







after Lape

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Embellishments:

PORTRAITS OF MR. GIBBONS' MARINER AND FASHION;
Engraved on Steel by JONES after BURFORD.

WHAT A BOAR!!

Etched by DICK from a Sketch in the "Bengal Sporting Magazine."

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS EIGHT SHEETS, OR ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Fire!—On the night of the 25th of January last, the printing office of the “Turf Register” and “Spirit of the Times,” was partially destroyed by fire! This untoward event is the publisher’s apology for the delay of the publication of the present number, fifty pages of it having been “knocked into *pi*.” It will hereafter appear punctually on the first of the month.

“Observer” has our acknowledgments for his “few hints in regard to the memoir of our Turf veteran.”

Mr. O., of B., has not called upon us with the portrait alluded to by T. E. It will be most acceptable.

We have been desired to publish in the “Register” a detailed report of Grey Medoc and Altorf’s race at New Orleans, and shall do so at an early day, copying that published in “Bell’s Life in London,” which was furnished by the Editor of this Magazine.

Hambletonian and Diamond’s Match in our next.

A beautiful portrait of *Ophelia*, the dam of Grey Eagle and other “cracks,” has reached us from Kentucky, via New Orleans, and has already been placed in the engraver’s hands.

The *Index* and completion of the *Racing Calendar of 1841*, accompanies the present number; also an engraved *Vignette Title Page*. The volume of 1841, being now complete, subscribers should have it bound uniformly with the previous volumes.

☞ We are desired by the new Publisher of the “Register,” to apprise those subscribers who have not liquidated their dues to this Magazine, that a *statement of the account* of each, will accompany the present number. It will be seen that the embellishments of this number are of an unusually interesting and expensive character, and the publisher trusts he will be supported in his heavy outlay by prompt payment on the part of his subscribers. As Postmasters are authorized to forward money free of expense, we hope each subscriber will consider this hint as a direct appeal to himself, and lose no time in handing over to his postmaster, for remittance, the amount of the bill enclosed. It is possible that our agents may have collected some few accounts in Louisiana and Georgia, of which we have not yet received returns—in that case, subscribers will please excuse the second application, and attribute it to the above cause.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ALEXANDRIA, La. - Second J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 23d Feb.
APALACHICOLA, Flo. Franklin Course, J. C. Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th March.
CHARLESTON, S. C. Washington Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Feb.
COBOURG, U. C. - Newcastle Club, about the 3d Wednesday, 18th May.
FRANKFORT, Ky - Capitol Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th March.
NEW YORK, - - - Union Course, L. I., J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th May.
“ “ - - - Match, \$20,000 a side, Boston vs. Fashion, 2d Tuesday, 10th May
“ “ - - - Beacon Course, N. J., the week following the Union Course.
NEW ORLEANS - - - Louisiana Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th March.
“ “ - - - Metarie Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 23d March.
SAVANNAH, Ga. - - Oglethorpe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th March.
WASHINGTON CITY, National Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.

SKETCHES OF PROVINCIAL JOCKEYS.

“ When the seasons onward haste,
And hushed is the keen north gale ;
Then daily we mount the flannels, and we waste,
And merrily we hie to scale.
Till the heaviest of us who used to weigh,
In winter hours eleven ;
By physicing and starving say,
We can saddle at eight stone seven.

“ From the ‘ bonny bree ’ of Ayr,
To the banks of the winding Dee ;
From ‘ Tattenham corner ’ to Aintree fair,
And the Goodwood T.Y.C. ;
Past the Egham and Ascot stands,
Neath the gaze of Old England’s pride ;
Past the Old Red House, and the ‘ Turn of the Lands,’
Like merry merry men we ride.”

JOCKEY SONG.

THERE is scarcely any class of men with whom time seems to work so few changes, as the Jockeys of England. To me they seem just the same race that they were fifteen years ago. Go to Newmarket, and Robinson and Conolly canter past you with the same figure and seat they have had for years. Go to York or Manchester, and there is still the same Bill Scott, the same Tommy Lye, that you always remember there. True it is, that Scott is rather more nervous than he used to be, and that “old Tommy,” as small boys and newspapers irreverently term him, is a little greyer ; but in spite of all this they are the same as they have always been. Some few changes have taken place. Dockeray, Sam Day, Sen., Wheatley, and I believe I may almost add, Chifney, have “declared overweight,” and retired. Robert Johnson now confines himself to training Bee’s-wing, and making eloquent speeches on tables in the Grand Stand when she wins ; while many of his late cotemporaries, Shepherd, Oakley, and John Jackson, have died in a ripe, but poverty-stricken old age.

Young Sam Day and Twitchett, have left a blank among the light weights, not easily to be supplied ; while only two years ago the grave closed over the mortal remains of Arthur Pavis. Many have betaken themselves to foreign climes, and either astonished by their skill the holiday folks on the Champ d’Elysees ; or superintend studs in Germany, that bid fair to outstrip even the legendary spectral steeds of the Wild Huntsman, and the Erle King, with their Actæon and General Chassé colts. Nimrod’s remark in his celebrated “Turf, Chase and Road” article, viz., “That there are more Edwardses at Newmarket, than there were Cæsars at Rome,” would be sadly inapt now. George and Charles still train and ride for the Duke of Orleans, while “Old Harry,” has transferred his services to Prince Poniatowski, and the “course of the gay Florentine,” leaving William the solitary representative of the name at Newmarket.

Though, however, little Billy Boyce, and many other young 'uns have taken their departure for other lands, hosts of light weights have sprung up in their places; and Lord George's little favorite Howlett, stands at the head of a generation of which, Francis Stagg, Pettit, Percy, and W. Day, are no mean components. I shall not however dwell long at Newmarket; most persons are acquainted with the electric rush of a Robinson, the graceful seat of a Conolly, and the purely correct riding of a Chapple,—while the coolness of Nat, the judgment of John Day, and the strength of Darling, can never fail to impress all lookers on with admiration.

“ Still the silver fountains sing,
As they sang before the king,”

says L. E. L. in her beautiful “Masque of Cordova,” and still I may say, do these heroes ride with unwonted vigour as merrily as they have always done.

Of the Irish Jockies, history sayeth little. True it is, that Dogle, Mocken, Keegan, and Ryan, work away like lamplighters among the Angleseas and Challenge Whips; but strange to say, their Irish masters never bring them over to this country, and if we may judge from the run upon them, Calloway, Cartwright, and Stagg, are greater favorites than any of them, even over their native Curragh. While Mr. Ferguson's “Ivon Jacques,” has of late, both with his riding and training, astonished the natives, nearly as much as his master and Harkaway did the English, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight.

Pass we then on to the “second classmen,” those who dwell more on the far north; those who seldom cross the Mile Bottom, in a fearful scurry for the Cæsarewitch Stakes, and who, unlike some of their more aristocratic brethren, do not confine their sphere of action to four or five meetings, but ride at all engagements from Eglinton Park down to Epsom. Foremost among these stand, in my opinion, a goodly trinity, consisting of Holmes, Marson and Templeman. To many who will, no doubt, blame me for not admitting Lye, I answer, that few owners approve of a jockey getting tired before his horse, which I suspect Mr. Lye invariably does, when he has a hard contest, and a strong opponent. Few men have been worse treated at times. One writer not very long ago remarked that Mr. Lye's “attempt to lift was nothing more than a foot and a half of yellow silk, and three feet of wash leather in convulsions;” while the hubbub which arose when Major Yarburch engaged him to ride Charles XII. for the Doncaster Cup, must be fresh in the memory of every turfite. Although I do not agree with the remarks of a Sunday paper on that occasion, when it asked with some tremendous notes of interrogation, who can ride seven stone with greater strength, yet I do not think that the way in which he steered Traffic for the Nursery Stakes last year, and the high confidence confided in him by the Duke of Cleveland and Lord Eglinton, speak volumes in his favour. No man has a more awkward seat, few have a better judgment of pace, although

the manner in which he rode Bellona for the last Chester Trade Cup, amply confirms the old adage, "Nemo omnibus, &c." I have always thought John Holmes a powerful, though not a brilliant jockey—his riding is correct and nervous, but I do not remember that he ever set the Grand Stand in a roar, by making any great point. I have often seen him maintain a good contest from the distance, and win by a head at last; but never saw him attempt a brilliant rush on the post. Few men, when he is not too severely wasted (I am afraid rather too common an occurrence), can hold a raw two-year-old together with greater strength, or serve out refreshment to a lazy one with equal zest. Since the days of General Chassé, he has not achieved many particular victories, with the exception of the Oaks with Miss Letty. He seems a great favorite with the Scotts, and shares with Nat nearly all their country riding. His performance on Van Amburgh, at the Derby, was much praised, while the powerful manner in which he held Maroon "to orders," will always be remembered by those who unluckily forgot to back "Scott's Lot," that time. Twice this year, among his other victories, has he "nicked it" on that *lucky* colt Attila; we say "lucky" advisedly, when I consider that in this colt's four races, of which his backers think so much, all his dangerous competitors have been virtually "hors de combat." Marian, the victorious Chester filly, slipped down on her haunches with Stagg, at the Pottery Champagne. Cabrera, too, the best Scotch too-year-old out, was amiss, and got an exceedingly bad start for the Doncaster ditto; while Shipton, a flying winner at York and Stockton, and a good match performer besides, hardly got any at all in the Two-year-old Stakes, and Chatham had to give him half-a-stone in the Criterion.

Since Lord Westminster's new administration, Marson has, according to the newspapers, taken Holmes's seat. Whether the change is for the better, it is not in my province to determine. Of Marson I know but little, as he has not been in very general repute till this season, during which he has "starred" it pretty considerably with Charles XII. He has a fair seat, and an extra quantum of coolness at the finish. This last quality was eminently displayed in the Goodwood Cup, and in a race on Kingston Robin against Mann, at Warwick. This latter performance was particularly praised by all who saw it. I am not much disposed to prophecy any event at six months date, but I cannot help thinking that if Delamere Forest gallops answer as well as the Pigburn, that he and Auckland will stand a splendid chance for enrolment among the Gallery of Derby Winners next May. A finer and more bony colt than Auckland I have seldom beheld, and Lord Westminster may think himself lucky that he escaped his railway accident in his youth with only a slight scalding.

What shall I say of Sam Templeman, but that he still rides as he always did, well—sometimes brilliantly. I do not like his seat much, as it does not give me the idea of great power. In this point I consider him inferior either to Holmes or Marson, although, as a finisher, I like him better than either. Mr. Meiklam still finds him plenty of business, principally in Scotland, where the old geld-

ing Wee Willie seems of late to have been enacting the part that Darling and the "gallant grey" did in England last season. He does not ride near so frequently as either Lye or Cartwright, as he never, if my memory serves me, goes to scale under 7st. 12lb. I always considered him a tender rider—a good punisher when needed, and never guilty of applying the "Brummagem" and whipcord unnecessarily, à la Cartwright.—Notwithstanding this failing, I must do Cartwright the justice to say, that for seat he is unequalled among his Northern brethren. One thing I have particularly observed in him, viz. that from his great ambition to draw things fine, he has lost many races, and made dead heats when there has been no earthly necessity for it. Bee's-wing has certainly been his "Lady Patroness" for some years past, and been both the means of bringing him into notice among sporting men, and into scrapes with the Newcastle people, for no sooner has Bee's-wing suffered defeat over the Town Moor, than he is placed instantanously on the three horns of a dilemma;—either he cheated,—or made play too soon, or *vice versa*, did not make it soon enough. Disparage Bee's-wing in the presence of a Newcastle man, and you would him to the quick; and no wonker then that Cartwright should have to bear the weight of her misdeeds. I certainly consider that she is one of the best mares that was ever foaled, and have no hesitation in saying, that had she waited she might have wrested the Doncaster Cups from both Don John and Charles XII.; but yet be it remembered, that she has always run with inferior horses, and, in fact, merely galloped with hired ones in four or five of her races. General Chassé and Charles the Twelfth, almost the only really crack horses she ever ran with, have defeated her even "under waiting orders." Between her and Lanercost (setting aside the Doncaster Cup of 1839), the case is about equal, he beat her for the Newcastle and Kelso cups, resigned to her after a dead heat on the Kelso Plate, and was defeated this year by her for the Newcastle Cup, by way of exchange of compliments. I do not defend Lanercost, but I am bound to say that his gouty legs are naturally more in their element in "heavy wet;" while the turf on the day of this (I fear) his last appearance, was as hard as flint. With respect to the old horse, I can only say that I trust he may again show towards the end of next season; as revivals now seem so much the order of the day, from Colwick and Pestonjee Bomangee down to Charles Kemble. But to return to Cartwright, I may mention that since Conolly's accident, he has always ridden for Mr. Price, and with invariable success. The charge of laziness can never be brought against him, as he keeps up his sweats most indefatigably, to ride at seven stone; and is in this respect nearly a match for Heseltine, who though decidedly the tallest of his brethren, often rode last season at only half a stone more. No rider has in our opinion improved so much of late as Heseltine, and those who remember his remarkable exhibition on Slashing Harry for the Liverpool St. Leger in 1837, and his hitherto generally loose style, cannot fail to remark the steadiness he displayed throughout the whole of this season. He has not a very general practice, in fact Mr. Wormald's

and Mr. Bell's horses, along with his favorite mare Shadow, find him plenty to do. It is said that he takes a very active part in his uncle's training establishment, and therefore has certainly the advantage of knowing his horses well before starting.

Among the light weights,—Oates, Francis, and Stagg, are in good repute. The first, to use a Cambridge term, barring his excessive "bumptiousness" is a clever rider. Francis is well supported by the Scotts; and Stagg and Cruiskeen have this year transacted business very profitably on Lord Miltown's account. From what I observed of "The Drover's" propensities last year, I should have been inclined to raise a warning voice against the impropriety of little boys wasting so severely; and consequently I was somewhat amused in observing that at the Cesarewitch this year both he and Stagg were seized with a sudden lazy fit, and both rode at 6st. 10lb.; thereby carrying about 4lbs. too much. The thing seemed more absurd from the fact that both Chapple and Wakefield were riding in the same race, true to their specified 6st. 11lb. Of William Nokes' riding I cannot speak on the highest terms, and I believe that he lost both the Goodwood Cup and the Ascot Vase from sheer want of judgment. I was amused with a speech of Robinson on the first of these events. "Well, Jem, you've won well," said a noble lord to him, as he entered the weighing room. "Yes, my lord," he replied, touching his cap, "I could have won on any of the first four." Now though I do not doubt Robinson's pre-eminence as a jockey, I cannot quite forget that the next three consisted of Lanercost, Hetman Platoff, and Charles XII., and moreover that one of them was steered by Bill Scott. For his Scotch employers Noble has been very successful, as has also his brother George who rides the light weights principally for the Dawsons. Whitehouse, Calloway, and Marlow seem to occupy a sort of middle station between the northern and southern brethren, and to confine their sphere of labour principally to Warwick, Wolverhampton, and the regions round about the Potteries. Marlow is a nice patient rider, and moreover exceedingly fortunate. Calloway has become under Lord Miltown's auspices, a star on the Curragh; and Whitehouse, a clever little jockey, according to my ideas, with a bad seat, has taken up light weight engagements lately with Lord Albemarle. Dodgson, who may be added to this number, possesses fair skill in an uncommonly light carcass. His services will be long remembered with gratitude, by those who made such a "pot" on Orelia for the last Liverpool July Cup. I should be sorry to omit M. Jones, who though a raw looking figure on horseback, is a good stout rider with plenty of nerve—Lord Stanley solely employs him, and most of his leisure hours during the last season have been employed in touching up his own Portrait, which has proved a tolerable successful speculation.

After the fashion of most motherly lady visitors, who cannot leave a friend's house without having a peep at the infants, I can hardly in the same spirit leave the "feathers" unnoticed. Of these the provinces boast but few, and these neither possess the

general information of Master Ball, or the small three stone and a half dimensions of little Sharp. Joy, Burnley, Whitton, and Benson, are the latest introductions; and though none of them have to our knowledge displayed much general precocity, nor done much for the benefit of society hitherto; yet there is plenty of consolation for them, in the thought, that Robinson and Chifney were once actually of like form and fashion with themselves.

GODFREY.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for January, 1842.

ENGLISH RACING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

At a meeting of the Royal Caledonian Hunt at Edinburgh on the 14th of December, the Marquis of Brædalbane was appointed Preses; John Grant, Esq., Treasurer; and the Duke of Richmond, Lord Glenlyon, and J. O. Fairlie, Esq., Councillors.—The Autumn Meeting was fixed to be held at Perth, and the sum of £450 voted to be given in Plates, &c.

Lord Stanley has dismissed his trainer Bloss, and removed his horses to Mr. Scott's, Whitewall Corner, near Malton. A part of his Lordship's stud was sold on the 29th of November at the Corner—Rhodanthe, by Velocipede, 4 yrs, purchased by Colonel Anson, 450 gs.; Cornuto, by Actæon, 4 yrs, 100 gs.; Nightshade, by Sir Hercules, 3 yrs, 33 gs.; and Charlatan, by Physician, 5 yrs, 20 gs.;—Some yearlings and two-olds were bought in.

Brother to Kingston Robin, when at exercise on the 20th of December, reared, and, falling over, broke one of his fore-legs: the boy escaped.

Colonel Craufurd has sold Ermengardis for a large sum.

During the last Racing season Nat Flatman rode 197 races, and, but for an accident, would have ridden six or seven more.

Early Foal.—Mr. Rawlinson's Ruby, the dam of Coronation, slipped a filly foal to Sir Hercules on the 14th of December.

Aintree Race-ground, Liverpool.—The Course and Grand Stand at Liverpool are a private speculation, and the proprietor has entitled himself to the gratitude of the racing world, for his liberal and spirited management. The Grand Stand, a commodious and tasteful building, cost £10,000, and is calculated to hold 2,500 persons.

The distance of the principal courses are as follows:

	M.	F.	Y.
The Two-year-old Course, - - - - -	0	4	0
Once Round, - - - - -	1	3	0
Stable Course, - - - - -	1	4	0
St. Leger Course, - - - - -	1	6	0
Grosvenor Stakes Course, - - - - -	1	6	0
Tradesmen's Cup Course, - - - - -	2	0	0

Aberystwith Races.—It is in contemplation to petition Her Majesty for a Town Plate in commemoration of the birth of a Prince of Wales, to be run for at the next and every ensuing Aberystwith races.

ON THE GRANULATION OF GUNPOWDER.

 BY MR. W. GREENER, AUTHOR OF "THE GUN," ETC. ETC. ETC.

SEVERAL communications having been addressed to me relative to the remarks in my paper on the above subject, which appeared in the September number of the "Sporting Review," I am desirous to carry out my observations to a greater length, and to illustrate further the principles connected with the granulation of powder.

It is well known that, with a common sized gun, charged in a certain way,—namely, with six drachms of powder, or more, and nearly a quarter of an ounce of No. 4 shot,—a perforation can be made through an old penny-piece of the coinage of George III., if struck when thrown in the air, or suspended as a pendulum. Now this simple fact proves a great deal. In the first place, that the whole of the powder used in the above-named charge, can be burnt in its passage through the tube of an ordinary sized gun, and is capable of giving a greater force and velocity than a smaller quantity will do; for I have rarely seen it accomplished with a less charge of powder. Secondly, that weight is an expender of force, both from its own inertness, and also from the additional friction it creates on the tube, and is, with even proportionate quantity of force, incapable of the same effects; for if the number of pellets used is more than one complete layer (thus causing one shot to lie upon another), the result becomes uncertain from the fact of a wedging of the grains of shot having created a friction on the tube, sufficiently obstructive to lessen the initial velocity, and prevent the perforation from being obtained. Thirdly, that more powder can be burnt than it is *convenient* or satisfactory to use; and we must recollect that a considerably greater quantity than six drachms may be exploded in a two-feet eight-inch tube, if there be greater weight to lift, for the period of continuing in the tube will surely be influenced by the weight to be expelled, and thus the time during which a generation of explosive matter can be beneficially obtained, will be lengthened. I have exploded nine drachms of powder in the size of tube already mentioned, but here the charge becomes so large that it is strictly unsafe, and the recoil is so great, that it is impossible to be withstood by a man of ordinary strength. Admitting these premises to be good, the advantage of a force which shall be equivalent to the above, and yet with only half the quantity of explosive matter expended, must be as apparent as the rays of light, for the danger is avoided, the annoyance of recoil remedied, and the same power of projecting a missile or missiles obtained.

The system of granulation contains all this, and, if properly understood, may be so modified as to give us, with different sized guns, a result proportionate to the means used, the reverse of which

is the case at present, for a small gun will excel in proportion the best large one I ever saw tried. Here a knowledge of the nature of the explosive fluid makes clear the anomaly. The expenditure of the whole force during the passage through only a portion of the tube,—the immense resistance of the column of air in the remaining portion—are the fullest explanation of the apparent mystery. These resisting forces are neutralized if you produce an accelerative force, so meted out as to continue in power during the period required.

Such is the very limited knowledge we possess of the capabilities and properties of gunpowder, that we simply understand we have a most powerful agent, and little more. We draw deductions from experiments limited and futile; for instance, one of my correspondents says—"You must be wrong, sir; I find, on trial with the powder trier, that the finer grained powder is considerably stronger than the coarser (being both one quality of ingredient)." The result is, no doubt, as he says, "with this meagre contest," for there is, from the very smallness of the grain, more contained in the minute chamber of an *eprouvette*, where exists no column of air to be displaced; but put them both into a tube where the *excess* exists, and the contrary will take place. Another says, "if you increase the size of grain in powder, your guns will be always missing fire." Certainly they would, if made with no more attention to the perforation of the breech than is displayed at present. The chambers must be enlarged, a gradual opening inwards from the point of ignition to the commencement of the cylinder of the tube, an avoiding of right angles in the capping, an approach to central fire must be obtained by placing the nipple as near the centre of the breech as possible, and a lodgment of the body of the charge, as near the point of ignition as it can be got. Any clever mechanic can accomplish the necessary alterations at a very trifling cost. Prejudice is nearly omnipotent, and a great majority of circumstances are entirely controlled by it. Prejudice induced "Joe Manton," at first, to oppose the introduction of the percussion system; prejudice induced him to make his patent breeches with a narrow cylindrical hole; three-fourths of an inch in length, to *lengthen* the period of time the train had to travel to the body of the charge, while he cut away, or indented, the lock into half the diameter of the barrel to shorten it; and prejudice and ignorance cause others to do the same. A breech, and a nipple properly capped, to suit the use of a larger grained powder, can be as easily constructed as the old unscientific plan on which we now act.

The nipple at present in use is made to suit the *cap*, instead of the cap to suit the *nipple*.

Mr. Joice has just manufactured for me 20,000 caps, entirely of iron (and thus antigalvanic), and he will, of course, be glad to do the same for any other individual. The perforation is greater up to near the top of the nipple, where it may be made even smaller than at present; the nipple is capped externally with a conical cap, as originally proposed by me in 1835; a small nick is filed across the top to allow the air to pass out while the hammer is

bearing on it; and thus the current assists the grains of powder up to the extremity, obviating the necessity of pricking the wadding used upon the powder, which is objectionable for other reasons than allowing the explosive fluid to mix, by this hole, with the particles of shot: the more perfect and tight the wadding here is, the more perfectly will the body of shot be expelled. The working of an untight piston in the cylinder of a steam-engine, and imperfect wadding between powder and shot in a gun, are, in results, the same. Wadding should never be perforated, if perfection in shooting is wished for. The nipple and cap are also much shorter and thicker (consequently stronger), thus, by its shortness, bringing the charge and percussion into much more immediate contact.

But to return to the granulation of powder. I have been favored with several specimens of a larger grain, from various manufacturers; have tried them, and found the results to be more satisfactory than even my hopes had led me to expect. The gun used was the same that I made the experiments with, noticed in my last paper. The operation of counting the grains of powder in a charge is not a very amusing one, especially when they amount to several thousands, yet to be correct, even that trouble must be undergone; therefore, not having much faith in the very small grain, I have given it a superficial calculation, and find that a drachm weight contains near 100,000 grains: the No. 2 grain of Pigou and Wilks contains 38,760 grains, while the powder with which the following experiments were made, contains only 20,064 grains, or as one to five in the same weight. I am not yet aware that this is the exact size suited to the gun used, inasmuch as I am compelled to take that which is given to me by the "workers in saltpetre," yet it is equally useful in laying the foundation of a system, for, having found the *principle*, the modifications will easily and readily appear. The result, on trial, I found as under:

Charge of Powder.	Charge of Shot.	Distance.	Pellets put in.
3 drachms - - -	1½ oz. - - -	40 yds. - - -	166
3 drachms - - -	1¼ oz. - - -	40 yds. - - -	158
3 drachms - - -	1 oz. - - -	40 yds. - - -	147

The improvement is 15 per cent. on the trial with the fine grain, and 10 per cent. upon the No. 2 grain. At greater distances the advantage becomes more apparent still, as the following scale will show:

Charge of Powder.	Charge of Shot.	Distance.	Pellets put in.
3 drachms - - -	1½ oz. - - -	50 yds. - - -	140
3 drachms - - -	1¼ oz. - - -	50 yds. - - -	128
3 drachms - - -	1 oz. - - -	50 yds. - - -	124

or nearly an acquisition of ten yards in the range, by the use of the larger grain, a result so conclusive as to justify me in advising its adoption, if the necessary alterations are made in the gun. I, however, made no material change, using the common nipple with a 24 cap, and yet I never found a single case of missing fire to occur. To the rifle-shooter, the adoption of this plan will be of vast importance, improving the steadiness of the explosion, and

lessening the necessity for weight, propelling the ball more evenly, enabling it to turn with the twists of the grooves, and to fly correctly to nearly one-tenth greater distance. In my late experiments I was convinced that 900 yards might be safely taken as the ultimate range to be obtained with six drachms of powder and a ball, twenty to the pound, fired from a three-foot barrel at the greatest *beneficial* elevation; but with the larger grained powder, I obtained, under the same circumstances, a range bordering upon 1000 yards. I shall next month be prepared with a series of experiments on a grain suited to a larger description of gun; for, as the season advances, the care which the varieties of game take for their safety is increased, and the means to reach them should be improved also.

London Sporting Review for November, 1841.

THE LAST QUARTER RACE IN KENTUCKY,

BEING A CONTINUATION OF

"KENTUCKY AND THE KENTUCKIANS,"

From page 484, Sept. No., 1841

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY EPSILON.

I ALIGHTED just as the sun, with a coldish red look and a few pale rays standing out around his cheerless face, (like the "hairs on end" of some bare-headed, half-frozen, country boy,) was settling himself to rest behind the trees.

"Hellow, Saul!" shouted a short, well-built, dapper little gentleman on the porch, whose hands in pocket, spread legs, and decided tone of Militia-officer authority, plainly bespake the *landlord*, "Hell-low! Saul!"

"Sur," replied this last one of Tarsus, from the corn-crib.

"Take this" (eyeing your humble servant right sharply) "gentleman's—beast." (glancing at poor Poll). "Move spry, Sir—move. Here come some more travellers. Be quick!"

Saul never had been *quick* in his life. He was not now. I, stiffened by my ride, staggered in to the fire. A cheerful bed of hot Black-Jack coals, in an eight-feet fire-place, filled the room with a glow of warmth which no one, whose blood is simply kept liquid, *without sensation*, by anthracite, ever knew. Warmth from a wood fire, (beach, sugar-maple, hickory, or black-jack,) is a positive enjoyment. Your coal fire is a negative blessing—the *absence* of suffering! These reflections, upon our West-Country privileges, were affording me that sort of pleasure in contrast with the miseries of the *oyster-eaters* over the Mountains, which the man, safely housed and warm, enjoys in hearing the cold, midnight winter wind howl and whistle around his dwelling, when a stamping of feet on the porch, and the careless, yet energetic commands of mine host, announced the arrival of the slow travellers I have be-

fore mentioned.* I moved my seat from the centre to the far corner of the fire-place. After the usual salutations of gentlemen from all nations, but not of all classes of *our* people, in such cases, something like the following dialogue ensued :

“ Have you the time, landlord ?” began a middle aged man, with jet-black and slightly frizzled hair ; black eyes, somewhat crossed ; a face blue from the deep color of his beard ; a broad-brim, white, felt hat, and an iron-grey box-coat. “ A deputy sheriff,” said *I to myself*, “ taking these two worthies to jail. They have broken from the penitentiary in Tennessee. This fleshy, red-faced, middle-aged gentleman, has been an old forger. He has too much dignity to steal ! He is in pain now, poor fellow, from the wound of his irons. This causes them to travel so slowly.—The o’her, this lantern-jawed youth, with so many and such heavy over-clothes on him, has the ague. He is a horse-thief. He looks in the fire with a calm meditative smile on his lips and in his eyes. He’ll steal again when he gets out, if he don’t escape before they get back. I like his looks. There was something funny in his last scrape. Hence his benignant expression.” This *supposed* history must have passed very rapidly through my mind, for the brisk little landlord instantly said—

“ Our clock’s run down, Sir.”

Arousing myself to give the information to the *Sheriff*, for I respected him as a true man now at least, I answered—

“ A quarter past four, Sir.”

“ Quarter to four, did you say ?” turning the hands of his own watch with his key. “ My d—d watch can beat h—ll *once round and repeat*. I set it this morning at eight o’clock. It’s now gone twice round with the hour-hand, and got to half-past two to-morrow evening !”

“ It must be a perfect Grey Eagle of an affair indeed.”

“ Yes. There’s no mistake. Talking about fast things *has a right* to put a body in mind of Grey Eagle, Sir. Do you know what’s become of him ?”

“ I do not. I understand he is the property of a young gentleman named Shotwell, who, I see by the “ Spirit,” has gone South with Vertner—one of Medoc’s *creepers*—and others. I am told he is a first rate gentleman. But he has no business with a first-rate horse.”

“ Why so, Sir ?” asked the Sheriff, whom I took now to be a Kentuckian, from his interest in horse-matters. His swearing did not much shake the conclusion.

“ Because,” continued I, “ no man who knows the nature of that noble animal thoroughly, will put him to his hardest labor of any sort, *in his four-year-old form*. Grey Eagle ought not to have made that banter, any how, at that age. Having done so, and lost the race—no doubt by misfortune—Mr. S. should have put him up in pickle, and then beaten their whole team, Wagner, Boston, Grey Medoc, and all. To have run him a second time in the same week against an animal so fleet and hardy as Wagner—aged—in noble condition, admirably managed, and superbly ridden by Cato, was

absurd enough. But to have done so with Stephen Welsh as jockey, under weight, and, in course, proportionately deficient in strength, while the size of the colt, his peculiar style of going, and temper, especially required coolness, firmness of mind, steadiness of seat, and strength of arm; but with fourteen pounds of dead weight—an incumbrance without adding intelligence or strength—seems to me the *height of folly!*"

All this was uttered *ex cathedra*. The oracle knew less of races or race-horses than any man of his age in—*Kentucky*. But I saw nothing was to be gained in that crowd by modesty. The blue-faced Sheriff, disciple-like, understood and agreed to my propositions. The prisoners were yet unaltered in their attitudes or demeanor. The one occasionally sighed from severe pain; the other—Fever-and-Ague—calmly gazed among the coals with the same placid smile on his features. Warming up with the attention of my auditors and the current of a favorite topic, I continued—

"By the way, gentlemen, however, there is one thing in this affair puts me out of all patience. What lover of sport is satisfied with Mr. McCargo's excuse for withdrawing the loan of his rider, because Mr. —— had remonstrated against Virginia gentlemen aiding strangers against each other? First, I understand Mr. —— is not a Virginian, but from Maryland. And is a Kentuckian more a stranger (from *that* fact) to a 'Virginia-gentleman' than a Marylander? Who is nighest of kin—a sister or a daughter? A Virginia '*abstractionist*' may reply—'a sister, to be sure, because she is *ful'y* of the same *blood*, while the daughter has *half* of *another* man's.'"

The Sheriff and Landlord laughed—Fever-and-Ague smiled a little—the fat prisoner changed not *again*. I proceeded—

"It makes no odds, any how, about this nonsense, either way—'a fair fight and no favor' is a Kentuckian's motto. Grey Eagle couldn't have that—but Mr. McCargo *ought* to have let him have the fairest shake possible for it. And the owner of Wagner, if he had not have *feared* the horse, would not have cared who rode Grey Eagle! Besides, 'they *do* say,' (though 'Delta' says *he* is a 'great liar,') that the person who objected is not only no Virginian, though clever enough, and a high spirited gentleman, but he is only a"——

"A gambler, Sir, by ——, is a sportsman, and a sportsman's a gentleman all the world over. I don't know Mr. ——, but he is as much of a gentleman as any Methodist preacher in the Quarter Race-horse region of Kentuck', any how" (blinking at my brown over-coat). "And though a gentleman don't act fair and straight in monopolizing *the* business, all through the South-West, by his agents—which is no *sport*, but rather too much like *money-making*—still, Sir, it aint because he's a gambler that he is no gentleman. It's because he don't play on fair principles. He's too much like that d——d United States Bank!"

All this said the Prisoner No. 1. This time Ague-cheek laughed aloud.

If ever you saw a gentleman cut right through, Mr. Editor, you

saw one of Dick's best wood-cuts of *mé*. I had been *all abroad*! Here was no sheriff, no prisoners! All my little history-romance, like a soap-bubble, was bursted! These were three *gamblers* travelling with a "quarter-horse," picking out a *soft* place. Bah! thought I, with my lips apart just as they had pronounced their last syllable—as blank as an exhausted oracle, sure enough! But I was soon relieved.

"Old Massa, suppa ready!" ejaculated a black Venus at the dining room door.

At supper a well-dressed and very genteel old lady soon got the politics of the company, and the religious creeds of all our mothers—that is to say, as far as the company had politics or mothers, or mothers any religion. The lady herself, like her husband, (one or the other following in the *footsteps*), was decidedly for little Matty. She said the "coon skins, hard cider, and fool songs, were sinful, and a just and *sober* God would punish the nation yet for it; that we didn't hear of such things in the good old democratic times of Gen. Washington, nor Gen. Jackson, either; (*he* stopped at our house once—and a nice, good, *pious, dear* man he was, too!)" She concluded by remarking that "Gen. Harrison was an old granny, and always had been."

"But, Madam," said I, "a granny is a very *dear* creature to us all, and very useful, too; and they ought to be very *brave*, too, being like Gen. Harrison and the best of all soldiers—a *Grenadier*."

Stopping her tea-pot, just at the point of 45° in the arc of its passage to the waiting tea-cup—solemnly turning her cold grey eyes upon me (they must have been awfully piercing when Mr. J. was young, some forty years before,) and looking into me about forty days, as I felt, she said—

"Young man!—you are—a Whig!"

I was done up! My old enemy, the fat prisoner, smiled. All the others were afraid. After a short but chilling pause she poured the tea into the cup, and handed it, very politely, to myself. I abominate tea, and delight in milk. There sat close by me a glass pitcher of yellow foaming milk; dare I slight *that* tea and take the milk? No! by heavens. I preferred *two* cups of tea. Thinking then I had done enough to atone for any sin, and to propitiate any body, I ventured out of my shell again. *Seeing now very clearly* where the wind lay, I began in my softest words—

"Madam, what is the predominant sect of religion in this neighborhood?"

"Methodists, to be sure!"

Shortly, *very* shortly.

"I am very partial to the Methodists, Madam, they are so sincere. I have seven or eight brothers and sisters Methodists."

"I aint," said the landlady.

"My father and mother (both old Virginians), with a good many more brothers and sisters, were, or are, Episcopalians."

"Yes, Sir, there's where your Whiggery comes from—the Church of *England*, Bank-bought, British Whigs," &c.

“Madam, I am no Episcopalian—I have *no*”——

“Don’t tell me what you are—‘*what’s bred in the bone will come out in the blood,*’ as the old saying is. You are a Whig—*that’s* enough.”

“Gentlemen,” timidly began the *landlord*, “gentlemen, won’t you go in to the fire?”

“It is very cold,” said I, nearly on fire with inward heat.

We arose, and left for the old room. We shut the door very closely. We all laughed, the sheriff, the prisoners fat and lean, the *landlord*, and even your correspondent.

“Mr. ——,” said I to the *landlord*, “an old lady, celebrated for her early settlement in Kentucky, for her broad Scotch-Irish dialect and humor, yet more for her courage in killing some half-dozen Indians through a knot-hole of the door, while her husband loaded the guns; and also famous for flogging every man who doubted by word, hint, or thought, the entire sufficiency of her salt-measures—was once conversing with my father (also one of our first settlers) about religion. After a discussion of some length, and unusually courteous and respectful on both sides, she remarked—‘*Cournall (Colonel) Cournall, I’m a—raal—ould—Scotch—Prassbetarian. G—d d—n your howlin’ Methodists!*’ How is it, Sir, with your wife?”

“Stranger! you have hit the nail *on* the head. If you aint I’m be d—d! Ha! ha! ha! ha!”

After the general and hearty laugh which followed, feeling myself as if I had gotten *behind the laugh*, and therefore more at ease than my two *faux pas* would seem to justify, we soon got into a free and sociable conversation, of part of which the following is a sort of sketch. Freely telling them my suspicions, and denying that I was a Methodist preacher, as by this time they had suspected, I began—

“Gentlemen, honor bright, isn’t that horse you are leading so slowly over these hard roads, a quarter-horse?”

“Fairly caught! and it’s no use to go around a thing, any how. My way is *always* broad open. He can just beat anything that wears hair, from four to six hundred yards, for anything over \$1000, and he may put up only 130lb. agin this man,”—pointing to Sir Ague-cheek. “Friend! come, go out and make Little Ben’s acquaintance.”

“I shall be very happy to do so, Sir, though I much fear my want of proper education must unfit me for appreciating his merits.”

We took the lantern and went accordingly to the stable. Saul was brushing the mud, now dried, from a large and well-blanketed sorrel horse. The others were standing in adjoining stalls. My own “pretty Poll” was in a muddy pen close at hand.

“This horse” (pointing to the first named) “is slightly unwell, and you see we are nursing him a little. But here, Sir,” (slapping on the buttock a small pale bay gelding), “is the best horse in the ‘Region’ this minute, by ——. He is *all horse*, I assure you, stranger.”

“His muscles,” I replied, “are very stout and hardy, Sir, especially over the houghs. But I must be permitted, Sir, to think that this sorrel we have passed ought to beat him in a short race, unless he is overloaded with muscle.”

He was the most remarkable horse I have ever seen. He was a dark sorrel, of that color commonly called chesnut. (The English seem to give that name to all sorrels.) His breast was too wide. His fore-legs, really straight, seemed actually bow-legged from their excessive development. His muzzle was small and clean, but his jowl was as large as a hog’s, and the muscles in his forehead parted in a triangle over his eyes, and passed downwards in folds as large as a lady’s wrist. His chest was deep, his barrel round, his back the shortest imaginable, even in proportion to his general length, which was not great; and his loin arched and broad. The hind-legs only seemed rather small to propel and *equilibriate* such immense powers before. But they were rather clean and compact than destitute of muscle or tendon. I instantly suspected the *ruse*, though every horse seemed to me to be a *smart* horse, as the Yankee says. My companion seemed to suspect my thoughts, for verifying in himself a sarcasm which, in a late public pamphleteering between a distinguished preacher and politician, the former applied to the latter—“that he had two tongues and a short memory”—he admitted him to be his *best* horse, and offered the same banter on him as before on Little Ben.

Having returned, we left the room which we had been occupying during the evening, and took up our quarters in a room in the South end of the house. There were three beds in it, one on each side of the fire-place, and the other in another corner. A perfect log-heap blazed on the hearth, and all being seated around it—some on the beds and others on chairs—with a basket of that universal Kentucky favorite among apples—the “Prior’s Red”—we enjoyed ourselves with telling and hearing our

“*Queerest stories,
The landlord’s laugh was ready chorus.*”

The mirth and hilarity of the party had just waxed boisterous at “Sonney’s” account of his mode of getting into the breed of Berkshire pigs, by *out-Yankeeing a Yankee vender* of that species of stock, who had put up with his best *boar* at the house, when a halloo at the gate, in a tone at once the most authoritative and familiar, awoke an echo from the kitchen, and interrupted our laugh at the *pig-tale*.

A few moments resolved the mystery. A handsome and well-dressed young gentleman darted into the room altogether with the air of a regular “free and easy.”

“How are you, Boss? and Joe, and Sonney? How are you all? Good evening, gentlemen. A raw evening” (pulling off his overcoat with the aid of the host)—“a raw evening, and a little of the d—st fight *you ever did see*. I tell you what, my old boy, I am much more of a horse than I ever thought of, I tell you.”

“What! have you had a fight, Caleb?”

“Indeed I did, and a brisk one at that, too. Jim B—— has all

the town larks afraid of him. Well, he had an old grudge against me. His brother made a race on 'Black Sall' against an old *flaxey* lubber. I knew it was *open and shut*, for the four legs that can bustle along faster than she can, a quarter, may rake all the corn and strip all the tobacco of this county. Well, Jim said to me 'Kale, lay out strong on this flirt. It's an entire *falling off a log*.' Now I knew all that before, *if everything was right*. And the idea struck me—to bet on the 'flaxey.' I did so, and—won. Black Sall had a good rider, and Will Jones *turned* for B—. But she *changed* twice, and had her neck twisted double. I pocketed my *drops*, but I mentioned to Jim that he was a *d—d rascal, and a fool for thinking to cheat me*. Well, I found him at the tavern, on something of a spree. Some stranger and Jim had made a bet on their horses' beauty. Jim won, *as he said*, and was, as usual, spending his money in a general treat. As soon as I came in, he promised me a whipping. We made the bargain in a minute, and—he never touched me—I gave him a smasher in his bread-basket, and then I fixed up his countenance. He is a picture, I tell you."

According to this account of the affair, my friend, Jim the big, had forgot his proper respect for the genuine "Martha Washington" temperance principles, and got a sound thrashing in consequence.

As the night wore away, many inquiries were made by the quarter-racer, of our new friend, about the *age, size, speed, and performances* of this invincible Black Sall—of her owners, and of their means and their *pluck*. *They were hunting her*.

"Ah! by heavens, you needn't steal along through the woods for that, gentlemen. She is mighty easy met, but not easy caught, mind I tell you! But she is now off after a sorrel gelding—I've forgot his name—down in Livingston county."

A slight glance of mutual intelligence between "Blue-beard" and Ague-cheek passed off, when the former after a moment of deep meditation, brightened up and replied—

"I know that nag—he's not *lost* either, though he is *d—bly* on the *wrong road* now!"

The *sick* horse in the stable was Bulging Billy. Black Sall and he were playing "hide and go seek."

We then retired, two and two, to bed. My partner was the *sick* man. He shed two overcoats, one dress coat, one green flannel roundabout, two double-breasted cloth vests, two pairs of pantaloons, one pair of drawers, and one shirt, and came to bed with a pair of stockinet drawers, a knit flannel and a check shirt. If ever *Calvin Edson* had a prototype and a parallel, this was he! Turning over to him, I said—

"Good Lord, Major, you can ride the *light weights*, can't you?"

He replied by a snickering, whiffling laugh, while his comrades shook the rafters with their roars. "Give 130lb. against him, indeed!" He was the skeleton of the *slimmest man*.

As we laid awake, the travellers told us many anecdotes of themselves and their jolly scenes. Among others they had lately had a race in Illinois—

"D—n them free nigger States!" said Calvin, "there's not much

sport and no *honor* among their sportsmen. I rode, and the Colonel here, *turned*, and though it was as fair a race as ever was, they made us run it *twice*, and then, Sir, they wouldn't let us have but two-thirds of the money. But we had won a *whole* side of a lane of *horses*. So we snatched seven of them—six horses and a d—old mule we sold at Shawnee for thirteen dollars. But we had to fight for 'em, and John got scraped with a *barlow*."

But the *quarter-race*! Can any of your correspondents tell *me* how the "*last quarter-race in Kentucky*" came out? Who beat?—Black Sall or Bulging Bill?

EPSILON.

THE WOODS AND WATERS OF CANADA.

A SPORTSMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

[Continued from our last Number, page 660]

THE town of Toronto, situated on the margin of a small bay on the north side of Lake Ontario, and about forty miles from its western extremity, has been considered the capital of Upper Canada since the period it was a mere village, and one of little importance beyond its being the place appointed for the annual assembling of the Legislature of the province and the residence of a few Government Officers. But previous to the date alluded to it had been named *York*, after the Roman *Eboracum*, or York, which was for a long period the most renowned city in the northern part of England, and from which many of the early settlers emigrated. The American population, and particularly those residing on the opposite side of the Lake, in the State of New York, jealous probably of this embryo *city*, could never be induced to call it by any other name than "*Little York*," to the great annoyance of the loyal Canadians. In consequence of this, or for some other equally important reason, several years ago the inhabitants took it into their heads to re-christen their capital city, and accordingly gave it the old Indian name which a small river (the Toronto) in the immediate vicinity had been known by previous to the period of the country being first settled by Europeans. But, alas! for the ambitious anticipations of the inhabitants of this (as they allege) ill-used city, it has since pleased the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain to unite in indissoluble bonds the two Canadian provinces, and to fix upon Kingston—situated near the eastern extremity of Ontario—as the future capital of All the Canadas; and hence Toronto is no longer a place of semiregal or demi-official importance, and the most that can be said for it by future historians will be this—that it *once was* the capital of the Province of Upper Canada.

In the early settlement of this province the country was explor

ed to a considerable distance into the interior, due northward of the town abovementioned; and more than thirty years ago some settlements were begun along what has since been named Young Street; and more recently the woodman's axe has made further encroachments upon the aboriginal forests, so that in the vicinity of Lake Simcoe, and some other contiguous lakes of less importance, the country has long since ceased to be, literally, an uninhabited wilderness.

Some of these lakes afford the angler pretty good amusement, being plentifully stocked with fish; and during the summer season there is no lack of waterfowl, consisting of ducks, loons, heron, cranes, teal, grebe, snipe, and sundry other sorts. In winter, however, they find it necessary to make themselves scarce, since the whole of these lakes and streams become frozen, and snow and desolation find an undisturbed reign during four or five months of the year.

A great majority of the early settlers were of German descent, the younger branches of the old Mohawk farmers; but nevertheless there was a sprinkling of Englishmen already among them at the period of my first visiting Canada, and among them a family with whom I had been intimately acquainted before its members emigrated from one of the most delightful districts both for farming and sporting in the wide and varied county of York. This family had not been there long before several other Yorkshire families, as well as individuals, joined them in what was then called one of the Simcoe Settlements.

My first visit to this family was during the autumn, when angling for the most part was out of season, and several of the summer birds were already taking their departure: there was, however, great plenty of quail on the oldest of the farms. These birds, not being common to the woods of the country, are generally found only in the oldest and best cultivated settlements. My friend had brought a couple of favorite pointers with him from England, intending to perpetuate the breed in his adopted country, but he had had the misfortune to lose them on his journey from Quebec to the Simcoe Settlements, and had not been able to supply their place afterwards. In his quail-shooting, however, they were scarcely required, for these birds are so tame that we had no difficulty in approaching them as close as we pleased; and if a bevy chanced to perch upon one of the rail-fences which separated the fields from each other, by a little manœuvring, when two of us were in company approaching them from contrary directions, we sometimes succeeded in shooting down the whole of them, for the report of our guns, and the birds that fell at every shot from the side of those that remained untouched, seemed to create in the survivors little apprehension or alarm. Or if a bevy of these birds chanced to perch on the branches of some tree of moderate elevation, which they frequently do at the outskirts of the forest, we might almost calculate to a certainty upon bagging the whole number; for under such circumstances there was little likelihood of any portion becoming scared before we had completed their destruction, one by one, from where

they sat perched and looking down upon us from the stouter limbs and branches of the tree. And splendid little creatures the North American quail are ! fat, and plump and sweet as any birds belonging to the grouse genus either upon the Old or the New Continent ; and although they are small—scarcely weighing over three ounces when dressed—there is no other bird that I ever tasted (except the reed-bird of the United States) that is so delicate and plump a morsel as the North American quail.

In all the countries I have travelled through, it has always struck me that a *new* country is the worst calculated for a bachelor to live alone in ; and yet it is a very common occurrence to fall in with a lone and rude habitation in the wild woods, inhabited by some old or middle-aged bachelor, who has commenced house-keeping in some little log-hut that he has probably found upon the lot of land at the time he purchased it—not always that he prefers living *alone* in so solitary a condition, but frequently in order that he may be nearer to his work ; and at other times from his not being able to procure board and lodging in the houses of the nearest settlers.

At the distance of nearly two miles from the farm of my acquaintance resided a person of the description here alluded to, and it was in consequence of my friend having pitched his tent in the neighborhood of Lake Simcoe that this individual—as well as several other Yorkshiremen—had been induced to select the Simcoe Settlements to purchase lands in. I believe the name of the individual in question was Robinson, or Robson, but being a native of the village of Spennithorn, near Leybourn in Yorkshire, he invariably went by the name of his natal home. He had been induced to purchase fifty acres of land—about ten of which had been cleared of the timber—from a Dutchman who had got sick of residing at the distance of nearly two miles from his next neighbor, and who had been induced to sell out at a low rate in consequence of the surrounding woods being infested with both wolves and bears in more than a usual degree. In short, the few sheep that he had purchased on two different occasions had all been destroyed by the wolves ; while in the three or four years that he had resided there, he had never but once succeeded in fattening a hog, the bears invariably carrying them off during the summer season while they were allowed to run at large. This, however, Spennithorn had not been made aware of at the time he closed the bargain for the lot of land ; so he paid down the price agreed upon, took possession of his new estate, and forthwith set about doing such work as circumstances seemed to require the most urgently.

Among the small quantity of live-stock that he became possessed of—for what profit can be derived from farming in Canada or elsewhere unless the land be properly stocked ?—was a good-sized pig ; which through the never-ceasing vigilance of its owner, and a daily supply of a small quantity of Indian corn, had contrived to outlive the attack of bears and a severe winter ; and at the period it became owned by Spennithorn—some time during the summer—grunter could be little short of a year old. The dwelling-house

consisted of but one room below and another above, the only access to the latter being through a hole in the rude floor, a short ladder supplying the place of a staircase. Against one end of his humble domicile he managed to build a rude pig-sty of similar materials to his own dwelling, that is, unhewn logs; but not comprehending much of the mechanical arts, nor possessing all the tools and implements necessary to make his work firm and secure, the result proved that he might as well have had no sty at all for his hog's ultimate security.

During Spennithorn's occasional rambles in the bush that surrounded his few acres of cleared lands he had accidentally fallen in with black bears, to his no little annoyance—not exactly the sort of neighbors he had been accustomed to in the vicinity of Leybourn and Middleham; and although he had scarcely ever used a gun in the "Old Country," he was induced to go to the expense of purchasing an old rusty musket, and a supply of ammunition accordingly, for his safety and protection. But Canada bears are the most civil creatures imaginable, for they never intrude upon your presence intentionally; and if by accident you come upon master Bruin unawares—while he is asleep, or too busily engaged to have noticed your approach—the moment he makes the discovery he looks as sheepish as possible, and shuffles off as fast as he knows how. Nevertheless, it requires some little time to reconcile oneself to associates and neighbors of this sort; and in a solitary individual like Spennithorn, who probably knew little more of the natural history of the bear than what he had learned in his boyhood from reading "Robinson Crusoe" and "the Babes of the Wood," it was not to be wondered at if he *did* consider it prudent to possess a gun for his better protection.

One day his pig, which had imprudently been permitted to roam at large, and had strayed into the adjoining woods tempted by the chance of picking up a little mast, returned home *minus* a portion of one of its ears, with sundry ugly lacerations about its neck and throat, proving but too plainly that grunter had been in dangerous company; and although the solitary Yorkshire bachelor knew little in fact of the mode of warfare pursued by bears, nor of the nature of the wounds inflicted by their formidable incisors, he rightly suspected that one of the bruin family had harbored an evil design against his hog, and therefore made up his mind to take better care of it for the future, since upon it mainly depended his stock of provisions for the approaching winter.

He accordingly kept grunter closer at home by day, and doubly secured, as he thought, the entrance to his rustic sty by night. But many days had not elapsed before poor Spennithorn, a little after dark, and just as he was stealthily mounting the ladder that led to the loft where his lowly couch was spread, was startled by hearing a loud tearing and scratching, apparently directed against the end wall of his log cottage or else against the pig-sty reared against it. This caused him to quicken his speed, and having reached the loft, and drawn up his ladder after him, which was his wont (Robinson Crusoe fashion) he stood in breathless silence

listening to the rampant doings that were going on without. Presently something more than a rumbling and scratching assailed his ears, for there evidently was a fierce rushing from side to side within the hog-sty, accompanied with sundry loud grunts and snorts, which, however, were soon changed into a loud squealing, that told but too plainly that poor piggy was in extreme difficulties. Reader—permit me to ask, what would you have done had *you* been placed in Spennithorn's situation? Methinks I hear you reply somewhat chivalrously—"why, being provided with a gun as he was, instantly have hastened to the rescue." All very good and proper, Sir; but, probably, you never lived alone in the wilds of Canada or in any other foreign wilderness, where the nearest human dwelling was two miles distant! Besides, the night was exceedingly dark, nor had he any light within his rude cottage, for he always preferred creeping to his couch unobserved—should there happen to be a bear, a wolf, or a panther, attracted by curiosity or some other feeling, near by, to take a peep in at his unshuttered window. Moreover, on a dark night the bears that frequent the bush in Canada are not so easily distinguished, for there's little that's white about them except their *ivories*, which are rarely exhibited but when they volunteer a smile: nor had our settler any decided proof of there being but *one* bear engaged in the attack upon his hog: in short, had he been the bravest man alive, circumstanced as he was, it is impossible to say what the result might have been had he resolved upon becoming a party in the affray going on in the hog-penn. The squealing did not continue long, however, for it became fainter and fainter until it had wholly ceased; but poor Spennithorn's apprehensions by no means abated in a corresponding degree, for the state of uncertainty respecting *what* had actually happened was probably worse to bear than the reality would have been had he been immediately made aware of it.

