was in front, closely waited on by Assassin, who, at the rise, collared and passed him. While these two were running a severe struggle up to the ropes, Robinson set to work at his horse, who answered gallantly, and ran alongside Lord Exeter's colt, by whom he was only defeated by a neck. Assassin won tolerably easy, by a length; but the pace afforded no line for the Derby.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., for three-year-olds; T. Y. C. (three subscribers).

Gen. Grosvenor's Diploma, by Plenipotentiary, 7 st. 11 lb. (Wakefield)	1
Mr. Thornhill's Menalippe, sister to Montezuma, 7 st. 10 lb. (Connelly)	2
Duke of Cleveland's c. by Langar, out of Emigrant's dam, 7 st. 11 lb. (Lye)	3

The Duke of Cleveland's colt the favourite. Diploma cut out the work, was never caught, and won very cleverly by a length.

Subscription Plate of £50, for three-year-olds, 7 st.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 2 lb.; T. Y. C.

Mr. Boyce's Scroggins, by Tramp, aged (Connelly)	1
Mr. Bowes's Epirus, by Langar, six-years old (Scott)	2
Lord Verulam's ch. c. Carlos, by Ishmael, out of Brocard, three-years old (Cotton)	3

Betting: even on Scroggins, and 5 to 4 agst. Epirus. A splendid race, at capital speed—won on the post by a head; the young one was beaten off.

Match, 50, h. ft.; T. Y. C.

Hon. G. S. Byng's Garryowen, by St. Patrick, 8 st. 2 lb. (Nat)	1
Mr. Ford's Ten Pound Note, by Augustus or Taurus, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson)	2

Betting: 5 and 6 to 4 on Garryowen, who won easy, by a length and a half.

Match, 500, h. ft.; 8 st. 7 lb. each; A. F.

Lord Lichfield's f. Firefly, by Lamplighter	received.
Mr. Thornhill's f. Lantern, by Lamplighter	paid.

Match, 200, h. ft.; 8 st. 7 lb. each; D. M.

Lord Exeter's f. Silistria, by Reveller	received.
Mr. Greville's Trojana, by Priam	paid.

THURSDAY, 23rd.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft., if declared by ten o'clock the night of entering; the forfeits to go to the second horse; A. F. (five subscribers).

Duke of Rutland's Flambeau, by Taurus, four-years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Robinson)	1
Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabel, by Merlin, or Merchant, aged, 9 st. (Connelly)	2
Gen. Grosvenor's Dædalus, by Buzzard, five-years old, 8 st. 3 lb. (Wakefield)	3
Mr. Thornhill's Merganser, by Merchant, four-years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Pettit)	4
Mr. Wilson's Quicksilver, six-years old, was handicapped at 6 st. 13 lb., but declared.	...	

Betting: 11 to 8 agst. Flambeau, 5 to 2 agst. Mendizabel, and 4 to 1 agst. Dædalus (taken). A fine race, won by a rush on the post, by half a length.

The Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for four-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; D. I. (four subscribers).

Mr. Thornhill's Euclid, by Emilius (Connelly) 1
 Lord Lichfield's The Corsair, by Sir Hercules (J. Day) 2

Betting: 10 to 6 on Euclid. The Corsair made running at a good pace; Euclid, however, caught him at the cords, and won cleverly by a length.

Match, 1000 sovs. each, h. ft.; R. M.; 8 st. 7 lb. each.

Lord Chesterfield's f. by Priam, out of Rowton's dam received 400 sovs.
 Mr. Thornhill's f. Empress, sister to Egeria paid.

FRIDAY, 24th.—Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., 8 st. 7 lb.; R. M. (three subscribers).

Col. Anson's Nicholas, by Jerry (Scott) 1
 Duke of Portland's c. by Beiram, d. by Reveler (J. Day) 2

Betting: 5 to 4 on the Duke's colt. The two came together, Nicholas waiting, to the bushes, where he came out, ran a severe race home, and won by a neck.

Subscription Plate of £50; three-year-olds, 6 st. 12 lb.; four, 8 st. 7 lb.; five, 9 st.; six and aged, 9 st. 5 lb.; D. M.; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs., &c.

Duke of Portland's c. by Glencoe, out of Ruth, three-years old (Howlett) 1
 Lord Exeter's Hellespont, by Reveler, three-years old (Nunn) 2
 Mr. Goddard's Reindeer, by Vanish, three-years old (Chapple) 3
 Duke of Bedford's f. by Augustus, out of Courtesan, three-years old (Cotton) 4

Betting: 6 to 4 on the Ruth colt, and 5 to 2 agst. Reindeer. Hellespont made the running to the cords, where Howlett brought out his horse, and won cleverly by a length.

The Berkley-square Stakes of 150 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 9 lb., and fillies 8 st. 5 lb.; R. M. (eleven subscribers).

Col. Anson's f. Black Bess, by Camel, out of Cloudesley's dam (Scott) 1
 Lord G. Bentinck's Grey Milton, brother to Grey Momus (J. Day) 2
 Duke of Bedford's f. Billow, by Taurus (Robinson) 3

Betting: even on Grey Milton, and 5 to 4 agst. Black Bess. The colt out out the work to the cords, where Black Bess went by him, and won cleverly by a length; Billow was beaten off.

Match, 50; T. Y. C.

Mr. Byng's Garryowen, by St. Patrick, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat) 1
 Mr. Goddard's Columella, by Emilius, 7 st. 12 lb. (Rogers) 2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Garryowen. Columella made running to the cords, where Garryowen collared and beat him by a length.

The Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for four-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; not named in the Claret; the owner of the second horse to save his stake.

Lord Albemarle's Domino, by Mameluke (Cotton) 1
 Duke of Grafton's Æther, by St. Patrick (J. Day) 2
 Lord Exeter's Bosphorus, by Reveler (Darling) 3

Betting: 7 to 4 on Æther, 3 to 1 agst. Domino, and 5 to 1 agst. Bosphorus (taken). Domino took the lead, was never headed, and won in a canter, by six lengths.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for fillies; D. M.

Duke of Grafton's Currency, by St. Patrick, 8 st. 7 lb. (J. Day) 1
 Lord Albemarle's Olive Branch, by Plenipotentiary, 3 st. 4 lb. (Cotton) 2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Currency, who took the lead, and won cleverly by half a length.

Match, 100, h. ft.; T. Y. C.

Lord Albemarle's Clove, by Cain, 8 st. (Cotton) 1
 General Grosvenor's Diploma, by Plenipotentiary, 8 st. 7 lb. (Wakefield) 2

Betting: 3 and 4 to 1 on Diploma.

Match, 200, h. ft., 8 st. 5 lb. each; D. M.

Mr. Greville's Perseus, by Emilius received.
 Lord Exeter's Raymond, by Mulatto paid.

The Tedworth Stakes, of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb., not in the Riddlesworth, and by untried stallions; if out of untried mares, allowed 3 lb.; D. M.; (four subscribers).

Mr. T. A. Smith's Glimpse, by Glencoe (mare untried) out of Emiliania ... walked over.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, D. M., reduced to a match.

Lord Exeter's Hellespont, by Reveler, 8 st. 4 lb. walked over.
 Lord Jersey's Glenorchy, by Glencoe, 8 st. 7 lb. paid.

Match, 200, h. ft., 8 st. 7 lb. each, R. M.

Lord Lichfield's Firefly, sister to Phosphorus received.
 Duke of Portland's f. by Plenipotentiary, out of Thebes paid.

CATTERICK BRIDGE MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, April 22nd.—Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; fillies, 8 st.

Mr. Bell's b. c. Thirk, by Voltaire (R. Heseltine) 1
 Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Muley Moloch (J. Cartwright) 2

Mr. Headlam's b. f. by Voltaire (W. Oates) 3
 Mr. Osborne's ch. c. The Emperor (J. Holmes) 4
 Betting: 2 to 1, and in running 10 to 1, on the Muley Moloch colt; 3 to 1 agst. Thyrsk.

Match for 300 sovs., h. ft., 8 st. each. Mile and a half.

Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Pathfinder, three-years old (G. Nelson) 1
 Mr. Meikiam's b. f. Remedy, three-years old (S. Templeman) 2
 Betting: even and 5 to 4 on Pathfinder.

Produce Stakes of 25 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st.; fillies, 8 st. 11 lb. New T. Y. C., three quarters of a mile.

Lord Eglinton's b. f. Chivalry, by Muley Moloch (J. Cartwright) 1
 Mr. Heseltine's b. f. Betty Baylock (Heseltine) 2
 Betting: 2 to 1 on Betty Baylock.

The Claret Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 15 added; for three-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; fillies, 7 st. 13 lb.; the winner to give £2: 2s. to the Judge. Two miles.

Mr. Jaques's b. c. Galen (J. Holmes) 1
 Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Caius (Cartwright) 2
 Mr. Gill's b. c. Resolution (W. Oates) 3
 Betting: 2 to 4 on Resolution.

THURSDAY, 23rd.—The Champagne Stakes of 20 sovs. each, with 15 added, for two-year-olds; colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; fillies, 8 st. The winner to give £2: 2s. to the Judge. Three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Wormald's ch. c. Millepede (R. Heseltine) 1
 Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Muley Moloch (J. Cartwright) 2
 Mr. Wilkin's br. c. Septimus (S. Templeman) 3
 The Hon. T. O. Powlett's b. f. Kedge (J. Holmes) 4
 Mr. J. O. Fairlie's b. f. Crockery (W. Oates) 5
 Betting: 6 and 7 to 4 on the Duke of Cleveland's colt.

The Gold Cup, or Specie, at the option of the winner, by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 3 st. 6 lb.; four, 8 st.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. Mares and geldings allowed 3 lb. Two miles.

Mr. Orde's b. m. Bee's-wing, aged (J. Cartwright) 1
 Mr. Fairlie's ch. h. The Hydra, five-years old (S. Templeman) 2
 Mr. Jaques's b. m. Interlude, three-years old (Geo. Francis) 3
 Mr. Smith's b. f. by Voltaire, three-years old (Geo. Noble) 4
 Mr. Osborne's Little Philip, three-years old (Wm. Apdale) 5
 Betting: 7 to 4 on Bee's-wing, and 4 to 1 agst. Hydra.

The Borough Handicap, of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared to the clerk of the course by the 1st of March. A mile and a-half.

Mr. Stephenson's br. c. Neptune, three-years old, 6 st. 9 lb. (G. Francis) 1
 Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Caius, three-years old, 7 st. (Geo. Noble) 2
 Mr. Wormald's b. g. Tiny, 7 st. 9 lb. (J. Cartwright) 3
 Mr. Wrather's gr. h. Hackfall, five-years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Wm. Oates) 4

The following having declared forfeit, pay 5 sovs. each.—Mr. Smith's br. f. Memento, by Voltaire, four-years old, 8 st., and Lord Eglinton's br. g. Shark, by Priam, three-years old, 6 st. 7 lb.

Betting: 5 and 6 to 4 on Hackfall, 5 to 2 agst. Dr. Caius, and 5 to 1 agst. Neptune.

A Hurdle Race, of 1 sov. each, p. p., with 10 sovs. given, for any horse, mare, or gelding; heats, once round, four leaps over 4 ft. hurdles; three-year-olds, 9 st.; four, 10 st. 7 lb.; five, 11 st.; six, 11 st. 6 lb.; aged, 11 st. 8 lb. The winner to give 2 sovs. to the second.

Mr. Cundell's b. h. Expectation, by Tarragon, aged, 5 lb. extra (Mr. R. Carter) 1
 Mr. Fryer's ch. g. by Clinker, dam by Fishmonger, five-years old—Mr. Swallow on the first heat, and Mr. J. Robinson the second heat 0 2
 Mr. Allison's gr. m. by Viscount, four-years old (Mr. John Moreland) 3 3
 Mr. Cookson's b. h. Redstart, by Bob Logic, dam by Sir H. Dimsdale, aged, 5 lb. extra (Mr. Wm. Hopwood) 4 4
 Mr. Smith's ch. m. Cheat, aged (Mr. Geo. Brown) 5 5
 Mr. Little's b. h. Starch, by Starch, six-years old, 5 lb. extra (Mr. Mitchell) 2 6
 Mr. Deighton's ch. g. Acomb, by Blucher, six-years old (Mr. H. Monkman) 0 dr.

THE SPORTING REVIEW.

JUNE, 1840.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PORTRAIT OF THE EDITOR, DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY H. B. HALL.
"FLY-FISHING AT HADDON HALL," BY RADCLYFFE, AFTER DAVID COX.
PLAN OF NEWMARKET HEATH, FROM ACTUAL SURVEY, MADE EXPRESSLY
FOR THIS WORK, BY G. TATTERSALL.

AND

VIGNETTE TITLE-PAGE, ENGRAVED BY J. W. COOK.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of the "American Turf Register" from its commencement, and a series of engravings of celebrated American horses, published with the New York "Spirit of the Times," for which he is much obliged to Mr. William T. Porter.

The Article on the Red Deer of Exmoor, was too late for the present Number; it shall certainly appear in our next. We are sensible of the writer's courtesy, and trust that we may continue to be honoured by a correspondence so propitiously begun.

"Sporting in the Australian Colonies" is not suited to our pages in its present shape: it is left for the Author at the office.

"Toho" is very good, and very considerate: we shall, at all times, be happy to hear from him in his own style: anything from him—more particularly local facts—will always be most acceptable.

Φιλππος is a capital fellow: let not our present want of room rob us of his promised offerings.

Who is "A Turfite?" an odd *fish*, we think: *verb. sap.*

"Gaffer" will find a few professional liberties taken with his article. On the 15th inst. a parcel will await his order at the Publisher's. Let his future treatment of the subject mingle local anecdote with its practical information. To combine "*utile dulci*" is an essential in periodical literature.

A mass of Correspondence lies over from want of room, as relates to a portion,—and from want of time to look into it, as relates to the remainder.

Proof Impressions of all the Plates that have appeared in this Work, are on sale at 2s. each; or, beautifully coloured, 2s. 6d.

Vols. I. II. and III. of THE SPORTING REVIEW, bound in fancy cloth boards, lettered, may now be had at all Booksellers, price 16s. 6d. each.

THE RACING STUDS OF ENGLAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART THE FIRST.—EARLY NOTICES OF NEWMARKET.

THOUGH it is my purpose to confine these papers to the present condition of the great nurseries of the British Turf, still, its metropolis, the source whence nearly all the *matériel* of racing has been derived, claims some brief retrospective allusion. It is true, little novelty can be offered in any reminiscences of Newmarket; nevertheless, it will be, as I believe, convenient to bring into one available notice much matter of interest, so diffused as to be out of the reach of the general reader. The constant and important reference to our national sports, which pervades the works of writers on the social history of this country, confers upon them, by implication, a lineage, imposing from its great antiquity. Now, by many degrees, the most influential of those sports are the Turf and the Chase; neither of which can date its true origin farther back than about a century and half. The chase of wild animals, by the dog, was, no doubt, known to the inhabitants of this island when they were savages, and "horse-coursing" was probably introduced at the time of the Roman invasion; if it were not practised even before that epoch. But fox-hunting, as pursued at this day, was in its infancy at the beginning of the eighteenth century; and racing, from the crude beginnings of Smithfield, Enfield Chase, and Hyde Park, through the indications of order exhibited in the reign of Charles I., had not assumed an organized system, or attained a code of rules, formed on a scale suited to bring horses together upon principles of reason and science, till the Restoration. To Charles II. we are indebted for the Turf as we now find it; and, with the merry monarch, we will pay our first visit to Newmarket.

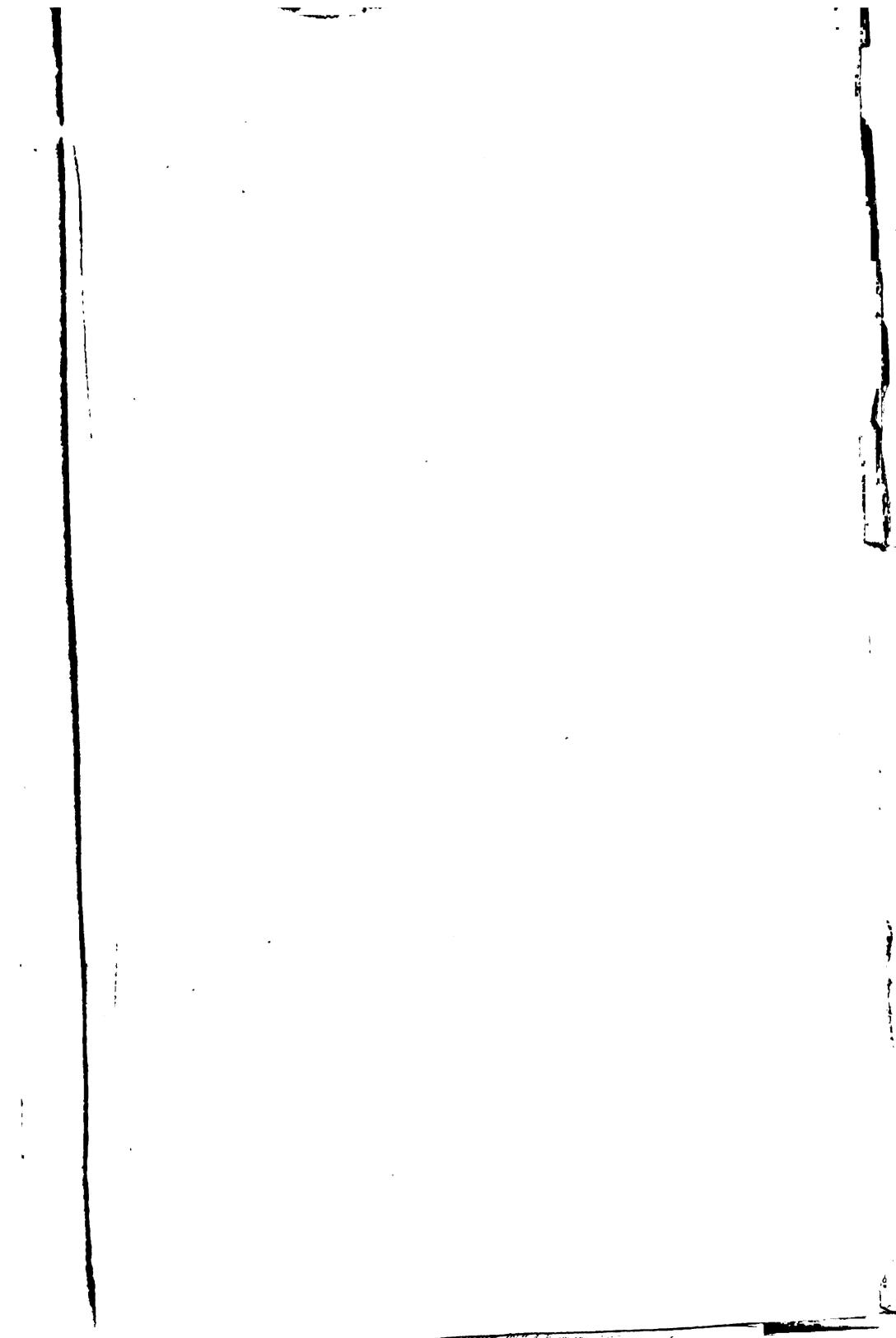
The palace, which occupies the centre of the present town, was built by James I., and around it grew into a village that which was a hamlet in the reign of Henry III. This royal residence became the abode of Charles II., and attached to it were the stables in which he kept his stud. No spot of England could have been found so naturally fitted for all the purposes of racing. The wide heath, with its velvet sod, on one side, for running; the swelling hills, on the other, for training; and the sheltered valley between, for breeding and rearing blood stock, combined to render it, in every way, complete and perfect. It was here, under the countenance, and at the suggestion, of Charles, that the foundation of the rules and regulations for the Turf, now acted upon, was laid. The Turf, indeed, owes its legitimate origin to this monarch; for, although James I. encouraged the sport of racing, and turned himself to the subject of breeding, in which latter pursuit his example was followed by Cromwell, still, to Charles II. we owe the first thorough-bred horse of which we possess any authentic records. Here, I assume that the term "thorough bred" applies only, as it is conventionally understood, to horses of a pure Oriental descent. That such is the

case, or that it ought to be so, I by no means contend. If it were imperative, half the pedigrees in the "Stud Book" would shew the bar sinister. A line traced, unbroken, having an Eastern stallion for its root on the part of sire and dam, up to the commencement of the last century, is as high a standard of legitimacy as need be required.

To return to the village of Newmarket, now putting forth the buds of promise that ever spring from the sunshine of Courtly favour, we find, towards the close of the reign of Charles II., that it possessed a considerable supply of Oriental blood. The D'Arcy family were large importers of Eastern mares; and their celebrated White and Yellow Turks also appeared at this time. Added to the Royal mares and stallions introduced by Sir John Fenwick and Sir Christopher Wyvill, Masters of the Horse to Charles, a goodly stock was thus provided, its early fruits being the celebrated Dodsworth—generally regarded as the first thorough-bred horse foaled in England—Hautboy, Why-not, Brimmer, and others. The taste for breeding had already spread fast; and in Yorkshire, particularly, efforts were made, about this time, to improve the indigenous race. Sir William Ramsden was conspicuous among those who turned their attention to this national care, in that quarter; and to him we owe Basto, the best and finest of all the early racers: he first appeared at Newmarket in 1707. A quarter of a century before, however, several private individuals were importers of foreign sires, as the names of many sufficiently prove; *viz.*, the Helmsly Turk, the Taffolet Barb, the Lister Turk, &c.

With the commencement of the eighteenth century, we come to the true era of British racing, and some of the most distinguished horses in the annals of our Turf. It is not my purpose to deal with their performances in this place. A few early notices of Newmarket, as a preface to its present state, is the extent of my design; and some of these I have copied from a series of memoranda attached to a plan of the heath, published in 1787, by a person of the name of Bodger.

"About the year 1721, Devonshire Childers ran a trial against Almanza and Brown Betty; carried 9st. 2lb., R. C., in 6 min. 48 sec.; B. C., in 7 min. 30 sec.; leaped ten yards, on level ground, with his rider; and, it is supposed, covered, at every bound, a space of twenty-five feet, which is at the rate of more than forty-nine feet in a second. On 29th August, 1750, the Earl of March, and others, ran a match of nineteen miles within the hour, for 1,000 gs., with a carriage and four horses, which was performed in 53 min. 27 sec.; each horse had a rider on him, and a person in the carriage. In April, 1754, Mr. Corker's bay mare went 300 miles, in 2 days 16 hrs. 20 min.; three days were allowed. In May, 1755, a cart was drawn 250 miles, in 23 hrs. 5 min.; the driver weighed eighteen stone, and was allowed four horses to do it with; £200 to £50 against the performance. April and May, 1758, Miss Pond rode one horse 1,000 miles, in 1,000 successive hours, for a wager of 200 gs. In a few weeks afterwards, Mr. Pond rode the same horse 1,000 miles, in two-thirds of the time. On 27th June, 1759, Jennison Shafto, Esq., went, with seven horses, fifty miles, in 1 hr. 49 min. 17 sec. On 14th May, 1761, Mr. John Woodcock started, to ride 100 miles a day (on any one horse each day), for twenty-nine successive days, for 2,000 gs. (a match made between Mr. Shafto and Mr. Meynell), which he performed in 28 days 5 hrs. On



30th May, 1761, Thos. Dale rode an ass 100 miles, in 22 hrs. 30 min. On the 4th December, 1786, Mr. Hull's Quibbler carried a feather twenty-three miles in 57 min. 10 sec."

The most gratifying feature in the above, is its total silence upon the infamous match, said to have been run in 1712, by the celebrated Tregonvil Frampton, to which I refer, merely to express my indignant discredit of the story. In later days, Newmarket Heath has not been the scene of many sporting matches, save those actually connected with the Turf. My space will only permit a brief allusion to one, the most recent; and that for the purpose of examining the truth of the conventional cry—the degeneracy of modern men, and modern horses. Somewhat less than a century since, Mr. Shafto, as was seen, did fifty miles, in 43 sec. less than 1 hr. 50 min. The best equestrian performance of the present century, was Mr. Osbaldeston's match of 200 miles, over the R. C., which were accomplished in 8 hrs. 40 min. Taking these to be the crack things of their respective eras, the reader will decide how far equestrianism has degenerated. Should he find a difficulty in arriving at a conclusion, he shall be supplied with still more positive data in the next number, wherein I design to lay before him NEWMARKET AS IT IS.

NEWMARKET FIRST AND SECOND SPRING MEETINGS.

"Ex nihilo nihil fit."

My experience of these spring anniversaries, which has been tolerably extensive, affords no remembrance of any so utterly "flat and unprofitable" as the meetings to which this notice applies. In point of attendance, and general *eclat*, the first of them was even brilliant; but of matter arising from the week's running, it had no solitary item bearing upon the great events of the season. As to the second, I claim licence to be silent touching its demerits, on the strength of the old adage "de moribundis nil—nisi bonum:" and I regard it as unequivocally on "its last legs." In this brief summary of the racing to which they gave existence, my only hope of carrying the reader with me, rests upon the little extrinsic interest that I can bring to bear upon a truly barren subject. . . . The First Spring Meeting could hardly be said to have begun in earnest till the 5th ult., so many of the leading men being absent to witness the Cup Race at Chester, on the 4th. The muster to see the 2,000 Guineas Stakes ran for, and His Royal Highness Prince Albert at the same time, filled the town, on Tuesday, to a bumper. The Prince did not come, and the Stakes turned out a foregone conclusion. Crucifix, with a fraction less than 6 to 4 on her, won in a canter; making a sorry shew of the two Derby favourites. Since the Craven Meeting, Angelica had run a trial of great promise, and I never saw more confidence than both trainer and jockey manifested. His speed, I know, they had ascertained to be first-

rate: either, then, all his victors were flyers, or he is a bad-hearted horse; there is little difficulty in deciding between those alternatives. Confederate ran stoutly and honestly; it was a very creditable *debut*, and proved that he was not without claims to the character of a racer: I hold him to be the best of the twenty-five to one of the Derby outsiders. The *race* for the 1,000 Guineas Stakes was a burlesque on the word. Crucifix could have carried one of her opponents, and beaten the other. The Newmarket Stakes were won by Scutari cleverly; Angelica running third in a very indifferent form. This was his third time of running, having, in each *race*, carried a fresh jockey, in all cases with the same result; the opinion I gave of him in the Craven has, so far, been tolerably corroborated. He is matched for £500 over the flat in the Houghton against Assassin, 8 st. 7 lb. each, and, if he will give his running, it will be in an affair of that description.

The Second Spring is described in a dozen lines. The weather was cold and wretched; the sport—racing in atrophy. The Rowley Mile Plate was won by a Derby nag; but, as the lot he beat was not quite a Derby field, the victory was worth the fifty run for, and little more. The Fifty Pound Handicap Plate brought out Teleta, a winner with 6 st. 10 lb. on her, but the field, at the weights, was far from a formidable one, as the Turf Register will shew. The Suffolk Stakes, won by the King of the Peak, carrying 6 st. 7 lb., was a performance of a similar character, and beyond these there was nothing that requires notice. Thus closed the Spring racing at Newmarket, having placed a few Derby favourites *hors de combat*, but without throwing the faintest gleam upon the probable result of that engrossing event. It has been an extraordinary good race for the general bettor; that it will be a brilliant one, as a Turf exhibition, I greatly doubt. Nothing that we have seen, likely to come out in it, is above mediocrity. Launcelot and the Melody colt may be flyers; we must take that upon assertion. The Oaks, whatever the event, is certain to be a dull affair. Traffic upon it is utterly stagnant; and little interest will be excited by a contest regarded as over before a blow is struck. But what of all this? Of the myriads who throng to Epsom, how many per cent. ever see a horse or jockey,—or care whether such things be? Pigeon pies, lobster salads, iced champagne, and a pleasant party,—these, and these alone, form the true cockney conception of a Derby day.

TATTERSALL'S LIST.
BETTINGS FOR MAY.

MONDAY, May 11.

DERBY.

Launcelot	7 to	2 agst.	—
Assassin	8 to	1	—
Melody colt	9 to	1	(tk.)
Theon	10 to	1	—
Pathfinder	17 to	1	—
Lucetta colt	17 to	1	—
Muley Ishmael	18 to	1	—
Monops	20 to	1	—
Black Bess	22 to	1	—
Confederate	30 to	1	—
Gambia	30 to	1	—
Cormorant	40 to	1	(tk.)
Scutari (Velvet colt) ...	50 to	1	(tk.)
Drayton	50 to	1	—
Wardan	100 to	1	—
The Ruler	1000 to	10	(tk.)
Scott's lot	5 to	2	(tk.)
Sir G. Heathcote's lot ...	40 to	1	(tk.)
Mr. Osbaldeston's lot ...	50 to	1	(tk.)
Assassin and Theon	400 to	100	(tk.)
Assassin and Theon, each, (also to £50)	900 to	100	(tk.)
Melody winning the Derby, and Crucifix the Oaks and St. Leger ...	4000 to	100	(tk.)

Launcelot winning the Derby, and Crucifix the Oaks	400 to	50 agst.	(tk.)
Between Gambia and Black Bess	500 even.		
Melody agst. Theon ...	{ 500 even on — 300 to 250 — —		
Theon winning the Derby, and Crucifix the Oaks, and Black Bess winning the Derby, and Crucifix and Black Bess the Oaks...	15 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
Col. Anson winning Derby, Oaks, & St. Leger...	1000 to	10	(tk.)
The Field agst. Launcelot, Theon, Monops, Pathfinder, Muley Ishmael, Black Bess, Torres, Vedras, Cormorant, Maroon, St. Andrew, and Bokhara	500 to	400 on	—

OAKS.

Crucifix	2 to	1 on
Black Bess	5 to	1 agst.
Lallah Rookh	10 to	1 —

THURSDAY, May 14.

DERBY.

Launcelot	7 to	2 agst.	—
Assassin	8 to	1	—
Melody colt	6 to	1	—
Theon	9 to	1	(tk.)
Pathfinder	18 to	1	—
Lucetta colt	20 to	1	—
Muley Ishmael	18 to	1	—
Monops	20 to	1	(tk.)
Black Bess	30 to	1	—
Confederate	28 to	1	—
Gambia	40 to	1	—
Cormorant	40 to	1	(tk.)
Bokhara	50 to	1	(tk.)
Little Wonder	50 to	1	—
Gift colt	1000 to	10	(tk.)
Scott's lot	5 to	2	(tk.)
Lord Exeter's lot	13 to	1	(tk.)

Melody and Assassin...	{ 80 to 100 each, one bet.
Launcelot agst. Melody and Theon	500 even.
Lucetta agst. Bokhara...	500 to 200 on L.
Launcelot agst. Melody...	300 to 200 — L.
Pathfinder agst. Monops	600 to 500 — P.
Muley Ishmael agst. Monops	500 to 400 — M. I.
Launcelot for Derby, and Crucifix for Oaks and St. Leger	33 to 1 agst. (tk.)
Launcelot, Black Bess, and Crucifix, for the same events	30 to 1 — (tk.)
Assassin and Crucifix for the three events	40 to 1 — (tk.)
Theon and Crucifix for the same events	40 to 1 — (tk.)

MONDAY, May 18.

DERBY.

Scott's lot	4 to	1 agst.	(tk.)
Melody colt	3 to	1	—
Launcelot	5 to	1	—
Theon	13 to	2	—
Assassin	8 to	1	(tk.)
Pathfinder	17 to	1	—
Monops	25 to	1	—
Confederate	28 to	1	—
Cormorant	33 to	1	—
Scutari	33 to	1	—
Colt out of Fairy Queen's dam	40 to	1	(tk.)
Bokhara	40 to	1	(tk.)
Amurath	50 to	1	—

Lucetta colt	1000 to	15 agst.	—
Angelica colt	1000 to	15	—
Muley Ishmael	1000 to	10	—
The Ruler	1000 to	10	(tk.)
Wardan	1000 to	10	(tk.)
Fitzroy	2000 to	10	(tk.)
Theon agst. Launcelot ...	500 even.		
Melody and Crucifix winning Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger	2000 to	100	(tk.)
Monops and Crucifix winning the same events...	1000 to	15	(tk.)

OAKS.

Crucifix	7 to	4 on	(tk.)
Black Bess	13 to	2 agst.	(tk.)

THURSDAY, May 21.

DERBY.		
Scott's lot	9 to	2 agst. (tk. to 200)
Melody colt	5 to	2 agst. —
Launcelot	6 to	1 —
Theon	6 to	1 — (tk.)
Assassin	8 to	1 — (tk.)
Pathfinder	18 to	1 —
Confederate	25 to	1 —
Cormorant	35 to	1 — (tk.)
Colt out of Fairy Queen's dam	33 to	1 — (tk.)

Bokhara	20 to	1 agst. —
Prince Albert	40 to	1 —
Colt out of Primrose's dam	3000 to	15 — (tk.)
Theon agst. Launcelot	1000	even.
Bokhara and Lucetta colt	1000 to	800 on B.
Melody agst. Theon and Assassin	500	even.

OAKS.

Black Bess	5 to	1 agst. (tk.)
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MONDAY, May 25.

DERBY.		
Scott's lot	4 to	1 agst. (tk.)
Melody colt	3 to	1 —
Launcelot	9 to	2 —
Theon	6 to	1 — (tk.)
Assassin	8 to	1 —
Pathfinder	17 to	1 —
Confederate	25 to	1 —
Bokhara	25 to	1 —
Scutari (the Velvet colt)	25 to	1 —
Prince Albert	30 to	1 —
Cormorant	33 to	1 — (tk.)
Muley Ishmael	33 to	1 — (tk.)
Drayton	40 to	1 — (tk.)

Colt out of Fairy Queen's dam	50 to	1 agst. —
Gift colt	1000 to	10 — (tk.)
Scutari agst. Muley Ishmael	1000 to	500 on (tk.)
Prince Albert agst. Muley Ishmael	800 to	400 — (tk.)
Pathfinder agst. Cormorant	1000 to	500 — (tk.)
Mr. Osbaldiston's lot and Solace colt	1000 to	30 agst. (tk.)

OAKS.

No betting.

THURSDAY, May 28.

DERBY.		
Melody colt	7 to	2 agst. (tk.)
Launcelot	7 to	2 — (tk.)
Theon	8 to	1 — (tk.)
Assassin	10 to	1 —
Pathfinder	16 to	1 —
Scutari	20 to	1 —
Confederate	25 to	1 —
Bokhara	30 to	1 —
Prince Albert	40 to	1 —
Muley Ishmael	40 to	1 —
Monops	40 to	1 —
Amurath	40 to	1 —
Black Bess	40 to	1 —
Gambia	40 to	1 —
Drayton	40 to	1 —
Lucetta colt	40 to	1 —
The Ruler	40 to	1 —
St. Andrew	40 to	1 —
Langar colt	40 to	1 —
Greysteel	40 to	1 —

Benjamin	40 to	1 agst. —
Little Wonder	40 to	1 —
Cobham's dam	40 to	1 —
Cormorant	50 to	1 — (tk.)
Gift colt	3000 to	30 — (tk.)
Fitzroy	1000 to	10 —
Angelica colt	1000 to	10 —
Sir G. Heathcote's lot	1000 to	10 —
Mr. Osbaldiston's lot	1000 to	15 —
Bokhara agst. Muley Ishmael	1500 to	1000 on —
Launcelot and Black Bess winning Derby and Oaks	1000 to	50 agst. (tk.)
Launcelot and Muley Ishmael	300 to	100 — (tk.)
The Field agst. Melody colt, Theon, and Assassin	11 to	10 on (tk.)

OAKS.

Black Bess	1400 to	200 agst. (tk.)
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☞ Thus closed the betting at Tattersall's for the month, at half-past six p. m., on the 28th, at which hour we left the room, which still contained a few loiterers. The only point that calls for notice, beyond the quotation of the odds, is, that although the Melody colt and Launcelot are quoted at even, the latter had decidedly the call, and had all the weight of money on his side. The Derby betting was by no means animated; and the Oaks, all but a dead letter.

STEEPLE-CHASING IN IRELAND :

A SKETCH.

BY SHAMROCK.

(Continued from page 365.)

UP to the year 1810, steeple-chases were few, and far between, and appear to have been entirely confined to the southern counties of Galway, Cork, Tipperary, and Waterford: with regard to the north, until the steeple-chase for the Belfast Cup, in 1833, which Ferguson won, with old Barkiston beating Bobadilla and a large field, and won the stakes the next day, with Bobadilla beating Barkiston, and all others, in a canter, I do not recollect anything in the public line there; the north is much behind the south in sporting affairs. In the year 1811, Waterford opened with two steeple-chases, and Tipperary followed: Limerick brought her boundaries (and a woful bound a nag must take to leap them) into play; and Galway had two regular meetings. In 1818, Lord Clanricarde (in my mind, the best and most desperate man in Europe over a stone-wall country) brought Eyre Court into notice; George Smith (who won, with Shamrock, the other day) made the Queen's County and Ormond ring with his praises; the Mr. Quins, of Loloher Castle, enacted prominent parts o'er the *ensanguined* plains of Tipperary; Mr. Pyne (may the sod rest light upon him!), Mr. Montgomery, *cum multis aliis*, astonished the Cork-agians; Mr. Croker, *nommé* Friz, shewed them the "*tems de jour*," in Limerick. Oxalic acid was discovered, and the poisoned mahogany boot-top found its antidote in its bane. A good receipt for top-boots, and a work upon cleaning leather breeches, superseded "Chesterfield's Letters on Politeness," and was added to the family library; and the buds of the spring steeple-chases jutted healthfully into the sporting world; they blossomed quickly; and, now, *by their fruits shall ye know them*.

The first heavy grievance, in the present age of steeple-chasing, lies in the addition of heats;—writing about *heats* puts me in such a rage that I can scarcely hold my pen: the practice is of late growth, and has been brought upon the sod since Martin's Act; if it had existed before that period, I am sure that excellent legislator would have shewn his execration of such a proceeding. Of all animals in the world, the fondest friend—the greatest source of joy—the most thankful agent, is the horse. He bears the sportsman to the chase, the husband to his home, the lover to his mistress. Every other animal, in going across a country, finds it enough to do to carry himself; and yet this noble animal at all times commands, and very often overpowers them in pace and distance, carrying upon his back, independent of the trappings of art, which must, more or less, cripple the actions of nature, a solid mass of flesh, varying from eleven to fifteen stone. The buckhound, old writers state to be the longest goer; but we know that, for duration and pace, the foxhound ranks much higher;

and of the numerous instances of his pluck, I need not make any remark ; but what is his pluck in comparison with that of the horse ? The foxhound obeys, in all things, the dictates of nature ; he goes his own pace at his fences, and chooses his method of taking them. The horse cannot claim the independence of a single stride ; he is curbed in verity. How often, as with bright eye, and head erect, he is going at a fence, does Prudence, *seated in the seat*, cry " Hold, enough ! " How seldom do we find horse and man of one mind. In how many instances have I seen " God's great creation " spurring, curbing, and abusing a poor animal, and proving himself far the greater brute of the two. Then, why should not all men of merciful minds join to stop the further practice of cruelty in this already savage sport of steeple-chasing ? Would the Duke of Wellington have charged at Waterloo with the wounded heroes of the day ; and, if he did, could he have succeeded ? And we all know that the pluck of man excels all created beings (his knowledge of danger, and venturing upon it, being the proof) ; and yet, how many horses, labouring under severe cuts from a first heat, and dead lame, are brought out to run a second, ay, and a third ; while, when coming up to the post, I have seen the spurs stuck into their already lacerated sides, to make them even *trot up* ! I recollect a race, about six years ago, in which five horses started to run two-mile heats, Irish measure ; and the first heat was a fast and desperate one, between three of them, one dropping the heat. The second was a good heat, and won by a different horse ; the same horse last, and just inside the distance. The third heat, the distance-saver won ; they came out for a fourth, and two of them were dead lame ; and I was asked to look at a third. I found him in positive fever, although heavily clad, and placed in some sort of shelter, behind a bank. I recommended a strong cordial, and his being immediately taken home. His owner said he had had two strong cordials already, and that out he should go. The worst horse (so far as brilliant powers constitute the difference between good and bad), who had been hardly able to save his distance, won the race. Of the other three, one (a beautiful grey stallion) was lamed for life ; the fevered horse died the day after, of inflammation of the lungs, and fever ; I bought the third, and he was never worth sixpence. Even with the greatest care, he became nearly hide-bound ; and it was only a twelve-month's run, on a particularly good soil, that enabled me to try him again ; but the moment he got hard food, he began again to decline, and was, ultimately, sold for fifteen pounds. I regret to be obliged to add, that I have been steward of several steeple-chases, when heats were always introduced ; and my quietus (for I always thought it a cruelty) was, that, if there were no heats, we should have none of the paying spectators, who are quite necessary to help the sporting persons through the heavy expenses attendant upon steeple-chasing. Upon the last occasion in which I acted as a steward, I refused to join, unless there was only to be " one fly " for the different plates ; and, after some remonstrances, I carried my point ; and what was the consequence ? The meeting was just as fully attended as ever ; and as I went from carriage to carriage, I so completely enlisted their fair occupants in favour of my design, by stating to them the cruelty inflicted upon the noble animal, that they declared they would never appear upon a

course where heats were allowed. When once the ladies join, you are sure of success ; at least, in Ireland, where, if

“ All the dear creatures were ducks in the water,
Oh ! 'tis lots of the youts dey ud be swimmin after.”

and I, who know their value, may add,

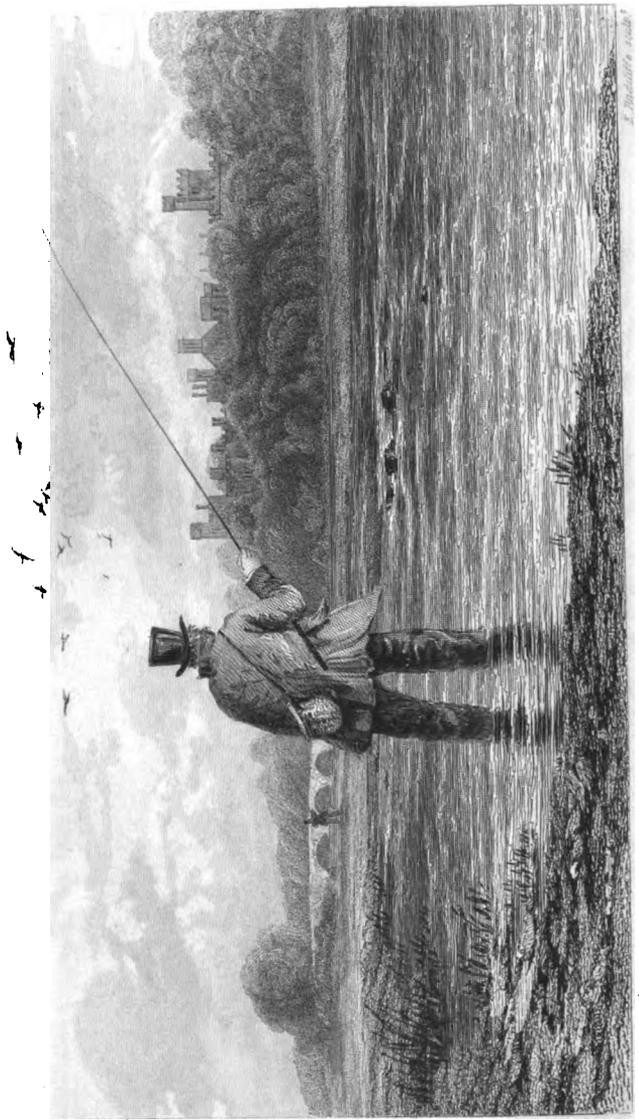
“ C'est toi qui me cherchant au sein de l'infortune,
Relevas mon sort abattu,
Et sus me rendre chère une vie importune.”

Suppose, however, no extreme case, such as I have stated ; and let us go on to see what even the un hurt horse suffers. In the first place, the horses are always upon the ground an hour before the start ; and as such as are supposed to be fit to run for a steeple-chase, are kept in warm stables, and carefully groomed, they come with their clothes on, and are led, perhaps, some three or four miles to the ground. Now the ground, in almost all parts of Ireland, is chosen where there are but very few cabins, and always no stables ; and I take it, in this climate, to be seven to two against a fine day. The horse is led about, and, a start being called for, is saddled ; but some knowing shaver, who, perhaps, has become a forty-shilling freeholder of a cabin, finding it moist, determines to give his saddled friends the “ *benefit of the drop ;*” and, accordingly, he will be ready in a moment ; all he wants is a martingale ; his boy will be over in a minute with it ; or his horse wants one nail in a shoe, every drop of rain falling upon your already shivering nag, being a nail in his coffin ; your jock becomes indignant, and rides up *a-la-mode Irlandaise*, to call the gentleman out who, upon this particular occasion only, refuses to appear ; your jock threatens to pitch your nag to the devil, and you are obliged to catch the first stray steward, and make it personal with him ; the steward gallops up to the *householder*, and states that he will start without him ; the householder appears, with one boot on, and says he has only to pull on the other, and demands whether the steward would wish to see him ride the race *in cuerpo*. In the meantime your jock states that he is obliged to ride for a dear friend at the distance of fifty miles, the next day, and that he must be off : you state to the steward, that if he does not bring the gentleman to the post, you must bring *him* there ; and, at last, out comes the fortunate *homo* from his cabin, and gallops down with the steward. Arrived there, some jock, who has run sulky, and departed homewards, has to be recalled ; and after another weltering half-hour, during which your nag suffers doubly from the reaction of the cold, after the supposed start, the lot get off together, and your shivering jock and trembling horse are required to get steam up, the one to ride and the other to leap a five-foot wall, at about 500 yards' distance from the start, such a rib-bender being, in general, the first fence, in order to shew the ladies the jock's intrepidity, and—a fall.

Now, this may be deemed over-rated ; but I assure you, I take it from a positive fact,—Mr. Callaghan rode a horse for me in 1838, at Milltown Malbay ; he was one hour on the saddle, in company with others, during the severest rain I ever witnessed, while a gentleman householder could not be gotten out : the horse I rode myself was not

dried in three hours, and my servant's horse got a severe fever, and was very near dying. The sheets that had been upon the mare which Mr. O'C. rode for me, were not dry upon the third day; and the reins were so slippery, that, in leaping a fence, about a mile from home, they went from Mr. O'C., and a slight bungle brought down the mare. The first fence to be leaped was not a hundred yards from the starting-post, and was exactly of the nature which I described; and Mr. C. told me that he never got a pull at the mare from the beginning to the end. This could all have been avoided, if there had been only one race for it; but the heats compelled the stewards to start them in the rain: indeed, as it was, the race was not over until half-past seven. Of the state of the ground, I need only mention that I saw one man literally stuck in the mud, as the horses were coming up, and that he threw himself on his face and hands from actual fright. Would that I possessed sufficient talent to enable me to put this crying sin more fully and forcibly before the sporting world; but, as I believe we cannot do away with the nuisance of steeple-chasing altogether, it would be of some service if the talented and powerful writers on sporting affairs in England would condescend to help my humble efforts in the cause of nature and humanity; and thus, aided by beauty and talent, I should hope, in some degree, to abate it. I conceive the English writers are the more bound to help me at present, inasmuch as the vicious introduction of heats in steeple-chasing is creeping fast into their own country, and, if not speedily checked, will shortly attain as powerful a usurpation over every manly feeling as it has done in this isle. It is not in the after-hours in general consequent upon race-meetings, that such thoughts ever enter into the unreflecting heart; we think not upon the humble sufferer in the stable, who has often dared flood and field with us, lying in his stall, a victim to the cruelty of him who ought to have been his friend; we see not the anguished start of pain; we view not with sorrow, the uneasy shifting of the over-worked dumb friend; all this is lost, while the champagne whirls and foams around us; while the merry tale and racy anecdote skim, in pleasurable hum, across our ear, and each air-built fancy becomes a solid building in our mind. It is not, while in the waltz's maze, or the gallopade's gay measure, when we are worshipping the sunny glance of the blue eye, or enchanted by the refulgence of the dark one, that those things ever attack the imprisoned sense of reason;—no: would that all who advocate steeple-chasing could for a moment feel as I have done during the last two years, as, lying upon the bed of pain and fever, unattended by aught save the gloomy reminiscences which ally themselves to the body's racking stings, I have thought upon my old favourites, and *learned to feel* how much evil I had inflicted upon them, my truest friends; and to curse the "*auri sacra fames*" of my disposition which dictated, and the cruelty which permitted, the second start over a steeple-chase country.

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THE FISHING BOAT
ON THE RIVER
BY J. B. H. 1854

THE FISHING BOAT

A FEW WORDS TO FLY-FISHERS.

THE following observations owe their existence to the differences of opinion which pervade the works of the most popular writers on the subject of Angling; they are all full of excellent matter:—Ronalds, philosophical; Younger, the latest Scottish author on the subject, most simply practical; Hofland, elaborately so. Yet, curious as it may seem, they differ, *toto cælo*, from each other, about some of the most important points of practice, such as the choice of flies, and the proper length of fly-rods; while none of them give any directions that can guide the tyro in the art of throwing the line lightly.

Equipment.—Most of these discrepancies seem to arise from the difference of circumstances and situation in which anglers are placed, and a regard to which must always guide the beginner in choosing the materials, or tools, for the exercise of the art. Thus, let us suppose him, as a matter of course, to have provided a fishing-rod, reel, reel-line, casting-lines, and artificial flies: in England, where very many of the streams have steep banks, like canals, and contain heavy trout, from one to three pounds in weight, a landing-net will be added; but in ordinary stream-fishing, in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, where the banks of the rivers are sloping, and where the trout seldom exceed a pound in weight, and can be easily drawn ashore, or taken a few yards down the stream, till a good landing-place is found, a landing-net is never seen (except in boat-fishing), and would be deemed absolutely ridiculous. So, in trout-fishing, near the metropolis, and in many other parts of England, where the fish are scarce, one may go out without a basket, because the chances of catching fish are few, and the extent of water gone over is often limited, so that the fisherman is not likely to be much encumbered by the brace of trout or so that he may catch; but in those other parts of the kingdom, where the trouts, though small (perhaps four to a pound), are more numerous, and where one may often pass over some miles of water, a creel is all but indispensable; and one not capable of holding two stone of fish is held as paltry.

Casting-lines.—In England, the brothers of the craft, tutored by necessity, are much more nice in their tackle, and more neat and expert in the use of it, than those in Scotland. In the former country, it is very proper to fix the flies upon a couple of yards of very fine gut, which is called a fly-cast, and which is added to the casting-line. In Scotland, the flies are, for the most part, fixed upon the casting-line itself, without the addition of any more gut. If, from the state of the wind, there be difficulty in throwing the line, adopt the Scotch mode, and fix the flies on the casting-line, and you will throw much better. Let your casting-line be whipped at the joinings, but with *white* silk, and the objection, that the joinings are mistaken for insects, and cause the fish to rise, will be obviated. Fasten the flies to a gut-line by a tie, not a loop; let the tie which fastens the trail, or lowest fly, be a single one, thus:—put the gut end of the fly and the end of the gut-line along each other, for about two inches; bend the double part into a circle;

put the fly and the end of the gut-line through the circle ; *wet the circle well in your mouth*, and draw it tight ; cut or bite off the ends : put on the drop-fly thus—place it along the gut-line, a yard from the trail-fly, with its gut end towards the trail-fly, and the fly towards the rod ; bend the gut end of the fly round the gut-line ; put it twice through its own circle, and draw it tight, wetting it first in the mouth ; cut off the end. If you use more droppers, put them on in the same way, and about the same distance from each other, or rather less, say thirty inches from the others : let the highest one hang on longer gut than the others, *i. e.*, the highest may hang on gut five inches long ; the next, on three inches and a half ; and the next, on three ; so as to meet the water gradually, as the line hangs from the rod.

Reel-line.—You will find a reel-line, made entirely of hair, is capable of being thrown with more precision than one composed of silk thread and hair combined ; because the latter is more flaccid, and more liable to angle and kink, that is, to knot, than one of hair alone, which, being of a firmer nature, describes greater angles as it turns during the act of throwing ; but either kind will do.

Reel.—Let your reel be quite simple in its construction, and beware of multipliers and stops. Not only are the multipliers always getting deranged, but they draw a fish too tight up, before you can be aware, and so tear the hook out of its mouth, while the stop is continually found to act, from accident, just at the very time it ought not, *viz.*, when the fish makes a rush, which is the precise moment that line ought to be let out, instead of being stopped from running. Let the reel be small, but deep ; and especially, let the axis (on which the line is wound) be of a large diameter, which, on evident principles, will give great additional despatch, when necessary, in winding up the line. No matter how the reel is fastened ; adopt the most fashionable method, of a groove and rings.

Rod.—Take the maker's advice as to the wood of your rod ; but let it be light for trout-fishing. Mr. Hofland says, the rod, if for one hand, should be from twelve to fourteen feet long, and if for two hands, from sixteen to eighteen. Younger says, from fourteen to sixteen feet. Now, to wield a two-handed rod during a whole day, would fatigue most men, and destroy the pleasure of trout-fishing ; and a fourteen feet rod, for one hand, would be little better. These sizes are, besides, incompatible with the proper *striking* of the fish ; that quick, but, at the same time, delicate operation, which Younger so well describes as being rather a "*retentive hold*," than a start or a "*strike*." It is inconceivable, to one who has not witnessed it (from a bridge or a bank), with what force and rapidity a fish will disgorge an artificial fly, which it has seized, when it discovers the cheat. The late Sir Humphry Davy, an excellent fisher, was not fully aware of this. On visiting Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, he happened to be accompanied, on a day's salmon-fishing, by Mr. William Ovens, an old salmon-fisher, at Boleside, on the Tweed, opposite the poet's residence. Sir Humphry was, at the time, much interested in the remarkable fact, that food is seldom, if ever, found in the stomach of a salmon. They were fishing with minnow, and, on their killing a twelve-pounder, Sir Humphry lectured away, to his experienced but plain and practical-minded companion, on the

wonderful powers of digestion of the fish, his favourite theory, by which he accounted for the fact, that no trace could be found in the stomach of the specimen before them of the minnow with which he had been just taken. Mr. Ovens, who possesses more practical knowledge of the piscatory art than, perhaps, any man existing, and is, withal, a bit of an original, did not contradict the philosopher, who, probably, maintained his theory to the last; but in repeating the circumstances afterwards, he used to add, "Poor body! I saw the minnow spin a couple of yards into the air, with the force with which it was sput out, and light upon the bank." Most persons must have been astonished, occasionally, in fishing with worm, to find the bait projected a couple of yards up the line, on a fish being taken. This rejection of a discovered bait is performed with the quickness of lightning; and, accordingly, most good fishermen place the art of catching numbers in quick *striking*, as it is called, so as to fix the hook. For this reason, the experienced fisher on the Tweed recommends a rod of twelve or twelve feet and a half long, and little heavier than a coach whip. The Irish trout rods are of this description. As to a general rod, intended fit for everything, it is just a rod fit for nothing, *i. e.*, for doing nothing *well*, and can never satisfy one who has any taste for the art he practises. Mr. Ronalds' observations are judicious on this head; "the strong man," says he, "may venture upon a rod about fourteen or fifteen feet long; but to the person who is shorter, or less robust, one so short, even, as twelve or twelve feet and a half, and light in proportion, is recommended, as the command will be sooner obtained, and with much less fatigue to the arm." We have, however, given a reason, not depending upon the strength of the bearer, why a trout-rod should not exceed twelve feet and half for all descriptions of persons; and, undoubtedly, such a size will be found the most agreeable. A sufficient length of line will be thrown, with a rod of that length, for most streams where trout lie, as they are seldom found in great numbers at the very mouth of the river; and for any occasional trial, in such cases, a larger rod may be substituted for the time. The length of the two-handed rod mentioned by Mr. Hofland, *viz.*, sixteen or eighteen feet, is quite unnecessary for the general purpose, and is, in Scotland, the most approved length of a salmon-rod for the largest rivers.

Do not get too supple a rod, such as an Irish trout-rod, else you will not be able to throw the line against the wind; nor yet let it be very stiff, as that is unpleasant to the hand, and fatiguing; but let the extreme point of the top be very soft and pliable, as recommended by Younger; for too firm and unyielding a point is apt to tear the hook out of the fish's mouth.

GAFFER.

EASTER MONDAY.

A DAY WITH THE QUEEN'S, AND A DAY WITH THE EPPING.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

“ The morning sun that gilds, with trembling rays,
Windsor's high towers, beholds the courtly train
 Mount for the chase, nor views, in all his course,
 A scene so gay : heroic, noble youths,
 In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
 The fairest of this Isle.

. In proud parade
 These shine magnificent, and press around
 The Royal, happy pair. Great in themselves,
 They smile superior, of external show
 Regardless ; while their inbred virtues give
 A lustre to their power, and grace their court
 With real splendours, far above the pomp
 Of Eastern Kings, in all their tinsel pride.”

SOMERVILE'S CHASE.

IN a former article, the title of which we took from a line addressed to Somerville, on his poem of the “Chase” (“The Chase, the Sport of Britain's Kings”), we ventured to congratulate our readers upon the favourable aspect of sporting affairs, from the conviction we entertained, that Prince Albert's patronage would restore the “noble science” to its palmy days, and that His Royal Highness's name would be “a tower of strength” in supporting it. Our anticipations have been realized. We have had the gratification of seeing the

“ courtly train
 Mount for the chase.”

The newspapers, too, have stated that the Prince has “mounted the box,” and “handled the ribands” with great dexterity, in a pony phaeton-and-four. Now, to all who are conversant with coaching, it “needs no ghost” to point out, that to drive a “*duodecimo*” team well, requires no little skill. There must be the hand of a St. Vincent Cotton ; and here we must digress, to make *amende honorable* to that right excellent and worthy Baronet, for having unintentionally omitted his name in our article on Coaching ; 'twas like acting the play of “Hamlet” with the Prince of Denmark omitted. During the run of the Richmond Driving Club, he appeared, on every occasion, as “shooter” to the noble President : and who more qualified, either as dragsman or guard ? As a coachman, there is no man in England that combines more of the requisites than the Cambridgeshire Baronet :—hand, patience, nerve, and the knowledge of putting a team together. While on the subject of *hand*, we must give the reply of a celebrated “whip,” formerly in John Walker's service, now on the Brighton and Richmond coach, to a far-famed driving Baronet, whose “turns out” are, and have been for years, conspicuous for good taste : “I cannot understand Mr. B—— (we love to be mysterious) how you little ones manage to hold so formidable a team together.” “Why, look you, Sir Henry, I'll tell you how it is : what you big uns doos by main strength, we little uns doos by artifice.”

As a "shooter," too, Sir St. Vincent is first-rate; full of fun; replete with anecdotes of the road; kind and attentive to all; quick as lightning at the change; a rare one at putting to an awkward nag; eyes and hands always on the *qui vive*; knowing every piece of harness, from crupper to nose-band; now altering a coupling-rein, taking up or letting out a trace, or pole-chain; ready to take the shine out of a refractory team, or to catch hold of them over a heavy piece of ground, the gallant *ex-tenth* Hussar has ever proved himself an excellent *guardsman*. To return to the immediate matter in hand.

The Royal Hunt, on Easter Monday, A. D. 1840, will long be remembered, for it surpassed, in splendour, any former anniversary, even in the days when "George III. was King." The morning was bright, balmy, and exhilarating. Soon after twelve o'clock, the Queen, with the numerous and distinguished visitors at the Castle, attended by an extensive suite, proceeded to Ascot Heath, for the purpose of being present at the last "meet" of Her Majesty's buck-hounds this year.

Prince Albert, "every inch a sportsman," was well up during the best part of the run, equipped in "scarlet," with undeniable boots and *et ceteras*, that would have excited the envy even of poor Brummel, in his best days. But how could it be otherwise, when we find that first-rate artist, Cook, of Poland-street, appointed Epicosmecalosomatist; which, for the benefit of country gentlemen, we translate "Body Decorator" to His Royal Highness. Tailor sounds common; and really, in these days of refinement,—when butchers, dairymen, and donkey-men, are denominated Purveyors of meat, milk, and asses' milk; when corn-cutters dignify themselves into Chiropodists and Pedicures; when makers of squibs, crackers, and rockets, style themselves Pyrotechnists; when tooth-drawing is described as Dental Surgery; when hair-dressers and barbers write on the Philosophy of the Growth of Hair, and advertise, "Heads decorated, and Chins surveyed;" when a female advertises herself as "Epileuse de Cheveux Gris;" when shops are designated Repositories, Emporiums, Divans, Bazaars, and Temples of Fancy; when we hear of the Absolutorium Rectifier; the Exacuo and Metalometer Razor-strops; the Antigropolos Mud-boots; the Electro-magnetic Turning Lathe; the Eukerogeneion Soap; Ne-plus-ultra Needles; Odonto Dentifrice; Balm of Columbia; Diamine Ink; Photolypon Extinguisher; Oleum Pascens Oil; Pannus Corium Boots and Shoes; Tous les Mois, or Thulema Grits; Rien-qui-manque Fish Sauce; "Pot de mille viandes," for luncheons; Zoorzaka Oil, for the Rheumatism; Fluide Renaissance, for changing carrotty locks to "sweet auburn," grey to black; when country gentlemen are denominated Squirearchy; shop-keepers, the Canelocracy (*χανηλος*); the wealthy, Capitalocracy and Plutocracy,—we strongly recommend some Neologist to coin a word for tailors (that is, if ours is not approved of)—for artists of the class of Stultz, Cook, Burghart, Nugee, and Willis, who work upon scientific principles, in contradistinction to that numerous host, or fry, of snips and botchers who realize Shakspeare's description:

"A sleeve! 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What up and down, carv'd like an apple tart:
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop;"

and who are only one shade removed from the ready-made "Reform your Tailor's Bills," and "reach-me-down" repositories.

While on the subject of Neologism, we sincerely hope that Chesterfield's advice to Doctor Johnson will be attended to; and that an appendix to that great lexicographer's work be added, containing the polite, though not strictly grammatical, words and phrases, on the principle of the "Dictionnaire Néologique à l'Usage des Beaux Esprit du Siècle," among which we claim the honour of one pure one—the Epicosmecalosomatist. We have taken up a thread that lengthens as we unravel it: we will cut it here; and, perhaps, resume it on another occasion.

What court in Europe could produce a more gratifying scene:—a Queen, adored by her people; a lovely and amiable being, in whose person is combined the virtues that dignify human nature, the accomplishments that embellish social life, and the graces that adorn a throne; a Prince, conspicuous as much for his manly virtues as his exalted station. There is one feature in the Prince's character which must be obvious to the most casual observer: His Royal Highness never forgets an act of respectful attention; and, in proof of it, invariably acknowledges it, in a way not only delicate, but gratifying; as a recent instance, the Prince made Mr. Davis, the royal huntsman, a splendid present of plate. We formerly expressed our hope that a reformed House of Commons would make a liberal and suitable provision for supporting the high rank and dignity of the Queen's Consort; and we still hope, that the occasion alluded to by the Right Honourable Baronet, the member for Tamworth, may occur, for an increase; when few, we think, will be found to advocate the cheese-paring system, so censured by the poet:

" Yet England's church, its King, its laws,
Its cause, I value not,
Compared with that, my constant text—
A penny saved, is got."

As in this article we have been led into giving a few quotations, with the fear of critics before us, we venture to hope that the following authorities upon the subject, will, in some measure, disarm them: D'Israeli, the elder, in his clever work, the "Curiosities of Literature," remarks: "Whenever we would prepare the mind by a forcible appeal, an opening quotation is a symphony prelude on the chords whose tones we are about to harmonize;" he adds, "to make a happy quotation is a thing not easily to be done." Cardinal du Perron used to say that the application of a verse from Virgil was worth a talent; and Bayle has insinuated that there is not less invention in a just and happy application of thought, found in a book, than in being the first author of that thought.

What a contrast did this scene of splendour afford to that annual piece of foolery, that most anxiously-looked-for, though "excessively and tarnatiously-to-be-laughed-at" (we use an Americanism) *sporting affair*—the Epping Hunt. At day-break the city of Cockagne poured forth a living stream of its smoke-dried holiday folk; every road was thronged with equestrians and pedestrians, singing the burthen of the song, "This day a stag must die."

At an early hour the town of Epping became densely crowded with people, from all parts of the country; parties on foot, and on horse-back, in carriages, gigs, wagons, carts, donkey-chaises, and vans, crammed to overflowing. The "meet" ("we met, 'twas in a crowd,") presented the appearance of a large fair, or the borders of a race-course: pea-and-thimble boards; E. O. tables, and various other apparatus of petty gambling, shows and exhibitions, gingerbread stalls glittering with kings and queens. At one o'clock there was a goodly assemblage at the brow above Fairmead Bottom, while the pollard oaks, which skirt the bottom on either side, were filled with men and boys. Suddenly the loud notes of a horn were heard; then a keyed-bugle, playing the inspiring air of the hunting chorus in "Der Freischutz;" when the huntsman and hounds were seen coming over the hill by the Bald-faced Stag; hundreds of Jemmy Greens, and Johnny Gilpins rushed gallantly forward to meet them. The huntsman, dressed in a huge antique red frock-coat, with a grass-green collar, mother-o'-pearl buttons as big as crown pieces; yellow and black striped waistcoat; pair of dark, greasy, corduroy *inexpressibles*; mahogany tops; mounted on a worn-out bit of blood, with one eye and a string halt; a snaffle-bridle in his mouth, decorated with a nose-band; and an ivory ring under his jaws, to keep the reins together; saddle and its crupper, looked rather the worse for wear. The whipper-in sported a green cut-away, a pair of ochre-coloured balloon-like leather breeches, a black velvet cap, some rusty couples, and a horse the *fac-simile* of Petruccio's: "His horse, hipped, with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten, ne'er legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots." The pack consisted of eight couple, of every shape, sort, colour, and size. Three couple from the "E. E. M. U. H." (East End Metropolitan Union Hunt); two and a half drafted from "the drag, or red-herring" pack of a sporting cavalry regiment; a couple of dwarf staghounds, one cur, a sheep-dog, and a terrier. After an hour's delay, the door of the cart was opened, and, amidst the laughing, and whooping, and shouting, and holloaing of the males, and the screaming and fainting of the females, and the yelling, and barking, and whining of the canine race, a young buck, who "wore a wreath of roses" round his neck, a girth of rainbow-coloured ribands, and a gaudy silk pennon "streaming in the wind," was turned out. The poor animal looked like the picture of innocence, gazed for a few moments at the spectators, and trotted off perfectly unconcerned. At a given time the hounds were laid on: "Yoicks! Melody; have at him, Pilgrim," cried the man in red (we will not again profane the name of huntsman). "Vere's the stag?" bellowed a young grocer from Whitechapel. "Vot a swell," cried a second. "There he goes," screeched one. "Hold hard," shouted another. "Stop my horse," cried a third. A yelp here,—a growl there. "Ware hound!" said the man in the green coat and velvet cap. "Hector has it; forward, forward!" bellowed the huntsman. "Want your horse holded, sir?" beseechingly asked a St. James's-street cad, to a young gentleman on a snaffle-bridle runaway; and away they went,

hurry-scurry, helter-skelter,—red coats and green coats, blue coats and black coats, sporting sweeps with no coats at all, horses without riders; dogs, donkeys, baronets, butchers, dandies, dustmen, knife-grinders; tinkers, tailors, *nobocracy*, *snobocracy*.

There were many most disastrous chances, and hair-breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field; lots of M'Adamizers.

The stag, after trotting some few miles, turned back towards Woodford, and was ultimately "taken," nobody knows by whom, how, or where.

SUGGESTIONS FOR GAME PRESERVERS.

MONTHS have rolled by since the last sun of January cast its farewell rays on the frost-clad hills; with its departure, bringing rest to the greater part of our winged game. To criticise the new code of laws—which, by granting unlimited licence for the sale of game to every blackguard who can raise money enough to purchase a licence, threatens soon to annihilate every species, the preservation of which has been the constant pride and desire of our gentry, for centuries past—is not my intention: I merely presume to offer a few words of advice to those who are fortunate enough to possess lands suited for preserves, but which, without care and management, might as well (as regards the sportsman's views at least) remain, like commons, unenclosed and uncultivated. Although our laws sanction the destruction of pheasants, partridges, &c., until, the last day of January, yet no sportsman, nor any one desirous of preserving game, would think of killing them after about the middle of December. No doubt there will always be found those who, more anxious to fill their pockets than to obtain fair sport, will not scruple about shooting till the very last day or hour. But, in a moderately mild season, birds begin to pair about the middle of December, and then, no doubt, many a right and left shot will offer, if any one be mean enough to take advantage of it; and thus, perhaps, in each brace, destroy a future covey. Every one who has an eye to the next season's sport, will be careful to leave a sufficient supply on his estate for a breeding stock. Supposing the proprietor to possess a keeper, the task of preserving becomes, though far from a sinecure, much less laborious; but, should he not have that auxiliary, the whole care and responsibility rests upon his own shoulders. No doubt, the first object is to conciliate his tenants, without which all his cares will prove fruitless; but if, as I am happy to say is the case, in my own country at least, the landlords and tenants are on good terms, the mere request, aided by the present of a few brace of birds, generally suffices. A small sum of money, distributed among his men, will also be of great service, as it will then be their benefit not to destroy the nests, and young leverets, which can avail them nothing, when taken.