He never—no not in a severe storm that the vessel encountered at sea during his voyage to Canada—passed so uncomfortable a night, and it seemed to him as if there was to be no return of daylight. Nevertheless it *did* at last return; but not until the sun had peeped over the distant forest-trees did Spennithorn venture to unfasten his door and look abroad. Having at length risked raising the latch, with his old musket firmly grasped—which he had double-loaded and full cocked—he ventured to peep round the corner of his cottage, adjoining to which stood the pig-sty, expecting to behold—in fact, he scarcely knew what—with the nerves of his fore-finger already tightening in their pressure upon the trigger of his gun. No enemy, however, presented itself to his perplexed vision; the upper logs of the penn had been torn down, but the door remained fastened, so that it was just possible there might still be danger lurking within. Of this, however, he at last satisfied himself: the place was, in fact, empty; whoever or whatever, had caused the turmoil in the early part of the night had disappeared, and with it his fine large grunter had vanished! The sty bore evident marks of blood having been spilled, and on farther inspec-

tion he discovered a trail in the grass which said in language not to be mistaken—"this is the track by which some huge bear carried off your grunter to be devoured at leisure in yonder woods."

Spennithorn had seen enough: that very morning he packed up a few small portable articles, and without losing any time by making farewell calls upon a few countrymen and acquaintances, he never stopped until he had reached the most populous part of the Young Street Settlement, at the distance of twelve or fifteen miles; and (as I afterwards learned) he never again made his appearance in the Simcoe Settlements, having managed to dispose of his property for a mere trifle—right glad, in short, that it had not turned out a *dead loss*.

This "incident" occurred during my first visit to those parts, as already alluded to. A couple of days had transpired before it got rumored in the Settlement "that Spennithorn's hog had been carried off by a huge bear, and that he had himself a narrow escape, but luckily he *had* escaped, and had made his way clear out of the Settlement." Upon hearing of this, four or five of us set out in quest of the robber or robbers, and we had not got over three or four hundred yards into the bush adjoining Spennithorn's cleared ground, before we came upon the skeleton of his hog, its bones having already been picked bare enough. This put us more upon the *qui vive*, for we apprehended that a bear, or probably two, were not far off; and consequently every piece of close underwood, as well as such trees as had the least appearance of being bear-trees (such being known by the scratches these animals inflict upon the bark) were closely examined; but it was all in vain, a few large black squirrels being the only "game" we could meet with.

On our return homeward, in passing the deserted cottage, one of the party directed our attention to *something* he saw moving among a piece of standing Indian corn at the farthest extremity of the clearing, but what it might be we none of us could make out. It was soon agreed that what we saw must either be two or three Indians (there being a small settlement of them at no great distance) making free with the crop the owner had deserted, or else a party of bears. It was therefore arranged, that while two of us remained where we were, to attract the attention of the depredators among the maize, the rest of the party should attempt, by a circuitous path through the woods, to approach within rifle-distance, and then act according as circumstances might make it advisable, but with no intention of harming our neighbors the Indians. Scarcely was our plan arranged before the mystery was cleared up by the distinct appearance of two old bears and a couple of cubs marching leisurely across the small intervening piece of open ground between the corn and the woods, upon reaching which they became instantly hid from our view. The cunning old creatures, though at so considerable a distance, had evidently *winded* us, their scent being surprisingly acute, and considered it the safest plan to be off.

My friend and I bent our way homewards, whilst our companions set out at double quick time after the family of bears. But

their pursuit proved fruitless—the bears knew I presume of some place of security which their pursuers did not; and in the evening one of them called in at my friend's house to say that it was the unanimous opinion of himself and those he had been in company with, that the bear-family had followed the example set by Spennithorn, and had "cleared out" from the Simcoe Settlement.

It may here be observed, that the black bears of North America do occasionally enter into the corn-fields and damage the grain. It is not, however, that they eat much of it—for that they cannot be brought to do even in a tame state; but I have occasionally seen two or three of these Gentry gambolling about a piece of wheat or rye which happened to be near their haunts in the forest; and notwithstanding they ate but very little of it, by their peculiar mode of frolicking they were capable of doing considerable damage to the standing crops. B.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for November, 1841.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF
THE WINNING HORSES FOR 1841,
IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

☞ *The Winner's Stake is deducted. The figure before the name denotes the age of the horse, and that after it the number of prizes won.*

By ACORN (son of Skim).

a	Agilis, Mr. Hillman's, the Farmers' Bowl, &c. (60 sovs. in all) at Lewes East Sussex Hunt.....	1
6	Little Tom, Mr. T. Brown, jun., 55 at Lewes East Sussex Hunt, and 41 at Lewes.....	2
	Nimrod, J. Saxby's, a stake at Lewes East Sussex Hunt.....	1

ACTÆON (son of Scud),

6	Aimwell, Mr. Parr's, 45 and 35 at Haverfordwest, 60, 40, and 65 at Aberystwith, 35 and 40 at Swansea, 35 at Marlborough, 60 at Bicester, and (Mr. Gough's) 45 at Monmouth.....	10
5	Arrian, Mr. Scott's, 30 at No Man's Land.....	1
3	Concertina (Brocard filly), Lord Verulam's, 70 at Gorhambury.....	1
3	Cornuto, Lord Stanley's, 60 at Manchester.....	1
4	Jewess, Mr. Taunton's, 53 at Newton Abbott, 50 at Plymouth, Devonport, &c., and 37 at Devon and Exeter.....	3
4	Monops, Mr. Gardnor's, 60 at Newmarket Second October Meeting, and 100 at the Houghton Meeting.....	2
3	Pocket Viper, Mr. Stirling's, 127 at Tunbridge Wells, and 50 at Hastings.....	2
5	Viginti (late Pluto), Mr. Hopkins', a stake at the Isle of Wight and two stakes at Gosport and Anglesey.....	3

ADVANCE.

5	Whitefoot, Mr. Stokes', 50 at Croxton Park.....	1
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AGREEABLE (son of Emilius).

	Acorn, Mr. Brand's, 50 at the Hoo.....	1
6	Aggravator, Mr. Nightingale's, a purse at the Hoo, and 20 at Hertford..	2

6 Morgiana, Mr. Jenkins', a cup with 28 at Romford.....	1
Slyboots, Mr. Phillimore's, 55 at the Hoo.....	1
ALPHÆUS (son of Sultan).	
5 Susan, Mr. Whyte's, 30, with a cup added, at Croydon Common, and 50 at Farningham	2
ANTICIPATION (son of Hambletonian).	
3 Anvil, Mr. Williams', half of 35 and 30 at Knighton, and a stake at Oldbury	2½
ARBUTUS (son of Walton).	
6 Azalia, Capt. Warde's, a stake at Woolwich Garrison	1
ARGANTES (by an Arabian).	
5 Cleanthes, J. Bosley's, 55 at Kington (Catharina came in first, but was disqualified	1
AKARUS.	
4 Shadow, Mr. Wilburn's, a purse at Pigburn	1
ASTBURY (son of Langton).	
6 Woodbine, Mr. Bennett's, 80 at Abergavenny, 33 and 24 at Redditch, 18 at Stone, and 31 at Leek	5
AUGUSTUS (son of Sultan).	
5 All-Fours, Lord Chesterfield's, 55 at Warwick, a cup of 100 with 30 at Nottingham, and 50 at the Houghton Meeting	3
5 Harmodius, Mr. Downes', 37 at Newton Abbott, 50 at Plymouth and Devonport, 43 at Tiverton, and 10 and 47 at County of Dorset (Blandford)	5
BACHELOR (son of Cœlebs).	
5 Pedlar, Mr. James', 23 at East Surrey (Peckham), 40 at Farningham, and 28 at Croydon Common	3
BARNEY BODKIN (son of Cain).	
3 Bay Filly, Mr. Wilkins', 32 at Hungerford	1
BATTLEDORE (son of Sir Oliver).	
6 Northenden, Mr. Worthington's, 55 at Leicester	1
BAY MIDDLETON (son of Sultan).	
2 Bay Filly out of Miss Fanny, Mr. Powlett's, 130 at Newcastle-on-Tyne.	1
2 Johnny Faa, Lord Chesterfield's, 2200 at Goodwood	1
BEAGLE (son of Whalebone).	
6 Bellona, Lord Eglington's, Lord Westminster's Plate of 100 with 290, and the Cheshire Stakes of 315 at Chester, the Lord of the Manor's Cup of 100 gs. with 350 sovs., and the Shrigley Cup of 100 with 325 at Newton	4
BEDLAMITE (son of Welbeck).	
2 Tom Noddy, Mr. Byng's, 50 at Newmarket July Meeting	1
4 Vermillion, Mr. Thompson's, a purse at Sandback	1
BEIRAM (son of Sultan).	
2 Albion, Lord Exeter's, 100 at Newmarket Second October Meeting	1
2 Bay Filly out of Dahlia, Lord Exeter's, 30 at Newmarket Second October Meeting	1
3 Phingari, Mr. Sowerby's, 45 at Hertford, 50 at Northampton, and 50 at Stamford	3
4 Ramadan, Duke of Portland's, 50 at Newmarket Second Spring	1
BELSHAZZAR (son of Blacklock).	
3 Belgrade, Mr. Goodman's, the Queen's Plate and 70 at Ascot, the Queen's Plates at Guildford and Hampton, and 100 at Newmarket Houghton Meeting	5
4 Benjamin, Mr. Booth's, 80 at Bedford Spring, the Town Cup with 55, and 40, at Gorhambury, 70 and 65 at Bedford	5
4 Fitzroy, Mr. Gregory's, 100 at Coventry, 120 at Pytchley Hunt, and 50 at Newmarket First Spring	3
4 Mountain Sylph, Mr. Osbaldeston's, the Granby Handicap of 625 at Croxton Park, 115 at Bibury Club, and 80 at Goodwood	3

3	Miss Lydea, Mr. Johnson's, two fifties at Ripon.....	2
3	Ten-pound-note, Mr. Osborne's, a match at Stockton, and a stake at Har- tlepool.....	2
	BELZONI (son of Blacklock).	
4	Mungo Park, Mr. Goodman's, 50 at Newmarket Second Spring, 32 at Lee and Eltham, and 50 at Newmarket Houghton.....	3
	BENTLEY (son of Buzzard).	
3	Bay Colt out of Emma, Mr. Crockford's, 60 at Newmarket July, and the Queen's Plate at Ipswich.....	2
	BIRDCATCHER (son of St. Patrick).	
3	Cerito, Sir R. Bulkeley's, 175 at Chester, 110 at Liverpool Autumn, Cup Stakes of 130 at Wrexham, and 50 at Holywell Hunt.....	4
4	Cerito, Mr. Kingsland's, 50 at Plymouth, &c.....	1
2	Proof Print, Mr. Berrington's, 80 at Stamford, (Lord G. Bentinck's) 100 at Newmarket Houghton.....	2
	BIZARRE (son of Orville).	
6	Bellissima, Mr. Bayley's, 230, the City Bowl with 20, and 75 at Salis- bury, 65 at Winchester, and 60 at Southampton.....	5
a	Mus, Duke of Richmond's, the Orleans Cup with 130 at Goodwood, and the Queen's Plate at Salisbury.....	2
2	St. Jean d'Acre, Mr. Booth's, 50 at the Hippodrome Second Meeting, and 55 at Huntingdon.....	2
4	Variety, Mr. Foster's, 45 at Hungerford, 115 at Bishop Waltham, 39 at Southampton, and 35 at Marlborough.....	4
	BOB GORE.	
a	Syntax, Lieut. Cock's, 48 at Woolwich Garrison.....	1
	BOLERO (son of Partisan).	
5	Bay Gelding, Mr. Flesher's, a cup, value 50, at Pytchley Hunt.....	1
3	Brown Mare, Mr. Dickens', a stake at Bugbrook.....	1
	BRAN (son of Humphrey Clinker).	
3	Brown Filly out of Lady Buckingham, Mr. Laycock's, the Bran Stakes of 48 at Abingdon.....	1
2	Ernestine, Mr. F. Price's, 40 at Holywell Hunt.....	1
2	Meal, Mr. Shackel's, 40 at Ascot.....	1
2	The Pacha, Mr. Fowler's, 20 at Stafford.....	1
	BRUTANDORF (son of Blacklock).	
a	Arctic, Mr. S. Herbert's, Cup Stakes at ———, 80 at Salisbury, 50 at Winchester, Cup Stakes of 90 and 85 at the County of Dorset (Bland- ford).....	4
	BUSKIN (son of Tramp.)	
3	Aspatria, Gen. Wyndham's, 50 at Rochester and Chatham.....	1
	BUZZARD (son of Blacklock).	
3	Young Quo Minus, Mr. Ford's, 80 at Newmarket Craven.....	1
	CADLAND (son of Sir Andrew).	
a	Miss Kitty Cockle, Mr. Sanders', a stake at Sutton Coldfield, 50 at Hed- nesford, 70 at Warwick, 40 at Stourbridge, Cup Stakes of 90 at Os- westry, and 64 at Nottingham.....	6
	CAIN (son of Paulowitz).	
5	Abel, Mr. Scott's, 48 at Hampton, 40 at Marlow, (Lieut. Price's) 52 and a purse at Woolwich Garrison.....	4
3	Bay Gelding, Mr. Holyoake's, 22 at Brewood.....	1
a	Brunette, Mr. Williams', the Monmouthshire Hunt Hurdle Cup at Aber- gavenny.....	1
4	Remnant, Mr. Edwards', two fifties at the Newmarket Craven; Mr. Goodman's, 100 and 50 at the First Spring Meeting, 100 at Goodwood, the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes of 270 at Egham, and 100 at New- market Second October.....	7
5	Tubalcain, Mr. Jones', 50 at the County of Gloucester (Cheltenham), and 60 at Wolverhampton.....	2

CALLISTHENES (by an Arabian).

4 Antisthenes, Mr. Heppel's, a plate at Tynemouth, and 25 at South Shields	2
CAMEL (son of Whalebone).	
4 Abracadabra, W. Ley's, 106 at Plymouth Spring	1
3 Alice (late Miss Anny), Gen. Grosvenor's, 50 at Huntingdon, and 50 at Stamford	2
3 Bay Colt out of Cecilia, Mr. Gardnor's, 300 at Bath and Bristol, 300 at Winchester, and 75 at Abingdon	3
2 Bay Filly out of Citron, Mr. Theobald's, 12 at Newmarket Houghton ..	1
4 Black Bess, Col. Anson's, 3150 at Goodwood	1
3 Cameleon, Col. Peel's, 500 and 100 at Ascot, 100 at Newmarket Second October, and 200 at the Houghton meeting	3
5 Camelino, Mr. Dixon's, 75 at Epsom	1
5 Camille, Mr. Wright's, 150 at the Hippodrome first meeting, a cup with a stake added (disputed) at Yarmouth: Mr. Bignold's, a plate at Swaffham, and 29 at Beccles	4
a Caravan, Isaac Day's, the Trade Cup of 100 with 100 at the County of Gloucester (Cheltenham)	1
4 Clematis, Mr. Balchin's, a stake at Marlborough, and 29 at Lee and Eltham	2
4 Dromedary, Mr. Garrard's, 60 and 61 at Brighton	2
3 Lampon, Lord Westminster's, 200 and 250 at Liverpool July, and the Mostyn Stakes of 140 at Holywell Hunt	3
a Lartington, Mr. Armstrong's, 16 at Catterick, and 25 10s, at Durham ...	2
2 Misdeal, Lord G. Bentinck's, the Mersey Stakes of 425 and 130 at the Liverpool July	2
2 Mule, Mr. Sadler's, 210 at the Hippodrome Second meeting	1
a Pickwick, Mr. Greville's, 85 at Epsom, 43 and 55 at Hippodrome Second meeting, and 50 at Ascot	4
5 Revoke, Mr. Hornby's, 65 15s. and the Queen's Plate at Canterbury	2
CARDINAL PUFF (son of Phantom).	
5 Abbot, The, Mr. Tanner's, 55 at Cottisford	1
a Tallyho, Mr. Lewes', 50 and 25 at Aberystwith	2
CETUS (son of Whalebone).	
5 Sampson, Duke of Cleveland's, the Queen's Plates at Newcastle, Carlisle, Liverpool, Lancaster, Doncaster, and Lincoln, 40 and 45 at Chesterfield	8
5 Sir Mark, Mr. Copeland's, 50 at Dudley and Tipton; Mr. Wood's, 27 at Uttoxeter	2
CLEARWELL (son of Jerry).	
4 Dismal Jemmy, Mr. Gardnor's, 130 at Gorhambury, 40 at Hampton, and 50 at Goodwood	3
2 Grey Filly out of Chapeau d'Espagne's dam, Lord Orford's, 50 at Newmarket Houghton	1
THE COLONEL (son of Whisker).	
2 Chatham (out of Hester), Col. Peel's, the July Stakes of 790 at Newmarket, 300 at Goodwood, the Buckenham Stakes of 600 at the Newmarket First October, the Criterion of 830, and half of 250 at the Houghton with Wiseacre	4½
3 Chesnut Filly out of Galatea, Mr. Osbaldeston's, 50 at Ascot and 750 at Stockbridge	2
a Martinet, Mr. Brett's, 27 at Eye and 26 at Downham	2
3 Prince Caradoc, Mr. Mostyn's, 125 at Liverpool July and 70 at Wolverhampton	2
COLWICK (son of Filho).	
2 Attila, Col. Anson's, 190 at the Pottery, the Champagne of 750 and 580 at Doncaster, and Clearwell Stakes of 600 at Newmarket Second October	4
YOUNG COMUS (son of Comus).	
4 Bay Gelding, dam by Guerilla, Mr. Fawcus', a Plate at Kelso Spring ...	1

CONFEDERATE (son of Comus).

- 4 Bay Filly, dam by Sandbeck, Mr. Clarke's, 50 at Croxton Park, 60 at Leicester, 45 at Lincoln, and two forfeits at Stamford 5
 a Treaty, Mr. Bird's, a stake at Huntingdon Spring 1

CONTEST (son of Catton).

- 3 Agressor, J. Simpson's, a stake at Scarborough 1
 4 Lady Crainshaws, Mr. Sutherland's, 50 at Monifieth 1
 3 Show Lad, Mr. Wilson's, 60gs. at Newton and the Mostyn Handicap of 195 at Holywell 2
 3 Tournament, E. Baxter's, 23 at Burton Constable and 50 at Beverley... 2

CONSERVATOR (son of Tramp).

- Patriot, Mr. Merry's, two stakes at the Western meeting..... 2

CORINTHIAN (son of Comus).

- 5 Clem o' the Cleugh, Mr. Wilkin's, 39 at Stockton, 85 at Liverpool August, 83 and 50 at the Caledonian Hunt; Mr. Maitland's, 50 at Dunfriess and 50 at Kelso 6
 a Defiance, late Æolus, A. Cook's, 50 at Monifieth, a purse at Perth, and 35 at Fife Hunt 3
 4 Lilliard, Sir W. Scott's, the Oats Stakes at Kelso Spring 1
 5 Miss Annie, Mr. Alexander's, 50 at Eglinton Park and 50 at the Caledonian Hunt 2
 a Petrel, Mr. Jolly's, a stake at Swaffham 1

CRIPPLE (son of Whalebone).

- a Pilot, Mr. Gough's, 40 at Swansea and 37 at Newport, Monmouth..... 2

CRÆSUS (son of Wildfire, Woful, or Phantom).

- 6 Spangle, Mr. Cowley's, 40 at Bridgenorth and 19 at Uttoxeter 2

DEFENCE (son of Whalebone).

- 2 Barrier, Mr. Gregory's, the Sussex Stakes of 275 and Molecomb of 325 at Goodwood 2
 3 Benedetta, Fulwar Craven's, 80 at the Hippodrome First; Mr. Treen's, 50 at Goodwood, 60 and 25 at Plymouth and Devonport, 45 at Winchester; Isaac Day's, 85 and 35 at Abingdon, 25 and 50 at the Newmarket Second October, and 100 at the Houghton..... 10
 Dauntless, Mr. Newman's, a match at Cheltenham in May 1
 3 Defy, Mr. Sadler's, 55 at Southampton 1
 3 Despatch (Nanette f.), Sir G. Heathcote's, 75 at Epsom Spring, and (Mr. Dockeray's) 50 at Rochester and Chatham..... 2
 3 Diversion, Mr. Isaac Sadler's, 65 at Egham 1
 4 Lady Georgiana, J. Dixon's, 38 at Bath and Bristol 1
 3 Lady Strutt, Mr. Sadler's, 50 at Winchester 1
 2 Palladium, Mr. Etwall's, the Hippodrome Paddock Stakes of 330 at the Second Meeting, 75 at Stockbridge, and 40 at Winchester 3
 3 Petulant, Mr. Sadler's, 35 at Bath and Bristol 1
 3 Protection, Mr. Sadler's, the Hyde Park Derby of 520, at the Hippodrome First 1
 3 Victor, Captain Pettat, 50 at Bibury Club 1

DETONATOR (son of Defence).

- 5 Bay Gelding, out of the Baron's dam, Mr. Savin's, the Farmer's Cup with 40 at Cottesford 1

DIVAN (son of Sultan).

- 4 Baron, The, Mr. Aplin's, 140 at Pytchley Hunt..... 1

DR. FAUSTUS (son of Filho).

- 3 Fausta, Mr. Gough's, 35 at Knighton 1
 2 Harroldston, Mr. Bristow's, 85 at Worcester July, and 145 at Wolverhampton 2
 5 King William, R. Summers', 100 at Haverfordwest 1
 a Merry Lass, Capt B. Daviss', 130 at Haverfordwest, 45 at Aberystwith, 45 and 27 at Swansea 4
 † Spider, Mr. Summers', 63 at Haverfordwest; and (Mr. Gordon's) a stake at Eccles..... 2

- 3 Sterne, Mr. Bristow's, the Warwick St. Leger of 100 1
 4 Tupsley, Mr. Griffiths', 50 at Bibury Spring (Old Course), 55 and 40 at
 Leominster, and 145 at Hereford 4

DR. SYNTAX.

- a Bee's-wing, Mr Orde's, the Trial Stakes of 125, and the Stand Cup of
 150 with 125 at Chester, the Cup of 100 with 150 at Newcastle, Cup
 Stakes of 90 at Stockton, 60 and Cup of 200 and 110 at Doncaster, and
 the Cup Stakes of 80gs. and the Queen's Plate at Richmond 9
 a Doctor, The, Mr. Ramsay's, 45 at Eglinton Park, two stakes at Perth,
 and 40 at Caledonian Hunt 4
 Doctor, The (half-bred), Mr. Crawford's, a purse at Alnmouth 1
 3 Fama, Mr. Casidy's, 65 at Chelmsford, 40 and a stake at Romford 3
 3 Nick, Duke of Grafton's, 100 at Newmarket First Spring, and 50 at Bed-
 ford 2
 3 Ralph, Lord Albemarle's, the 2000gs. Stakes of 1300 at Newmarket, the
 Drawing-room Stakes of 685 and Produce Stakes of 2400 at Goodwood,
 the Garden Stakes of 400 at Newmarket Second October, and 150 at
 the Houghton 5
 3 Snowdrop, Lord Villier's, 70 at Weymouth 1
 3 Viola, Isaac Day's, two sixties at Shrewsbury, and 25 at Newmarket
 Houghton 3

DRONE (son of Master Robert).

- a Curlew, Mr. Brand's, 35 and 40 at the Hoo; Mr. Cavendish's, 90 and
 140 at Gorhambury, 70 at Ascot; and (Mr. Crofton's) a cup at Farn-
 ingham 6
 4 St. Valentine, Mr. Dawson's, 50 at Worcester July 1

THE EARL (son of Percy).

- 4 Bay Gelding out of Sister to Clare, Mr Patten's, 50 at Lancaster 1
 3 Lady Paramout, Mr. Murray's, 150 at Manchester, 50 at Dumfries, and
 75 at Kelso 3
 5 The Marquis, Mr. Thomson's, 26 at Eccles and 25 at Radcliffe Bridge.. 2

EASTGROVE.

- 5 Milo, Mr. Weyman's, 55 at Wenlock 1
 Ploughboy, Mr. Freestun's, a stake and a match at Beckford, a stake at
 Cotley, two stakes at Gosport and Anglesey, and three prizes at
 Portsea 8

ECONOMIST (son of Whisker).

- a Normanby, Lord Sandwich's, 40 at Bedford Spring, 50 at Huntingdown,
 and 40 at Stamford 3

EDEN (son of Comus).

- 6 Bay Gelding, J. Haddy's, 27 at Bath and Bristol 1

EDMUND (son of Orville).

- a Trim, Mr. Simmonds', a stake at Canterbury 1

ELIS (son of Langar).

- 2 Passion, Mr. Sadler's, the Chesterfield Stakes of 460 at Newmarket July,
 and the Lavant Stakes of 340 at Goodwood 2

ELVAS (son of Whalebone).

- 4 Johnny, Mr. Payne's, 50 and 90 at Newmarket Houghton 2

EMANCIPATION (son of Whisker).

- 6 Compensation, Mr. Denham's, 45 at Wolverhampton, Cup Stakes of 50
 at Lichfield, and 120 at Newmarket Houghton 3
 5 Ernest the First, Mr. Painter's, the Worcester Stakes of 300 at Worces-
 ter 1
 6 Prudence, Mr. Flintoff's, 50 at Bromsgrove 29 and 29 at Oldbury, and
 45 at Upton-on-Severn 4
 6 Query, Mr. Wadlow's, 50 at Shiffnal 1

EMILIUS (son of Orville).

- 3 Æolian, Mr. Sayer's, 23 at East Dereham, 32 and 40 at Eye, 29 at Down-
 ham, 29 at Norfolk and Norwich; Mr. Whitfield's, 41 at Swaffham;
 Mr. Abel's, 50 and 25 at Beccles 7

a Battledore, Capt. Barnett's, a stake at Lewes Spring, 20 and 37 at Brighton, and 50 at Lewes.....	4
4 Blemish, Mr. Galpine's, 53 at County of Dorset (Blandford).....	1
a Centurion, Mr. Crawford's, 50 at South Shields.....	1
4 Chaos, Mr. Pryse's, 95 at Aberystwith.....	1
3 E O, Mr. Thornhill's, 50 at Newmarket Second Spring, the Huntingdonshire Stakes of 435 and 65 at Doncaster.....	3
3 Eringo, Mr. Thornhill's, the Riddlesworth of 800, 150 and Albemarle Stakes of 150 at Newmarket Craven, and 800 at Doncaster.....	4
3 Lady Mary, Mr. Sherrard's, 50 at Hastings.....	1
3 Nicias, S. Herbert's, 200 at Salisbury.....	1
YOUNG EMILIUS (son of Emilius).	
2 Happy-go-lucky, Mr. Owsley's, 75 at Ludlow.....	1
FALCON (son of Interpreter).	
4 Brown Filly, dam by Young Phantom, Mr. R. Collinson's, 21 at Burton Constable, and (Mr. Milner's) 24 at Malton.....	2
4 Genius, The, Duke of Rutland's, 80 at Newmarket First Spring, the Gorhambury Stakes of 650 at Gorhambury, Cup Stakes of 90 at Leicester, and Cup Stakes of 90 at Stamford.....	4
a Vivian, Mr. Lockwood nd., a Whip at Pigburn.....	1
FIGARO (son of Haphazard).	
a Isaac, Mr. Collins', 150 at Warwick Spring.....	1
FILHO DA PUTA (son of Haphazard).	
6 Frailty, Mr. Moss's, 60 at Bromyard (Salop), 32 at Redditch, and a stake at Upton-on-Severn.....	3
FIRMAN (son of Sultan).	
3 Grey Colt out of Cheop's dam, Mr. Pryse's, 52 at Aberystwith, and (Mr. Davis's) 45 at Hereford.....	2
3 Whisperer, Mr. Bennett's, 40 at Bath and Bristol.....	1
THE FLYER (son of Vandyke Junior).	
4 Young Flyer, Mr. Swan's, a cup at Oundle.....	1
FUNGUS (son of Truffle).	
5 Chilson, Mr. Rawlinson's, 55 at Cottisford.....	1
Kitty, Mr. Minton's, a stake at Bridgnorth.....	1
GAINSBOROUGH (son of Rubens).	
6 Sister to Fernéley, Mr. Bell's, 40 at Newcastle, and 30 at York October meeting.....	3
GAMBOL (son of Filho).	
3 Fitz-Gambol, Mr. Key's, 210 and 20 at Mansfield, 50 at Dudley and Tipton, and 50 at Leominster.....	4
4 Marialva, Mr. Key's, 25 at Hednesford, 38 at Dudley and Tipton, 40 and 30 at Newport (Salop), 60 at Redditch, 40 and Cup Stakes of 50 at Stourbridge, 60 at Leicester, 50 and the Queen's Plate at Nottingham. 10	
GLAUCUS (son of Partisan).	
3 Nob, The, Mr. Combe's, half of 200 with Palæmon at Newmarket First Spring, 600 and 400 at Ascot.....	3
3 Palæmon, Mr. Greville's, half of 200 with The Nob at Newmarket, 25 at Newmarket Second October, 50 and 100 at the Houghton meeting. 3½	
2 Rostrum, Lord Bruce's, 375 at Ascot, and the Hopeful of 380 and Rutland of 250 at Newmarket First October.....	3
3 Una, Mr. Treen's, 150 and 70 at Ascot, 85 at Bath and Bristol, 70 at Goodwood, 80 and the Queen's Plate at Plymouth and Devonport, and Queen's Plate at Weymouth.....	7
3 Vigilance, Mr. Bradford's, 40 at Yarmouth.....	1
GLENCOE (son of Sultan).	
4 Vapour, Mr. Bateman's, Cup Stakes of 70 at Abingdon.....	1
4 Warden, Mr. Wreford's, Queen's Plate at Winchester, Cup Stakes of 275 and Queen's Plate at Warwick, Cup Stakes of 120 and Queen's Plate at Shrewsbury.....	5

GOLDFINDER.

6 Grey Mare, Mr. Jackson's, 25 at Wrexham.....	1
GREY SKIM (son of Skim).	
a Stickler, Mr. Roe's, 36 at Plymouth and Devonport, and 35 at Abingdon	2
YOUNG GRIMALDI (son of Grimaldi).	
a Slang, Mr. Balchin's, 50 at Canterbury and 49 at Tunbridge Wells	2
HAMPTON.	
3 Lady Flora, Mr. Roberts', 65 at Monifieth; Mr. Lant's, a stake at Eccles, and (Mr. Newton's) 16 at Allrincham.....	3
HARRY (son of Master Henry).	
Swiss Boy, Mr. Pryce's, the Cavalry Prize at Welshpool	1
HAZARD.	
4 Roulette, Mr. Higgins', 80 at Coventry.....	1
HENWICK (son of Spectre).	
Powick, H. Skingsley's, 30 at Coggeshall.....	1
HESPERUS (son of Hollyhock).	
a Young Hesperus, Mr. Cough's, 50 and 30 at Newport (Monmouth)	2
HYMEN (son of Partisan).	
2 Bridegroom, Mr. Rogers', 50 at Newmarket Second October.....	1
HINDOSTAN (son of Whalebone).	
2 Bay Filly, Mr. Brand's, a purse at Tiverton.....	1
4 Madras, Mr. Lyne's, 25 at Plymouth and Devonport.....	1
3 Pulwaun, Mr. Reid's, 23 and 29 at Newton Abbot, and (Mr. Kingsland's) 25 at Bodmin	3
HONEST ROBIN.	
4 Red Robin, Mr. Wilkins', a plate at Cotley Hunt	1
HUMPHREY CLINKER.	
3 Phaon, J. Hodfield's, 40 at Malton.....	1
IBRAHIM (son of Sultan).	
3 Minaret, Lord Albemarle's, 75 at Epsom, 70 at Ascot, 100 and 50 at Newmarket First October	4
INCUBUS (son of Phantom).	
a Talebearer, Mr. Brown's, 16 at Stone.....	1
INFLEXIBLE (son of Flexible).	
a Fat Jack, Mr. Morris', 95 and 50 at the Hippodrome First meeting, 95 at Ludlow, 50 at Worcester July, 50 at the Pottery, 50, 50, and 40 at Stourbridge, 50 at Warwick, 71 and 50 at Brecon, 45 and 19 at Monmouth, 30 at Welshpool.....	14
a Gorsebush, Mr. Smith's, a purse at Southgate	1
ISHMAEL (son of Sultan).	
3 Hambleton, Mr. King's, 100 at Bibury Club.....	1
3 La Gitana, Lord Chesterfield's, 67 at Hampton	1
3 Rebecca, Mr. Taylor's, 50 at Gorhambury, 25 at Oldbury, 21 at Cheadle, 35 at Uttoxeter, and 45 at Leek.....	5
JACK SPIGOT (son of Ardrossan or Marmion).	
Jock, W. Alexander's, a match at the Western meeting	1
JACK TAR (son of Emilius).	
3 Bay Filly, dam by Muley, Mr. Green's, 19 at Swansea	1
4 Master Tommy, Mr. Sadler's, the Chesterfield Handicap of 310 at Pytchley Hunt, the Ladies' Cup with 30 at Bath and Bristol, and the Bibury Stakes of 235 at Bibury Club.....	3
JENKINS (son of Merlin).	
a Obelisk, Mr. Armstrong's, a stake at Farningham, and 24 at East Surrey (Peckham)	2
JERRY (son of Smolensko).	
3 Archer, Mr. Alexander's, 60 at Eglinton Park, 200 at Paisley, and 190 at the Western meeting.....	3

3 Bay Filly, dam by St. Patrick, Lord Kelburne's, 100 at Newmarket Second October	1
2 Guzelle, T. Coleman's, 90 at Gorhambury	1
4 Janus, Lord Albemarle's, half of 50 at Newmarket Second Spring, and 100 at Ascot	1½
4 Nicholas, Capt. Rous', 50 at Newmarket First October	1
JUJUBE (son of Juniper).	
a True Blue, Mr. Stephenson's, 50 at Warwick Spring	1
JUPITER (son of Tramp).	
4 Sportsman, Mr. Hughes', 40 at Shiffnal	1
LAMPLIGHTER (son of Merlin).	
4 Factory Girl, S. Herbert's, 40 at Winchester	1
LANGAR (son of Selim).	
3 Australia, Mr. Payne's, 100 and 50 at Newmarket Craven, 60, 48, and (Lord Huntingtower's) 65 at Southampton, and (Lord G. Bentinck's) 85 at Abingdon	6
3 Billingham Lass, Mr. Chilton's, 60 at Catterick and 50 at Newcastle	2
2 Brother to Vulture, Col. Peel's, 25 at Newmarket July	1
2 Brown Filly out of Mermaid, Col. Crauford's, the Knowsley Stakes of 230 at Liverpool Autumn	1
3 Chesnut Filly out of Sister to Portrait, Lord Huntingtower's, 35 at Farningham	1
a Epirus, Mr. Bowes', the Craven Stakes of 50 and 60 at Newmarket Craven	2
Ermengardis, Col. Crauford's, 135 at Liverpool July, and the Heaton Park Stakes of 280 at Liverpool Autumn	2
3 Florence, Duke of Grafton's, the Chelmsford Stakes of 135, 50 at Newmarket First October, 50 at Second October	3
3 Gobemouche, Lord G. Bentinck's, 45 at Winchester, and (Mr. Coward's) 25 at Portsmouth and Portsea	2
6 Garland, Sir C. Monk's, 50 at Doncaster and 185 at Kelso	2
3 Hampton, Mr. Houldsworth's, 65 at Bath and Bristol	1
3 Hawk's-eye, Col. Peel's, 25 at Newmarket Second Spring, 50 at the July, and 35 at Huntingdon	3
3 Image, Mr. Frost's, 45 at Tenbury, half of 35 at Knighton, 40 at Mansfield, 25 at Dudley and Tipton, 30 at Newport (Salop), 40 at Stourbridge, 50 at Warwick, 25 and 40 at Lincoln, 50 and 60 at Nottingham 10½	
4 Lady Grove, Mr. Bower's, 170 at Chester, Borough Cup of 100 with 215 at the Pottery, 55 and 45 at Shrewsbury, 70 at Oswestry, and Cup Stakes of 130 at Knutsford	6
3 Langolee, Capt. Rous', 50 at Newmarket First Spring, (Mr. Pettit's) the Hyde Park Oaks of 190 at Hippodrome First meeting, the Suffolk Stake of 120 and 50 at Newmarket Second Spring, the Cup of 100 at Yarmouth, 45 at Egham, and 145 at Newmarket Second October	7
a Lansquenet, Mr. James', the Farmer's Plate and 32 at Neston, a stake at Carlisle, a ditto at Bloxwich, 20 at Cheadle, and 50 at Ruthin Hunt	6
4 Prince Albert, Mr. Price's, 50 at Chester, and 165 at Oswestry	2
a Potentate, The, Lord Eglinton's, the Glasgow Cup of 100 with 75, and the Silver Bells, with 50 at Paisley, and 35 at the Caledonian Hunt ..	3
3 Quilt Arnold, Mr. Gascoigne's, 70 at Paisley	1
5 Recorder, The, Mr. Edison's, the Leamington Stakes of 1270 at Warwick, and 110 at Doncaster	2
5 Rory O'More, Mr. Greville's, the Southampton Stakes of 50, and the Norfolk and Norwich Stakes of 330	2
LAUREL (son of Blacklock).	
3 Ch. c. out of Shoehorn, Mr. Buckley's, 60 at the Pottery	1
LIVERPOOL (son of Tramp).	
5 Ararat, Mr. Loy's, 170 at Chester, 115 at Liverpool July, the Copeland Handicap of 580 at the Pottery, and 73 at Morpeth	4
4 Broadwath, Mr. Meiklam's, 300 at Ascot, 210 at Doncaster, a Cup of 100	

gs.. with 124 at Glasgow, and a cup of 100 with 5 at the Caledonian Hunt	4
4 Calypso, Mr. St. Paul's, the Northumberland Plate of £784 15s. at Newcastle	1
4 Lady Liverpool, Mr. Mitchell's, 35 at Catterick, Queen's Plate at Manchester, and (Sir C. Cockerell's) 56 at Hereford	3
6 Lanercost, Mr. Ramsay's, the Irvine Cup of 90 and 60 at Eglinton Park, and the cup of 300 with 180 at Ascot	3
4 Naworth, Lord G. Bentinck's, 100 at Goodwood, and 40 at Salisbury ...	2
3 Queen Bee, Mr. Orde's, 50 and 118 at Newcastle, and half of 150 with Black Beck at Doncaster	2½
6 Wee Willie, Mr. Meiklam's, 70 at Newton, 110 at Liverpool July, the Oxfordshire Stakes of 165, the Caledonian Gold Cup of 100 gs., 50 and 83 at the Caledonian Hunt, 50 at Edinburgh, the Stewards' Cup of 100 with 80, and a cup of 100 gs. at Kelso	9
LONG WAIST (son of Whalebone).	
5 Stork, Gen. Gilbert's, 50 at Plymouth Spring, the Saltram Stakes of 225 at Plymouth and Devonport, the Devonshire Stakes of 155, 18, and 50 at Devon and Exeter, 50 at Tiverton, and 58 at Bodmin	7
LOTTERY (son of Tramp).	
a Tiger, Mr. Standwell's, 45 at Lincoln	1
a Zohrab, Mr. Fairlie's, 90 at Eglinton Park, 50 at Kelso Spring, 260 and 50 at Newcastle, 50 at Morpeth and 50 at Kelso	6
MAGNET (son of Merlin).	
a Mischief, Mr. Hollinshead's, 35 at Shiffnal, 29 at Eccles, 40 and 30 at Sandback, and a stake at Cheadle (Cheshire)	5
MERLIN (son of Castrel).	
Rustic, Mr. Miller's, a stake at Charborough Park	1
MALEK (son of Blacklock).	
6 Modesty, Mr. Meiklam's, 60 gs. at Newton, Cup Stakes of 100 and 70 at Lancaster, and 80 at Caledonian Hunt	3
a Sadek, Mr. Brandford's, 25 at Litcham	1
MAMELUKE (son of Partisan).	
a Zethus, J. Day's, 100 at Warwick Spring	1
MARGRAVE (son of Mulcy).	
5 Margaret, Mr. Taylor's, 50 at York October	1
MASTER HENRY (son of Orville).	
a B. g, Mr. Phillips', the Cavalry Plate at Newport (Salop)	1
MASTER RICHARD (son of Master Richard).	
3 Donna Maria, Mr. Metcalfe's, a stake at Malton	1
MAZEPPA (son of Godolphin).	
3 Marius, J. Day's, 50 at First Hippodrome	1
MEDORO (son of Cervantes).	
4 Bob Peel, Mr. Beresford's, 50 at Newmarket July, Cup Stakes of 70 at Huntingdon, and Cup Stakes of 70 at Northampton	3
6 Isabella, Mr. Booth's, 45 at Gorhambury, the Cup Stakes of 65 at Hampton and Moulsey Hurst; Mr. Goodman's, 100 at Newmarket Second October, and 60 at Newmarket Houghton	4
6 Jamaica, Lord Milton's, a stake and match at Fairfield Park	2
5 Tamburini, Lord Zetland's, 46 at Richmond	1
MEMNON (son of Whisker).	
a King Cole, Mr. Wood's, 50 at Stourbridge	1
MERCHANT (son of Merlin).	
4 Menalippe, Mr. Thornhill's, twice 100 at Newmarket Craven, and 50 at Newmarket Second Spring	3
6 Munchausen, Mr. Dockeray's, 50 at Isle of Thanet	1
a Whalebone, Mr. Hornby's, 28 and the Easter Plate at Canterbury, twice 35 at No Man's Land, 42 at Tunbridge Wells, 50 at Isle of Thanet, 32 and 40 at Lee and Eltham	8

MERMAN (son of Whalebone).

6	Single-peeper, Mr. Carlisle's, 20 at Bibury, 32 at Weymouth, a stake at Bodmin, 20 at County of Dorset, a purse at Lenthay, and 43 at Yarnborough Castle	6
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THE MOLE (son of Whalebone).

3	Br. f. out of Fenella, Mr. Thompson's, 45 at Holywell Hunt	1
4	Bushranger, Mr. Hepple's, a stake at Houghton-le-Spring	1
2	Marion, F. R. Price's, 200 and 80 at Chester	2
4	Moleskin, Mr. Allen's, 85 at Manchester, a cup at Hampton and Moulsey Hurst; Mr. Sandiland's, 50 at Perth and 50 at Fife Hunt	4

MONREITH.

a	Returned, The, Mr. Jonstone's, 50 at Eglinton Park, 20 at Carlisle, 120 at Paisley, 50 at Monifieth, 25 and 15 at Western meeting, and 40 at Perth	7
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MOZART (son of Governor).

a	Donald Caird, Mr. Ramsay's, 35 at Eglinton Park; Mr. Crauford's, 70 at Kelso	2
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MULATTO (son of Catton).

4	B. c. out of Melody, Mr. Etwall's, 235 at Bibury Club, and 90 at Goodwood	2
4	Black Beck, Mr. Bowes', 800 at Newmarket First Spring, and half of 150 with Queen Bee at Doncaster	1½
4	Cainby, Mr. Hobson's, 50 at Beverley	1
4	Champagne, Mr. Hornby's, 50 and 45 at Oswestry, and 35 at Wrexham	3
5	Easingwold, Mr. Sandiland's, 45 at Isle of Sheppey	1
4	Isaac of York, Lord Chesterfield's, 23 and 25 at Croxton Park	2
4	Maid, The, Mr. Smith's, 125 and 200 at Dudley and Tipton, 50 and 110 at Goodwood, and 70 at Pottery	5
4	Molineux, Lord Chesterfield's, a gold cup with 160 in specie at Croxton Park	1
4	Mulciber, J. Day's, 100 at Second Hippodrome	1

MULEY (son of Orville).

4	Gibraltar, Gen. Yates', 400 at Newmarket Craven, and 500 at Newmarket First October	2
3	Gilbert, Mr. Buckley's, 60 at Warwick	1
4	Hautboy, Mr. Edge's, 50 at Warwick Spring	1
3	Mustapha Muley, Mr. Copeland's, 50 at Bridgnorth	1

MULEY MOLOCH (son of Muley).

3	Alice Hawthorn, Mr. Plummer's, 50 and the Silver Cup value 50 at Northallerton	2
3	Arnagill, Capt. Harcourt's, 70 at Richmond	1
3	B. c., dam by Actæon, Lord Kelburne's, twice 50 at Carlisle	2
3	Br. f. out of Mystery, Mr. Powlett's, 550 at Doncaster	1
3	Birthday, Mr. Mostyn's, 60 at Newton	1
2	Cattonite, S. King's, 90 at Beverley	1
3	Country Lass, Mr. Bates', 20 at Stone	1
3	Galaor, Mr. Vansittart's, St. Leger of 100 and Tradesmen's Cup, value 100 with 315 in specie at Manchester, and 200 at Richmond	3
2	Idolatriy, Mr. Brooks', 160 at York August, and 60 at Lincoln	2
3	Mary O'More, Mr. Bell's, 45 at Manchester	1
3	Middleham, Duke of Cleveland's, St. Leger of 900 at Liverpool July	1
3	Mobarek, Mr. Roe's, 80 at Epsom Spring; Mr. Westbrook's, 100 at Epsom	2
3	Oxton, Duke of Cleveland's, 40 at Catterick Bridge, and 60 gs. at Chesterfield	2
3	Pagan, Col. Cradock's, Gateshead or Lottery Stakes of 260 at Newcastle	1
3	Zamiel, Lord Eglinton's, £87 10s. at Catterick	1

MUNDIG (son of Catton).