The favourite breeding-places of birds, are thick hedgebottoms, or clover seeds: to prevent their breeding in the latter is very important, as they are usually mown before the hen has brought off her brood, and thus many nests are annually cut over. One advantage the latter

certainly possess, *viz.*, that vermin are less likely to find them there; and in lordships without regular keepers to destroy predatory birds and animals, they are the worst enemies game have. The number of rabbits and hares which a single stoat will destroy, in a season, is almost incredible. Advancing with a stealthy step, it springs on the neck of its unsuspecting victim, from which no struggles can dislodge it: it remains there till it has sucked every drop of blood, and then, generally, leaves it. The strength of the stoat is very great; I have watched one dragging a rabbit by the neck, about four times its own weight, to its hiding-place; and it even returned after I had driven it away: the second time, thinking such perseverance deserved reward, I left it to the quiet enjoyment of its meal. All birds of the hawk tribe are terribly destructive to game, from the kite down to the sparrow-hawk. Carrion crows, and owls too, are mischievous poachers, though the latter do it in a more quiet and gentlemanly way; and, in the dusk of a September morning, I have seen one of our white owls beating a stubble-field as regular as a setter; but I much doubt whether he would attack full-grown game of any description, though leverets and very young birds would have received no quarter. A domestic cat, once having taken to poaching, rarely ever quits it; and should never be spared, if caught in the vicinity of covers, or any place containing game. As soon as the young birds are hatched (the covey generally consisting of from twelve to eighteen), the mother leads them to some high grain in the vicinity of a grass field, which generally abounds in ant-hills, the eggs of which constitute the favourite food of her young progeny. Persons going through fields with dogs, during the breeding season, should be very careful, as they are apt to destroy the young birds; and it is very difficult to call a dog off, when once engaged in pursuit of them amongst the grain. Hares have, generally, from two to three at a litter, and, unless well looked after, many of the young are destroyed. Why sapient law-makers allow the destruction of hares the whole year round, more than that of other game, I cannot comprehend. What can be more unfair and unsportsmanlike than destroying a doe hare, when she may, perhaps, be suckling two or three young ones, which, without her, must inevitably perish? At this season, too, hares are scarcely worth shooting, even for the veriest pot-hunter, being poor and very badly flavoured. However, let us hope that a change, in this particular, will be ultimately included among many other necessary alterations in our game-laws. Some of the keepers about me have lately adopted a plan of rearing partridges and pheasants, by setting their eggs under common hens, and it has succeeded perfectly. The birds are turned out when sufficiently strong; and though, at first, they come to be fed to the spot where they were reared, yet, after some time, they gain their natural wildness. This is an excellent plan, no doubt, for stocking large manors; but I fear the neighbouring ones suffer for it. As eggs *must* be obtained somewhere, to set their hens on, I regret to say, the practice of taking partridges' nests has become very common latterly in my neighbourhood; in fact, nineteen nests were taken out of a long hedgerow, that ran across a well-stocked lordship near me, in one night. For my own part, I heartily wish to see the practice of rearing birds by the hand discontinued; for if a manor be well preserved, it will generally produce game enough to afford a good season's sport, and then leave a sufficient breeding stock,

without the necessity of having game annually turned into it. Since I commenced this paper, I see that an alteration, relating to the expiration of game certificates, has taken place. As some of my readers may chance not to have seen it, I copy it literally: it runs thus:—

“Notice is hereby given, that by 3rd section of Act 2 and 3 Victoria, c. 35, it is enacted that all certificates for taking or killing game, in force at the time of the passing of the said Act (29 July, 1839), and all such certificates granted after that date, and before the 6th July, 1840, instead of expiring on the 5th April, 1840, shall continue in force until the 5th day of July, 1840; and that all such certificates which shall be granted at any time after the 5th day of July, 1840, shall continue in force until and upon the 5th day of July next after the time of issuing the same.”

It is hard to say who will reap the benefit of this extension of three months; I should think, certainly not the sportsman. As all my readers know, the period for shooting partridges, pheasants, and grouse ends long before the 5th of April; and though, perhaps, a few snipes may be shot after that time, yet none are found worth the trouble of going after. Of course, nobody would shoot rabbits, in woods at least, after March, as they begin to breed about the end of that month, and continue breeding through all the summer months. Thus it is evident, that though the new enactment nominally grants further leave for shooting game, yet no real advantage accrues in that respect. The only species of game it will affect, are the unfortunate hares, which will thus be open to destruction for another three months: however, it may lead to further alterations, and then it would be indeed an advantage.

With regard to the next season, everything augurs a plentiful supply of game. The weather, for the last month (which forms a very important crisis in the breeding of game), has been unusually mild and dry, and very propitious for young partridges and leverets; I saw some of the latter, three weeks ago, and they looked very forward and healthy. A good supply of birds was left last year for the breeding stock, and hares were never more plentiful, at least about me; and, indeed, all the accounts I have heard at present, speak in the same favourable tone: that they may prove true, no one more sincerely wishes than myself; for, though an ardent lover of our national sports, in all their varieties, in my opinion, the trigger stands first of them all. The verdant appearance, and health-bearing perfumes of our fields, bathed in the morning dew;—the sight of my dog, standing fixed and motionless as a statue;—the quick whirring noise of the covey, have charms for me rarely equalled,—never excelled.

“At eve return'd, my bag well fill'd,
Perhaps, a leash of pheasants kill'd,
I sit me down in peace:
I envy not ambition's cares,
Nor e'en the crown a monarch's wears;
Such joys as *mine*, he seldom shares:
Oh! may those joys ne'er cease!”

Того!

ANGLING FOR MARSEER, AT THE MOUTH OF THE SOANY.

(Concluded from page 370.)

As the fish were a good deal disturbed by the landing of this marseer, I crossed the main stream of the Soany, and walked to the small branch to the left. I then peeped over the bank and saw three large marseers steadying themselves in the current, exactly where it rushed into the Ganges. There was, however, no possibility of throwing a fly to the spot, as the bank was ten feet above the water, and so immediately over the fish, that, had I advanced to the edge, I should have been seen, and they would instantly have disappeared. Under these circumstances I considered myself justified in *poaching*, more particularly as the sport principally consists in *killing* a fish after hooking him, especially when the monster is as big as a Soany shark. I therefore retrograded some distance, and descended into the little stream, down which I walked until within twenty paces of the mouth, when I gradually let out my line, keeping the fly dancing on the surface of the water, and peeping, cautiously, in the direction of my friends.

In this way the yellow fly skipped along, a foot at a time, until within about two yards of the Ganges, my heart going *pit-a-pat* at each successive evolution of the wheel, when I saw a dorsal fin cut along the stream with the rapidity of lightning, and with a lash of the tail which made the spray fly again. *Whiz-z-z-z* went my reel, and the line was in an instant whirled round the corner of the bank, at the junction. *I held my breath* as I raised my rod, and cleared the line from the bank, expecting a rush; but, most fortunately, the fish had merely bolted into deep water, and did not continue his career. When satisfied on this point, I lost no time in climbing out of the brook, and gave the junction a wide berth, so as not to alarm the other two marseers. I circled round until I had headed the fish already hooked, and, making all ready for business, gradually tightened my line till I felt him. There was not the slightest notice taken of this *hint*, however, by the fish. He had sulked at the bottom, some fathoms deep, and, but for the singing vibration along the line, I should have believed I was holding a rock. I gave him the butt for some minutes, but did not raise him above a foot nearer the surface; so, having no time to lose in this way, with "other fish to fry," I commenced pelting with stones from the bank, but for some time without moving him. At last, I suppose, I must have touched him, for he sprang down the Ganges "like mad," and I was obliged to run for it (for hold him I *could* not), until brought up by the main stream of the Soany, which I had before crossed considerably higher up. Now, however, I had no help for it, but to try the perilous experiment at the very mouth of the roaring torrent; for the fish had caught the current of the Soany, as it rushed into the Ganges, and was rattling along with redoubled speed. I therefore dashed in, just

at the mouth ; and, sometimes on my feet, but as often head over heels in the spray, I scrambled across, and landed, dripping like a river god, minus my hat, which was hurrying along to the large rapid in the Ganges. On feeling the fish again (for, during the flounder, I was obliged to give him his own way), I found, to my great delight, that he had steered into the calm bay to the right, instead of pushing for the rapid, and I landed him in twenty minutes. He weighed twenty-five pounds.

I will not occupy your pages with a description of the death of the other two, left at the mouth of the little brook, both of which I killed, and prevented crossing the current of the Soany. They weighed eighteen pounds each. It was now near sunset, but I took a farewell throw at the spot where I killed the twenty-eight-pounder ; and, before a minute had elapsed, I had a larger fish, by some pounds, on the hook than I had hit during the day. I was a long time in landing him ; and you may imagine my vexation, when, after getting him fairly *on shore*, I lost him, through the stupidity of my servant. I had walked back from the bank as I steered the fish to land, and had got his head and shoulder, and half his body, on the dry sand, his huge gills working like a blacksmith's bellows, and my bearer straddling across him, and endeavouring to shove him further up the bank, when the hook slipped out of the marseer's mouth, and, at the same moment, he gave a dying flounder, which regularly frightened the stupid bearer. Before I could reach the spot, the fish had kicked himself back into the Ganges, and was slowly wriggling himself into deep water. I felt strongly tempted to pitch the gaping rascal of a bearer in after him, as I once witnessed, when a servant was deservedly kicked, heels over head, into a deep hole in the river, by Peter Hawker, at Stroud (a relative, I believe, of the renowned Colonel), for laying hold of his master's line, when an obstreperous trout was being guided towards a landing-net. Peter's wrath, too intense for utterance, was scarcely appeased by the porpoise plunge of his man "Friday;" but the sport was up, for that day, in a hole full of large and greedy trout ; whilst in my case, on the Soany, the setting sun rendered a speedy retreat "the better part of valour," certain *eloquent* sounds having caught the ready ear, and reminded me of the jungle's *proximity* !

Trout are not very numerous in the streams of the Dhun : I speak comparatively ; for I understand that the fly-fishers at Niemuch boast of killing their five or six dozens in a morning. The greatest number I ever killed in the Dhun, was in July, 1833, when a brother angler accompanied me to the banks of a beautiful stream, which runs into the Soany, about ten miles from Derah. We started by moonlight, and reached our ground by the first dawn of morning. We fished till nine o'clock, when we drove back to Derah, experiencing no ill effects from the trip. In fact, the chief danger consists, as far as my experience goes, in passing the *night* in places pregnant with miasma. We had excellent sport, killing between us twenty-eight trout, and upwards of forty marseer. My companion had a very narrow escape from a tiger, during the course of the morning. He had thrown his fly under the bank of a sudden angle of the river, where the jungle was so heavy and luxuriant, that the weeds hung in festoons over the stream, which was so narrow, at this spot, that those from the

opposite bank nearly joined midway. I was just about to propose that we should push on, and get clear of this suspicious-looking corner, when, within three paces of his head, and immediately above him, a tiger uttered a roar, which made us jump again. We had no guns with us, and made ourselves "scarce" as rapidly as possible, up the centre of the stream; for the jungle was so dense, that there was no retreat on land, and the tiger had only to have hopped down amongst us to have had it all his own way. Fortunately, however, he was, apparently, as much alarmed as we were, for he retrograded at the same moment, now and then uttering something between a roar and a bark, as he retreated into the forest.

Bearing in mind Dr. Johnson's definition of an angler, I never visited the scenes which I have described without a longing desire to have placed him, in all his living austerity of demeanour and pride of learning, on the banks of this mountain river. The scenery is wild and magnificent in the extreme. Here, a majestic sal tree, towering above the luxuriant jungle, flings its arms across the tumultuous and foaming stream, its huge trunk deeply indented by the embraces of a giant parasite, nearly as large as the tree itself, which, like a monstrous boa, it folds in its tortuous grasp. On one side, the range of hills sweep down to within a mile of the river; and to the left, and in front, rise the sublime mountains of the Himalaya. In the blue and cloudless heaven above, a fish-eagle has poised himself, with quivering wing, and suddenly drops, with the velocity of a cannon-shot, into the midst of a roaring rapid, screaming in triumph as he rises from the spring with a two-pound marseer in his talons.

Is there anything *childish* in the sport I have attempted to describe? A quiet citizen, in a punt, "bobbing" for eels, must have been the original of Dr. Johnson's picture. But an angler, with a twenty-two feet rod in his hand, throwing a fly against a north wind blowing strong in his teeth, and undergoing, during the day, the toil and exertion requisite to land a few twenty-eight pound fish, will find, the next morning, that he has had no child's play, and that every bone and muscle in his body aches, as if he had been hurled down one of the rapids. As well might you compare Dame Margery's cart cob, jogging along with butter and eggs to market, with

"The steed which obeys not a rider but me,
Who points like the quills of the eagle his ears,
And whose bound in the desert's as light as a deer's;"

or to the war-horse, with fiery eye, arched neck, and distended nostril, through which he smells the battle from afar, charging in the van of chivalry, beneath his mail-clad rider.

The *science* of fly-fishing is completely set at defiance, and rendered comparatively futile, in many parts of the Ganges; for instance, at the junction of the Soany. Fancy a noble river, like the Ganges, fed by the everlasting snows of the Himalaya, and the countless streams which add their silvery tribute from every glen and ravine along its course; picture this impetuous torrent, after being fretted with foam amongst the rocky chasms of its native mountains, leaping joyously into liberty and light, and roaring triumphantly as it bursts from its long confinement, and flings its glittering spray through the romantic gorge of Tapabund, hurrying along tumultuously to the

open sea! Fancy a twenty-eight pound marseer at the end of your line, where the Soany (itself, also, a river) mingles its waters with the heaving billows of the Ganges! The fish makes directly across to the rapid, where the best boat that ever stemmed a tide would be shattered into a thousand splinters: there is a sweeping bay to the right, which totally prevents your moving from the spot. The marseer is a gallant fish, and an active one, in prime condition. Rebellious at the trick you have played him, and determined to go headlong down yon foaming rapid, he springs away, making the water fly from your reel like smoke; and now he has caught the additional impetus of the roaring stream, as it hurries to the fall. Place your finger on the line; what! it cuts you, does it? I defy you to *feel* your fish, as a skilful rider does his horse. The fish *will* go, and you *must* let him; he has only been two minutes hooked, your line is all out (160 yards), and you are up to your chin in the water. And now, "hold hard!"—science is vain. All you can do is, to give him the butt, trusting alone to the strength of your treble gut-bottom, and the elasticity of your rod and line.

If any sportsman should affect to drop the corners of his mouth at the sport I have described—but faintly, I should delight to see him with "a go-a-head varmint" on the hook, at the above sport; and if he were able to manage him in the known rules of angling science, all I can say is, that I would "hide my diminished head."

MARSEER.

12th April.

EMBELLISHMENTS OF THE NUMBER.

WE do not allude to our illustrations for the purpose of blowing a flourish of trumpets for the artists, but merely to intimate the design we have in view for future numbers, by reference to the present. The plan of Newmarket Heath, which is now given, will be followed by a series of similar sketches of all the principal race-courses in England. These maps will not, however, appear in a regular order; the intention being to vary the succession by such characteristic subjects of interest as may be found locally connected with them. That the embellishments of this work should combine the practical with the ornamental, is the object of the proprietors; they trust the course adopted in the present instance will be regarded as an effective way of carrying that scheme into effect.

SPORTING SKETCHES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

BY M. H. PERLEY, ESQ.

No. 3.—OTTOWIN AND LOLA.

“AND what is the name of this crooked stream, Sabattis?” said I.

“*Wee-sock-paget*,” replied Sabattis.

“Ah! I understand; ‘*the winding river*,’ and very well named it is.”

It was noon; the day was excessively sultry, and I lay languid and half-doing in the bottom of the canoe. We had been some hours ascending a very considerable stream, flowing through a wild and picturesque country, covered with noble trees; among which the tall and graceful elm, and stately sugar-maple, were most conspicuous. At the moment of my inquiry, Sabattis was endeavouring to force the canoe up a long and foaming rapid, with the light pole used for that purpose. Our companions waited in the pool below, watching our attempt: the pole was used with great vigour and quickness, by the practised arm of the sinewy Indian; but the canoe being at the very top, just at that point where the smooth water from above, rushing down in one glassy sheet, first broke, and then whirled and tossed into froth and spray, as it rushed and roared against the numerous rocks which checked its wild career, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts of Sabattis, it was doubtful if we should get over. While thus hanging in the current, one of those large and gaudy dragon-flies, of which the salmon are so fond, settled on the prow of the canoe, and balanced itself in its precarious position, by keeping its four beautiful and gauze-like wings extended and fluttering. Anxious to secure it, for closer examination, I reached forward hastily to seize the prize, and the change in my position bringing the canoe more by the head, caused it to take a sudden sheer, which threw, or, rather, jerked me overboard, and I was swept down the stream with amazing quickness. On rising in the pool, I was greeted by a hearty laugh from my companions, who were resting on their paddles, and saw there was little danger, as Sabattis, having shot his canoe down the rapid at a fearful rate, was standing ready, with spear uplifted, to seize me if necessary. Being little encumbered with clothing, there was no difficulty in swimming to the shore; and, clambering up among the tall feathery brakes, and rich masses of vegetation, which flourished in luxuriant profusion on the bank, I found a soft and fragrant couch, on which to draw breath, after the fierce struggle in the torrent.

My gun had, unfortunately, gone overboard with me; and our Indians immediately set about recovering it. After several unsuccessful attempts, a salmon-spear was hooked in the trigger-guard, and it was lifted. On its being raised, one of my friends poured the water from the barrels, and instantly discharged them. Hitherto the Indians had spoken with the utmost contempt of the percussion guns, and could not, by any means, be induced to fire one of them. They were now struck with great surprise at seeing the caps explode, and the gun go off, after being under water. They exchanged very significant glances, but not a word was

spoken. Ever afterwards they handled our fire-arms with much more care; and I have since observed, that the Milicetes are abandoning the ancient "flint and steel," and now generally use the "copper cap."

The heat of the day, and the necessity for unloading the canoes before ascending the rapid, were sufficient reasons for inducing us to lounge some hours beside "the winding river," employed in cleaning guns, mending fishing-rods, tying flies, and repairing sundry rents in our scanty wardrobes. As the sun declined, the tall trees began to throw their shade over the troubled waters; and our tackle being in good order, we soon found we were on better fishing-ground than we had seen for some days. There were three of us, fly-fishers good and true, engaged in the rapid for four hours steadily; at the end of which time, we counted upwards of 300 trout on the bank, six dozen of which exceeded two pounds weight each. We finished, not from lack of sport, but from sheer weariness, and the uncertainty in what way we should dispose of these beautiful fish. The Indians perceiving us so intently bent on sport, concluded there would be no further movement for that day, and had built a "waterproof" camp; their keenness of perception, or, rather, native instinct, informing them that the night would be wet. The bank, on which our camp was placed, rose abruptly about eight feet from the surface of the water, and then formed a level plat, which was overshadowed by some splendid beeches. Here we were regaling ourselves at supper, just after sunset, seated around the trunk of a huge tree, which far overtopped its fellows. Sabattis was seated on the edge of the bank, apparently watching the stream with the most intense attention. Suddenly he seized the spear which lay by his side, and sliding into the river, crying, "*Bahm! bahm!*" (Salmon! salmon!) dashed into the middle of the current. In an instant we were after him, each man spear in hand, and some awkward tumbles and flounderings occurred, from excessive haste and over anxiety. The quick and practised eye of Sabattis had detected a shoal of salmon, making a dash at the rapid, many of them with their back fins out of water. Before we were well aware what had brought us into the river, we found ourselves amid a great number of fish, three of which, good-sized salmon, glittered on the spears as they were borne triumphantly to the bank. Those who had not had the good fortune to secure a fish in the *mêlée*, continued striking their spears at every bubble and ripple which bore the least resemblance to the track of one, until fully convinced there was no longer a chance. Some few of this large run of fish had gone over the rapid, but the greater portion had returned down the stream, frightened at the noise and uproar, arising from the shouts of success of some, the laughter of others at the accidents which occurred, and, above all, the shrill "whoop" of the Indians, as they struck at the darting salmon. This was one of those sudden adventures which frequently occur in the forest and on our unfrequented rivers. The chances were greatly against our securing a single fish; but there were so many of them moving up in close column, and Sabattis had so nicely timed the moment for a dash into the shoal, that the result was better than we could possibly have anticipated.

When seated in our snug camp, Sabattis told us that he had been watching the fish for some time before he gave the signal. He had first noticed their coming, at a bend in the river, nearly a quarter of a

mile below, where the stream ran smoothly. A fish would occasionally break the surface, to seize some of the large moths, which, at that hour, were on the water, and now and then a small salmon would throw himself into the air, as if in mere wantonness and gaiety of spirit. So they came on slowly, until reaching the foot of the rapid, when they appeared to unite, as it were, and endeavour to force their way up the rushing stream, in a solid body. Just as the head of the column had got fairly into the "strong water," and were using their utmost exertions to stem the powerful current, he had dashed amongst them, breaking the line, and throwing the whole body into that state of confusion which had enabled us to secure a few good prizes.

↑ We noticed that our camp was built with its back to the river, and that the sheets of birch-bark were lapped over each other with much care and neatness. The trunk of an enormous fallen tree, one of the fathers of the forest, lay in front of us, and against this, our fire, larger than the season seemed to require, blazed right cheerfully. Contrary to their usual practice, the Indians stowed themselves snugly under cover, whence we anticipated a storm. We had not long settled ourselves for the night, when one of those violent thunder-storms, which commonly occur after our sultry days, seemed to shake the very earth, while the numerous and heavy peals were re-echoed, again and again, from the neighbouring rocks and hills. The vivid flashes of forked lightning, following each other in rapid succession, lit up the bold scenery around us with their unearthly glare; while the crashing of falling timber, from the violent gusts of wind, which accompanied the bellowings of the thunder, the roaring of the torrent near us, the creaking of the trees as they swayed to and fro in the gale, and the deafening and continuous splash of the rain, which seemed to fall in an unbroken sheet, formed, altogether, a scene of midnight grandeur and sublimity, which impressed the mind with feelings of such profound awe as can scarcely be felt, save in the depths of the pathless forest, surrounded by the works of Nature alone, in all their solitary wildness and silent beauty.

For two hours the storm raged fearfully; gradually the thunder became less violent, and the flashes of lightning less frequent. At length, the thunder died away in distant murmurs; but a steady rain, accompanied by sheet lightning, continued until daylight; yet, when the sun rose, all was as calm and still as if the night had been of the most placid description; and so it might have been believed, had there not been so many evident marks of the storm remaining. A tall, dead pine, standing in gaunt majesty, and displaying its twisted and naked branches on the brow of a hill opposite us, had been rent from top to bottom by the lightning's flash. Numerous aged and partially decayed trees had been thrown down by the squall, there to lie, like emblems of fallen pride, until, again reduced to dust, they should mix with that earth from whence they sprung. Thousands of full-blown wild flowers were beaten down and destroyed by the rain; while the mosses, the ferns, and the endless variety of beautiful plants, which form the verdant carpet of the primeval forest, were yet dripping with wet; and the bright drops, still adhering to the leaves of the trees, continued to throw down sparkling showers with every movement of the branches.

With such care and skill had our arrangements for the night been made, that we lay in perfect comfort, and all our equipments were dry, and without damage, in the morning. The canoes had been lifted to the top of the bank, turned up, and so secured as not to be blown over by the wind ; under these the baggage and stores had been placed, and were perfectly protected from the storm. The river had swollen considerably in the night, and was now so violent, that we abandoned the idea of ascending it, at that time ; and dropping down about a mile, entered a quiet brook (*seep-boosis*), which we had noticed the day before, and pushed up it. We had not been more than twenty minutes paddling up stream, when we found it gradually widening, and, in a few minutes more, a large lake opened to our view. A range of noble hills, wooded to the very summit, appeared at the farther extremity ; while low, woody points, rocky headlands, abrupt precipices, and long stretches of white sand-beach, fringed with the mountain ash, bearing large and brilliant clusters of bright scarlet berries, gave beauty and variety to the scene. The Indians said there must be a large stream flowing into the head of the lake, and we determined on proceeding thither. A few miles up, we found that the lake turned off suddenly to the right, and spread out into a very extensive sheet of water, which it was necessary for us to cross. Soccobee was in the leading canoe, and turned the point, at the bend of the lake, a few minutes before us. An instant after losing sight of him, we heard the report of his gun, and, on coming up, found he had landed, to secure a red deer, which he had just shot. A herd had been wandering on the shore, and some of them were in the water, when the canoe, gliding swiftly and noiselessly around the point, had brought him suddenly close upon them, and, ere they had time to escape, he was able to secure the finest—a fat buck, with full and perfect horns. These red deer are of that species known by naturalists as the “*Virginian deer* ;” they have a finely-formed head, with an exceedingly delicate and taper nose ; their ears are somewhat long and pointed ; the tail is about a foot in length, having long white hair on the under part, with which the belly and flanks are also covered ; the back is of a reddish cinnamon colour, and, on the whole, they are the most beautiful and perfectly formed creatures that bound through the forests of New Brunswick.

The deer was laid in Soccobee’s canoe, in which we had before placed our baggage, and the heavy weight of fish caught the preceding day. The frail bark was as deep as it well could swim with safety, when we started to cross the wide sheet of water before us. When about a mile from the shore we had left, the Indians noticed a heavy black squall coming rapidly up the lake after us, indicated by the inky appearance of the yet unruffled surface. In a few seconds it reached us, but, keeping steadily before it, we flew onwards more than a mile, when we gained the lee of a pretty little island, and landed upon it. Our anxiety was now for Soccobee ; his canoe was so deeply laden that he dare not scud, and he had, therefore, “*hove to*,” with his head to wind and sea, determined, if possible, to ride it out. Manfully and stoutly did he paddle to keep his favourite canoe, “*Waptook*” (the wild-goose), with her prow to each coming wave, which curled and broke into foam and showering spray, in mimic imitation of the billows

of the ocean. Plunge after plunge did "*Waptook*" make ; but, like its namesake, it always rose again buoyantly to the crest of the short, tumbling wave, without shipping a single drop ; while Soccobee's long black hair, streaming in the wind, and his evident anxiety to save "ship and cargo," now that the squall had nearly passed, and the greatest danger was over, amused us not a little. The fury of the gust had gone by, when Soccobee, turning his canoe cautiously, ran down to us, to find a fire lighted, and preparation making for a luxurious dinner, got up in the best style of the forest, on as sweet and romantic a little spot as was ever surrounded by water.

The afternoon was spent in shooting pigeons, on the borders of the lake ; and we coasted its shores until nightfall, without finding the promised inlet. It was becoming quite dark, when we observed the light of a camp-fire directly before us, and steered for it. We soon found that the camp was a little within the mouth of a large stream, and the sweet voice of a squaw, singing one of the plaintive airs of the *Milicete* tribe, came stealing over the waters toward us. We paddled slowly, listening to the song, of which I venture to give a nearly literal translation, with the air :—

LOLA'S SONG :

A Milicete Air.

Ah ! why dost thou linger ? night's shades are descending ;
 The fire-fly's abroad, and at rest is the bee ;
 Leave fish-spear and chase, and return to your Lola ;
 Our babe is asleep, and 'tis lonely for me.

In war thou art fierce as the wild mountain torrent ;
 In peace, bland and calm, as the breathing of spring ;
 The wisest in council, the bravest in battle,
 And swift, in pursuit, as the hawk on the wing.

Oh ! haste back to Lola, who weeps while she watches
 The stars shining down on the face of thy son ;
 Hark, hark ! 'tis his song, as he skims o'er the waters —
 "Sweet Lola ! I'm with thee—thy bidding is done !"

At the conclusion of the song, we had neared the shore ; and, at the same moment, a canoe came swiftly down the stream, impelled by a tall and very handsome young Indian, the *sannop* (husband) of the pretty squaw to whom we had been listening. We reached the bank

nearly at the same moment, and great was the rejoicing of the Indian and his squaw at our unexpected visit. Our Indians were old friends and acquaintance of this fine young couple, and we were forthwith welcomed to their wigwam, and treated with the utmost hospitality. To find an Indian hunter, and his bride, in such a remote place, was a rare occurrence, which called for explanation, and their story was soon told. Ottowin had loved Lola from a child ; but her parents, stung by some real or imaginary affront, offered by Ottowin's father, would not consent to their union. They had eloped, been married, and, retreating to this distant hunting-ground, had spent upwards of a year in utter solitude, during which period a *pappoose* (son) had been born, and they had become, if possible, more ardently and devotedly attached to each other. He had pursued hunting with great success, as the packs of beaver, otter, marten, mink, and other skins, snugly stowed around the camp, bore ample testimony ; and he was but waiting until he should have acquired a stock sufficiently large to ensure a welcome reception from Lola's parents, and their forgiveness, before setting out on his return to the home of his fathers, and the council-fire of the tribe. Of the forgiveness, our Indians were enabled to assure the fond couple, as the parents had long been anxious to see their only daughter once again, or, at all events, learn something of her situation.

At this hunting-camp we sojourned several days, making excursions with Ottowin, listening, with eager ears, to the numerous interesting incidents of hunting which he related ; learning much of wood-craft, and the various modes of trapping and securing game of all sorts. We spent our waking hours in one continued round of wild sports, and our nights in the soundest slumber. No trouble or care had we, for Lola spread the softest and most fragrant boughs for us to sleep upon, and covered them with plenty of dressed deer-skins. Our meals were prepared in the nicest manner, and our moccasins and leggings were carefully mended, and kept in good repair. Ottowin was building a large new canoe, in which to remove his little family and treasures, but was not ready when the time for our departure arrived. We left this tranquil spot with regret, promising to see Lola's parents on our way home, and inform them of the happiness and success of the run-aways, and procure a promise that they should be graciously received on their return.

This promise we faithfully kept, and little difficulty had we in making peace with them, and procuring the required forgiveness. Years have rolled by, and many and various have been the scenes through which we have passed since this adventure, but memory yet lingers with pleasure over the many happy hours, and the long days of unalloyed pleasure, which we enjoyed at the camp of OTTOWIN AND LOLA.

St. John, New Brunswick.

THE LATE HONOURABLE MARTIN HAWKE :

A SKETCH OF HIS SPORTING CAREER.

BY NIMROD.

It is but fitting that when any very celebrated practical sportsman, who may have eminently contributed, in his person or purse, to the legitimate sports of our country, shall be gathered to his fathers, some notice of the event, as well as some memoir of the individual, should appear in the pages of the *SPORTING REVIEW*. This is consistent with the usages of very distant times. Virgil places not only his heroes, but also the inventors and promoters of useful and pleasurable arts, in the Elysian fields; and it appears to be only just towards those of the present day, who have employed their time and money in the service, or for the amusement of their fellow-men, that their memories should be perpetuated after them, and posterity acquainted with the names and character of their benefactors.

The name of Martin Hawke is, perhaps, as generally known throughout continental Europe, as that of any other individual, in private life, of this or the past century.

In the hunting world he had rather the start of me. He left Leicestershire before I hunted in it; and, as I did not visit Yorkshire previous to his going to reside abroad, I never met him in the field. I have, however, good reason to believe, that, as a daring rider, as well as a fine and powerful horseman, his equal has been rarely found; and I recollect the Duke of Cleveland shewing me a wall, in his country, which he got over when with his hounds, *with a fall*, that I could not have imagined any man in his senses would have ridden at. But Martin Hawke would not be stopped by anything that appeared practicable to his, perhaps, unreasonable eye; and he was precisely of that frame of body which, in matters of this nature, could give effect to the daring spirit it contained. His height was about five feet eight inches, with immense depth and width of chest, an arm that would have done for a gladiator, and the proportions throughout were just: a Squire Osbaldeston, in fact, only on a greater scale; as I should say, Hawke, in the scales, was nothing short of thirteen stone.

As regards his knowledge of fox-hunting, I am unable to speak, from the cause I have already mentioned; namely, my never having seen him in the field; but I should have great difficulty in making myself believe that he was not a good judge of that noble sport. That he excelled in boar-hunting, during the many years he was one of the proprietors of hounds, hunting this game in France, is allowed by all who have visited the neighbourhood of Tours, which was his scene of action; and his expertness in *finishing* the animal with his rifle, from his horse, at the end of a long run, obtained him, together with his bold horsemanship, extraordinary credit with the natives. To this point I can speak, on the very best authority—on that of Sir Joseph

Leedes, the son of Sir George, who so long hunted Cambridgeshire, and who, as "*Joe Leedes*," stood as high amongst first-class riders as any other man of his day.

It was before my arrival in France, that Hawke resided in the neighbourhood of Calais, in the most desirable of all the *châteaux* situated on the road to Guines. Here he not only made himself popular among all descriptions of persons, and was very kind to the poor, but he also so astonished the natives, by leaping his horses over timber, as to acquire the soubriquet of *le diable à-cheval*. He had a small pack of harriers, with which he enjoyed himself in the open country between Calais and Boulogne, where the hares are proverbially stout; and, by the virtue of a peculiar method he possessed of turning away wrath, he was rarely interrupted by the farmers. On my asking a friend of mine, this day, whether he could give me any anecdote relating to him, whilst residing at the above-named *château*, he replied, that the first time he dined with him, he filled him full of champagne, and started him on his road home, with his face towards the horse's tail, and the horse without a bridle.

In Leicestershire, the name of Martin Hawke stood high, as one of the first-flight men in all fast things. He was out on the celebrated Billesden Coplow day, recorded in song, by Mr. Lowth, and complained to me of not having had fair play, his fame having been sacrificed to rhyme.* "Because my name was *Hawke*", said he, "I was brought to a *walk*, whereas *Musters* would tell you, that I was not only one of the few that were up at the end, but that he, *Germaine*, and myself, rode together to *Melton* after the run was ended. The horse I rode was called *Tomtit*, by Lord Clermont's *Emilius*, dam by *Conductor*." Two years back he paid a visit to his nephew, Lord Hawke, who, I need scarcely say, has the management of the *Bads-worth* hounds, and to whom I myself paid a visit about three weeks back, and this was the account he gave of him. "We had not much to do on the two days he was in the field, because we had not a scent," said his Lordship; "but my uncle appeared to me as if, had the hounds run hard, he would have ridden to them quite in his old style."

Our hero was a right good coachman, with undaunted nerve and powerful hand, and, what is rare, made all his own four-horse whips. He likewise made his own fishing-tackle, and, I must say, I never saw, neither do I conceive there need have been, better. On the subject of fishing, however, he shall speak for himself, in the following extract from a letter of four sheets, which I received from him, in 1833, dated *Tours* :—

"In angling, in every manner, and for every fish England can produce, I will give way to no man,—not to old *Isaak Walton*, if he were living. I can make any kind of fly, and every sort of artificial bait, and turn out tackle, rods, &c., equal to old *Higginbotham*, and superior to *Ustonson*, and I will kill a big fish with any man in any part of the world. I have fished a great deal at *Driffield*, in *Yorkshire*, the best place for trout-fishing I ever knew or heard of, the fish running as high as twelve pounds weight, and plenty of them,—not like *Thames* fishing (in which river I have taken some), where, if you catch a dozen

* "*Bethel Cox*, and *Tom Smith*, *Messrs. Bennett and Hawke*, Their nags all contrived to reduce to a walk."

trout in a week, it is called good sport. I have also fished a great deal in Scotland, in the Dee, the Tay, and the Tweed, and have killed a great many salmon in each; once, eleven in one day, in the latter river, in the month of March, 1815; and, in the April following, in the Tay, besides many other good fish, weighing from twenty to forty pounds, one, in particular, which measured forty-eight inches long, and twenty-five in the girth, and weighed sixty-five pounds after it was brought home, a distance of nine miles, from the Lyn of Campsay, to the Salutation Hotel, in Perth. You must be aware that fish lose weight after death. I understand Dr. Gunning, Surgeon-general to the British forces in the last war, at present residing in Paris, has sent a drawing to England of the *alose*, a species of fish that is found in some French rivers every spring, and returns to the sea after spawning. Dr. Gunning has requested me to send an account of this fish, which is as follows:—

“The *alose* leaves the sea, to mount the rivers in France, about the beginning of April, but is not seen in considerable quantities until about the 9th of May, when many, weighing from three to seven pounds, are daily taken by the fishermen, in the Loire, with nets. It is a most excellent fish for the table, uniting the flavour of the salmon and mackerel. They are sold, upon an average, at about one franc per pound, although, of course, as seasons vary, the abundance or scarcity of them makes a material difference in price. To bring plenty of these fish far up the rivers, requires that a great deal of rain should have fallen towards the source (that of the Loire especially) early in April, for, the greater the stream, the more fish come up, and those of large size. In the first week in May, there are, also, in this river, immense shoals of fish which are called *colvaros*—a kind of bastard *alose*, resembling the latter, indeed, very closely in make and shape, but with a smaller head, a nose more pointed, of a brighter silver hue, with black spots, and running from one to three pounds weight. This fish is not much valued for its flavour; nevertheless, at its first coming, it is not to be despised; and it affords excellent sport to the angler; whereas the *alose* is seldom taken with a hook, although, when it has been so taken, it has proved itself stronger, in proportion to its size, than the salmon. I have taken fifty *colvaros* in a few hours, with the rod (which should be very long, and very light), made of cane, which grows in the neighbourhood, although the best come from Provence.

“These rods are twenty or twenty-two feet long, with light *willow* tops; and it is almost incredible how springy and tough the French *willow* is, and what hard work it will sustain. I use rings to my rods, and a line of fine and strong silk, the bottom length, four yards long, of twisted gut,—a strong single one towards the hook, which should be of the largest size used for *barbel*. The best baits are very small fish, about the size of a minnow, which are hooked through the eyes (first killing them), and you then throw the *under-handed* line, the same as if spinning a minnow for trout, casting out as far as you can; and then, after letting the line sink a little, keep *drawing* it along (not *jerking* it, as in trolling,) through the water: you will feel the fish pull, upon which you should immediately strike, and land him as soon as possible; for, if you slack the line in the least, he will invariably

get away. This species of angling was not known twelve years ago, when it was invented by a Frenchman, who observed the habits of the fish; and it certainly affords excellent sport; forasmuch as one of these fish, of a pound, will pull harder at you than a trout of double that weight. The season lasts about six weeks, as at the expiration of that time the fish are away to the sea, having deposited their spawn; but, if you were to walk by the river's side of an evening, about dusk, in the month of May, you would be astonished at the noise made by them, when dashing through the water after their prey. I think this fish a good deal resembles the Thames chad, which I only remember as a boy at school, at Hammersmith; but which, I think, was accounted a very bad fish. If so, what beautiful sport is in store for the cockneys, who, I am certain, never yet thought of angling for chad: at all events, it is worth trying; and I have little doubt but the experiment would succeed. Near to bridges, weirs, and in deep water, with eddies, are the best places for sport: and the morning, soon after break of day, is the best time for the fish I have been speaking of, for as soon as it becomes dusk, in the evening, the colvaro runs no more."

The matter and style of this letter—not intended to meet the public eye—at once denote its author to be a practical sportsman, entering into the *minutiæ* of the sport he delights in, and endeavouring to make others participate in his pleasures. At the end of it are the following lines,—written off-hand, at the moment, evident from the substituting certain words for others, which generally happens on the perusal, by the writer, of any extemporary production. Saying nothing of the poetry, the sentiments expressed are those of a man of mind and fine feeling, and shew that the writer looked back with regret on scenes that had passed, as well as on circumstances that had driven him from the land of his birth.

THE WOODCOCK.

"Far from the noisy haunts of pride,
'Midst woodland glens, the mountain's side,
Why wanderest thou forlorn?
Can sorrow's faded form be thine?
Canst thou have sorrows great as mine?
Or sigh for pleasures gone?"

"Still, happy bird, in woods, at least,
Thou canst enjoy pale sorrow's feast,
Unquestion'd and alone:
But no—I see the fowler's aim
Already mark thee for his game,
And catch thy parting groan.

"Still, happy bird; that peaceful hour
I wish was in thy poet's power,
That ends a life of woe:
Condemn'd, 'midst many a busy scene,
To deck pale grief in mirthful mien,
Whilst tears resistless flow."

On another occasion he sent me the following—"Epitome of the Seasons; or, the Sportsman's Delight;" in which, it must be allowed, each period of the year is very happily alluded to, in a very few words:—

" When summer bids us seek the shade,
 Let's hasten to the mazy glade ;
 'Tis there the limpid riv'let strays
 O'er pebbled banks, a thousand ways.
 The tapering rod, the fur-fraught fly,
 Delude the trout's quick, darting eye :
 Each tenant of the wat'ry plain
 Becomes the skilful angler's gain.
 When *August* brings its sultry hours,
 Teeming plains, and fruits, and flowers ;
 Then ling-clad moors shall offer sports
 Far better than the glare of courts.
 O'er scented mountain, marshy vale,
 On fluttering wings the heath-cocks sail :
 They mount, they quiver, and they die,
 Whilst mimic thunder rends the sky !
 When kind *September* cheers the swain,
 Let's hasten to the stubble's plain ;
 'Tis there the partridge chirps away,
 Basking beneath the noontide ray :
 Our dogs are stanch, our marksmen sure,
 Equal each varying toil t' endure :
 In fluttering haste the coveys rise,
 Ah! soon to fall in mute surprise.
 Brown *October* claims my song ;
 We'll ramble, then, the woods among ;
 The golden pheasants there repair,
 And brakes conceal the fearful hare.
 Come, bleak *November's* gloomy hours,
 Swift-descending, fleecy showers ;
 For woodcocks, range the briery fens,
 And flush them from their rushy dens.
 Hark! the merry hounds and horn,
 Welcome *December's* short-lived morn ;
 Reynard leaves his fav'rite cave,
 And flies afar, his life to save :
 Or the swift and doubling hare
 Demands the sportsman's early care.
 Ere wintry storms forbid the sport,
 At dawn of morn the season court ;
 Gently guide the courser's flight,
 With echoing cry, till fall of night.
 Snow and frost, a pow'rful train,
 Too soon shall cover all the plain ;
 Tread, then, the winding riv'let's shore,
 Where the whirling cataracts roar ;
 Twitt'ring snipes, and wild-ducks too,
 Shall there become a prey to you.

Such, surely, is the sportsman's joy,—
 Gay sports, which wintry hours employ.
 Changed to thaw, the rapid hare
 And well-bred greyhound claim thy care ;
 Then seek the healthful wolds in haste,
 The freshness of the air to taste :
 Far removed from noise and strife,
 There view the joys of rural life.
 Grant me, ye gods, contented hours,
 Such valued sports and sylvan bowers."

As a companion, in the social hour, Martin Hawke, in my opinion, had not many superiors. He was quite the man of the world, and had a ready wit, which never seemed to fail him; neither was he deficient in applying it, whenever an opportunity offered, and generally with good effect. But, as truth should be the soul of biography, as it is allowed to be of history, I am compelled to say, that he had the character of being somewhat testy in society of a certain description, — at cards especially, — and I believe it is a true bill. He, however, appeared to me to be a man with whom — cards out of the question — I could have lived all my days without exchanging one cross word. It is true he was engaged in two duels, a circumstance not much to be wondered at; indeed, when we consider the kind of life he led, with a temper naturally ardent, and somewhat soured by events, his occasionally mixing in play with persons of every description, added to his being a capital pistol shot, and a man of every undaunted courage, he might have been expected to have been oftener in the field. His first encounter was with the celebrated Colonel Mellish, whom he wounded in the arm, but with whom he afterwards lived on the most friendly terms. The second was of a ludicrous description, and was thus described to me by Sir Joseph Leedes. It appeared that Hawke said something offensive to an adversary at play, who demanded satisfaction on the morrow, at the pistol's mouth. "By all means," said Hawke; "but as I must be at the cover's side to-morrow morning, to arrange matters for the day's sport, *that must be the place of meeting.*" It happened that his adversary was first on the ground, but it was not long before Hawke was seen galloping towards the spot, and, as was his usual custom, when approaching the place of meeting, blowing some peculiar notes on his horn. "Now, sir," said he to his assailant, "let us get to business *quickly*, for we must not keep the gentlemen waiting." On the ground being taken, Hawke received a shot, but did not return it, — coolly observing to his antagonist, that it was well the matter ended as it did, for he could assure him, upon his honour, that he *could hit* any button on his coat, or on any other part of his clothes. As may be supposed, the gentleman returned to Tours, glad to find himself in a whole skin.

That Hawke was a first-rate pistol shot, I can assert on my own experience of his prowess; and especially in one instance. I was travelling with him in his carriage, when, taking a loaded pistol out of a case (I believe he never travelled without them), he said, "You shall see me hit that tree," which was a small one, at about twenty yards' distance. No sooner said than done, which I did not expect, as the carriage was proceeding at a foot's pace up a hill at the moment.

Our hero had one or two peculiarities in his character, which most persons, with talent of a superior order, are prone to have. For example, he could not bear a fly, much less flies, buzzing about a room, or even in a window. They absolutely made him uncomfortable; and I can produce a laughable incident relating to the said Domitian-like antipathy. We were about to set off on a journey together, and his carriage was waiting at the door. "We shall be late," said I to him, as he entered the room; "let us get our breakfast quickly." "I cannot eat mine," he replied, "until I have killed every one of these flies." He set about the task with a napkin, and

in the act of slaughtering the last of them, whilst perched on the brim of the sugar-basin, he performed a double office — he killed the fly, and, at the same time, sent a cup of boiling, black coffee into my lap, to the no small discoloration of my white trousers, to say nothing of its scalding effects.

As a play-man, Martin Hawke was more sinned against than sinning. I have reason to believe he was a loser, on the long run; and cannot bring myself to imagine him capable of ever having taken an unfair advantage of his adversary. That he was actively alive to the fine feelings of humanity, I can speak from personal knowledge of him;—from the intense anxiety he exhibited during the long illness of his only daughter, and the mental suffering her death occasioned to him, which doubtless hastened his own. In fact, he told me, it had given him the fatal stab, assuring me his days were numbered, and that they would be but few. He survived this melancholy event, however, about two years, sinking into, for him, a very early grave; forasmuch as, from his generally temperate habits, addiction to outdoor exercises, and very expansive frame, he might have been expected to have reached extreme old age. The complaint that killed him was *angina pectoris*, or water on the chest; and his death was somewhat in character with his life. He offered to bet the doctor who attended him ten to one he did not live to see the first day of the ensuing month; nor did he. *Peace to his ashes*. There may have been many better men; but, for one that excelled him, thousands will be found his inferiors,—unexpectedly so, perhaps,—when the awful day of reckoning shall come. He was totally without guile, openly displaying his faults in front; but his virtues were discernible, notwithstanding they had to work their way through a somewhat rough exterior.

The following song, written and sung by himself, will not fail to give such of my readers as may have never seen him, a pretty correct idea of the sort of man the author of it was, and will cause many of them to exclaim, “I should have liked to have been acquainted with this Martin Hawke;—he must surely have been a trump.” And a trump he was.

“Oh! when I was a mere chick—a pretty little boy,—
To mount our errand donkey gave me the greatest joy,
And, even in that young age, quite up to many a trick,
I made poor Neddy canter, jump about, and kick:
For a sportsman I was born.

I mounted next a pony, with flowing mane and tail,
And, sticking to the huntsman, would o'er the country sail;
And though so long a time has passed, I still with rapture think
How very oft the brush I won, arrayed in sporting pink.

I now have follow'd hunting for many happy years,
And always laugh'd at danger, as merely childish fears;
The foxhound I have studied, in field and in the kennel,
And was up, the Billesden Coplowl day, the best e'er known, with Meynell.

And, oh! I shall remember, ev'n to my dying day,
His tally-ho! when Meynell viewed this fox away;
I think I see him still, upon his gallant black,
With 'Come away!' and 'Hark away!' to cheer the flying pack.

I'll ne'er forget the splendid days from Melton which I've seen,
 And jovial nights, which chased away all sorrow, care, and spleen :
 Oh ! no ; — these scenes of early life come o'er me like a dream ;
 One brilliant ray to cheer the gloom of life's fast-ebbing stream.

From Whetstone Gorse I rode a horse, but fifteen hands, or under,
 Well known to fame, Tomtit his name, and quite the country's wonder ;
 So fast he went, on a burning scent, o'er brook and ox-fence skimming,
 He proved to all, that though so small, he knew the art of trimming.

From Barkby Holt, like a thunderbolt, I darted, on Antæus ;
 And though, no doubt, many clippers were out, the devil of one could see us.
 Like pigeon blue, so fast he flew, away o'er hill and valley,
 That from the meet, the field dead-beat, had never time to rally.

I've had a thousand tumbles, some plump upon my head ;
 Have broke my arms, my legs ; — also, been taken up for dead ;
 And now, though nearly sixty, still can ride as hard as ever ;
 When mounted on a thorough-bred, can do the thing so clever.

I've charged the Smite with famed Tom Smith, when, touching knee to knee ;
 I've swam the Trent with gallant Jack, when rolling like the sea ;
 Though deadly blown, I never turned from timber stiff and strong ;
 It would not break, it would not bend, but still I dashed along.

You seem surprised ; at once, kind sir, to counsel true attend ;
 The eagle eye, and fearless heart, must both assistance lend :
 I pull him hard, I set him straight, he cannot baulk or shy ;
 I lift him up, and, at the time, both whip and spurs apply.

I've hunted oft with Sefton, with Foley, Lonsdale too,
 And, with Tom Smith and Musters, the *varmint* would pursue ;
 With Sykes and Osbaldeston have rode the glorious burst ;
 And still, with ev'ry pack I've met, believe me, I've been *first*.

On Scotland's hills, with Baily, have seen his foxhounds fly ;
 With Hay, of Dunn, and Lothians, beheld old Reynard die ;
 With Scarborough and with Hawke have seen the fearful rush,
 Of dashing o'er park palings, in challenging the brush.

From ditches deep, in Essex, ne'er turn'd my horse away ;
 With Calcraft and with Eagle,* have beat them all, I say ;
 From Honey Grove I saw a fox break gallantly at Nore,
 Ran thirty miles, and nobly died down on the Harwich shore.

In Touraine long I've hunted — the wolf, the boar, and stag,
 And often shewn the Frenchmen how fleet's an English nag ;
 And when the boar's been brought to bay, my still unerring shot
 Has proved to all, my shooting, like my riding, not forgot.

And is it not most gallant sport to bring the boar to bay, —
 To trace the wild stag to his lair, — to chase the wolf away ?
 Oh ! long may then, o'er Touraine's heath, such gallant sport be ours,
 While memory true, of former feats, shall strew our path with flowers.

Then fill the glass, and let it pass, in cups of sparkling wine,
 The glorious chase, the foremost place, and all we've seen lang syne ; —
 And may we all keep up the ball, for many, many a day,
 Enjoy the fun, and many a run, — till time shall pass away :

For sportsmen we will die ! "

* A gentleman farmer, near Colchester.

THE CHASE:

ITS STATE AND PROSPECTS, AS INDICATED IN THE PAST
HUNTING SEASON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS OF A MODERN FOX-HUNTER."

GOLDSMITH'S bearward, who danced his shaggy companion to none but the genteelst of tunes—"Water parted," or the "Minuet in Ariadne," was a philosopher whose theory would have done credit to a far more distinguished professor. It is not to the historian, the poet, the painter, the orator, or the statesman, that the world is alone beholden for her progress in all that has advanced and embellished society. There is no walk in life so lowly, that he who pursues it may not find himself in a condition to contribute an occasional mite to the social commonwealth. With this conviction, I enter upon the inquiry which will form the matter of this paper. I believe the subject to be one of infinitely greater concern than the mere utilitarian is disposed to admit: I regard it as possessing an importance the greater, that its relations are exclusively national. For a century and a half the chase has formed the great reunion for all classes in the rural districts of these islands. It has been well said, that, in this country, a young man could not find a better introduction to the world than that afforded by a Leicestershire cover side: I am sure that no English gentleman can adopt a more certain path to popularity than that which shall conduct him to the fixtures of the foxhounds by which his neighbourhood is hunted.

Will it be asked, "to what does this preface relate?" I fear not: I wish it were not a fact so obvious, a proposition so self-evident, that, for the last five or six years, fox-hunting has, by slow but sure degrees, fallen from its once palmy condition among us. It is not that the high names which have so long shed lustre upon the annals of the chase have ceased to be numbered among its patrons; it is not that the Rutlands, the Graftons, the Fitzwilliams, the Lonsdales, the Beauforts, the Yarboroughs, the Clevelands, have withdrawn their countenance from British fox-hunting: it is the growing indifference to the cause manifested by the gentry and yeomanry in some districts—the open hostility displayed by them in others, which but too evidently shew the present jeopardy of one of the noblest—the most manly of our rural sports. The spirit that sent forth our fathers to the sylvan "type of glorious war" has not departed from their sons. To a more refined taste, in habits and pursuits, we have neither added effeminacy nor the love of unmanly ease. Whence, then, the causes that threaten the ruin of a sport which, more than any other, identifies itself with the enterprise and ardour of the British character? I will endeavour to answer the inquiry. While the changes, which so surely and so constantly wait upon the progress of time, have called into existence many tastes and pursuits inimical to the interests of the chase, latter years have been productive of no single event calculated to assist or uphold its condition. The local metamorphoses which have been effected by the

agency of the railroad, have severely interfered with the prosperity of several once popular districts. I do not mean to attribute this evil to any injury inflicted, by the passage of railways through countries, upon their fitness for fox-hunting (a generally received cause of annoyance, which I believe to be much overrated), but to the greatly improved facility which they afford of transit to particular localities, to the detriment of such as do not possess similar advantages. A man who can transport himself and his hunter from town, any morning after breakfast, in time to meet the Quorn or the Pytchley, and return the same day, himself to his *penates* in May-fair, and his nag to his accustomed box, can scarcely be expected to subscribe to, or patronize, a suburban pack of foxhounds, or keep a stud in Surrey or Herts. Hence arise two inconveniences—a too liberal supply to fields already overstocked, and the taking from the scanty treasury and attendance of such as can ill afford it, the little which they possess.

Untoward as these influences are felt to be, in particular cases, the whole economy of the chase has lately been invaded and perplexed by one of the most obnoxious items ever added to the catalogue of our field sports. I will but adduce two of the properties of the STEEPLE-CHASE, to prove that it merits, and will, assuredly, one day, receive the universal execration of every true sportsman in this land. It has fomented many rural jealousies, by bringing individual feelings into collision, as well as affording pretext for much vexatious trespass; and it has given birth to an equestrian rivalry, of all nuisances the most unequivocally fatal to the sport of fox-hunting. The good sense of Englishmen, I am satisfied, will allow no long reign to this pernicious, bastard pastime; and I would leave it to work out its own destruction, but that there is one feature in its system that appears to have been overlooked by the many talented persons who, in this book and elsewhere, have borne witness against it. As a medium for speculation—that false excitement, which too many seek in pursuits worthy a better purpose—it is obnoxious to more suspicion and distrust than the "*rouge et noir*" of Leicester-square; or the thimble-rig of Epsom and Ascot. In legitimate racing, there is the self-interest of the official employed in the most important of its details to ensure—at all events, to make it most probable,—that the best will win. In the steeple-chase, in many cases, the owner rides, and "does as he likes with his own;" or a "gentleman" is put up, having no responsibility, in the way of character or penalty. Few people have a conception of the number of steeple-chases annually made safe: "a blot is not a blot 'till it is hit." It may serve to illustrate the system, to state, that an individual who, in the present season, is riding as a *gentleman* jock, in races, the articles of which require them to be ridden "by *gentlemen*," last year announced himself, in the public papers, to be a common rogue and cheat!

Another novelty, and one, unfortunately, of growing adoption, is that of hunting districts by means of trading professors in the art and mystery of the chase. No doubt, in every calling that requires knowledge and skill, it is most desirable that such as undertake an office should bring to the discharge of their duties a thorough perception of all its details, aided and matured by practical experience. Still, in

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獵犬追鹿 德意志畫報 1884年 11月 11日 第 11 頁

this particular case, I cannot but think that, with less critical knowledge, an individual connected, by family relations, personal influence, and popularity, with the districts in which he hunts a pack of foxhounds, will ever appear at cover side with more content to himself and his field, and with infinitely better chances of shewing sport, than the stranger, however justly celebrated in woodcraft, who has to contend with the rural prepossessions and local jealousies which are certain to beset him. And, more than this, I am satisfied that the officiating huntsman should be a servant. Of all the public countries in England, which was productive of the most distinguished sport—which shewed, beyond all others, the best runs of the past season? That wherein the master, without laying claim to the character of a crack huntsman, was a nobleman of universal popularity and distinguished munificence, and who placed in command of his pack one of the best professional huntsmen in England.

Come we now to that portion of our inquiry which occupies the middle of the question; the present state and future prospects of fox-hunting, being alike concerned in, and dependant upon, the preservation of foxes. It is not necessary (for, unfortunately, the knowledge, like the fact to which it relates, is too general) to particularize the countries that were abandoned, at the close of the last season, from their want of the animals of chase. In the days of our fathers there were men who, from ambition or selfish desire to possess over-loaded preserves, and manors stocked till they became nuisances, secretly connived at the destruction of foxes: none, I believe, who acknowledged or attempted to vindicate the exploit. Our sires would look with small complaisance upon the "bad pre-eminence" of those who, among us, admit, or avow, the ungenerous, un-English practice of vulpicide; but how would they regard such as adopt it as the means of exercising personal spleen—as a channel for inflicting individual annoyance? That such offences polluted the records of the last season, is as undeniable as disgraceful. In West Sussex, where, during the lifetime of that pattern of English gentlemen, the excellent Earl of Egremont, his sons, George and Henry Wyndham, kept separate packs of foxhounds, the sport of the latter has been all but annihilated, at the instance of his brother, the present proprietor of Petworth and its wide domains. The public voice proclaimed it; and as the public appeal made in these pages to Colonel Wyndham, to deny the charge, if he could, remains unanswered, it is to be implied that the accusation could not be refuted.

It may be said, that the vulpicide in West Sussex has already been sufficiently treated of, and exposed, in former numbers of this work; and I may be asked, why I have reverted to it here? Simply because I would select the most flagrant instance that I am cognizant of, the more effectually to arouse indignation against the practice in general, by shewing the base uses to which it has been turned in a particular instance. Surely, surely the aristocracy, the yeomanry of this great rural county, will stand forward to succour and support the first of her field sports in the day of its immediate peril—in the hour of its pressing jeopardy. To time, no doubt, it is destined to yield, and be accounted among the hearty old pastimes of merry England.

Still let us not anticipate a fate, inevitable though it be. Fox-hunting has been the sport of generations of worthies, to whom we can look back with honest pride : it has stirred and fanned to ecstasy the fire of our youth ; it cheers and warms the blood that age is chilling within us. Rally, then, round the good cause, sons of a soil to which the chase is native ; of which it hath long been the pleasure and the pride. Let not emasculate sentimentality, pedantic presumption, or puffed-up selfishness, deprive of a single disciple a study so full of reward, a lore so emphatically natural, as THE NOBLE SCIENCE !

SCENES WITH "UNCLE SAM."

No. 9.

A NIGHT AND A DAY.

"Last scene of all."

"BACCHI PLENUS," "full of baccy," the soft digester of the day's repast, I lay reclining "a la Great Mogul," stretched out at easy length beneath the shade of the exterior verandah, counting the silver stars, and finding faces in the broad disc of the full moon, as it arose above the massy darkness of the forest ; when suddenly the woolly pate of "nigger Joe" popped up before me, like a something from the shades below, and his cracked voice bespoke my listening ear.

"Pleasum, sar, Misser Harry sent um to ax um if yoo will like to go a foxeruntin' out to-night, sar ?"

"Oh ! certainly,—pray tell your master, I am up to anything he recommends," was my reply ; although, to tell the truth, I had not, at the moment, the most distant notion what the darky said, nor to what exploit I had pledged myself.

I was not long in doubt. Before the moon had well "ruz up" above the trees, Harry was at the gate, mounted upon his little bay mare, cracking his whip, and shouting furiously ; whilst, in the direction of the kennel, nigger Joe's semiquavers on the hunting horn, and the responsive "bow-wow" of the dogs, shewed mischief brewing for some forest varmint.

"Now then, old fellow, look alive !" shouted Harry. "Come on, I've got your horse. Be quick, and don't lose moonlight, or we shall never find our fox."

"Our fox !"

"Yes.—Didn't that villain Joe tell you that we were going fox-hunting ?—But come along, or else the game will be so far afoot, that we shall never get at them at all."

Thus urged, I was soon in the saddle, smiling, however, at my own picture of a crack Meltonian's astonishment, if he were called out after dinner for a moonlit fox-hunt. Here, however, it was the constant practice, not a whim.

“It’s of no use to look for foxes in the day-time here,” quoth Harry, as we struck into the valleys of the forest; “the rascals never leave their holes by day; and it is only in the night that we can find them far enough from home to give us any sport at all. Now, Joe, bring on your dogs: Hey! Rover! Ranger! Roarer! in with you;” and as the hounds ranged slowly through the thicket, we dodged about among the clearer trees, cheering them on, until old Rover challenged on a scent.

The red fox is but little known in the more southern States, although, at one time, they were plentiful as huckleberries; insomuch that many of the State Governments gave prices for their heads, as for those of the wolves. This system has exhausted them: the only fox now to be found, is a grey animal, smaller than our English “varmint,” more “punchy-shaped,” and far less speedy. There is a legend of an old red fox existing still, somewhere up in the hilly country of South Carolina, which has been hunted by successive generations far beyond the memory of the oldest settlers, and which is perfectly well known throughout the State by the cognomen of “the old Red.” But he is the last and only remnant of his race in the South, the sole survivor of the “thoroughbred.”

The present race, the greys, inferior in speed and bottom, make up in cunning what they want in strength. They creep, they swim, they double, twist, and turn,—hiding in hollow logs, running down marshy bottoms, climbing up crooked trees; and when, sometimes, they find an open space, where the young sapling pines crowd close and thickly set together, they jump upon the nearest, and, by successive springs, travel along the bushy tops, full six feet from the ground, to a considerable distance.

It was a strange and novel scene to me, as the hounds pressed upon the scent, waking the midnight echoes with their deep-mouthed music. The moon was now well up, silvering all the topmost foliage of the pines, and throwing their fantastic shadows on our path. The stillness of the night, too, gave a strange and most unearthly echo to our frequent shouts; and, altogether, it required little help from the imagination, to realize the fearful and romantic tales of the ghost-riders of the Hartz, or the wild gallop of the demon huntsmen of the Black Forest.

One while we were upon the summit of a sand-hill, where a soft wind just moved the topmost leaves, and shook the shadows in the moonlight; then, in a moment, we were plunged into a dark and dismal hollow, thick with the brushwood nurtured by some trickling stream; and then, again, we rose upon the hill, and got a lighter and less dangerous galloping-ground; our fox keeping still well afoot before us.

The red glare of a fire, with the black smoke curling up lazily above the trees, caught my eye on the hill-side before us. A nearer approach shewed us a family of emigrants, bivouacking in the forest. Their cart drawn up so as to screen them from the wind; their horses tethered to the nearest trees; and they themselves huddled around the blazing pine-knots, and staring, in unfeigned astonishment, at this unlooked-for interruption of their night’s repose.

Away we went again,—Harry in fits, shouting, screaming, cheering, and cracking his whip faster and louder, as his steam got up; and nigger Joe twanging away at his trumpet, and kicking up his long-eared

courser's ribs in regular cruelty-to-animals style. But I, unused to holding such a rattling pace by moonlight through the forest, fell gradually in the rear, until a false step in a rabbit-hole sent my steed rolling head over heels down a steep pitch, and laid me flat upon my back among a heap of thorns.

We were soon up again, and scampering away in the direction of the sounds, the only guides I had to go by, as I knew nothing of the whereabouts. Over the hills, and down the dales, we went; but nothing was to be seen, although the sounds sometimes broke out so loud, that I imagined myself close upon them, ignorant, as I then was, of the deceptive nature of the forest echoes, which oftentimes mislead the most experienced ear. I stopped awhile, and listened,—but, like the demon noises in “*Der Frieschutz*,” the sounds were in the air—here, there, and everywhere, until they left me quite bewildered; and then they grew fainter and fainter on my ear, until they suddenly ceased altogether.

I was now in a most undeniable dilemma. Before me lay a black and gloomy thicket, scarce penetrable by the moonlight; on either side, a steep and rugged hill descended into darkness; and in my rear stood an array of tall, gaunt pines, waving their lanky arms, and moaning in the rising night-wind; whilst, to increase the troubles of my situation, thick clouds were packing closely round the moon, threatening soon to deprive me of my only help, and change the light to darkness.

I cast my eyes around me hopelessly, and was beginning to despond, when, to my great surprise, and no less joy, I saw a rolling cloud of smoke burst from the forest just before me. The emigrants, whom we had passed, rose up before my mind as the right authors of this fire; but, alas! “the wish was father to the thought,” for, when I hurried to the spot, I found no emigrants, but only a large district of the forest wrapt in flames.

There is no sight on earth more grand, more striking, more sublime, than the native forest when on fire. At first, the terrible destroyer creeps along the ground, feeding upon the long dry grass, the dead and broken fragments of the trees, the crispened leaves, the withered pine-straw. But, as it gathers force, and grows in strength, it grapples with the bodies of the living trees, twining its glowing arms around their trunks, and searching out their tender places with its forked tongues; roaring and hissing with its fierceness, until the conquered forest monarch yields, and prostrate falls amid the flames. Sometimes, too, when the wind blows freshly, these fires travel at a wondrous speed across enormous spaces: and I remember one occasion, when I experienced some difficulty in avoiding the effects of one which I approached too nearly, the sole security in such a case being to place some little stream between yourself and danger.

Utterly at a loss which way to turn, or what to do, I did the best thing, namely, *nothing*, leaving my horse to choose his own mode of proceeding, whether to stop or go; and when, and whither: and thus we wandered on, for, at the least, four hours, when the moon, suddenly breaking cover, shewed me, to my extreme delight, a clearing, and a dwelling straight before me. To hasten to the door, and knock most lustily, was but the work of a moment; and, in immediate response, out

popped a huge appearance from a window over the door, and a sharp voice sung out,—“Why, hulloh! stranger, what’s your matter now?”

“I have lost my way in the forest here hard bye, and I want a night’s lodging, if you’ll give it me.”

“You’re welcome,” was the short reply; and, in a moment more, the bolts were drawn, the door opened, and mine host came forth, without having delayed long at his toilet.

“Oh, ah! well, let me see—yes; come, turn your horse into the lot, stranger, will yer? Yes; ah! it’s a nasty thing, I guess, to lose yer way, specially when yer can’t find it—isn’t it? Yes; now then bring in yer saddle, it’ll make an allmighty precious piller. Well, I never—why, I think I’ve seen you somewhere else before—aint I?—yes; at least I guess so.”

“Well! ah! it is my old friend, Doctor Small,” exclaimed I; “there cannot be *two* such, I am sure.” And we shook hands.

“Now, you must take a shake-down in the corner till to-morrow,” said the Doctor, “and then I’ll see what we can do for yer;” so, giving me a mattress and a couple of blankets, my hospitable entertainer wished me “good repose,” and left me to my rest.

“Now then, that chance has thrown you in my way,” quoth Doctor Small, next morning, after he had heard my adventures of the previous night, “I shall not part with yer until ye’ve paid the penance of a day or two with me; so, now then, what’ll yer do to-day? There’s Michael there, is goin’ down to the Forks a huntin’—aint yer Michael? No; ah! yes. Then there’s Triptolemus is goin’ to buy a blackey, up the country; will yer go wi’ him, and drive a bit of nigger tradin’?—do as yer like;—or else, there’s Sampson and ‘the young un’ goin’ cat-fishin’—Eh! Sammy! aint yer; and jest to have a little touch at bee-hunting—eh, boy?”

“The cat-fishing and bee-hunting for me,” was my reply. “So be it, then,” said Doctor Small; and shortly after breakfast we set out, each on our several pursuits: Michael to the Forks; Triptolemus to nigger-buying; and Sampson, “young un,” and myself, to the bee-hunting.

Sampson was provided with a huge bag, for which I saw no purpose; “young un” had got a hatchet and some sundries; I carried the Doctor’s rifle.

The sun had risen far above the bluff, the leaves were laden with the morning dew, and all the feathered tribe were well in motion, when we left the Doctor’s house. Some two hours of good walking brought us to the edge of a large lake, or “pond” (as they are here called), and flocks of wild-fowl rose from the surface of the water as we came in sight.

“Now, then,” cried Sampson, as he pitched his load upon the ground; “now for my grand experiment;—I guess you’ll see sights. Come, ‘young un,’ blow up sharp.”

“What have you got there?” asked I, as the two brothers, putting their mouths on either side of the large bag, blew till they looked as if their cheeks would burst.

“This is a boat,” was Sampson’s answer; “when I was up in town

last, I saw such sights of hingy rubber, as I thought 'ud make a jolly boat ; so now I'm trying it ;" and as they blew again, I thought it was indeed a wondrous sight to see a man, in the remotest wilds of "the New World," blowing his breath into a caoutchouc boat.

"Now, then, the boat's all ready ; shove her out 'young un ;' here's a jump. Oh! mighty, I'm in! pull me out! I'm stuck in the mud. Guess I shan't try on no more hingy rubber boats."

"Well, here's a wooden boat, now ; get into that."—"Oh! nonsense, she's half full o' water."—"Well, then, set to and bale her out ; we all work for our living here."—"There, I have left the water only ankle deep. Now, 'young un,' get in. Look, where's the hingy rubber? Oh! it's a floatin' all away before the wind ;—no matter, it's a stupid Yankee notion. Now's yer time.

"Let's make tracks straight towards yon little island, where the line of fog is resting on that sleepy alligator's back. Stop, he has seen us ;—Plush! and in he goes. I know there's bee-trees somewhere in that bush—make the ship fast ; and now then, blink yer goggle eye. Pooh! don't be mooning up into the sky, as if yer were a looking for a weathercock ; bees don't build nests upon the boughs, like yellow jackets.—Oh! oh! oh! Help! I've trod in upon a hornet's nest ; they're killing me! Slash away at them. Oh! I've got one crawled down my back, and two more up my trouser legs—murder! I didn't know that 'tarnal log was holler ; I guess I've put my foot in it."

"Look well at yonder full-blown jessamine ; aint there a honey-boy about it. Ah! I thought so ; now, watch him. How he's a lining. Now, off he goes ; but see, how labouring beneath his load. Follow him up ; we have him. Down with your saplings, and make up yer honey-troughs. Now, 'young un,' where's the hatchet? whack away, boys ; never mind yer fingers—crash—down comes the tree ; a regular good honey-pot."

"They're all astir ;—brush away at the ears, boys ; no stamping, and no squalling ; it's against the rules—here's loads of honey, enough to sweeten all our dispositions for a month to come."

"Hush! there's a duck ;—wait!—Crack goes the rifle ; skip goes the bullet ; and away goes the duck. Oh! you eternal blunderer ; give me the weepion. The air's quite chock full of 'em. Crack! Down he comes, tumbling, twirling, splash into the pond."

"Hurrah! a roaster ;—now for a little light wood, a good fire, and a split stick ; I wish we had a little salt ; but here's a quart of mountain dew instead."