3	Ch. c. out of Sister to Don John's dam, H. S. Thompson's, 70 at Yorkshire Union Hunt	1
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NAPOLEON (Son of Bob Booty).	
6 Consul, Baron Rothschild's, 65 at Gorhambury, and 40 at Hertford.....	2
NAPOLEON LE GRAND (son of Blacklock).	
3 B. c. out of Duchess, Mr. Ekin's, 75 at Nottingham.....	1
Ch. m., Mr. Smith's, a stake at Burton Agnes.....	1
4 Victory, F. Robbins', 50 at Warwick Spring.....	1
NEWTON (son of Velocipede).	
3 B. c., dam by Mameluke, Mr. Skerratt's, 47 at Shiffnal.....	1
3 Hudibras, Mr. Skerratt's, 65 and 45 at Stafford.....	2
4 Lydia, Mr. Skerratt's, 150 at Pottery, 20 at Sandbach, and 45 at Knutsford.....	3
NIMROD (son of Topsy Turvy).	
4 F. out of Busk, J. Day's, 65 at County of Gloucester, 50 at Goodwood, and 40 at Oxford.....	3
4 Ch. f., Mr. Budd's, a stake and cup at Arundel.....	2
* NONSENSE (son of Bedlamite).	
4 Folly, Mr. Wright's, 50 at Epsom, 50 at Hampton and Moulsey Hurst, and 50 at Newmarket Houghton.....	3
OLDPORT.	
3 Comical John, Mr. Walmsley's, 18 at Cheadle, 32 at Brewood, 32 at Presteign.....	3
OPPIDAN (son of Rubens).	
4 Emily, Mr. Harris's, 50 at Northampton.....	1
5 Isabella, Mr. Lowe's, the Hunters' Stakes at Cheadle, two stakes at Bloxwich, 24 at Upton on-Severn, a stake at Stone, 25 at Welshpool, and two stakes at Burntwood.....	8
PALMERIN (son of Amadis).	
a Aggravator, Mr. Simpson's, 62 at Beverley, a stake at Scarborough, and a Hurdle race at Maltou.....	3
PARTISAN (son of Walton).	
a Foreign Lass, Capt. Erskine's, 29 at East Surrey (Peckham).....	1
PANTALOON (son of Castrel).	
3 Ch. f. out of Souvenir, Mr. Denham's, 60 and 40 at Ludlow, and 60 at Worcester.....	3
6 Drone, The, Mr. Dawson's, 85 at Goodwood.....	1
3 Ghuznee, Lord Westminster's, the Oaks Stakes of 3250 at Epsom, and 400 at Ascot Heath.....	2
4 Lord Mayor, Mr. Peace's, 120 at Horwich.....	1
3 Satirist, Lord Westminster's, Dee Stakes of 175 and Palatine Stakes of 200 at Chester, the Gold Vase given by the Queen, with 200 in specie, and 150 at Ascot Heath, and the St. Leger Stakes of 3500 at Doncaster.....	5
3 Van Amburgh, Lord Westminster's, 500 at Ascot Heath, 250 and 320 at Doncaster.....	3
YOUNG PHANTOM.	
a Hamlet, Col. Thompson's, Billesden Coplow of 135 at Croxton Park, 85 and 45 at Eglinton Park, the Champagne Plate with 110 in specie, and the Challenge Whip with 50 in specie at the Yorkshire Union Hunt, the Silver Tea Service value 60 with 40 in specie at the York October.....	6
PHYSICIAN (son of Brutandorf.)	
4 Ada, Capt. Pott's, 45 at Morpeth, and a stake at Inglewood Hunt.....	2
5 Armelle, Mr. Scott's, 25 at East Surrey (Peckham), and a Stake at Cheam.....	2
6 Colchicum, Mr. Goodman's, 80 at Coventry, 50 at Epsom; Mr. Booth's, 50 at Huntingdon.....	3
4 Doctor Caius, Lord Eglinton's, 100, 170, and 255 at Eglinton Park, 110, 230, and 145 at Liverpool July, the Chesterfield Cup value 300, with 120 in specie, at Goodwood, a cup value 50, with 10 in specie, at Paisley, the Ayr Gold Cup value 100 gs., with £42 10s., and 120 at Western meeting.....	10

4 Gallipot, Col. Cradock's, 200 and 120 at Doncaster	2
4 Neptune, Mr. Ramsay's, 70 and 83 at Eglinton Park, 155 and 50 gs. at Kelso Spring, and 40 gs. and 40 at Carlisle	6
3 Sir Hans, Duke of Rutland's, 50 at Newmarket First Spring, and 100 at Newmarket Houghton	2
4 Spring-heel'd Jack, Sir R. Bulkeley's, 50 at Holywell Hunt	1
PERCY (son of Walton).	
a Birthday, Mr. Carvick's, two stakes at Cheadle (Cheshire), and 30 at Aittrincham	3
PICKPOCKET (son of St. Patrick).	
5 Cracksman, Mr. Scobell's, 55 and 38 at Bath and Bristol Spring; Mr. Downes', 41 and 45 at Devon and Exeter, and 30 and 26 at Fiverton ..	6
PLENIPOTENTIARY (son of Emilius).	
3 Barbara, Mr. Batson's, 50 at Newmarket Craven, and 50 (with Mr. Peram's marriage portion added) at Newmarket July	2
2 Envoy, Duke of Bedford's, half of the Nursery Stakes of 225 at Newmarket Houghton	$\frac{1}{2}$
3 Huon, Mr. Shelley's, 100 at Goodwood, 69 at Brighton, and 125 at Lewes	3
3 Metternich, Mr. Ford's, 850 at Newmarket Craven	1
2 Nuncio, Lord Albemarle's, 50 at Newmarket Second October, and 100 at Newmarket Houghton	2
3 Potentia, Mr. Batson's, the 1000gs. Stakes of 1100 at Newmarket First Spring, and Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 700 at Newmarket First October	2
POLLIO (son of Orville).	
B. g. out of Forester Lass, Mr. Morris's, a cup value 30, with 6 in specie, and the Farmers' stake at Knighton	2
5 Honddu, Mr. Jenkins', the Stewards' Cup at Brecon, and a purse at Presteign	2
PRIAM (son of Emilius),	
a Ascanius, Mr. Bacon's, 23 at East Surrey (Peckham)	1
5 Frank, Mr. Saunders', 45 at Neston, 50 at Bromsgrove, a stake at Brewood, and 32 at Leek	4
4 Iliona, Lord Palmerston's, 80 at Stockbridge and the Casarewitch Stakes of 1245 at Newmarket Second October	2
6 Sluggard, The, Mr. Hodgson's, a cup at South Hants Yeomanry Races, and (Mr. Games') a stake at Downham	2
6 Valentine, Mr. Freestun's, 40 at Monmouth; Mr. Jenkins', 20 at Lenthay; Mr. Seffert's, a stake at East Surrey (Peckham) and ditto at Marlow	4
4 Welfare, Mr. Payne's, 700 at Second Hippodrome, the Ascot Stakes of 520 at Ascot Heath, Surrey and Middlesex Stakes of 455 at Hampton and Moulsey Hurst, 50 and 100 at Newmarket Second October	5
5 Zoroaster, Lord Eglinton's, 85 and the Challenge Whip with 20 in specie at Eglinton Park, 30 at Paisley, twice 50 at the Western meeting, (Mr. Maitland's) twice 50 at Perth	7
PRESIDENT.	
6 Nimrod, Mr. Maynard's, 45 at Durham	1
RAJAH (son of Wrangler).	
3 Ch. c. out of Termagant, Mr. Kingsland's, 31 at Plymouth and Devonport	1
RANVILLES (son of Rubens).	
Victoria, Mr. Domett's, a stake at Lambert's Castle	1
RECORD (son of Remembrancer).	
6 Romp, The, Mr. Lamplugh's, a stake at Burion Constable Hunt	1
6 Tormentor, Mr. Wilder's, 60 at Huntingdon Spring, two stakes at Biggleswade, and (Capt. Daintree's) 70 at Hungerford	4
RECOVERY (son of Emilius).	
3 Humility, Mr. Ongley's, 50 at Warwick	1

5 Retriever, Maj. Hay's, 260 at Lichfield. and 115 at Hereford	2
5 Taglioni, Mr. Thompson's, 30 at Horwich	1
3 Windsor, S Scott's, 150 and a Silver Cup value 20gs., with 16 in specie, at Marlow.....	2
RETAI NER (son of Jerry).	
2 Ch. c, dam by St. Patrick, out of Blue Stocking, Lord Kelburne's, 40 at Ripon	1
REVELLER (son of Comus).	
a Duenna, Mr. Parker's, 40 at Bedford Spring and 40 at Ashby-de-la- Zouch	2
Kate Kearney, Mr Jenkins', a stake at Cheam, and 26 at Bicester.....	2
a Olympic, Capt. Weir's, 50 at Plymouth Spring.....	1
5 Rambler, Mr. Morgan's, a stake at Kington, ditto at Ledbury, ditto at Leintwardine, and ditto at Richard's Castle	4
3 Scarf, Lord Exeter's, the Nassau Stakes of 450 at Goodwood, 40 at Stamford, and 100 at Newmarket Houghton	3
Shuffler, Mr. Perk's, a stake at Redditch.....	1
4 Silistria, Lord Exeter's, 160 at Stamford and 20 at Newmarket Second October	2
REVOLUTION (son of Oiseau).	
4 Maria Monk, Mr. Hutchinson's, the Innkeepers' Plate at Hartlepool	1
ROBIN HOOD (son of Blacklock).	
4 Kingston Robin, Mr. Richardson's, 155 at Beverley; Mr. Kirby's, 160 at Manchester, 65 at Warwick, the Cup of 150 with 40, and 70 at Lin- coln, and 60 at Chesterfield.....	6
ROCKINGHAM (son of Humphrey Clinker).	
2 Croydon, Mr. Price's, 100 at Holywell Hunt.....	1
2 John o'Gaunt, Lord Dorchester's, 20 at Lichfield.....	1
3 Miss Twickenham, Mr. Tomlinson's, 50 at Huntingdon.....	1
2 Rochester, Col. Peef's, 60 at Newmarket Houghton.....	1
ROLLER (son of Quiz).	
6 George, Mr. Knox, 90 at Croxton Park.....	1
ROUND ROBIN.	
a Maid Marian, Mr. Higgins', 25 at Epping	1
2 Whistle Binkie, Mr. Ramsay's, 100 at Kelso Spring, 65 at Carlisle, 80 at Paisley, and 140 at the Western meeting	4
ROWTON (son of Oiseau).	
5 Lyster, Mr. Dockeray's, 50 at Canterbury, and 50 at Rochester and Chat- ham.....	2
5 Specimen, W. Sadler's, 55 at County of Gloucester.....	1
RUBINI (son of St. Patrick).	
5 Tamburini, I. Day's, 280 at Croxton Park, 130 at First Hippodrome, 70 at County of Gloucester, 40 at Egham, 245 at Shrewsbury, 136 at Abingdon, and 50 and 220 at Newmarket Houghton	8
SADDLER (son of Waverley).	
2 B. f out of Eöberston's dam, Mr. Osbaldeston's, half of the Nursery Stakes of 225 at Newmarket	$\frac{1}{2}$
4 Castle, Mr. Sharkell's, 85 at Pytchley Hunt, 50 at Epsom, 52 and (Mr. Clifton's) 50 at Isle of Thanet, and 80 at Abingdon	5
5 Currier, Duke of Richmond's, 580 at Second Hippodrome, 365 at Bath, 465 and 70 at County of Gloucester, and Queen's Plate at Goodwood.	5
4 Currycomb, Mr. Osbaldeston's, 50 at Durham, 50 at Bibury Club, 50 at Stockbridge, 150 at Goodwood, 80 at Salisbury, and 160 at Hertford .	6
2 Devil-among-the-Taylors, Mr. Osbaldeston's, 100 at Catterick Bridge...	1
3 Duke of Wellington, Col. Anson's, the St. Leger of 100 at Wolver- hampton	1
5 Shadow, The, Mr. Heseltine's, 41 and 46 at Durham, 50 at Beverley, 75 at Wolverhampton, the Queen's Plate at Lichfield, the Queen's Plate and 50 at York August, 53 at Stockton, 150, 60, and 100 at Doncaster, and 75 and 40 at Lincoln.....	13

3	Sheriff and Fulton, Mr. Ramsay's, 90 at Kelso Spring	1
3	Squire, The, Mr. Bell's, 250 at Newcastle, 200 at Doncaster, 225 and 280 at Liverpool Autumn, and 500 at Newmarket Houghton	5
5	Tenebrosa, Mr. Skingley's, 40 at Coggeshall, and a stake at Romford... ..	2
SAFEGUARD.		
6	Cora, Mr. Timms', 40 at Worcester Autumn	1
SAILOR (son of Candidate).		
a	Jane Anne Thornton, Mr. Higgins', a stake at Epping	1
ST. GOVINS.		
6	Greedy Sam, Mr. Henderson's, a stake at Tenby	1
ST. NICHOLAS (son of Emilius).		
3	Æthon, Capt. Gardner's, 60 at Epsom and 60 at Egham	2
4	Dunstan, Mr. Critchley's, 50 at Manchester, 55 at Newton, and 100 at Stafford	3
3	Emperor, The, Mr. Osborne's, 70 at Chester, 45 at Ripon, 24 at Hartlepool, and 50 at Worcester Autumn	4
5	Empress, Mr. Lapish's, 50 at York October	1
3	Cammon-box, Mr. Clark's, 60 at Liverpool July	1
3	Jessica, Mr. Rogers', 55 at Cambridge Coronation, thrice 50 at Ipswich, 50 at Yarmouth, 50 and the Cup Stakes of 90 at Chelmsford, 50 at Egham, and 100 and 65 at Rochester and Chatham	10
5	Lady Abbess, Mr. Price's, 120 at Newport (Salop), 60 at Wrexham, and 125 at Oswestry	3
5	Orelia, Mr. Allen's, the Tradesmen's Cup value 200, with 1145 in specie at Liverpool July; Mr. Goodman's, the Goodwood Stakes of 1360 at Goodwood, 60 and the Queen's Plate at Brighton, and the Queen's Plate at Lewes	5
4	St. Hubert, Sir C. Cockerell's, 130 and 50 at Bibury	2
ST. PATRICK (son of Walton).		
4	Currency, Duke of Grafton's, the Queen's Plate at Newmarket First Spring, and half of 50 with Janus at Newmarket Second Spring	1½
a	Daniel, Mr. Smith's, a stake at Yarmouth, 24 and 25 at Downham, 70 and 65 at Norfolk and Norwich	5
4	Garry Owen, Mr. Byng's, 50 and 150 at Newmarket Craven, 100 at Newmarket First Spring, the Stewards' Cup value 300, with 160 in specie at Goodwood, 50 at Huntingdon, 200 at Newmarket Second October, 50, 100, and 50 at Newmarket Houghton	9
2	Michaelmas Day, Mr. Pettit's, 45 at Newmarket First October, and 60 at Newmarket Second October	2
3	St. Colomb, Mr. Thornhill's, 100 at Newmarket Second October	1
6	St. Francis, Mr. Pettit's, the Queen's Plates at Chelmsford, Egham, Northampton, Bedford, and Newmarket First October	5
SAMARCAND (son of Blacklock).		
4	Bokhara, Sir G. Heathcote's, 45 at Ascot Heath	1
4	Dahlia, Mr. Kling's, 85 at Epsom and 50 at Tunbridge Wells	1
SANDBECK (son of Catton).		
6	Humphrey, Mr. Milner's, 245 at Stockton, and the Queen's Plate at Leicester	2
SARACEN (son of Selim).		
3	Executrix, I. Day's, 50 at Second Hippodrome, 70 and 50 at Bath, 100 at Co. of Gloucester, 65 at Oxford, and 50 at Abingdon	6
3	Miss Stilton, Mr. Dixon's, 40 at Epsom	1
4	Pickwick, Mr. Williams', a stake at Malvern	1
3	Saracena, Mr. Thompson's, a cup and a stake at Hay	2
SATAN (son of Lottery).		
2	Temptation, Mr. Dawson's, 140 at Manchester, and 40 at Northallerton	2
SAVERNAKE (son of Golumpus).		
a	Newman Noggs, Mr. Hulbert's, 25 at Hungerford	1
SEAGRAVE (son of Walton).		
5	Brown Bess, Mr. Phillipson's, the Donation Cup with 25 at Stamford... ..	1

SHEET ANCHOR (son of Lottery).	
2 Arcanus, Mr. Dawson's, 60 at Stockton	1
3 Ben Brace, Capt. Gardnor's, 70 at Gorchambury and 50 at Epsom	2
3 Canoe, H. S. Thompson's, 35 at the Yorkshire Union Hunt, and a cup at Fairfield Park	2
2 Sally, Col. Cradock's, 50 at Northallerton	1
3 Sequidilla, Mr. Cook's, 175 and 50 at Warwick	2
2 Topsail, Lord G. Bentinck's, 50 at Newmarket Houghton	1
SIR GRAY (son of Rubens).	
5 Knight, The, Mr. Samwell's, 50 at Bridgnorth	1
SIR HERCULES (son of Whalebone).	
a Augean, The, Lord Howth's, 185 at Eglinton Park	1
6 Bristolian, Lord Huntingtower's, 30 at Cottisford, and two stakes at Hurstbourne Tarrant	3
3 Coronation, Mr. Rawlinson's, 150 at Warwick Spring, the Great Derby Stakes of 4,325 at Epsom, the Ascot Derby of 300 at Ascot Heath, and the Cup Stakes of 135 at Oxford	4
a Cruiskee, Lord Miltown's, the Tradesmen's Plate of 200 with 780 at Chester, and the Stand Cup of 100 with 300 at Liverpool July	2
3 Hereford, Mr. Griffith's, 40 at Wolverhampton, and 30 at Hereford	2
2 Iole, Mr. Shelley's, 200 at Brighton, and 70 at Bedford	2
5 Jenny Jones, Mr. S. Smith's, 50 at Hertford, and 49 at Hastings and St. Leonard's	2
3 Louise, Mr. Price's, 20 at Newton	1
3 Miss Winney, Mr. Walters', 50 at Ludlow	1
2 Robert de Gorham, Lord Verulam's, 80 at Gorchambury	1
3 Star, The, Mr. Arthur's, 35 at Hednesford, 45 at Lichfield, 40 at Broms- grove, and 27 at Stretford	4
SIR HULDIBRAND (son of Octavius).	
a Greyleg, Mr. Carlisle's, a stake at Lambert's Castle, ditto at Westbury and Bratton, and ditto at Weymouth	3
SIR PHILIP.	
3 B. f., Mr. Bostock's, 23 at Welshpool	1
SPECULATOR (son of Lottery).	
2 Valentina, Mr. Price's, the Golborne Stakes of 200 at Newton, and 50 at Holywell Hunt	2
STARCH (son of Waxy Pope).	
a Confusion, Lord Glenlyon's, 45 and 80 at Perth	2
STOCKPORT (son of Langar).	
2 Skipton, Mr. Osborne's, 41 at Durham, 190 at York Spring, 140 at Stock- ton; Mr. Osbaldeston's, 50 at Newmarket Houghton	4
STREPHON (son of Rubens).	
Bonaparte—see <i>Catamaran</i> .	
a Catamaran, Mr. Cellins', 28 at Bibury, and, as Mr. Dickers' Bonaparte, a cup at St. John's Wood	2
a Sam Weller, Mr. Herbert's, 45 at Coventry, 100 at Pytchley Hunt, 30 at Bibury (Old Course), 70 at Manchester, 58 and 50 at Horwich, 60 at Leominster, 90 at Hereford, and 30 at Lincoln	9
STUMPS (son of Whalebone).	
3 Myrtle, Mr. Mostyn's, 50 at Wolverhampton	1
3 Portrait, Mr. M. Jones', 60gs and 100 at Chester, the Borough Cup of 100 with 140 in specie, 95 at Newton, 50 at Oswestry, and 48 at Knutsford	6
3 Traitor, Mr. Lucas', 45 at Hungerford	1
SULTAN (son of Selim).	
3 Abydos, Lord Exeter's, 120 at Newmarket July	1
4 Amurath, Lord Exeter's, 100 at Newmarket First Spring	1
a Adrian, Mr. Budds, a cup with 6 in specie at Bishop's Waltham; Mr. Legg's, 21 and 24 at Odiham, 34 at Isle of Wight, 50 at Devon and Exeter, and a stake at Marlborough	6

3 B. f., sister to Glencoe, Mr. Drage's, 52 at Hertford, 70 at Egham; Mr. Goodman's, 100 and 50 at Newmarket Houghton.....	4
a Caliph, Capt. Pettat's, twice 50 at Oxford.....	2
5 Clarion, Mr. Minor's, the Queen's Plate at Chester.....	1
3 Mosque, Duke of Grafton's, 225 at Newmarket Craven, St. Leger of 275 at Newmarket First October, and 50 at Newmarket Houghton.....	3
6 Nubian, Mr. Sandiland's, 60, 155, and 85, at Eglinton Park; Mr. Ramsay's, 50gs and 50 at Paisley.....	5
4 Scutari, Lord Exeter's, 100 at Newmarket First Spring, 200 at Newmarket First October, and 200 at Newmarket Second October.....	3
a Suleiman, Mr. Ramsay's, a stake at Monifieth.....	1
3 Wahab, Mr. Wreford's, 1,100 at Newmarket Craven.....	1

SWAP (son of Catton).

a Changeling, Mr. Land's, a stake at Litcham.....	1
a Cigar, Mr. J. Mitchell's, a stake at Irviue.....	1
a The Miller, Mr. New's, the Cavalry Cup at Upton-on-Severn.....	1

TAM WORTH (son of Tiresias).

4 Greenfinch, Mr. Gough's, a cup at Abergavenny, and a stake at Aberystwith.....	2
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TAURUS (son of Phantom or Morisco).

4 Assassin, Duke of Beaufort's, 200 at Newmarket First Spring.....	1
3 Buffalo, Lord Albemarle's, Racing Stakes of 750 at Goodwood, and 60 at Newmarket Houghton.....	2
5 Flambeau, Duke of Rutland's, 50 and the Queen's Plate at Newmarket First Spring, 80 at Ascot Heath, 50 at Newmarket First October, and twice 100 at Second October.....	6
5 Io, Mr. Gardner's, 38 at Bath and 370 at Brighton.....	2
3 John O'Gaunt, Duke of Bedford's, 150 and Newmarket Stakes of 650 at Newmarket First Spring, 35 at Second Spring, 100 at Newmarket First October, 200 and 500 at the Second October, 50, 200, and 75, at the Houghton.....	9
3 Joujou, Duke of Bedford's, 150 at Newmarket Craven.....	1
4 King of the Peak, Duke of Bedford's, 100 at Newmarket Craven, 50 at First Spring, 50 at Newmarket First October, and 50 at the Houghton.....	4
3 Oakley, Duke of Bedford's, 450, Column Stakes of 625, and 150, at Newmarket Craven, 300 at First Spring, 300 at Ascot Heath, and 100 and 50 at Newmarket Houghton.....	7
3 Mox, Mr. W. S. Stanley's, 50 at Newmarket Second Spring.....	1
3 Taurida, Duke of Bedford's, 50 at Newmarket Second Spring.....	1
2 Wiseacre, Mr. Wreford's, the Ham Stakes of 2450 at Goodwood, the Prendergast Stakes of 500 at Newmarket Second October, and half of 250 at Newmarket Houghton.....	2½

THE TARTAR (son of Thunderbolt).

a Moor, The, Mr. Scott's, a stake at Farningham, and ditto at Coggeshall.....	2
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TOMBOY (son of Jerry).

3 Affection, Mr. Balchin's, 60 at Lee and Eltham.....	1
2 Cabrera, Mr. Ramsay's, 100 at Eglinton Park.....	1
2 Master Thomas, Mr. Clark's, 60 at Liverpool July.....	1
3 Moonbeam, Mr. Brook's, 35 at York August, 49 and 40 at Lincoln, and 50 at Northallerton.....	4
2 Playfellow, Mr. Jacques', 200 at Newcastle.....	1

TOUCHSTONE (son of Camel).

2 Auckland, Lord Westminster's, 250 at Doncaster.....	1
2 B. c., out of Joanna, Lord Jersey's, 50 at Newmarket Houghton.....	1

TRAMP (son of Dick Andrews).

Honesty, Mr. Thompson's, a match at Fairfield Park.....	1
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TRAMPER (son of Tramp).

Chance (late Ranger), Mr. Edwards', 50 at No-Man's-Land.....	1
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TRANBY (son of Blacklock).

- 6 I-am-not-aware, Colonel Peel's, 100 at Newmarket Second October, and 100 at Newmarket Houghton..... 2

THE TULIP (son of Wamba).

- 3 B. c., out of Queen Bess, Mr. Mostyn's, 90 at Chester..... 1
 3 Blanche, Mr. Stephenson's, 40 at Newmarket July; (Mr. Horner's), 50 at Yarmouth, and 53 at Downham..... 3
 4 Tuly, Mr. Price's, 305 at Wolverhampton..... 1

TURCOMAN (son of Selim).

- 5 Clinker, Mr. Graydon's, a gold cup with 325 in specie, and 50 at Liverpool Autumn, and twice 50 at Wrexham..... 4

THE TUTOR (son of St. Patrick).

- 4 Elizabeth, Mr. Farmer's, a stake at Tenbury..... 1
 5 Tippoo, Mr. George's, a stake at Knighton..... 1
 4 Henley, Mr. Botfield's, 75 and 35 at Ludlow, 40 at Dudley and Tipton; (Mr. Jones'), 45 at Wolverhampton, 50 at Brecon, and 65 at Worcester Autumn..... 6

VANISH (son of Phantom).

- a Sunbeam, Mr. Ramsay's, 50 and the Blythwood Stakes at Paisley, 50 at Western Meeting, 50 at the Caledonian Hunt, and 30 at Dumfries... 5

VELOCIPEDE (son of Blacklock).

- 4 Annulet, Lord Eglinton's, 60 at Manchester, 62 at Brighton; Mr. Lambert's, a stake at Hartlepool..... 3
 2 B. c., out of Queen Bathsheba, Lord Eglinton's, 100 at Liverpool Autumn..... 1
 2 Elopement, Col. Anson's, 90 at Nottingham, and 100 at Newmarket Houghton..... 2
 2 Florence, Mr. Meiklam's, 45 and 70 at Lancaster..... 2
 3 Knight of the Whistle, Lord Chesterfield's, 370 at York Spring..... 1
 4 Millpede, Mr. Wormald's, 70 at Beverley, 105 at Manchester, 75 at York October, and the Cup Stake of 90gs at Northallerton..... 4
 3 Miss Emily, Capt Colquitt's, 50 at Epsom..... 1
 4 Miss Heathcote, Mr. Graydon's, 90 at Liverpool Autumn..... 1
 2 Pharold, Duke of Cleveland's, 40 at Stockton..... 1
 a Van Buren, Mr. H. S. Thompson's, 85 at the Yorkshire Union Hunt Club..... 1
 5 Zephyr, Mr. Robins', 20 at Rochester and Chatham..... 1

VERULAM (son of Lottery).

- 4 Vulcan, Mr. Holmes', 90 at Warwick, and the Cambridgeshire Stakes of 1090, and twice 100 at Newmarket Houghton..... 4

VISCOUNT (son of Stamford).

- Viscountess, Mr. Lamb's, 50 at Eglinton Park..... 1

VOLTAIRE (son of Blacklock).

- 5 Charles the Twelfth, Mr. Johnstone's, the Cup Stakes of 50 at Catterick Bridge, 50 at Newcastle; the Goodwood Cup, value 300, with 700 in specie, at Goodwood; the Cleveland Cup, value 100, with 900 in specie, at Wolverhampton; 70, the Whip, with 80 in specie; and the Queen's Plate at the Caledonian Hunt, the Queen's Plate at Edinburgh, the Cup Stakes of 90gs at Dumfries, and the Roxburgh Cup, value 150gs with 50 in specie, at Kelso..... 10
 5 Dean, The, Mr. Collett's, a Silver Cup, with 21 in specie at Coventry, 75 and the Tradesmen's Cup of 100 with 115 at Worcester, 90 at Bomsgrove, and 45 at Worcester Autumn..... 4
 3 Escort, Mr. Payne's, 400 at Newmarket Craven, and 50 at First Spring. 2
 2 Foxberry, Duke of Cleveland's, 70 at Catterick Bridge, and 175 at Newcastle..... 2
 3 Henri Quatre, Lord Chesterfield's, 60 and 50 at Nottingham, and 35 at Newmarket Houghton..... 3
 3 Heslington, Major Yarburgh's, 400 at York August..... 1

3	Jack Sheppard, Mr. Gascoigne's, the York Derby of 150 at York Spring, 150 at Newcastle, 60 at Ripon, and 45 at York October.....	4
3	Lady Mary, Mr. Legh's, 60gs. at Newton, 39 at Horwich, and 37 at Radcliffe Pridge.....	3
3	Little Bundle, Mr. G. Dawson's, 35 at Stockton, and 50 at Morpeth....	2
4	Parisiana, Mr. Lambert's, 50 at South Shields, and 20 at Scarborough..	2
3	Sybarite, Lord Stanley's, St. Leger of 50 at Newton.....	1
3	Vesta, Mr. Marshall's, 75 at Wolverhampton.....	1
	WAMBA (son of Merlin).	
5	Nell, Mr. Trotter's, 31 at Abergavenny, 43 at Hereford, 40 at Brecon, and 40 at Monmouth.....	4
	WARRIOR.	
-	Duke (The), Mr. Bradley's, a Cup at Swansea.....	1
	WAVERLEY (son of Whalebone).	
a	Sambo Sutton, Mr. Hepple's, 29 at Tyne-mouth, 50 at South Shields, a stake at Mansfield, 43 at Eccles, a stake at Cheadle (Cheshire), a Silver Cup, value 40gs., with 15 in specie, at Stretford, 45 at Bedford....	7
	WHISKER (son of Waxy).	
a	Catherina, Mr. Barrow's, 50 at Tenbury, 45 at Knighton, 36 and the Cup Stakes of 70 at Bridgnorth, a stake at Redditch, 50 at Lichfield, 25 and £27 10s. at Sandbach, 35 at Knutsford, 30 and 40 at Welshpool, and 43 at Leek.....	12
	YOUNG WHISKER (son of Whisker).	
3	Benjamin, Mr. Fisher's, a stake at Pigburn.....	1
	WHITWORTH (son of Agonistes).	
a	Eliza, Mr. Liston's, two stakes at Hartlepool, and a stake and match at Houghton Spring.....	4
	WINDCLIFFE (son of Waverley).	
-	Maid of Gwent, Mr. Jones', a stake at Abergavenny.....	1
	WRANGLER (son of Walton).	
4	Lawyer (The), Mr. Oliver's, a Gold cup, with 70 in specie, and a piece of Plate, value 50, at the Yorkshire Union Hunt Club.....	2
	ZINGANEE (son of Tramp).	
-	B. m., Sir C. Cockerell's, the Hack Stakes at Bibury, old course.....	1
6	Bay Hampton, Mr. Gough's, 35 and 57 at Haverfordwest.....	2
	BLACKLOCK or LANGAR.	
a	Felix (Sir), Mr. Powell's, in a stake at Malvern.....	1
	GAIN or CADLAND.	
a	Finality, Mr. Robinson's, 40 at Newport (Salop), 30, 48, and 45 at Broms-grove, 50 at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and 45 at Knutsford.....	6
	ELIS or CARNABY.	
2	Wiltona, Lieut. Gambier's, a stake at Woolwich Garrison.....	1
	LEONARDO or PHYSICIAN.	
4	Avicenna, Mr. Watson's, stake at Lynemouth.....	1
	SIR GRAY or BIRDCATCHER.	
4	Trustee, Mr. Mostyn's, 150 at Goodwood.....	1
	PHYSICIAN or GAINSBOROUGH.	
5	La Sage Femme, Mr. Bell's, the Wolverhampton Stakes of 770 at Wol-verhampton, and 130 at Liverpool Autumn.....	2
	TRAMP or COLUMBUS.	
a	Postboy (late Morrison), Mr. Lamphugh's, two stakes at Bloxwich, and (Mr. Hooper's), a stake at Ledbury.....	3
	VANISH or FILHO.	
a	Luther, Mr. Woodcock's, a stake at Beccles.....	1

“DOINGS IN THE PIG DEPARTMENT,” INDIA.

MR. FITZWIGGINS TO MR. SIMPKINS.

TO HORACE AUGUSTUS SIMPKINS, ESQ.

Tottenham Court Road. London.

Dear *Simpkins*,—I now sit down to sile another sheet of the Best Chaina Whitey Brown, vich is the cheapest letter paper in these here parts, vith our Doings in the Pig Department, as promised in my last Bill—I mean *Billet*, vich I hope vos properly receipted in Due corse. Little indeed did I profesy, my Dear Sim, when I engaged for a full and partiklar Account of our Boarin’ Adwentirs, how harduous would be the task, how unkinmon ’arrassin’ the Resital. Oh! them peruls in the Water, and them purls upon the Land, as ve 2 Wictimised youths undervent, and overcome between leavin’ of Shampaul Ghot—(a sort of wappin’ old stairs they have here, and called *Shampaul*, because the nigger watermen is apt to *Sham* ’*Aybram*, ven they inveagles the Fare out of a green ’un)—and returnin’ to the same, is as painful to describe as it’s painfuller to think about: howsomever, my promisses aint piecrust, and as I give my vurd for the letter, here goes for the hact:—

Well! Gustavus and me, last Sunday vos a veek, takes boat, or rather budjero agin, and start at gunfire for a 4 day’s excession up the River, to the scene of our exploits, a place goin’ by the peccoliar denommenation of ‘*Kiss-and-hug-her*.’

“Not over morl,” says I, when I heard it first; “callin’ sitivations in that way.”

“What’s in a name?” says Guss, gettin’ the better of me as he generally does.

Passin’ sights of fine forrin settlements, both Dutch and flaimish handsomely deposed on both sides of the *Hugly*, we cut along like winky till bedtime, when Barukpoor was left to the right. In this last is a Governor’s house, a Region Park, and a Garden of Eden; with 2 gardenin’ Angels, and an aspirin’ *Hill*, a *Broom* to keep all tidy, and *Showers* as make the *hay decamp*; besides Forbidden fruit trees, and 3 milintary corpses to keep the peace in the Seedy Provinces on the Banks of the Hindus—with many other coorosities and natural unprobabillyties, &c. for a disernin’ public as has time to dewote to Phynominnon Inspection. Ve hadn’t, so ve didn’t: nothin’ ewentival took place on the road, but!—between breakfast and tiffin of the second day, all the dandys of a sudden sets up a callin’ out—

“Come here! come here!”

“Come along my Kiddies,” says I, jumpin’ up. “Vot is it?”

“Come here,” says they agin, pintin’ to a black objic in the voter; ven Guss, who’d been a rumpagin’ Gilgrist’s Wocableary all the mornin’, follows me up on deck with the wery dientical same



WHAT A BOARD!



blunderbush, as did such execootion amongst the Irishers—I mean the Paddy birds in the Sundrybums; and says he “I know what it is; it’s an alleygaiter, and here’s at him.”

Bang! goes the piece, and sure enough Mr. “*Come-here*,” as they called h. u., never moved no more than the monniment; but lo! and beold!, ven ve come up vith the creatur, it turns out nothin’ more or less than a drowned Donkey. Didn’t I get the best of Gustavus *this time* neither? callin’ him a cruel parricide for shootin’ his dead and unburied Brothern;—I couldn’t help it, he looked so like a hass.

After this he come on proseedin’ till the evenin’ of the 4th day, ven just as old *’Ot-as-blazes* vos pullin’ on his red nightcap, and thinkin’ of takin’ a comfortable snooze on the bussum of Theedis—(aint that a figratif vay of talkin’ of sunset?)—ve awled up at one of the Endigo factoories of our friend, Mr. Kneelbotham, as wasn’t at home, but left a note, tellin’ us to make ourselves so, and sayin’ he had ordered us a cipple of *tits*, one of which was a *tat*—(*tat for tit* not *tit for tat*, ye see; oh! cry! how they do transmogrofy vords and things in this out and outlandish country)—as vould take us cleverly arter the grunterns, and also lots of lush, vich put us in spirits. These here Endigo Factoories, my dear Simpkins, is vere they maufacturs Proosian blue for the voshervomen, and keeps disturbances ready made, just to exorsize the lazy Beaks (as is generally too *civil* by half) on their respective wacations—verefor they go to the eksperience of havin’ riots always on hand, and get beaters, clasher, and other insendaries to order,—aint that Pat-riot-ick? Dan O’Kernel’s nothin’ of an Agertatur to ’em. But this is unrevelant, so as the French say, “Revenous to our mutton,” vich ’appens to be Pork.

Next mornin’ at peep o’ day, up riz the lark, and up riz Orlando Fitzwiggins and Gustavus Smallpage, Esquires, fresher than him, and mountin’ their forefooted animal quodroopids, made for the field of action. A picture in the *Bengal Sportin’ Magazine* (as is edited by a regular Sportsman, a great *Stork-killer*) havin’ showed us vot vos “*canelfo*” (French again) in the vay of rig. I suppose ve didn’t think no small hodson of ourselves, as ve rode through the willages, arrestin’ the attention of the half-naked Abreechanees vith our cords and tops, solar hats, hog spears, &c. &c., till we come to a large open common kivured with boolrusses and the like, vith here and there a little surpentine pool of coffy-cullur’d nastiness, doin’ dooty for ditch vater. Now, thinks I, ve’ll see some game presently, so I takes preshous care Guss should keep a *leettle* in front, because I vaunted to see vot the fun vos like, afore I ventured my own preshus carkase into perul: moreover, if anythin’ unpleasant should ’appen to occur to him, I could write to you to let his anxious mother know how wery unprudent it vos in her lettin’ him *come out*, and cruel near ve vos to such a lamontable antis-trophe surely, as you’ll read presently. We hadn’t got not more than half a mile through them boolrusses, ven as sure as sixpence, a lookin’ at us out of a bed of slush, there vos as fine a fat he male boar as you vouldn’t vish to clap eyes on, sittin’ on his uncured

hams, and lookin' vell-inclined to give us fresh cheek in a salt, with a 'nation uninwitin' pair of sharpinted ivories by vay of relish. However, Guss is a Nero, with "never say die" for his maximum, and forthwith charges the unclean 'un like sticks a breakin'. But now ve come to the climaks! As they went in contract, up skies his mayr and down comes Guss, as neat as nothin', all wiz-a-wiz with that feline porker, shot as regular as a bushel of val send down a coal-hole in Ratchliff high vay. Pleasant he did look to be sure, and pleasanter still, ven tryin' to scramble out of the vay, imposin' the most tenderest part of his corporal frame to the pint of danger; the pig takes him bang under the coat-tails, and cruelly lacerates him there; but this wasn't all, being now close at hand, just as the hirshoot monster was leapin' over Poor Guss's prostitute korpiss, I delivers my spear, when oh! langage aint no epitaphs to conwey my 'orror at seein' my veppon deludin' the adversary, and enterin' the individual. Then it vos "hoff, hoff, and away," as the stranger says in the song, for Guss vos "hoff," and I vos "away," faster than I partiklarly fancied, on my onmannigable vite tat, arter his romanosed red mayr. Think, my dear Simpkins—think what must have been my mental motions, as I skivered through slush and boolorusses, on the back of that beast, knowin' as I'd left Gustavus Smallpage—(him as had been my beer and 'baccy companion, to say nothin' of fellar-'prentice for a matter of 3 twelfmonth and a quarter)—lyin' ever so far behind, p'raps rythin' in the contortioneve agonies of mortal demeges, p'raps already as stiff as pitch, half and half spifflicated by the *pig* and the *poke*. At length, as I approached a willage in front, I began for to hope for a determination to my unwillin' career, and a moyst one it proved to become; for as I vos a turnin' up the vites of my eyes in my own unhappiness, clingin' to the neck of the tearaway tat, with feelins of manly fortitude and Christan resignashun—indeed, in a state better described than understood, he, the beast! pulls up dead short on the brink of the —common soor it *must* have been, and plumps me neck and crop into a hocean of oncleanness: there vos I wallerin' out of my depth, and might be so still, hadn't my syze (an Ingian groom, as always goes along with you out a ridin') havin' follered me up, begun feelin for me under water with the but end of one of the hog-spears, and Providenshally hit me dreadfully over the head, twice; vainin' reason returned at the double rapp, like Betty the housemade to the twopenny postman, and graspin' the spear convolutionally, I vos eventually landed, *preserved* sure enough, but oh! in such a *pickle*!—vot them niggurs could have been shyin' there, I can't ventur to say, but the liquour warn't lavender vater, nor the green gerialum leaves and minninette—but to come to the seekwall. Afore they'd done scrapin of me, for vipin' vosn't in question, up comes Guss, to my unwriteable raptur as vell as ever, indeed of both of us, to judge by the froternal embrace which spoke more than vords how 'appy ve vos that neither was harmed and equally more frightened than 'urt. Misfortunately his temper was a little ruffled at findin' how much of my coatin' I had unadvertantly transferred to his apparul; but it aint in him to be sulky long, and ve

soon found out the shorts of his escape. He bein' in bukskins, the tuskan foe hadn't driv deeper than the outer intergument, a portion of vich my spear had likewise pierced, and pinned him to the ground by his broken breeches, entirely prewentin' any further pursoot of the enemy, even if he'd felt inclined to continue the warfare—vich I thinks *rather* prublumatical. This our first attempt vos pretty vell enough for both of us, "short an' desisive," as the sayin' is—and "no more pig-sticking for the present" vos the decision ve both come to; so after dawdlin' away a few days, and managin' to bye a few heads of boars, &c., from the willagers, for the satisfacshun of all enquirin' friends, back ve come to our crib in the City of Palusses.

Enough, then, for this vonce—we aint got inclinashun for the sports of the field *pigged* out of us yet, and I dares to say you will yet hear further on sich outlandish Nimroddery from,

Your's till death,

ORLANDO FITZWIGGINS.

Kalkutta, Bengall, India, May 3rd, 1840.

Bengal Sporting Magazine, for Sept., 1840.

OLD MERRYMAN'S LAST RUN.

[The old Whipper-in's account (to his son, just appointed Huntsman) of a day's work which killed Merryman, a favorite old hound both of master and man:—]

It will be six years ago the ninth of next February that we threw off at the Lynallet covert. The day was cloudy, and the ground covered with dew. The Squire and all the Gentlemen o' the Hunt were out. I and Striver had drafted all the best hounds from the kennel; for, you see, I was forced to do a great deal of his work for the last ten years. Not one was lame, young, or riotous. We drew up the wind towards a stopped earth, very quietly for a minute or two, when Merryman gave such a long bell-like note that told sly Reynard was afoot. "Hark to Merryman!" halloo'd I. "Tally ho! tally ho!" shouted some one immediately afterwards. "Yoiks for'ard, for'ard!" halloo'd the Squire, and out burst every hound close to his brush; not one tailed. There was no occasion to bawl "hold hard!" No one thinks of starting before the Squire, and he's too good a Sportsman to tear away before the proper time. But when he gives the "Harkaway," and any one hesitates to ride, or take a leap before him, the way in which he asks "what he's waiting for?" is a caution not to shew him so much respect for the future. He can't abide humbug in any shape.

In a handful of seconds on went as strong a fox as ever rattled across a country; as fine a pack o' hounds as could be unkennelled in England; as fine a true-hearted gentleman as ever owned a pack; and two score and six of well-mounted straight riders as ever crossed saddles. For a quarter of an hour we ran in view

over a heath as level as a bowling-green. The pace was so great, and no raspers to clear, that it was more like a race than a hunt. At the other side of the heath was a deep slope, at the bottom of which was a thick growth of furze. Down the fox dipped among the prickles; but the hounds were so hot upon him that they took him through in full cry without a check. On the side he came out was a steep hill, which he climbed at his best speed; but they gained upon him so at his work that he was obliged to turn his sharp nose again to the slope. Now he managed to make a greater distance between the hounds and himself, by running in a slanting direction towards the bottom of the hill. When he got there, he struck along the valley with his brush straight out, and, before the dogs reached the end of the slope, he was lost to view by this cunning run of his. For about twenty minutes we rattled on without any check, and the scent breast-high. Every hound was in full cry, making the hill ring again with his hearty tune. 'The ground was rather heavy; but no strong leaping fatigued our nags.' Hoggerell Woods were now in sight, to which the varmint was making, and where there was some earths; but the stoppers had been the night before to close them up, so there was no danger of losing him, or our having any great trouble of getting out of these thick coverts.

I and Striver (the Huntsman) were riding neck-an'-neck when the first stiff un was before our horses' heads. It was a rail, a deep water-course, and another rail on the opposite side—a regular fly of twenty feet. Striver and I exchanged looks as we neared it. I believe, and often have told him so, that he never would have switched that rasper if I'd not been at his side: as it was, he went at it very nervously. Neither of the horses swerved a hair's breadth as they took their spring at it; but, the ground being much lower on the other side, both of them staggered upon their legs as they cleared the splitting leap.

The hounds dived into the covert about a hundred yards before we reached the edge of it, and, all the earths being stopped, they ran him clean through it, just as they did with the other one. Before they reached the end of the wood all were out; and again the sneaking rascal was in view, doing his best to get away. We gave him a good "tally-ho!" and he seemed to take the cheer like a hero, for he lifted his brush a little, as much as to say "catch me who can." We were now going over a grass country at a killing pace. Mile after mile we scoured, sometimes losing sight of the fox; but for the most part running him in view—so close did the hounds press him.

As near as I can guess, we crossed sixteen miles nearly in a straight line from Lynallet to Gosford Brook, without a breathing moment. Here we had a couple of minutes, from the crafty varmint having dipped himself in the water: but, having made a wide cast, the hounds hit off the scent, and on we went again at the same rate. Still there was a good Field up, although many had been floored at the leap Striver and I took, and those had been thrown out as well as off, being unable, from the speed we went, to make up the lost distance.

The hounds now began to tail. I did all that was in my power to get them on, but it was no use; the poor fellows wanted as much as I did to go a-head; but the pace and distance had taken their strength away—on they could not go.

“Never mind them, Tom,” said the Squire, galloping past me; “they must be left, and found afterwards.”

I was on that tip-top mare, the Maid-o'-the-Mill; and, leaving the hounds to drop off, as they did, one by one at almost every stride, I took everything as God sent it, with but five couple now running before us. After going over a heavy woodland country for thirty minutes with these, I turned my eyes round to see the state of the Field. The Squire, of course, held his place; but there were but six besides him in sight. We now mounted Beach Tree Hill, and were swinging up it like coursing grey-hounds, when I heard the view-halloo from the other side. As I dipped over the top, there I saw a farmer hallooming the fox, tearing along at the bottom as strong as ever. We kept him in view for three miles across Rington Park, but did not gain a yard upon him. A new six-foot fence was being made round the park, and part of it was up at the end he was steering for. I thought that he'd double when he came to it; but there was no turn in him. He charged it fresh as a three-year-old, and made for a straight course to Chalk-pit Rock. The dogs went at it pretty much together; four jumped against the fence about half way up, and fell powerless to the ground. Three reached the top, scrambled upon it for a second or two, and over they came backwards to join the others, without breath or strength. Merryman, Hopeful, and Struggler flew across, but were the only three out of the whole pack able to continue the chase.

Striver was a short distance before me, and, to my great surprise, I saw him prepare to have a go at the rasper. His horse was much too tired, and so was he for such a leap; but I will say there was no flinching in either of them. “Over!” cried Striver, dashing his persuaders into his horse's flanks, and throwing out his whip-hand as they rose at it. By St. Crispin, I never saw such a fall in my whole life. The horse struck the edge of the fence with his fore-legs, just below his knees, and over they pitched on the opposite side, head foremost. I pulled up, and expected to see a few broken bones; but there was Striver, wiping the perspiration from his forehead as if nothing had happened, standing by the side of his fallen horse.

“Are you hurt?” said I.

“No!” replied he, “not much; but the horse is done up. I can't go any farther.”

“What's the matter?” asked the Squire, arriving at the spot.

“Striver's horse and all the hounds but three are tired out,” replied I.

“Then follow on, Tom. I'll not have the leash whipped off,” said the Squire.

I turned the mare's head to where the fence ended, and, cutting across at her best speed, I was again close to the crack three, having the hunt all to ourselves; not one rider being now up except

myself. For nearly an hour longer we kept the pace still the same ; but now I began to feel the mare stagger and reel under me, and I was certain that another mile would be all that she could do. I had not seen the fox since he jumped the park fence till now, when I saw him go into a thick osier bed by the side of a stream, a quarter of a mile before the hounds. Merryman pressed before Hopeful and Struggler into the osiers. Before I arrived there the fox was through, with the old leader not fifty yards behind him ; but neither of the other two were in sight.

At every stretch the mare took now, I expected that she would fall from weakness. The spur was not answered, and, certain that she couldn't last five minutes longer upon her legs, I pulled up and dismounted. Upon going into the middle of the bed, I found both the hounds lying on the ground, with their tongues stretched out, and their eyes ready to start from their sockets. As I led the mare and made the dogs crawl after me towards a cottage in sight, I could still hear the cry of old Merryman, which became fainter and fainter until I lost it altogether in the distance.

After attending to the poor, worn-out, and punished animals, I procured a conveyance on wheels, and a lame pony, to take me to the nearest post-town, where I got a chaise and pair of fast tits to help me on the road home. Knowing our master would be very wishful to know what became of us, I was determined to get home that night, and go the next morning for the horse and hounds. I had to travel thirty-seven miles from the cottage to the hall, and it was very late in the evening before I reached home. Upon sending in word to the Squire that I had returned, I was summoned into the dining-room, where I found him, as usual, comfortably stretched in his old easy chair, smoking a cigar, and listening to Miss Kate's singing.

"Well, Tom, did you kill?" inquired the Squire, as soon as he saw me.

I then told him all that had happened. He was very much pleased with old Merryman's continuing the hunt ; and, after hearing what I had to say, he told me all the hounds were picked up on the road home but a brace, and ordered me to start early in the morning, with some help, to get these and the others.

"Do you think the old hound would run much farther?" said he.

"Both the fox and hound were very strong, Sir, when I left them," replied I.

"The noble old fellow! Get to rest as soon as you can, and start by daybreak for him, with the dog-cart," said the Squire.

With a pair of our best horses, I started in the morning in the dog-cart to search for the old leader, and the other two hounds. After inquiring along the road, I found the brace at a farm-house, about eighteen miles from home, foot-sore and famished. I boxed them up in the cart, and proceeded, with fresh horses, to the cottage where I had left the mare and the other brace of hounds. I put Jack Tiggles, that I had taken with me, upon the mare, directing him to walk her gently home, and went on to inquire for Merryman.

After much inquiry, a man ploughing told me that he saw a hound in full cry cross the road about where I was, on his way from his work the night before. This was the first piece of intelligence I had received concerning the old hound. As I proceeded, and was turning down a lane in the direction that he took, according to the ploughman's statement, I saw a shepherd unfolding his flock. I inquired of him if he had heard or seen the hound.

"Yes," replied he, "just inside of that brushwood I saw a dead hound and fox this morning at sunrise, lying close to each other; and there I left them."

I jumped from the cart, and ran as fast as I could to the spot. Six feet in the thicket lay poor old Merryman and the fox, dead and stiff. Both had run their lives out at the same time. The gay old hound's teeth had not touched the fox; he had not been mouthed, but died, as the hound did, with the race alone.

A white frost had crisped the skins of the two matchless fellows, and the rays of the morning sun glittered upon their frozen coats as I looked at them with a quivering lip and tearful eyes. For six years he had been the favorite. I was with him the first time that he sung his song at a cub, and from that moment when his cry rung he never was at fault. Poor old fellow! There he was, stretched upon the ground, dead; never could his note again make our hearts leap, as it used when he gave his signal to Reynard to unkennel.

From "The Old English Gentleman"—a new Sporting Work, by John St. Hugh Mills, just published in London.

ON THE PAYMENT OF FORFEITS.

NEW LAW OF THE ENGLISH JOCKEY CLUB.

THE English Jockey Club has recently passed a law having for its object *the more prompt and punctual* PAYMENT OF FORFEITS, a matter of the utmost interest to all those connected with the Turf. Such a law is imperiously required here to secure those who habitually pay their own forfeits promptly, from being imposed upon by *men of straw*. It is a matter of notoriety, that a number of the high-spirited gentlemen connected with the Turf in this country have been absolutely swindled out of thousands of dollars in forfeits. It is notorious that among the heavy Sweepstakes that have come off within the last few years—the \$44,000 Stake on Long Island, for instance—many of the forfeits have never been paid to this day, and yet the parties owing them, who are abundantly able to liquidate those claims, are running horses and entering into heavy engagements all over the country. Their plan is something like this: When a good stake is opened within their reach, they nominate two or three colts and "d—n the expense;" if their colts turn out well, they endeavor to get some sporting friend to make up the

amount of subscription, and so contrive to start; if they can procure no one to put up the money for them, the first thing you hear of them is, that their colts are running, and themselves too, in a distant State. Then comes a denial that they ever made a nomination, but if their letters are produced, and the forfeit is fixed upon them, an excuse is made that Col. H., or Mr. S., or the Brothers K. are wealthy gentlemen, and all that sort of thing, the result of which is that they will not pay. Sometimes the Secretary's book or their letter, making the nomination, is lost or mislaid; when an accident of this nature unfortunately occurs, the thing is out; in such a case they won't pay, any how you can fix it. It has happened that a distemper [!] suddenly carries off a colt or two that is heavily engaged; the reader will suppose we mean that the colt really "shuffles off this mortal coil"—that he dies. No such thing. Under a high sounding name, and with an excellent pedigree (for they may as well have a good one, as it costs nothing,) the sweep-stake colt is "shuffled off" sure enough, but he is running in Canada, Texas, or the Far West, or else he is called a smart "cider nag," and is "wring in" on "the suckers" as a saddle-horse, in the interior, somewhere. There is no end to the ways and means adopted to get rid of paying forfeits, and though there is occasionally a clever fellow who is willing but unable to pay (and of such no complaint is ever made, so long as they keep out of heavy stakes,) in a great majority of cases there is no reason whatever why the following Rule adopted by the Jockey Club of England should not be rigidly enforced against them:—

At a meeting of the English Jockey Club held at Newmarket on Thursday, in the Houghton Meeting, 1841, and again by adjournment on the following day, it was resolved—

That the 24th rule of the Jockey Club be repealed, and that the following rules be passed:—

"No person shall start a horse for any race, either in his own name, or in that of any other person, unless both the owner and namer of such horse shall have paid all former stakes and forfeits to the keeper of the Match Book before the time fixed for starting for the first race of each day on which he intends to start his horse. And this rule shall extend to forfeits due elsewhere than at Newmarket, provided a notice of such forfeits being due shall have been delivered to the keeper of the Match Book by ten o'clock in the evening preceding the day of running.

"No horse shall start for any race unless all former stakes and forfeits due for that horse shall be paid before the time fixed for starting for the first race of the day on which such horse is intended to run, provided that an objection to such horse starting shall have been made by ten o'clock in the evening preceding the day of running to the keeper of the Match Book.

"A list of all stakes and forfeits, due at Newmarket or elsewhere, shall be exhibited in the Coffee-room at Newmarket, and a similar list at Messrs. Weatherby's office, in London.

"The keeper of the Match Book shall enter upon this list all stakes and forfeits at Newmarket that are left unpaid at the expiration of the week following that in which the same shall have been incurred.

"The stewards or managers of races elsewhere are recommended to direct the person appointed to receive stakes to send to Messrs. Weatherby a list of unpaid forfeits, as soon after the races as conveniently may be, in order that the same may be placed upon the Forfeit List, and if the stakeholder shall omit to make such last-mentioned return within a reasonable time, it may be made by the respective winners of the races for which the forfeits are due. These returns in all cases to be made in writing, and signed by the parties making them.

"In case any forfeit shall remain unpaid three calendar months from the time at which it has been first put upon the list, a notice of such forfeit being due, with the name of the subscriber to the stake and the name or description of the horse, with the name or sufficient description of the stake, and the amount of the forfeit shall be advertised, in every succeeding sheet of the Racing Calendar, until Messrs. Weatherby shall receive notice in writing from the stakeholder at the place where the forfeit was incurred, or from the winner of the race, that the same is paid, or until it shall be paid at Messrs. Weatherby's office.

"No person, whose name shall appear in such advertised list, shall be entitled to enter or name a horse for any plate, sweepstakes, or subscription, either in his own name, or in the name of any other person, unless he shall pay up all the forfeits, in respect of which his name appears in the list, before the expiration of the time of naming such stake, &c.; and no horses which appears on such list shall be qualified to be entered for any race whatever, unless the forfeits mentioned in the said list as due for such horses shall be paid before the expiration of the time of naming or entering for such race; and no horse whose name shall appear in such list shall be qualified to start for any race, unless the aforesaid forfeits shall be paid before the time fixed for starting for the first race of the day on which such horse is intended to run.

"And, in order to prevent persons who are defaulters from evading these laws and continuing to engage horses by the use of fictitious names, the Stewards of the Jockey Club shall have the power of calling upon a nominator to produce satisfactory testimony that the horse named is not the property, either wholly or in part, of any person whose name appears in the advertised list of defaulters; and if the nominator shall fail to do so the Stewards may cause the nomination to be erased.

"All persons whose names appear on the list of defaulters may be warned off the course, at the discretion of the stewards, and prohibited from training or exercising horses on any part of the ground in the occupation of the Jockey Club.

"When a horse is sold with his engagements, or any part of them, and a notification of such sale is delivered to the keeper of the Match Book, the seller shall not have the power, after the delivery of such notification, of striking the horse out of the engagements with which he is sold; but, as the original subscriber remains liable to the respective winners for the amount of the forfeits in each of these engagements, he may, if compelled to pay them by the purchaser's default, place the forfeit on the Forfeit List in the usual manner, as due from the purchaser to himself; and until this forfeit is repaid both the purchaser and the horse shall remain under the same disabilities as if the purchaser had been the original subscriber. In all cases of sale by private treaty the written acknowledgment of both parties that the horse was sold with the engagement, shall be necessary to entitle either the buyer or seller to the benefit of this rule.

"When a person has a horse engaged in the name of another person, and is entitled, by purchase or otherwise, to start the horse for such engagement, but, in consequence of the namer being on the list of defaulters, should be prevented from starting his horse without previously paying up a forfeit to which he was not otherwise liable, he may, if he pay the forfeit, start his horse, leaving the forfeit on the list, and substituting his own name for that of the person to whom it was previously due; and if he should be compelled by the laws of racing to pay any forfeit which had not yet been put upon the list, he may, after paying the amount of the forfeit, have it put upon the Forfeit List in the usual manner, as due to himself.

"When a person takes a nomination for a stake, in which the forfeit is to be declared by a particular time, and does not declare forfeit by the time fixed in the article, he shall thenceforth be considered to have taken the engagement on himself, and his name shall be substituted for that of the original subscriber.

"ADDITIONAL RULES RESPECTING BETS.—When any person has been adjudged to be a defaulter by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, notice shall be given to him that he shall not be permitted any longer to come to the Coffee-room yard at Newmarket, nor upon the Racecourse there, until it shall have been certified

to the keeper of the Match Book, by his several creditors, that their claims have been satisfied; and if after such notice he should disregard the prohibition, it shall be enforced against him by the usual legal process; at the expiration of the Spring and October Meetings the names of such defaulters shall be communicated to Messrs. Tattersall, in order that they may be also excluded from the Betting-room in their yard.—The Stewards of the Jockey Club will not entertain any claims emanating from a person who has received the above named notice, until the claims upon him shall be certified to have been discharged." [Would it not tend to the exclusion of "men of straw," if, in order to become a subscriber at Tattersall's, it was indispensable that every person should be introduced by two members, and their names recorded as "godfathers?"—Ed.]

[N.B. At the same time a trifling alteration in the wording and arrangement of some of the other rules was agreed upon, which will be adopted when the whole are published in the next Book Calendar, and the above will then be arranged under their respective heads, and numbered.]

Bell's Life in London.

LONDON DEALERS' STABLES.

[Resumed from page 478, Sept. No., 1841.]

ANDERSON'S, PICCADILLY.

MUCH as the press has done towards assisting us to a knowledge of the social economy of our great metropolis, were ten times the amount of information at present available, afforded, it would fall far short of the materials which the subject offers with such prodigality. How palpable becomes our conviction of this, if we apply the test to such portions of it as are most familiar to us! Take, for instance, Piccadilly—and where is the man in London, in England, in the world, who could supply an outline sketch of the statistics of that district, even from Hyde Park Corner to Regent Circus? It may be urged that the especial difficulty, with which they have to contend who undertake statistical works, is the change that every succeeding day is affecting in the *morale* as well as in the *physique* of life. The excuse shall serve those gentlemen who teach us in stout quartos, or three volumes royal octavo; but your magazine purveyor is in no condition to plead such an apology. The legitimate office of periodical literature is to help us to each variety of the hour; a magazine should be, to all intents and purpose, "an abstract and brief chronicle of the time." If this view be a correct one, then will these papers be seasonable contributions to the pages of the "Sporting Review," in the least as regards their chronological fitness; if they are not without other merit, the public will be, by so much the more, gainers.