"And here's a 'yellow-belly ;'—what a gallous snake! Oh! mighty! young un's chopped his head off with the hatchet ;—does his mother know he's out?"

"Now, the duck's done, right to a turn ; and here's a lot of honey. I'll bet half a gallon of the best rum to a coonskin, the folk at home don't have so good a dinner, nor so raw an appetite, as we."

"There's a mud turtle—crack—rattled his shell ; he's scared ; he drops ;—the jig's up ; let's be off."

* * * * *

The jig was up ; on my return, under the guidance of my friend, the Doctor, to the point whence I had come the previous evening ; I

found letters which called for my immediate return to England, and thus, at once and suddenly, came the conclusion to my scenes with Uncle Sam.

* * * * *

Farewell, then, Nunky! Go ahead, and prosper!—May all your works be wonders, as they have ever been, and all your wonders worked as they have never been before! May your soil prove so rich as to grow horse-shoes where old nails are sown; your rivers rush so as to shove the sea away, out of its place, and give you territories new! May your trees grow so quickly as to pull all their roots up out of the earth, and thenceforth flourish in the air! And may you never want a trumpeter of fame, whilst you can “blow your own,” to testify the full perfection of



“THE GO AHEAD SYSTEM.”

WILDRAKE.

FLORENCE RACES.

FIRST DAY, APRIL 4TH.

Match for 50 louis each; once round.

Prince Charles Poniatowski's gr. m. Elisa, five-years old, 189 lb.	1
Hon. Ferdinand St. John's b. g. Mameluke, aged, 180 lb.	2

Won in a canter, 2 to 1 on the winner.

The Ombrone Purse of 100 francesconi, given by the Jockey Club, for Tuscan-bred horses, three-year-olds, 120 lbs.; four, 149 lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 5 lb.; once round.

Signor Barrotti's b. c. Lavinio, three-years old	1
Signor Collini's b. c. Capriolo, three-years old	2
Signor Fierli's b. c. Galletto, four-years old	0
Signor Couper's br. c. Brigante, three-years old	0
Signor Mariotti's gr. m. Armena, four-years old	0

The Arno Purse of 200 francesconi, given by the Jockey Club for thorough-bred horses, of all ages, three-year-olds, 142 lb.; four, 168 lb.; five, 180 lb.; six, and aged, 186 lb.; m. and g. allowed 5 lb.; once round.

CLASS I.

Prince Joseph Poniatowski's b. g. Antrim, five-years old	1
Baron Lowenberg's b. m. Wimple, five-years old	2
Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Hill Coolie, three-years old	3
Mr. Gasperini's br. c. Don't-you-wish-you-may-get-it, three-years old, by Recovery, out of the Nun	4
Mr. Gamgee's ch. h. Reviver, five-years old	5

Even on Hill Coolie; 3 to 1 agst. Reviver, 5 to 1 agst. Wimple, 6 to 1 agst. Gas, and any odds agst. the winner.

CLASS II.

Marquess Salsa's b. m. Rivulet	1
Baron Lowenberg's b. g. Tom	2
Prince Charles Poniatowski's b. f. La Diplomate, three-years old, by Plenipotentiary, out of Rachel, by Whalebone	3
Mr. Gasperini's ch. c. L'Enfant Trouvé, four-years old, by Buzzard, out of Bamboo's dam	4
Prince Charles Poniatowski's gr. m. Elisa, five-years old	dist.

2 to 1 agst. Rivulet, 3 to 1 agst. Diplomate, and 100 to 1 (no takers) agst. Elisa, who was declared to start only to save her deposit; and she was actually ridden by a nigger officiating in the capacity of helper in the Prince's stable. The black man verified the adage of "clap a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the d—l", by going away at such a bat, that not one of them could ever catch him, and he won easily by three lengths; but a decided cross having been proved, judgment was given against his satanic majesty, and the race to Rivulet.

The Cascina Purse of 100 francesconi, given by the Jockey Club, for horses bred in Tuscany; once round; three-year-olds, 120 lb.; four, 149 lb.; five, 157 lb.; six and aged, 164 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 5 lb.

Prince Poniatowski's gr. m. Sinelope	1
Signor Conti's b. g. Moretto	2
Signor Vincentelli's gr. g. Sargentino	3
Countess Camerato's gr. m. La Baccante	0
Signor Trassinetti's b. g. Capriolo	0

La Baccante and Sargentino at any odds against the field, and the winner nor thought of, nor mentioned in the betting.

The Winners of the two Classes of the Arno Stakes.

Prince Joseph Poniatowski's b. g. Antrim	1
Marquess of Salsa's b. m. Rivulet	2

SECOND DAY, APRIL 6TH.

The Cup Stakes of 5 louis each, for three-year-olds, 157 lb.; four, 170 lb.; five, 184 lb.; six and aged, 197 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 4 lb.; Arabians allowed 13 lb.; the winner of this year's Arno to carry 9 lb. extra; once round (twenty-eight subscribers).

CLASS I.

Prince Charles Poniatowski's gr. m. Elisa	1
Baron Lowenberg's br. h. Chateau Lafitte	2
Marquess Salsa's b. m. Rivulet	3
Mr. Gasperini's br. c. Don't-you-wish-you-may-get-it	0
Baron Lowenberg's br. g. Tom	0
Mr. Gasperini's ch. c. L'Enfant Trouvé	0

Public running, although the safest criterion by which a betting-man's judgment can be influenced, is often baffled by contingencies, against which the nicest calculations are of no avail. Last autumn Reviver very nearly distanced Elisa at even weights, and Chateau Lafitte proved himself to be a stone better than Reviver; on this calculation I made my game, and backed Chateau against Elisa for the section, considering it a safe thing, and equivalent to coining money; and never was I more painfully astounded than at the unexpected vision of a grey mare, steered by a black man, skimming away from all her competitors with as much facility as doth the swift hare from the shepherd's cur.

CLASS II.

Mr. Gamgee's ch. h. Reviver	1
Baron Lowenberg's b. m. Wimple	2
Prince Joseph Poniatowski's b. g. Antrim	3
Mr. St. John's b. g. Mameluke	0
Marquess Salsa's b. c. Wisdom, four-years old, by Wiseacre, out of Zany's dam	0
Prince Charles Poniatowski's b. f. La Diplomate	0

Even on Antrim: 3 to 1 agst. Wimple, 5 to 1 agst. Reviver.

Match for 15 louis each; straight in.

Mr. Gasperini's b. m. Discord, by Ariel, 150 lb.	1
Prince Poniatowski's gr. g. Devil, 180 lb.	2

Laid 10 to 7 on the gelding, and, of course, lost it. Gas had so contemptible an opinion of his filly that he refused to back her for a shilling; and, before starting, offered to transfer his stake to any one who might fancy holding it.

Match for 25 louis each; once round.

Prince Poniatowski's gr. m. Elisa received forfeit from Mr. St. John's b. g. Mameluke.

The Winners of the two Classes of the Cup Stakes.

Mr. Gamgee's ch. h. Reviver	1
Prince Poniatowski's gr. m. Elisa	2

6 to 4 on the mare. Need I add that she lost it?

THIRD DAY, APRIL 8TH.

The Trifle Stakes of 5 sequins each, for horses not thorough-bred; post entrance double; once round; Tuscan-bred horses, 125 lb.; other horses, five-year-olds, 168 lb.; six and aged, 187 lb.

Mr. Gasperini's b. m. Discord, five-years old	1
Count Potoski's ch. g. Hard Heart, aged	2
La Marquise Borella's ch. g. Logic	0
Prince Poniatowski's gr. m. Sinclope	0
Prince J. Poniatowski's gr. g. Devil	0
Mr. Buonaparte's b. g. Allright	0

Mr. Buonaparte entered Allright at the post, by paying double the subscription, according to the articles, and was the favourite against the field, from the recollection of his autumnal exploits. An objection was made before starting against Gasperini's mare, on the ground of her being by Ariel, out of Bessy; and the question was referred to the arbitration of the Jockey Club, who must await the production of testimonials and certificates from Turin, where the mare was bred, ere they can adjudicate the case.

Match for 50 louis each; once round.

Baron Lowenberg's b. m. Wimple	1
Marquess Salsa's b. m. Rivulet	2

The Union Stakes of 20 francesconi each, with a Purse of 145 francesconi added; twice round; three-year-olds, 142 lbs.; four, 162 lb.; five, 175 lb.; six and aged, 182 lb.; English horses, not thorough-bred, allowed 18 lb.; horses bred in Italy allowed 18 lb.; horses bred in Tuscany allowed 40 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 5 lb.; the winner of the Arno, or Cup Stakes, to carry 6 lb. extra.

Mr. Gamgee's ch. h. Reviver	1
Mr. Gasperini's br. c. Don't-you-wish-you-may-get-it	2
Prince Poniatowski's b. g. Antrim	3
Baron Lowenberg's br. h. Chateau Lafite	4
Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Hill Coolie	bolted, dist.
Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Antler	paid.
Prince Charles Poniatowski's b. f. La Diplomate	paid.
Prince Charles Poniatowski's ch. f. Victoria, by Count Porro, out of Mopsy	paid.
Mr. Gamgee's b. m. Peeper, by Lamplighter, out of Palais Royal	paid.

Even on Reviver against the field.

The Beaten Stakes of 3 louis each; Arno weights; once round (fifteen subscribers).

Prince Charles Poniatowski's gr. m. Elisa	1
Baron Lowenberg's br. g. Tom	2

Match for 25 louis each; once round.

Prince Joseph Poniatowski's br. g. Antrim	2
Mr. St. John's b. g. Mameluke	2

TOXOPHILITE SONG.

(FROM "HANSARD'S BOOK OF ARCHERY.")

BRIGHT Phœbus, the patron of poets below,
 Assist me, of archers to sing :
 For thou art accounted the god of the *bow*,
 As well as the god of the *string*.

The practice of shooting 'twas you that began,
 When you launched forth your beams from the skies :
 Young Cupid was first in adopting the plan,
 Next, the goddesses shot with—their eyes.

On beautiful Iris, Apollo bestow'd
 A bow of unparalleled hue ;
 The herald of peace—and, as on it she rode,
 Like a swiftly-winged arrow she flew.

Diana, who slaughtered the brutes with her darts,
 Ne'er pierced but one lover, or so ;
 For Venus excelled her in shooting at hearts,
 And had always more strings to her bow.

To each came the craft of the archer at last,
 And 'twas followed with eager pursuit :
 Still, the sons of Apollo all others surpass'd,
 With such monstrous long bows did they shoot.

Ulysses, the hero, was known, long ago,
 In wisdom and strength to excel ;
 So he left in his house an inflexible *bow*,
 And a still more inflexible *belle*.

The Parthians were archers of old, and their pride
 Lay in shooting, and scampering too ;
 But Britons thought better their sports to divide,
 So they shot,—and their *enemies* flew !

Then a health to all true British bowmen be crown'd :
 May their glory ne'er set in the dark !
 May their bows e'er prove strong, their strings ever sound,
 And their arrows drive straight at the mark !

SOMETHING LIKE SHOOTING.

Now that a certain set in this country have found out that fox-hunting is "dead slow," and that steeple-chasing, with two to one on the coroner, is the only pastime for gentlemen, it will be a real blessing to assist them with a wrinkle as to where a bit of trigger-work may be done, upon a scale befitting a "tall man." To this end, we have selected the subjoined extract from a late number of the "Bengal Sporting Magazine;" it is a portion of an article entitled, "Our Doings at Chingmaree."

"March 5th.—Found a large male rhinoceros close to camp; he was standing with his head towards me, and so still, I at first fancied it was a huge log of wood: as he turned from me, I gave him a shot, which dropt him dead: he measured, at the shoulder, seven feet two inches; had a perfect and remarkably thick horn, though only twelve inches in length.

"6th.—Beat from nine until three, without coming on a living thing; returned disgusted to camp, when information came of two cows having been killed, two miles away. Had not patience to wait until morning, but must needs beat up the tiger's quarters that evening. What was the consequence? why, that we reached the place with just sufficient daylight to see a fine tigress making off for a tope of trees; the distance proved to be nearer six miles than two; I followed the tigress,—P. the cub; she had two.

"We were neither of us successful; as soon as the elephants entered the tope, the tigress came down, making a terrible noise at being disturbed; there was too much underwood, and too little daylight, for me to see her, and she managed to slip back and away, God knows where. In the evening, information of a bullock having been killed at Kulparah was brought.

"7th.—Beat for the tigress again, but her ladyship was out: proceeded to where the cow had been killed the evening before, and found it had been carried, during the night, into a tope of trees, too thick for the howdah elephants to enter. Put in the pads, and took up positions, P. on one side, I on the other, and line advanced. In less than half a minute, out came a tigress on P.'s side, who sent two balls at her, followed her into a patch of grass, when up she jumpt on a pad elephant's head, and then charged. P. got between his elephant's hind legs, and punished her most cruelly. Not a shot could I fire, for laughing at P.'s chupprassy, who was roaring out to me to go to his assistance, *as the tigress was devouring him, and no mistake*. I fired at last, and obliged her to let go her hold, and finished her at the same time. Beating a nullah, on our way homeward, put up a bear, and astonished him with a ball in his seat of honour,—but gave ourselves no further trouble about him.

"8th.—A buffalo killed near the Saul Forest: beat every inch of every nullah within reach, and as much of the forest as was possible, but no tiger could we find; he must have taken himself into the heart

of the forest, where of course, he was safe; a peacock was all we killed.

" 9th.—I shall not forget last night in a hurry: passing from the Routee (which we had had brought up) to the hut, which we continued to use as a sleeping apartment, I put my foot into a kettle of boiling water, which a servant of the Doctor's had placed in the very middle of the path: it was a *very dark night, recollect*. I was awfully scalded, as may be imagined; the Doctor ordered it into cold water immediately, and there I kept it all night.

" In my crippled state, it was considered advisable to remain quiet to-day; but being tolerably free from pain towards the afternoon, we moved ground to the banks of the Durlah, killing, on our way, a few jungle-fowl and hares. During the evening, intelligence came of a cow having been killed at Rajadangah.

" 10th.—When on our way to the tiger-ground, we were met by a man who had had a bullock killed, late yesterday evening, close to where we then were; proceeded at once to the place—a lovely spot for a tiger to take up his quarters in, on the bank of a nullah. This gentleman, however, was not satisfied with it, and had taken the bullock into another branch of the nullah, a very strong place indeed, impossible to be beat. We got one momentary glimpse of him, and that was all: leaving him in quiet possession of his stronghold, we proceeded on our way to Rajadangah, where we found the cow had been killed in the centre of a large plain, free from jungle, excepting a little grass on the isles, and a ravine, with a few rather heavy but small patches of grass in it. The tiger had evidently been watching us, for we could see him sneaking away, before we had reached within 200 yards of him. We came up with him in the ravine, when he again endeavoured to sneak away behind the cover of an isle; but, seeing he was observed, he stopt for one instant, and then made the most beautiful charge I ever witnessed, coming down at least seventy yards, at my elephant, over an open piece of ground. I waited until he was within twenty yards or so from me, when I stopt him: he then caught one of the pad elephants by a hind leg, and held on until another shot brought him at me again, when I floored him. My unfortunate foot, what with the sun and shaking of the elephant, was now dreadfully painful; so we bent our steps homewards.

" 11th.—No intelligence; so determined to give my foot a chance, by remaining at home; the Doctor went out, but had little sport, merely killing a few jungle-fowl and pea-fowl.

" 12th.—Heard of a man having been killed by a tiger; he was tending his cows, when the tiger made a rush at one of them; but missed his mark, and picked up the man as he retreated to the jungle. The Doctor went to see what could be done, but returned unsuccessful.

" 13th.—The first thing I heard, on opening my eyes this morning, was the growl of a tiger, close to the tent: the day had broken, so I was sure he would remain near at hand; and, in fact, we found him in a nullah, not 100 yards from camp. On being roused, he made for rather a heavy, though not extensive, patch of grass, down the nullah; here we put him up *five* times, without being able to get a shot at him, and *each time* did he pull down an elephant, nearly expended one

mahout, and frightened my classy out of his senses. The sixth time we put him up, he singled out the Doctor's elephant for punishment, and in one moment he had her down. He then let go his hold of her, and charged the howdah; laid hold of the upper side-bar, close to the Doctor's arm, and carried the whole side of the howdah away. I had now to finish the business alone, the Doctor being, of course, obliged to leave the field, and content himself with witnessing the rest of the proceedings from the opposite bank of the nullah. None of the mahouts were very willing to return to the fight: I selected, however, two elephants, which had not tasted the tiger's claws, and proceeded to business, and very soon caught a sight of my friend, as he was preparing to make his charge. Sent a shot at him forthwith, which put an end to his charging for the future, though it took two or three more to kill him. He was the largest tiger I ever was at the death of, though by no means the longest, for he barely covered eleven feet; but in height, every allowance made for his not being on his legs, he measured four feet five inches."

SPORTING SUBJECTS IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1840.

THE vocabulary of our language has already been rifled of every epithet expressive of gibe, jeer, taunt, contumely, and reproach, wherewith to whelm that unhappy erection in Trafalgar-square, known to men as "The National Gallery." Being of little skill in architecture, of a modest diffidence withal, and, moreover, possessed of bowels, we eschew all allusion to the outward merits of that much-maligned edifice; but cannot refrain from an allusion to its *accommodation* within, seeing that we have but recently escaped with our lives, from an effort to explore its "*penetralia*," pinched as black and blue as if it had been built by *Indigo Jones*. It is really difficult to believe it was actual ignorance, and not sheer mischief, in which the arrangement of the Exhibition rooms of this building originated. One would suppose that the first matter contemplated, and, consequently, provided for, would be the multitudes that might be calculated upon, as thronging the great national exhibition of pictures, in the metropolis, during the season when the tide of fashion is at its flood. How stands the fact? The principal saloons are, in number, three,—the east, the middle, and the west room; the east, in which the numbering of the pictures commences, being the most remote from the stairs by which the suite is approached. These chambers are capable of holding from 400 to 500 persons apiece, and are filled with their utmost complement during the afternoons of every day of the season. The entrance and exit are effected by a single door to each, of the size common to the reception-rooms of the better class of dwelling-houses. Thus the masses, going in, have to penetrate to the further end, to begin their operations, and stem the retreating current; the two human streams, in *three* instances, being pent up in spaces barely sufficient to allow of two persons passing

abreast. This is the "plain unvarnished tale" of the public convenience, as provided for by the interior economy of the National Gallery; the application each reader will make for himself.

It is the general opinion that the Exhibition of the present year is over the ordinary average; undoubtedly, there are some very fine pictures; and, undoubtedly, there are some very bad. Six or seven, painted by a Royal Academician, resemble *disjecta membra* of so many rainbows, which, stricken with *coups de soleil*, had, in their frenzy, dashed themselves to pieces against the canvas. Though by no means rich in the number of its sporting subjects, it possesses several gems in that branch of the fine arts, whose quality amply compensates for any deficiency in quantity. These are the productions of Edwin Landseer; and to them, with a few meritorious exceptions, our notice must be limited. The first thing, in our line, is

No. 81. *A Day's Sport in the Highlands, with Portraits of the late Captain George Rooke and the Artist.* A. COOPER, R.A. As Mr. Cooper has seven equestrian pictures, in this year's Exhibition, it may be as convenient to notice them, "in the lump," at once. Without going into any critical analysis, it suffices to say, that of nine horses (if our memory serve us right, the number of nags in the lot), three and a half are bay and brown, and five and a half are *white*. Among the light-coloured, is Grey Momus; and we cannot pass this honest little racer without observing, that the portraits painted of him, by Mr. Cooper, R.A., and Mr. Herring, have about as much resemblance as a horse-chestnut and a chestnut horse.

No. 107. *Sailor, Jerry, and Lottery*, celebrated steeple-chase horses, the property of Mr. John Elmore. G. B. SPALDING. This picture is stuck against the cornice; and it would have required many an *Ell-more* to our stature, or one of Dollond's best, to have enabled us to pronounce what stuff it is made of.

No. 120. *Horses taken in to bait*; the property of J. Marshall, Esq. E. LANDSEER, R.A. Good, of course, as a portrait piece; but we look in vain for a spice of the artist's quality.

No. 139. *Macaw, Love-birds, Terrier, and Spaniel Puppies*, belonging to Her Majesty. E. LANDSEER, R.A. A composition in every way worthy to set before a Queen. The grave look, and attitude of earnest entreaty, assumed by the terrier "begging" for the morsel of biscuit, held by the macaw, in tantalizing suspense above him, is a *tableau parlant*.

No. 149. *Lion Dog* (from Malta; the last of the tribe); the property of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent. E. LANDSEER, R.A. A carefully executed picture, in which the genius of the painter, and his thorough knowledge of all the resources of his art, are as fully developed as in any former production of his pencil.

No. 162. *Equestrian Portrait of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, attended by Viscount Melbourne, the Marquis of Conyngham, the Right Hon. George S. Byng, the Earl of Uxbridge, Sir George Quentin, &c.* F. GRANT. In this spirited painting all the likenesses are full of character; that of Her Majesty is, in our estimation, the most fascinating, by many degrees, that we have seen.

No. 163. *Portrait of The Hermit, celebrated in the Royal Hunt*; the property of Her Majesty. R. B. DAVIS. This is the original of

the engraving of *The Hermit*, which appeared in the last March Number of the *SPORTING REVIEW*. It is full of truth and good drawing, two qualities for which all the works of Mr. Davis are so eminent.

No. 216. *The Edinburgh and Glasgow Mails parting company*. C. C. HENDERSON. Natural and good; from the originals of which we are "parting company" as fast as we can;—more's the pity.

No. 240. *Drying Legs*. J. WARD, R.A. "*Le jeu ne vaut pas les chandelles*"

No. 278. *Lion and Dash*: the property of His Grace the Duke of Beaufort. E. LANDSEER, R.A. A noble study, treated by a glorious master.

No. 311. *Laying down the Law*. E. LANDSEER, R.A. This is the most elaborate work that Mr. Landseer has in the Exhibition, and it is as much distinguished by breadth of effect as boldness and ingenuity of design. If every biped puppy, engaged in "laying down the law," would set about his work as soberly and honestly as those depicted upon this canvas, we should hear no more of "driving a coach-and-four through every Act of Parliament."

No. 316. *Capercaillie, Black-cock, Grouse, and Ptarmigan*. F. R. LEE, R.A. The four varieties of grouse, "in their habit, as they lived;" a capital picture; shewing that Mr. Lee's *forte* is not confined to landscape.

No. 354. *The tired Huntsman*. C. LANDSEER, A. A very clever composition; worthy being associated with the name of Landseer.

No. 424. *Taking up Trimmer Lines*. F. R. LEE, R.A. "O fortunati nimium sua si bona novent—*piscatores*." Fishermen following their affairs, in a scene befitting Paradise.

No. 666. *Isaac*; the property of W. Collins, Esq., M.P.; won, in 1839, nineteen races out of twenty-three. The portraits are of *Samuel Darling and his two Sons*. T. WOODWARD. As a portrait, this horse does the painter credit; and his delineation of old Sam is very meritorious.

MONTHLY MEMORABILIA.

At a meeting of the Jockey Club, held at Newmarket, on the 6th of May, 1840, the following Rules were passed:—

"That when any person enters a horse in a fictitious name, the person so entering must be held responsible for the stake, or forfeit, exactly as if such horse had been entered in his own name; and, in the event of the forfeit not being paid at the proper time, the person making the nomination shall have his name posted in the usual manner, and be liable to all the penalties of a defaulter.

"That when the day fixed for closing or naming for any stake, or for declaring forfeit or produce, shall fall on Sunday, subscriptions, nominations, or declarations for such stake, may be received on the following day, provided that there is an interval of one clear day between the day of closing, naming, or declaring, and the day of running."

We regret to learn that this has been one of the most disastrous seasons for breeders of race-horses known for many years. In one stud, thirteen foals perished almost as soon as born—of which, twelve were colts.

The following announcement has been published, with the programme of the approaching Epsom Meeting:—The Stewards propose to have the horses numbered, in Dorling's card, for the Derby and Oaks, and to exhibit the number of the winning horse, in white numbers on a black ground, from the Stand, after the race.

The great Underley Stud is forthwith to be broken up, and all the valuable stock brought to the hammer, it being Mr. Nowell's intention to decline breeding.

We have received a pamphlet, containing a code of "Rules and Regulations of the Job and Post Masters', Coach Proprietors', Horse Dealers', and Livery Stable Keepers' Provident Fund," a society instituted for a very laudable purpose, and under auspices of excellent promise. The Duke of Richmond is the President, supported by fifteen Vice-Presidents, among whom are several of the most influential noblemen in the kingdom; and the Directors consist of all the leading men in the professions immediately interested in such a society, at the head of whom is Mr. Richard Tattersall. So admirable an institution needs but to be known, as existing in the metropolis of this country, to insure a liberal support; we are most happy to learn that its funds already reach near a £1,000: they shall not want our assistance to go on and prosper. Among our readers, necessarily will be found those who are familiar with the services of the valuable body of men for whose benefit the society has been formed: to them we most cordially and earnestly commend the cause of this excellent charity.

We have received a letter, requesting us to correct that portion of the running for the Caledonian Cup in which it is stated, that O Yes, O Yes, O Yes beat Carron for the first Ties. Our correspondent states that those dogs ran an undecided course, whereupon Carron was drawn, at the request of several gentlemen who had backed him for his match with Lord Eglinton's Waterloo.

Chester Races are rapidly on the advance, and very judicious arrangements are in progress still more to secure their success. The nature of these improvements, as far as they have transpired, is to this effect:—In future, all additions to stakes will be in specie. Next season, £150 in money will be substituted for the Stand Cup. To give additional *éclat* to the Thursday of the meeting, the Wirral Stakes will be run on that day; and to get up a crack three-year-old race, it is settled that £200 shall be added to the Dee Stakes, commencing with the entry on the 1st of the ensuing January, to be run for in 1842. Some other changes are talked of, but the above are all yet decided upon.

The spirited exertions made by the proprietors of the Hippodrome, to place the racing there, in the approaching meeting, on a footing with that of the leading courses in the kingdom, has met with every success. The entries are full, and the horses named, of superior character. We wish the essay success most cordially; we always considered such an establishment as the Hippodrome an essential adjunct to the metropolis; we trust that those who have embarked their

capital in so national an undertaking may meet the support they so richly merit.

We are sorry to learn that Capt. Becher has again broken his arm, close to the old fracture, a mischance that will deprive the Turf of one of its best gentlemen jocks during the present season.

CRICKET.—THE MARYLEBONE CLUB.—The Marylebone Club held its anniversary dinner on Thursday, the 14th ult. at the Pavilion, on the ground:—The Earl of VERULAM in the chair.

The Earl of Verulam was elected President for this season; Henry Kingscote, Esq., was appointed Treasurer, in place of the late much-lamented F. C. Ladbroke, Esq.

The committee was declared to consist of the following thirteen members of the club:—The Earl of Verulam, President; Henry Kingscote, Esq., Treasurer (these two *ex officio*); the Earl of Thanet, the Lord Frederick Beauclerk, the Lord Charles Russell, the Viscount Grimstone, the Hon. Captain Spencer, the Hon. Colonel Lowther, the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, C. J. Barnett, — Barnett, Charles Bowdler, and William Ward, Esqrs.

Seventeen new members were elected. It was resolved unanimously, "That, for the future, ten minutes only shall be allowed between each innings, instead of fifteen, as now mentioned in the law, No. 39." It was, also, resolved unanimously, "That any paid player, umpire, or scorer, failing to appear at his post one moment after 'play' shall have been called, do forfeit two shillings and sixpence for such offence." The committee was earnestly desired to enforce the payment of this penalty.

MATCHES, 1840.

- May 18. AT LORD'S GROUND, The Marylebone Club against the St. John's-wood Club.
28. AT CAMBRIDGE The Marylebone Club against the Under-graduates.
- June 8. AT LORD'SSussex with Pilch, against England.
11. AT OXFORDThe Marylebone Club against the Under-graduates.
15. AT LORD'SGown and town of Cambridge, with E. G. Wenman, against the Marylebone Club, with four of their ground.
22. AT LORD'SEight gentlemen and players, with three slow bowlers, against eight gentlemen and players, with three fast bowlers.
29. AT LORD'SEleven gentlemen against eleven players.
- July 2. AT ETON(With permission).—The Marylebone Club against the present Etonians.
6. AT LORD'SThe County of Kent against England.
9. AT LORD'SThe University of Oxford against the University of Cambridge.
13. AT LORD'SGentlemen of Herts and Sussex against gentlemen of England.
27. AT LORD'SThe Marylebone Club against the Updown Club.
- Aug. 5. AT UPDOWNThe Updown Club against the Marylebone Club; return match.
10. AT BRIGHTONSussex with Pilch, against England; return match.
17. AT WEST MALLING, The County of Kent against England; return match.
24. AT BRIGHTONThe gentlemen of Herts and Sussex against the gentlemen of England; return match.

The Duke of Cleveland closed his career, as a master of fox-hounds, with the last season. His fine pack was sold, in lots, on the 23rd ult., by Messrs. Tattersall, at York. We have received more than one letter on the subject, but have declined giving insertion to any observation upon it. His Grace has long contributed to the enjoyment of a large sporting circle; and we cannot see cause to animadvert on his parting with his hunting establishment, when for years he has not been able to conduct, or derive pleasure from it.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—The return match between R. Missing, Esq., of Twyford, and R. Toomer, Esq., of Fairfield, Isle of Wight, came off on Friday, the 1st of May, at the residence of the former gentleman. Terms the same as before; viz., twenty-one birds each, at twenty-one yards' rise, which was won by Mr. Missing, who killed nineteen out of twenty-one; his opponent killing only fourteen.

The subscription betting-rooms, at Evans's Grand Hotel, King-street, Covent-garden, will be opened, according to custom, every evening during Epsom Race week, for the accommodation of the sporting world; and a very especial accommodation it is, worthy of all patronage.

A north-country professional, hight "Feggans," appears, by the papers, to have taken French leave of his Derby-book for this year of grace, as announced by circulars to his friends, whereof this specimen is given as a sample of the lot:—

" Manchester, 16th May, 1840.

" Dear Sir,
" as I Can Not a Tend Day and Night To The Rooms I Must Declare all
Beats off I have on With you for The year 1840

" Yrs Truly
" H. Feggans."

It is understood that he danced off to a "Melody" of Mr. Etwall's.

Mr. Thomas, the animals' cruelty man, has lately had a shy at the Easter "Cockers" in the vicinity of Uxbridge: whereby a Mr. Andrew Wade, and a Mr. George Clayton, were mulcted in the respective sums of fifty shillings each, and ten shillings, ditto, costs.

Naworth has been disqualified for the Derby; his pedigree being faulty, according to the 17th rule of the J. C. laws.

If people are not right for the great event at Epsom, it won't be for lack of safety in the multitude of counsellors, no less than three "prophecies" on the Derby being announced for publication on or before the 1st inst.

The disputed race in the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket (won by Revoke, Gipsy second, and Dædalus third), having been brought before the Stewards of the Jockey Club, a cross (but not intentional) was proved against Revoke, and the stake was awarded to Gipsy.

Chantilly Races came off, on the 14th, 15th, and 17th ult., with great *éclat*. The sport was very good, and the French Derby, or Jockey Club Prize, of 7,000 francs, added to a Sweepstakes of 600 francs each (twenty-nine subscribers), excited extraordinary interest. It was

won by Tontine, the property of M. Aumont, but is still in abeyance, it being objected that the winner is not French bred. A rumour is afloat, that her age was also objected to; we trust the French turf is not about to furnish us with a *pendant* to the celebrated Caroline affair of the Curragh.

LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

ON RIVER ANGLING FOR SALMON AND TROUT. By John Younger, St. Boswell's. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh. 1840.

THE author of this little volume seems to have imbibed much of the pith and vigour of expression for which the periodical issued by his publishers is so distinguished. The summing up of his preface is "Ebony" all over. "Should the writer's style of language be found not sufficiently perspicuous, the reader will be lenient, when assured that he has got the very best style the writer can possibly afford from thirty shillings' worth of scholastic education." If such was the capital expended in teaching John Younger's "ideas how to shoot," we must say, that it has been repaid a thousand fold. A more neatly expressed, or more cleverly imagined little treatise on the craft of which it treats, we know not ever to have seen; and we do the fly-fisher a service, for which his gratitude is due to us, in counselling him not to let the day this notice meets his eye elapse without adding "River Angling" to his literary stock. As a proof that the author's style was acquired "*bon marché*," we give a passage from the page which, by chance, lay open before us.

"I recommend a beginner to practise throwing the line on a broad, smooth pool, where he can see that it is delivered out properly, and falls lightly, without splashing. In such case, the practitioner will perceive something which he cannot easily account for: and that is, that, after he has even attained a great degree of perfection in the art, he will not be able to distinguish how it happens, that, in one throw, his long line will proceed direct out, his fly alighting first on the water; in another throw, the middle of his line will fall first, while the farther part, still obedient to the original impulse, will proceed out the full length, the fly falling the last on the surface. This last throw is not so good as the former, for this reason—that the main current having caught the middle of his line first, carries it too quickly down, leaving the fly lagging, to form an awkward curve; as, before it comes over above the fish, the fly should lie on the water, so as to have the appearance of plying at an angle against the current. And the angler should so manage his rod, that, while he lets his line float round at its full length, yet to cause his fly to come as slowly as possible over the main spot. In this case, the salmon will sometimes rise at once, rather before you expect him, but, more generally, will follow the fly to the eddy, or edge of the deep, where, if, on examination, he feel disposed to seize the hook, he has it before you perceive a head, fin, or tail, above the surface. Indeed, before you perceive the web of his tail, he generally has the hook in his jaw a foot below water, as, in descending, he goes, like other divers, head foremost."

LA BRUJA, THE WITCH; or, a Picture of the Court of Rome. London: J. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly. 1840.

Although polemics are "out of our line," we read this curious and very clever pasquinade (if, indeed, it deserve not a higher title) with

much interest. It purports to be—and we see no reason to doubt the assertion—a translation from the Spanish ; and never did printed page open such a fire upon the lady in scarlet since the *auto-da-fe* offered up its human grill as a sweet-smelling sacrifice. The old Royalists were wont to class the Pope and the devil together, in their loyal toasts ; but if popes were such as we read of here, then had Satan a just cause of action against any who should libel him with such association. Whoever has brought this singular work before the British public, has achieved his task with a tact and talent that do him great credit.

THE GUIDE TO SERVICE. The Groom. London : Charles Knight and Co., Ludgate-street. 1840.

“Caveat Emptor” placed its author among the pleasantest and most useful of the moderns who have turned their talents to the consideration of equestrian economy. It will be enough to guarantee the entire popularity of “the Groom,” to hint that it, also, is the production of Sir George Stephen ; and that it *is*, we are as convinced as if his name were on the title-page. Here, for half-a-crown, any boy of common energy and understanding has placed in his hands the means of learning, in all its branches, the routine of stable duty ; and, consequently, of ensuring a comfortable livelihood. Here, for half-a-crown, every man may make his own “Tiger.” With the business department of the Groom we will not meddle ; because we have no space wherein to do it justice : one extract we cannot refrain from making, as a specimen of the general quality of the book : the author is admonishing his pupil.

“The accurate delivery of letters is, if possible, of yet more moment. Some people, unaccustomed to business habits, open a letter as soon as their servant puts it into their hands, without looking at the address, and, perhaps, read it through before they discover that it was not intended for them. I recollect a story that may illustrate the mischief thus occasioned ; though the blunder, in this case, was committed by the writer, and not by his servant. He had received two invitations to dinner on the same day, from two ladies of rank ; the one he was as anxious to decline, as he was to accept the other ; and he wrote his reply to the first in the following terms :—

“The Rev. S—— S—— has the honour to acknowledge her Grace’s kind invitation, but is under the necessity of declining it, having long been previously engaged to Lady B.’

“To the second he wrote as follows :—

“My dear Lady B.—I am doubly grateful for your invitation, which I joyfully accept, not only for the gratification which your charming parties always afford, but because it furnishes me with a decent excuse for refusing a similar honour from that wearisome old dowager, the Duchess of A——, whose card I have kept unanswered these two days, not knowing how to get off.

“Yours most truly,
S. S.’

“The rev. gentleman, in his hurry, misdirected the letters, and then despatched his servant with them. I cannot say what might be her Grace’s sensations on perusing the one intended for Lady B—— ; but I hope they were converted into pity, on receiving, within an hour, the penitential apology of the witty, though blundering writer, who, on discovering his error, by Lady B.’s return of the letter misdirected to her, again took up his pen and wrote to the Duchess, with real or affected contrition :—

“The Rev S— S— presents his compliments to her Grace, and begs to inform her, that he shot himself through the head within an hour of her receiving his unfortunate letter of this morning.”

A NATURAL HISTORY OF QUADRUPEDS, AND OTHER MAMMIFEROUS ANIMALS. Part IV. Whitehead and Co., Fleet-street.

This fourth number is devoted to the most interesting inquiry connected with natural philosophy; *viz.*, “Man as the Type of a Distinct Order.” The subject is considered with great ability, and in a spirit fitted to its grave importance. The illustrations are beyond all praise; and should the work but go on as it has commenced, when completed, it will form the most valuable addition to its class that this country has furnished.

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RURAL SPORTS. Part VIII. London: Longman and Co.

Mr. Blaine is fast approaching the conclusion of his labours; and we most sincerely hope that “the end may *crown* the work.” He certainly has left little untouched; and, with candour it must be said, all that he has touched, exhibits unequivocal token of his persevering industry. The present number concludes the article on Shooting, and commences a most elaborate account of Fishing. A more useful or amusing compilation than the latter we have seldom met with. The wood-cuts are as beautiful as they are profuse.

FINE ARTS.

MR. HENRY BETTY, IN THE CHARACTER OF ROLLA. Drawn by F. Onwhyn; lithographed by Madely.

This is a very spirited sketch, of a very rising young actor; one, indeed, who gives every promise of reaching the summit of his profession. We wish him the success he seems to possess the power of commanding: we knew his father well; in private life, a man as worthily esteemed, as he was admired and applauded in his public character. May the son, in both capacities, merit and win “golden opinions from all sorts of men.”

PORTRAIT OF HARKAWAY. Engraved by E. Duncan, after a painting by G. Ferneley, of Melton Mowbray. R. Ackermann, Regent-street.

This is the best likeness that has yet appeared of the most extraordinary horse the present century has produced. It is simply what it professes to be—a portrait of the horse, and no more. The arrangement shews the good sense of the artist. Few horse painters understand the anatomy of the human figure sufficiently to portray it—none are miniature painters. Hence we have, too frequently, sad “Guys” stuck upon stately coursers, with faces that “imitate humanity most abominably.” In this clever picture, all is in keeping—all is equal, and all is excellent.

TURF REGISTER.

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

STOURBRIDGE.—TUESDAY, APRIL 7TH.

Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough bred, &c.; 12 st. each; heats, twice round and a distance, with six leaps in each heat.

Mr. Jones's b. g. Coroner (Mr. Pearman)	1	1
Mr. T. Kettle's bl. h. St. John	—	2
Mr. J. Lewis's ch. h. Merryman	2	3 dr.
Mr. W. Hazledine's br. g. Moonraker, aged	3	3 dr.
Mr. T. Harrold's br. g. Old Tom	1	dis.
Mr. Robinson's br. m. Moll Flanders, five-years old	—	dr.

Old Tom came in first for the second heat, but, in consequence of crossing, the heat was given to Coroner.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; heats, twice round and a distance, with six leaps in each heat (four subscribers).

Mr. Walters's b. h. Goldhurst, by Confederate, five-years old, 12 st. (Mr. Arnold)	1	1
Mr. W. Robins's b. g. Single-peeper, five-years old, 11 st. 11 lb.	...	2 2
Mr. Eccles's Jenny Miller, five-years old, 11 st. 4 lb.	...	3 dr.

Handicap of 3 sovs. each, 1 ft.; a mile and a quarter.

Mr. Bligh's Discovery, 12 st. 7 lb. (Bradley)	1
Mr. Cornely's Betsy Robinson, 11 st. 7 lb.	2
Mr. Eccles's Jenny Miller, 11 st.	3
Mr. Jones's Coroner, 10 st. 7 lb.	4
Mr. Robinson's Moll Flanders, 10 st.	5

TYNEMOUTH.

(Over the Sands.)

MONDAY, April 20th.—The Borough Plate, with 10 sovs. added, for horses the property of gentlemen residing within the borough.

Mr. Weatherill's br. m. Sweetlips, by Caccia Piatti, six-years old, 8 st. 7 lb.	...	1	1
Mr. Maude's ch. g. Freckle, aged, 9 st. 7 lb.	...	2	2
Mr. Knight's br. m. Brenda, five-years old, 8 st.	...	3	3
Mr. G. H. Hay's Bee's-sting, five-years old, 8 st. (bolted)	dis.

The Garrison Plate, with 5 sovs. added, for horses of all ages.

Mr. Watson's ch. g. Antisthenes, by Callisthenes, dam by Deceiver, four-years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	1	1
Mr. Lister's b. g. Billy-boy, aged, 9 st. 7 lb.	3	2
Mr. Lamb's b. g. Uria, four-years old, 7 st. 7 lb.	2	3

TUESDAY.—The Railway Plate, with 5 sovs. added, for all ages.

Mr. Watson's ch. g. Antisthenes, four-years old, 8 st.	3	1	1
Mr. Maude's br. h. Manfred, five-years old, 9 st.	1	2	3
Mr. Lamb's b. g. Uria, four-years old, 8 st.	2	3	2
Mr. Lister's b. m. Eliza, aged, 9 st. 7 lb.	4	4	4
Mr. Maude's ch. g. Freckle, aged, 10 st. (bolted)	dis.

The Tentholders' Forced Handicap, with 5 sovs added, for the beaten horses (four subscribers).

Mr. Lister's b. m. Eliza, aged, 9 st.	1	3	1
Mr. Maude's ch. g. Freckle, aged, 9 st. 7 lb.	3	1	2
Mr. Knight's br. m. Brenda, five-years old, 8 st. 4 lb.	2	2	3

EAST SUSSEX HUNT.—MONDAY, APRIL 20TH.

The Farmers' Stakes, consisting of a silver bowl, the rest in specie, by subscription of 3 sovs. each, and 10 added by Capt. Green; four-year-olds, 11 st.; five, 12 st.; six and aged, 12 st. 7 lb.; gentlemen or farmers residing in Sussex to ride; heats, the new course (seventeen subscribers).

Mr. John Ellman's gr. g. Agitation, by Acorn, aged (Mr. T. Ellman)	5	1	1
Mr. Hardwick's b. m. Louisa, by Regalia, aged	1	2	2
Lord Gage na. b. m. Christine, five-years old	3	4	3
Mr. Day na. gr. m. Oak-apple, by Acorn, five-years old	4	3	dr.
Sir G. Shiffner na. gr. g. Regulator, six-years old	2	dis.	
Mr. W. Richardson na. ch. m. Hippona, five-years old	dis.

The East Sussex Hunters' Stakes of 5' sovs. each, with £25 added from the town, and £10 from the fund, to be paid to the owner of the second horse, for horses not thorough-bred; 12 st. each; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.; heats, the new course.

Mr. Knight's ch. m. Vestris, by Cannon-ball, aged (Mr. Brackenbury) ...	6	5	1	1
Mr. Noakes's b. g. Leopold, by Robin Hood ...	1	2	4	2
Mr. Verrall na. b. m. Sapling, aged, ...	4	1	3	dis.
Mr. W. Richardson na. br. g. Sportsman, six-years old ...	3	4	2	
Sir James Langham na. b. g. Little Tommy, five-years old ...	2	3	5	
Mr. Hughes na. b. g. Worcester, aged ...	5	6	dis.	

The Hack Stakes of 1 sov. each, with a Purse added; 12 st. each; gentlemen riders; heats; T.Y.C. (ten subscribers); was won in three heats, by Mr. Verrall's b. m. Multum in Parvo (Mr. Johnston) beating Peggy, Haphazard, and four others.

CURRAGH APRIL MEETING.

TUESDAY, April 21st.—The Kildare Stakes (renewed) of 10 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added; two-year-olds, 6 st. 3 lb.; four, 8 st. 12 lb.; five, 9 st. 4 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; three-year-old course (five subscribers).

Major Hay's ch. c. Retriever, three-years old (Neale) ...	1
Mr. Watt's ch. c. by Blacklock—Spermaceti, two-years old ...	2
Col. Westenra's ch. c. Lepreuchaun, three-years old ...	3
Mr. Montgomery's br. c. Salute, four-years old ...	4

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas, for mares; three-year-olds, 7 st. 12 lb.; four, 8 st. 8 lb.; five, 8 st. 13 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; four miles.

Mr. Kennedy's b. f. Fairy Queen, by De Vere, three-years old ...	1
Mr. Graydon's b. f. Alba, four-years old ...	2
Mr. Connor's b. m. by Equator, six-years old ...	0
Mr. W. Nangle's br. f. by Sir Herbert Lacy, four-years old ...	0

Betting: 10 to 1 on Alba. Won cleverly.

The Madrid Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds; Rathbride-post; second horse to save his stake (seven subscribers).

Mr. Knox's b. c. May-boy, 8 st. 3 lb. (Doyle) ...	1
Mr. Maher's b. c. by Skylark, or Lapwing—Helen, 7 st. 10 lb. ...	2
Mr. Watt's b. c. Humming Bird, by Skylark, 8 st. 6 lb. ...	3
Mr. Watt's ch. c. by Blacklock—Spermaceti, 8 st. ...	0
Col. Westenra's ch. f. Crimson, 7 st. 9 lb. ...	0
Mr. Holme's b. c. Mudlark, 7 st. 4 lb. ...	0

The Post Stakes of 25 sovs. each; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 4 lb., and fillies, 8 st.; 3 lb. allowed to untried stallions or mares; 5 lb. to both; the winner of the Anglesey or Paget Stakes to carry 5 lb. extra; of both, 10 lb. extra; winners of one race to carry 2 lb. additional; of two or more, 5 lb. extra; Mulgrave mile (eleven subscribers).

Mr. Knox's b. c. May-boy, out of Gulcioli (Doyle) ...	1
Mr. Disney's b. c. by Skylark, out of Cleopatra (both un.) ...	2
Mr. Knox's br. c. Brownstown, out of Recluse ...	0
Mr. Burke's b. c. Mudlark, by Skylark, out of Vinegar (both un.) ...	0
Mr. Maher's ch. f. by Blacklock, out of Napoleon's dam ...	0
Mr. Maher's b. c. by Skylark (un.), out of Helen (un.) ...	0

WEDNESDAY.—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs., h. ft., with 25 sovs. added; second horse to save his stake; Connelly's mile.

Mr. Disney's b. c. by Skylark—Cleopatra, two-years old, 8 st. 1 lb. (Wynne) ...	1
Mr. Dickson's b. f. by Blacklock, two-years old, 7 st. 2 lb. ...	2
Mr. Davis's b. f. Romp, three-years old, 9 st. 10 lb. ...	3
Col. Westenra's ch. c. Lepreuchaun, three-years old, 9 st. 3 lb. ...	4

Captain Gamell's b. c. Mudlark, paid forfeit.

Wellington Stakes of 30 sovs., h. ft.; second horse to save his stake; three-year-old course (ten subscribers).

Mr. Power's br. c. Clone, three-years old 8 st. 1 lb. (Doyle) ...	1
Mr. St. George's b. f. Alba, four-years old, 8 st. 10 lb. ...	2
Lord Howth's b. c. Claret, three-years old, 7 st. 12 lb. ...	3

Won by a neck.

THURSDAY.—Her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas, for horses, &c.; two-year-olds, 5 st. 7 lb.; three, 8 st. 6 lb.; four, 9 st. 6 lb.; five, 9 st. 12 lb.; six and aged, 10 st.; four miles; 3 lb. to mares and geldings.

Mr. Graydon's b. f. Alba, four-years old (Keegan) ...	1
Lord Howth's b. c. Claret, two-years old ...	2

Won easy.

FRIDAY.—Challenge of the Madrid Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 5 ft.; Rathbride-post.

Mr. Knox's b. c. May-boy, 8 st. 9 lb. (Doyle) ...	1
Mr. Maher's br. c. by Skylark, or Lapwing, Helen, 7 st. 10 lb. ...	2

Betting: 6 and 7 to 4 on May-boy, who won easy.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, h. ft., with 25 sovs. added; second horse to save his stake; start at the three-year-old course, and end at the Blue-post.

Mr. Whittle's b. h. Vernal, five-years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Wynne)	1
Mr. O'Reilly's gr. c. Bastard, two-years old, 7 st. 11 lb.	2
Mr. Dickson's b. f. by Blacklock, two-years old, 6 st. 12 lb.	3
Mr. Montgomery's br. c. Salute, four-years old, 8 st. 12 lb.	0
Col. Westena's ch. c. Lepreuchaun, three-years old, 8 st. 4 lb.	0

SATURDAY.—Her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 5 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; three miles.

Major Hay's ch. c. Retriever (Neale)	1
Mr. Graydon's ch. c. Clinker	2
Mr. Power's br. c. Clone	3
Lord Howth's b. c. Claret	4

Won by half a length.

Second Class of the Madrid Stakes renewed; for two-year-olds, 25 sovs. each, 15 ft.; second horse saved his stake; Rathbride-post.

Mr. Knox's b. c. May-boy, 8 st. 5 lb. (Doyle)	1
Mr. Watt's b. c. Humming Bird, 8 st. 2 lb. (Mocken)	2
Mr. Whittle's ch. c. Brother to Bryan, 7 st. 6 lb.	3

Won by half a head.

CANTERBURY SPRING MEETING.—TUESDAY, APRIL 21ST.

The Hunters' Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with £25 added, for all horses that have been regularly hunted with any established pack of hounds in the county; 11 st. each; thorough-bred horses 10 lb. extra; two mile heats; gentlemen riders (four subscribers).

Mr. Simmond's ch. g. Cadland (owner)	1	1
Mr. Minter's br. m. Actress (Mr. Howard)	4	2
Mr. J. Cracknell's b. h. Memento (Mr. Palmex)	2	dr.
Mr. Scott's br. g. Albert (Mr. Dickson)	3	dr.

A Hurdle Race of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred; 11 st. each; two-mile heats, over four flights of hurdles; gentlemen riders; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. (five subscribers).

Mr. Simmond's ch. g. Cadland (owner)	1	1
Mr. Lewis's gr. g. Paul Clifford (Mr. Hemsley)	3	2
Mr. Armstrong's br. g. Flecknoe (owner)	2	3
Mr. Scott's br. h. Albert (Mr. Dickson)	4	4
Mr. Sherrard's b. m. Psyche (owner)	5	dr.

The winner was claimed.

The Easter Plate.

Mr. Simmond's Cadland (owner)	walked over.
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BURTON CONSTABLE HUNT.—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22ND.

(Ages from the 1st of January.)

The Farmers' Purse of 15 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, the second to save his stake, for horses that have been regularly hunted with Sir C. Constable's staghounds up to the 6th day of April, 1840; heats, once round and a distance, over six hurdles in each heat.

Mr. Walker's ch. m. Rebecca, by Cain, five-years old, 11 st. 1 lb. (T. Hoe)	1	2	1
Mr. Hobson's b. h. Sportsman, aged, 11 st. 9 lb.	3	1	2
Sir C. Constable's b. h. Gamecock, aged, 11 st. 9 lb.	2	3	3
Capt. Wellesley's b. m. Kathleen, aged, 11 st. 9 lb.	dis.		

The Ladies' Plate of 15 sovs. with a Purse added; heats, once round and a distance, over six hurdles in each heat.

Mr. J. Simpson's ch. h. Tormentor, by Record, five-years old, 11 st. 1 lb. (J. Scott)	1	1
Mr. Crofton's b. m. Beas, aged, 11 st. 9 lb.	2	2
Mr. J. Fewson's br. h. Kithamite, five-years old, 11 st. 11 lb.	dis.	

The Hull Cup, value 15 guineas, with a Purse added; heats, once round and a distance.

Sir C. Constable's gr. h. Decorator, by Stumps, five-years old, 11 st. 6 lb. (W. Wilson)	1	1
Mr. Oxley's br. c. by Sheik, dam by Blacklock, out of Cottage Girl, three-years old, 9 st. 7 lb.	3	2
Major Wilson's b. m. Tidy, aged, 12 st.	4	3
Mr. Oxtoby's gr. c. by Falcon, dam by Ardrossan, three-years old, 9 st.	2	dr.
Mr. Simpson's b. h. Aggravator, by Palmerin, aged, 12 st.	dis.	
Mr. J. Catton's b. c. by Falcon, out of Gangrene's dam, three-years old, 9 st.	dis.	

ABERGAVENTY RACES.—THURSDAY, APRIL 23RD.

A Handicap Stakes of 3 sovs. each, for beaten horses, with a Purse of not less than £10 added by the ladies; heats, about one mile and a half.

Mr. Whitty's br. m. Clytha Lass, 8 st. (C. Moon)	2	1	1
Mr. Baker's b. h. Cantata, 8 st. 2 lb. (Hall)	1	2	2
Mr. Gough's bl. h. Pilot, 10 st. (Pigeon)	6	5	3
Mr. Bosley's br. g. Rambler, 9 st. 9 lb. (Morris)	4	6	4
Mr. Jones's b. m. Gorse-bush, 9 st. 5 lb. (Harris)	5	4	5
Mr. Tranter's br. f. Miss Foote, 8 st. 6 lb. (Bermetzreider)	4	3	dr.

The Abergavenny Steeple-Chase for stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all denominations; second horse to save his stake (five subscribers).

Mr. Marshall's b. g. Physician, aged (Powell)	1
Mr. Baker's br. g. Cheroot, aged (Martin)	2
Mr. Newcombe's b. g. Cannon-ball, aged (owner)	3
Mr. Codrington na. gr. g. The Grayling, aged (Oliver)	0
Mr. Munro's b. g. Young Harry, aged	dr.

The Monmouthshire Hunt Steeple-Chase Cup, value 25 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each, for horses regularly hunted with the Monmouthshire hounds, or *bonâ fide* the property of a member of the Hunt Club, on or before the 1st of March; 12 st. each: horses ridden by members of the hunt, or farmers of the county, allowed 7 lb.

Mr. Williams's br. g. Ploughboy, aged (Oliver)	1
Mr. Tottenham's b. m. Rosebud, aged (Martin)	0
Mr. Stretton's br. g. Trumpeter, six-years old (Powell)	0
Mr. Bellamy's br. g. Vingt-et-un	0

The Scurry Steeple-Chase Stakes, with a Cup added by W. R. Stretton, and John Lewis, Esqrs., for horses hunted with the Monmouthshire hounds.

Mr. G. Hewer's b. m. Forty-two, five-years old, 10 st. (Vivian)	1
Mr. Morgan's ro. m. Morgiana, aged, 10 st. 7 lb. (Tottenham)	2
Mr. Stretton's b. g. Kilkenny, aged, 10 st. 7 lb. (F. Batt)	3
Mr. Roberts na. ch. h. Snipe, aged, 12 st. (Newman)	0
Mr. Newman's b. g. Salopian, five-years old, 11 st. 7 lb. (E. Jones)	0
Mr. Whitty's br. m. Clytha Lass, six-years old, 11 st. 7 lb.	dr.

HOO RACES.—SATURDAY, APRIL 26TH.

The Anniversary Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft.; 12 st. each; once round and a distance; to be ridden by gentlemen resident in the county, or members of the club (five subscribers).

Mr. Webber's Harold (owner)	1
Mr. Brand's Obelisk	2

The Scurry Stakes of 5 sovs. each, for horses *bonâ fide* the property of subscribers; 11 st. 5 lb. each; the last half mile; the winner to be sold for 60 sovs. if demanded in the usual way; were won by Mr. Daniel's ch. h. (owner), beating three others easily.

The Farmers' Cup, given by the gentlemen of the Herts Hunt Club, for horses *bonâ fide* the property of farmers occupying not less than sixty acres of land within the precincts of Mr. Brand's hunt; 11 st. 7 lb. each; a winner of this stake once, to carry 7 lb.; twice, 14 lb. extra; thoroughbred horses, 12 lb. extra.

Mr. Nightengale's b. m. Haida	2	2	1	1
Mr. Cass's b. g. Chesling, aged (owner)	0	1	2	2
Mr. Nightengale's g. g. Aggravator	1	0	0	0

A Handicap of 5 sovs. each, two miles, was won by Mr. Brand's b. h. Obelisk, 11 st. (owner), beating Mr. Webber's Harold, 12 st.

KELSO SPRING MEETING.

Steward: W. R. Ramsay, Esq., of Barnton.

TUESDAY, April 28th.—The Bowmont Plate, value £66, given by subscription by the inhabitants of Kelso, farmers and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, for horses of all ages. Heats, two miles. The winner to give two dozen of claret to be drunk at the ordinary.

Mr. Ralph Crawford's b. c. by Percy, dam by Leopold, g. d. Lady Eliza, three-years old, 7 st. 2 lb.	1	1
Sir W. Scott's b. g. Greek, by Corinthian, dam by Stamford (half-bred) three-years old, 6 st. 13 lb.	2	2

Won easy.

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

Mr. W. R. Ramsay na. br. g. Centurion, aged (Capt. Richardson)	1	1
Mr. Robertson na. ch. g. Birthday, aged (Mr. W. Boag)	5	2
Mr. J. Laing's b. g. Æolus, by Corinthian, aged (Mr. Laing)	3	3
Mr. Fletcher's b. m. Sal, by Corinthian, out of Salamonia, six-years old (Mr. T. Young)	4	4
Marquis of Breadalbane na. b. g. Lottery, aged (Mr. J. Laing)	6	5
Mr. Caillie na. br. g. Donald Caird, aged (Mr. R. Donkin)	2	dr.

The Farmers' Plate, for horses of all ages, *bonâ fide* the property of farmers who occupy at least fifty acres of arable land, or their sons following the same profession; for horses that never started for £50 in Plate or Stakes before the day of nomination, excepting Farmers' Plates, nor ever actually won £5 at any one time before the day of nomination; matches excepted; to be ridden by farmers or their sons; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Binnie's b. f. by Scarborough, out of Maggie Lauder, by Dinmont,
three-years old, 10 st. 12 lb. (Mr. Thomas Young) 2 1 1
Mr. Dumbreck's b. g. Take-away, aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (Mr. J. Laing) 1 dr.

WEDNESDAY, 29th.—The Duke of Roxburgh's Plate, value 50 guineas, for horses of all ages; heats, one mile and a half.

Hon. J. Sandiland's ch. g. Nubian, five-years old, 8 st. 5 lb. (Noble) 1 1
Mr. Ralph Crawford's b. m. Cantata, six-years old, 8 st. 8 lb. (Springate) 2 2
Mr. Watson's br. g. Donald Caird, aged, 8 st. 8 lb. 3 3
Sir James Boswell's ch. m. Lightning, by Drone, six-years old, 8 st. 8 lb.
(Holloway) 4 dr.

Won easy.

The Oats Stakes of 5 bolls each, p. p., for horses of all ages that never started, except for Matches, Hunters' Stakes, Cocktail Stakes, Oats Stakes, or Farmers' Plate; one mile and a half; gentlemen riders (five subscribers).

Mr. Ralph Crawford's b. c. by Percy, dam by Leopold, three-years old, 9 st. 4 lb.
(Mr. Montgomery) 1 1
Mr. Robertson's b. c. Tickhill Castle, by Langar, dam by Ashton, four-years
old, 10 st. 4 lb. (Mr. Laing) 2 dr.

The Duke of Buccleuch's Plate, value £50, for horses the property of farmers residing within the limits of his hunt, occupying, on a regular lease, not less than 100 acres of arable land, or the sons of such following their profession; to be ridden by farmers or their sons within the limits of the hunt; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Usher's br. g. Habakkuk, aged, 11 st. 11 lb. (owner) 1 1
Mr. Binnie's b. f. by Scarborough, three-years old, 10 st. 7 lb. 4 2
Mr. J. Laing's bl. g. Collington, by Dr. Syntax, six-years old, 12 st. 11 lb. (owner) 3 dis.
Mr. Dove's ch. g. Newman Noggs, by Monreith, six-years old, 11 st. 11 lb. (Mr.
T. Young) 2 dr.

Won easy.

A Free Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added; half a mile (four subscribers).

Hon. J. Sandiland's ch. g. Nubian, five-years old, 8 st. 10 lb. 1
Sir James Boswell's ch. m. Lightning, by Drone, six-years old, 8 st. 2
Sir James Boswell's br. h. Galewood, by Lottery, aged, 9 st. 2 lb. 3

Won cleverly.

BATH SPRING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, April 29th.—The Lansdown Trial Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., for horses that have never won (matches excepted); three-year-olds, 7 st. 7 lb.; four, 8 st. 10 lb.; five, 9 st. 1 lb.; six, 9 st. 5 lb.; and aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; one mile and a quarter; the winner to pay 5 sovs. to the Judge (eight subscribers).

Mr. Houldsworth's Confederate, by Velocipede, out of Miss Maltby (S. Rogers) 1
Lord G. Bentinck's Dreadnought, brother to Defencer (W. Day) 2

[Almost any odds on the winner, who won easy, after making an ugly "run out" at the turn.

The Weston Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., with 20 sovs. added; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; the produce of untried mares or horses allowed 4 lb.; the straight half mile; the winner to pay 5 sovs. to the Judge (six subscribers).

Capt. Williamson's Decision, by Defence, out of Fanny walked over.

The Stakes divided between Capt. Williamson and Mr. Sadler's f. Diversion, by Defence, out of Folly.

A Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., for horses of all denominations; thorough-bred horses to carry 7 lb. extra; three-year-olds, 9 st. 7 lb.; four, 11 st. 3 lb.; five, 11 st. 9 lb.; six, 12 st. 2 lb.; and aged, 12 st. 5 lb.; the last half mile; gentlemen riders.

Mr. Hobson's b. c. Piccotee, by Bizarre—Nike's d. three-years old (Mr. Olliver) 1
Mr. W. Tucker's Lucretia, by Dr. Faustus, five-years old (Mr. Vivian.) 2
Mr. I. Sadler's Cerberus, by Defence, four-years old (Mr. W. Sadler) 3

Betting: 6 to 4 on Piccotee; won cleverly by a length.

The Bath Stakes (Handicap) of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 5, &c., with 20 added; one mile and a distance; the winner to pay 5 sovs. (twenty subscribers), ten of whom declared.

Hon. S. Herbert's Arctic (h. b.), by Brutandorf, aged, 9 st. 3 lb. (Connelly) 1
Mr. Galpin's Blemish, by Emilius, three-years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Percy) 2
Mr. Mathew's Master Teddy (h. b.), by Safeguard, four-years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Rogers) 3
Mr. Westbrook's Cerberus (h. b.), by Defence, four-years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (W. Day) 4

Betting: 6 to 4 on Arctic; won by a length easy.

The Ladies' Silver Cup, value 30 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred; three-year-olds, 9 st. 5 lb.; four, 10 st. 7 lb.; five, 11 st. 2 lb.; six and aged, 11 st. 7 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; horses having won the value of £50 once, to carry 3 lb.; and three times, or more, 7 lb. extra; the winner of £100 at any one time to carry 5 lb. in addition to the above weights; gentlemen riders, members of a fox-hunting or racing-club. The second horse to save his stake. One mile and a half and a distance (twelve subscribers).

Mr. R. Maley's Bellissima, by Bizarre, five-years old (Mr. W. Sadler),	...	1
Mr. Wheeldon's b. c. Cracksman, by Pickpocket, four-years old (Mr. A. M'Donough)	...	2
Mr. Hughes's b. m. Mary Wood, by Astbury, six-years old (Mr. Parr)	...	3
Mr. C. B. Codrington na. ch. f. Lady Georgina, by Defence, out of Fair Star's dam, three-years old (Mr. Shoe)	4

Betting: 5 to 4 on Bellissima, the favourite winning by a length easy.

THURSDAY, 30th.—A Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft.; for two-year-olds, 7 st., and three, 9 st. 5 lb. The last half mile (four subscribers).

Captain Williamson's f. Decision, by Defence, two-years old, 7 st. (Percy)	...	1
Mr. Sadler's f. Diversion, by Defence, two-years old, 7 st. (Burbidge)	...	2
Mr. Farquharson's b. c. by Cadiz—his Waterloo m., two-years old, 7 st. (Howlett)	...	3

Betting: Even on Diversion, and 7 to 4 agst. Decision.

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

Mr. Maley's Bellissima, by Bizarre, five-years old, 9 st. 8 lb. (Mr. Sadler)	1	1
Mr. Hervey's Master Eady, by Dr. Eady, five-years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Hickin)	2	2
Mr. Hughes's Mary Wood, by Astbury, six-years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (Cliff)	...	4 0
Mr. Houldsworth's Brunette, by Mulatto, three-years old, 7 st. (Howlett)	...	5 0
Mr. Mathew's Master Teddy, by Safeguard, four-years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Connelly)	6	0
Mr. Treen's Fitz Ambo, by The Saddler, or Tramp, four-years old, 9 st. (Treen)	3	dr.

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

Mr. Westbrook's Cerberus, by Defence, four-years old, 9 st. 10 lb. (Mr. W. Sadler)	1	1
Mr. Wheeldon's Cracksman, four-years old, 10 st. 5 lb. (Mr. Parr)	...	2
Mr. Treen's Fitz Ambo, four-years old, 11 st. (Mr. J. Bayly)	...	3
Mr. Mathew's Cantator, four-years old, 10 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Oliver)	...	4

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Cracksman, and 2 to 1 agst. Cerberus.

A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 25 sovs. added, for horses not thorough-bred; three-year-olds, 9 st. 10 lb.; four, 11 st. 10 lb.; five, 12 st. 5 lb.; six and aged, 12 st. 10 lb.; a winner up to the time of starting of the Tally-ho, or Coplow Stakes, to carry 7 lb.; if both, or either, twice, 12 lb. extra; the winner of the Ladies' Cup, 5 lb. extra; all other winners, before starting, 3 lb. extra; once round; gentlemen riders (four subscribers).

Mr. Hobson's Picotee, by Bizarre, three-years old, 9 st. 13 lb. (Mr. Oliver)	...	1
Mr. Westbrook's Cerberus, by Defence, four-years old, 11 st. 13 lb. (Mr. W. Sadler)	...	2
Mr. J. Bayly's b. c. by Jack Tar, three-years old, 9 st. 10 lb. (Mr. J. Bayly)	...	3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Picotee, and 5 to 1 agst. Cerberus.

The Theatrical Silver Cup, value 50 sovs., being the free gift of George B. Davidge, Esq., the lessee of the Theatre Royal, Bath; added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each; to be run for by horses of all ages and denominations, but to have been the *bond fide* property of, and in the possession of, persons resident in, or within five miles of, Bath, from the 1st day of January, 1840, up to the day of starting; heats, one mile; to be ridden by gentlemen, yeomen, or tradesmen, residents of, or within five miles of, Bath (fourteen subscribers).

Mr. R. Margerum na. Lady Georgina, by Defence, out of Fair Star's dam, three-years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Mr. Shoe)	...	1	1
Mr. Phelps na. Walker, aged, 11 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Miles)	...	0	2
Mr. Adams's Billy-the-Beau, aged, 10 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Williams)	...	3	3
Mr. E. Jenkins's Young Tom, aged, 10 st. 10 lb. (Mr. Vivian)	...	0	4
Mr. J. Newcombe's Disputed, five-years old, 11 st. 7 lb. (owner)	...	2	5
Mr. Adams's Mantua, aged, 12 st. (owner)	...	0	dr.

HAMBLEDON HUNT RACES.—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29TH.

The Hambledon Hunt Club Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., for horses that have been regularly hunted with the Hambledon Hunt hounds, or Sir John Halkett's staghounds, not thorough-bred, and *bond fide* the property of a member; weights for age; heats (seven subscribers).

Mr. J. H. Campbell's br. g. Somerset, by Pantaloon, aged (owner)	...	1	1
Mr. Walter Long's ch. g. Helenus, aged (owner)	...	3	2
Mr. H. D. Drummond's br. g. Wild-goose, six-years old (Mr. Reynard)	...	2	dia.

The Farmers' Cup, given by the gentlemen of the Hambledon Hunt, for horses *bond fide* the property of farmers not occupying less than fifty acres of land within the limits of the hunt; weights for age; heats.

Mr. Wyatt's br. m. Powerless	...	1	1
Mr. W. Legg's br. g. Dreadnought	...	2	2
Mr. Lavington's b. g. Hampstead	...	3	3
Mr. Lasham's b. g., six-years old	...		bolted.

The qualification of Powerless is disputed, and the Cup withheld.

The Hack Stakes.

Mr. Adams's b. m. Patient	...	1	1
Mr. Ayres's br. m. Whitefoot	...	2	dr.
Mr. Hearn's Peg-leg	...	3	dr.

Match for £50.—Captain Lee's ch. g. beat Capt. Withan's b. m. after a good race.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

MONDAY, May 4th.—Match, 200, h. ft.; D. M.

Mr. Bowes's b. f. High Pressure, by Velocipede, 7 st. 7 lb. (Connelly) 1
 Mr. Morgan's br. c. Chameau, by Camel, 8 st. 7 lb. (S. Chifney) 2

Betting: 5 to 4 on Chameau. The light weight made all the running; was never headed; and won a severe race by a neck.

Post Match: 1 to the post, 150, h. ft.; no weights mentioned; R. M.

Duke of Portland's f. Polydora, by Priam, out of Manto, 8 st. 7 lb. (J. Day) 1
 Duke of Bedford's f. Billow, by Taurus, out of Leeway, 8 st. 7 lb. (Robinson) 2

Betting: 5 to 2 on Billow. A fine race, won by a head, on the post.

Match, 100, h. ft.; first half of Ab. M.

Mr. Thornhill's Menalippe, by Merchant, 8 st. (Connelly) 1
 Lord G. Bentinck's Capote, by Velocipede, 8 st. 9 lb. (W. Day) 2

Betting: 5 and 6 to 4 on Capote. The favourite had the worst of it all through, and was beaten by half a length with ease.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for foals of 1837, out of untried mares; colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; if by untried stallions allowed 3 lb.; Ab. M. (four subscribers).

Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce (J. Day) 1
 Lord Albemarle's b. f. Clove, by Cain (Cotton) 2

Betting: 2 to 1 on the Duke's colt, who made the running, and won easily by a length.

The Crescent Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb., now two years old; untried horses or mares, that never bred a winner, allowed 3 lb.; T. Y. C. (three subscribers.)

Lord Lichfield's f. by Langar, out of sister to Portrait (Wakefield) 1
 Duke of Grafton's c. by Bentley, out of Oxygen—h. untried (J. Day) 2
 Duke of Bedford's f. by Taurus, out of Plaything—m. untried (E. Edwards) 3

Betting: 6 to 5 on the Taurus filly, and 6 and 7 to 4 agst. the Bentley colt. A slashing struggle; won in the last stride by a head: the Duke of Bedford's filly never went kindly from the start, and bolted before running half the course.

Fifty Pounds; for four-year-olds, 7 st. 10 lb.; five, 8 st. 9 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; last three miles of B. C.

Lord Albemarle's Domino, by Mameluke walked over.
 Duke of Grafton's Montreal, by Langar dr.

TUESDAY, 5th.—Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., D. M. (three subscribers).

Lord Albemarle's bl. f. Olive Branch, by Plenipotentiary (Cotton) 1
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Emetic, sister to Preserve (Connelly) 2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Olive Branch, who waited till they reached the cords, then came out, and won by half a length.

The 2,000 Guinea Stakes; a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; R. M. (twenty-five subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. Crucifix, by Priam (J. Day) 1
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Confederate, by Velocipede (S. Rogers) 2
 Lord Orford's gr. c. by Clearwell, out of Angelica (Connelly) 3
 Mr. Bowes's br. c. Black Beck, by Mulatto (Scott) 4
 Lord Exeter's b. c. by Sultan, out of Velvet (Nat) 5
 Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. Capote, by Velocipede (W. Day) 6

Closing prices: 6 to 4 on Crucifix; 7 to 2 agst. Confederate; 6 to 1 agst. Angelica colt; 12 to 1 agst. Velvet colt; and 20 to 1 agst. Black Beck. At the second offer the lot got off on good terms, when the Angelica colt went to the front, with the Velvet colt and Confederate close up; the other three separated from them by several lengths. In this way they ran half the distance, when the favourite closed, and passed them at the bushes, forcing the pace, with a good length's lead. Thus this all-engrossing event terminated: the favourite winning by a length in a canter:—a fine race for second, won by Confederate by a head. The other three were beaten off.

Match 300, h. ft.; A. F.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Euclid, by Emilius, 8 st. 7 lb. (Connelly) 1
 Lord Lichfield's bl. c. The Corsair, by Sir Hercules, 8 st. 2 lb. (J. Day) 2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Euclid, who made all the running, and won cleverly by a length.

The Queen's Plate of 100 guineas, for mares; four-year-olds, 8 st. 9 lb.; five, 9 st. 8 lb.; six and aged, 10 st.; R. C.

Duke of Richmond's Confusionée, by Emilius, four-years old (Rogers) 1
 Duke of Portland's Cœnis, by Tiresias, four-years old (J. Day) 2
 Mr. F. Wood's b. f. Mary Anne, by Mulatto—Sevilla, four-years old (Wakefield)... .. 0
 Mr. Thornhill's Merganser, by Merchant, four-years old (Connelly)... .. 0

Betting: 5 to 2 on Confusionée. A miserable exhibition; the favourite winning by, at least, a furlong.

Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, 100 ft.; for four-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; B. C. (four subscribers).

Lord Albemarle's Domino, by Mameluke walked over.

WEDNESDAY, 6th.—The Charles-street Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lb.; D. M.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3 lb., if both, 5 lb. (three subscribers)

Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Emetic, by Emilius (Connelly)	1
Mr. Roberts's ch. f. by Plenipotentiary, dam by Whisker, out of the ch. sister to Sailor (Nat)	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on the Plenipo filly. A poor affair; won by a length.

Fifty Pounds; for four-year-olds, 7 st. 8 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st. 3 lb.; B. C.

Lord Albemarle's Domino, by Mameluke, four-years old (Cotton)	1
Duke of Richmond's Confusionée, by Emilius, four-years old (Rogers)	2

Betting: 6 to 5 on Confusionée. A waiting race, in which the mare led past the Duke's Stand, when Domino was set agoing, and won with all ease by a length.

The Shorts, a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; last half of Ab. M.; those named in the Derby or Oaks, 3 lb. extra; if by untried stallions, or out of mares that never bred a winner, allowed 3 lb. (three subscribers).

Lord Orford's c. Petitto, by Clearwell, out of Petulance (3 lb.)	walked over.
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Match, 100, h. ft.; T. Y. C.

Mr. Thornhill's Merganser, 9 st., and Mr. Ford's Minima, 8 st. 7 lb.—off by consent.

THURSDAY, 7th.—The Beaufort Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; last mile and a distance of 1 B. C.; a winner of a Sweepstakes to the amount of £500 to carry 7 lb. extra; if any two, amounting together to £1,000, to 11 lb. extra; (five subscribers).

Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. by Belshazzar, dam by Whalebone, g. d. by Frolic, (Robinson)	1
Mr. Sadler's Protector, by Defence (Rogers)	2
Mr. Edwards's Billow, by Taurus (E. Edwards)	3

Betting: 13 to 8 on the Belshazzar filly, 5 to 2 agst. Protector (tk.), and 4 to 1 agst. Billow. A very resolute "set to" at the cords between the first and second placed; the Belshazzar filly first by half a length. Billow was tailed off.

The 1,000 Guineas Stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 7 lb.; D. M. (twenty-eight subscribers).

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. Crucifix, by Priam (J. Day)	1
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. f. Rosabianca, by Augustus (W. Day)	2
Lord Albemarle's b. f. Spangle, by Cræsus (Cotton)	3
Lord Exeter's br. f. Siliistria, by Reveller (S. Mann)	4

Betting: 10 to 1 on Crucifix, Lord G. Bentinck having declared to win with her. This race was simply a canter for Lord George's pair, Crucifix winning, hard held, as it suited her jockey's fancy.

The Queen's Plate of 100 guineas; four-year-olds, 9 st. 8 lb.; five, 10 st. 7 lb.; six and aged, 10 st. 12 lb.; R. C.

Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick, five-years old (Robinson)	1
Lord Albemarle's Domino, by Mameluke, four-years old (E. Edwards)	2
Duke of Richmond's Confusionée, by Emilius, four-years old (Rogers)	3
Gen. Grosvenor's Dædalus, by Buzzard, five-years old (J. Day)	4

Betting: 11 to 10 on Domino, 6 to 5 agst. St. Francis, and 20 to 1 agst. any other. Confusionée went away with the lead, at a pace that promised speedily to settle her account, an event which occurred a mile from home. There Domino took up the running, and carried it up to the New T. Y. C. post, where St. Francis challenged, and finally beat him by a length, after a very severe race. The other pair were tailed off.

FRIDAY, 8th.—Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; D. I. (three subscribers).

Duke of Rutland's Revoke, four-years old, 6 st. 2 lb. (Ludlam)	1
Lord Normanby's Gipsy, aged, 7 st. 7 lb. (Nat)	2
Gen. Grosvenor's Dædalus, five-years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Wakefield)	3

Betting: 5 to 4 on Revoke, and 7 to 4 agst. Gipsy. The pace to the Turn of the Lands was little better than a canter. Revoke then mended it, and ran in front to the end, defeating a smart rush made by Gipsy within the ropes, by a neck only. In the struggle the two mares ran out, and Wakefield claimed the race on the ground that they crossed him at the time. As the Stewards were not present, the question remains undecided.

The Newmarket Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; D. M. (twenty-seven subscribers.)

Lord Exeter's Scutari, by Sultan, out of Velvet (Nat)	1
Lord Chesterfield's c. Molineux, by Mulatto, out of Arcot Lass (Scott)	2
Lord Orford's c. by Clearwell, out of Angelica (Chapple)	3
Duke of Rutland's c. Crazy-boy, by Tomboy—Bessy Bedlam (Robinson)	0
Lord Albemarle's bl. f. Olive-branch, by Plenipotentiary—Ally (Cotton)	0
Mr. Wigram's ch. f. Teleta, by Plenipotentiary—Shercen's d. (Connelly)	0
Col. Anson's c. Nicholas, by Jerry, out of Olive (C. Edwards)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 on Angelica colt, 2 to 1 agst. Teleta, 10 to 1 agst. Crazy Boy, and 20 to 1 agst. Scott's two (Molineux and Nicholas), taken. The lot got away at the second start, the Angelica colt making the running with a cluster close at his heels, Crazy Boy and Olive-branch last, where they remained. At the new ground a little more tailing was manifest; and as they entered the cords Scutari collared the Grey, who instantly stopped and let in Molineux, by whom he was beaten by three lengths at least; Scutari, who won by a length, being a good four lengths before him. There was a sad account of the others.

CHESTER MEETING.

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

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Apothecary, four-years old (Templeman)	1
Mr. Allen's b. c. Quid, four-years old (Marson)	2
Mr. Critchley's bl. c. Dunstan, three-years old; carried 6 st. 12 lb. (G. Whitehouse)	3
Lord Westminster's ch. c. Sir Ralph, five-years old (Holmes)	0
Lord Milltown's b. f. Medea, four-years old (H. Neale)	0
Lord Eglinton's b. g. The Potentate, aged (Lye)	0
Lord Stanley's ch. f. Rodanthe, three-years old (Howlett)	0

Betting: 5 to 1 agst. Potentate, 3 to 2 agst. Quid, 6 to 1 agst. Rodanthe, 6 to 1 agst. Apothecary, 8 to 1 agst. Sir Ralph, and 10 to 1 agst. Medea. A good race; won cleverly, at last, by a neck.

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

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Battledore, out of Blue Bell (Templeman)	1
Lord Westminster's br. c. Secander, by Sir John, out of Medina (Holmes)	2
Mr. Price's b. or br. f. Maid of Maelor, by Pantaloon, or Tulip (H. Neale)	0
Sir R. Bulkeley's ch. f. Jenny Jones, by Birdcatcher, out of Mrs. Suggs (Lye)	0
Lord Westminster's br. f. Daphne, by Lauree, out of Maid of Honour (Nat)	0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Secander, 2 to 1 agst. Sir Thomas Stanley, 3 to 1 agst. Jenny Jones, and 4 to 1 agst. Daphne. Won easily. All but the second were beaten off a long way.

The Tradesmen's Plate of 200 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each; 10 sovs. ft., and 5 sovs. ft. only if declared on or before the 1st Feb.; to start at the Castle-pole, run twice round, and end at the coming-in-chair; second horse to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes; the winner of this Plate to subscribe to it the following year (forty-six subscribers, eleven of whom declared, and fifteen paid 10 sovs. each).

Col. Peel's br. c. The Dey of Algiers, four-years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (Nat)	1
Mr. H. Robinson's b. h. Melbourne, six-years old, 9 st. 4 lb. (Marson)	2
Mr. Fowler's ch. h. Gilbert Gurney, five-years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Dodgson)	0
Mr. Knox's ch. h. George, five-years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (M. Jones)	0
Mr. J. Henderson's br. h. Lanercost, five-years old, 9 st. 9 lb. (W. Noble)	0
Lord Eglinton's br. h. St. Bennett, six-years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (Cartwright)	0
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Cowboy, six-years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (Templeman)	0
Mr. Copeland's br. h. King Cole, aged, 8 st. 5 lb. (Marlow)	0
Lord Eglinton's b. m. Bellona, five-years old, 8 st. (Lye)	0
Mrs. Massey's b. g. Tubalcain, four-years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Denman)	0
Mr. Collett's br. c. The Dean, four-years old, 7 st. 10 lb. (G. Whitehouse)	0
Lord Eglinton's ch. m. Opera, five-years old, 7 st. 9 lb. (Oates)	0
Mr. F. R. Price's br. g. Captain Pops, five-years old, 7 st. 8 lb. (H. Neale)	0
Lord Milltown's ch. m. Cruiskeen, six-years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Mann)	0
Mr. Speed's ch. h. Aimwell, five-years old, 7 st. 3 lb. (Nicholson)	0
Mr. Thompson's br. h. Stansty, five-years old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Bernetzreider)	0
Mr. Haworth's b. f. Fair Louia, four-years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Francis)	0
Lord Milltown's b. c. Wirrestrew, four-years old, 6 st. 6 lb. (Stagg)	0
Mr. Dockeray's b. c. Zephyr, four-years old, 6 st.; carried 6 st. 7 lb. (Clarke)	0
Colonel Peel's roan c. by Augustus, out of Constantia, three-years old, feather (Howlett)	0

Betting: 3 1/2 to 1 agst. Cowboy, 7 to 1 agst. Lanercost, 7 to 1 agst. Gilbert, 7 to 1 agst. Bellona, 10 to 1 agst. Cruiskeen, 12 to 1 agst. King Cole, 100 to 8 agst. the Dey of Algiers, 20 to 1 agst. Melbourne, 20 to 1 agst. Captain Pops, 20 to 1 agst. The Dean, 25 to 1 agst. George, and 25 to 1 agst. Tubalcain. A beautiful start was effected at the first attempt, the winner jumping off with the lead, being never headed, and finishing in front by half a neck. At the distance, Melbourne, Cowboy, Gilbert Gurney, and Bellona were in close attendance on the Dey, the former of the quartet running a singularly game horse, being only beaten by little more than a head, though dead lame at the time; Lanercost also pulled up lame. The course was dreadfully hard.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Stand Committee, for horses that never won before the day of entry for the Plates; heats, two miles; three-year-olds to carry 7 st.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb. (eight subs.)

Mr. Mostyn's ch. c. Bedelian, by Revolution, out of L'Hirondelle, three-years old (Francis)	1
Colonel Anson's ch. c. Nightshade, by Comus, dam by Smolenzco, three-years old (Grey)	2
Lord Warwick's br. c. by Giovanni, out of Petty Larceny's dam, three-years old (Whitehouse)	3
Lord Eglinton's ch. f. Annulet, three-years old (Lye)	2
Sir T. Stanley's gr. g. Marmaduke, four-years old (Templeman)	3
Mr. P. Green's b. f. Sister to Ballockmyle, three-years old (Clarke)	dis.

Bettings: 2 to 1 agst. Marmaduke, and 5 to 2 agst. Annulet.

Both heats won cleverly.

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

Lord Eglinton's b. g. The Potentate, aged (Lye)
Mr. Collin's gr. g. Isaac, aged (Darling)	2
Mr. W. Walters's b. h. Goldhurst, six-years old (Galloway)	0
Mr. Barrow's br. m. Catherina, aged (Hopwood)	0

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Isaac, 6 to 5 agst. The Potentate, 5 to 1 agst. Catherina, and 6 to 1 agst. Goldhurst. Won in a canter—the two last beaten almost to a stand-still.

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

Mr. R. F. Buckley's b. c. Tory Boy, by Tomboy, out of Bessy Bedlam (Whitehouse) 1	
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. f. Miss Tatt, by Velocipede, out of Conciliation (H. Neale) 2	
Lord Westminster's b. c. Dr. Jenner, by Ishmael—Miss Giles (Holmes) ... 6	
Sir T. Bulkeley's b. f. by Birdcatcher, dam by Caccia Piatti (Darlring) ... 0	
Mr. T. Walter's bk. c. St. Botolph, by Sheet Anchor (Marlow) 0	

Betting: 5 to 4 on Tory Boy, 5 to 2 agst. Miss Tatt, 4 to 1 agst. Dr. Jenner, and 4 to 1 agst. St. Botolph. Won easily, by a couple of lengths—a long tail, at the end of which was Dr. Jenner.

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 lbs.; heats, once round a distance.

Lord Eglinton's br. c. Malvolio, four-years old (Lye)	0	0	1	1
Mrs. Massey's b. g. Tubalcain, four-years old (Marlow)	0	1	0	2
Mr. Allen's b. c. Quid, four-years old (Marson)	1	0	0	dr.
Mr. F. Pratt's br. f. sister to Sir Ralph, three-years old (Francis)	0	0	2	dr.
Sir T. Bulkeley's b. f. Fair Louisa, four-years old (Oates)	0	2	0	dr.
Lord Stanley's br. g. Charlatan, four-years old (M. Jones)	2			dr.

WEDNESDAY, 6th.—A Free Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., for all ages; once round and a distance (three subscribers).

Mr. E. Peel's gr. h. Saul, five-years old, 8 st. (G. Whitehouse)	walked over.
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The Dee Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; Derby weights; to start at the Castle-pole, go once round, and finish at the coming-in chair (eight subscribers).

Lord Westminster's br. c. The Shah, by Abbas Mirza—Laura (Holmes)	1
Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Trustee, by Sir Grey, or Birdcatcher (Darling)	2
Lord Stanley's ro. c. De Clifford, by Recovery—Baroness (M. Jones)	3

The betting commenced at 6 to 4 agst. De Clifford, and finished at 5 to 4 on him, 15 to 10 agst. The Shah, and 20 to 5 agst. Trustee. This lay entirely between the two first, The Shah, however, winning very cleverly by a couple of lengths. The favourite was beaten off about a furlong.

The Stand Cup, value 100 sovs., the gift of the Stand Committee, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., if declared, &c., for all ages; 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.; a winner of the value of 100 sovs. in either plate or specie, once, 3 lb.; twice, 5 lb.; and thrice, 7 lb. extra; twice round and a distance (six subscribers, of whom three declared).

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Rabbitcatcher, three-years old (W. Lund)	1
Lord Eglinton's br. g. Shark, by Priam, three-years old; carried 6 lb. over (Lye)	2
Mr. F. R. Price's b. f. Lady Abbess, four-years old (Neale)	3

Betting: 10 to 8 agst. Rabbitcatcher, 6 to 5 agst. Lady Abbess, and 2½ to 1 agst. Shark. The mare made the first of the running, leading to the turn for home, the last round, when the favourite went to the front, and won cleverly by a couple of lengths.

THURSDAY, 7th.—The Marquis of Westminster's Plate (value 100 sovs.) in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; three-year-olds, 5 st. 12 lb.; four, 8 st. 4 lb.; five, 9 st.; six, and aged, 9 st. 4 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; horses never having won, and that have started three times, allowed 5 lb.; three to start, or the money will not be given; thrice round (four subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's br. g. Shark, by Priam, three-years-old (Campbell)	walked over.
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The Beeston Castle Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the gentlemen of Cheshire and the Principality; one mile and a half (nine subscribers).

Lord Stanley's ch. f. Rodanthe, by Velocipede, three-years-old, 6 st. 12 lb. (Stagg)	1
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Malvolio, four-years old, 8 st. 6 lb. (S. Templeman)	2
Mr. Price's br. g. Captain Pops, five-years old, 8 st. 9 lb. (Neill)	3
Mr. E. Peel's gr. h. Saul, five-years old, 9 st. (G. Whitehouse)	0
Lord Eglinton's ch. m. Opera, five-years old, 8 st. 2 lb. (Lye)	0
Mr. W. Walters's b. h. Goldhurst, six-years old, 7 st. 5 lb. (Dodson)	0
Lord Milton's b. c. Wirrestrew, four-years old, 7 st. 4 lb. (Stagg)	0
Mr. Thompson's b. f. Miss Fitz, by Fitzdactor, three-years old, 6 st. (Wilbraham)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Opera, 5 to 2 agst. Malvolio, 3 to 1 agst. Pops, 4 to 1 agst. Saul, 5 to 1 agst. Rodanthe, and 10 to 1 agst. Wirrestrew. A very indifferent straggling affair, won with all ease by three lengths.

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

Lord Eglinton's ch. f. Annulet, three-years old (Lye)	1
Sir T. Stanley's b. g. Barboni, five-years old (Templeman)	2
Mr. F. R. Price's br. f. The Rose of Maclor, three-years old (Stagg)	0
Mr. Collett's b. f. Tivy, four-years old (G. Whitehouse)	0

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Tivy, 10 to 3 agst. The Rose, 3 to 1 agst. Barboni, 3 to 1 agst. Annulet. A good race with the two first; won by a neck only.

One Hundred Pounds in specie, the gift of the Proprietors of the Secondary Stand, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; a winner of £50 previous to starting to carry 3lb.; and twice, or more, 5 lb. extra; the winner of the Trade Cup to carry 5lb. in addition; second horse to save his stake; heats once round and a distance (seven subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's b. g. The Potentate, aged (Lye)	1	1
Mr. Collett's br. c. The Dean, four-years old (Whitehouse)	2	dr.
Lord Westminster's ch. h. Sir Ralph, five-years old (Holmes)	3	dr.
Mr. Shackell's br. c. Malvolio, four-years old (Templeman)	0	dr.

Sir Ralph and Malvolio were started only to make a race for the 100 sovs., the conditions being that four must start, or the money not be given: won easily.

FRIDAY, 8th.—The Palatine Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb.; those out of untried mares, or got by untried stallions at the time of naming, allowed 3lb.; those got by untried stallions, and out of untried mares, allowed 5lb.; to start at the Castle-pole, go once round, and finish at the coming-in-chair (six subscribers).

Lord Westminster's br. c. The Shah, by Abbas-Mirza—Laura (Holmes)	1
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c., by Physician, 3lb. (Darling)	2
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. c. Tuly, by the Tulip—Zara (Neild)	3
Mr. Meiklam's bl. c. Bushranger, by The Mole, 5 lb. (Templeman)	0

Betting: 25 to 10 on The Shah, 3 to 1 agst. Bushranger, 4 to 1 agst. Sir R. Bulkeley's, and 6 to 1 agst. Tuly. The first of the running was made by Bushranger, who bolted at the end of the first half mile, and so put out his chance; at the distance the favourite went to the front, and beat his horses cleverly by a length.

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

Lord Eglinton's b. m. Bellona, five-years old, 8st. 3lb. (Lye)	1
Mr. Buckley's ch. c. Charley, four-years old, 6st. 13 lb. (G. Whitehouse)	2
Sir T. Stanley's br. c. Apothecary, four-years old, 7st. 9lb. (Cartwright)	3
Mr. Fowler's gr. h. The Friar, five-years old, 7st. 12lb. (Dodgson)	0
Lord Miltown's b. l. Medea, by Drone, four-years old, 6st. 6lb. (Stagg)	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Apothecary, 2 to 1 agst. Bellona, 4 to 1 agst. Charley, and 7 to 1 agst. Medea. Won easily by a length—the winner making a waiting race.

The Roodee Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 sovs. added by the Stand Committee, for three-year-olds that have run during the week; to start at the two-year-old post, go once round, and in (three subscribers).

Mr. Mostyn's ch. c. Bedelian, three-years old, 8st. 5 lb. (Darling)	1
Lord Westminster's br. c. Secander, three-years old, 8st. 5lb. (Holmes)	0
Mr. Shackell's br. g. Shark, three-years old, 7st. 12 lb. (Lye)	0

Betting: Even on Secander, 7 to 4 agst. Bedelian, 3 to 1 agst. Shark. A splendid race with the three; and the Judge being only able to place the winner first by a head.

The Wirral Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the gentlemen of Wirral; for two-year-olds, 6 st. 10lb., and three, 9st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; three-quarters of a mile; the second horse to save his stakes (seven subscribers).

Mr. T. Critchley's bl. c. Dunstan, three-years old (Whitehouse)	1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Rabbitcatcher, three-years old (Templeman)	2
Mr. W. Foster's b. f. by Olympus, out of Miniature, three-years old (Marlow)	0
Lord Stanley's ro. c. De Clifford, three-years old (Jones)	0
Sir R. Bulkeley's ch. f. Jenny Jones, three-years old (Darling)	0

Betting: 6 to 5 agst. Rabbitcatcher, 6 to 4 agst. De Clifford, and 3 to 1 agst. Dunstan. From the distance home, the two first fought a hard battle, Dunstan having the best of it by half a length, the others were tailed off.

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

Mr. Barrow's br. m. Catherina, aged (Hopwood)	0	1	1
Colonel Anson's ch. c. Nightshade, three-years old (Francis)	0	1	2
Mr. Price's b. f. Lady Abbess, four-years old (Neild)	0	0	3
Sir T. Stanley's b. g. Barboni, five-years old (Templeman)	0	2	dr.
Lord Warwick's b. c. by Giovanni, three-years old (G. Whitehouse)	2	dr.	
Mr. Shackell's br. g. Shark, three-years old (Noble)	3	0	dr.

TAVISTOCK RACES.—TUESDAY, MAY 5TH.

The Ladies Plate of 25 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., for maiden horses; heats, one mile and a distance (five subscribers).

Mr. Taunton's bl. f. by Actæon, out of The Peri, by Stainborough, three-years old, 7 st. 5lb. (W. Kingsland)	1	1
Mr. Trelawney's b. f. by Hindostan, out of Frederica, by Sultan, three-years old, 7 st. 5 lb.	2	2

The third year of the Mount Tavy Stakes of 5 sovs. each, 2 ft., with 10 added, for all horses; heats, one mile and a half, gentlemen riders (twelve subscribers).

Mr. Taunton's bl. f. by Actæon, out of the Peri, three-years old, 9 st. 8 lb.	
(Mr. Edwin Scobell)	1 1
Mr. J. Hext's bl. g. The Moor, aged, 12 st. 9 lb. (General Gilbert)	2 2
Sir W. S. Trelawney's br. g. Chartist, aged, 12 st. 2 lb. (Mr. Symes)	3 3

The County Members' Purse of 15 sovs. added to a Free Handicap of 3 sovs. each.	
Mr. Hext's bl. g. The Moor, aged, 10 st. 7 lb. (Mr. Symes)	2 1 1
Mr. Horsley's b. c. by Harry, four-years old, 7 st.	1 2 dr.

DURHAM RACES.

Stewards, W. Russell, W. Williamson, and A. W. Hutchinson (Mayor), Esqrs.

THURSDAY, May 7th.—The Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added from the fund, for horses of all ages; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 11 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; one mile and a half (four subscribers).

Mr. Hesletine's br. f. The Shadow, by The Saddler, four-years old (Hesletine) ...	1
Mr. Hutchinson's ch. f. Maria Monk, three-years old	2
Mr. Clarke's ch. c. Auckland, four-years old	3
Mr. J. Gray's b. g. Urial, four-years old	4

Setting: 6 to 4 against The Shadow.—Won cleverly.

The Maiden Plate of 50 sovs. given by the Members of the city of Durham, for horses that never won 50 sovs. at any one time, in Plate or Stake, before the day of naming; three-year-olds, 7 st. 5 lb.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, and upwards, 8 st. 12 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; two-mile heats.

Col. Cradock's Messmate, by Liverpool, four-years' old (Jaques)	0 1 1
Mr. W. Kirby's b. f. by Liverpool, out of Dirmid's dam, three-years old	1 2 2
Mr. J. Robertson's b. h. Little-Bo-peep, by William IV., four-years old	0 0 3
Mr. Allen's b. f. Moleskin, by The Mole, out of Celerity, three-years old	2 3 dr.
Mr. Surtees's b. h. Manfred, five-years old	0 0 dr.
Mr. Maudc's ch. g. Freckle, by Swiss—Maid-of-all-work, aged	0 0 dr.
Mr. Watson's ch. g. Antisthenes, by Calisthenes, four-years old	0 0 dr.
Mr. Wetherlit's b. m. Sweetlips, six-years old	0 0 dr.
Mr. R. Watson's br. c. by Jerry, out of Tertia, three-years old	0 0 dr.
Mr. Robinson's b. m. Amelle, four-years old	0 0 dr.
Mr. Pott's b. c. by Lincroft, or M'Orville, d. by Waverley, three-years old. 0 bolted.	

FRIDAY, 8th.—The Hunter's Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by W. Russell, Esq., for horses not thorough-bred, that have been regularly hunted during this season with the Brancepeth, or Wynyard, and Durham foxhounds; 12 st. each; two miles; gentlemen riders (six subscribers).

Mr. Lister's b. m. Eliza, by Whitworth (owner)	1
Mr. Russell's br. m. Doctress, by Agricola, dam by Ardrossan	2
Mr. C. E. Cookson's br. g. Sailor, by Jack Turk	3
Mr. Maddison's bl. g. The Blank, by Lottery, dam Outcry	4
Mr. F. N. Flintoff's Black Draught (late Surgeon), by Physician	bolted.

Eliza the favourite: won cleverly by nearly a length.

The Hurdle Stakes of 2 sovs. each, with 10 added; 11 st. each; heats, one mile and a quarter, with three leaps, over hurdles four feet in height.

Mr. Watson's br. g. Donald Caird	3 1 1
Mr. Maudc's ch. g. Freckle, by Swiss, out of the Maid-of-all-work, aged	1 2 2
Mr. Ford's Lafayette	2 3 dr.

SATURDAY, 9th.—The Durham Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Members for the Northern division of the county of Durham, for horses of all ages; three-year-olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; four, 8 st. 3 lb.; five, 8 st. 10 lb.; six and aged, 9 st.; a winner of £50 at any one time, in Plate or Stake, before the day of naming, to carry 3 lb. extra; of two or more, 5 lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; two mile heats (seven subscribers).

Mr. Hesletine's b. f. The Shadow, by The Saddler, four-years old (owner)	1 1
Mr. Field's b. f. sister to Lanercost, four-years old	2 2
Mr. Crawford's ch. g. Birthday, aged	4 3
Mr. Watson's ch. g. Antisthenes, by Calisthenes, dam by Deceiver, four-years old	5 4
Mr. Clarke's ch. c. Auckland, by Grey Viscount, four-years old	3 dr.

Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, with 25 added; for beaten horses; Craven weights; Craven Stakes Course.

Mr. Wetherell's b. f. by Liverpool—Dirmid's d., three-years old (J. Joy)	4 1 1
Mr. J. Robertson's b. h. Little Bo-peep, by William IV., four-years old	3 3 2
Mr. Hutchinson's ch. f. Maria Monk, three-years old	1 2 dr.
Mr. Erskine's b. m. Armelle, four-years old	2 dr.
Mr. F. N. Flintoff's Black Draught (late Surgeon)	bolted.
Mr. Clarke's ch. c. Auckland, by Grey Viscount, four-years old	dis.

EGLINTON PARK MEETING.

Stewards: the Marquis of Waterford and the Earl of Rosslyn.

TUESDAY, May 12th.—The Trial Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Club, for hunters; half a mile (seven subscribers)

Hon. J. Sandiland's ch. g. Nubian, five-years old, 11 st. 11 lb. (Capt. Richardson)	1
Mr. J. O. Fairlie's Leopard, aged, 12 st. 6 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	2
Lord Waterford's b. g. Confusion, aged, 12 st. 6 lb. (owner)	3
Mr. H. Johnstone's b. c. Marauder, four-years old, 11 st. 11 lb. (owner)	4
Mr. H. Johnstone's ch. m. Lightning, six-years old, 12 st. 3 lb. (Mr. M'Kenzie Grieve)	5

Won easy.

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

Mr. Ramsay's br. f. Martha Lynn, by Mulatto, out of Leda (Noble)	1
Lord Eglinton's br. f. Dervergild, by Liverpool (Lye)	2

Martha Lynn took the lead at a moderate pace, kept it, and won in a canter.

The Pebble Stakes of 5 sovs. each, p. p., with 50 added by Sir F. Johnstone, and 50 sovs. by Sir H. H. Campbell, for horses not thorough-bred; once round (seven subscribers).

Mr. J. O. Fairlie's Leopard, aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	1
Capt. Richardson's b. g. Deceiver, aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (owner)	2
Mr. Hope Johnstone's ch. g. Cognovit, aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (owner)	3
Lord Eglinton's na. b. m. Gipsy, aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (Sir F. Johnstone)	4
Sir D. Baird's ch. g. Pioneer, aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (owner)	5
Capt. Houstoun's br. g. Grenadier, aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (owner)	6

A good race between the two first; won by only half a neck.

The Irvine Cup, by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each, p. p., with 50 added by the inhabitants of Irvine, and 100 by the Earl of Eglinton; once round and a distance (seventeen subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's br. h. Lanercost, five-years old, 11 st. 12 lb. (Capt. Richardson)	1
Mr. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, aged, 12 st. 4 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	2
Mr. Robertson's Olympic, aged, 12 st. 4 lb. (Sir D. Baird)	3
Lord Waterford's Cardinal Puff, six-years old, 12 st. 4 lb. (owner)	4
Mr. Fairlie's Abraham Newland, six-years old, 12 st. 4 lb. (Capt. Williams)	5
Lord Eglinton's The Potentate, aged, 12 st. 4 lb. (Sir F. Johnstone)	6

At the distance, Lanercost went to the front; cut down his horses easily; and won by a length and a half.

The Hunters' Stakes of 5 sovs. each, p. p., with 50 added by Lord Kelburne; two miles (twelve subscribers).

Marquis of Waterford's ch. g. Red Wing, five-years old, 11 st. 7 lb. (owner)	1
Hon. J. Sandiland's ch. g. Nubian, five-years old, 11 st. 7 lb. (Capt. Richardson)	2
Mr. Fairlie's Pyramid, six-years old, 12 st. 4 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	3
Capt. Houstoun's Matadore, aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (owner)	4

Won cleverly by half a length.

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

Mr. Ramsay's The Doctor, six-years old (Capt. Richardson)	1
Mr. J. O. Fairlie's Zohrab, aged (Capt. Pettat)	2

Zohrab made the running to the distance post, where The Doctor headed him, and won cleverly.

WEDNESDAY, 13th.—The Arndilly (Handicap) Stakes of 5 sovs. each, p. p., with 25 added by W. G. Macdowall, Esq.; for horses that ran for the Trial Stakes; half a mile (four subscribers).

Lord Waterford's b. h. Confusion, aged, 11 st. 5 lb. (Sir F. Johnstone)	1
Hon. J. Sandiland's ch. g. Nubian, five-years old, 12 st. 5 lb. (Capt. Richardson)	2
Mr. J. O. Fairlie's Leopard, aged, 11 st. 12 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	3

A beautiful race; won by a head.

The Curraghmore Handicap of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only, &c., with 100 sovs. added by Lord Waterford, and 50 sovs. by Lord Drumlanrig, for all horses; one mile and a half (twenty-seven subscribers, of whom ten declared, and three did not name).

Mr. Fairlie's The Hydra, five-years old, 11 st. 10 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	1
Mr. Robertson's b. c. The Rejected, by Augustus, out of Courtesan, four-years old, 10 st. 3 lb. (Capt. Williams)	2
Mr. Ramsay's ch. g. Sulciman, five-years old, 11 st. (Capt. Richardson)	3
Lord Waterford's br. h. Cardinal Puff, six-years old, 13 st. 2 lb. (owner)	4

Hydra made the running, was never headed, and won easy by a length.

The Two-years Old Stakes of 20 sovs. each, p. p.: for colts, 8 st. 3 lb.; and fillies, 8 st.; half a mile (six subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's bl. f. Martyrdom, by Retriever—Magdalene (Wm. Noble)	1
Mr. Alexander's br. c. Archer, by Jerry, out of Theresa (Cartwright)	2
Lord Eglinton's br. f. by Muley Moloch, out of Zillah (Lye)	3
Lord Eglinton's b. f. Chivalry, by Muley Moloch (Oates)	4
Lord Kelburne's b. f. by Jerry, out of Purity (J. Holloway)	5

A very fine race between Martyrdom and Archer; won by a head.