The reader, in some of his saunterings along Piccadilly, will not, probably, have wholly overlooked a certain layer of extremely fine red gravel, which, most artistically arranged, crossed (and crosses, and still may it continue to cross) the left *trottoir* leading eastward, just before the ascent of the hill commences. If the object attracted him, his eye, peradventure, followed it along its

source, an avenue of spotless purity, at the extremity of which he would discover (that is to say, if it were three or four of the clock P.M., an hour when Christian people may venture across their thresholds) the various accompaniments of equestrianism. Children in snow-white stable-jackets; youths in boots, whose lustre might call back the departed *Day*, were there, and, it is more than likely, "a gentleman in search of a horse." If, led by a taste for which he has our golden opinions, he entered the *sanctum*, then did his foot press a spot whereon have bounded nobler steeds than whilom devoured the courses of the Circus Maximus, or found immortality in the muse of Pindar: he was in the premises, and the odds are, in the presence of Mr. Joseph Anderson; and, having effected thus much, he will permit us to help him to such further particulars of this celebrated establishment, and its no less popular proprietor, as it is our fortune to possess.

As it is quite as much as reasonable quill-drivers can expect to be invited to honest men's tables in the singular number (proverbially careless as they are of number one), this paper proceeds to state that, having received a most hospitable bidding from Mr. Anderson, as aforesaid, *I* mounted my hackney on the very last Friday that ever was, and, long before the day was aired enough for the colony of May Fair to venture out of their blankets, was clearing Hyde Park at the rate of twenty miles an hour, including stoppages. The time named for breakfast was nine, and the place, that gentleman's suburban residence, Old Oak Farm. About the four-mile stone, on the Uxbridge road, just beyond the common at Shepherd's Bush, there is a finger-post, pointing to the right, bearing the above truly national address, and some quarter of a mile down a green lane brings you to the place indicated. I am, by no means, an admirer of the style of writing which may be called the epigastrical-historical, and therefore the items of the feast must remain untold. Those who have had experience of the *ménage* common to the cottage *ornée* of a wealthy London merchant, will need no enlightenment; such as have not, should pray that the experience may be speedily vouchsafed them. The room wherein we partook of our meal, was the *ideal* of Arcadian comfort (a combination, by the way, not less delightful than rare); without, bloomed flowers of beauty and fragrance, and within were all those appliances of ease and enjoyment

"That every man should buy with cash and sense."

The ornaments were few, but of excellent taste; a small cabinet picture, by Mr. Francis Grant, a real gem. It is the portrait of a very beautiful woman, to the fair original of which I owe an acknowledgment, alone withheld because the expression of it, that such a channel as this permits, would neither do justice to the receiver nor to the giver.

As soon as breakfast was over, and cigars were duly kindled, we proceeded to the stables; that is to say, the host, Mr. Alfred Dyson (a gentleman so well known for his excellence as a stag-hunter), and myself. The stables are connected with the house by a

covered way, and bear a most characteristic proportion to the establishment, being, at least, six times as extensive as the dwelling-house. Prepared as I was to find everything in them perfect, the reality exceeded all I had anticipated. The Roman who built a marble palace for his courser, did not lodge him more luxuriously than does Mr. Anderson his stud at Oak Farm nor care for him half so well. The ventilation of his stables, both in the country and in London, is of a nature that I never before had experience of. Not only is the temperature perfectly regulated, but there is such an utter absence of smell, that, had I been brought into them blindfolded, my nose would never have told me where I was. In the first stable were five in stalls, and two in boxes (one at either end). In the left-hand box was Tobacconist, purchased at the late sale of Sir Edward Mostyn's stud at Talacre. In calling my attention to this horse, occurred the first touch professional of the day. "Every horse *has two sides*," said Anderson; observe how much handsomer he is on the off, than on the near side." Tobacconist was bought at two hundred and fifty guineas, a round price to expect profit out of, as hunters sell in these degenerate days. In the opposite box there was a white stallion (an Irish horse by Napoleon), with a great deal of character about him. They told me he could get over any country that a bird could cross; that it was all alike to him whether he crept in at the pantry window, or jumped over the house; if so, they should never part with him as long as they hunt venison, for that's the style of horse for staghounds.* The occupants of the stalls were "likely cattle;" one, an old customer with a plain tail, the master's prime favorite, that has carried him to his hounds I don't know how many seasons.

Stable number two held four, its principal feature being the celebrated steeple-chaser, Cigar. To amateurs of that fashion of racing I beg leave to submit the following fact: the amount of stakes won by Cigar, during the season 1840-41, was £1,380, and Mr. Anderson assured me he was out of pocket by him on the year. Vespasian was also in this stable, another nag bought at what Mr. Fulwar Craven calls a "stiff figure," £400 I believe. Number three stable is a continuation of number two, and the first of its tenants was Croxby, backed for £200 against Mr. Elmore's Gaylad, four miles over the country, the race to come off on the second of December. Croxby's *forte* is "dirt," so that, should the winter set in as severely as the summer went out, the odds will be all in his favor. In the box at the end of this stable, was St. Paul, bought with Tobacconist at Sir E. Mostyn's sale, and a splendid animal he is. Anderson asked me, did I trace any resemblance between him and a modern racer of repute? I at once named Coronation; and, as the likeness had also struck him, St. Paul was thereupon dubbed "Coronation," in *sæcula sæculorum*.

But the reader, perchance, grows weary, and would like a change to the open. The rain is over, and, if he will spend half-an-hour more at Old Oak Farm, he shall see the pampered minions of a London Dealer's Stables take the air. "Bring out St. Paul, Croxby,

* It may be as well to state that Mr. Joseph Anderson keeps a pack of staghounds.—ED.

and Tobacconist," said Anderson; "saddle the brown horse (one bought at Horncastle Fair) for me, and the chesnut I bought of Baron de Tessier yesterday, for Mr. ——." Half-a-dozen perfect stablemen soon made the cavalry ready. Oh! that some East-end repository rogue had been present to witness the result. The servants forthwith proceeded with the first-named lot on a three-mile gallop; and the gentlemen (I forget what Mr. Dyson rode) upon a lark of such length, and breadth, and altitude, as might best suit each his particular kidney. "That's a pretty fence," said the dealer to me; "put your nag over it; it will do him good." And upon this principle we all began to consult our animals' comfort and convenience. Wherever there was a bit of timber, we tried *that*: did a comely bullfinch suggest itself, it would have been ungrateful to refuse it; and those delicious hurdles! were we infidels to turn our backs upon *them*? Thus, so long as the fancy lasted, having knocked a thousand pounds' worth of horseflesh about, we made ready for a start to the village. Before I left, we paid a flying visit to the kennel. Mr. Anderson is not strong in hounds, but the few couples he has are first-rate. His stock of hunting deer amounts only to a couple and a half at present; but there are more where those came from. When we remember the open war declared by the occupiers of land in the Harrow country, against the Royal Hunt, how any private individual ever accomplished a second run over it, seems like a miracle. He, however, has long held his own there, and I hope may long continue to do so. He talked to me of the heavy expense attendant upon his establishment: "It requires twelve horses for every day I hunt," he said, "and costs me, at the least, five pounds for various accidental charges:" still my counsel was, "Do not part with the bow-wows."

I accepted the near side of Mr. Anderson's buggy to return to town, and we did the distance, rather more than four miles, behind a singularly clever mare, under nineteen minutes. Although so close upon the heels of Horncastle Fair (one of the great metropolitan sources of supply), I found the stables in Piccadilly far from full. The character they have so long enjoyed, thins them as fast as they are recruited. It may be necessary, as a matter of general information, to state, that Mr. Joseph Anderson confines himself solely to the sale of hunters, chargers, and a few first-rate cab or buggy horses. His father, Mr. John Anderson, of Green street, Grosvenor square, is the most celebrated dealer in carriage-horses in London. The yearly average of hunters disposed of at the establishment of the former, is seven hundred, a vast number, when the character of the horses that constitutes its staple is taken into account. There is not, probably, a day in the year in which might not be found there from thirty to fifty that would be shown against an equal number selected from all the best studs in England. Am I not borne out in my theory of London statistics by this example? A man shall see a small green door in Piccadilly, having a neat patch of red gravel in front of it, and be told that is the depôt of one who sells horses; but he must be permitted to look behind the scenes before he can fairly understand the nature of the perfor-

mance. Not only should he see Joe Anderson writing his checks for hundreds at a fair, but observe him using the animals, so lavishly procured, as the instruments of his amusement. He must note the tradesman backing his favorites for thousands at a steeplechase, or mounting himself and his guests upon his three and four hundred guinea coursers, and larking with them over his pleasure-grounds, before he can form any true idea of a first-rate London Dealer's Stables. C.

London Sporting Review for Oct. 1841.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A FOX-HUNTER.

BY P. PODAGRA, ESQ.

I AM within reach of the Royal Buckhounds, and of those first-rates Sir John Hope's and Mr. Hankey's packs; I have three as clever hunters in my stables as ever took me into the field; but "*non sum qualis eram*;" a fit of the gout in my right foot keeps me to my easy chair, with my leg stuck out before me like the clumsy bowsprit of a Dutch lugger. In this jeopardy I have found nothing so effective in dispersing the legions of blue devils which beset me as falling back on old times, and, with the aid of memory, unearthing merry hours long past and well nigh forgotten. Among the various sporting recollections I have *drawn*, an incident connected with my first introduction to the "noble science" has made me laugh in spite of gout; and, recounted in your pages, may amuse some victim to the self-same aristocratical demon, who, it seems, never fixes on any toes but those of gentle blood, leaving the *Snobarchy* free to the ruder attacks of *rheumatiz*.

When first I joined the 19th Lancers, it was quartered at Brighton; and I thought myself lucky in getting a commission in a regiment composed of as good a set of fellows as ever met at a mess table. I was not long in discovering that the *elite* of the *corps*—among them was poor Jack Hammersley, who has been shewn up by the *Sporting Review* rather unfeelingly—were all men of might in the field; and that the feminine part of the Brighton population seemed to think them as deserving of admiration when seen through a misty November morning in scarlet coats, whose empurpled tails bore evidence to the capital run they had had, as when clad in all the glory of Lancer foppery.

With all the desire and some natural ability to become a Sportsman, there was this small difficulty presenting itself—I could muster no other horses than two stiff old chargers my father had bought cheap at a sale at the Cavalry Barracks at Dorchester; and which in his innocence he believed fully adequate to the wants of a younger son, who had six sisters looking for portions. I thought

differently, and one day at the Mess proclaimed this discrepancy with the opinions of my dad, lamenting rather plaintively the bore of not being mounted for the next day's Meet of the East Sussex Fox-hounds, which was expected to be a most brilliant Field. There was a young fellow in the 19th of large fortune, and I thought a good heart—though, *par parenthese*, I rather doubted the abundance of his brains. I had seen more of him than the other officers; for a Yorkshire heiress, to whom I had the good fortune of obtaining an introduction on my first arrival at Brighton, was a cousin of his, and so far petted him, that the talking classes had already affianced him. I saw with more acute observation; and having once or twice encountered the pretty Fanny's bright smiles over the head of Atherton, when bending in devotion by her side, I had no scruples in entering the lists against him. However, to my story and my difficulties.

Atherton in the kindest way promised to mount me for the next day on one of two capital young mares he had just had sent up from Yorkshire, born and bred on his own estate, from a dam who had hunted that county with as much credit to herself as the most aspiring man could desire.

The morning came—nothing very propitious—half haze, half frost. But I thought not of that—I was going to “hunt,” a magical monosyllable that tingled my very ears to repeat. Having been on guard, I was somewhat behind the others; but hastily throwing off my regimental trappings, and donning the bright scarlet coat, the white cords, the purple bird's eye, I leaped on grey Gondoline, who had been pawing at the door some twenty minutes, with the delightful, glorious feeling—that *eighth sense*, which those alone who have a genuine love for the chase can experience—none can describe. The Meet that day was at Plumpton Bostel. A brisk canter over the Downs soon brought me to the place; and I there learnt from a shepherd that their first draw was blank, and that the hounds were then in Warning Gore, a large covert about two miles distant. Thither I turned, and proceeded about a mile through one of those deep rutty lanes peculiar to the Weald of Sussex, when the full burst of “choral voices” met my ear. The lane was skirted by a high thorn hedge several feet above my head, so I pressed on my bonny grey in hopes of some opening, and reached a sort of style opening into the garden of a small cottage, on the side from which came the inspiring sounds. I was on the point of clearing the style, when a huge monster in a smock frock stepped in the way, saying, in a bullying tone—

“Come, young gen'lman, you beant a going through this garden to kick up the cabbages.”

I was in a rage, but temporized, and said quietly enough—

“Come, stand aside, my good fellow! Pass I must: and as for kicking up cabbages, I will back my mare to dance a hornpipe on an asparagus-bed without disturbing a head.”

“That won't do, anyhow; there's a lane half a mile down, which will suit a dandy-prat like you better than the gates you'll meet this way,” said the surly brute.

My blood was up. "Dandy-prat!" said I, and hit him a sound crack with my whip, bringing up the mare close to the style. Still he winced not; and again and again the thong curled round him. At length, with a countenance distorted with rage, he stooped as if to snatch a stake from the hedge. I chose the moment, and with a bound cleared him and the style together, charged through the cabbages, leaped a low hedge on the other side, and in some few minutes came up with the hounds. They had found at Warning Gore, and I thought we were in for a good run; but it was all flash and disappointment. The hounds that day never settled steadily on a scent, and what with the ground, which in consequence of the white frost carried heavily, and the checks perpetually occurring, by three o'clock I and many others were well nigh tired of the thing.

Finding myself near D——, where I had dined the day before, I thought it a good opportunity of making a digestion call, and thence proceeded to Brighton by Clayton Hill. I was to dine in Regent-square that day, and attend a ball at the Ship-rooms in the evening, and left the barracks without seeing any of our fellows.

Veni, vici!—At the ball that evening, Fanny, glorious Fanny M., consented to give her dear self and broad acres to an unworthy second son! Once or twice during the evening I wondered that Atherton did not make his appearance, and attributed my success chiefly to his absence, he was always so cursedly in the way when any love-making was going on with his cousin. She by the way too seemed piqued at his defalcation.

The next morning I had a double motive for seeking Atherton—to thank him for his mare, and tell him that I had distanced him with the Yorkshire heiress. I was told that he was extremely ill, and found the poor fellow in bed, bound and bandaged like an Egyptian mummy.

"What! spilt, Atherton?" I cried.

"No, old fellow, only murdered—brutally murdered, and left for dead."

I inquired into particulars, and found that Atherton the day before, having left the hounds shortly after I had quitted them, was slowly proceeding along a retired lane, near which I had administered the dose of whipcord to my friend in the smock-frock, when he was suddenly set upon by a rascal, who, exclaiming, "Now, Mr. Whiskerandos, let's see your mare pick out the asparagus," had cudgelled him with a strong stick over the head and shoulders until he fell, and then, brutally kicking him, had left him. An hour after this poor Atherton was found limping along the lane: his horse was off; but a chaise was procured from Lewes, and he was conveyed to the barracks. This history, with some questions I put—the likeness between the mares we rode—the similarity of our dress and young *moustache*—enabled me to discover the seeming mystery of the attack upon poor Atherton, and this sentence burst forth on his astonished ears—"By George, Atherton, here's fun!—*you got the thrashing meant for me, and I've got the girl you meant for yourself!*"

PRINCE ALBERT'S DOG-KENNEL, BEAGLES, &c.

THIS kennel is situate just within the Inclosure near the Dairy in the Windsor Home Park. The keeper's lodge is in a neat Gothic style, from a design given by Mr. Ashton, a gentleman who succeeded the late Sir Jeffry Wyatville in the planning and superintendence of Her Majesty's Mews and Riding House. Whether Mr. Ashton is of a sporting turn we know not, but his compatible ideas for such have certainly enabled him to complete one of the most perfect miniature kennels in the kingdom. The house itself is a "snuggery," that would ensure the happiness of any thoroughbred Sportsman, being within reach of the "sweet voices" of the pack, and possessed of every internal and external convenience. The parlor, which overlooks and has a perfect view of the whole of the intermediate portion of the Park between the Castle and the Lodge, has been fitted up for the accommodation of Her Majesty and the Prince, and has already become the favorite resort of those distinguished personages. The furniture comprises relics of antiquity from the time of Queen Anne, and on the tables are strewed the fine antlers of the most celebrated deer killed on the Royal Domains in the vicinity of Windsor, to some of which her Majesty and the Prince have hunted.—Maynard, the huntsman and keeper, is a civil unassuming fellow, and well qualified for his post, being from a good stock that has for centuries past filled similar appointments on the borders of the New Forest. The sleeping-beds which are occupied by the Prince's beagles and her Majesty's dogs are in five compartments at the extremity of the hovels, the latter being well supplied with water, and paved with asphalt, the bottoms having good falls to ensure dryness and cleanliness. The hovels open into three green yards, roomy and healthy: in the one at the near end a rustic ornamental seat has been erected, from which Her Majesty and the Prince are accustomed to inspect their favorites. The boiling and distemper houses are now in course of erection, but detached from the other portion of the building.

The beagles are in beautiful condition, and for shape and symmetry reckoned among the most perfect packs of the kind in existence: they are also considered fast. The Prince, during his occasional residence at Windsor, is particularly fond of hunting to them, the "meets" generally being in Windsor Great Park, where hares are to be met with in abundance. The pedigrees of the hounds are incomplete, having been *got by chance* from various parts of the country: the pack, however, consists of the following twenty:

Blossom.	Dandy.	Riot.
Bonny Lass.	Duster.	Rockwood.
Brister.	Joyful.	Rose.
Cora.	Music.	Ruby.
Counsel.	Racket.	Rummager.
Dairy Maid.	Resolute.	Towler.
Damsel.	Restless.	

Among the other inmates of Prince Albert's new kennel worthy of attention is Vulcan, a wild-boar hound, an extremely large powerful animal, with limbs like a lion: he is very tractable, supposed to be the only thorough-bred one in England, and purchased expressly for the Prince at a high premium. Her Majesty's favorite Scotch deer-dog Bran, looked upon as the finest in the world, is valued at no less than 100gs., and its notoriety so great that bitches have been sent to the keeper from a distance of 400 miles and upwards. Maynard has also the care of a brace of handsome Russian greyhounds, presented to Her Majesty by Lord Kinnaird; a very curious dog of the turnspit breed; a handsome Highland terrier (Her Majesty's pet), and about thirty different species of foreign dogs.—His Royal Highness's other sporting dogs, consisting of spaniels, pointers and setters, which have all been carefully selected and extremely valuable, are kept at Virginia Water.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for December, 1841.

SPORTING LAW—ILLEGAL BETTING.

BY A BARRISTER.

THERE are three classes of wagers or bets that are considered illegal in this country:—first, all wagers depending on the event of any *game* within the meaning of the statute of 9th of Anne, c. 14, including, as we have before mentioned, any *illegal* horse-race, or *any* race if the bet be above £10:—secondly, any wager which has an immoral tendency, or is contrary to *public policy*:—and thirdly, any wager that may affect the feelings or injure the character of *a third person*. But with the exception of the above, it is pretty well settled now that bets are not unlawful, and that they may be sued for and recovered in Courts of Law. It has indeed been said that it is optional in the Judge whether he will try such cases or not; but it appears from a recent case (*Evans vs. Jones*, 5 M. and W. 80), that the Judge is bound to try them *at some time*, although he may postpone them until after other cases of more importance have been disposed of. “It is too late now,” says Baron Maule in his judgment in *Evans vs. Jones*, “to say that no wager can be enforced by law, but I think it would have been better if they had originally been left to the decision of the Jockey Club.”

Having already alluded to such bets as are prohibited by statutes, we now proceed to consider those that are illegal as coming within the second and third classes. In 1802 a Mr. Gilbert paid Sir Mark Sykes one hundred guineas on condition that Sir Mark should pay to him one guinea a-day as long as Napoleon Bonaparte should live.

The guinea a-day was paid for nearly two years, but having fallen into arrear, Mr. Gilbert brought his action in 1812 for the sum of £2296. The agreement in this case was held to be invalid on the ground of public policy, as tending to encourage assassination, in making the death of an individual directly the interest of another; and although it so happened that the person on the event of whose life the wager was made was an enemy, still the law would not give any encouragement to his being assassinated*.

Any contract not to marry is void as being against public policy; and therefore, in the case of *Hartley vs. Rice* (10 East, 22), a bet of £50 that the plaintiff would not marry within six years was decided to be bad; because it gave the plaintiff a pecuniary advantage in not marrying, and might thereby tend to the increase of prostitution.

A wager on a prize-fight, or any other prohibited exhibition, is also unlawful. One of the most recent cases on this subject is *Evans vs. Jones* (5 M. and W. 77), in which it was decided that a bet on the event of a criminal trial is illegal, as tending to create perjury or a bias in a witness, jurymen, &c.

We shall only mention one more instance of this class of wager—namely, on the event of an election of a Member to serve in Parliament. This is making it the pecuniary interest of a voter to vote on a particular side, and is in the nature of a bribe, and therefore bad.

Of the third class, one of the best known is *De Costa vs. Jones* (Cowp. 729). The subject of the bet here was the sex of the celebrated Chevalier D'Eon. This gallant lady, who served for many years in the French army, was sent on two secret missions to St. Petersburg, in one of which she appeared as a bold Dragoon, and in the other as a Lady of rank. She also resided for some time at the Court of London as Secretary to the French Embassy. The evidence of her maid-servant clearly proved her to be a woman—the fact, however, is still doubted by many; but, however that may be, the bet was declared void, and very properly so, as leading to an indecent exposure. It has nevertheless been decided that a bet on the sex of an *unborn* child is not void. The legality of such a bet was very nearly put in issue on the birth of the Princess Royal last year; but the Stake, amounting to £100, was eventually paid by the losing party.

A wager that A. B. will horsewhip a particular individual, or seduce his wife or daughter, of course is bad, and cannot be recovered. In *Ditchburn vs. Goldsmith* (4 Campbell, 152), Gibbs, C. J. refused to try an action on a wager whether Joanna Southcot (who pretended she was with child although unmarried) would have a boy or a girl: and in *Brown vs. Leeson*, Lord Loughborough would not try a case “whether there are more ways than six of nicking seven on the dice, allowing seven to be the main, and eleven a nick of seven.” The objection to the last probably was that it might increase the desire or knowledge of playing with dice.

From the cases we have selected, our readers will be able pretty well to judge what bet is legal, and what is not: and we may con-

* *Gilbert vs. Sykes*, 16 East, 150.

clude this subject by laying it down pretty broadly that in *England* any bet or wager may be recovered in the Courts of Law unless it comes within one of the three exceptions we have mentioned ; and that without regard to its amount, unless indeed it is on a *match or game*, when, as we have seen, it must be under £10.

A Rule *Nisi* has been obtained to set aside the verdict in the case of *Evans vs. Pratt*, of which we gave a full report in our last article on this subject : and we find the Judge, in granting the Rule, expressed a similar opinion to that we there intimated as to the powers delegated to the umpire, Mr. Holyoake. The Learned Judge said, that what was meant by "four miles across a country" was a question for the Jury, whose province it was to say what was the intention of the parties when they entered into the agreement ; that they had named Mr. Holyoake *sole arbitrator* and judge between them ; and that therefore his decision on that point ought to be final. The only thing that could now be litigated before the Court at Westminster was the general legality of the agreement.

In *Scotland* no action is competent for the recovery of *any sum* gained by betting or wagering in any form ; but if the money be once paid, it cannot be recovered back.

There is an old Statute, which, although it has not been enforced for many years, is generally considered to be still in force, by which it is enacted that if any man wins more than 100 merks (£5 11s. 1d. 4-12) at cards or dice, *or by wagers on horse-races*, within twenty-four hours, the surplus shall, within twenty-four hours after, be consigned for the use of the poor of the parish. Magistrates, Sheriffs, and Justices may convict ; or a common informer may sue and recover half the penalty.

In *France*, no action can be maintained for any debt arising out of play on any bet (Code Civ. 1965) ; but by the next article of this Code all games proper for the exercise of feats of arms, chariot, foot, and horse races, *paume**, and other games that depend on skill or agility, are excepted from the provisions of the former clause. The Judge may, however, if he thinks fit, reject the demand if he considers it excessive. This saving clause in favor of racing and athletic games does great credit to our neighbours over the water, and of course has contributed much to their increase.

FURIOUS OR NEGLIGENT DRIVING—LIABILITY OF THE OWNER OF THE HORSES.

The old maxim, that you must so enjoy your own property as not to injure the property of others, applies in this as in most other cases. So where a party, *or his servant* (for in law the act of the servant is considered as the act of the master), so negligently drives any carriage or vehicle as to occasion thereby an injury to another, that party is bound to make compensation to the person so injured. It is a very common idea, especially among coachmen, that if you keep on the right side of the road, and injure any other carriage which is on the wrong side, you are not responsible for the damage done by the concussion. But this has distinctly been laid down by

* The French cricket.

several Judges not to be the case. In *Clay vs. Wood* (5 *Espinasse*, 44), Lord Ellenborough said, that the circumstance of the person being on the wrong side was not sufficient to discharge the defendant (who had driven against the plaintiff's horse); for though a person might be on the wrong side, if the road was of sufficient breadth, *he was bound to take that course which should carry him clear of the person who was on the wrong side*; and that if any injury happened by running against such person, he would be answerable; and that a person being on the wrong side of the road could not justify another in *wantonly* doing an injury which might be avoided. —However, it is only in cases where it is clear that a collision will take place by keeping your right side that you are justified, or that it would be wise, to take the wrong; for your being on the right side at the time the accident occurred is always a strong *prima facie* point in your favor. In a recent case*, Mr. Justice Alderson said, that although a person was not bound to keep on the ordinary side of the road, if he did not do so he was bound to use more care and diligence, and keep a better look-out, that he might avoid any concussion, than would be requisite if he were to confine himself to the proper side of the road.

As we before stated, a master is liable for the negligent act of his servant, and upon this point there have been several very nice cases: in particular, where a carriage and horses, or horses only, and a coachman or post-boy have been hired and some accident has occurred, it has been matter of great discussion *who* is liable for the damage done. The subject is brought more immediately under our notice now, in consequence of a case that arose at the last Epsom Races. A Mr. Pryor and several other Gentlemen hired a carriage and two pair of horses to take them to the Derby and back: on their return, the post-boys, being evidently intoxicated, drove the carriage against some other vehicle, whereby considerable damage was done. The party injured brought his action against Mr. Pryor and his friends, and got a verdict against them for £600 damages. A Rule *Nisi* has lately been obtained to set aside the verdict, on the ground that the post-boys were not *the servants* of the Gentlemen who hired the carriage. Were it not that there was a difference in opinion amongst the Learned Judges who tried the case of *Lougher vs. Pointer* (5 *Barn. and Cress.*, 547), we should have laid it down as a general rule that a person who lets horses for hire, and *provides the driver*, is accountable for the acts of that driver. In the case of *Lougher vs. Pointer*, the owner of a carriage hired of a stable-keeper a *pair of horses to draw it for a day*, and the owner of the horses provided the driver, through whose negligent driving an injury was done to a horse belonging to a third person. The Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Littledale held that the *owner of the carriage* was not liable for the damage done; thereby, by implication, deciding that the owner of the horses was so liable. However, Mr. Justice Bayley and Mr. Justice Holroyd dissented from that judgment. Notwithstanding the dissent expressed by those two Learned Judges, we cannot con-

* *Pluckwell vs. Wilson*, 5 *Carr. and Payne*, 375.

ceive how it is possible to hold that the driver, appointed and chosen solely by the owner of the horses, can be considered the servant of the hirer. It was said in that case, that the job-man did not pay the driver any wages, and that he received five shillings for that day from the hirer. But surely it cannot be said that that alone makes him the hirer's servant. It is a common practice for servants at an hotel to receive no wages from the innkeeper, but to trust entirely to the gratuities they may receive from the frequenters of the hotel—indeed in some places we believe the head-waiter pays a premium for his place—and yet they are, to all intents and purposes, the servants of the hotel-keeper, bound to obey his orders, and liable at any moment to be dismissed by him. Suppose another case: A friend lends you his horse and gig, and his servant to drive it from London to Blackheath, and you give the man half-a-crown for his trouble: does this make him your servant? You might as easily contend that the horse is your horse! The case may be different where job-horses are hired for a year or a month, and the servant is hired for the same period of the job-master. Although even in that case Mr. Justice Littledale (an excellent authority) is of opinion, that if the coachman is employed *solely* in driving the hired horses, the hirer would not be liable for his acts; and he, as well as the Lord Chief Justice, place the case on precisely the same footing as that of a hackney-coach in the streets of London, or a waterman plying for hire on the Thames.

But whatever may be the case where the horses are hired *for the day*, and not to go from one given point to another (although we cannot but agree with Lord Tenterden that the cases are not in substance distinguishable), the case of *Smith vs. Lawrence* (2 Manning and Ryland, 1.) is decisive, in our opinion, as to the case we have mentioned at the last Epsom Races. Indeed, *Smith vs. Lawrence* is a stronger case; for there the carriage belonged to the party hiring the horses; and still it was held unanimously that the owner of the horses, who had provided four post-horses and two postilions, was liable for the damage done, the horses having been let for the purpose of drawing Mr. ——'s carriage to Epsom Races and back.

A case precisely similar was decided previously to *Lougher vs. Pointer*, and the authority was not disputed in that case: we mean the case of *Sammell vs. Wright* (5 *Espinasse*, 263). There the Marchioness of Bath had hired two pair of post-horses to draw her own carriage from London to Windsor, and Wright, the post-master, was held liable for the injury done in consequence of the negligence of the post-boys.

We certainly can conceive a case in which the hirers of a carriage and horses might render themselves liable to the party injured. For instance: A party of young men going to the races make the post-boys drunk, and, either by bribes or threats, entice or compel them to drive against another carriage, and an injury thereby ensues. It would be very hard to say that the post-master should pay for the damage done; and it has, in fact, been settled that a

master is not answerable for any act done *wantonly or maliciously* by his servant. (Croft *vs.* Alison, B. & C. 590, and M'Manus *vs.* Crickett, 1 East, 106.) In the latter case, the distinction between *negligence* and a *wilful* act is clearly pointed out; and yet at the same time it would be equally hard that the sufferer should be without a remedy.

But barring any such or similar aggravating circumstances, we have no hesitation in pronouncing that Mr. Pryor must succeed on the point of law. Indeed we go further, and, under correction, abide by the opinion we expressed at the commencement of this article, that *any* person letting horses for hire, and providing the driver, is accountable for any accident that occurs through the negligence of that driver.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Dec., 1841.

SOME HINTS ON HANDLING FOWLING-PIECES.

BY AN OLD FILE.

YOUTH is the age of incaution and recklessness, and Age only acquires habits of a totally opposite character from the oft-repeated lessons of that sage monitress, Experience. To the junior aspirants for sporting celebrity, then, I venture to address a few warnings on the subject of the incautious use of fire-arms; for, although a man of any age unaccustomed to their employment may find them equally beneficial, few persons take late in life to the sports of the trigger without having in youth acquired a taste for its enjoyments, and thereby laid in some small store of knowledge, which may render the following Hints less needful to them than to such as betake themselves for their first or second season to the stubble or the wood.

A person unaccustomed to take due precautions in handling a gun may, it is true, for a considerable length of time escape accident to himself or another; and this very immunity from mischance not unfrequently begets a habit of carelessness, which in a single instant may at one time or another be the occasion of bitter regret during a whole life. How necessary then is it that every one should from the very first moment he becomes master of a gun accustom himself invariably to avoid most carefully the minutest inattention which may possibly be the cause of grave accidents, and not await their occurrence to impress upon his mind the urgent necessity for caution and circumspection in the use of a weapon so dangerous when placed in unskilful hands! An old Shot would as soon go out with the Devil himself as with a man who carries his piece in a reckless manner, as though no accident could possibly occur to any one from his carelessness, and who seems to con-

sider the caution of his companion as a sign of pusillanimity rather than of prudence, and ascribes his excessive precaution to the result of age, which in his opinion is apt to exaggerate the likelihood of mishap, and to raise up phantoms of accidents, which, albeit within the scope of possibility, are nevertheless so improbable that to contemplate their occurrence would be almost an absurdity. Nevertheless, there is no disciple of the trigger, however long his experience may be, who, if he speak the truth, will not admit that a gun has frequently exploded in his hands contrary to his intention; and this may frequently arise when uncocking a gun, either from numbness of the fingers in very cold weather, or from a small piece of butter remaining on the thumb after having eaten a sandwich, or from the back part of the hammer not having been originally constructed with a sufficient curve forwards, and having become highly polished and smooth from constant use. If a gun go off from any of these causes, and an accident ensue, is it sufficient to allege the cause as an excuse, when, by simply holding your fowling-piece upright while in the act of cocking or uncocking it, no mischance to any one can possibly arise? Ever then bear in mind, ye young Sportsmen, that in cocking or uncocking a gun the muzzle must be pointed upwards: give yourselves the *habit* of doing this, and the act will in a short time become mechanical, as should indeed every other precaution which I shall have occasion to notice on the subject of handling fire-arms.

If you have any reason for supposing that your powder may be a little damp (which, by-the-bye, it never should be allowed to be), should your gun not go off immediately after pulling the trigger, do not hastily lower the muzzle, more especially if any person be in company with you, if you are near a high road, or if your dogs are before you. I have known a gun to explode several seconds after the trigger was pulled, and am of opinion that this occurrence is more likely to happen with the old flint and steel than with the percussion locks. In the latter but a trifling surface of powder is exposed to the action of the detonating cap, and consequently, if it do not take fire at once, there is less likelihood of its doing so after a short lapse of time, than where a considerable superficies of powder is subjected to the action of fire, which may smoulder for an instant or two, either until it dry that portion which is dampish, or light upon a few dry grains which may cause an immediate explosion. Whether this be the cause or not, every one accustomed to the use of fire-arms is well aware that they will occasionally go off some seconds after the trigger has been pulled; and this fact, which I have frequently noticed, was never more firmly imprinted on my mind than on one occasion several years ago, when I very narrowly escaped giving the son of a farmer, over whose lands I was shooting, his *quietus*. I was using a gun with a flint-and-steel lock, and had pulled at a wood-pigeon which crossed me. My gun hung fire, and, after keeping it to my shoulder for a second or two, I was in the act of lowering it, when off it went in the direction of my companion, who was only a few feet

before me ; and lucky it was for him that he was so near to me, for no doubt the charge passed close to him like a bullet, not having had time to spread, otherwise it would have riddled his back in good style, and possibly have crippled him for life, or caused his death. I was so aghast at the moment, having made sure that I had bored a hole through his spine, and that he was about to drop down, that I could not at first speak to him, so intense was my anxiety to see whether he would fall or not, till at length, as a quaint Irish song says, "having recruited all my sensations," I made shift to ask him "where he was hit?" and great was my delight to find that he had escaped all harm. From that time to the present I have been studiously careful, first, never to lower the muzzle of a gun directly after having pulled the trigger; secondly, never to point it in the direction of any person, whether cocked or uncocked. Indeed many people are so nervously afraid of having a gun pointed at them, that they do not even like the sight of an unloaded fowling-piece in such a position—a dread at which we can hardly be astonished when we read of the various accidents which have arisen from guns supposed to be uncharged, and which in many instances have been frequently washed, but which have at length deprived some one of life from the recklessness of a jesting fool, who has pulled the trigger in what he is pleased to term "sport," and in one moment given himself cause of sad reflection for the remainder of his days.

These observations lead me to caution the second.—Never, on any account, carry your gun on a level with and in the direction of any person who may be within shot of you. If you are shooting with a companion, and are on his right hand, while walking along you may carry your piece over your right arm or shoulder, and when your dogs are drawing on game, and your gun is taken in both hands, the muzzle must be directed upwards, as it must of course be then carried somewhat from right to left, and consequently a little to the side of the person shooting with you. If on the left hand of your companion, carry your gun over your shoulder, across your breast, or under your arm—though this latter position I am not particularly fond of, as the declination of the barrel sometimes tends to loosen the charge of shot, which of itself may sometimes occasion a gun to burst.

Most people prefer bringing a gun up to the shoulder to lowering the muzzle when about to take aim; and I think they are right. The depression of the barrel causes a slight unsteadiness in it, which may occasion many a man to miss his mark; but when I make this avowal, it by no means follows that to be able to raise the butt of the gun to the shoulder the muzzle should previously be pointed downwards—a most dangerous position when a man walks up to his dog with his gun at full-cock and his finger on the trigger. Provided the inclination of the barrel be such as to carry its extremity fairly above the head of the person you are shooting with, it will be sufficient for his safety, and also for his feeling of security; and in this position a gun is raised to the shoulder, not simply by depressing the barrel alone—which, as I have already

remarked, causes it to waver—but by lifting the butt at the same time. In the first operation, the left hand alone would be principally used; in the last, both are required.

I would advise all men who wish to become quiet steady Shots *not* to walk up to their game with their pieces at full but at half-cock, the thumb of the right hand being ready to draw back the hammer in an instant. This plan is not only safer for young Sportsmen, but it likewise gives an instant for reflection and selection of the bird to be fired at, thus begetting a more certain aim by quelling in some respect that nervous anxiety and flurry which the sudden “whirr” of a covey of birds so frequently engenders in the breast of the tyro in shooting, whose feelings are already screwed up to concert pitch by the anticipation of sport. He may in such case be likened to those relatives of *Bob Acres*, who having, in spite of their fears, been brought to take their stand in front of an antagonist whom report has trumpeted forth as a “candle snuffer,” on the word being given to fire, pull the trigger before they raise their pistol, and thereby place their own toes in far greater jeopardy than any portion of their adversary’s *corpus*.

When shooting in covert with other people, carry your gun as nearly as possible in an upright position, especially when you have occasion to cock or uncock it; and if in a *battue*, and walking six or seven abreast across a field or piece of dwarf-covert, remember to keep the line strictly, and not to head your companions, but stop as soon as any one of them has fired, and wait patiently till he has reloaded his gun and the word be given to move on.

As in covert-shooting a man is generally called upon to make more snap-shots than in the field, it would appear that in advocating the upright position, or nearly so, for the gun, I am militating against my own opinion of the superiority of raising the gun to depressing it when taking aim; but this in reality is not the fact; for, prior to taking aim, every cool hand takes a survey for a second of his object, and, instead of dropping the muzzle so as to tilt the butt upwards, lowers the former while the latter is gradually *raised* to the shoulder, not by a jerk, but uniformly and with steadiness, so that carrying a gun pointed upwards is in fact by no means an impediment to taking a quiet aim. Some people lower their piece altogether, till nearly on a level with the hip, before they raise it to fire. Every man, in short, has some peculiarity of his own, which there is no reason why he should not indulge, provided it be neither dangerous to himself nor to others.

I now come to consider one circumstance connected with handling a gun, which is constantly productive of the most serious accidents, arising, in nine instances out of ten, not from carelessness, but from ignorance of the construction of the lock. I allude to that most dangerous of all habits of carrying a gun or putting it by loaded and uncocked. Many very careful people do this from extreme caution, and imagine that when the hammer of the lock is let down upon the nipple, the chance of any accident occurring is very distant. So far, however, from this being the truth, no position of the lock is more fraught with danger. When the lock of a

gun is well manufactured, and has a strong spring, it will cause a good copper cap to explode if let fall upon it from the distance of an eighth of an inch, and consequently, if in walking through covert, or carrying your gun through a hedge, anything catch the hammer and draw it back to that extent, the chance is that the charge will be ignited. I am not sure that it is not safer in many situations to carry a gun at full-cock than uncocked, for the hammer is not protected by anything from coming in contact with small branches or other substances; whereas the trigger has a guard over it, which may ward off and push aside twigs or slight boughs: moreover, the man who walks about with his gun uncocked, supposing that precaution the safest he can adopt, is not so careful as he who knows his lock is at full-cock, and that he of course runs some degree of risk in so carrying it.

Now when a gun-lock is placed at the *half-cock* it is in the safest position in which it can be used. If any substance catch the hammer and draw it back, but not to the extent of cocking it, on falling down again, *it will stop at half-cock*, and will not go upon the nipple. If, on the other hand, it be drawn back sufficiently far to cock the gun, all is again safe, unless something at the same time pull the trigger; consequently, the second operation being requisite in this case before the gun can explode, the chances are very much in favor of the security afforded by a gun at half-cock over one carried either uncocked or at full-cock. The fact of the hammer of a lock, when pulled back from half-cock and suffered to escape, returning again to the half-cock, is one of which numbers of men in the habit of using guns are ignorant, as I have verified in several instances. Any one, however, in possession of a gun, can assure himself of the fact in a moment; and every one who is aware of it must of course immediately perceive the superior degree of safety afforded by carrying a gun at half-cock, over any other position in which the lock can be placed. My third caution to young Shots, then, is always to carry their fowling-pieces at half-cock when they are not in immediate expectation of finding game.

To illustrate the danger of the usual practice of carrying a gun uncocked from a supposition of the safety of the lock while in that state, I will mention a few cases out of very many in which this unfortunate habit has been attended with fatal consequences or severe injury. Several years ago a young man, the intimate of a friend of mine, after having enjoyed a good day's shooting, was returning home with a friend who drove him in his gig. Lest any accident might happen to his gun, he carried it between his legs, and *for safety* had let down the hammers on the nipples. Unfortunately he had not taken off the copper-caps, and one of his feet, happening to catch one of the hammers, drew it slightly back, and the charge was driven like a bullet literally through his head, the top of his skull being blown off and his brains scattered about the road. His death was instantaneous.

A very short time back some inconsiderate or ignorant person took a loaded fowling-piece with him on one of the railways. Of

course it was taken from him, and placed in the boot under the seat. Here again the hammers—perhaps for security as may have been imagined—were left upon the nipples, which were armed with copper-caps in order to be ready for action. On arriving at the station where the owner of the gun intended to alight, one of the porters drew it towards him by the muzzle, which was the only part that presented itself; one of the hammers caught against some portion of the luggage in the boot, the piece went off, and the charge killed one man and seriously wounded another.

A friend of mine last season lost one of his fingers from loading one barrel of his gun while the hammer was let down upon the cap of the barrel that was already charged. While ramming down the wadding, one of his dogs in rolling about rolled upon the hammer, drew it back, and the charge going off carried with it one of my friend's fingers, and likewise inflicted so serious a wound that he suffered great agony for four months, and the stump was not healed and his health re-established for nearly a twelvemonth.

I know of another accident of almost the same nature which occurred to a gentleman from loading his gun under nearly similar circumstances. Having fired off one barrel of his gun, before he proceeded to reload, he let down the hammer of the other lock, but unfortunately, being a little out of order, the edge or rim of the hammer rested upon the top of the copper-cap, instead of covering it, and the concussion occasioned by ramming down the charge caused the hammer to slip over the cap, which exploding with this slight blow, drove the charge through his hand and wrist, shattering it in so dreadful a manner that amputation of the arm was necessarily resorted to for the purpose of saving his life.

These examples—were numerous others of a like nature wanting—ought to be a sufficient warning to all people using fire-arms never to load them while the hammers are placed upon the cap.

In loading a gun, the cap should first be placed upon the nipple; otherwise, if the touch-hole be of moderate size and the powder fine, the latter will sometimes be forced out in ramming down a tight-fitting cartridge. The shot must not be driven down too closely, nor yet allowed to be loose, but the wadding over the powder should be rammed fairly home, and the hammers of the locks should be placed at half-cock (the only safe position for them), and turned away from the feet of the person loading, while the muzzle of the gun is directed away from his body or head.

When game is wild and gets up at long distances, a little oil mixed with the shot will cause it to carry farther without spreading than it otherwise would. Always, if possible, use new shot and of equal size, and not such as has lain by for a length of time, or has been mixed with some of a different calibre.

To avoid the chance of accident to your barrels, never put by your gun without previously cleaning it with care, and rubbing a very little oil upon it. It is astonishing how soon a gun that is not properly taken care of will become honey-combed and dangerous. If put by loaded, it will speedily become corroded with rust, and if

fired in this state there is great risk of its bursting, an accident which rarely occurs without inflicting serious injury.

In order to prevent your gun from leading, grease the edges of your wadding with mutton fat or suet, and hold them to the fire till the fat is absorbed. Some people applaud mercurial ointment for the same purpose, but I have little doubt any other unctuous substance will answer equally well, as the mercury can form no chemical combination with the iron that could at all preserve it, but rather the reverse. If a gun get foul from frequent shooting, a tight-fitting metal wadding occasionally used will somewhat clear the barrels.

Having dwelt upon the necessity of never pointing a gun at any person with whom you may happen to be in company, it is almost needless to say it should never be directed towards yourself; and yet it is really extraordinary to see how many persons who may be obliged to cross a wide ditch or a high hedge first hand their gun to their companion, holding the piece by the muzzle and presenting him with the butt, which is as much as to say, "You see whatever risk is to be run you will not be the sufferer." The butt-end should invariably be kept in your own hand, and the barrel handed to your comrade in a slanting position, so as to point the muzzle away from his body, while you present him with the side of the barrel; and remember, ere you do this, *always* to put your locks on the half-cock, for you cannot be sure that the weight of the butt-end may not alter the position of the muzzle, and that, in drawing up the gun, your friend may not shoot himself if the hammers are on the caps or the locks are cocked.

In jumping a hedge or ditch gun in hand, if you have reason to expect that game is on the other side and will be sprung by the noise you are likely to make, do not on that account be induced to carry your gun on the full-cock. A slip, a stumble, or a mistake of any kind, may be fatal to you or to some one else, or perhaps to a favorite dog. Moreover, people who are in such a hurry never shoot well, and if you have accustomed yourself, according with my directions, to cock your gun only just before you are going to fire, you may jump in comparative safety with your piece at half-cock, and be as ready to blaze away as at any other time.

The three great points, then, for avoiding accidents are—first, *to keep your gun clean*; secondly, *never to point it at any one*; and thirdly, *to carry it at half-cock*; and these three rules cannot be too deeply engraven on the recollection of all those who handle fire-arms, for which reason I have recapitulated them.

I cannot conclude this paper without adverting to a very pretty little invention by Lieutenant-General Shrapnell, of shell notoriety, by which a gun may be primed with a percussion-pellet by simply pulling a trigger. The invention was designed for the use of the army, and was intended to facilitate placing the percussion-powder over the charge—a process which is sometimes both tedious and uncertain when a copper-cap is to be placed on the nipple by the clumsy fingers of a common soldier.

In Lieutenant-General Shrapnell's gun the top of the nipple is hollowed to receive a percussion-pellet about as large as a pin's head, and this is deposited there by a small trigger terminating in a chamber containing a number of these pellets, and moving upon a semicircular rod connected with the touch-hole. Every time this trigger is pulled, so soon as it comes in apposition with the hollow over the nipple, it deposits one pellet, for which there is just room, and then flies back to its place along the barrel of the gun.

To the soldier the advantage of this simple and instantaneous mode of priming a gun fifty times in succession must be obvious, and it likewise has its value for a Sportsman, who, if his priming miss fire, can have another pellet in its place in less than a second and without taking his gun from his shoulder; whereas with the copper-cap he would have to remove the old cap and put on a new one, during which operation his chance of a second shot would be lost.

General Shrapnell's guns are also made on a pivot connecting the barrel with the stock, the angle of which may be made more or less acute by means of a screw; but since most Sportsmen buy guns the stocks of which are bent so as to suit them, I do not consider this innovation as very likely to succeed. It is nevertheless ingenious, and may suit those who like to keep a gun to lend to short or long-necked friends.

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ENGLISH HORSES AND CATTLE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BREEDS OF THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS. By David Low, Esq., F.R.S.E. Parts VIII. IX. and X. London: Longman & Co.

EACH succeeding part of this publication confirms the anticipation we expressed on the appearance of the first,—namely, that, when completed, it would form the most admirable work on the domestic zoology of this country heretofore attempted. This conviction enhances the regret we feel at our inability to do the justice to it that it so eminently deserves. Allowing Professor Low every praise for the careful talent with which he has handled his various subjects, it must be admitted that the claims of his volumes are by no means limited to their literary excellence. The pictorial illustrations, with which they abound, constitute an invaluable gallery of British Natural History. In the quotations we made from some of the early parts, we confined ourselves chiefly to such notices of the horse as they contained. We now make further extracts of the same nature, together with some relating to black cattle, as samples of the author's method of treating those important considerations for all interested in the domestic economy of these islands.

“Within the last sixty or seventy years, a surprising revolution has taken place in the means of communication throughout the British islands, by the extension and improved construction of roads. The increase of highways, now extending to upwards of 170,000 miles of carriage-road, has accompanied the general improvement of the country; and during the latter part of the period in question, the application of a few simple principles has rendered the roads better fitted for all kinds of wheel-carriages. From these two causes, the means of internal intercourse have been prodigiously increased, and the modes and rate of travelling greatly changed. The method of conveying letters by public coaches, begun in 1784, was immediately followed by a more expeditious rate of travelling, and by an increase in the number of public carriages throughout the country. The rate of travelling, from being four or five miles in the hour, increased to six, seven, and eight, and now, at length, to ten, and even twelve.* The effect of this change in the rate of travelling has produced a corresponding one in the kinds of horses employed. The coarse and heavy horses of former times were little fitted for this increased exertion, and hence the substitution became necessarily of a lighter class with superior breeding. The demand, too, for horses thus employed is large and constant, not only from the numbers employed, but from the waste of the animals. Although a class of horses better suited for the service than the old has been employed, and the stages have been greatly shortened, the burdens could not be reduced in proportion to the increase of speed; and hence the exaction on the muscular powers of the animals has been greatly augmented. We may please ourselves with the speed and facility with which our journies are performed, but assuredly our convenience is served at the expense of an unheard of degree of animal suffering. In no country does so great waste of the lives of horses take place as in England; and in no country, it is humiliating to own, is there so much cruelty exercised towards these faithful servants. The mortality of horses in the British Isles is at least as three to one, as compared with that which exists in any other country in Europe. Not only does the general demand for horses of all kinds cause them to be employed at an earlier period of life than in other countries, but the cruel service of these public carriages being one in which our finest saddle-horses are often doomed to end their lives, a great increase in the general mortality is produced. When the powers of our saddle-horses begin to fail from age, or when they have met with accidents, or have suffered from the effects of diseases, they are transferred, in the course of trade, to this their new and last employment. How many fine hunters and saddle-horses of all kinds, after having rendered their best services to successive masters, are forced into this

* “From twenty to thirty miles a day, at the rate of four miles an hour, was the usual work of the few public coaches in England so late as the accession of George III. At that period, there was but one public coach from London to Edinburgh, which started once a month, and occupied nearly three weeks in the journey. The other heavy coaches which set off from London performed in like manner slow journies, in the manner of wagons, to distant parts of the kingdom. Now, more than 1000 well-equipped carriages, with relays of horses at short stages, start from the same great city every day, besides several hundreds which proceed to the towns, villages, and populous places around.”

terrible service, from which they are never released until they have sunk under their tasks ! How many beautiful creatures do we see spavined, greased, foundered, and otherwise lame, whipped along in our heavily loaded vehicles, and forced to fulfil tasks under which they must shortly perish ! Such are the spectacles that meet our eyes on every highway ; such is the price paid for our convenience in the sufferings of our helpless servants ! But in the marvellous progress of invention, an agent has been called into action which is probably destined to lighten this mass of suffering. This is the power of steam applied to land carriages, and producing the substitution of mechanical for animal power in the performance of the longest journies. Up to the present time seventy-one railways, unequalled as monuments of public industry and opulence, have been formed, or are in progress, in Great Britain and Ireland. Of these vast roads fifty-three are opened, and continually employed in the conveyance of innumerable travellers ; eighteen are partially so, and ten are incomplete. They are computed to extend to more than 2000 miles, and, passing through the great lines of communication in the country, they must tend in an extraordinary degree to diminish all other methods of travelling.

“ The old English coach-horse may be said to have disappeared, or, rather, to be used only for the heavier labors of draught. He was a large animal of the cart-horse form, usually black, denoting his affinity with the horses of Flanders, which long supplied England and other countries with this kind of horse. He was round-shouldered and heavy in his paces ; but being generally trained in the manner of the manège, he had a high and prancing action. His pace was the slow trot, and rarely exceeded four or five miles in the hour. Some of these horses are still to be seen in the carriages of the nobility and older gentry of England ; but for the most part they have given place to animals of far superior breeding and action. The modern coach-horse is a very different animal from the old. He is a large horse, having the degree of breeding conducive to spirit and action, with the strength and bone required for draught. He is greatly used in private carriages, as chariots, gigs, and the innumerable other light and elegant vehicles which are every where to be seen. But not only is the modern coach-horse largely used, but likewise others taken from the various kind of saddle-horses with which the country abounds, from the high-bred hunter down through every degree of strength suited to the weight of the equipage ; and universally the tendency is to use horses of lighter form than were thought suited to the heavier carriages and less improved roads of former times.

“ The term hackney, in common use, is employed to denote a kind of horse fitted for general services ; and is, therefore, understood to exclude the horses of the highest breeding, as the thorough-bred horse and hunter ; and there is further associated with the idea of a hackney, an animal of moderate size, not exceeding fifteen hands, and possessing action, strength, and temper. The hacknies of the present day are of lighter form than those formerly sought for, and there is greater difficulty in obtaining them to suit

the services required, from our present mixed varieties of half-bred horses, than when horsemen were contented with the older class of hacknics of stouter form but inferior breeding.