The Atalanta Challenge Cup, added to a Handicap of 5 sovs. each, p. p., for ladies' horses; quarter of a mile (four subscribers).

Miss A. M'Leod's b. g. Orion, aged, 12 st. (Capt. Pettat)	1
Miss Dundas na. ch. m. Lightning, aged, 13 st. (Mr. H. Johnstone)	2
Miss Hay na. Mr. Macdowall, aged, 11 st. 7 lb. (Sir F. Johnstone)	3
Miss M. M'Leod na. gr. m. Viscountess, aged, 11 st. 9 lb. (Mr. C. Lamb)	4

Won in a canter by several lengths.

The Rosslyn Handicap of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only, &c., with 50 added by Lord Rosslyn, for hunters; mile and a half (seventeen subscribers, six of whom declared).

Lord Waterford's Red Wing, five-years old, 12 st. (owner)	1
Capt. Richardson's Centurion, aged, 12 st. 8 lb. (Capt. Richardson)	2
Mr. Fairlie's Pyramid, six-years old, 12 st. 6 lb. (Sir F. Johnstone)	3
Lord Eglinton's Zoroaster, four-years old, 11 st. 4 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	4

Redwing took the lead, was never headed, and won easily.

A Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 50 added by Lord Kelburne, for all ages; the second to save his stake; one mile (eight subscribers).

Mr. Ramsey's Lanercost, five-years old, 12 st. 8 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	1
Mr. Fairlie's The Hydra, five-years old, 12 st. 3 lb. (Capt. Richardson)	2

The Hydra made running to the distance, when Lanercost went up, and defeated him easily by two lengths.

THURSDAY, 14th.—The Berwickshire Gold Cup, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, p. p., with 50 added by D. Robertson, Esq., and 50 by the Club; two miles and a half.

Mr. J. O. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, aged, 12 st. 4 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	1
Mr. Robertson's Olympic, aged, 12 st. 4 lb. (Sir David Baird)	2
Lord Waterford's Cardinal Puff, six-years old, 12 st. 4 lb. (owner)	0
Lord Eglinton's br. h. St. Bennett, six-years old, 12 st. 1 lb. (Sir F. Johnstone)	0

A fine race, won cleverly, at the end, by a couple of lengths.

The All-aged Stakes of 10 sovs. each, p. p.; two miles (three subscribers).

Mr. Ramsay's Sunbeam, aged, 9 st. (W. Noble)	1
Lord Waterford's Red Wing, five-years old, 8 st. 10 lb. (T. Lye)	2

Red Wing led to the distance, where he was challenged, and beaten, after a fast-run race, by a length.

The Lindon Stakes, a Handicap of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 25 sovs. added by William Grant Macdowall, Esq.; for horses that ran in the Arndilly Stakes; half-a-mile.

Hon. J. Sandiland's ch. g. Nubian, five-years old, 12 st. (Capt. Richardson)	1
Mr. J. O. Fairlie's Leopold, aged, 11 st. 3 lb. (Capt. Pettat)	2
Marquis of Waterford's b. g. Confusion, aged, 11 st. 5 lb. (Capt. Williams)	3

Won in a canter.

The Williamfield Free Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs. each, p. p., with 50 added by J. O. Fairlie, Esq.; one mile and a half (nine subscribers).

Lord Eglinton's The Potentate, 12 st. 4 lb. (Sir F. Johnstone)	1
Mr. Fairlie's The Hydra, five-years old, 12 st. (Capt. Pettat)	2
Capt. Richardson's Centurion, aged, 11 st. 8 lb. (owner)	3
Mr. H. Johnstone's Changeling, aged, 10 st. (Capt. Campbell)	4
Lord Waterford's Confusion, aged, 11 st. 2 lb. (Capt. Williams)	5

A fine race between the first two; won by a length.

A Forced Handicap Stakes of 7 sovs. each, p. p., with 20 added by the Club, for the winners of each race; one mile and a half.

Mr. Ramsay's b. m. Sunbeam, aged, 11 st. 10 lb. (Capt. Richardson)	1
Marquis of Waterford's ch. g. Red Wing, five-years old, 11 st. (Capt. Williams)	2

Redwing made the first of the running, and was beaten on the post by a head.

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

Lord Eglinton's ch. g. Zoroaster, four-years old, 10 st. 4 lb. (Capt. Campbell)	1
Lord Waterford's Cardinal Puff, six-years old, 11 st. 10 lb. (owner)	2
Mr. J. O. Fairlie's Pyramid, 10 st. 12 lb. (owner)	3

A slashing race; won on the post by a head.

BEVERLEY RACES.

Stewards: E. H. Reynard, Esq., and B. Haworth, Esq.

WEDNESDAY, May 13th.—The Produce Stakes of 15 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts to carry 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies and geldings, 8 st. 2 lb.; those by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3 lb., but only one allowance; one mile (five subscribers).

Mr. Catton's b. c. The Genius, by Falcon, out of Carnation, by Comus (Wetherill)	1
Mr. Simpson's ch. f. Insane, by Bedlamite, out of Linton Loch's dam	2
Mr. Oxley's br. c. by the Grand Duke Michael. d. by Blacklock, out of Cottage Girl	3

Betting: 2 to 1 on The Genius: won easy.

The Two-years Old Stakes, of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft.; colts, 8 st. 5 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 2 lb.; T. Y. C. (five subscribers).

Mr. Wormald's ch. c. Millepede, by Velocipede, out of Centipedes' dam (Hesletine)	1
Mr. King's ch. f. Artful, by Velocipede, out of Skilful	2
Mr. Simpson's ch. f. The Chaldean Princess, by Belshazzar, out of sister to Chancellor	3
Mr. G. G. Richardson's b. c. Silstron, by Revolution (Lady Lowther)	4

Betting: 2 to 1 on Millepede: won by two lengths.

The Beverley Stakes of 7 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 25 added; gentlemen riders; once round and a distance.

Col. Thompson's b. h. Hamlet, six-years old, 11 st. 7 lb. (owner)	1
Mr. J. Simpson's ch. h. Tormentor, five-years old, 11 st. 3 lb.	2
Mr. J. Peck's b. h. Tilworth, by Sandbeck, five-years old, 11 st. 3 lb.	3
Mr. Lamplugh's b. m. Mischiev, aged, 11 st.	4
Mr. Nicholson's b. h. Kilhamite, five-years old, 10 st. 7 lb.	5
Mr. Lister's ch. m. The Romp, five-years old, 11 st. 7 lb.	6
Mr. W. Simpson's b. h. Aggravator, aged, 12 st.	7

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Hamlet, and 5 to 2 agst. Tormentor: a good race, won by a length.

A Plate of 50 sovs., given by S. L. Fox, Esq., M. P., for horses, &c. that never won £50 at any time; three-year-olds, 8 st.; four, 9 st.; five, six, and aged, 9 st. 7 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3 lb.; and half-bred horses, &c., 7 lb.; heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Richardson's ch. c. by Robin Hood, out of Argantes' dam, three-years old (Marsden)	2	0	1	1
Mr. J. Catton's b. c. The Genius, by Falcon, out of Carnation, three-years old	1	0	2
Mr. J. Hobson's b. c. Fitzwilliam, by Sandbeck, four-years old, h.-b.	0	1	3	dr.
Mr. Harkers's gr. c. Colchicum, by Physician, four-years old	0	0	4	dr.
Mr. Marfleet's b. c. May-boy, by Lambtonian, d. by Tramp, three-years old	0	2	dr.				

THURSDAY, 14th.—The Holderness Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds; colts to carry 8 st. 3 lb., and fillies, 8 st.; T. Y. C. (twenty subscribers).

Mr. Stables's ch. c. by Belshazzar, dam by Figaro, out of Cock Robin's dam (Templeman)	1
Mr. W. Simpson's b. c. Tournament, late Broadgate Lad, by Contest, out of Linton Loch's dam	2
Mr. G. H. Thompson's br. f. Flying Jib, by Sheet Anchor, out of Betty Martin	3
Mr. H. Hill's ch. f. Lady Flora, by Hampton, dam by Blacklock, granddam by Tramp	4				

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Flying Jib, and 5 to 1 agst. the winner: won easy.

Kingston Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added, for horses, &c. that never won £100 before naming; two-year-olds to carry, 6 st. 12 lb.; and three, 9 st.; fillies and geldings allowed 3 lb.; a winner before starting, 3 lb. extra; Kingston Course (seven subscribers).

Mr. Brook's ch. c. by Robin Hood, Argantes' dam, three-years old (Marson)	1
Mr. J. Catton's b. c. The Genius, by Falcon, d. Carnation, three-years old	2
Mr. J. Hobson's b. c. Tournament (late Broadgate Lad), two-years old	3
Mr. J. Shepherd's b. c. by Mulatto, d. by Brutandorf, three-years old	0
Mr. S. King's bl. c. Tom, by Tomboy, d. by Confederate, three-years old	0
Colonel Anson na. b. f. by Muley Moloch, d. by Ebor, out of Copeland's dam, two-years old	0
Mr. Dawson's ch. c. St. Maurice, by Huntingdon, three-years old	0

Betting: 7 to 2 agst. Muley Moloch f., 3 to 1 agst. the winner, 5 to 1 agst. Tournament, 3 to 1 agst. Tom, and 6 to 1 agst. the Mulatto colt: won easy.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY, May 19th.—Fifty Pounds; for three-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; R. M.

Lord Exeter's Amurath, by Sultan, out of Marinella (Darling)	1
Mr. Rogers's f. Caution, by Glaucus, out of Windfall (S. Rogers)	2
Mr. Ford's f. Ten-pound-note, by Augustus, or Taurus (Nat)	0
Mr. Howe's c. by Belshazzar, out of Jenny Sutton (S. Mann)	0
Lord Scarborough's f. by Langar, out of Alfred's dam (E. Edwards)	0
Lord Orford's Petito, by Clearwell (Pettit)	0
Mr. Clark's f. by Polygar, dam by Skim—Pentagon (C. Edwards)	0
Duke of Grafton's Ottoman, by Plenipotentiary (J. Day)	0
Lord Jersey's f. by Plenipotentiary, out of Joanna (Robinson)	0
Mr. Key's f. Marialva, by Gambol (Cotton)	0
Lord Lichfield's f. Firefly, by Lamplighter (Wakefield)	0
Mr. Batson's f. Plenary, by Plenipotentiary (Chapple)	0

Betting: 7 to 2 agst. Amurath (tk.), 5 to 1 agst. Polygar filly, 5 to 1 agst. Ten-pound-note, 8 to 1 agst. Ottoman (tk.), 8 to 1 agst. Marialva (tk.), 8 to 1 agst. Caution (tk.), 10 to 1 agst. Joanna (tk.). At the third attempt this strong field got off, and ran well together to the bushes, where tailing commenced, and soon became very decided. At the ropes the two placed were making a most resolute struggle, with Plenary well up: a fine race, won by a head.

WEDNESDAY, 20th.—Handicap Plate of £50, for three-year-olds and upwards; A. F.

Mr. Wigram's Teleta, by Plenipotentiary, three-years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Pettit)	1
Mr. Osbaldeston's c. by The Saddler, dam (1832) by Granby, three-years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Howlett)	2
Mr. Wilson's Quicksilver, by Velocipede, six-years old 8 st. 4 lb. (Rogers)	3
Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabel, by Merlin, or Merchant, aged, 9 st. 4 lb. (Connelly)	4
Mr. Key's Marialva, by Gambol, three-years old, 6 st. 10 lb. (Cotton)	5
Mr. Clark's b. f. by Polygar, dam by Skim, three-years old, 6 st. 2 lb. (Stagg)	6

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Mendizabel, 2 to 1 agst. Quicksilver, and 6 to 4 to two agst. the field; 5 to 1 agst. Teleta, and 6 to 1 agst. Clark's filly. A poor affair, won with tolerable ease by a length: there were two false starts.

The Suffolk Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5, &c., with 100 sovs. added from the Town Racing Fund; B. M. (twenty-six subscribers, nine of whom declared).

Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak, by Taurus, three-years old, 6 st. 7 lb. (Cotton)	1
Mr. Osbaldeston's f. by Belshazzar, dam by Whalebone, three-years old, 6 st. 13 lb (Chapple)	2
Mr. Sigworth's Muleteer, by Mulatto, three-years old, 6 st. 8 lb. (Stagg)	0
Mr. W. S. Stanley's Revoke, by Camel, four-years old, 7 st. 6 lb. (Connelly)	0
Lord Exeter's Stamboul, three-years old, 6 st. 4 lb. (Nunn)	0
Mr. Goddard's Columella, by Emilius, three-years old, 6 st. (Howlett)	0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Belshazzar filly, 11 to 5 agst. King of the Peak, 6 to 1 agst. Stamboul, 7 to 1 agst. Muleteer, 8 to 1 agst. Revoke (tk.), and 10 to 1 agst. Columella. With some difficulty the start was accomplished, when Stamboul went away in front, and led to the corner, where the two placed headed him, and ran a fine race home, which King of the Peak won by a head: a sorry account of the others.

THURSDAY, 20th.—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, four-years old (Nat)	1
Lord Exeter's Bosphorus, by Reveller, four-years old (Mann)	2
Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabel, by Merlin, or Merchant, aged,	dr.

Betting: 4, and, at one time, 6 to 1 on Flambeau. Won, from end to end: at the finish, by half a dozen lengths.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for three-year-olds and upwards. The winner to be sold for 300 sovs., if demanded, &c.; T. Y. C. (five subscribers).

Lord Orford's Miss Hawk, by Buzzard, four-years old, 8 st. 12 lb. (R. Pettit)	1
Mr. Ford's Ten-pound-note, by Augustus or Taurus, three-years old, 8 st. (Cotton)	2
Mr. Greville's Perscus, by Emilius, three-years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Nat)	3
Mr. Greville's Polydora, by Priam, three-years old, 7 st. 12 lb. (Chapple)	4
Mr. Worrall's Maid of Ipswich, by Agreeable, three-years old, 8 st. (Rogers)	5

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Ten-pound-note, and 3 to 1 agst. Miss Hawk. A very fine race, won in the last stride by a head.

Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each; for two-year-old colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.; T. Y. C.

Mr. Worrall's bl. c. St. Cloud, by St. Nicholas, out of Miss Alice's dam (S. Rogers)	0
Mr. Greville's gr. f. Sister to Meric, by Clearwell—Mischance (Chapple)	0
Duke of Rutland's b. f. by Emilius, out of Miss Mary Ann (Robinson)	3
Col. Peel's ch. f. by Rockingham out of Electress (Nat)	4
Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Miss Anny, by Camel, out of Modesty	pd.

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. the Duke of Rutland's filly, 2 to 1 agst. Sister to Meric, and 5 to 1 agst. the Rockingham filly. A fierce struggle, which ended in a dead heat; whereupon St. Cloud walked over, and Mr. Worrall and Mr. Greville divided the stakes.

Match, 50; T. Y. C.

Lord Exeter's Galipoli, by Sultan, four-years old, 8 st. 7 lb. (Darling)	1
Lord Orford's Petito, by Clearwell, three-years old, 7 st. (Pettit)	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Galipoli; who won easy by three lengths.

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.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; T. M. M.

Mr. Osbaldeston's c. by The Saddler, dam (foaled in 1832) by Granby, out of Matilda's dam, three-years old (J. Milsom)	1
Mr. Lichtwald's ch. f. by Plenipotentiary, out of Acacia, three-years old (Stagg)	2
Dude of Rutland's Revoke, by Camel, four-years old (Connelly)	0
Lord Albemarle's Clove, by Cain, three-years old; carried 6 st. 7 lb. (Cotton)	0
Lord Jersey's f. by Plenipotentiary, out of Joanna, three-years old (Howlett)	0
Mr. Ellis's b. c. Mire, by Buzzard, out of Maud, three-years old (G. West)	0
Lord Exeter's Hellespont, by Reveller, three-years old (Nunn)	0
Mr. Rogers's f. by Little Red Rover—Waresti, three-years old (Bartholomew)	0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst. Clove (tk.), 3 to 1 agst. The Saddler colt, 5 to 1 agst. Revoke, 6 to 1 agst. Joanna, and 7 to 1 agst. Hellespont.—Revoke, with Hellespont in attendance, had the race to themselves, the colt winning cleverly by a length.

Match, 200, h. ft.; D. I.

Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, by St. Patrick, 8 st. 10 lb.	received.
Col. Peel's Dey of Algiers, by Priam, 7 st. 8 lb.	paid.

The whip was challenged for this meeting by the Hon. Captain Rous, who named St. Francis. The present holder is Mr. Sloane Stanley, who received it on challenging with Rat-trap (dead).

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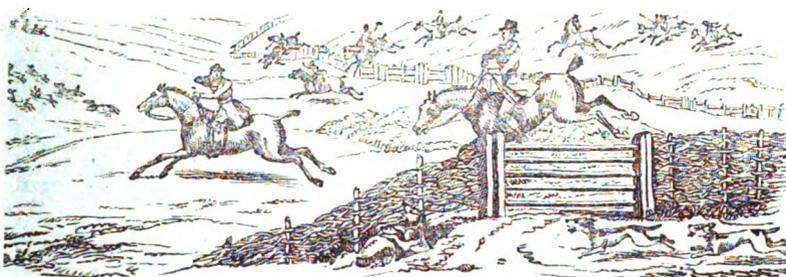
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Besides, I may have *my* minister. There is no need for me to put the cap and bells upon Lord Melbourne, or to paint the Duke of Wellington with a crooked mind; I may have a creature of my own, and I may seat *him*—invisible and omnipotent—in Downing-street, if I please. Moreover, he need not be all-in-all mortal, though he be minister. He may be a Mephistopheles, or an Oberon, or an Ariel, or a Black Dwarf, or a gentleman in black and white; he may mount upon his scutcheon the arms of "Count Ubiquity;" and, although he may focus his intelligence in Downing-street for the nonce, he may be everywhere else in the empire at the same time. The chances are, at all events, that if he branch out his acquaintance from the head-quarters of the State, he will know all official people of every degree; but, *cela depend!* So much of Downing-street. Now, here is a park scene.



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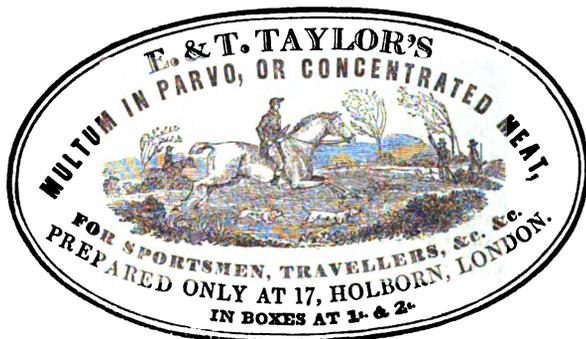
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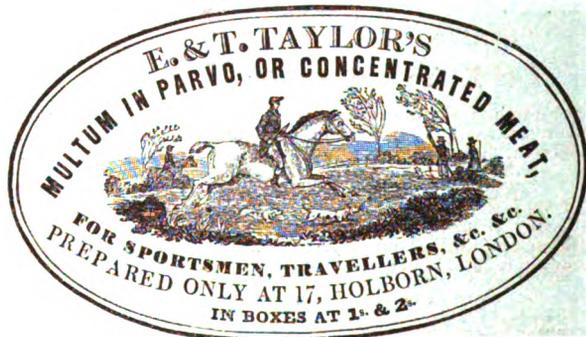
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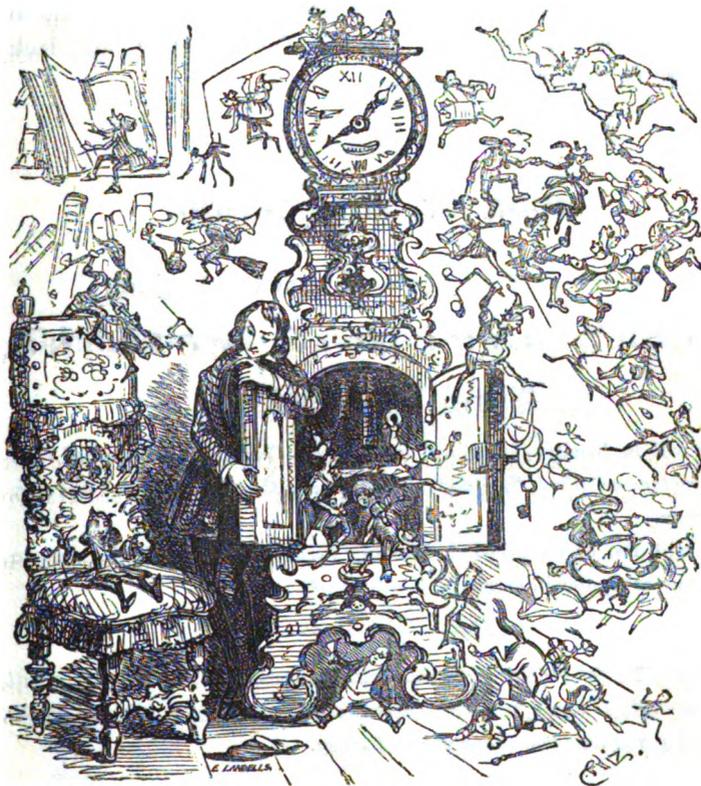
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Fig. 1 represents a shot made with a Blue Cartridge weighing 1½ oz. of No. 6 Shot, and 24 drms. of powder on a target placed at 60 yards, divided into squares of six inches, each of which maybe considered as the size of a partridge flying, showing that at this distance four pellets would hit a bird; and it must be remembered that every pellet is propelled with twice the force of one out of a loose charge.



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

Fig. 2 represents a shot at 60 yards with a loose charge the same size and weight as the Cartridge; and any person may satisfy himself by actual experiment that no gun with the above charge will average more than the number given, viz. 24 pellets, thus showing that the probability of killing at this distance is very small indeed, and particularly when the diminished force with which the loose shot are propelled is taken into account.

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Patentee of the WIRE CARTRIDGE, Inventor and Sole Manufacturer of the

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	£100 at 25 years.	£500 at 27 years.	£1000 at 30 years.	£1500 at 35 years.	£2000 at 40 years.	£2500 at 45 years.
In the older Offices . . .	£ s. d. 2 8 1	£ s. d. 12 10 5	£ s. d. 26 14 2	£ s. d. 44 17 6	£ s. d. 67 18 4	£ s. d. 97 7 11
In Standard of England Annual Saving in Standard of England }	1 14 10	9 2 11	19 15 10	34 2 6	53 8 4	80 2 1
	0 13 3	3 7 6	6 18 4	10 15 0	14 10 0	17 5 10

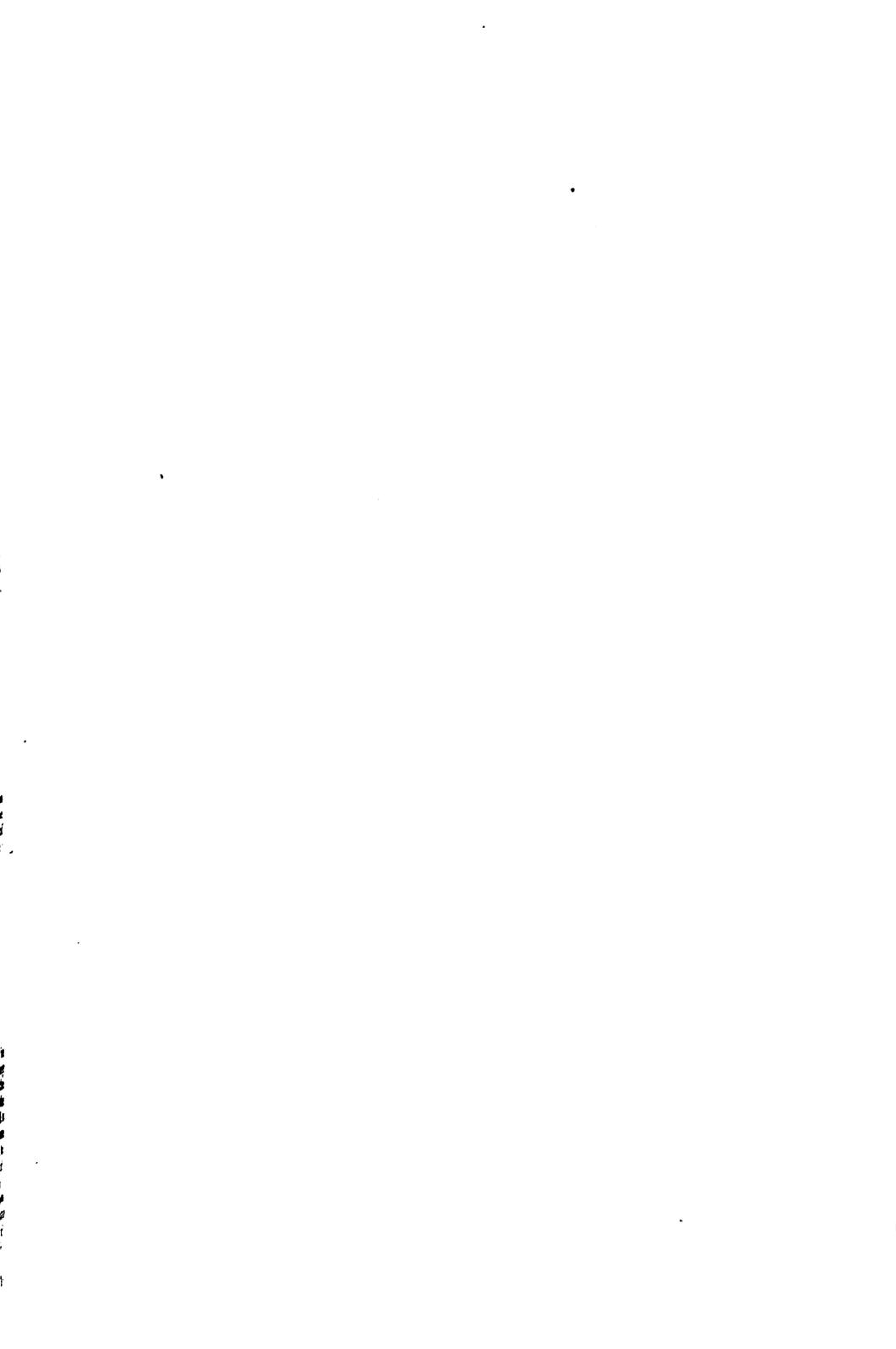
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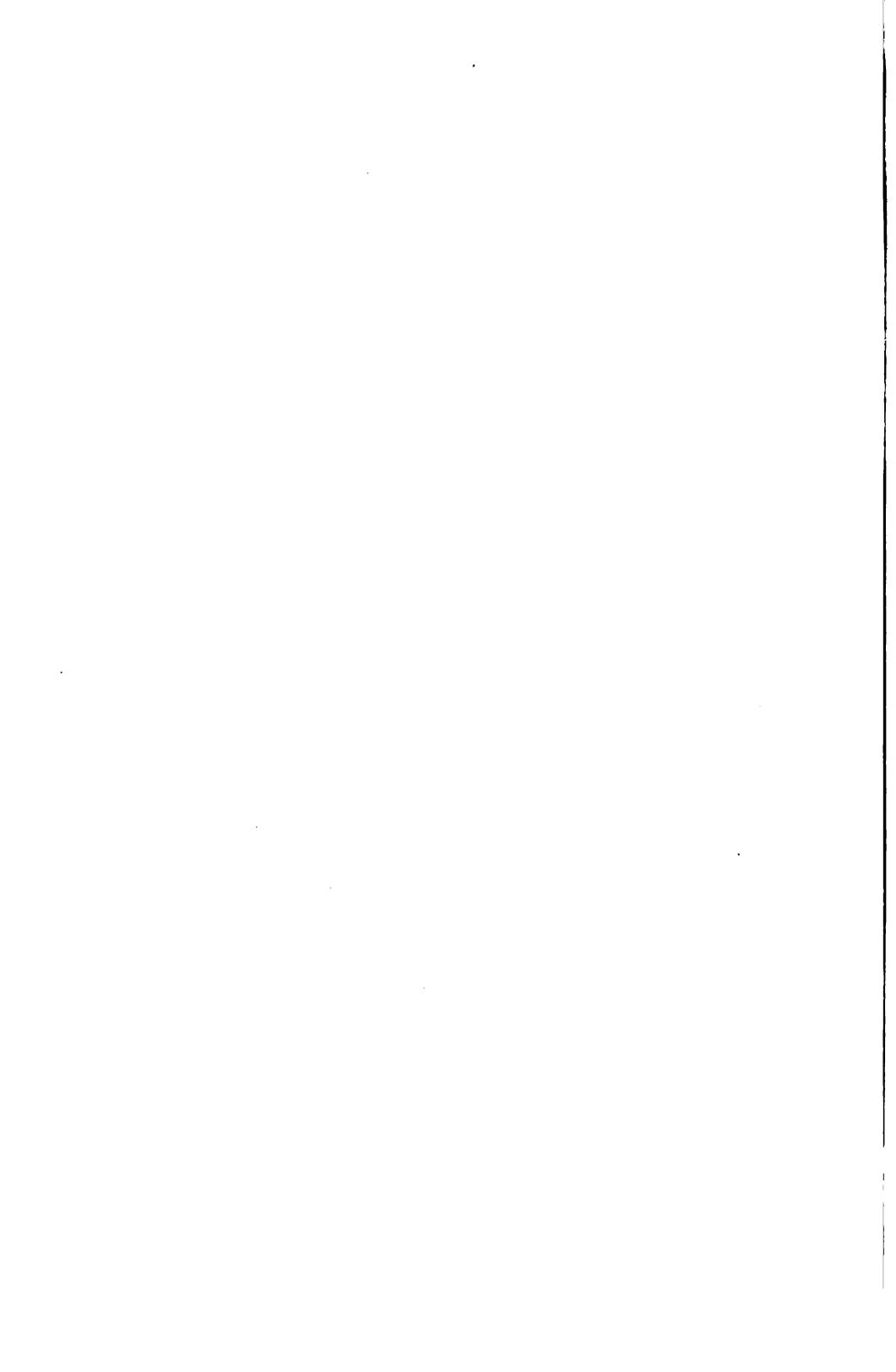
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Age.	Annual Premium for £100 payable during				
	First Five Years.	Second Five Years.	Third Five Years.	Fourth Five Years.	Remainder of Life.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
15	0 19 4	1 3 5	1 7 11	1 13 1	1 18 10
25	1 3 6	1 8 7	1 14 5	2 1 4	2 9 7
35	1 10 4	1 17 2	2 5 6	2 15 8	3 8 4
45	2 4 6	2 14 8	3 7 4	4 3 6	5 4 3

A public benefit, resulting from Life Assurance, is evident from the great increase in Insurance Companies for some years past; and although they differ in their details, they all tend to the same object, that of providing to the creditor the means of security in the event of the death of his debtor, and (what is a still more paramount object) enabling the industrious and prudent man to provide for those he may leave behind him, should a premature death deprive them of their natural protector, by the payment of a small sum annually, the loss of which (considering the important object to be attained by it) can be reckoned an investment of "savings," in the best possible manner. The object of the Directors of the STANDARD OF ENGLAND ASSURANCE COMPANY has been, not only to fix the lowest possible rate of premium in every case, but to arrange the tables of rates so as to suit the circumstances and convenience of every person to whom it may be requisite to effect a policy of assurance: with this object, therefore, they submit to the public the superior advantages afforded to them by the STANDARD OF ENGLAND COMPANY, and its claims beyond all other similar establishments of general approbation and support.

W. WRIGHT, *Secretary.*

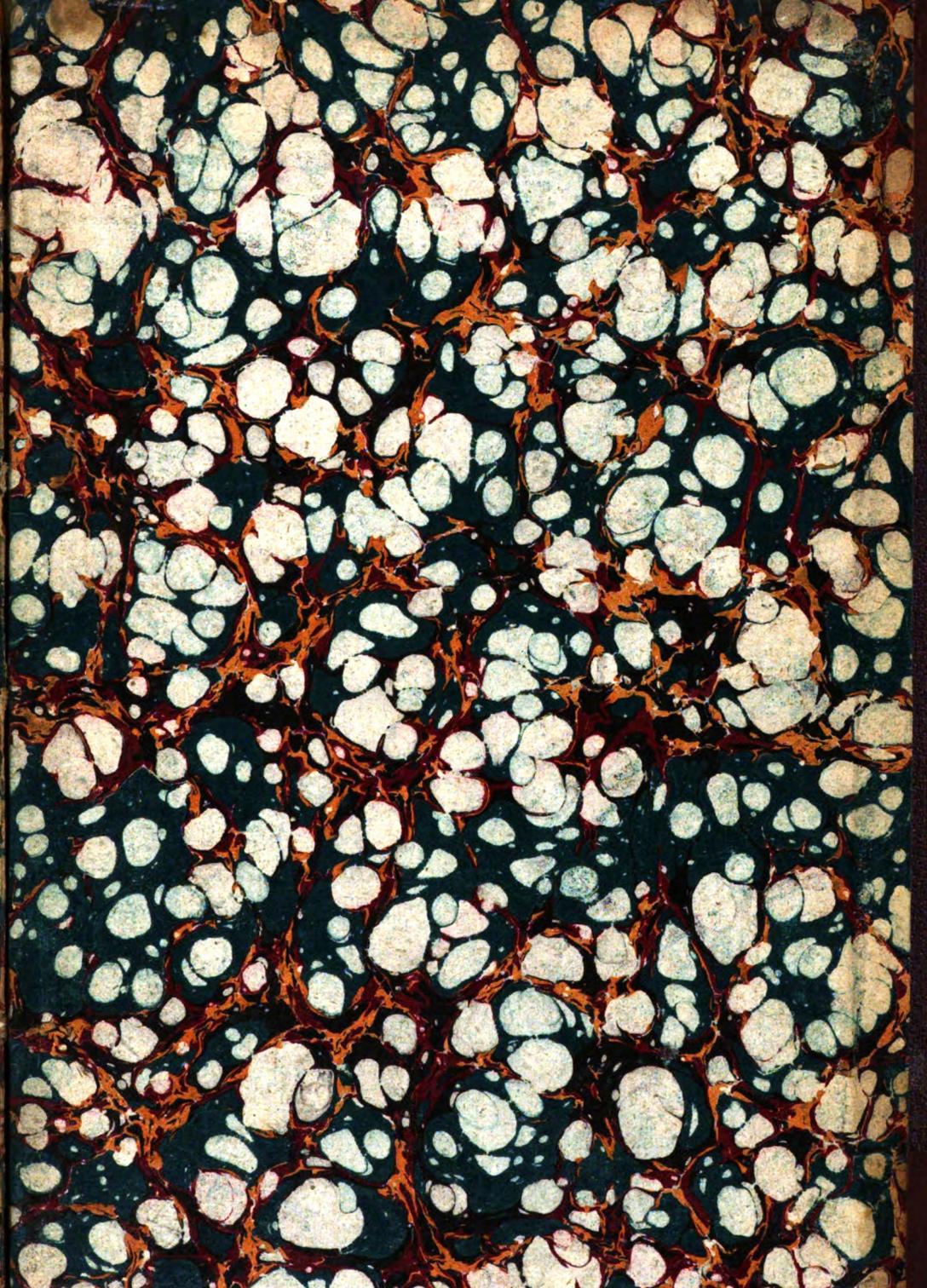




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