“Although the change so widely produced in the horses of this country, by aiming at a lighter standard, has doubtless given us animals more spirited, active, and graceful, it has, at the same time, had the effect of causing great numbers to be reared defective in form, deficient in strength and bone, and which have lost the hardy qualities of the older races, without having arrived at the properties which superior breeding should communicate. The deterioration is generally admitted, and the causes are deserving of consideration, as indicating the remedies.

“A full account has been already given of the system of the modern Course, and the effects have been pointed out of the prevalent practice of running short races with colts not yet arrived at sufficient maturity of bone and muscle to fit them for the full exercise of their powers. The consequence of the system is, that exclusive attention has been directed to the properties of speed, and that the important requisites of strength and power of endurance have come to be regarded as secondary in the cultivation of the animals. Their form, suiting itself, by insensible degrees, to the conditions required, a race of surpassing swiftness, but inferior in strength and bone to the older horses of the turf, has been called into existence. Now, as this is the race employed to communicate its peculiar properties to the others, it is manifest that a deterioration of its properties, from whatever cause, is calculated to exercise an injurious influence on all the individuals with which it is mingled in blood. But yet more injurious than the rearing of a race of swift but feeble horses, is the constitutional injury inflicted upon the individuals of the race by that system of early forcing, with respect to food and discipline, to which they must be subjected at the earliest possible period of life. Hence the mortality amongst these animals, the strains, the founders, the hernia, and other accidents consequent on over-tension of the parts, and all the functional maladies in the respiratory and other organs which a premature and unnatural exertion generates in the system, and which, not confined to the individuals, descend to the offspring. The evil resulting from these causes to the other breeds of the country, is in proportion to the just estimation in which this noble race of horses has been hitherto held, and the increasing desire to communicate its properties to the inferior races. The remedy might be found in a determination, rigidly carried into effect, by the influential supporters of the turf, to root out the more flagrant corruptions which fashion and cupidity have introduced, especially with respect to the age at which horses shall be permitted to run; or should the influence of individuals be insufficient to effect the necessary reformation, then legislative measures should be called for to correct abuses which are no way essential to the legitimate purposes of the turf, and which deprive the country of the benefit which it is entitled to derive from a race of horses brought to a high degree of perfection, not by the modern gamblers of the turf, but by the care of many generations.

“ Another cause of the deterioration of the horses of the country is to be ascribed to errors in breeding, arising chiefly from injudicious and extreme mixtures of blood, and inattention to the soundness and qualities of the female parents. It is shown, by experience, that the nearer the characters of the parents approach, the more likely are we to succeed in communicating their common properties to the progeny. By extreme crosses good animals may, without doubt, be produced, but this will be by a kind of chance, and the greater probability is, that the offspring will be defective in some point or other. Nothing may seem so easy to the inexperienced breeder as to produce a splendid coach-horse, or charger, or hunter, by crossing a large cart-mare with a thorough-bred horse ; yet how rare are the cases in which the offspring of such extreme mixtures is good ! Either the body is too large for the limbs, the head too large for the neck, or some other want of harmony of parts presents itself, which renders the animal comparatively worthless. This effect is constantly observed in the numerous attempts which are made to procure horses of breeding from coarse ungainly mares through the means of extreme crosses. Repeated failures are too often required to convince the breeder that this is not the mode by which well-proportioned animals are to be obtained. We may readily produce a fine ox from animals the most dissimilar ; but where everything depends, as in the horse, upon a nice adjustment of parts, it is rare that the dissimilar characters of the parents will be so harmonized in the offspring as to produce a well-formed individual. The other error, still more common, is to disregard the soundness and other properties of the mare in breeding. A mare, which is good for nothing else, is by too many thought sufficiently good for bearing a foal, and hence numbers of worthless animals are destined to a purpose for which they are in a peculiar degree unsuited. Even in such a case, chance may do something for the ignorant and careless breeder ; but the far greater presumption is, that the offspring will inherit the defects of the dam, and prove of little value.

“ The remedy for such mistakes is increased intelligence on the part both of those who rear horses, and those who acquire them. The breeder, by possessing adequate knowledge of the principles and practice of breeding, will avoid the error of injudicious mixtures of blood, and of employing females for breeding which are unsuited for the purpose ; and the consumer will refuse to purchase animals which are wanting in that harmony of conformation and constitutional soundness, without which no horse can be depended upon for performing the services required of him. The more palpable defects of a large proportion of our mixed class of half-bred horses are the want of depth of the chest, the flatness of the sides and the too great apparent length of the limbs. Such horses are technically termed weedy, and they form, perhaps, the worst class of saddle-horses in any country in Europe. They have, for the most part, spirit enough, but they are deficient in strength and bottom ; and although they may be easy in their paces, they are usually feeble in their limbs, and unsafe. Great numbers of these very

worthless creatures are every year reared and brought to market, which the result shows not to be worth half the food they have consumed.

“The number of horses reared and maintained in the British islands is large, and their value forms no inconsiderable amount of national capital; and it is for the public interest that they should be cultivated with care. By the returns made under the Acts for assessed taxes, it appears that the total number of horses in England, Wales, and Scotland, exclusive of foals, of cavalry-horses, and of the many which it cannot be doubted evade the returns, is 844,505; in Ireland, which pays no assessed taxes, the number may be fairly estimated at 400,000. The prices of the superior horses are very high; but, rating the mass of all ages at from £5 to £35 each, the average is £20, and the total value £24,890,100.

THE OX.—THE DEVON BREED.

“On the southern side of the British Channel extends the country of the ancient Damnonii, comprehending the present counties of Devon and Cornwall. Much of this tract resembles Wales in its aspect and geological characters; and, like Wales, it afforded, in a former age, a refuge amongst its mountains, rocks, and fastnesses, for the Celtic Britons. In this country we find the remains of the same older breeds of cattle which yet exist in the Welsh mountains, modified by the effects of a lower altitude and more temperate climate. In the county of Cornwall to the westward, the old breeds of cattle resembled those yet existing in the mountains of Wales, although they have been long so mixed with other races and with one another, that it is difficult to assign to them any distinctive characters. But farther to the eastward, and occupying the high lands of Devonshire on the Bristol Channel, is a peculiar variety of cattle, distinguished by such a common resemblance of properties and form as to render it one of the best-defined breeds of the British islands. It is usually termed the Devon breed, and sometimes the North Devon, from its being found in the greatest purity in the northern division of the county. These cattle have been extended very widely, but their peculiar district is the northern slope of Devonshire, extending from Barnstaple eastward beyond the river Exe.

“The Devon cattle are gentle, agile, and above all our races adapted to active labor. Their shoulders have that obliquity which enables them to lift freely their fore extremities; and their quarters behind are relatively long, which is a character connected in the ox as in the horse with the power of active motion. Their bodies, too, are light, and their limbs long, muscular to the hock and knee, and below these joints sinewy. These cattle, then, although wanting in the power of heavy draught which the larger oxen can exert, have the faculty of muscular exertion in a higher degree. They trot well in harness, and will keep pace with the horse in the ordinary labors of the farm. They are largely employed throughout the county of Devon for the purposes of labor, usually four toge-

ther, and mostly attached by the yoke and not by the collar. The team of the laboring oxen in this beautiful county is one of the charms of the rural landscape. A boy accompanies the ploughman and his team to drive the oxen. He chants continually a simple melody in low notes rising to the higher. From morn to night this simple song is heard, the ploughman putting in from time to time his lower notes in happy keeping. The beasts seemed cheered by the music, and from hour to hour the team may be observed in motion without a harsh word being uttered by the ploughman or his youthful companion.

“Although the Devon ox presents a symmetry of parts which pleases the eye, yet his form is not precisely that which the breeder seeks for in an animal destined to fatten quickly, and arrive at great weight. His neck is too long, his chest is too narrow, his sides are too flat, his limbs are too long in proportion to his body, or, in other words, his body is too small in proportion to its height. The Devon ox is a kindly enough feeder, but he requires good pastures and a somewhat favorable climate, and could hardly subsist on food which would suffice to fatten some of the hardier mountain breeds of nearly his own size.

“The Devonshire breeders adhere scrupulously to the deep red color of the hair, and reject individuals having a tendency to produce white on the face and the body. This is merely a conventional test of purity and goodness, for certainly white is still more than red the pristine color of the race, and its appearance ought not to be regarded as a sign of degeneracy. But although the strict adherence to a given color may limit, in some cases, the selection of males and females for breeding, it tends, in an eminent degree, to ensure the general purity of the breed. The deep blood-red colour of the pure North Devons is so peculiar, that there is no other race in this country in which an admixture of foreign blood is so easily traced, or which accordingly has remained so free from foreign intermixture. Inasmuch, then, as this limitation of colour ensures uniformity in the typical characters of the race, it is beneficial; and it is not therefore expedient that the agriculturists of North Devon should depart from the standard of the purity of their beautiful breed which has been so long established.”

MARINER AND FASHION :

The Property of WILLIAM GIBBONS, Esq., of Madison, Morris Co., N. J.,

With Portraits Engraved on Steel by JONES, after an Original Painting by BURFORD,

As an appropriate embellishment to the first number of a new volume of the "*American Turf Register*," we give the portraits of two distinguished native bred horses, one of whom is generally acknowledged to be the very best filly ever bred in the North. For the first time in many years Fashion is the first of her sex who has stood at the head of the Northern Turf, and no performance of her most "illustrious predecessors" exceeds her race at four mile heats, which, carrying as a 4 yr. old, 101 lb., she ran in the extraordinary time of 7:42—7:48. And how many renowned competitors in the race for fame—how many that have achieved the world's applause, has she to contend with? The list of those of her sex who have won never-fading laurels on the courses of the North, within the last quarter of a century, or who have been compelled to resign their claims to a place in the front rank, comprise a majority of the most distinguished racers that figure in the annals of the American Turf. From the days of the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Lightfoot, of the era of Eclipse, down through Flirtilla, Ariel, Janette, and Sally Walker—from Polly Hopkins, Betsey Ransom, and Bonnets o' Blue, down through Black Maria, Slender, Trifle, Alice Grey, Bay Maria, Juliana, Mary Randolph, Ironette, to a still later day, when Lady Clifden, Fanny Wyatt, Mary Blunt, Atalanta, Omega, Vashti, and Andrewetta, have been brought to the post, the performance of Fashion stands almost without a rival, and with the single exception of Lady Clifden's memorable race on Long Island in Nov., 1837, it challenges a comparison with any made in the Atlantic States or West of the Alleghanies. She is now matched with "the invincible Boston" for the Championship of the Turf—an *honor* which has been hitherto declined by the best and bravest. But before we proceed to an examination of the circumstances and particular achievements which have given her so proud an elevation, the seniority in age of Mariner, first claims our attention.

Mariner, like his distinguished half sister, was bred by WILLIAM GIBBONS, Esq., at his superb seat called "The Forest," in Morris County, N. J., near the pleasant village of Madison—a few hours' ride from the city of New York. He was foaled on the 10th of April, 1836. He was got by Shark—the produce of Eclipse and Lady Lightfoot—out of Bonnets o' Blue—the produce of Sir Charles and Reality. What a pedigree! Would it be possible to sit down over the Stud Book, and write a preferable one? Lady Lightfoot and Reality were each as distinguished in their day as were Eclipse and Sir Charles, the rival champions of the North and the South. Their superiors on the Turf or in the breeding

stud have not been known in this country. Nor is Mariner's immediate family likely to be less distinguished; his dam and sire not only maintained a reputation of the highest character on the Turf, but they have won new laurels in the breeding stud. He combines in his veins the blood of the most eminent racing families this country has ever produced.

Shark, the sire of Mariner, was foaled in 1830, and is own brother to Eclipse Lightfoot, Black and Bay Maria, and Terror, and half brother to Screamer, etc. He was bred by Charles Henry Hall, Esq., of this city, and was sold when a foal to Charles Green, Esq., for \$850. After winning his first race on the Union Course—a colt's sweepstake of six subs., at \$300 each, mile heats, in 1:53—1:49—1:50, beating Midas, and distancing five others, he was sold to Capt. R. F. Stockton, U. S. N., of N. J., for \$8000. Capt. S. won with him at one, two, three, and four, mile heats; at four mile heats he beat Black Maria, Alice Grey, Charles Kemble, Henry Archy, and Rolla. In Oct., 1834, on the Central Course, Baltimore, he ran 2d to Trifle, beating Charles Kemble, Robin Hood, and Blue Streak, in 7:58—7:49, after which, so highly was he estimated that he was purchased by the late John C. Craig, Esq., of Philadelphia, for \$17,500—the largest amount ever paid in this country for a race horse. Shark was at this time but 4 yrs. old, and Mr. C. challenged the Union to run him four mile heats for \$10,000! which was not accepted. Shark was withdrawn from the Turf at the close of the campaign of 1835, and went into the breeding stud. He has made a season in Virginia, New York, and Kentucky, and last season in Tennessee, where he is now standing. Mr. Craig's executors sold him in 1840 to Col. Wm. R. Johnson, of Va., for \$10,000. Shark's colts do him great credit; Camden, Mariner, Tamerlane, Midnight, and John Hunter, are among those most distinguished. To Shark's brothers and sisters—renowned as they are—we can devote but a brief space. Eclipse Lightfoot, a horse of great promise, was bought off the Turf when very young, and was subsequently sold for \$10,000. Black Maria after winning seven races at four mile heats, and three at three mile heats, running on until her *ninth* year, and winning for John C. Stevens, Esq., of this city, \$14,900, was sold to the Hon. Balie Peyton of New Orleans, for \$4000. Screamer was sold at 3 yrs. old to Gen. Bernard Peyton, of Va., for \$1000. Bay Maria, after running with great success at the North, was purchased by Col. Wade Hampton, of S. C., for \$6000. She won him three four mile races in as many weeks, and was then placed at the head of his splendid stud without a blemish; she is the handsomest brood mare, as she promises to be one of the best, we ever saw. Shark, as we have said, sold for \$17,500. Walter Livingston, Esq., of this city, bought Terror at *seven months old* for \$1000, and subsequently sold him at a high figure to Virginia, where he is now standing. Harlein Lass and Young Lady Lightfoot are still the property of Mr. Hall, their breeder, and are in the stud; the former never was trained.

Bonnets o' Blue, the dam of Mariner and Fashion, was bred by

Col. W. R. Johnson, the "Napoleon of the Turf." She was foaled in 1827, and is an own sister to Medley and Slender. Medley, as the Southern Champion on the Union Course, at 3 yrs. old, won a produce match, \$3000 a side; and at Newmarket, beat Ariel three mile heats. Slender won about a dozen races, chiefly four mile heats, beating Kate Kearney, Bayard, and other distinguished competitors; and on the Union Course, May, 1830, won a sweepstakes, four mile heats, \$1000 each, beating Black Maria and Betsey Ransom. She, like Vanity, her dam's sister, fell and died on the track, running against Collier, at Norfolk, after winning the 1st heat, four miles, 1830. At the Union Course, Bonnets o' Blue won the great produce sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, \$500 entrance, 15 subs., beating Pilot (Wild Bill), winner of the second heat, in 1:48, and five others; a memorable contest between the two named. 1831, as the Southern Champion, at the Union Course, she won a match, \$5000, four mile heats, beating Goliah. Three days afterwards she won the J. C. Purse, four mile heats, beating Black Maria and St. George. The following February, at Charleston, she won a match, \$5000, four mile heats, beating the South Carolina champion, Clara Fisher, winner of the first heat in 7:45, the best time on the Course. With her first sale for \$3000, she cleared, in five races, \$19,400. In Oct. 1835, Mr. Craig having advertised his stud for sale, Mr. Gibbons applied to him to purchase Bonnets o' Blue and Kate Kearney. Mr. C. replied that Kate K. was already sold to Mr. BIDDLE of Philadelphia, for \$3000, but that Bonnets was for sale at \$2500. Mr. G. took her at once; she was then in foal with Mariner. Bonnets has proved herself one of the best brood mares in the country; Mr. G. was so unfortunate last year as to lose *Echo*, own sister to Fashion, who was killed by accident; she was foaled in Feb. 1830, and was remarkably promising. On the 26th March, '40, Bonnets produced *Yamacraw*, a brother to Mariner, and in March '41, *Edith*, a superb filly foal by Mr. G.'s Shadow, (a son of Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch, (sister of Aratus, Snowstorm, Star, Restless, and Nullifier) by Virginian,) to whom she is again in foal.

Of the *sires* of Shark and Bonnets o' Blue, it is enough to say that each "filled the measure of his country's glory" on the Turf and in the breeding stud; their histories are identified with that of the American Turf. Their *dams*, Lady Lightfoot and Reality, were alike illustrious. Lady Lightfoot, the dam of Shark, was the most distinguished performer of her day, having won between twenty and thirty races, the majority at four mile heats, never having been beaten but once, and that in her old age—her *eleventh* year—and then by Eclipse on the Union Course. *Her* dam, the grandam of Shark, had no superior on the Turf, and what adds still more to her "never-dying fame," she ran on to her *fourteenth* year! Reality, the dam of Bonnets o' Blue, was the first discoverer of 7:40, in four mile heats, in this country; this race took place at Drummondsville, Va. To decide a wager made in this office two years since, between two Southern gentlemen, as to "what was the best race-horse, in Col. Johnson's opinion, that he

ever saw?" reference was had to Col. J., then sitting at a window in the Astor House directly opposite. Upon the interrogatory being made he replied without hesitation "*Reality!*" Her race at Newmarket, Va.—then probably heavier and deeper in sand than at present—in 1816, two mile heats, when she beat Timoleon and distanced the field in 3:47—3:48—3:49, has not been equalled from that day to the present; extraordinary as was her turn of speed, it did not exceed her remarkable powers of endurance. Col. Johnson remarked in our hearing that Reality in his opinion could run two heats of four miles in 7:40 without distress!

The pedigrees in full of the illustrious ancestry of Mariner and Fashion have been repeated so frequently in the "Register" and the "Spirit of the Times," that it is thought unnecessary to devote more space to these details, interesting as they are. We come now to a description of the

Characteristics of Mariner.—He is a dark brown with a star and a white hind foot, and stands about fifteen hands and an inch under the standard. His form presents that compact, wiry appearance which distinguished Duane, while his loin and quarters closely resemble Shark's. He is dish-faced, with great width of forehead, pretty ears, and fine clear eyes. His barrel is rather light than otherwise, though he has considerable depth of chest, with capital shoulders, a good loin and coupling, and a clean set of limbs under him.

His Performances.—Mariner made his debut on the Union Course, Long Island. He was broken and trained by Jem Wood, a fact which certainly was not calculated to "set him forward any." Wood brought him to the post sadly buck-shinned on all four legs; but what has contributed more to his different defeats than any want of ability or condition, is the fact that in breaking him Wood nearly ruined his temper. Since he has been in Mr. Laird's hands, however, he has greatly improved in this respect. We quote from the Racing Calendar:—

1839.

Union Course, L. I., Tuesday, May 7.—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs.

Four subs. at \$1000 each, \$250 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. Gibbons' br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue .. <i>Joe Laird.</i>	0	2	1	1
Robt. L. Stevens' br. c. <i>Tamerlane</i> , by Shark, out of Celeste by Henry.....	0	1	2	dist.

Time, 2:00½—1:53—2:01—1:57½.

In this race it was remarked that Mariner improved after each heat; so much so, that Mr. J. C. S. pleasantly remarked—"If he were to run three or four heats more, I shouldn't wonder if he got down to 1:49 at last."

Camden Course, N. J., Tuesday, May 21.—The *Shark Stake* for 3 yr. old colts by Shark, 90lbs. on each. Six subs. at \$300 each, \$200 ft. Mile heats.

John D. Kirby's b. c. <i>Camden</i> , out of Invalid by Whisker	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. <i>John Hunter</i> , out of Coquette by Sir Archy	2	2
Wm. Gibbons' br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles	3	3
J. H. Helling's' b. c. <i>John Bell</i> , out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy.....	dist.	

Time, 1:51—1:52.

Mariner in this race was worse buck-shinned than on Long Island. The Kate Kearney colt was knocked up by *fourteen* false starts. Camden, the winner, was thought in his 4 yr. old form to be the best colt in Virginia—superior even to Maj. JONES' Treasurer, in the same stable, for whom \$10,000 was demanded.

Washington, D. C., Tuesday, Oct. 1.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's (Col. F. C. Green's) b. f. <i>Miriam</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Laura by Rob Roy	1	1
Wm. Gibbons' br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles.....	2	2
Gen. Hunter's c. <i>Hope</i> , by Diamond	3	bolt.

Time unknown.

Mariner from a cold, was not up to the mark on this occasion.

Baltimore, Md., Tuesday, Oct. 8.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Wm. Gibbons' br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles.....	3	3	1	1
David McDaniel's b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon	1	2	4	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. <i>John Hunter</i> , by Shark—Coquette by Sir Archy ...	4	1	3	dr
Col. Francis Thompson's (Col. F. C. Green's) b. f. <i>Miriam</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Laura by Rob Roy	2	4	2	*
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna	5	dr		

Time, 3:49—3:49—3:56—4:03. Track heavy. * Ruled out.

In this race it will be seen that, at a longer distance, Mariner settled his account with John Hunter, while he beat *Miriam*, who had beaten him the previous week. Mr. M'Daniel's Whale colt before the 1st heat, ran a mile in a false start. For the state of the course this was a remarkably fine race.

Camden, N. J., Tuesday, Oct. 15—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Eleven subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. f. <i>Fanny</i> , by Eclipse, out of Maria West by Marion	5	4	1	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's br. c. <i>Norfolk</i> , by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards.....	2	1	4	2
J. S. Corbin's Imp. b. c. <i>Passenger</i> , by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus ...	1	3	2	dist.
Wm. Jones' b. c. <i>Treasurer</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Ducroc.....	6	2	3	r.o.
Wm. Gibbons' br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles	4	5	dist.	
J. K. Van Mater's Imp. ch. c. <i>Passaic</i> , by Reveller, out of Rachel by Whalebone	3	dist.		
C. Hatcher's (E. J. Wilson's) gr. f. by Imp. Autocrat, out of Nancy Norwood by Rattler.....	dist.			

Time, 3:49½—3:55½—3:50½—3:55.

The winner of this fine race was purchased by Col. Hampton, of S. C., for \$7000. Mariner was stale as a town tap.

1840.

Washington, D. C., Monday, May 5—Ladies' Purse \$300, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

R. J. Worthington's b. c. <i>Astor</i> , by Ivanhoe, out of Tripit by Mars, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Francis Thompson's (Dr. Neale's) b. c. <i>Rienzi</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Peggy White, 4 yrs.....	5	2
N. Luff borough's ch. c. <i>Trump</i> , by Ace of Diamonds, out of The Captain's dam, 4 yrs.....	2	3
Wm. Holmead's (Wm. Gibbons') br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	3	4
Dr. G. L. Stockett's b. h. <i>Mozart</i> , by Imp. Fylde, dam by Timoleon, 6 yrs.....	4	5
Mr. Brightnell's b. c. <i>Greenhill</i> , by Gracchus, out of Noli-me-tangere, 4 yrs.....	dist.	
Gov. Sprigg's ch. c. <i>Fabius</i> , by Astyanax, out of Bonnie Lassie, 4 yrs.....	dist.	
Rod. McGregor's, ch. c. <i>Ned Hazard</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:47—3:50. Track heavy.

A capital race, and furnishing another proof that Northern horses cannot win at the National Course without a miracle. To get one there a thousand risks have to be encountered by steam boats and railroads. Mingo was distanced there by Bolivia, having taken cold on his way. Mariner was so much amiss that he should not have been started.

Baltimore, Md., Friday, May 15—Purse \$300, ent. \$40, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

John S. Corbin's b. h. <i>Bandit</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	1	1
B. G. Harris' b. h. <i>Reliance</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Culpeper, 5 yrs.....	3	2
W. Holmead's ch. c. <i>Tippecanoe</i> , by Ace of Diamonds, out of The Captain's dam.....	2	dist.
H. C. Kendall's (W. Gibbons') br. h. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue, 4 yr.....	dist.	

Time, 8:02—7:44.

The thing was out, so far as Mariner was concerned, before he was brought to the post. He was so sore that he sulked repeatedly and was distanced in consequence, though he could not have won probably had he run kindly.

Trenton, N. J., Thursday, May 28—Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs: allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. D. Kirby's (Maj. W. Jones') b. c. <i>Treasurer</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove (Zenobia's dam) by Duroc, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Wm. Gibbons' br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..	2	2
J. B. Kendall's gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby—Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 4 y. dr		
Time, 3:47—3:45½.		

Treasurer was the favorite at 10 to 1. Mariner cut out the work, though, in both heats. But for his Southern trip he would have crowded Treasurer still lower down in the forties. He was turned out after this race.

New York, Union Course, Tuesday, Oct. 6—Purse \$600, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Joseph Laird.....		
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. h. <i>Prospect</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs.....	2	dr
Time, 8:06.		

This was Mariner's first appearance in Mr. Laird's hands. The only remark made about the race was that it was a hard struggle between the jockies, one wishing to save his distance, and the other helping him.

Camden, N. J., Thursday, Oct. 22—Proprietor's Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121, 7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

O. P. Hare's b. h. <i>Job</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.....	1	3	1
Reuben.....			
S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	3	2	2
John D. Kirby's b. c. <i>Sam Houston</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Charles Magic's dam, 4 yrs.....	4	1	3
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Wonder</i> , by Tychicus, dam by Rob Roy, 5 yrs.....	5	4	4
Col. Harris' b. c. <i>Rienzi</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Peggy White, 4 yrs.....	6	5	dist.
James B. Kendalls gr. f. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph, 4 yrs.....	2	dr	
Time, 6:26—6:20—6:19.			

Mariner, now in Mr. Laird's hands, was a different style of horse. Job, a \$6000 colt, won this race after a desperate struggle; it was considered at the time one of his best performances. Mariner made the running, and placed himself 2d in the 2d and 3d heat.

Trenton, N. J., Thursday, Oct. 29—Purse \$600, 25 per cent to go to the 2d best horse; free for all ages, carrying the same weights as at Camden. Three mile heats.

J. B. Kendall's (J. Campbell's) b. c. <i>Sam Houston</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Imp. Magic, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
Oliver Wostell.....			
J. D. Kirby's b. c. <i>Passenger</i> , by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus, 4 yrs.....	1	2	3
S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. c. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue, 4 yrs.....	4	3	2
Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. f. <i>Harriet</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Shylock, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	
Time, 6:02—6:02—6:08½. Run in a severe storm.			

In this race Mariner and Harriet were backed vs. the other two at odds! Both were overmarked in the mud, but Mariner recovered, and made a capital race for the 3d heat.

1841.

Camden, N. J., Friday, May 21—Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. h. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	3	1	1
Joe Laird.....			
Jos. H. Van Mater's br. h. <i>Hornblower</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards, 6 yrs.....	1	2	dr
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Norfolk</i> , by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 5 yrs.....	2	dr	
Time, 5:46—5:56.			

Mariner being in the same stable with Clarion, Fashion, Fanny Ellsler, Saracen, and others, could not "get a show" for any purse at the first meeting on Long Island. Clarion carried off the four mile, and Fashion the three mile purse, Ellsler starting for that for two mile heats, and Saracen for that at mile heats. In this race Mariner paid off Norfolk, who had beaten him at two mile heats and gave a "high fall" to the *Hornblowers* about the crack in Uncle Joe H.'s stable.

Trenton, N. J., Thursday, May 27—Purse \$500, \$100 to go to the 2d best horse, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. h. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	3	1	1
J. H. Hellings' b. c. <i>Tyler</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	2	3
James B. Kendall's gr. c. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 4 yrs.....	2	3	2
Jos. H. Van Mater's br. h. <i>Hornblower</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards, 6 yrs.....			dist.
Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) ch. c. <i>Dan</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Monmouth's dam by John Richards, 4 yrs.....			dist.
Time, 5:55—5:51—6:01. Course heavy.			

In this fine race (the state of the course considered) Mariner distinguished himself particularly by his indomitable game. Tyler, Hector Bell, and Hornblower, made up a field so strong that nothing short of a *good one* had any chance.

New York, Union Course, Thursday, June 3—Proprietor's Purse \$800, free for all ages, carrying New York weights, as above. Four mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. h. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. Wm. Jones' b. h. <i>Treasurer</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove (Zenobia's dam) by Duroc, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Robt. L. Stevens' Imp. b. c. <i>Plentipo</i> , by Plenipotentiary, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	3	3
Time, 8:04½—7:59.		

Treasurer, one of the finest colts ever bred on Long Island, and who had beaten or outranked in reputation nearly all of those who had beaten Mariner when caught out of condition, was here obliged, when the play was *four mile heats*, to "acknowledge the corn!"

New York, Union Course, Tuesday, Oct. 5—Purse \$400, free for all ages, New York weights. Three mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. h. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. Wm. Jones' b. c. <i>Truxton</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Princess by Defiance, 4 yrs..	2	2
Time, 6:03—5:55. Track heavy.		

A good race and won cleverly. Truxton's performance in the 2d heat added more than the amount of the purse to his worth.

Baltimore, Md., Thursday, Oct. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$600, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Jas. Long's) ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, aged.....	2	1	1
Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. h. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	1	2	2
Time, 8:00½—8:05—8:10. Track heavy.			

In this race Mariner for the first time met "the invincible Boston," and it is confidently believed that but for his slipping he would have beaten him the 2d heat as he did the 1st. The following description of the race was furnished by the special correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times:"—

BALTIMORE, Thursday Night, Oct. 21.

My Dear Sir,—The ink is scarcely dry with which I have recorded one of the best races I ever saw (between Fashion and John Blount), ere I am called on to report another. Mariner has had the audacity to attack single-handed, and nearly conquer, the hitherto invincible Boston; old "White-nose" was never in a "tighter fix." The assemblage at the Course was overwhelming. Fashion had earned in her severe race with the Virginia crack the highest reputation for the Bonnets o' Blue stock, and with the knowledge that one of the favourites would again run, a bruising race was anticipated; nor was expectation disappointed, for none *dared* believe Mariner could beat Boston. Boston in the morning, and at the start, was the favorite at 100 to 10, and immense sums were laid out.

First Heat.—On stripping, Mariner was seen to be in tip-top condition, while Boston appeared rather high. Mariner had the track, but in the first turn resigned it, laying at Boston's saddle-girths through the 1st mile; on passing the stand it was a dead lock.—Time, 1:57½. In the first half of the 2d mile Mariner

collared him, and after a short rally took the track, and led by an open length ; in this position they passed the stand the 2d mile. At the half mile post of the 3d mile, Boston, for a second only, locked him ; Mariner, however, immediately shook him off. (Here the excitement of the spectators was tremendous.) In the turn after passing the stand in the 4th mile Boston took the whip freely, but he could not reach Mariner, who won cleverly by two lengths.

Betting.—Very little done, except “hedging.” The Boston party were thunderstruck. Mariner was “booked” for the race, as he had cooled off finely ; Boston, on the contrary, appeared swollen across the loins. Mariner now commenced his old trick of sulking, and with considerable difficulty was at length got off for the

Second Heat—Mariner led off, but in the first half mile Boston attempted to lock him ; Mariner quickly cleared himself, and at the half mile post of the second mile Boston made a tremendous rally, but of no avail ; Laird, on the little brown, was determined to “do or die.” In coming up the quarter stretch on the 2d mile, Boston, after making up a gap of 30 yards, made a rush, this time successfully. He passed and led Mariner a length ; in the back stretch Mariner was again at work, and after a severe brush gained the point, and led round to the run home. Boston challenged, and after a bruising race, *won by a scant neck only!* I should mention, Mariner slipped twice in the last mile within 50 yards of the stand.

It was now any one's race. No betting. Mariner was as fine as silk ; Boston cooled off well also, and appeared as fresh as ever.

Third Heat.—After about 20 minutes hard fighting to bring Mariner to the post (he sulked badly and would not even come on the track), in which the patience of the judges was severely tested, they both got off with a good start, Boston leading. In the last quarter stretch, Mariner caught and passed him, opening a gap of 30 yards, and led to the back stretch of the 3d mile. Boston here again attempted to pass him, but Mariner shook him off handsomely, and led to the first turn of the last mile, where Boston went by him, and widened the distance between them to 25 yards. Mariner's chance now appeared out,—however, both were whipped severely, Craig paying Boston off old scores with interest. Wishing to make “assurance doubly sure,” Boston was punished home, and won by 30 yards. The track was so very stiff and heavy, that the time was considered good.

Camden, N. J., Friday, Oct. 29—Purse \$400, free for all ages, New York weights. Three mile heats.

Dr. George Goodwyn's ch. f. <i>Eliza Calvert</i> , by Cymon, dam by Shawnee, 3 yrs.....	<i>John Cheatham</i>	4	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Wonder</i> , by Tychicus, dam by Rob Roy, 6 yrs.....		5	3	2
Saml. Laird's br. h. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue, 5 yrs.....		0	5	3
A. Conover's ch. f. <i>Heiress</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 3 yrs.....		3	2	dist.
Chas. Lloyd's b. c. <i>Truxton</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Princess by Defiance, 4 y.		0	4	dist.

Time, 6:00½—5:59—5:46.

Mariner was so sore from his run with Boston the previous week that it was imprudent to start him. The winner is a remarkably fine filly ; since her race \$4000 has been refused for her.

New York, Union Course, Friday, Nov. 5—Purse \$650, free for all ages, New York weights, Four mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. h. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	<i>Joe Laird</i>	1	3	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (Dr. Thos. Payne's) b. c. <i>Wellington</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Tattersall's dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....		2	1	3
Maj. Wm. Jones' b. c. <i>Truxton</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Princess (Vertumnus' dam) by Defiance, 4 yrs.....		3	2	2

Time, 8:03—8:05½—8:12. Course very heavy.

The following report of this race (by the writer of this memoir) was published the same week in the “Spirit of the Times.” We quote our remarks on that occasion, merely premising that the course was heavy and the weather exceedingly cold and unpleasant, and that Wellington was the favorite at 2 to 1 against the field :—

First Heat.—Wellington led off, with Truxton 2d, and Mariner within call. W. led clear down the back-stretch, the other two being lapt and close up, all in hand. W. led through the 1st mile, Mariner being 2d, and soon after the

pace improved a little. Down the back-stretch Mariner got up nose and tail with Wellington, and at the hill locked him, Joe Laird intending to feel and test the foot of the Virginia crack. Having satisfied himself, Joe pulled Mariner back, and again W. led through, M. being within half a length of him. Joe soon after called on Mariner, and a long killing burst took place, which continued through the entire mile, which was run in 1:55. The two were locked or lapped nearly the whole mile, Wellington appearing to have the foot of him. Near the close of the mile Truxton was tailed off a long way, and to make bad worse, Abram pulled him up at the close, thinking the race over. Of course he had a wide gap to make up and was obliged to run at an increased rate of speed over the other horses to save his distance. At the end of the 3d mile Wellington led Mariner by his saddle-girth, but the latter kept up his murderous stroke, and as they passed over the hill, at the half mile post, seemed to have a little the advantage. Wellington came again, though, and notwithstanding Mariner was a length ahead at the gate, Wellington lost the heat by a neck only. Both came in under whip and spur to the last jump! Mariner's brushes like those of Post Boy and Mingo, last a mile or more, and nothing short of steel and whip-cord can stand such a press. The last mile was run in 1:59½, and the heat in 8:08, which, under the circumstances, was capital time. The friends of Wellington urged that he lost the heat from the fact that his rider was unable to pull him and use his whip hand at the same time; his rider had to carry several pounds dead weight to make up 90lbs. with his saddle and other "traps."

The field was now the favorite, though but little was laid out: Wellington cooled out best and his friends were sanguine. In this heat, the 2d, Truxton led off with Wellington a close second; Mariner was restive at the start and would not take up his stride. These positions were maintained throughout the 2d mile save that Mariner got still farther behind. Joe Laird rode him superbly; indeed we think neither Gil. Patrick, Stephen Welch, Craig, David, Fayette, or John Ford can outmatch him. In the 3d mile soon after passing the stand Truxton opened a gap on Wellington, but the latter soon closed it; their stride being increased it now became apparent that if they kept up their run Mariner would be distanced; he was terribly spurred but seemed to be discouraged from being laid so far behind, Joe's orders being not to run a stroke for the heat. Truxton led in the 3d mile though Wellington was lapped on him. On getting into straight work on the backside Wellington challenged for the lead and after a smart rally with Truxton succeeded. At this moment Mariner was some way out of his distance, but the other two horses were so sadly tired that they came back to him. He would not run and they could not: the result of all this was that they came down into an exercise gallop, which enabled Mariner to get in without a salute from the flag in the distance stand. Wellington won by a length in 8:05½.

Mariner did not mind the heat a jot, and his friends were still confident that if he got a good start and run kindly, he had still "a good look for the money." Wellington's friends thought he ought to have won in two heats, while the unexpected performance of Truxton, the fielders thought, did not "set them back any." Considerable speculation accordingly took place, Wellington's friends backing him with spirit at 2 to 1 vs. the field.

Third Heat.—Mariner jumped off with the lead, closely waited upon: he seemed to move differently, and went in better style than ever, so much so, that before they had gone half a mile every one was anxious to lay out their money on him. The first mile was run at a very moderate rate, Wellington being 2d and close up; they passed the stand lapped. Wellington on the inside; Mariner drew out almost clear on the first turn, and with little or no change of position they run out the second mile. Mariner led through by no more than four or five feet, but he seemed to have something in hand, while Wellington was out and doing his best. The latter kept up his run most gallantly all the way round the turn, down the entire backstretch, and half way round the last quarter, but opposite the Club house, Mariner nailed him and got clear, and came through by a length ahead, and soon after Wellington declined, and Truxton took his place. The latter, to the surprise of every one, held on like nothing but a good one, and kept Mariner up to his work throughout the whole mile, while Wellington gradually weakened and fell off in his stride. Mariner at length won by two lengths, Wellington just saving his distance. Time 8:12.

As we before remarked, when the heavy state of the course is taken into consideration, the time made was capital. We have rarely seen a more severe or more exciting contest. In the 1st heat Wellington and Mariner ran the last two miles lapped, both under whip and spur, Mariner winning the heat by a neck only! The heaviness of the course was much in Mariner's favour, while it told against a 3 yr. old colt like Wellington in an increased degree. The distance was not so much against him as the state of the course. He made a most spirited and excellent race for an aged horse—for a 3 yr. old it was an extraordinary one.

FASHION.

The "pedigree and characteristics" of *Fashion* were given at length in the last number of the "Register," pages 685-7, to which we would refer the reader. The "performances" of this nonpareil merit a more extended notice, and at the same time we shall take occasion to refer to her illustrious paternal ancestry. We cannot better fulfil the latter purpose than by adopting the sentiments expressed in the annexed extract from a communication which appeared in the "Spirit of the Times" of the 25th Dec., over the signature of "Senex"—a writer who has contributed as much information and as valuable materials towards a History of the American Turf, as any gentleman within our knowledge. He remarks:—

"Of Fashion's sire, Trustee, a correspondent of the 'Turf Register,' [see vol. 7, p. 109] from 'The Travellers, London, June, 1835,' speaks of him as 'a stallion, lately purchased at Newmarket,'—gives him a famous pedigree, [own brother to Mundig, a Derby winner, 128 subs., against 13 of the crack 3 yr. olds of the year, shewing that they are of 'a running family,'] got by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, &c., [see the Book.] Catton, the sire of this brace of distinguished brothers, was not only of stout blood, descended from Diomed's sire, Florizel, one of the famed sons of Herod, and from Frenzy, by Eclipse, but a capital performer himself at all distances. He won 21 races [the best campaigner of his era], 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 2 at Newmarket, and 1 at Preston;—'won 14 successive races at all distances, and was one of the best four milers of his day.' 'In 1832, at the Epsom Spring meeting, Trustee, then 3 yrs. old, ran a capital third to the justly celebrated St. Giles, for the Derby Stakes of 101 subs., beating Margrave [afterwards winner of the great St. Leger at Doncaster,] &c. 'A sort of Magnus Apollo' in Turf matters, writes concerning this race, that 'Trustee made play at a pace that we have not seen for the Derby for some years.' He 'ran a remarkably good horse, and has certainly justified all that has been said of him. He was only half a length astern of Perion. Margrave was fourth.' He was at once purchased by the Duke of Cleveland, at the high figure of 2000 guineas, which it was considered "*the honest Trustee*," as he has been designated, was fully worth. At Doncaster, for the St. Leger, he ran again a good third, Margrave winning. 'April, 1833, he won the Claret Stakes, 8 subs., 200 sovs. each, h. ft., D. I., carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lbs. for a 4 yr. old!), beating among others, *Margrave*,—'the betting even on Trustee.' At Doncaster, he won the Claret, two miles, carrying 8st. 5lb., 'won by a head, and run in 3:46.' 'This was a beautiful race,' which, '*the Virginian Abroad*,' 'saw and timed.' It is unnecessary here to enter into a farther detail of Trustee's splendid performances, 'having mostly *la place d'honneur* in the best company, at Epsom, York, Doncaster, and Newmarket."

The writer adds, "from what I have heard of Trustee, as well as what myself have seen of his running, I am quite warranted in affirming him to *have been a racer of capital wind and temper, and in predicting that he will make a capital stock horse.* Has he not proven himself such, especially as the sire to Fashion?"

"Senex" does not speak of Trustee's ancestry on his dam's side. There is nothing superior to it in the English Stud Book—'twould be gilding refined gold or painting the lily, to dwell upon its excellence. His dam, Emma, by Whisker, is the dam also of Agnes, Mundig, and others, and was out of Gibside Fairy by Hermes, and she out of Vicissitude by Pipator—Beatrice by Sir Peter. Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam was own brother to Whalebone, Web, Woful, Wilful, Wire, etc., and was bred by the Duke of Grafton. He was got by Waxy out of Penelope by Trumpator, and she out of Prunella by Highflyer—the very best stock ever in England.

Fashion was three yrs. old past when brought to the post, Mr. Gibbons having determined, very sensibly, to give her time for the more perfect maturity and development of her form. She appeared but twice this season and then in important engagements, both of which she won. As we remarked in a previous notice, she goes with a long, clean, rating stroke, gathers well, and moves with the utmost ease to herself; what is rather singular, she runs with a loose rein. She is true as steel, has a remarkable turn of speed, can be placed anywhere, and nothing can be finer than her temper. A more bloodlike, honest mare, never cut out the work for the fast ones, nor is there one living better able to go the distance. Subjoined is a brief account of her performances:—

1840.

Camden, N. J., Wednesday, Oct. 21—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs.

Four subs at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. f. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles	<i>Joe Laird</i>	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. f. <i>Amelia Priestman</i> , by Drone, out of Ecarté		2	2
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. f. by Star, out of Sally Trent			p. ft.
Jas. K. Van Mater's b. f. <i>Nannie</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Miss Mattie			p. ft.

Time, 4:13—4:22. Track knee deep in mud.

Fashion was the favourite at odds, and won like a trump.

Trenton, N. J., Tuesday, Oct. 27—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. f. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles	<i>Joe Laird</i>	1	1
D. H. Jones' gr. f. <i>Fleetfoot</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Dove (Treasurer and Zenobia's dam) by Duroc		2	2
J. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) b. f. <i>Nannie</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy			dist.*
J. B. Kendall's ch. f. <i>Amelia Priestman</i> , by Drone, out of Ecarté by Eclipse			p. ft.
D. H. Jones' b. c. <i>Truxton</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Vertumnus' dam			p. ft.

Time, 3:52½—3:56½. Track heavy. * Rider fell.

Fashion put the issue of both heats on a brush and won cleverly. Fleetfoot is one of the finest fillies ever bred on Long Island.

1841.

New York, Union Course, Thursday, May 6—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. f. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	<i>Joe Laird</i>	1	1
Robt. L. Stevens' Imp. b. m. <i>Sylphide</i> , by Emilius, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, 5 yrs		5	2
Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. h. <i>Prospect</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 6 yrs		2	3

Maj. Wm. Jones' gr. f. *Fleetfoot*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Dove by Duroc, 4 yrs ---- 4 4
 D. W. Jones' ch. c. *Meridian*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Balie Peyton's dam, 4 yrs ---- 3 dr
 J. Smith's ch. h. *Bluff*, by Gohanna, out of Blank by Henry, 5 yrs----- dr
 Time, 6:03—6:05. Track very heavy.

This was a capital race for the course, which was very deep and stiff.

Camden, N. J., Wednesday, May 19—Purse \$300, free for all ages, carrying New York weights. Two mile heats.

J. H. Hellings' b. c. <i>Tyler</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	2 3 1 1
S. Laird's (Wm Gibbons') ch. f. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	3 1 3 2
Col. William R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Telemachus</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs	4 4 2 r.o.
Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. h. <i>Trenton</i> , by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe, 6 yrs	1 2 dist.

Time, 4:06—3:52—3:51½—3:56.

This was the only race that Fashion ever lost. She had been coughing for several days previous, and though she was the favorite before the start, it was the general remark before half a mile had been run, that "*Fashion has lost her action!*" Still she won the 2d heat and placed herself 2d in the 4th.

Fashion could not start at Trenton, it not being her "turn." Mariner and Clarion carried off the purses for three and two mile heats; no four mile purse was given. She made her first appearance in the Fall at the Union Course, where she was obliged to go for the two mile purse or nothing, as Clarion won the four mile, and Mariner the three mile, purse.

New York, Union Course, Thursday, Oct. 7—Purse \$200, free for all ages, New York wts. Two mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. f. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	Joe Laird 1 1
Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. h. <i>Trenton</i> , by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe, 6 yrs	2 2

Time, 3:51—3:46½. Course heavy.

A remarkably fast thing considering the state of the course. Trenton has long been regarded as one of the most formidable horses at the North at this distance. The betting, consequently, was heavy. Fashion put the 2d heat on a brush and won in splendid style after a burst down the quarter stretch at the pace of a quarter horse.

Baltimore, Md., Wednesday, Oct. 20—Proprietor's Purse \$400, ent. \$25, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. f. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	Joe Laird. 2 1 1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. <i>John Blount</i> , by Marion, out of Mary Blount's dam by Alfred, 4 yrs	1 2 2
James B. Kendall's gr. m. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 5 yrs	dist.
W. Collins' b. h. <i>Stockton</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, aged	dist.

Time, 5:57—6:01—6:10. Track very heavy.

This was one of the most extraordinary races of the season, and contributed more to Fashion's reputation than all her previous performances combined. John Blount, in his 3 yr. old form as in his 4th year, had been regarded as the best colt in Virginia, and he came to Baltimore after beating Tyler easily in a match for \$5000, at Petersburg. Tyler, it will be recollected, is the only competitor who had come off victorious in a conflict with Fashion, and then when she was amiss. The latter, in beating Blount *twice*, at a longer distance, fully cancelled her debt to Tyler. The following report of the race was furnished by a special correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times :"—

I have to record one of the best races I ever saw run, in which *John Blount*, the boast of Virginia, was beaten by a "Jersey blue"—*Fashion*—a race horse of the first order. It rained heavily all last night, and the course this morning was very muddy and slippery.

The first race was for the Proprietor's Purse, three mile heats, for which five horses were entered—*Fashion*, *John Blount*, *Stockton*, *Lady Canton*, and *Marianna*, an Autocrat mare. Four only started, *Marianna* being withdrawn. On

the entries being announced, John Blount was immediately made favorite vs. the field,—in the evening he became so at odds of 4 to 3,—in the morning he advanced to 2 to 1, and before the start 100 to 35 was freely offered. Fashion had but few friends, but those few, "old and tried," "shelled out their coin" to great advantage; rumor with its thousand tongues had placed John Blount second to Boston only, and this but made the timid more fearful.

In the first heat Stockton led off at a rapid pace, with Blount and Lady Canton well up, and Fashion, hard in hand, in the rear of all. They kept these positions until near the end of the 2d mile, when on passing the stand Fashion changed places with Lady Canton, and in the last three-quarter mile, finding Stockton was falling off, and Blount winning too easy, she made up a gap of forty yards, and brushed with him down the quarter stretch; Blount shook her off, and finally won by a length. Lady Canton's saddle slipped in the 1st mile; she and Stockton, who cannot run in the mud, were distanced.

Second Heat.—They both cooled off well. Fashion, now the "fielders'" only stay, was scrutinized again and again, and pronounced faultless; in the betting she advanced a point, relying on her undoubted game. Never was there a more even race; from the word "go" they were locked, à la Siamese Twins, the whole three miles, without your being able for one second to see daylight between the two jockeys. In any part of this heat, a blanket would have covered both horses till they came inside of the distance stand, where Fashion gradually cleared herself. When within four jumps of the stand, John Farrell attempted to steal a march on Fashion, but Joe Laird, ever wakeful, was not caught napping this time, but brought the filly home a gallant winner by a neck.

Third Heat.—John Cheatham, a colored boy, now took the place of John Farrell on Blount, Farrell being 2lbs. over weight. For the first two miles this heat was but a repetition of the last. Within the draw-gates on the 2d mile, Blount suddenly fell off, giving up the contest. Fashion won the heat and race at her ease by 30 yards. Immense sums of money were lost on Blount. You may rely upon it, Virginia "fell heavy."

We now come to one of the most remarkable performances ever made by a four year old filly!

Camden, N. J., Thursday, Oct. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$800, free for all ages, carrying New York weights. Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. f. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	-----	<i>Joe Laird</i> .	2 1 1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (Dr. Thos. Payne's) b. c. <i>John Blount</i> ,* by Marion, out of Mary Blount's dam by Alfred, 4 yrs	-----		1 2 dr
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Jas. Long's) ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, aged	-----		dist.
Time, 7:42—7:48. * Broke down.			

So many different reports have been given of this race, and the impressions of those gentlemen who saw it are so dissimilar, that it is almost impossible to arrive at a correct conclusion. The following remarks were published at the time in connection with the report of the race, in the "Spirit of the Times:"—

"The entries for the Jockey Club Purse of \$800, four mile heats, were *Boston*, *Fashion*, and *John Blount*. The race of Boston vs. Mariner last week at Baltimore, in which he came very near being defeated, put an end to any such odds as 100 to 10; the highest odds offered were 5 to 1 on him vs. the field.—Arthur Taylor, his trainer, and several of "the Boston party," as we are informed, advised that he should not be started, but Mr. Long persisted. The horse is said to have looked well and it is possible that his trainer's advice was based on the fact of his disposition to sulk, and being aware that very large amounts were pending. Fashion, notwithstanding her severe race the previous week, running three heats of three miles at Baltimore, beating John Blount, looked like a trump, as she is. After this race (which as a friend to the filly and her owner, we had endeavored to get up, in the shape of a match), it is not generally known that a match was offered by the friends of Blount, to run Fashion three mile heats next Spring over the same course for \$5000 a side, and left open for acceptance until the hour of their starting together at Camden. Mr. GIBBONS, however, trains and runs his horses for public money only, never backing them personally. We have deemed it proper to make this statement with regard to John Blount to show that his friends did not await another "show" to give

them confidence, as they considered him amiss at Baltimore. Beyond all doubt he was a most gallant horse, of untiring game and great speed, which causes us additional regret at being obliged to record the fact of his having given way; he will never start again. Fashion's owner as well as his friends had great confidence in her, and it has been the general opinion here that had she been entered against Boston at Baltimore, in Mariner's stead, she would have beaten him. Accordingly of the thousands of spectators assembled to witness this race, a great number were New Yorkers, who went expressly to lay out their money on Fashion. The betting commenced at 1 to 3 on the field vs. Boston, but subsequently Boston's party rallied and before the start, laid out their money at 5 to 1. One gentleman won \$6000 on Fashion. Some of Boston's friends got "an awful fall," and immense sums are said to have changed hands. The day was fine and the course in good order though it is not so well adapted for making fast time as the Kendall, Trenton, or Union Course."

To the statement above it should be added that Col. JOHNSON was averse to starting Boston, and did so under the express understanding that Mr. Long was not to back him to the amount of a dollar. Boston's trainer, jockey, and "the party" generally, were of the same opinion. The prestige of his name, however, induced hundreds who had won on him before to back him again.

It should also be stated that John Blount's immediate friends, who thought him hardly up to the mark at Baltimore, now considered his condition as perfect, while many Southern gentlemen, and especially Arthur Taylor, did not think Fashion so near the mark as she was the previous week at Baltimore. One gentleman—one of the shrewdest turfmen of the Old Dominion—assured us that before he came upon the course he had bet \$2500 on Fashion vs. John Blount; but that upon seeing her stripped, he found her coat very rough, her hair set the wrong way, etc., so that after examining Blount, he immediately turned to betting on *him*. His opinion of the condition of the two horses was confirmed by Arthur Taylor, so that he not only hedged his \$2500, but laid out a smart sum against the filly. It was his deliberate opinion that, both right, the filly could beat the colt any distance, but on the present occasion, Blount had manifestly the advantage in condition; this same gentleman thinks so highly of Fashion that he offered to take one half of the match subsequently made on her vs. Boston, and he is now deeply interested in that event. The friends of Blount thought him in condition to run for a man's life, and Dr. GOODWYN, who trained and managed him, has assured us that in his opinion, Blount could have run two heats over the Union Course in 7:40, on that day, had his leg not given way.

The Race.—Blount led off with Fashion well up, while Boston laid about thirty yards in the rear. The pace was very moderate throughout the 1st mile, notwithstanding which Boston was a long way in the rear, appearing to have lost his action. After the start took place Mr. Long offered \$1000 to 400 on him, but when the horses got into straight work on the back side, so that the action of each could be seen, Mr. L. withdrew his offer, which, fortunately for him, had not been taken up. The 1st mile was run in 2:00. In the 2d, the pace improved, Fashion going up nearer to Blount, though Joe Laird, her jockey, had express orders not to run for the heat; this mile was run in 1:53½. From the start Boston had thus far been falling in the rear, though incessantly plied with the raw hide. The pace during the whole 3d mile was tremendous; it was run in 1:48! When Fashion came opposite the half mile post (while running the 3d mile) Mr. Laird seeing that Boston was in difficulty, ordered Joe (on Fashion) to "*go on and shut out Boston!*" Up to this time the filly had not been called upon; she pressed Blount all the way without intending to pass him, unless he gave back. Blount maintained his lead to the end, and won by three

lengths, as Fashion was pulled up inside of the distance stand. Boston nowhere ! The 4th mile was run in 2:00½, making the time of the first three miles 5:41½, and of the heat, 7:42 !

Many of Boston's friends maintain that he could not, on this occasion, run a mile under 2:10, while others contend that in the 3d mile (run in 1:48) when Fashion and Blount were going at their best pace, that Boston made up a gap of sixty yards in a quarter of a mile ! We cannot reconcile the various statements ; doctors *will* differ.

The spectators were astounded ! Boston was not only out of his distance, but he did not get within the drawgate ! Many persons on the ground fully believe that had Fashion pressed Blount throughout the 4th mile as she did on the 3d, the heat would have been run "*down in the thirties.*" The Camden, a clay course, is not so fast by a second or more in a mile as those we have before named.

Both horses cooled off well, and the backers of each were sanguine. A second edition of the bruising heat between the same horses at Baltimore, when they ran neck and neck for near three miles, was anticipated. The "sufferers" by the result of the 1st heat now endeavored to get out by "piling it up" on the 2d, while the winners sought to double their money. The Northern men generally stuck to the Jersey filly like "bricks," and no mistake, as did an occasional Southern man, who recollected her dam ; one of the latter was the largest winner on the ground. The Old Dominion was *thar*, however, and hundreds "spread themselves" to the size of their pile.

Second Heat.—Joe Laird on Fashion, made play from the score, determined to take the lead and keep it—if he could. She soon opened a gap of three lengths ; near the close of the mile Blount drew upon her, but could only reach her saddle girth. This mile was run in 1:59. Farrell on Blount now set to work, and kept him up to the top of his rate throughout the whole 2d mile. The pace was tremendous, and the interest thrilling beyond description, as will be imagined when we state that this mile was run in 1:47 ! Still Blount never was able to lock her, neck and neck, though he lapped her the entire mile ! She evidently had too much speed for him, while at the same time she could outlast him. In the 3d mile, after being relieved by a bracing pull, Blount made a spirited challenge going down the back stretch, but Joe called on the nonpareil under him, and quickly shook him off. Farrell once more bottled him up, and near the end of the mile he made another rally, alike unavailing. Fashion now appeared to have the race in hand ; she led by three lengths for more than half of the 4th mile, but on entering the head of the last quarter stretch, Blount made a final and desperate effort ; after a few strides, however, he suddenly and most unaccountably gave back, and Fashion won at her ease by three lengths, running this heat in 7:48 ! On pulling up, John Blount was found to be excessively lame, and it was soon discovered that he had given way in his last gallant effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day.

Since the race it has been claimed by several friends of John Blount that he was slightly lame after the 1st heat. We doubt it, however, for had he been, the fact would have been known to Dr. GOODWYN and Dr. PAYNE, who ran him ; his backers, too, are no chickens, and they did not find it out. There is also a dispute as to the time when he gave way, some stating it to have occurred at the close of the *third* mile, while others contend that he broke down on being pulled up after the heat was over. He certainly is

entitled to all the benefit of the doubt on the subject, for he has proved himself a most gallant horse.

Immediately after the race described above, the match offered by the owners of Boston to the friends of Fashion was accepted. In the meantime she was turned out. A correspondent ("Senex") of the "Spirit of the Times," in a very interesting communication upon the subject of the ancestry, etc. of Boston and Fashion, alludes to a somewhat singular coincidence, that Fashion, "the nonpariel of the North," should be the produce of a Virginia bred mare, as the first Northern Champion, Eclipse, was the get of a Virginia bred horse. He adds that—"Although in 'starting, in three trainings, seven times, and winning six races, one at four and two at three mile heats,' she has proven herself superior in the race to all but one competitor, Tyler (but was beat by him in four heats, when she was clearly out of condition); yet she has been beat twice the first heat, by John Blount, that had triumphed over her only victor, in a match. She has acquired more celebrity than Boston or Eclipse at her age, and has already won nearly as many races as the latter. When the Camden and Union Courses are compared, as applicable for speed, her last performance fully equals, if it does not surpass, Eclipse's vaunted achievement. Two consecutive heats, either of them *the best* on the course, in 7:42 and 7:48, the latter one second better than *any* second heat has been run by either Boston or Eclipse. It was certainly a splendid race, 'one of the best run in America,' and faster than any two heats run by Boston. [He having been 'dead amiss,' had no part in it.] When they run their match, being a year older than Henry was, she will carry only three pounds more, 111lbs. to his 108lbs. Boston will be nine years old, as Eclipse was the Spring when he run his match with Henry, and will carry the same weight, 126lbs. If brought to the post in *Johnsonian* order, and the course and the weather, with other appliances, be equally favorable for speed, it will be a matter for speculation and heavy betting whether the time of the great Eclipse match, in the detail and aggregate, be equalled."

The same capital writer thus compares the pedigrees of Boston and Fashion, when brought in juxtaposition:—

Boston, by Timoleon (son of Sir Archy), out of Robin Brown's dam (sister to Tuckahoe), by Florizel (son of Diomed), her dam by Eng. Alderman (son of Pot-8-o's, who was by Eclipse), his *g. g.* dam by Eng. Clockfast (son of Gimcrack), and her dam by Wildair (the renowned son of English Fearnought), by Regulus, &c. Timoleon, out of Constitution's dam, that was got by the famous English Saltram, son of Eclipse. Eng. Alderman out of Lady Bolingbroke by Squirrel, out of the famous Herod's dam, Cypron by Blaze. Wildair, the best race horse in Virginia, some years before the Am. Revolution. Florizel's dam was by the famous Sharke, &c. &c. &c.

Fashion, by Eng. Trustee (son of Catton), out of Mariner's dam, Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles (son of Sir Archy), her dam Reality (the dam of Slender and Medley) by Sir Archy, *g. g.* dam, Vanity's dam by Eng. Medley, son of Gimcrack; her pedigree extending to as remote antiquity in Virginia as Boston's, through the English "horses Centinel, Jaus, Monkey, Silver-eye and Spanker, to an imported Spanish mare." Trustee out of Emma, by Whisker, one of the trio of distinguished Derby winners, with Whalebone and Woful, renowned alike for their blood, the real Prunella sort, as for their renowned get, many of

them winners of the great events, the Derby, St. Leger and Oaks. Sir Charles, out of Mercury's and Janet's dam, by Imp. Citizen. Eng. Medley out of Sir Peter's dam by Snap, &c. &c. &c.

We have previously invited the reader's attention to a description of Fashion, and a notice of her performances, contained in the last number of this magazine, pages 685-7. We have but to add that she is to be trained for the match with Boston by Mr. Laird, and his son Joseph will continue to be her jockey. Mariner is in the same stable. At the time we are writing this paragraph (Jan. 20th.) both are in robust health, and within a few days we have heard of Boston's good health.

As a readier means of reference we give the annexed recapitulation of the performances of the subjects of these memoirs:

MARINER'S PERFORMANCES.

1839.	May 7..	Union Course, L. I.....	Stake.....	Mile heats.....	won.....	\$2500
—.	May 21..	Camden, N. J.....	Stake.....	Two mile heats.....	lost	
—.	Oct. 1..	Washington, D. C.....	Stake.....	Two mile heats.....	lost	
—.	Oct. 8..	Baltimore, Md.....	Stake.....	Two mile heats.....	won.....	1500
—.	Oct. 15..	Camden, N. J.....	Stake.....	Two mile heats.....	lost	
1840.	May 5..	Washington, D. C.....	Purse.....	Two mile heats.....	lost	
—.	May 15..	Baltimore, Md.....	Purse.....	Four mile heats.....	lost	
—.	May 28..	Trenton, N. J.....	Purse.....	Two mile heats.....	lost	
—.	Oct. 6..	Union Course, L. I.....	Purse.....	Four mile heats.....	won.....	500
—.	Oct. 22..	Camden, N. J.....	Purse.....	Three mile heats.....	lost	
—.	Oct. 29..	Trenton, N. J.....	Purse.....	Three mile heats.....	lost	
1841.	May 21..	Camden, N. J.....	Purse.....	Three mile heats.....	won.....	500
—.	May 27..	Trenton, N. J.....	Purse.....	Three mile heats.....	won.....	500
—.	June 3..	Union Course, L. I.....	Purse.....	Four mile heats.....	won.....	800
—.	Oct. 5..	Union Course, L. I.....	Purse.....	Three mile heats.....	won.....	400
—.	Oct. 21..	Baltimore, Md.....	Purse.....	Four mile heats.....	lost	
—.	Oct. 29..	Camden, N. J.....	Purse.....	Three mile heats.....	lost	
—.	Nov. 5..	Union Course, L. I.....	Purse.....	Four mile heats.....	won.....	550

Starting eighteen times and winning eight races—three at four mile heats, and three at three mile heats, winning.....\$7650

FASHION'S PERFORMANCES.

1840.	Oct. 21..	Camden, N. J.....	Stake.....	Two mile heats.....	won.....	\$ 800
—.	Oct. 27..	Trenton, N. J.....	Stake.....	Two mile heats.....	won.....	1100
1841.	May 6..	Union Course, L. I.....	Purse.....	Three mile heats.....	won.....	500
—.	May 19..	Camden, N. J.....	Purse.....	Two mile heats.....	lost	
—.	Oct. 7..	Union Course, L. I.....	Purse.....	Two mile heats.....	won.....	200
—.	Oct. 20..	Baltimore, Md.....	Purse.....	Three mile heats.....	won.....	400
—.	Oct. 28..	Camden, N. J.....	Purse.....	Four mile heats.....	won.....	800

Starting seven times and winning six races—once at four mile heats, and twice at three mile heats, winning.....\$3500

It will hardly fail to strike the reader that Mariner's play is a long distance. In five races that he has won, his game has *told*, and he has carried off the purse after losing a heat. A tougher bit of blood has rarely responded to the call of whip and spur. In the course of his racing career he has beaten some capital horses, and in return several that have beaten him. He has beaten Hornblower, Treasurer, Wellington, Truxton, Tyler, Hector Bell, Norfolk, Miriam and others, and in the three years he has been on the Turf has run *one hundred and twenty-one miles!*

Fashion's remarkable turn of speed is only equalled by her thorough game. It is enough to say of her that she has beaten everything that has started against her with the single exception of Tyler, who caught her amiss. No one doubts, however, that she can beat him at any distance "as far as you can throw a stone!"

The portraits of these two horses are among Mr. Burford's

earliest efforts in this difficult branch of his art. The likenesses are by no means flattering; indeed by many it is thought that he has not done justice to the originals. Fashion's head is set on to her neck much better than is represented in the picture, and she has finer hips and more width between them, than one would suppose from merely seeing her picture. Mariner, also, is not quite so dish-faced as represented, and has a more ample breadth of quarter. Still Mr. Burford's portraits are highly creditable to his talents as an Animal Painter; a little more experience, combined with a study of the *points* of horses will render him all that can be desired. It should be mentioned that the back-ground of his pictures are finished with exquisite taste; some of his scenic sketches are admirable.

In concluding these extended memoirs, which have grown under our hands to a length quite unpremeditated, we beg to dedicate that of *Mariner*, to his OWNER, as some evidence of our appreciation of his *indomitable and persevering spirit* under trying reverses of several years' continuance, after coming on the 'Turf: that of the Northern Phenomenon, we beg leave to dedicate to "THE FRIENDS OF FASHION," who so promptly raised the glove thrown down by "the invincible *Boston*." That the rival champions may meet on Tuesday, the 10th of May next, in superb condition, and under the most auspicious circumstances—and that we may be there to see the best horse win—is the sincere wish of

Their Friend,

THE EDITOR.

THE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER'S STUD.

BY TOUCHSTONE.

MR. EDITOR: During the past month, I took a trip to the ancient city of Chester, and spent the most part of a pleasant week in viewing the Eaton Stud. On the Tuesday, I made the fourth of a coursing party; and as the white frost which had been laying on the earth for the two previous days, most happily on that morning took a trip to some other region, plenty of sport was afforded without incurring injury to the feet of the longtails. After about sixteen courses, in which we were fortunate enough to kill eight "pussys," we adjourned to Hurst's, the gamekeeper, where most ample justice was done to the solid dishes set before the hungry sportsmen. The fields after the thaw were shockingly deep and heavy, and the leaping over ditches, and tramping ankle deep in mud, which in some of the smaller enclosures was the case, contributed in no small degree to the fatigue—may I not add, to the health also. The dogs were eight in number, of which seven belonged to Mr. B., of Chester. One, a puppy of twelve months old, proved himself a most resolute and determined dog; and after

two severe courses, in one of which he ran half a mile in consequence of setting a fresh hare, he had a severe course single handed, and succeeded, after four doubles in a space of fifty yards, in killing his speedy but luckless victim. Two of the others were by the celebrated Emperor, the Lancashire dog, and were fair runners. Two young dogs, of a fawn colour, turned out regular wastrels; the best of the whole eight being a black dog, 3 yrs. old, yclept "Charley," of whose pedigree I am ignorant. Trapball was but a shade inferior to him, and another year, I dare prophesy, will beat him. Mr. D. accompanied us with his double-barrel, but only obtained shots at two snipes (one a jack), both of which were bagged. On the Wednesday, I rode over to Eaton, and was in time to join Mr. Osborne, the new trainer, and a string of twelve just as they were starting for the morning exercise. The following is the list. The ages are reckoned to the 1st January, 1842:—

1. Morning Star, by Glaucus, out of Bertha, 4 yrs.
 2. Brown colt, by Muley Moloch, dam (f. in 1833) by Mulatto—Prinrose, 3 yrs.
 3. Auckland, br. c. by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honour, 3 yrs.
 4. Candahar, br. c. by Pantaloon, out of Medina, 3 yrs.
 5. Bay colt, by Liverpool, out of Teresa, 3 yrs.
 6. William de Fortibus, ch. c. by Plenipotentiary, out of Laura, by Figaro, 3 yrs.
 7. B. C., brother to Ghuznee.
 8. Irony, br. f. by Pantaloon, out of Sarcasm, 3 yrs.
 9. Evening Star, br. f. by Touchstone, out of Bertha, 3 yrs.
 10. Ghuznee, by Pantaloon, out of Languish, 4 yrs., winner of the Oaks, 1841.
 11. Brown colt, brother to Bona Fide
 12. Chesnut colt, brother to Cardinal Puff
- } yearlings.

Taking them altogether, perhaps a finer string was never seen. The gallop from the Belgrave Lodge down the Green Drive, and then across the park to the hall, making a semi-circle, had really a splendid appearance. The conformation of William de Fortibus particularly struck me; he seemed in most excellent health and spirits, and must run a severe race for the Chester Dee Stakes. By-the-bye, the field for that stake will be very strong—something of the Moss Rose Birmingham style. The celebrated 2 yrs. old Skipton, sold by Mr. Osborne to the "Squire," and the Welsh colt Croydon, are flyers, and one or two dark horses besides William de Fortibus will contend; although at Chester, if any, Skipton is the highest thought of, yet William de Fortibus and Croydon will make a tremendous struggle for the palm of victory. The Muley Moloch colt, bought of Mr. Osborne by the Marquis, is a slapping fine brown horse, close upon, if not quite, sixteen hands; lower than Auckland or William: but as none have been tried, of course any opinion I may give is merely speculation. The Liverpool colt is a nice compact animal, but not a flyer "I calculate."

I was very much amused at Mr. Osborne's partiality for his own horses (that were). I found him exceedingly agreeable, evidently quite master of his business—this year's racing proves that; and the Marquis has indeed abundant cause to congratulate himself upon his choice of a trainer. Mr. O. has, moreover, none of that ridiculous closeness and mystery which was and is so conspicuous in old Harry Arthur and many others; and which, in him (Arthur), is the mark as much of ignorance as of sourness of disposition and temper. Van-Amburgh, Satirist, and Sleight-of-hand took their exercise in the afternoon; and these and the above twelve, in all fifteen, form the whole of the Marquis's stud in training. Sleight-of-Hand's accident was a knock upon the hock of the off-hind leg, but he is not at all lame, and with fair weighting will carry off the richest cup race of the year. He is a superb horse, more than 16 hands, and the Derby of 1839 must have been a mistake.

This brings me to the Scotts. It is a palpable fact that they have been incomprehensible with the noble Marquis this year. First, they made him believe that Marshal Sout was *the* horse at Epsom; then Lampoon for the Oaks; and, finally, Van Amburgh for the Leger, until the last week. Is it to be wondered at, then, that they have lost the training of his horses? This loss ought to have occurred years ago; and indeed, had it not been done at the present time, the high character of the Marquis in Turf history would have been greatly perilled. As it was, several strong censures have been passed upon him by sporting writers when treating of the Scotts. As to the letter from a noble lord to the Scotts, spoken of a few weeks ago, we can only call to mind the old adage, "birds of a feather flock together."

The Marquis has also made an excellent selection in appointing Job Marson his jockey; a more civil, respectable follower of the pig-skin and jacket never existed: he is an excellent rider. George Francis will of course mount the light weights. Holmes applied for the jockeyship, but though my lord was very partial to him, he was refused in consequence of his connection with the Scotts.

On the Monday before I left for Manchester I rode over to Hodford, where the Marquis has a private course of one mile and a quarter and a hundred yards in circumference; I there saw Auckland, the Muley Moloch colt, and Candahar take a four mile gallop, which they performed in excellent style, the shocking heavy state of the ground being a great drawback to forming an opinion. Nutting (young John), a great favorite of mine, had three of the yearlings out, and they galloped nearly twice round. They were—brown colt, by Touchstone; chesnut filly, sister to Satirist; brown filly, by Touchstone, out of Decoy—very pretty, but very moderate when placed in comparison with her youthful companions in front—these were magnificent yearlings: the colt very like his sire, and, as like begets like, the Marquis's chance of the Derby or Leger for 1843, is no small one. To sceptics, I say, wait awhile; and if you be not of my opinion, then have I no judgment in horse-flesh. The same remarks apply to the chesnut filly, which is a perfect beauty, but like her brother, the conqueror of 1841, is a

eetle mischievous in temper: indeed, the Sarcasm breed are all alike. But I must conclude my remarks upon the racing stud, which have extended much further than I at first intended, and in consequence will postpone my notice of that part of the breeding stud consisting of the brood mares and foals for another letter; and will conclude with a brief notice of the three stallions now in the possession of the Marquis.

These are—Touchstone, and his brother Launcelot, by Camel, out of Banter, and the chesnut horse Pantaloon, by Castrel, which only raced one year (1827), winning the whole of his races (seven in number) in a canter. The Marquis purchased him at the cheap figure of 600 guineas, being literally talked into making the purchase by Mr. Nutting, Sen. Touchstone's legs are as clean as those of a two-year-old, and he can beat most horses of the present time, notwithstanding his age: he is, indeed, a specimen of our English horse. Launcelot, his brother, is especially like him, without the quantity of white in the face, however, which forms so conspicuous a feature in Touchstone; he is on sale—price 3000 guineas, and 2500 have been refused. No money will purchase Touchstone. Pantaloon was as proud and queer towards strangers as ever. Setting aside partiality for the St. Leger winner of 1834, perhaps Pantaloon ought to be pronounced the "King amang 'em a'." The finest proof of the good management of the Nuttings is to be found in the extreme docility of the whole breeding stud—a sure mark of kindness and good treatment. Old Puff, Banter, &c., were as familiar and quiet with me as if they had been in my possession from the time they were foaled. This is the universal remark of strangers.

The total number of horses in training, and the entire breeding stud, is 52.

Manchester, Dec., 1841.

T.
London Sportsman for Jan., 1842.

SALE OF MR. BAILDON'S GREYHOUNDS.—The following kennel of greyhounds, the property of Mr. Baildon, were sold by Messrs. Tattersall & Son on Monday last:—

	GS.
Bashful, bk. b., 3½ yrs. by Mr. Bellyse's Nathan (sire of Mr. Baildon's Burgundy), out of Mr. Starkey's Lady Bashful.....	21
Barrier (late Bloomsbury), r. d., 2½ yrs., by an own brother to Burgundy, out of the dam of Bashful and Blush	18½
Barricade, r. d., 18 months, by Mr. Saberton's Valiant, out of his Shyllass....	16½
Byron, r. d., 20 months, by Mr. Baildon's Burgundy, out of Lord Stradbroke's Midsummer.....	21
Barbara, own sister to Byron.....	25
Barclay, bk. d., 21 months, by Lord Eglington's Will-o'-the-Wisp (own brother to his Waterloo), out of Lord Stradbroke's Matilda.....	17
Baffle, bk. b., own sister to Barclay.....	23

The following lots, belonging to another gentleman, were also sold:—

Sorceress, 16 months, by Snowball (brother to Calvert's Countess), out of Delta (dam of Dr. Scott's Sprite).....	3½
Sylph, 22 months, by Grasperando (son of Burgundy), out of Violet (dam of Dr. Scott's Sparrowhawk), by a brother of the Nottinghamshire Violet..	7
Snowdrop, own brother to Sylph	8

Notes of the Month.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

The Northern Turf.—A thorough revolution of the Northern Turf is in progress, the evidences of which reach us from week to week, but which we have not felt at liberty to mention at the present stage of the important changes going on. The closing of the match between *Boston* and *Fashion* has given a new impulse to the SPORTS OF THE TURF among us, and in the course of a few weeks we shall doubtless be permitted to lay before the Sporting World "a full, true, and particular" account of the arrangements made, by which a complete *Revival of the Northern Turf* is to be brought about, and established on a firm basis.

A demonstration not to be misunderstood, that the Sports of the Turf are really to be carried on here with increased spirit, is the fact that we have been authorized to announce a *Spring Meeting on the Beacon Course*. This will come off on the week succeeding the Union Course races, which commence with the great match on Tuesday, 10th of May.

We are desired to state that the most liberal inducements will be offered by the Proprietors of the Beacon Course to the owners of horses in this section and those at a distance. This beautiful course, upon which over \$60,000 cash has been expended, will be still more improved before the Meeting now announced. It is within sight of the city, and may be reached from any part of Broadway in half an hour. No course in the United States possesses the same local advantages, and we speak advisedly when we state that it is without a rival in the beauty, convenience, and cost of its stands and fixtures.

As the match between Boston and Fashion the preceding week is likely to attract an immense concourse of stables, as well as spectators, we would suggest to the Proprietors of Courses to so arrange their respective meetings as to form a Northern circuit. Our friends south of the Potomac might help us in this matter. Several Proprietors that have stables, and many members of their Clubs, will no doubt be in attendance to see the great match. By concert the time of all the meetings might be so arranged as to give each proprietor a chance, and still allow the members of their several Clubs an opportunity of attending our races here. Arrange this matter at once, gentlemen, and you will "make something by it."

Blood Stock of Louisiana.—Great efforts are making in Louisiana to improve the Blood Stock in that State, and the number both of Breeders and Turfmen are fast increasing. The papers in the interior of the State make frequent mention of the additions making to their stock, and a cordial feeling is everywhere manifesting itself to encourage Agricultural Societies and Stock Fairs. There are several very extensive Breeding Studs in the state, the most prominent of which are those of the Messrs. Kenner, Barrow, Miller, Wells, Smith, Duplantier, and the late Mr. Beasley. Several gentlemen of character and wealth have within a few years commenced breeding, among whom are Messrs. Porter, Rouzan, Dickenson, Shepherd, Lewis, Herman, Schlatre, and Parrott. Hon. B. Peyton, Senator Barrow, and other eminent citizens of Louisiana, have their stock in Tennessee. When it is considered that the revival of the Turf in Louisiana by Col. OLIVER commenced only so recently as March, 1837, the Sporting World cannot but be struck with the prodigious strides with which everything connected with it has advanced. For purity and variety of blood, and tried racing qualities, the Blood Stock of Louisiana will compare with that of any State in the Union, and very few of them can boast, strange as it may seem, of a greater amount.

New Jersey Blood Stock.—Mr. W. V. BARKALOW, of Franklin Ohio, (about 20 miles from Cincinnati, on the river) has purchased of Maj. COOK, of Hightstown, N. J., the following stock, formerly in Capt. Stockton's Stud:—Imp. Lady Mostyn, Imp. Prinella, Charlotte Pace, and four young things. They have been sent out to Ohio under the charge of P. P. McCarty, and are accompanied by the following draft from the stud of Capt. R. F. STOCKTON, U. S. N., of Princeton, which Mr. B. takes on shares:—Imp. Langford, Bianca, Caroline, Kate Nickleby, and Betty. The pedigrees of all this stock will be found in another page. It will be a great accession to Ohio, and contribute materially to the success of the Turf in that State, where improvement in the breed of horses has been too much neglected. Langford's colts look so well that we are induced to anticipate great things from them.

Sarah Bladen beaten by Luda!—Wonders will never cease! Throughout the whole country the favorites seem destined to be defeated. The campaign has proved disastrous to every prominent Four Mile Horse that has appeared. We have seen *Wagner* distanced at the West, and *Boston* in the North! *Santa Anna* and *Gano* have been beaten in Carolina and Georgia, and now we have the Champion of the South West, the renowned *Sarah Bladen* beaten by *Luda* at New Orleans! *Fanny* is the only "crack" remaining to whom a reverse would astound the Sporting World, and if she is defeated Fate will have done its worst—the levelling system will have swept over all, and equality be made the order of the day. The intelligence which has reached us from week to week of these disastrous events is calculated to excite in us feelings of profound wonder and astonishment akin to those which pervaded Paris and Vienna at the first campaign of Napoleon in Italy! Verily, to the favorites and their friends, the days of Arcole and Rivoli have been revived, and they are led to regard Laird, Graves, and the other victorious trainers with the same feeling of their invincibility which filled the Austrians at the mention of Massena, Kleber, Augereau and Lannes, the young lieutenants of the irresistible Napoleon.

Boston—A letter from Petersburg states that the gallant veteran is in prime health. It is stated that Mr. LONG's Priam filly *Cassandra* is to be trained with him as a "trial horse;" she will be a good one for him two miles. We are not aware how frequently *Arthur Taylor* sends a bulletin of Boston's health to Petersburg and Washington, but wish he would remember us occasionally. Boston's eye is clear and brilliant again since he was turned out. By the way, we hear Arthur, after a long search, has found, somewhere about his stable, one of his *oldest sort of hats*, which he will clap on the instant Boston goes into active training. He is now in walking exercise, we hear. The announcement of Arthur's having found one of his old sore colored hats, will not materially affect the present odds, we hope. Fashion is also in fine health.

Josh Bell coming out again!—It affords us great pleasure to state that WM. R. BARROW, Esq. of St. Francisville, La., is about to bring his celebrated horse *Josh Bell*, on the Turf again, after being three years in the breeding stud. His game leg is now apparently well. *Josh Bell* is an own brother to *Jim Bell*, who has so greatly distinguished himself this year, and is to be placed in the same stable with him—that of Mr. Joseph G. Boswell of Kentucky, whose corps of cavalry has gone into winter quarters at Natchez, Miss. We hope Mr. Barrow will send *Cotillion* with *Josh Bell*, and have her trained also, instead of breeding her to Glencoe, or any other horse, if she is still sound. She is a very bloodlike-looking filly, by *Leviathan*, out of *Gallopade*, the dam of *Keel* and *Fandango*. She was bred by the late James Jackson, Esq., and was purchased at the stock sale of that gentleman, by Mr. B. for \$2 200. *Josh Bell* was one of the best horses of his year. In March, 1839, he beat *Wagner* the 1st heat in a four mile race at New Orleans, on the Eclipse Course; the next week he walked over for a purse of \$1500, Three mile heats, on the Louisiana Course, and in the following week won a purse of \$1200, at Three mile heats, on the Metarie Course. Mr. Barrow paid Mr. Boswell \$6000 for him, in his 4 yr. old form.

Clarion again in the Field.—We are glad to learn that Mr. LONGSTREET has determined to give this fine son of Monmouth Eclipse another chance. Clarion's leg looks so well that Mr. LARD has been engaged to train him again, and he goes at once into the same stable with *Fashion* and *Mariner*, both of whom are in robust health.

Mr. JOSEPH G. BOSWELL, of Lexington, Ky., left New Orleans on the 19th ult. with his string, on the "Sultana," for Natchez, where he will winter his cavalry. *Jim Bell*, one of the best 3 yr. olds of the year, heads his lot, which has received lately two very great acquisitions in Mr. BARROW's *Josh Bell* and W. G. HAUN's nomination in the Peyton Stake. The latter is a bright bay colt by Imp. Hedgford, out of the celebrated Rattlesnake by Bertrand. One of our special correspondents thus describes him :—" He is one of the finest 2 yr olds I have ever seen ; he stands 15½ hands high, with four white feet and a large star. His symmetry is remarkable, and his action superb."

A Chance to make \$2000!—" Don't all speak at once!" An acquaintance of the Editor, whose name is warrant for any engagement he may make, has authorized the following publication :—

" A gentleman at Florence, Alabama, has a 2 yr. old by Imp. Glencoe, untried and untrained, that he will match against anything of the same age, untried and untrained at the time of acceptance, to run Two mile heats over the Florence Course, at the next Fall meeting of the Club, for \$2000, (or if any gentleman should prefer it, for \$4000) half forfeit. The forfeit to be deposited in cash or satisfactorily secured."

No limitation is made, as to time, in the above offer, as the gentleman was not, until recently, sure of being able to engage a competent tramer. His "2 yr. old Glencoe" being unengaged until 1843, he is desirous, in the meantime, of putting it in for "a few little pickings" that may turn up. He writes that—" I now expect to secure the services of — as trainer, and then would like any body to say 'Booh!' to me!" Will not some of our Tennessee friends give this young Glencoe a turn? Where's Pacific?

Capt. JOHN EUBANK of Lunenburg County, Va. the breeder of Sally Eubank, Steel, and other good ones, writes us that *Hildebrand* and *Young Mirabel* which we named for him, are very promising and likely to turn up trumps. *Hildebrand* is by Imp. Priam out of Sally Eubank, an honest four mile mare; *Young Mirabel* by Imp. Rowton out of a Bertrand mare; both were foaled in 1840.

Capt. E. writes that he has two fine bay yearlings by Steel; one is a bay filly out of Peggy Clough by Flournoy's Roanoke, her dam Fly, etc. for which he claims the name of the *Queen of Diamonds*, "as her great grandams were all named *Diamond* for upwards of thirty years." The other is a colt out of Lady Jane, who died shortly after he was foaled. The Captain says "I call him *Hard Times*, as it was hard on him," but adds that "any name you may choose to give him shall stand." As *Hard Times* ought not to be increased, and there happens to be a horse on the Turf of that name, by the Captain's leave, we will call this colt *Dazzle*, in commemoration of Mr. Manager SIMPSON's excellent performance of that leading character in the new comedy of London Assurance." *Nota Bene.*—If this *Dazzle* turns out a brilliant performer on the Turf, the manager of the Park will be bound to extend to our friend, the Captain, the freedom of his theatre, when he visits the city of Gotham. We hope *Dazzle* may train on as long as the manager, and, like him, always run on his courage and pull hard.

To offset the partial recovery of *Josh Bell* and *Clarion*, announced in another page, we have to notice that melancholy rumors have reached us with regard to Col. AVERRR's celebrated *Bee's wing*, and Gen. SCOTT's *Westwind*, in Alabama. Both have been thrown out of training. *Bee's-wing* won a Four mile heat from Grey Medoc, two years since, in 7:38, while *Westwind* proved himself not only the best colt Chateau Margaux ever got, but a *race horse* at Four mile heats.

Trustee.—This superior imported stallion, whose success in the breeding stud promises to rival that of *Leviathan*, will stand the ensuing season at the stable

of Col. WM. L. WHITE, near Richmond, Va. Mr LIVINGSTON, of this city, has received half a dozen offers for him weekly, since Fashion's great race, from the West and South, but has at length yielded to the inducements offered by the Virginia breeders.

Improvement in the Breed of Dogs.—We publish the following suggestion with great pleasure, and trust that the gentlemen to whom it is addressed will give the matter their attention.

Breed of Hunting Dogs in the United States.—It is a singular fact that notwithstanding the high prices which well bred dogs will command in this city, and notwithstanding the avidity with which the sport of shooting is followed, that no inducement is offered to the breeders of dogs to improve the strain of blood. I would therefore respectfully recommend to the managers of the *American Institute* that at the next Annual Fair, prizes should be offered for the best setter, pointer and cocking-spaniel, and for second and third best of each, in the same manner as they are now offered for the best blood Cattle and Horses. By doing this they would gratify all lovers of the noble sport of shooting, and at the same time all those who admire that best friend of man—the Dog.

R. L. R.

Dec. 11, 1841.

MATCHES.

The \$10,000 forfeit in the pending match for \$20,000 a side, between Boston and Fashion, has been deposited by the President of the New York Jockey Club in the bank of the North American Trust Company, and draws an interest of 5 per cent. This interest will amount to about \$225, and is to be appropriated, report says, to a Club Dinner at the Astor House. We should like to see the man who has a word to say against that—that's all.

A match for \$1,000 a side, h. ft., mile heats, has been closed at New Orleans, to come off the first day of the Spring Meeting (over whichever course the first meeting shall be held), between M. & F. J. WELLS' ch. f. *Torchlight*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Waxlight by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs. old, and WM. P. GREER'S b. c. *George Martin*, by Garrison's Zingane out of Gabriella by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. old. Send us on a fast watch and a pair of specs!

A match for £1,000 a side, half forfeit, has been made between Mr. Johnstone's *Charles XII.*, and Mr. Lichtwald's *Hyllus*, to run at the next Goodwood meeting, even weights. Bell's Life states that Charles XII is to give Hyllus six pounds.

SALES OF STOCK.

Col. ROBERT B. CORBIN, of The Reeds, Caroline Co. Va., has made the following sales of stock:—

Nobleman by Imp. Cetus, out of *My Lady* by Comus, 3 yrs.—an interest of one half to B. R. JOHNSON, Esq., at \$1500.

Yearling, by Imp. Priam, out of *My Lady*, to Col. W. L. WHITE, at \$1250.

Foal, by Imp. Cetus, out of *My Lady*, 9 months old, to Col. White, at \$900.

Col. C. has refused \$800 for *Commencement*, the dam of *Laneville*, now 15 yrs. old.

Thos. J. WELLS, Esq., of Alexandria, La., has purchased of the Executors of the late JAMES JACKSON, Esq., a *Brother to Reel*, for \$1,000. Since Reel's race Mr. W. has refused \$2,000 for him. We are not aware whether this colt is a yearling or a 2 yr. old.

OBITUARY.

Death of FLAGELLATOR.—We have received the annexed letter from Mr. FROST, dated

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Dec. 30, 1841.

Dear Sir,—This will inform you of the death of my horse *Flagellator*, the sire of Laplander, Jerseyman, Franklin, Rancocus, and others. He died on the 8th of December last, in Missouri, on his way home from Liberty, in Clay County, Mo., where he has made his two last seasons. He was to all appearance as well as he ever was, until within an hour before his death; he had something like the blind staggers. He would have been 22 years old next Spring. *Flagellator* was bred by JOSEPH H. VAN METER, of New Jersey; he

was out of the dam of Monmouth Eclipse, by Seagull, and he by imported Expedition. For his full pedigree see Am. Turf Register, vol. viii, page 523.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN FROST.

C. H. DICKINSON, Esq., of Plaquemine, La., has been so unfortunate as to lose his filly *Lady Wasp*. She died on her journey home from Tennessee.

The St. Charles Plate.—The acquaintances of MUDGE and WATRISS, the proprietors of the magnificent St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, will not be surprised to hear of their giving a piece of Plate for the encouragement of the Sports of the Turf in that city. They are both "men of the right sort," and we are glad to know that they are making their fortunes "hand over fist." A splendid service of plate has been ordered by Messrs. M. and W. who will place it in the hands of J. L. Garrison, Esq., to be run for at the Spring meeting over the Metarie Course—leaving with Mr. Garrison the draughting of a stake that will meet the views of the owners of horses, who will probably contend for the prize.

Lady Clifden.—A correspondent at the South furnishes the following extract from a letter to Wm. FIELDS, the trainer, from Gen. EMORY, of Centreville, Maryland:—

"Lady Clifden deceived me last year about being in foal, but this season she looks still more like being in foal than she did last year; but whether she means to deceive me again I cannot tell. If she does, she will go in *training* for the Spring campaign, as she appears perfectly well, and I believe she will bear another training. Five nags are more than I can manage conveniently, and I must knock off two of them. If I can dispose of them, then I should like the remaining three to be in your charge very much, after about the 15th of March. The three Mings will all be in stakes at Kendall's."

Pedestrianism.—A Foot Race for \$500 a side, one hundred yards, came off on Tuesday last over the Centreville Course, L. I., between Mr. Wm. Belden, of Greenwich Market, and a Down East Yankee. The latter won by six feet. There was a pretty strong muster of The Fancy in attendance, and some large sums were dropt—one of the gentlemen making the match picked up \$1500 and odd, it is said.

NAMES CLAIMED.

ANDREW JACKSON, Esq., of New Orleans, claims the name of *Ad. Norvell*, for his br. f., foaled Spring of 1833, by Imp. Glencoe, out of the dam of Clear-the-Kitchen. She is 15½ hands high, with three white feet and a star. Also that of *Aduella* for his ch. f., of the same age, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess (sister to Gov. Poindexter) by Imp. Leviathan. She is sixteen hands high and without white, with great length and substance. These two fine fillies promise to make a noise in the racing world. They are so handsome, so well bred, and so bloodlike, as to be likely to excite by their achievements, a glow of pleasure in the cheek of the sunny belle whose name they bear.

M. W. V. BARKALOW, of Franklin, Ohio, claims the name of *Ohio Belle*, for his ch. f., 3 years old, by Drone, out of Lady Nimble by Eclipse. Also that of *Queen of the West*, for his b. f., 2 years old, by Shark, out of imported Lady Mostyn by Teniers, out of Invalid by Whisker. Also that of *Leonora*, for his ch. f., 2 years old, by Trustee out of Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy. Also that of *Great Western*, for his yearling ch. c., by imported Langford, out of imported Lady Mostyn; this is a colt of great promise, and will remain in N. J. until 2 years old.

Col. J. WOOLFOLK, of Columbus, Ga., claims the name of *Triumph*, for his b. c., yearling, by Imp. Franby, out of Virago by Wildair.

Wm. McCLELLAND, Esq., of Gettysburg, Pa., claims the name of *Buck* for his colt by Peter Parley out of Susan Grey (Peter Parley is by OSCAR, out of Betsey Wilkes by Sir Archy).

Capt. WM. J. MINOR claims the name of *Three-per-cent* for his b. f. by Imp. Cousol, out of Betsey Malone by Stockholder, now 3 yrs. old.

TURF REGISTER.

Stud of W. V. BARKALOW, of Franklin, Ohio.

No. 1. LADY MOSTYN, br. m., imported by F. P. Corbin, Esq., of Virginia, sold by him to Capt. R. F. Stockton, U.S.N., foaled 1831, by Teniers, out of Invalid by Whisker.

No. 2. PRUNELLA, ch. m., imported by Capt. R. F. Stockton, U.S.N., foaled 1834, by Comus, dam by Partisan, out of sister to Penelope by Trumpator—out of Prunella by Highflyer, etc. See Stud Book, vol. iii. page 300.

No. 3. CHARLOTTE PACE, b. m., by Sir Archy, her dam by Imp. Restless, by Remembrancer, by Pipator, by Inspector, out of Green's old Celer mare (he by Janus) by Bay Javelin, out of Young Flora, sister to Spadille, by Highflyer, &c. See English Stud Book. C. Pace is the dam of Bergen.

No. 4. LADY NIMBLE, ch. m., full sister to the celebrated Singleton, was bred by Dr. Alexander Hosack (Hyde Park, N. Y.), got by American Eclipse, her dam Transport (bred by John Singleton, Esq., of S. C.) by Kosciusko, by Sir Archy; grandam by Young Bedford, by Imp. Bedford, g. g. dam Arial, g. g. g. dam by Cephales, sire of Columbia Commerce, out of a mare by old Flimnap.

No. 5. OHIO BELLE, ch. f., by Drone, out of Lady Nimble, No. 4.

No. 6. QUEEN OF THE WEST, br. f., by Shark, out of Lady Mostyn, No. 1.

No. 7. LEONORA, ch. f., by Imp. Trustee, out of Charlotte Pace, No. 3.

No. 8. GREAT WESTERN, ch. c., by Imp. Langford, out of Imp. Lady Mostyn, No. 1.

The following Blood Stock, the property of Capt. R. F. Stockton, U.S.N., of Princeton, N. J., has been placed in W. V. B.'s hands:—

LANGFORD, brown, foaled 1833, purchased by F. P. Corbin, at the sale of the Royal Stud at Hampton Court. (See American Turf Register, vol. 6, No. 9.) He was got by Starch, out of Peri (the dam of Sir Hercules) by Wanderer, her dam Thalestris by Alexander, out of Rival by Sir Peter, out of Horner by Drone—Manilla by Goldfinder—Mr. Goodricke's Old England Mare, etc.

See Stud Book, vol. iii, pp. 418, 533. Starch was out of Miss Stavely (sister to Stavely), by Waxy Pope, she by Shuttle, her dam by Drone—Matchem—Jocasta, by C. Forester. Vol. iii. p. 529.

MISS MATTIE, bay, foaled 1828, was got by Sir Archy, out of Black Ghost by Pantaloon—Melpomene by Burwell's Traveller—Virginia by Lee's old Mark Anthony—Polly Byrd by Aristotle—Young Jolly Lass by Jolly Roger—Imp. Bony Lass by Blank—Bonny Lass by Snip—Lath—Easby Snake—Grey Wilkes (sister to Clumsy) by Hautboy. She is full sister to Wynne's celebrated Brood mare, Isabella, the dam of Anvil, Drone, Picton, and others. See American Stud Book, vol. i. p. 267.

CAROLINE, b. m., foaled 1835, by the celebrated American Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie.

BETTY, b. f., foaled 1838, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie.

BIANCA, gr. m., foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancy by Sir Alfred, out of Virgo by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinia, the dam of the celebrated Sir Archy. See American Stud Book.

DIANA, Imp., b. m., foaled 1838, and imported in 1837; she was got by Catton, out of Trulla by Sorcerer, her dam by Weathercock, out of Cora by Matchem—Turk—Cub. etc. See Stud Book, vol. iii. p. 428. Catton was got by Golumpus, out of Lucy Gray by Timothy, her dam Lucy by Florizel, out of Frenzy, dam of Phenomenon. Vol. iii. p. 217.

KATE NICKLEBY, br. m., 4 yrs. old in 1841, was got by Imp. Trustee, out of Lady Mostyn, (imported by F. P. Corbin, Esq., in 1832, foaled 1831) by Teniers, out of Invalid by Whisker—Helen by Hambletonian—Susan by Overton, out of Drowsy by Drone—Mr. Goodricke's Old England Mare, &c. See General Stud Book, and Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

—
Pedigree of TONGA.

TONGA, ch. f., foaled 7th of May, 1838, was got by Imp. Margravo, out of Prize by Arab—Old Nance by Wil-

lies Marske—Bay Yankee—Imp. Cœur de Leon—Xantippe by Meade's Old Celer—Diana by Clodius—Evans' Imp. Starling—Imp. mare Silver by Belsize Arabian—Croft's Partner—full sister to Roxana by Bald Galloway—Ancaster Turk—Leeds Arabian—Spanker—Arabian mare. C. H. DICKINSON.

Plaquemine, La., Dec., 1841.

Pedigrees and produce of COMMENCEMENT and ROSALBA, the property of JAMES P. CORBIN, of Mosses Neck, Caroline County, Va.

COMMENCEMENT, a dark bay mare, 14 yrs. old May 1841, was purchased of the Hon. JNO. B. CHRISTIAN at £100, in the year 1831; she is by Arab, dam by Francisco, grandam by Ball's Florizel, g. g. dam Dixons' Nightingale by Chanticleer—her dam Wingyfeet by Jolly Roger, grandam Melpomene by Burwell's Traveller, g. g. dam Virginia by Mark Anthony, g. g. dam Imp. mare Polly Byrd by Aristotle. See Edgar's Stud Book, p. 538.

Her Produce.

1832. *Preston*, ch. c. by Gohanna, sold to P. W. Ward, of Vicksburg, Miss., for \$1750.

1833. B. f. By Sir Charles. Died at J. J. Harrison's, from an accident.

1834. *Brown Stout*, b. f. by Eclipse—presented to a friend.

1835. *Red-wing*, b. f. by Mons. Tonson—sold to Geo. Taylor, Esq., of Hornquarter.

1836. *Laneville*, ch. c. by Eclipse—sold to R. B. Smith, Esq., of King and Queen Co.

1837. *Charcoal*, bl. f. by Star (sire of Enciero).

1838. *Maria Champe*, b. f. by Trio.

1839. *Beverley*, b. c. by Imp Cetus—property of Jno. Taylor, Jr., of Hazelwood.

1840. Not put.

1841. In foal to Imp. Cetus.

ROSALBA, a chesnut mare, purchased of LEWIS BERKELEY, Esq., of Aldie, Loudon Co., Va., at \$500; she was by old Trafalgar, out of Rosalba by Spread Eagle—Imp. mare Alexandria. Alexandria was bred by Mr. Kidd, and got by Alexander, dam by Woodpecker, grandam by Phligun, out of Lord Egremont's Highflyer mare.

Her Produce.

1831. *Miss Stewart*, ch. f. by Gohanna—died 2 yrs. old.

1832. *Trio*, ch. c. by Timoleon—sold to a company.

1833. *Irene*, ch. f. by Sir Charles—property of T. M. Stubblefield, of Gloucester Co.

1834. *Hampton*, ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot—property of R. B. Smith, Esq.

1835. Missed to Mons. Tonson.

1836. *The Earl*, ch. c. by Eclipse—sold at 2 yrs. old to W. L. Gatewood, of Md.

1837. *Idle*, ch. f. by Eclipse.

Curf Register and Sporting Magazine.

M A R C H , 1 8 4 2 .

Embellishments :

PORTRAIT OF OPHELIA, THE DAM OF CAROLINE SCOTT, GREY EAGLE, ETC.
On Steel, by Dick after TROYE.
 FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS OF "THE NEW TALE OF A TUB,"
On Wood, by CHILDS, after Etchings in the "Bengal Sporting Magazine."

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A fine portrait in oil of Gen. EMORY's celebrated mare *Lady Clifden*, reached us last week, and will be engraved immediately for this magazine. This portrait is one of the earliest productions of the pencil of Mr. J. W. OWINGS, of Baltimore, a young gentleman in his eighteenth year, whose taste and rare talent, if aided by care and experience, will not fail to give him an eminent position among the Animal Painters of the day. Several other paintings of Mr. O. are now on exhibition at this office; among others, one of *Cayuga Chief*—the distinguished trotting horse—in harness, is uncommonly spirited.

Mr. BURFORD has just completed a very superior portrait in oil, of *Americus*, who is represented in harness, as on the occasion of his match with Lady Suffolk, in which he trotted (before a wagon) five mile heats in the extraordinary time of 13:58—13:58½. The 9th mile was performed in 2:47, and the 10th in 2:44½—the best time on record.

A very large portrait, 40 by 50 inches, by VILLAMIL, an English artist established in this city, of E. B., Esq., a distinguished "Young Man about Town," on horse-back, has excited much interest. The coloring is unusually fine.

These paintings, with some twenty or thirty more, in oil, and a great number of colored engravings of celebrated horses, etc., are on exhibition at this office, where our friends and subscribers are invited at all times to call and see them. The collection includes original portraits in oil of Harkaway, Bay Middleton, Spaniel, Belshazzar, Hedgford, etc., and a great number of native cracks, such as Eclipse, Wagner, Black Maria, Janette, Shark, Mary Randolph, etc. etc. etc.

"A Leaf of English Turf Statistics" in our next.

The gifted writer, C. A. of D, will consider this his receipt for the subscription of 1842. "Senex" will understand that the same receipt is made out for him also.

The communication of "E." will accompany the portrait.

The "Addenda" to the Stud of Gen. EMORY in our next. Also that of CHARLES ANDERSON, Esq.

A large Portrait of *Monmouth Eclipse*, the sire of Clarion, Hornblower, and others, is to be published with the "Spirit of the Times" on the 5th of March, when that paper will enter upon its *Twelfth* volume. It will be followed immediately by portraits of *Grey Eagle*, and of Col. WM. R. JOHNSON, of Virginia, the "Napoleon of the Turf." The two last engravings, which are in a great state of forwardness, are intended to be the largest and most magnificent specimens of the Fine Arts ever issued by a periodical publication.

No news from the Charleston (which commenced on Tuesday, the 26th Feb.) had reached us when the last "form" of the "Turf Register" was sent to press.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

- APALACHICOLA, Flo. Franklin Course, J. C. Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th March.
CAMDEN & PHILA. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th May.
" " Match, \$2000 a side, Moustache vs. Mr. Long's Priam colt.
COBURG, U. C. - - Newcastle Club, about the 3d Wednesday, 18th May.
FRANKFORT, Ky - - Capitol Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th March.
NEW YORK, - - - Union Course, L. I., J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th May.
" " - - - Match, \$20,000 a side, Boston vs. Fashion, 2d Tuesday, 10th May
" " - - - Beacon Course, N. J, the week following the Union Course.
NEW ORLEANS - - - Louisiana Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th March.
" " - - - Metarie Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 23d March.
SAVANNAH, Ga. - - Oglethorpe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th March.
WASHINGTON CITY, National Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.

O P H E L I A ,

THE DAM OF CAROLINE SCOTT, GREY EAGLE, SIR ARISS, ETC.

With a Portrait engraved on Steel by DICK, after a painting by TROYE.

THE fine portrait of Ophelia we present this month to the readers of the "Turf Register," is one of the happiest productions of Troye's masterly pencil. The original picture was executed for Maj. H. T. DUNCAN, of Lexington, Ky., the present owner of Ophelia, by whom it was presented to the steamboat "*Grey Eagle*," one of the most splendid of those floating palaces which throng the Western waters.

Ophelia's produce occupy as distinguished a place in the annals of the Turf as any brood mare in Kentucky; we were furnished some time since with a complete list of it, which is unfortunately mislaid, but in our next number the omission will be supplied. It comprises Caroline Scott by Archy Montorio, (otherwise Archy of Transport,) Sir Ariss by Trumpator, and Grey Eagle by Woodpecker. Caroline Scott was long considered the best performer on the Kentucky Turf, and there is no question that Grey Eagle was the most superior race-horse ever bred West of the Alleghanies. Ophelia is still in the breeding stud, and from the appearance of two of her colts which we saw last Spring at Maj. D.'s, her reputation, high as it is, seems likely to be greatly magnified.

For some time past the obscurity in which Ophelia's pedigree was enveloped has been satisfactorily cleared up, though the circumstance of her producing a *race-horse* to three or four different stallions sufficiently establishes the fact that she is not only thorough-bred, but that she comes of a pure stock, combining strains of the blood of the most superior racing families of the Olden Time. If Caroline Scott had been Ophelia's only produce, she might have been considered, distinguished as she was, a chance-horse; but after her came Sir Ariss, a respectable performer, and superior to most of his sire's get, and then Grey Eagle, one of the most gallant, honest, hard-bottomed race-horses ever bred in the United States.

While in Kentucky last season we had the pleasure of examining the "title deeds," which established beyond cavil Ophelia's "right, title and interest" to the undisputed possession of the inheritance of Fame bequeathed her by a long line of illustrious ancestors nor has she failed to demonstrate her worthiness to receive it and her ability to support and transmit it, in all its excellence, to her descendants. The "title deeds" referred to comprise certificates of John J. Gracey, Esq., of Columbia, S. C., who bred Ophelia—of Capt. James J. Harrison, of Brunswick County, Va., who bred her dam—of Theodoric Jenkins, Esq., who brought Ophelia to Kentucky, and several others. In connection with this matter we have also a communication from Col. W. C. Beatty, of Yorkville

S. C., giving that of the Wild Medley (for there have been several) who was the sire of Ophelia. These documents are quite too voluminous to give in full, and we therefore, as briefly as possible, recapitulate the facts going to establish, beyond cavil or dispute, the following

Pedigree of Ophelia.—She was got by Wild Medley, her dam by Sir Archy, out of Lady Chesterfield by Imp. Diomed—g. g. dam Lady Bolingbroke by Imp. Pantaloon—Cades by Wormsley's King Herod—Primrose by Imp. Dove—Stella by Othello—Gen. Tasker's Imp. Selima by the Godolphin Arabian.

Capt. Harrison writes, under date of 26th April, 1841, that he "purchased Lady Chesterfield from Ezekiel Dance, Esq., of Chesterfield County, Va., as the best mare in Virginia, after he lost Meretrix, (Virginian's dam); he bred her himself to Sir Archy, and the produce was the bay filly which he sold to his brother, the late Mr. Robert Harrison, who took her to Edgefield District, S. C.," where she was disposed of to Mr. Gracey, in 1824. Mr. G., though "not a breeder of thorough-bred horses, was induced to send his mare to Wild Medley. (He stood for some time at Statesville, Iredell Co., N. C.—so late as in 1825.) The produce was the grey filly (Ophelia) which he sold to Mr. T. Jenkins when 3 yrs. old, who took her home to Kentucky."

The pedigree of the Wild Medley referred to above, Col. Beatty gives as follows:—"He was got by Mendoza, (otherwise called "Bruiser"—a son of Boxer, and he by Imp. Medley), his dam by Imp. Pensacola." The late Col. John Tayloe, of Mount Airy, Va., certifies Mendoza's pedigree, as being "by Boxer out of Nancy Dawson, the dam of Isabella." [The pedigrees of all these horses may be referred to in the Eng. and Am. Stud Book, Skinner's edition.] In previous volumes of the "Turf Register" are recorded the pedigrees of several Wild Medley's, but Col. Beatty, who is a practical breeder, was familiar with the one which stood in S. C., to whom Ophelia's dam was bred, and having taken considerable interest in this matter, has obligingly furnished his pedigree from records in his possession. Mr. Gracey not being an amateur in thorough-bred stock, and not having charged his memory with facts subsequently established with regard to Wild Medley, etc., has prevented until lately the completion of a chain of circumstantial evidence sufficiently strong to hang any evil disposed person who may undertake to question it!

Ophelia, as her portrait sufficiently indicates, is a fine, blood-like looking brood-mare. The foal by her side, as seen in our illustration, is by Imp. Hedgford, if we do not mistake; at any rate it has plenty of size and is well put up. Previous to our next number we shall doubtless receive a complete list of the produce of this fine old mare, until which we defer farther notice of it.

NOTES ON MY LAST VISIT TO ENGLAND!

BY AN ENGLISH SPORTSMAN RESIDENT ABROAD.

I INTENDED, Mr. Editor, some time ago, to have offered to you a few remarks on what I had observed when last in England, but having been much of a "Rambler" latterly, delay has accrued; and I am doubtful whether, even now, the ideas and observations which I am pell-mell putting together, will be thought by you worthy of perusal.

I stopped but a short time in England, last winter, though long enough to take a glance at some of the crack packs of hounds in the Midland Counties, and in comparing the different hounds I have seen, I cannot help saying, that the pack which appeared to me the most business and sporting-like, and, in a word, pleased me best, was the Atherstone, under its excellent master, Mr. Applethwaite. The Belvoir hounds, with justice, are esteemed amongst the first or finest in England; may look more blood-like, or with more of the racer in them (if one can make a comparison), but they cannot possibly be better in the field.

For some few seasons back, the Atherstone have had a continuity of sport, superior to any hounds in England, and without being oversized, there is to my eye a combination of muscle, strength, and activity, taking one hound with another, that pleased me more than anything I met with. There is, besides, a quiet and business-like way of management in the field, which indicates how well master and servants know what they are about, and I never saw hounds under finer command.

I witnessed one or two very good things with this pack, and had occasion to notice, when it was required, the very quick and decided manner in which every thing was conducted.

To be quick and decisive with judgment, is the *vis anima*, or as I once heard it pronounced, the *wis wite*, of fox-hunting! and when I have, on the first breaking away of our fox, observed this, the "spur in the head," occasionally by some applied and presumed to be worth "two in the heel," becomes quite unnecessary. "Go it, if it kills you," must then be the motto of every man professing to be with hounds, and the only reply to be given to the question halloed after one when well over a rasper, to "What have you got on the other side?" is, "Got! thank my stars, I have got myself!"

From hence I passed into Northamptonshire, and as it happened, came in for a very fine run from Crick with the Pytchley. In this I was most amply repaid, by observing the skill, ability, and clever perseverance of the present manager of that pack, who, under several disadvantages, viz., a new country, a new pack of hounds, and an indifferent stable of horses, made out and killed his fox in the most masterly manner I ever saw in my life. The first part of this run was very quick, after which it merged into a hunting run,

which afforded a good display of the knowledge and capacity of "the heaven-born huntsman."

It appears to me to have been a great misfortune to this truly sporting country, to have had men, who have hunted it in so magnificent a manner as to make the gentlemen of the country too little dependent upon themselves; indeed, so much so, that last year, for a length of time after Lord Chesterfield gave up the hounds, no one came forward; and it was only at the eleventh hour ultimately arranged that any hunting should take place; and had it not been, (I believe) for the strenuous and ardent exertions of that staunch sportsman, Mr. George Payne, Mr. Hungerford, and others, it is doubtful if there would have been any hunting at all. It would, indeed, have been a sad slur upon Northamptonshire for the "Pytchley" to have been discontinued.

From Northamptonshire into Leicestershire is but a step. The same master and pack were in the Quorn Country as in the preceding year. Without depreciating their individual merits, which are "million," I must confess that I never thought either suited to that country. Zeal to show sport, and indefatigable attention, must be fully awarded to Mr. Hodgson, and I heard that he was much liked by the farmers and the country gentlemen; but when one looks back at the time when Tom Smith, Osbaldeston, Sir Bellingham Graham, Sir Harry Goodricke, &c. &c., with their beautiful packs hunted there, the comparison is forcible, and will not bear to be quoted. The hounds, in my opinion, were too large, and the establishment and means not large enough to meet the large ideas of certain gentlemen who occupy a little town in the centre of this country during the hunting season.

In opposition to all this, it was put forth to me in answer, "What would you have? There was nobody else, and besides, Mr. Hodgson is decidedly the best master that has appeared in Leicestershire since the time of old Meynell! for he never takes 'offence.' Now, sir, in a Leicestershire field, it is a difficult thing to avoid this; but Mr. Hodgson somehow or other managed it."

This pack had gained considerably, in my opinion, by the acquisition of Day, the new huntsman, whom I had previously remarked in Warwickshire, for his quickness and intelligence—besides being an undeniable rider.

I was one day present at a very sharp thing with these hounds from a horse on the Welford Road. It lasted for about twenty minutes as hard as we could go; unluckily the fox came to ground, but not before I had taken occasion to observe the very gallant riding of three or four gentlemen leading, who, curious to say, should all be called "Captains."

There was Captain Maynard, a very difficult customer in any country; there was Captain Smith of Bitteswell, before named; there was Captain Percy Williams, who is well known, and there was some other captain, all of whom were in the first flight. One ought not to omit a Mr. Dashwood, who apparently liked the company of these captains, and hugged them so very close, that I am happy to hear he has since received promotion to that rank in consequence.

PROPAGATION OF GLANDERS BY INFECTION.

IN corroboration of my former statements respecting the propagation of this dire disease through the medium of the atmosphere, I beg to submit to the readers of the *SPORTING MAGAZINE* the following extract of a letter from a gentleman in the West of Ireland, who, for upwards of five-and-twenty years, has paid great attention to the nature and treatment of the diseases incidental to horses.

In reference to a conversation which I had with him when last in Ireland, on the *questio vexata* of the propagation of glanders by infection, he observes: "Mr. Cooper, of the county of Sligo, a gentleman of large fortune, is the person who has his horses infected with *glanders*. Every particle of the wood-work in the stables, including stalls, rack, manger, &c., was taken down and replaced with new materials. The plastering on the walls was completely removed, and the pavement ripped up, and all was replaced with entirely new work; but the first horses that were again put into those stables became *infected*, and the stables were ultimately razed to the ground! Indeed so prevalent is the idea of the infectious nature of glanders in this part of Ireland, that I never knew of a gentleman who was so unfortunate as to have his horses glandered that did not either destroy his stables, or convert them into some other purpose, and get new ones built. The opinion here entertained respecting this disease and its ally, *farcy*, is, that after they are once developed in a shed or stable the *infection remains for years*."

The writer of the foregoing is a private gentleman; and, in a practical point of view, his views on glanders are, in my opinion, well worthy attention. I have frequently seen his house besieged with the sick horses of the neighboring gentry and peasantry, with their grooms or owners, eagerly seeking his opinion and advice as to the nature and the best method of treating the disease, whatever it might be. If great experience, combined with natural sagacity and quickness of perception, in the Hygiene of horses, entitle their possessor to attention, then the opinion above written merits our best consideration.

I have now to call the attention of the reader to the following startling fact bearing upon this all-important subject, which has just appeared in a French Journal.

COMMUNICATION OF GLANDERS FROM ONE HUMAN BEING TO ANOTHER.

M. Rocher, medical assistant, and one of the *externes* attached to the Hospital Necker, Paris, had the charge of dressing a patient (a groom) affected with chronic *farcy*, and then acute glanders, who died last month in that hospital. It had been necessary to dress the patient several times a-day, and M. Rocher, in addition, had examined and noted the case with the most minute attention. M. Rocher also assisted at the examination of the body after death, and held the head fixed while the nasal fossæ were being severed

through : the parts to which M. Rocher's hands were applied were the seat of gangrenous eruption. A short time before the groom's death, M. Rocher had suffered from diarrhœa and colic, but the fatal disease appeared on the night after the autopsy. It commenced with rigors, general pains, and fever; for two days the *externe* was able to leave his chamber, but on the third day the pains became fixed in the left thigh, right arm, and right side of the chest; they were very severe. On the fifth day, M. Berard (who reports the case) discovered tumors analogous to those of farcy in the thigh and shoulders. The tumor of the shoulder disappeared, but that of the thigh softened, and was opened on the sixth day of the disease: the contents of the abscess was pus mixed with blood. On the same day a horse was inoculated with the matter.

A fresh collection of matter now formed over the right internal ancle, and finally, on the fourteenth day, the skin of the nose became red, hot, and painful; on the following day the redness spread over the cheeks, eyelids, and forehead, and gangrenous phylctenæ with pustules appeared here and there on the red and swollen parts of the visage. The next day a sanguineous fluid was discharged from the nostrils, the whole body became covered with pustules, and the unfortunate patient perished on the sixteenth day of the disease. The horse which had been inoculated also died on the same day, with all the symptoms of acute glanders.

The above case (says the reporter) proves in the clearest manner that glanders is communicable from one human subject to another. M Rocher *did not contract the disease by inoculation; his hands were free from the slightest scratch while he acted as dresser; and while he was employed at the autopsy; besides he always used the precaution of washing his hands after having touched the patient;* hence he must have contracted the disease in the same way that small-pox or scarlatina is contracted.

The présent case is of much greater interest as connected with public health than as a matter of science, and confirms the propriety of the rule already established by the government, that all glandered horses should be immediately destroyed.—*Bull. de l'Acad. des Sciences Naturelles*, Nov. 30, 1841.

This brief history is truly melancholy; and if it does not prove as absolutely as we could wish the infectious nature of glanders, it is another fearful warning—if any more are wanting—of the imminent danger of meddling with glandered animals, brute or human. At all events, the glandered matter should never be allowed to come in contact with the skin, whether it is sound or broken. Long gloves should be worn by those attending horses so diseased.

It is worthy of remark, that plague and small-pox are communicable in two ways—by inoculation and infection. The preceding details would go, in a great measure, to point out glanders as the analogue of these dire complaints.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for January, 1842.

ERINENSIS.
December 1, 1841.

Natural Angling.

OR

RIDING A STURGEON.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY "THE OLD COON HUNTER."

FISHING is not the same wild and exciting sport it was when our rivers were untamed, and instead of the subdued and present worn appearance, their banks were pictures of nature in her most romantic and captivating garb; and when the chief charms of *divine divertisement* consisted of the break-neck adventures and real peril of the pursuit. Now-a-days, woe to them! anglers must fish with quaint bait, recommended by that venerable piscatorial saint, great Izaak; and though they submit to the modern innovation of a generous Limerick hook—the remainder of the tackle must be arranged by the book, and taciturn demeanor is always to be observed, even though they angle under a Niagara; for the sage hath said, that silence in the fisherman is conducive to great success. This fastidiousness has, in my opinion, driven the most princely fish from our waters; at least, I can in no wise account for their disappearance, unless *these patent draw-out Conroy's*, with their thousand yards of gossamer gut, have caused the surprising immigration. Where now can we snare the vigorous rock-fish, or the tasty and gentlemanly trout of a dozen pounds weight?—All gone! and it has really come to pass that fifty pounds of small-fry taken in one ramble at some breeding place, is a capture astonishing to boys, and talked of for a week at least.

Belton Tinkerbottom was the last fisherman of the old sort whom I knew, and he was a hook well tied on. I saw him in our last excursion draw in a thirteen pounder with "a love of a reed" cut by my own hands—selected from a million on Hampton's Island, and a line twisted by his own skill, with a grace that would have taught a nibble or two to the patent spring-pole gentry of the present times. He did it in native American style, which was of course original, and methought when his line whistled in the eddy circles of Coher's dashing currents, that the river-gods, who dwelt thereabouts, must have been in trepidation lest their peculiar divinity should not entirely protect them from the skill of the sturdy angler.

There are many angling stories told about Tink, but the best came under my own observation. Even at the risk of prolixity I must favor you with it:—We were just ready to leap into our little dug-out, with lines all properly measured and tied on, when, after admiring the first Limerick hook he had ever beheld, it was transferred to his mouth for safe keeping until we should reach "trout-

pond," a beautiful eddy between two sluices in Cohers, which, good reader, is a romantic shoal in Broad River, South Carolina. Tink stumbled, his foot pressed the rod, and before he could regain an upright position he was hooked most endearingly through his right cheek. Jim Henderson had tied on *that hook* and he would not permit me to cut it loose from the line, for he said he was determined to fish *with that hook*; and of course as there was no chance of further sport in his being both bait and angler, I was forced at his request to cut it out of his cheek, which operation I performed with my old jack-knife, and with such surgical grace that we made a glorious day's sport, and though he was the largest fish caught by *that hook*, it carried the *take-in* deep amongst the finny patriarchs on that occasion—and it contributed but little to lessen his beauty, for Tinkerbottom's mouth was the best natured feature in the world, and never was known to object to dilation in any manner whatever. Soon after this occurrence he was hooked by Father 'Time, who once in a while hunts up even anglers, and is now, I sincerely hope, reveling amid the wonders of the strange waters to which he has been translated, or perhaps is discussing with the aforesaid St. Izaak the comparative merits of *natural* and *artificial* fishing.

The immediate predecessor of Tinkerbottom was Honyuckle Hallman, who was still more natural in his warfare on the finny tribe. Catting was his great *forte*, and the needle fins saw perfect sights the days he thought proper to invade their domains. He caught cats to please his wife, and extenuated the awful crime in those days by saying, "Sally loves cat-fish, but I love shad," and always insisted that "a man who wished all his fellow-warmints well would only eat fish in the shad season," and as for perch, brim, and *sich like*, Honyuckle would as soon have been caught eating mud-suckers or pond-roaches. He would condescend to fish for rock and trout, as he said they had a gentlemanly flutter, and tried honestly to save their lives. He lived for the shad season and angled for sport alone, and to see him hook a magnificent rock-fish with his long float-line—to mark his varying countenance, and to judge of his excitement by the velocity with which he rolled the quid in his cheek, was enough of the sport for an observer. You might have noted a thousand attitudes before he finished his capture. Honyuckle never went on the principle of satiety; one rock-fish was enough, and when that one was secured, like "old Washington," (the soubriquet of an aged eagle who frequented this part of the river) he retired from Cohers. Another favorite diversion of Honyuckle's was spearing sturgeon as they lay on their pebble beds among the shallows, during the warm days in the month of May; in fact, this was whale fishing in miniature, with all its excitement attended with some peril, for frequently the pierced fish would dart off with such velocity that his canoe would be upset; and amongst the rapids of Cohers, with a boat fastened to a sturgeon, that circumstance is not altogether as funny as some might suppose. But in time sturgeon grew shy or wise, or perhaps the water was not sufficiently clear in the proper season for him to see them, and Honyuckle pined away; he grew morose, and waited for the next season

with hope, anticipating that some change would manifest itself in the realm of sturgeon-*dom*. February, March and April, glorious season of shad flew by, and each day found him with his nets among the shoals, wind or rain, as regularly insinuating his skill amongst the salt water visitors, as "old Washington" and his white headed partner went to the raft of drift-wood in the middle of the river, from whence they generally picked up their daily rations of dead fish and terrapins.

Though moderate success always attended his efforts he grew moodier as the spring tide brightened, and frequent spells of the "blue dipper" gave his wonted communicativeness a singular feature of interest. Speaking of success, Honyuckle was no "*water-haul*" man,—he was a perfect seducer of fish, and it was the belief of the honest Dutch in that neighborhood that he could charm them, owing to certain secret powers by him alone possessed. If the "green-haired maiden of the sea" could wile the Spanish mariner to—

"Isles that lie,
In farthest depths of Ocean; girt with all
Of natural wealth and splendor—jewelled isles,
Boundless in unimaginable spoils
That earth is stranger to,"

with a voice "like the winds among a bed of reeds" Honyuckle in his turn enchanted the water divinities, and his achievements with rod and line always scattered grief in the realms below, even if it was not agreeable to the scaly captives. Settled melancholy begets peevishness in meditative minds; and Sally's ingenious inquiries failed to extract the cause of his gloom. The clack of his mill seemed to knock this unusual feature deeper into his soul every day, and he scored and tolled a thoughtful man.

May-day, in the South, you have enjoyed, my dear Porter, but as you have never seen Cohers, with its sparkling sluices flashing in the warm and mellow sun-light—the ancient wave-worn rocks, on which the heron race in light-blue and snow-white garbs delight to rest 'mid their aquatic wanderings, the green islands with clustering vines bending to the water's edge, and casting shadows of fairy-like greeting on the tide beneath, with cliffs rising abruptly from the shore, crowned with the flax-colored shoots of the late-springing hickory, standing like a green pine-forest in the rear; and below this, on a level almost with the water, is a little forest kingdom, yet another realm of nature, comprising the beautiful river Laurel, the dwarf cedar, the stunted river-ivy, and the thorny leaved holly with its red berries still unshed, and contrasting with beautiful effect its green foliage, forming a sheltering covert, and letting in just enough sunshine to keep the prickly cactus, the creeping perriwinkle, and other modest daughters of the floral kingdom—from languishing. As you have never enjoyed this scene of enchantment, you will pardon my asserting it kindred to magic, because it was the first impression which invaded the "bad humor" of Honyuckle. All this was *goose-grease* to his discontented soul, and it

“Called up sweet fancies from his pliant hope,
And stir'd the languid spirit into life,
Surveying the blue waters and his home.”

He saw the fish leaping from the bright river, the skimming swallows fluttering o'er its shining surface; he looked up at the blue sky, “old Washington's” savage scream arrested his attention, and high up, poised upon the air, with his bald pate glittering like a jewelled crown, and the grey down of his pinions reflecting the beams of the morning sun in brilliant effulgence, he marked with admiration the rapid whirl of the old patriarch of Cohers, who, darting downwards like a stream of light headlong into the foaming surf beneath, vanished for a moment; then emerging, rose heavily from the bed of the river, and flapping his wet wings, with a glittering prize in his talons, sailed slowly towards his time-honored and uninvaded eyry.

Honyuckle's gloom relaxed—there was no straining for contentment visible in his countenance, and he sallied forth, trout rod in hand, once more to enjoy his accustomed sport. On foot he entered the river, and picking his path among the rapids, now wading a rapid sluice to the depth of his waist, now leaping from rock to rock; and anon peering into the chrystal waters, as was his custom when on a piscatorial scout, he suddenly seemed transfixed, his body became motionless, and he stood as firm as if his brawn had been moulded from the enduring granite on which his form rested. Beneath him in the waves lay a large sturgeon, unconscious that the foe of his race was so near; but the deadly sturgeon-spearer was unarmed, and his usually eager excitement was tempered into admiration. There lay the fresh water monster, and the more Honyuckle looked at him the ruddier grew the crimson glow of the scales on his sides in the sunny water. In the red gills, opening with the regular breathing of the fish, he saw proper reins to hold by,

And a thought, for a deed,
Cast him on the water steed!

Slapping his hands into the gills of the sturgeon, who, not relishing this obstruction to his respiration *by poking straws* into his *side nostrils*, instantly contracted them, and having thus secured his rider, darted with the rapidity of fright down the rocky and jagged sluice. A few flights and the shallows were passed; at one time Honyuckle's head might have been seen, and then he was quickly drawn below the water, and thus alternately hope and despair agonized or cheered his wife, who stood sole witness of the scene on the distant shore. After traversing with the rapidity of lightning the downward course of the river, several hundred yards, one hand of the drowning man was released, and the water was violently lashed by the tail of the infuriated sturgeon, who now, instead of keeping a straight course, circled round several times, still dragging Honyuckle by his side. His left hand had become entangled in the throat or gills of the powerful fish, and the sturgeon became incommoded by the broad hand of Honyuckle; round and round they went, the prisoner having only a chance now and then to gasp for breath,

was tremendously thumped by the lashing of the sturgeon's tail. At this period of the *melee* the blood from the torn cartalego of the throat was ejected with great force, and the red tide of life mingled with the agitated water; another struggle and conqueror and victim floated side by side on the surface of the river. Another ineffectual attempt to free himself and the last flutter of the dying sturgeon, faint and weak as he was, threw them on a low rock, and he was thus providentially rescued from the death which so imminently threatened him. His wife leaped into a canoe and rowed hastily to him, to give whatever succour was in her power, and when he was released from the dead fish it was ascertained that his wrist was severed to the bone; his body was covered with contusions, and his legs were terribly lacerated by the tail of the bruiser.

This adventure cured Honyuckle of grieving after the scarcity of sturgeon, and though he continued a devotee of the rod to his dying day, he always avoided the scene of his ride. A. S.

POMARIA, S. C., January 16th, 1842.

GOOD HINTS TO TURFITES—AND GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of the Bengal Sporting Magazine.

SIR,—I am an old resident in India, and although not exactly a racing man myself, find constant amusement and salutary exercise by frequenting the race course. I am surprised to find that the average price of Arab horses, is at Calcutta, nearly double that of Bombay, and I have lately heard that many sportsmen import batches from that port, rather than purchase them from the Dhurumtollah Stables. A horse, wholly untried, and too often perfectly worthless as a racer, now commands a price ranging from 2,500 to 3,500 rs.; and a man may purchase a dozen such before he has even the remotest chance of finding a *Fieschi*, a *Chusan*, or a *Sweetlips*.

So that the Arabs alone, of most of the racing stables, have cost from 40 to 60,000 rs.; and a racer, with a fair chance of winning the Maiden, may be considered as having cost his owner about, but not under, 10,000 rs.! How many are there who can afford to race on such terms?

There is, to be sure, if uninjured during his trials, a sale for rejected horses, for the Arab dealers will sometimes take them back at 1000 rs. each! nay, I have known them give 1,500! The object of my letter is to draw the attention of racing men to a *sure* mode of bringing the dealers to their senses, with a saving to the pockets of turfites.

It is hardly necessary to remind them that the private studs, formerly producing such excellent running in the upper provinces, have gradually, and almost completely disappeared. Probably not 50 thorough-breds are produced above Cawnpore, within the year,—perhaps not half that number.

But this, let it be remembered, has been caused by the constant preferences given to Arabs; and as the evils thereby engendered are *now* strongly felt, the remedy should be quickly applied; and it is easy to discover it. Experience has proved, however, that a good Arab horse is fully equal to about 999 out of a thousand country-breds; and if this be admitted there are strong reasons why they should not carry *less* weight, as they now do.

On the other hand, it is clear that they should, and could carry equal weights. Admit therefore country-breds on equal terms, and *greatly reduce the weights of both*. The racing weights of India are ridiculously too high to admit of *first-rate* performances. It is notorious that it is almost madness to enter such English horses (5th or 6th raters) as are *generally* procurable by India sportsmen, at the present *enormous* weights. Painful and ruinous accidents are constantly happening; or else we see with disgust, that owing to the shameful burthen imposed, a noble English horse, after straining every nerve, comes in some 40 or 50 lengths behind a puny Arab immeasurably his inferior! Keep English horses entirely out of such false positions. Let a handsome cup with high entrances, be given for imported English horses. Do the same for Cape breds, or lower their weights, for they also run under great disadvantages.

Agree to this, and I shall immediately address the Sporting Gentlemen of Yankeestan; and this day year, I pledge myself to have done my best to get up a cup for American horses; and I calculate I'll show Jonathan, the propriety of going ahead! Tell me, shall I address my old friend the President? Another thing that I should insist on, would be a cup for Calcutta, Ghazepore, Cawnpore and Meerut of 2000 rs. each, from government, for stud-bred horses; and then you would see good, humane racing, at all the principal stations of India, and the Arab at his proper price, that is to say from 1000 to 1500 rs. I shall recommend this to government, and the moment they read it they will cordially agree to the proposal of

Yours distinctly,

CHOLERA MORBUS.

Race Stand, Calcutta, 2d Meeting.

VADE-MECUM OF FLY-FISHING FOR TROUT.*

BY G. P. R. PULMAN.

THE object of the writer of this interesting little volume, says the editor of *The Sportsman*, is to diffuse useful information in a plain unvarnished form, in that branch of the art of angling which is universally admitted to be the most pleasing and scientific. The work, although got up in an unassuming style, will be read with interest by all lovers of the gentle craft, and we strongly recommend it to the younger disciples of old Izaak in particular, as the chief know-

* London, 1 vol. 18 mo.

ledge required by a skilful angler is a thorough acquaintance with the food and habits of the fish he wishes to catch, which subject our author has very ably illustrated.

We have given Mr. Pulman's observations on "the rod and tackle" at length as the best guarantee of our approbation of his "little work," and are mistaken if the useful hints therein contained do not oblige our readers generally to purchase the book.

A description of the fly-fisher's rod and tackle—his "harness," as it is called by Dame Juliana Berners. By-the-bye, it is something for us anglers to say, and before commencing we cannot help noticing the circumstance, that the very first who wrote on our art was a female—the pious and good old English lady just mentioned; one, too, the most learned and accomplished of her time; and it is gratifying to think that it is "still used as an out-door recreation by some of the most intellectual ladies in the land." Nor can we, so great is our respect for, and admiration of, the sex, and such is our anxiety for the extension of the art, refrain from indulging in a quotation from Fitzgibbon on this very subject:—"If," says he, "in our in-door amusements, our thoughts, words and actions, are refined by the presiding companionship of females, we ought to do all that lies in our power to attract them to accompany us, and to participate in those field enjoyments which seem most adapted to the tasteful texture of their minds, and to the delicate structure of their persons." Upon this we have not space to comment—and it is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, for with the ladies we are unhappily

"No orator, as Brutus is,"

and therefore could hardly hope to add anything to its effect. We return at once to our humble department.

When you are choosing a fly-rod, indulgent reader, dismiss every idea of a waggon-whip, and remember that the stiffer it is, in reason, the greater power will it possess. A good rod does not begin to ply till about the middle—and there but very little—increasing upwards in proportion with the gradual tapering. Willow, hickory, and bamboo cane, or lancewood, are, in our opinion, the only species of wood that should enter into the construction of a fly-rod; the latter, for the top-joint, can be made of sufficient thinness at the point to dispense with the whalebone. The butt should be hollowed for the reception of an extra top-joint, obviously a very great convenience. The advantages of a spike to screw into its base, are too apparent to need comment. The fewer pieces a rod consists of the better; three or four will be found the best and most convenient number. As to the mode of joining them, we deem the common plan far preferable to that of screw-ferrules, which render the rod heavy, and, what is far worse, are apt to get out of repair. In our humble opinion, fly-rods, for the generality of trout-streams, are usually made too large and too long. A moderately stiff rod of eleven feet possesses infinitely greater power than a pliable one of fourteen feet in length; in fact, the latter has no power at all—its peculiar properties are to tire the arm in using, and cause entanglement to the line. The disadvantages of a long and flexible

rod are well known to us, for it was once our misfortune to be the proprietor of one; its original cost was thirty shillings, and right glad were we to exchange it with a friend for a ten shilling one, not much above half its size, but which, for power and general excellence, we never saw equalled; he, however, was well pleased with the exchange—so were we—very.

To a certain extent out of curiosity, but more especially for the benefit of those who think eleven feet too short, and dislike our notions of a rod, we subjoin the advice of a brace of old writers on the subject, which, perhaps, they may the more readily fall in with. Cotton, the friend of the piscatorial son of our arch-patriarch, Izaak, says, that “for the length of your rod you are to be governed by the breadth of the river you intend to angle at.” Very good, but mark what follows:—“For a trout-river, one of *five* or *six* yards long is commonly enough; and longer it ought not to be, if you wish to fish at ease, and, if otherwise, where lies the sport?” Sure enough! In the name of goodness, what sport can be more easy, pleasant, and agreeable than that of flogging the water for a whole day with a rod eighteen feet long? Truly, we are a puny, degenerate race; why, modern rods would hardly have answered for riding switches for even the ladies of the “olden time.” She of whom so honorable mention has been made at the commencement of this chapter—the ancient sporting dame we mean—was herself accustomed to use (and she advised others to do the same) a rod full fourteen feet long; it was composed of three pieces, the joints of which were bound round with *long hoops of iron*; the butt was a “fayre staffe, of a fadom and a half longe, and arme-grete,” that is, the size of one’s arm; the whole making a weight, remarks Fitzgibbon, far too ponderous for the muscles of us degenerate modern males; and Miss Juliana herself must have been a lady of powerful “*thews and sinews*,” not very much macerated by prayer and fasting, prioress of a nunnery though she was.

We have yet said nothing about the rings of the rod through which the line passes from the reel; they certainly demand some attention. It is not only of consequence that the rings themselves be brazed neatly and strongly, but also that the metallic loops by which they are fastened to the rod be of a good material; small brass and copper wire is the best for the purpose. The rings on the butt should be rather larger than those at the other extremity. The binding of the loop of brass with which the top of the rod is terminated should be whipped neatly over with fine wire, in order to prevent it being cut by the friction of the line thereon; that from the silver string of the violin or violoncello may be used.

Extremely partial are we to black rods. Some may think us fastidious, but we cannot believe that what we are about to say is “all a hum,” namely, that yellow varnished rods are very likely to scare the fish in using, particularly if the sun be at all inclined to shine. One thing, however—and it is important—must be said in favor of light varnish; it renders visible all knots and other imperfections in the wood, to conceal which it is more than possible black varnish is sometimes daubed on; the eye of sciunity can, notwithstanding, penetrate it.

A three-joint rod of the description we have endeavored to give, and London made, may be purchased for about twenty-five shillings; a four-joint one for thirty.

To preserve the rod it should be occasionally rubbed over with linseed oil, and varnished at least once a year. The best we know of for the purpose, is that recommended by the Rev. W. B. Daniel, which is thus prepared:—Shell lac and seed lac, a quarter of an ounce each, finely powdered and put into separate phials, with a quarter pint of spirits of wine; to be placed in a sand heat and shaken often till dissolved. When each is dissolved mix them together, in a bottle sufficiently large, with a quarter ounce of gum benjamin. Increase the heat and the dregs will subside. Warm the wood, and, with a camel hair brush, lay on a thin coat.

As from the wrist proceeds the chief action in the process of throwing the line, it is obvious that the choice of the rod should be influenced by the strength or weakness of that joint. What may be a stiff and cumbersome rod to one man, may exactly suit another of stronger muscle; and the same rod tried by a third person possessing still greater strength, may handle light and airy as an enchanter's wand, and therefore will be to him, comparatively speaking, powerless. A person may ascertain by a single cast whether the rod he handles be adapted to him. If it be under his command, the force communicated by his wrist in wielding it will be felt to the very point of the line, and the fly there will alight upon the water quivering and insect-like. If otherwise, the spring required in the impulsion of the rod will be so neutralized by the overweight of the latter, that it will not be communicated to the line, which in consequence, will be sent out solely by the motion of the rod, without any control of the wrist, and will always fall in an ungoverned and slovenly manner. As to the terms *stiff* and *pliable*, as employed in the preceding chapter, we may remark that a rod which droops by its own weight, when held in a horizontal position, as much as six inches, may be considered as deserving the latter; and one which, with the line out, deviates no more than an inch or so, is as much the other way that it could be managed only by a person of unusually powerful wrist.

With the line the same adaptation to the rod must be observed as we have seen to be so essential in that of the rod to its wielder. The stiffer and shorter is the rod, the heavier and stouter must be the line, and *vice versa*. The line should taper with almost the same mathematical precision as the rod. As the rod will only throw its proper proportion of line, all beyond that length, which will remain wound on the reel, in reserve for the event of playing a powerful fish, may be of one uniform size. If, therefore, the tapering of a five-and-twenty-yard line commences about its middle, it will be quite soon enough. It is of the greatest importance that the line be brought to such a degree of thinness as to cause no disturbance on the water in using. The lines composed of horse-hair and a small portion of silk, interwoven together, are undoubtedly the best kind. Some lines are made entirely of each of these materials, but the objections to them are many. The silk line too

readily imbibes the water, by which it becomes over heavy, and remains long wet, which causes it to rot speedily. On the other hand, the hair line is in general too light, and therefore not adapted for throwing against the wind; it is, also, from not being sufficiently pliable, apt to *kink* in using. As a certain degree of elasticity is required in the line, the intermixture with the hair of the material of opposite quality—silk, brings it to the proper pitch. Besides, lines composed entirely of hair are seldom sufficiently strong at the point, when spun to the necessary thinness. Anglers who use this sort of line generally reject the extreme end, substituting a “point,” or “bottom,” as it is called, which is sold for the purpose, and made of silk and hair; or, what is unquestionably better, silkworm gut, which may be twisted with quills, in the way that school-boys make lines of hair. For ordinary trouting twenty-five yards of line are sufficient; but in rivers that are occasionally visited by salmon—in which case, also, the tackle should be stouter than would otherwise be advisable—forty yards are recommended. As it was once our fortune to be convinced of the advantage derivable from the adoption of such precautions, we beg attention to these latter remarks. The color of the line is a matter of little consequence. White we deem least perceptible; light-green, however, and pepper-and-salt color, are considered by some to be preferable. It is imagined, and perhaps with reason, that certain stained lines, from some property of the dye, become quickly rotten. Lines of bay horse-hair and white silk intermingled is the favorite sort of many. It is not, we think, generally known that nothing rots horse-hair sooner than oil, which liquid is sometimes applied to lines under the mistaken notion that it has qualities of an opposite nature. In our younger days we once did so ourselves, when laying up our tackle at the end of the season; on resuming it the following spring, we had the gratification to see the first large fish we hooked walk off with some three or four yards of line—collar and flies also, of course.

The very best patent silk-and-hair lines are sold at the rate of about fourpence per yard; those of a more common description, but still good, may be had at a quarter that price.

We shall now treat of the reel, about which much difference of opinion exists. While some are staunch advocates for the common sort, others on the contrary, esteem the multiplier as the *ne plus ultra* of improvement. Some there are, too, who like the addition of the *click*; others, censuring this, approve very much of the *stop*; both which, in our opinion, are superfluous. The chief advantage urged in favor of the multiplying reel is the velocity with which it winds up the line; now, if under all circumstances, it would wind with equal facility, its superiority would be unquestionable; but it does not—it is with difficulty made to revolve at all when a fish pulls, or a weight is attached to the end of a long line. Many a speckled beauty that still retains its life and freedom would have long since graced an angler's pannier but for the imperfection of the multiplying winch. The common reel is objected to from the slowness with which it turns. Notwithstanding this, we almost prefer the simple movement, even on the old plan, to the complex multi-

plier; and when applied to a differently shaped frame than usual—we mean much narrower, but of greater circumference, as recommended by Mr. Ronalds—it approaches much nearer to the desideratum than anything we have ever seen. Our own is nearly three inches in diameter outside, and but half an inch wide; it will hold twenty-five yards of line, or more, is of extremely neat appearance, and very light. Within a few years some other plans have been introduced in reel making, but we have been unable to discover in them any improvement deserving notice. The reel should be fixed to the rod about three inches from the butt end, and in a direct line with the rings. There are two principal methods—one requires a ring, or hoop, at the back of the reel, to encircle the butt, and is kept tight by a screw; the other, in place of a hoop, has a plate of brass to fit into a groove, which must be cut to receive it in the butt; two light circlets of brass, or leather, drawn tightly over, keep the reel firm.

As to the price of reels, a good multiplier is worth almost any money; one of the simple movement, on the old plan, of the size to contain twenty-five yards of line, may be had for less than three shillings; but with contracted frame a shilling or two extra are charged.

The lowermost part of the line, we mean that to which the flies are attached, is made of gut, and bears the several names of collar, foot-line, casting-line, and gut-link. It is composed of a series of lengths of silk-worm gut, which should be of good quality, and not, as it often is, the coarsest and worst. Its length must depend upon the quality of power of the rod, and degree of tapering of the line with which it is to be used. That no more than due proportion of collar be employed is highly important to correct casting. When the line, instead of going out smartly and straight, *bags*, and falls loosely upon the water, it is by reason of the smaller extremity being too much of one uniform size—a defect easily removed by shortening the collar. There will occur few cases in which more than four yards or less than two yards of gut will be required. On this point, however, in common with many others of our subject, so much must be left for the exercise of the sportsman's own judgment, that nothing but a broad rule can be laid down.

In making a collar, care should be taken to fit the lengths, that the whole may taper uniformly. Two stout pieces are first to be tied together; two of the next size smaller follow, and so on gradually lessening to the bottom end, the last yard of which should be fine and round. At the point is to be fastened the *stretcher*—as the foremost fly is termed—by means of a knot, the same as that by which the lengths of gut forming the collar are joined. This is called the old angler's, or the slip-knot, which, though so simple as to be learned on witnessing a single performance of the operation, would occupy too much space to describe. If but a single dropper be fished with, it should be placed two-thirds the way up the collar: when more than two flies are used, the distance between them should be equal. As to the mode of fastening the drop-fly, the modern neat and simple plan of inserting the gut to which it is at-

tached within the slip-knot of the collar should, and doubtless soon will, supersede the clumsy and inconvenient loop. Many anglers are in the habit of using more than three flies at a time, a practice which we by no means uphold. In summer, when the weeds are usually very high, we dispense with a dropper altogether, and use only a single fly at the point. To this custom we owe the preservation of many a collar and fly, much freedom from entanglement of line and breaking of rod, and above all, frequent captures of many a yellow-sided spanker, whose retreat, by reason of densely surrounding weeds, was inaccessible to all collars carrying more than a single temptation. That the bob-flies, when used, may not easily become twisted about the collar, they should be tied to stiff and rather stout gut, not longer than two inches for the first or three inches for the others. Instead of connecting the line and collar by means of loops, as is almost universally done, we have long used a much neater and more expeditious method. At the end of the line we fasten a piece of strong gut, to which the collar may be attached by a slip-knot whenever required for service; the disunion may be instantly effected by application of the teeth or a knife. A new piece of gut can be had as often as necessary; with care a long link will afford a great many things. At the conclusion of every fishing excursion, the collar should be evenly coiled over the extended fingers, and deposited in the pocket of the fly-book, and—though it can hardly need mention—ought never to be wound with the line upon the reel.

Gut, one of the most useful articles in the angler's catalogue, is the production of the silk-worm. It is manufactured from the male insect in a state of decomposition: Italy and Spain furnish the chief supply. An inferior kind of gut is made from the sinews of herons and other birds, and also from the fibres of certain plants. This latter sort is used by the fishermen of the Archipelago, to catch mullet and other fish; it is likewise employed by some salmon-fishers in our own country—animal gut, however, is infinitely superior. When gut, by frequent using, becomes worn and frayed, the application of a piece of India-rubber will at once renovate it. Gut is sold in skeins consisting of a hundred threads in each. Of course there is vast difference in its quality, but in general very fair fly-gut may be purchased at about three shillings per skein. In choosing gut, select those threads which are clear and round, rejecting all that are flat and dull colored.

Now for a few words about hooks. We have tried, first and last, almost every kind of hook that is made; sneck-bend, Redditch, Limerick—aye, O'Shaughnessy's genuine Limerick—but we never found any, for hooking a fish readily and holding it firmly, equal, or anything like equal, to the Kendal Kirby-bend; these, therefore, we feel pleasure in recommending. After them we prefer the Redditch hook. The sneck-bend hooks are much extolled by many, and we confess we begin to have a sort of regard for them, having lately seen some excellent specimens from the Kendal manufactory. As to the Limericks, we have tried in vain to discover the peculiar and almost miraculous qualities imputed to them by some anglers;

and we join Mr. Stoddart in pronouncing them "heavy, clumsy, and in shape detestable." We must not be understood to refer to any other than the smaller sizes used for trout flies: those for salmon-fishing, every body agrees, are almost perfection. In the Kendal hook we find sharpness of point, lightness, excellence of temper, and a barb and bend which all who understand the subject must admit are most suitable for hooking and holding fish.

What more then, in the name of Izaak, can be required? The largest size Kendal hook is No. 12, the smallest No. 00; the Red-ditch number oppositely—from No. 12, the smallest, down to No. 1, the largest size. Numbers 2, 3, and 4, Kendal, or 9, 10, 11, Red-ditch, are the most useful sizes; smaller we never use—they do not, nor can they be expected to hold well. So much for the hook.

Here we would advise and caution the inexperienced—and, whatever may be the imputed motive, on the honor of an angler we do so conscientiously—against *cheap tackle* of all kinds. If you use it on the ground of economy, you will certainly find yourself deceived—it will prove, *longo intervallo*, just the reverse; you will have occasion to be always buying, and will be constantly losing fish through its defects. If it cost little, it must be of inferior quality; good materials and good workmanship cannot be obtained for a trifle, and a few shillings extra bestowed on *best* articles cannot be extravagant, when the advantages to be derived are taken into consideration. Bear in mind, that the honesty of *puffers* is always questionable; that if their articles merited notice they would require no obtrusive means to obtain it. Every *tradesman*—a puffer deserves not so respectable a title—well knows that "deeds, not words," gain reputation, and he allows his goods to *speak for themselves* in a language which will not fail to receive the attention it so well deserves.

The selection of the "osier creel," the landing-net, the fly-book, and other remaining necessaries, we leave to the taste and judgment of the purchaser. A bright and burning summer's day—burning, in almost its literal sense—is this on which we are writing the conclusion of this section; be it known unto thee, beloved pupil, that a welcome flask of lemonade has just been placed before us, of which, with a view to our own refreshment, and with hearty wishes for your health and future success, we quaff a hissing, sparkling, brimming bumper!

THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS have had but poor sport during the past month. One novelty in the History of the British Chace, connected with these hounds, is worthy of record; namely, that a meet was appointed at a Railroad Station, and that an extra train was put on to accommodate the sportsmen!

London (New) Sporting Magazine for Jan. 1842.

GREY MEDOC AND ALTORF'S RACE,
OVER THE LOUISIANA COURSE, NEW ORLEANS, MARCH 20, 1841.

FOR the gratification of a number of subscribers who have expressed a desire to see the details of the extraordinary performance of *Grey Medoc* and *Altorf* placed on record, in the pages of the "Turf Register," with those of Eclipse and Henry, Flirtilla and Ariel, Grey Eagle and Wagner, and other cracks, we copy from "*Bell's Life in London*," of the 26th Dec. last, a report written for that popular organ of the British Sporting World, by the Editor of this Magazine. Mr. DOWLING, the Editor of "*Bell's Life*," introduces our report to his readers in the following terms:—

"The great pressure of matters connected with our English Turf, and other events of a temporary nature, must form an apology for the omission of this most acceptable communication till the present moment, and we now seize the opportunity of not only expressing our best acknowledgments to the Editor of the New York '*Spirit of the Times*,' to whom we are indebted for this graphic description of what he justly terms 'the best race ever run in America,' but also for his kind contribution of one of the *plates* of Grey Medoc, which we have deposited in our sporting archives, and which we shall be happy at all times to submit to the inspection of our friends."

To the Editor of "Bell's Life in London":—

SIR: I improve the opportunity offered by the visit to England of a sporting acquaintance, to send you one of the "plates" worn by Grey Medoc, the winner, in March last, of what has been termed "the best race ever run in America!" Knowing full well that *Bell's Life* is read wherever the English language is spoken, and that its "*Nunquam dormio*" applies to whatever of peculiar interest to the Sporting World may occur in either hemisphere, I have taken the liberty to transmit, as an envelope of the "pump" referred to, or rather as a "letter-press illustration" of the "plate," a report of the race itself. Should your crowded columns admit of it, I need not add that its publication would very highly gratify thousands of your transatlantic readers, while many of those at home may not be uninterested to know that the stock of the English thorough-bred horse has not deteriorated nor "suffered a sea change" upon being imported into the United States.

I have witnessed nearly all the great performances on our Turf for several years past, but never have I seen a race more desperately contested or more gallantly won. Indeed I doubt if it ever will be my good fortune to see such another achievement; and much do I regret that want of ability, not less than leisure, prevents my doing justice to a race that will occupy the most distinguished place in the Racing Calendar, and go down through all time as one of the most magnificent exhibitions on record of the surpassing speed and game of the High Mettled Racer of America.

The race came off over the Louisiana Course, at New Orleans,

on the 20th March, 1841. This course, like the Aintree, at Liverpool, is nearly in the form of a parallelogram, having straight parallel sides of a quarter of a mile, with semi-circles of the same length—it is precisely a mile in length, measuring three feet from the inner palings. The weather was fine, and the ground favorable; I must premise, however, that we have nowhere in this country the velvet sward of Newmarket or Heaton Park to run over, our sand “tracks” presenting to a veritable John Bull the appearance of a smooth road! The stands overlooking the course were crammed with spectators, while the “field” was thronged with carriages and equestrians, though the scene fell far, very far, short of Ascot on “the Cup Day,” or upon the occasion of any of your great events at Doncaster or Goodwood; still we Brother Jonathans regarded it as “pretty considerably animated.”

The race was for a purse of One Thousand Dollars, offered by the Jockey Club, for four mile heats. The entries were, Mr. Campbell's *Altorf*, a son of Imp. Fylde, 5 yrs., 110lb.; Mr. Boardman's imported colt *Denizen*, a son of Actæon, 4 yrs., 100lb.; and the Messrs. Kenner's *Grey Medoc*, a native bred horse, 5 yrs., 110lb. The latter being well known as one of the speediest horses on our Turf, and in condition to run for a man's life, was backed freely at 3 and 4 to 1 against the field. *Altorf*, a capital performer in Virginia, where \$10,000 were paid for him, had lost ground since his arrival at the South, from having run several races out of order. He had lately arrived, too, from Mobile, and suffered much from exposure in a stormy passage across the Lake, as also had *Denizen*. *Altorf* and *Denizen* were both low in flesh—not up to the mark for a bruising race—still, their race to-day quite eclipses any previous performance, brilliant as they have been, and adds an amount to their value to which the purse itself is no parallel. The Sporting World has been in the dark as to *Grey Medoc*'s speed—highly as it was appreciated—and still more so with regard to his unflinching, thorough game. It is within my knowledge that a few weeks previous to his tremendous race with *Bee's-wing*, in which he ran her up to 7:38, he run a mile trial with his shoes on and his weight up, over a deep training course, in 1:50, after galloping two miles in 2:10 and 2:00. His trainer, Mr. Graves (and there is no better one in the country), has assured me over and over again, that *Grey Medoc* was a “dead game horse”—as much so as *Luda*, or any other horse he ever turned loose. On reference to our “Turf Register” you will find that in the three years he has been upon the Turf, he has started twenty-two times and won eighteen races—many of them at three and four mile heats, while you will also remark that in a majority of them he has made most capital time, and defeated the best horses of the day. Indeed, I do not remember an instance of his losing a race after having won a heat; depend upon it, he has about as nice an idea of perpetual motion, and can go as long under whip and spur, as ever did his grandsire—Old Eclipse himself. Think of his making a heat in 7:35—of his running his eighth mile in 1:48—of his winning a third four mile heat in 7:42! And had you seen him come alone up the quarter

stretch at the close of his sixteenth mile—so gallantly and so beautifully, his high spirit unsubdued—with crest erect, and dilated nostrils, and observed his proud bearing and flashing eyes, you might have deemed him the impersonation of the Bucephalus of the victorious Macedonian, and added your voice to the many “rude throats” which greeted him with an enthusiasm that baffles all description.

The Race.

Denizen led off at a moderate pace, with Altorf second, and Grey Medoc well up; Altorf's stride and Minnow's pull, however, soon caused Denizen to change places with him, and Altorf led through the mile; John Ford all this time was pulling Grey Medoc double to keep him behind. The mile was run in 1:56—of course “the ravishing had *not* commenced.” Denizen lapped Altorf just as they passed the stand, and maintained his position to near the head of the quarter stretch, where Denizen's jockey (Minnow—the “loose fish” just designated) was ordered not to run for the heat. Altorf again led past the stand (time of this mile 1:55), while Grey Medoc lapped Denizen, being evidently bent on mischief. His stride soon gave him the second place, and he kept Altorf at his work throughout the mile, which was run in 1:54. Upon getting into straight work, on the back side, the set-to commenced in earnest. John Ford had neither whip nor spur, but the “gallant grey” under him required none. He brushed down the entire back side and round the turn, catching Altorf at the head of the quarter stretch, where a desperate struggle ensued. In five hundred yards Grey Medoc was clear of him, but striking something with his foot which caused him to hit himself and change his feet, he fell off in his stride, and Altorf locked him. From the gate home they came at a thrilling pace. Lawson on Altorf gave him the spur at every jump, but within one hundred yards of the judges' stand he caught his horse by the head, and giving him a desperate stab up to the gaffs, made it a dead heat on the post, having run the fourth mile in 1:50, and the heat in 7:35; Denizen, who had been trailing behind intending to drop just within his distance, was obliged to make a tremendous burst up the quarter stretch to save it. Those who saw it “fell heavily” in the end, for they at once backed him to win the purse. He ran a thousand yards at the speed of a quarter-horse.

Altorf cramped after the heat, but eventually recovered, while Denizen and Grey Medoc were both slightly lame. All cooled off well, and at length came to the post apparently as fresh as ever. Very little speculation took place, except that Denizen's friends backed him with renewed confidence.

SECOND HEAT—Denizen again broke off with the lead, but Minnow jerked him up before getting round the first turn, and Altorf went in front; it was soon apparent that Denizen did not intend running for this heat. No one seemed willing to cut out the work, and for two miles the pace was little faster than half speed, the time of the first mile being 2:13, and of the second 2:11. In the third mile, near the half mile-post, the pace mended a little, and

the field took close order. The mile was run in 2:07, Altorf leading past the stand clear, with Denizen second, he having been allowed to pass Grey Medoc in coming up the quarter stretch. On commencing the fourth mile each horse began to increase his stride, and upon entering the straight run down the back side there ensued a simultaneous rush. The contest that ensued was fierce and bloody beyond belief. All three horses were exactly abreast, and might have been covered with a double number of The Chronicle. Each was out and doing his best, going at a flight of speed. For two hundred yards it was impossible to say which had the best of it, but Grey Medoc was the first to get clear of the *mêlée*, soon after which Denizen was taken in hand. Lawson braced Altorf with a good pull to the turn, where he rallied and again challenged. At the head of the quarter stretch he once more locked Grey Medoc, but Jack Ford called on the Grey, and they came up the stretch like twin bullets. Grey Medoc got nearly clear at the gate, but Altorf gained on him a few inches at every jump. The excitement was intense—the enthusiasm of the spectators knew no bounds. “Grey Medoc’s got him!” was the cry, and it was instantly answered by another, “It’s Altorf’s heat!” Now Grey Medoc—now Altorf, has the advantage, according to the hopes or fears of their respective friends. What a thrilling moment to a true-hearted sportsman. They are now close to the stand—instead of the shouts you heard an instant ago, and which made the welkin ring, the most profound silence pervades the vast assembly—a thrill, a choking sensation in the throat, a wild throb ensues, and a mighty shout tells you that the heat is over! Altorf wins it *by less than a head!* having run the last mile in 1:48.

The surprise excited by the remarkable time of the last mile was increased by a painful rumour that was bruited about the stand, to the effect that Grey Medoc had “let down.” He was lame beyond doubt, and was taken to his stable, some distance off, for the purpose of quiet and air. He also changed a “pair of pumps”—*vide licit*, his “plates,” which seemed to relieve him. Denizen was a little lame also, but was still more than ever a favorite, the other two horses having run every foot of contested ground. Altorf recovered like a game-cock, as he is; to every one’s astonishment and delight, when the bugle sounded the call for the horses, Grey Medoc was seen approaching from his stable, apparently quite free from lameness, and looking fresh and high-spirited as ever.

THIRD HEAT—All three entries went off from the score at a tip-top pace, which soon declined, Denizen leading, with Altorf second, and Grey Medoc lying up within two lengths. Towards the close of the mile (run in 1:58) Altorf locked Denizen, and kept him moving along lively. Half way down the back stretch, in the second mile, Grey Medoc improved the pace by closing with Altorf for a few hundred yards, for the gallant champion of Louisiana was determined to leave neither of his worthy competitors enough in hand for a brush up the last quarter stretch. The second mile was run in 1:58, the field being well together as they passed the stand. Upon getting into straight work on the back stretch, each horse was

called upon, and nobly did each respond to it. Altorf was the first to "try it on" with Denizen; he finally succeeded in passing him, but too soon he got a Roland for his Oliver. When the others had apparently settled the matter as to who should have the track, Grey Medoc put in his claim, or rather than show any partiality to either of them, he took it himself by outfooting and outlasting them both, running this mile, the eleventh, in 1:50. Coming up the quarter stretch of the fourth mile, Denizen "returned his call" by brushing past Altorf and lapping the gallant Grey—and that, too, just as they were passing the stand. It did not avail him, however, gallantly as the effort was made. Grey Medoc soon shook him off, and finally won the heat by a long way, Altorf just dropping in his distance, while Denizen pulled up, or the heat would have been run "sure enough" in 7:40. The official time was 7:42.

Denizen not having won a heat in three, was now precluded from starting again under the following Rule of the Club:—

"Horses distanced in a dead heat, shall be regarded as if the heat had been won; excepting the horses that have run a dead heat, or won a heat, none other shall start for a fourth heat."

Altorf evidently weakened in the last heat; he had not flesh nor strength for such a tremendous race. Every one regretted that Denizen could not start again; he is a splendid race-horse, and a credit to the breeding establishment of Mr. Boardman. Had he been allowed to start, immense amounts would have been laid out about him, as Grey Medoc's friends would not have been surprised at any moment, to see him give way. But the horses are called, and the jockies are up for the

FOURTH HEAT—Altorf led off at half speed, with Grey Medoc lying well up to near the end of the mile, where John Ford was ordered to let his horse stride along; in consequence they came through locked, and at a good pace, though the mile was as slow as 2:16, the first part of it having been mere galloping exercise. On the turn, after passing the stand, the indomitable game and strength of Grey Medoc told, and he cut down Altorf in his stride. He was never caught, but gradually widened the gap between himself and Altorf to the end, by which the latter was distanced an immense way. Grey Medoc run the second mile in 1:58—the third in 1:57, though one hundred yards ahead, and the last, or sixteenth mile, in 2:06. Hundreds were signalling John to hold him up, so that Altorf might get in his distance, or the last mile would have been run under two minutes. Grey Medoc run out his last mile as strong, and indicated as much game and spirit, as if he was closing a first heat. John Ford rode him in a style that would have done credit to a Chifney or a Robinson, and the gallant grey and his honest rider were greeted, as they came up in front of the stand, with a degree of enthusiasm surpassing belief. There were hundreds who were ready fairly to hug the noble animal, whose almost incredible exertions had conferred so much credit upon the native blood stock of America. John Ford, on coming out of the scales, had his cap half filled with bank notes, while the high-

spirited owners of the winner gave their trainer half the purse, and distributed the remainder among the boys in their stable. You can form little conception of the engrossing excitement which prevailed. Recapitulation:—

SATURDAY, March 20, 1841—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, Four mile heats.

D. F. Kenner and Brother's gr. h. <i>Grey Medoc</i> , by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 5 yrs., 110lbs.	<i>John Ford</i> .	0	2	1	1
Col. Watson's (J. Campbell's) b. h. <i>Allorf</i> , by Imp. Fyde, out of Countess Plater by Virginian, 5 yrs., 110lbs.	<i>Lawson</i> .	0	1	3	dist.
Blevins & Camp's (E. H. Boardman's) ch. c. <i>Denizen</i> , by Actæon, out of Imp. Delight, sister to Design, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	<i>Minnow</i> .	3	3	2	r.o.

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>		<i>Third Heat.</i>		<i>Fourth Heat.</i>	
1st mile...	1:56	1st mile...	2:13	1st mile...	1:58	1st mile...	2:16
2d " ...	1:55	2d " ...	2:11	2d " ...	1:58	2d " ...	1:58
3d " ...	1:54	3d " ...	2:07	3d " ...	1:51	3d " ...	1:57
4th " ...	1:50	4th " ...	1:48	4th " ...	1:55	4th " ...	2:06
1st heat. 7:35		2d heat. 8:19		3d heat. 7:42		4th heat 8:17	

It should be remarked here that the day was very warm, and the course in the most capital order. No doubt it is something over a mile, measuring three feet from the inner railing. I regret to add, that upon taking him to his stable, it was discovered that Grey Medoc had partially given way in one of his fore legs—that is, the smaller tendon of his leg was sprung; so that he never will again appear upon the Turf. But he has done enough; his performance to-day is a crowning glory to a career of unusual brilliancy.

W. T. P.

DEEP SEA FISHING.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

“The imperious seas breed monsters.”—CYMBELINE.

It was on a lovely evening in June, that I was sitting on the quarter-deck of our good ship, on my voyage from New York to England. For some days we had experienced a continued succession of dead calms, and we lay, under a burning sun, unrefreshed by a breath of air, with no other amusement than that of watching the sails idly flapping against the masts, and wasting some powder and balls at the dolphins that gambolled around us. Thoughts of “home, sweet home,” and those friends whom thousands of miles of ocean separated from me, filled my heart. The sea was one deep, dark blue,—“Dolce color di oriental zaffiro.” For many hours there had been a profound silence, when, suddenly, the stillness was broken by a heavy rush of air, and a dash of water, apparently at no great distance. “My eyes and limbs!” cried a weather-beaten old sailor, who had served on board a whaler, “there’s the ‘blow’ of a fish!”—“Ay, ay,” returned a youngster from the Emer-

ald Isle, looking through his glass ; “ there he is sure enough, *spouting away* like a member of parlemint.”

The conjecture of the experienced old tar proved true ; within a quarter of a mile of the vessel, we perceived the leviathan of the deep amusing himself by throwing the water, in two circular spouts, high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with a terrific force, and rearing his huge carcass for many feet above the surface, in idle gambols. The captain, who had formerly commanded a Greenlandman, now appeared on deck, and no sooner did he see this Prince of *Whales*, than the recollection of his early habits, and the temptation for sport, aroused his old propensities. “ Can the whale line be got at handy, coxswain ? ” “ Ay, ay, sir,” was the prompt reply. “ Make it fast, then, to the harpoon, man the long-boat, and lower away.” The order was speedily obeyed ; and the captain, coxswain, myself, Tom—the weather-beaten old tar before alluded to, and four of the crew, took our stations in the boat. “ Give strong way, my hearties ! ” exclaimed the captain, in joyous tones. “ Here, Tom, you shall have a strike at him ; it’s many a day since you and I have had a harpoon in our hands.” Old Tom’s visage relaxed into a smile, and, after expressing his thanks to the “ skipper,” transferred himself to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparations to “ strike,” as the occasion required. The tub, containing a line nearly 200 fathoms long, was placed at his feet. This he attached to the forerunner, a line of about seven fathoms long, made of the finest hemp, that it may slip the easier, and, fastening the harpoon to the latter, he deluged the whole with water, to prevent the friction against the gunwale of the boat from setting it on fire as it ran out. We now approached the monster, who was sluggishly yielding to the action of the waves. The veteran stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow ; and as we came up to the broadside of the whale he buried the iron of his harpoon in the vulnerable part of his body. The animal finding himself wounded, cast his huge tail into the air, with a violence that turned the sea to froth, and went off horizontally, a small depth below the surface, amid a cloud of foam. “ Hold on, men ! ” exclaimed the captain. “ Ay, ay, sir,” replied the coxswain, at the same time seizing the line, which had already run out a hundred fathoms.

The strength of the wounded victim now began to fail, and he again came to the surface to “ blow ; ” this gave me an opportunity of having a shot at him with a double-barrelled rifle ; and, following Tom’s directions (who seemed rather disconcerted at not having another harpoon ready to give the *coup de grâce* himself,) I lodged two balls, within a few inches of each other, in the soft piece of flesh near his “ spout.” “ Stern all ! ” shouted the coxswain ; “ give him sea-room.” This order was promptly obeyed, and we were shortly beyond the reach of danger. The precaution, however, proved to be needless, for, after a few convulsive struggles, the animal turned upon his back, the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, “ his heart’s best blood was on the waters,” and the prize was ours. The seamen now seized the line, and drew the boat within a foot of the unresisting prey ; we then

towed it, by a strong rope, towards our vessel, and were soon on board. The whale was then hauled up by the windlass, and lashed alongside. The tail and fins having been struck off, old Tom, with a couple of "hands," having irons on their feet to prevent their slipping, got on the huge black mass, and began to cut out pieces of some three feet thick, and eight long, which were hoisted on deck. When the fat was all got off, they cut away the "whalebone" from the upper jaw, a material perfectly different from the actual *bones* of the whale, which are very porous, and filled with marrow. During this process, the rest of the crew, who were promised an extra allowance of grog, were employed slicing the pieces smaller, and picking out all the lean. When this was prepared, it was stowed away under the deck, where it remained until all the fat of the whale was on board; it was then cut into smaller pieces, and crammed very close into tubs, and deposited in the hold. The carcass was then turned adrift, and furnished a dainty meal to the gulls, and other sea birds, that hovered about the vessel. The process of "flencing," that is, cutting the blubber and whalebone from the carcass, occupied the crew about six hours, and the "making off," or cutting up and packing, from ten to eleven more.

Whilst on the subject of fishing, it may not be uninteresting to devote a *few lines* to the cod and herring-fisheries, both of which I have witnessed, the former on the banks of Newfoundland, in 1818; the latter, off the Dutch coast, in the previous year. The chief fishery for cod is in the bay of Canada, on the great bank of Newfoundland, and thither vessels resort from divers parts both of Europe and America. They are from 100 to 150 tons burden, and will catch between 30,000 and 40,000 codfish each. Before the discovery of Newfoundland, in 1496, Iceland, and the Western Isles of Scotland, were the principal stations for the cod-fishery, but speedily after that event it was transferred to Newfoundland, where it is carried on to such an extent (merely by the hook, baited with the herring and other small fishes,) as to furnish employment for 15,000 British seamen. An expert hand will sometimes capture 400 cods in a day, but that is the greatest quantity, the weight of the fish, and the great coldness on the bank, being dreadfully fatiguing. As soon as the cod are taken, the heads are cut off; they are opened, gutted and salted; and the salter stows them in the hold, head to tail, in beds a fathom or two square, laying layers of salt and fish alternately, but never mixing fish caught on different days. When they have lain thus three or four days, to drain off the water, they are replaced in another part of the ship, and salted again.

The French cod-fishery employs annually 400 ships, measuring together 50,000 tons, and manned by 11,000 sailors; also 200 transports or coasting vessels, with 2,000 sailors; so that it maintains 600 ships, and 13,000 men. France possesses 305 myriamètres, or about 450 leagues of coast; and there was a time when the French fishery on the banks of Newfoundland was sufficiently extensive to supply nearly the wants of all Europe, as well as acting as a nursery for the whole of the French navy. But in consequence of the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, that of Vervins in 1783, and the

cession of Canada, France was reduced to the confined right of fishing on the eastern and western coasts of the island of Newfoundland, without the power of establishing any dwelling-place or building upon it, except such huts and scaffolding as are absolutely necessary for drying and curing the fish. Under such circumstances, it is evident that France can never compete with the English fishermen, who have fixed residences on the island, or with those of America, who have the advantage of being close to their own shores. As shelters for her ships she possesses only the small islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, mere bare rocks, which must be supplied from without with every necessary of life, even fire-wood.

The most celebrated herring-fishers are the Scotch and Dutch. In England, the inhabitants of Yarmouth and Lowestoffe alone smoke upwards of 80,000 barrels every year.

Formerly, the Dutch had no share in this fishery, but were obliged to purchase their herrings from the Scotch; these last abused their advantage, and the Dutch resolved to do without them. Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, a fisherman named Stephens, displeased with his country, withdrew to Euckhuysen, in Holland, and taught the inhabitants the secret of catching herrings.

On or about St. John's Day, the 24th of June, when the herrings begin to appear in great bodies, the Dutch, with their busses (vessels between fifty and sixty tons burden,) and several other kinds of craft, amounting, perhaps, to 2,000, move out of the harbors of Dort, Rotterdam, Delft, Schiedam, Vlaerdingen, Brille, and Euckhuysen.

There is nothing particular in the manner of fishing; the nets wherein the fish are drawn have their meshes an inch square, to let all the lesser fry go through.

The herring is accustomed to follow the light of the moon, and, during the night it emits a sort of light which spreads in the air. These fish, accordingly, discover themselves, and betray their motion; it is for this reason that they are generally caught in the night. The nets for this purpose are from 1,000 to 1,200 yards long; they are stretched in the water, one side being kept from sinking by means of buoys attached at proper distances; and as the weight of the net makes the side sink to which no buoys are fixed, it is suffered to hang in a perpendicular position, like a screen; and the fish, when they endeavor to pass through it, are entangled in its meshes, from which they cannot disengage themselves. There they remain until the net is hauled in, and they are shaken or picked out.

London Sporting Review for December, 1841.

THE SPORTING LIFE OF ENGLAND.

BY JOHN MILLS, ESQ.,

Author of the "Old English Gentleman."

SKETCH THE FIRST:—"*The Beaufort Hunt.*"

SIXTY-FIVE couples of hounds; forty-six hunters; old Job, the padgroom; Long, the huntsman; Stansby, the first whip; Charley, the second, and a second horseman to each, form the princely establishment of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort.

On Saturday, the 21st of the dreary cut-throat month of November, the meet was at Yate Turnpike, and, although a fog hung like a frown upon nature's face, accompanied by a cold north-east wind and drizzling rain, there were many of those present who never turn to the weather's beckon. Among them were the Duke, the Earl of Wilton, Lord Andover, Captain Codrington, John Bayley, Esq., Mr. Hobson, and several Bristol men.

With the bitch pack, consisting of twenty-one couples and a half, Long drew a little covert to the right of Yate Common; but no *long* brushed varmint lurked therein. Then the common was tried with the same result, while the rain came down in torrents. Old Job, ever careful of his master's health, unshelled a mackintosh and waterproof gloves, and, after assisting in their arrangement, looked defiance at the clouds spouting forth their overcharged contents. Cold and saturated, we trotted off to Wapley Bushes, where not a minute elapsed before the merry note of Dahlia sent a warm glow to our chilled extremities. "Hark to Dahlia!" hallooed Long. "Tally-ho!" cried Stansby. "Hold hard! let 'em get at it;" and away we went, happier than butterflies in a July noon. The fox broke in the direction of Beanwood; but turned short to the left, towards Sodbury. Twisting to the left again, he took across Yate Common, where, thank heaven, there was a short check; for 'bellows to mend' was the roaring appeal from my strong-limbed steed: nor was he a solitary exception. The land could not be in worse condition. At each stride the horses took, they sank nearly to their hocks and knees, and not unfrequently above them. Often, when they attempted to lift at their leaps, they stuck fast in the mud, and into the fences they pitched head-foremost. "Over!" cried Mr. Fisher to his finely-bred and well-shaped mare, as they arrived at a stiffish fence; but across the bank she fell, and her rider found himself biting the sod.

"There's a better place," said Charley to me. "If your horse takes it first, mine would follow, sir," continued he. But a bad example had been set, and the roan declined. Again his head was turned to it, and the persuaders administered; but a negative was the only reply. His Grace now came up, and crammed his horse gallantly at it. Over he flew, and the decliners followed him. We were now with the pack just as they hit off the scent. The varmint stretched away towards Nibley; but turned short back again,

making for the lower woods. But, alas ! poor pug ! after doing his best to get away for twenty-two minutes, the swift pack ran into him under the Ridings, and "woo-whoop !" echoed o'er hill and valley.

"Do you draw any more, my Lord ?" inquired a farmer.

"Certainly," was the reply, and to Doddington Grove we made a direct course. In the merry pack crashed, and out whirred the gay plumed pheasants, like bees from a hive.

"There are too many long-tails for a fox to be found here," observed somebody. "Indeed !" replied Captain Codrington, "we shall test that presently. 'There was a litter bred here in the summer, and I am much mistaken if we dont find them to-day.'"

The last word was scarcely from his lips, when Levity's deep-toned note rang through the copse.

"A find for a hundred !" offered Mr. Bayley ; but there was no takers. "I'll bet five—ten to one that it's a find," continued he ; still no accepters appeared.

Patience now joined in the cry, and out a fox broke like a meteor. Farmer, farmer, why are you there ? His quick eye catches you, and he is headed back into a hound's willing jaws like a netted trout. Chopped, killed upon his own hearth, without a struggle for life. Before the victim could be scalped, another met with a like despicable destiny, within twenty yards of the spot, and a third was "tally-hoed" away.

"For'ard ! for'ard !" shouted the old padgroom. "Here, here, here !" and clapping the hounds on, they were well away after the fourth fox, before their appetite had been whetted with the brace preceding. Straight into the yard of Doddington House, reynard bolted, flattering himself, perhaps, like a suitor in Chancery, that it was as easy to get out as to get in, and to be as ruinously disappointed. The gate admitting him stood invitingly open ; that by which he doubtlessly hoped to effect an egress was closed. The walls were much too high for a jump, and, ere a rescuing hand could lift the latch of mercy, the hounds had rendered all aid unavailing.

"Woo-whoop !" cried Stansby, lifting a fine dog fox, in the last gasp of death, and then hurling him to the impatient pack for a little more innocent recreation.

Immediately after this, we found in Doddington Plantations ; but, after running once round them, a storm came on from the East, which threatened to amputate our nasal organs, and completely annihilated the scent ; thus verifying the old proverb, "that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good." The artful dodge was given to us, and we then wended our way towards Badminton. On our road His Grace remarked upon the likelihood of my catching cold if I did not change my clothes quickly ; and when I told him such an affliction had never, to my memory, been visited upon me, he rejoined, "You must consider yourself most fortunate." And so I do, in this particular ; but, notwithstanding, it might be dangerous if the world were a powder magazine, and I held a box of lucifers.

On the Monday following this day of slaughter, we met at Castle Coombe. The gentle wind fanned us from the warm South, and his breath felt as soft as the zephyr from Italy's cloudless clime. The sun was "but the daylight sick." His pale rays stole between heavy floating clouds, and fell in patches upon "the mountain, moor, and mead." The swollen stream swept on, murmuring in its course; but scarcely a beam was flashed in the rippling wave. Now and then a distant roll was heard, and black, frowning masses continued to gather and hang threateningly around.

How I love anything old! even an old woman is an object of my sincere admiration. For might she not be a ruin of beauty? Ay, and generally is, too, if we may credit the assertion of nine-tenths of those whose locks are frosted by the sneaping hand of time.

"Is not this a beautiful place?" said the Duke.

I believe that I was sufficiently attentive to return a brief affirmative; but my eyes were gloating so with the enjoyment of the scene, that I scarcely knew if my tongue slipped a sound. An ivy-clad, grey-mossed house stands on a lawn studded with beds of evergreen plants and choice exotics. Within sixty yards of its stone walls, a wide and deep stream rushes past, over which a light bridge is thrown. On the right, the remains of an ancient castle rear themselves proudly among clustering trees, and at the base of the steep declivity, the traces of the fosse are easily distinguished—the monuments of ages long since passed and swept away.

On the brow of the hill behind the house, the veteran huntsman of countless hunts cheered his merry pack. A minute—no, not a minute—was thrown into the yawning abyss of time, when "Hark to Launcelot!" was echoed from hill to hill. "Hark to Launcelot, Flyer, Charon!" and away they went like a flash of light.

It is the *dash* of the foxhound which shows the genuineness of his breed: and where can be seen such a dash as in this splendid pack? It *may* be seen; but my eyes have never been favored with a glimpse. (Masters of hounds, invite me to the sight, and accompany the invitation by an offer of "a mount.")

"If he only gets away," said Lord Wilton, "we shall be all right," and gingerly he took his horse over a stone wall into a lane, and rattled him down it. But it was a useless expenditure of wind, for an earth, which had been stopped by the spade, found a ready opener in the flood, and pug dived into the crevice, to all appearance not much too large for a rat, and escaped his ardent pursuers.

The threatening storm now burst in all its violence. A stream of water bubbled upon the earth, and the thunder reverberated from hill to hill, like the explosion of continued parks of artillery. The slumbering wind now rose like a lion from his lair, and roared in gusts, as if he would rend the rock-ribbed hills from their foundations.

"We shall have no sport to-day," observed His Grace.

"Between the storms we shall, Duke, if we can get away," replied Lord Wilton, congratulating his stars that he had had his bit

of pink dipped and made waterproof, although the bath "damaged the color."

After a beautiful soaking, the storm lifted, and we tried West Kington Wood, where we found immediately. To the left we went bending for Burton, at a splitting pace—stone walls innumerable, and the country as deep as ———; but metaphors must be barred. Lord Wilton dashed at a five foot wall, and cleared it beautifully; I turned "the old chesnut" at it; Lord George Paget resolved upon the same spot at the same moment. Together we went; but, weight being on my side, his Lordship met with a swerve, which momentarily ruffled the feathers. However, true blood was never soured, although it may be "turned," and in a handful of seconds as merry a laugh rattled from his lips at the wayward rub, as ever burst from the heart of "a fine young English gentleman." From Burton we went to the right, towards the Faggot Covert, at a streaking rate. I followed in the wake of Captain Codrington, who rode as if his horse and himself knew the country. We were well up, when a fox showed himself back under a wall. "Hold hard!" was the halloo; but, God of my forefathers! the hounds continued on. It was a fresh fox in view. The discovery was too late. "We must lift hard!" cried the gallant Captain; and lift us he did for miles, until, with judgment I never saw surpassed, we were again with the merry pack.

His Grace was well up the whole of the time; but from that arch-fiend, the gout, he is compelled to ride with care; even a bruise from the stirrup would cause an attack. His heart and nerves are as fresh as when he was a round-faced "chubby" boy; but he dare not brush a rasper as he formerly did, from the certainty of a visit from his enemy, should the least accident occur.

Mr. Bayley and Dr. Grace now showed themselves well in the foreground, but Lord Wilton continued to be pioneer. Mr. Castle Jenkins, remember you are fifteen stone, and a little over, with saddle and bridle; but he heeds not my mental warning. Straight as a winged arrow from a yew-bow, he steers for an ugly "blind un," while Lord Wilton is trying to swing open a neighboring gate. Second thoughts are best—he comes to a check, and waits impatiently for the result of the Earl's attempt. Now ambition, vaulting as a roebuck, led me to try the fence; the rise was great, the dip was deep, the near stirrup-leather broke, and down I went to mother earth in a style that, unquestionably, might be called perfect. Fortune sometimes smile on the unlucky. Here a momentary check ensued, and enabled me to botch the damage, just as the scent was hit off again. A full hour rolled by, still the chase went on. From the Faggot Covert we went in a curve to Badminton, where the fox was viewed dead beaten, just before the hounds; but a cold storm of wind and rain came on, which prevented them hunting him a yard farther, and reynard lived to give, I hope, another as bold a run.

The number of foxes killed that season by this unrivalled pack, was forty-six brace; and seventeen brace and a half have been killed thus early in the present one.

A HORSE-RACE AT SEA.

“*Dolphinum in sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.*”—HOR. ART. POET. 30.

England for riches, France for fun,
 The “Westward Isle” for wit and blunders,
 O'er Europe wide a name have won—
 But Venice is the land of wonders,
 For who had ever dreamed to see—
 From Greenland to the far Mahratta—
 A *Derby* run upon the sea,
 And *horses* named for a *Regatta*!

“CAN it be possible?” said I to myself, laying down the “*Galignani*,” over which I was lounging after breakfast in the “*Café di Florian*,” and settling my spectacles to examine more closely a very extraordinary advertisement which hung upon the opposite wall.

I rose from my seat, and deliberately walked across to read it over again, and sure enough it was “no mistake.” There it was, staring me in the face, and announcing, in flaming characters, with all the energy of German text and square capitals, that, among the entertainments of the *Giardini Pubblici* for that evening, was a *Regatta dei Cavalli*—a REGATTA OF HORSES!!!

I began to fancy of the Venetians, what Beckford had conjectured of the Dutch, that their ancestors, if not thorough-bred fishes, must have been at least an amphibious race, floundering in the waters from which their city had arisen.

Then I puzzled my brain with a variety of conjectures as to whether it would be a sailing regatta or a rowing one; though I inclined to the latter opinion, since, as there were *horses* in question, nothing could be more natural than that there should be *gigs* also.

Having fatigued myself with ineffectual “guesses” it at last occurred to me to apply to my gondolier for a solution, and I cannot express to you how much I was disappointed when I discovered that “*Regatta*” was but a Venetian form of expression for the generic term *race*, borrowed from their old and hereditary aquatic exhibitions; and thence accommodated to the horse-race—with them a very modern innovation.*

The reader must make up his mind to share in my disappointment, and be content to hear a description of a less marvellous scene than he anticipated; although, after all, if the nature of the ground and its other circumstances be considered, it can hardly be deemed inappropriately described in the heading of this paper. The course being scarcely above the level of the surrounding sea—the trees by which it is shaded appear to spring from the very ocean—their branches literally drooping into the waves. The great body of aristocratic spectators view the sport from their gon-

*The traveller in the vicinity of the Giant's Causeway may have observed a similar idiom among the half-seafaring peasantry of the coast of Antrim,—I have myself been pressed “to take a sail upon a jaunting-car.”

dolas upon the water, and, as the horses fly past in full career, they seem, as far as meets the eye, to skim the surface of the waves, and, even to those who know otherwise, present for the moment all the semblance of a HORSE RACE AT SEA.

The Venetian race-course is a circuit of the Giardini Publici, a small park, which started up from the open sea just outside of the city, under the magic auspices of Napoleon; unluckily it also serves the purpose of a public promenade, and as it is intended for chariot, as well as horse-racing, it may be guessed that it is a "leetle too hard" according to our English notions. But as "beggars should not be choosers," and as the wonder is to find any sport fit for the purpose in such a locality, the more lenient our criticism the better.

The first match would have come under the denomination of an English pony-race, although the nags were somewhat above that standard. I am not able to say whether it was honest running, or whether the contest was got up for effect, but it certainly was both a tolerably fast thing, and a close one. The race was thrice round the circus, and as the competitors changed places at each successive circuit, nothing could exceed the excitement of the crowd. I was struck by the revival, or rather the preservation, of the old usage of the Republican times, by presenting the winner with a banner.

The second exhibition was one which I had till then thought peculiar to our own merry-makings—a *sack-race*! But, as this sport has often been well laughed at by most of your readers, I step over the bodies of the fallen "sack-em-ups," to the grand *Corsa delle Bighe alla Romana*—a chariot race in the style of the ancient Romans.

Of this exhibition the reader may form some idea, from what he must have seen when a boy, at some of our own amphitheatres; except that the costume was better imitated, and the classic peculiarities better preserved. Indeed, in everything but the number of chariots—(there were but *two*)* the arrangements were almost faultless.

The successful charioteer was presented with a banner, and drove around the course, partly in triumph, partly—start not, ye high-bred professionals! to try whether his dexterity might not provoke the generosity of some spectator, or, as my gondolier informed me, to try whether some one might not give him, "*qualche piccola cosa!*"

But now came *the* event of the evening—(for I had forgotten to say that like all the other amusements of the season, the hour was 6 o'clock, P. M.)—an English horse-race with appropriate costume. A pair of hardy-looking under-sized *homunculi* had encased themselves in tops and leathers, not forgetting the silk jacket, and jockey cap; and being determined that the spectators should fully appreciate "the fun" of an English race-course, they went off at score, spurring and flogging their horses from the moment they started to

* There were always four chariots in the Roman Hippodrome, one from each of the four factions, *Albata, Russata, Veneta, and Prasina*.

the last stride, their idea being like that of children, that the only "fun" was in the flogging.

Alas! poor deluded creatures! how little do they know of the real glories of the race-course.

A. C. B.

Venice, Oct. 18th, 1841.

A CHAPTER ON WEIGHT.

Whercin the Writer descanteth in the outset respecting the World's general ignorance on weight, and the different notions entertained thereon by stout and feather-weight individuals.—Farther illustrateth his subject by an historical parallel between Daniel Lambert and Samuel Darling, Esqrs.; and quoteth anecdotes respecting the present George Francis and the late George Abernethy.—Asserteth, moreover, that voluntary martyrdom existeth in the present day, and quoteth a Poor-law Guardian as a testimony thereof.—Addeth thereto a word in favor of twelve-stone men, and proveth beyond all doubt that the undue study of Porson and La Place estrangeth the young mind from the proper consideration of Handicaps.—Sheweth also how many an Oxford Chancellor foolishly fostereth a taste for *crossing country* by Rustication.—Concludeth with an Apology fitted to the weighty subject.

"THERE was always reason in the roasting of eggs," says a writer in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*: "there is now philosophy in a dog-kennel, literature in a fishing-rod, and treatises on the art of wearing the hat. . . . If this goes on much longer," he continues, "the Eastern Monarch offering a reward for a new pleasure will be but a faint type of the sovereigns of Albemarle Street and Paternoster Row offering a reward for a new subject." A slight glance at our heading would, "we calculate," be almost enough to convince our readers, at first sight, that we have but little right to lay any claim to originality in our choice. The case, however, appears to us in a different light. We do not mean to enter into a discussion as to whether Robinson or Templeman could sweat off a few pounds in the least time, or after commenting upon the extraordinary treatment which St. Francis experienced from the Goodwood Stake Handicappers, to expatiate on all the ups and downs produced by the 7lb. extra among the Newmarket two-year-olds: our aim is widely different. The weights of those hard-working gentry, who during six months of the year have no other bosom-companions during their mornings than sweating flannels and cigars, who mount the silk jacket in the afternoon, and bait upon air and sherry-and-water at night, are pretty well known to the public through the daily and weekly columns of the *Morning Post* and the *Bell's Life*; while on the contrary, there is no subject upon which the community in general, not immediately connected with horses, are more ill informed, or upon which certain gentlemen of doubtful dimensions are disposed to grow more "touchy," or make worse guesses than this. If you tell an elderly gentleman, who rides halfway up in the teens, that you think he is thinner

since you saw him last; he will draw himself with a sort of inward secret chuckle at the imaginary relief his horse will feel next meet; thinking you, moreover, a decidedly more sensible person than either his wife or daughter, who are mostly tremendously acute in finding out exactly the contrary about "papa." Such persons, however, are exceedingly glad to take your assertion for doctrine, without an appeal to the unerring standard of the weighing-chair or Merlin's patent balances. Horace (we don't quote) lays down, in one of his Odes, that the men of his time were beginning to dread a cold bath in the Tiber and a quiting Match; nay, he goes on to say that they viewed the wrestling ointments in precisely the same light as viper's blood. Could he have accommodated his remarks to our times, he would have added to this long list of miseries "going to scale," which is always a sort of penance to all but jockies and light-weights up to 10st. or so. It is from the latter of these two classes that doubtful weights meet with most annoyance. The inquiry which the aforesaid are so fond of instituting mostly forms an interlude to a conversation during dinner. The process is an interesting one. Let any sporting person in the party mention any Handicap Race, and it is enough; the next is sure to be what weight Connelly or Nat rode upon the winner, and whether Chapple or John Day, jun., was not carrying overweight; and thus a mischievous transition is made to the weights of the party present, each person asking his neighbor. The light-weights, if they ever ride at all, know their own and their saddle's weight to an ounce; the Ladies protest that they haven't "the slightest conception," either of their own weights or any one's else; while those who "do not like the subject named," either peevishly declare, that, in consequence of their long separation from the scales, they really do not know, or else give a bland smile, and a still blander guess at a calculation full 2 st. below reality, evidently very glad to dismiss the question. Once indeed a gentleman of our acquaintance confidentially informed us during such a conversation that he was just 11st. 4lb., while to our certain knowledge he had weighed for 14st. 4lb. three summers before, and expansion visible had taken place since then.

Exceptions there are, however, to every rule, and some even of this latter class are never done weighing themselves, and calculating what they have lost or gained during the last fortnight. 12st. was to my certain knowledge the point of one of these odd creature's condition, and nothing could be more absurd than to view his affected alarm and mysterious forebodings of consumptions if on Saturday night the pointer of the balance-chair only reached 11st. 13lb.; and fearful on the contrary were his Sunday's abstinence and penitential walks during the ensuing week if it declared "2lb. overweight."—"Take plenty of good nutritious food," says the doctors: "eat a light pudding for dinner, weak tea and toast, and take a sharp six-mile sweat, with physic to boot," says the "Instruction to Jockies in Training"—a sort of comparison of the torrid and frigid zones. But how stands the case? Under one system Dan Lambert luxuriated in 52st.; under the other, Sam Dar-

ling has steered with unimpaired strength many a noble steed, carrying only 8st., saddle and all. "What a living quagmire a man in high food and without exercise is!" apostrophises NIMROD, after fingering over Jack Hannan, whom he had seen in training near Melton. The remark was a just one. Whether Dan Lambert's quagmire was the result of the causes NIMROD assigns generally, we know not. Such an inquiry is more suited to the *Wonderful Magazine*, or the *Encyclopædia of Useful Knowledge*. Don't let it be supposed, from the relation we have instituted between Sam and Dan, that we think it all right for gentlemen to put themselves on short allowance and take sweats. Noble Lords may occasionally put on the sweaters for the sake of a favorite horse, but it is reserved for practitioners like Nat to knock off 15lb. within twenty-four hours on an emergency. Healthy as this system may be, it has been carried even among jockies to a frightful extent. What can we say when we see a youth like Francis attempting to ride 5st. 7lb., and compelled from exhaustion two hours before the race to declare 5st. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.; while the pale cheeks of one of our first-rate Northern riders, and, we believe, occasional winters in Italy, may be accounted for by his sometimes going 7st. 10lb. to scale.

To return to our subject. Were any one from a dislike to overweight to commence dieting himself, and taking fearful walks, he becomes a mere professional at once—a victim to the same infatuation, which, according to the *Spectator*, induced an ancient gentleman to weigh himself every day, and live by grains and scruples. Poor wives might indeed grumble about their husbands, when, in addition to their usual hunting fatigues, they began to put themselves on short allowance. It mostly strikes us, that those who ride and hunt most always enjoy themselves most both at the table and the bottle, leaving weight to its chance.

Dieting, however, has its votaries on many grounds: some really do it from the above mentioned reasons; others, because Dr. Jephson has ordered them to confine themselves to vegetables and a gill of liquid each day: few have done it because they liked it; preferring Dr. Abernethy's much more concise rules upon the subject, as detailed by the *Parish Clerk*—"Diet be d—d! eat the best of everything you fancy, only don't *cram*." A Member of a Poor Law Board in the North could lately be chargeable with none of these motives: no love of fox-hunting "compelled him to commit the rash act;" but it was pure unqualified admiration for a system, on behalf of which he would have become a "dem'd moist unpleasant body," that prompted him to the noble resolve of subsisting upon pauper allowance for a week. Suffice it then to say, that at the end of the week the Board, hitherto quite unconscious of the sacrifice of animal comfort that their worthy member was making in their behalf, were perfectly convulsed at the two separate accounts of past and present weight which were handed in; and still more so when the aforesaid enthusiastic gentleman declared that though he was just about the same weight, he firmly believed he was healthier than he had been at the last meeting.

Many, however, are the resources to which people who find

themselves getting more heavy than convenient privately resort to. Some of them consign malt liquor to "kingdom come," on the plea that it does not agree with them, and make no luncheons at all, and frugal dinners, on the plea that they don't feel hungry; while others, who go more deeply into the thing, take to vinegar and cigars. It is between the ages of 12 and 16 that weight increases so imperceptibly. Many who remember that they were a little above 7st. at the first-mentioned age are quite astonished on finding at the end of four years they can give little or no change out of 9st., while to all appearance they fancy themselves as slim as ever. The reason is obvious; for, setting aside their growth, it is then when the muscles begin to expand, and all the world knows that bone weighs more than flesh, from England to Kamschatka. One thing always strikes us, when men are once past the rubicon, or riding weight, and become what we may call coachmen or gig weight of 18 or 20st., all anxiety on this score ceases; they seem to be proud of their extra pounds, and will often jocularly inform you that they are heavier within the last year; probably adding to these remarks some highly interesting statistics on the number of yards they require for a waistcoat. Such men we will allow should stick to the ribbons; but who that has seen or heard of Alvanley, Canning, Maxse, and a host of other 16 or 17st. heroes, will deny that heavy weights can see the end of a run! and no one who has seen Little Gilmour cross Leicestershire can be ignorant of what hunters can do under 15st. and a fine judgment and finger. Looking at the riders of England generally, and barring M'Donough, Oliver, and the professionals, it will generally be found that the men for riding across country average from 12 to 13st. in the saddle. It is true that Lord Rancliffe and a host of others bravely support the honor of the light weights, but the number of first-rate workmen among them is comparatively small. The fact is, most light weights labor under a double delusion, not only that their weight entitles them to take any liberty with their horses, but that also, to use their own favorite phrase, "anything will carry them;" the consequence of which is, that many of them ride thorough-bred weeds, which pull their own heads off for the first mile, and then feel uncommon glad of a balk to get pulled up themselves—on their parts mostly a very fair process, seeing that they have very probably gone fetlock deep in ploughed land half the way, whether from their own taste, or from their rider's temporary mental abstraction, particularly on all points connected with soils and seeds, it is difficult to say. We remember an old witticism recently quoted at Doncaster respecting a salmon's losing a swimming match with a nigger from want of condition; and just in the same manner we have often seen a careful middle-weight man beat the best mounted careless 10st. man, merely by avoiding extra fences. Often have we seen old Sportsmen's bristles excited by exhibitions like these, and heard them wish they "had that fellow's carcass, they'd use it better." There is a good deal in this last remark, as it illustrates that common fate in the world, viz: that those have blessings who know least how to use them.

We do not intend to follow the example of Mr. Harris on *Mammon*, and moralise on hoards of wealth unused, or soliloquise over the miseries of those who can only now too late feel the blessing of "happy days gone by;" but we would come boldly to the point at once, and assert a plain every-day fact, that while real sterling sportsmen are often rather inconvenienced by too great a development of the "human form divine," many hundreds of beings—lawyers, saw-bones, and University men—who never ride behind any horses except those of a coach or an omnibus, and who, if they had any of their own, would never exactly distinguish the hocks from the thighs, are many of them either large scale likenesses of Count Borulwarski, or animated revivals of *Smike* about the legs and body. Hundreds of University men there are at Cambridge, who, as schoolmasters mostly say, "little knowing the privileges they enjoy," have never yet sniffed the air of Newmarket during the July Meetings, or galloped home to be in time for Hall after the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire Stakes. These they are who can go deeply into the merits of Hermann's last emendations to Sophocles, con over Bentley's nice alterations in Horace, or force a ghastly smile of satisfaction if they find, after an hour's search, that Poppo Gøller and Arnold have actually agreed about the tense of a verb in Thucydides. These they are who can integrate an equation with all the zeal of an Ellis or a Gashin; discuss the respective schemes of Whewell and Earnshaw on dynamics, and argue over the merits of Colenso's and Kelland's new Algebras, and then innocently ask you what is meant by a Handicap—a race they are rejoicing in, a sort of livery of clerical seedy blacks, white-stockings, and high-lows—little syllogistical argumentative little fellows, weighing from 8 to 9st., who always live in a state of abstraction, lost in another world of equations and various readings; worshipping the presiding deities of Paley, Porson, and La Place. Small in stature, they take no thought what they should eat or what they should drink, as nothing can fatten them; and after taking a walk, gown on back, three miles out and three miles in, at a pace which would sweat any modern jockey with half his flannels on, give a quiet grin and call it a "constitutional."

But we have perhaps said too much: old remembrances of our Cambridge "larks" came rushing over us as we penned the above, and, after all, the Oxford reading men are quite as bad, though not so inexcusable, seeing that they have no Newmarket near them—no Sporting Turf that has been made classic ground by Latin quotations respecting the bay four-year-old daughter of Priam, and bets on long and short o's. Every one knows that their tutors have done their best to "freeze the genial currents of their souls," by carrying out the "*verte-canem-ex*" to its fullest extent, and regarding steeple-chases as abominable remnants of the dark ages, and not half so well adapted for leisure hours as Number Ninety.

But we have carried on our subject to an unusual length, and we had well nigh forgotten that it is as easy to be heavy on paper as on the scales. Like a cautious sportsman, therefore, we must pull up in time, lest "gentlemen all" should groan over us when finish.

ed, as an old huntsman once did over his young welter-weight master when he got stuck in ploughed—"Lord have mercy on us he's too heavy for anything!"

THE DRUID.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for January, 1842.

PAST TIMES OF P. PODAGRA, ESQ.—No. II.

I WAS once extremely fond of yachting, though I now perfectly agree with Hesiod, who allows sailing only to be tolerably safe for fifty days after the summer solstice. "Though some reckless men," says the old Bœotian, "will venture to sea in the spring, I for my part do not approve it: you must snatch the opportunity, and you will hardly escape destruction; yet even such risks will men run from perversity of mind. Remember how dreadful to die in the waves." I had read Hesiod, but still in the merry days of youth, loved yachting, and gladly availed myself of the invitation to join a friend in the Isle of Wight in the summer of 182—. There was an additional attraction in the place. My good wife, then pretty Fanny M——, was at the time staying with some friends at Cowes. I have many pleasing recollections of those "Past Times:" a ball on board Lord Yarborough's Falcon, where all was pine-apples and champagne; a pic-nic to the Beaulieu river, where all was puddles and *parapluies*. However, that was nothing to me. *Vogue la galère* was my motto; and, with Fanny on my arm, it was not a little could discompose me. Once I was rather thrown out, I must confess.

A party was made to sail to Portsmouth; I got *pressed* to go with Lord B—— in his Toga, while Fanny prudishly persisted in sailing with her friends the M——s in their yacht, the Nightmare. Portsmouth had been fixed upon by these high-souled merry-makers on account of the fair, which then filled the High-street, scenting the air with the effluvium of gingerbread, happily heightened with tobacco; and after seeing all that was to be seen, it was arranged that all the party should unite on board the Nightmare to take their luncheon. As the Toga reached Portsmouth before the M——s, we all defiled into the High-street, and formed as much a spectacle for wonderment to the country people there assembled as Punch himself. Lord B.'s gold-laced cap gave rise to the idea that he must be the Lord High Admiral at least, while the rest of the well-dressed party were gratuitously dubbed Lords and Ladies, and created in the crowded street a greater sensation than new Peerages in these days are wont to occasion. All this was delightful to us, who were determined to be delighted; but after a due inspection of the wonders of the fair, all began to wish the arrival of the sumpter yacht: I had already cursed its slow sailing most devoutly. Thinking it could not be now far distant, we proceeded to the Lines to make a survey; and there the invigorating sight pre-

sented itself of the Nightmare beating up prettily enough against the tide, which had turned, and the wind that had veered round two points to the Eastward.

"Come, she cannot be longer than half an hour," said Lord B——, taking out his watch; "the Toga would do it in a quarter; but I'll take a bet with any one that M—— does not bring up before the Clarence Rooms, as he proposes, before thirty minutes."

There was a Scotchman in the party who never refused a bet in his life; and who, moreover, feeling spiteful at what he called "B——'s running the Toga down everybody's throat," accepted that of the Earl instantly.

The amount was soon settled, and the thing seemed more likely than anything else to give an interest to the duration of the next half-hour. If sighs of hungry hearts could have done anything towards assisting the Nightmare to make better way, the bet of Lord B—— would have had much chance of entering the Leviathan pouch of the doughty Chieftain of S——, already the receptacle of many a Southron's gage. But as these ardent aspirations, assisted as they were by some wishes of a less gastronomic nature, were nothing effective in expediting the lagging movements of the richly-laden yacht—a very argosy of good cheer—it was soon evident that the Earl was likely to make a good thing by his bet, even though he had to wait for his luncheon. To those who had not his consolation, the little way made by the Nightmare in every tack was no small source of disquiet; for, a truth be it spoken, we were all getting deucedly tired of each other. Some were pinched by hunger, some by their shoes, while others had said all their best things to one pair of ears, when they had been intended to be let off at the luncheon for the benefit of many: such was the emergency of the times. At length this appalling exclamation escaped the lips of C——, "By Jove, she's ashore!"

It was too fearfully correct. Just below Fort Monckton, there lay the Nightmare, her sails flapping in the wind, her hull as stationary as the Cordilleras.

"The devil burn M—— and his schooner in the same fire!" piously ejaculated C——. "What spirit of mischief took him so near in the shore in an ebb-tide? Why the steamers daren't venture where that crack-brained fellow is sticking in the mud!"

"Nay, you are too hard upon poor M——," said Lord B——, warmed into a generous defence of his friend by the fifty guineas his *mal-address* had gained him. "You see he would have made the buoy off the Clarence Rooms the next reach, if there had been a little more water."

"A little more devil! brains were scarcer than salt-water, I believe," returned C—— in a sulky tone. Then in an instant brightening up, he said, "Come, B——, what say you to another fifty? I'll take a wherry from the Point with four men; you take the Toga's boat with the same number, and let us see who'll run alongside the Nightmare first, starting from the Sally Port."

I stayed not to hear the conclusion, but, taking the hint, darted like lightning to the Point; and with every thread of canvas af-

forded by the "*Strive-to-please-of-Portsea*" spread, and impelled by the favoring tide, was beneath the stern of the Nightmare before either Lord B—— or C—— had cleared the strong current running out of the harbor. They reached the yacht, however, in time to take charge of the perigords and champagne; but it was P. P. and the "*Strive-to-please*" which bore Fanny M—— to the Toga, where our lancheon was to be discussed.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Jan., 1842.

SCOTCH AGRICULTURE, SPORTING, ETC.

MEETING OF THE HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT BERWICK—LORD ELCHO'S HOUNDS—MR. ROBERTSON'S HOUNDS—THE BORDER GAMES.

IT must be confessed that rail roads are a great luxury as a means of conveyance from one point to another; and although they have dreadfully cut up many hunting countries, and perhaps thereby decreased the number of some Fields, still by affording so rapid a communication from London and other large towns, they have greatly contributed to the increase of others. A trip to Scotland, which a few years ago used to be a week's job, is now performed in a night and day; you may actually drink tea in London one day, and dine at Berwick the next. This was my fate in the end of last September. We left London by the mail train, and proceeded as far as Rugby on the Birmingham line; then we got on the Midland Counties Railway, and went on it to Derby, where one of the finest stations in Great Britain has been erected: it contains every luxury and convenience for the traveller, the feeding is excellent, and the prices are very moderate. From Derby to York, and from York to Darlington, the railways you go on are, the North Midland—the York and North Midland—and the North of England. The whole of the distance from London to Darlington is done in twelve hours and twenty minutes, the arrivals and departures throughout the whole line being punctual to a minute. Certainly, barring having your head smashed or losing a leg or an arm, railway-travelling is very delightful; and really, as respects accidents, they generally occur through the wilful neglect or foolhardiness of the person injured. Of course, when the fault is on the part of the railway proprietors, or *their servants*, it ought to be very severely punished in the shape of fines, &c.

The civility you meet with on the whole of this line ought not to go unmentioned; and, as one instance of it, I need only say, that a few miles from York my hat was blown off, and of course we could not wait to pick it up, not only did one of the directors send a man specially for it, but it was forwarded to me next day to Berwick by the mail, free of expense. I was rather amazed at the philanthropy of an old Scotch shepherd on the occasion I have just

alluded to. I was complaining bitterly at the loss of my hat, which is anything but a pleasant adventure at the beginning of a journey, and perhaps expressed my grief in rather strong terms, when my friend says, "You may just e'en consider yourself lucky it is no waur, it might have been your ain head!" However, before our journey was over I had an opportunity of returning the compliment. It so happened that this gentleman "fra the North" had under his charge somewhere about thirty or forty of the Highland cattle, which were penned up in open boxes surrounded by a strong four-foot paling. One of these mountaineers, probably finding the railway train too fast for him, sprang over the paling, which he cleared in gallant style, and landed safely on the embankment; and, strange to say, was not the least hurt by his feat, although at the time we were going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The lamentations of my friend the philosopher at the loss of his calf were much more vehement than mine at the loss of my hat. Upon which, having by this time regained my equanimity, I merely shrugged my shoulders, and said "It might have been waur!" A wi', who was near me, added, "It might have been your *ain calves*!" looking at the same time at the Highlander's meagre pair of under-standers.

The renowned and ancient town of Berwick-upon-Tweed was all on the *qui vive* in consequence of the Highland and Agricultural Society having fixed on it this year as their rendezvous. It is impossible to speak too highly of this Society, to which the whole kingdom, and especially the Highlands, are so much indebted for the improvement and encouragement of agriculture. Independently of "the Show," which was of course the great object of the meeting, the inhabitants of Berwick and the local committee had devised divers other amusements, including fancy-fairs, balls, dinner-parties, horticultural exhibitions, a regatta, *hawking*, hunting, &c. The meeting was most numerous and respectably attended, and according to all accounts the best managed of any that has hitherto taken place. A very handsome pavilion was erected, where the great dinners and the balls were held. Nearly 2000 persons were present at the "show dinner," and a most interesting and truly British sight it was to see an assembly composed of landlords and tenants of almost every shade of rank and fortune from both sides of the Tweed sitting down at the same jovial board, united by one common bond, namely, the encouragement of agriculture. Politics were dropped, ancient feuds were forgotten, and noble Dukes boasted of the honor of being "British Farmers." Among the most distinguished of the visitors were, the Dukes of Richmond, Northumberland, Buccleuch, and Roxburghe, Lords Tweedale, Ossulston, Howick, F. Fitzclarence, Elcho, &c. Lord John Scott was there with his yacht, the *Lufra*, 80 tons; but the regatta was limited to a Sailing Match between some fishing-boats and two or three boat races.

In the Show-yard some splendid cattle were exhibited. The bull that obtained the first prize (100gs.) was sold to Messrs. Tempest and Whitaker (Yorkshire) for £200. This animal, "The Buchan

Hero," is considered a most perfect specimen, and it may be interesting to some of your readers to give his pedigree, were it only to shew the attention and care with which the ancestors of these animals are registered, equalling almost that of the Egyptians for the parentage of their horses:—Sire, Whitebull (got by Young Ladykirk out of one Sister, the Romulus Cow,) dam by Young Broadhooks; Young Broadhooks got by Young Ladykirk by Albion; g. d. Europa by Sirius; g. g. d. Short-tail by Wellington; g. g. g. d. Honeysuckle by Sultan; g. g. g. g. d. Juno by Signor. This cow is from Mr. Robertson of Ladykirk's best stock, both by dam Fire.—The show of hunters and thoroughbreds was rather meagre. The first prize was awarded to Dardanelles (or rather *Darda-Needles*, as I heard some one call him,) 7 years old, belonging to Mr. Robertson of Ladykirk; he is a very fine horse, with great power and pluck; the second best, Patron by Partisan, also belonged to Mr. Robertson: both these horses have since been shipped for New South Wales, but unfortunately they died in the Channel. Of horses of the cart breed, the number and quality was much better.

Friday was a grand day, especially for the Sportsman. The programme contained, amongst other things, Lord Elcho's hounds in the morning, and hawking in the afternoon. Lord Elcho met at Mordington, about three miles from Berwick: the Field was not as numerous as might have been expected, but in consequence of the immense number of people assembled at Berwick, I fancy it was thought advisable to keep it quiet.—A fox was soon found, and after a brisk run to the westward, we lost him in covert; however, the huntsman and the gallant pack were too much for him, for we soon found him again, and ran him to earth near Fairnie Castle, a distance of ten miles in a straight line from where found. This was doing pretty well for what was *called* merely Cub-hunting, for His Lordship did not begin his regular Meets in Berwickshire till the first week in November. He has a splendid pack, and both he and his men are capitally mounted. I am happy to say that there are plenty of foxes, and with the exception perhaps of one or two keepers, *who ought to be taught better*, there are no Vulcepides in the neighborhood: this I believe is greatly to be attributed to the urbanity and liberal conduct of the Master, who is a favorite wherever he goes. I heard an instance of a farmer losing fifteen turkeys one night, and as he was loading his gun the next morning with the view of taking a summary vengeance on the head of poor Reynard wherever he might be found, he thus addressed his wife—"I canna for the life o' me kill the cratur, for His Lordship, I know, would almost as soon think of shooting one of his bairns;" and upon this he drew the charge and laid down his fowling-piece. With such prospects as these, a man with three or four good horses at Dunse (Lord Elcho's head quarter) is not at all to be pitied. There was some very good cattle to be seen at this Melton of the North when I was there, including some regular clippers of Lord Saltoun. The favorite Meets are, Dunse Wood, Mordington, Ladykirk, Grenlow, Swinton-mill t'oll-bar, &c.

Of Mr. Robertson's hounds I am able to give a more minute description than of Lord Elcho's, as I had an opportunity of seeing the former in their kennels, a pleasure I did not enjoy as regards the latter. Having an idle day at Berwick, I got a hack of Mr. Barclay, who has generally something pretty decent, and whom I can recommend to any stranger as a very obliging and civil tradesman. It is true that the nag he mounted me on is said to have caused the death of its late master, but probably "a wee drap" too much of the mountain dew may have rendered him rather top-heavy. At all events he carried me safe to Coldstream, and back again eventually to Berwick.—Desirous of seeing some of Mr. Robertson's country, I proceeded along the side of the Tweed, and well was I repaid for my digression from the usual route, by a visit to the beautiful little village of Etal, and the bold romantic site of Ford Castle. The latter is the property of the Marquis of Waterford, who, much to his credit, is not only spending large sums of money on his own residence there, but is completely rebuilding the village, and letting out excellent cottages at a rent usually paid for mere hovels. Lord F. Fitzclarence and his amiable Lady are also doing a great deal for Etal, where they have a delightful residence; and, thanks to their hospitality; it is one of Mr. Robertson's most popular Meets. The preserves around it appear well stocked with pheasants, but nevertheless I am told there are plenty of foxes. Indeed there is no want of the latter on either side of the Tweed now: *on dit* that some foreigners have lately been imported, but I don't know this on any good authority.

The ford at Etal I found impassable in consequence of the late rains, so I had to go some miles round by the bridge: and passing by the far-famed field of Flodden and Twizel Castle, I arrived in the afternoon at Coldstream, where I put up my horse and proceeded at once to the kennel. Mr. Treadwell (the Huntsman) was not in when I first arrived, but I found Hughburne (the second Whip,) who very civilly showed me all over the kennels, and turned out the packs for my inspection. The dog pack average about 24 inches in height, and are strong well-made hounds; but the "bitch-pack" is *my* favorite; 22½ inches, beautifully sleek, capital condition, and as fast as the wind. A common notion prevails that this pack is *mute*; but Treadwell told me that such is very far from being the case: perhaps the fact is, that when once they get away, it is not every one who can *hear* them. Indeed I heard a gentleman from Berwick say as much: one day he was complaining of the pack, and said "he had never seen such hounds in his life; that the moment they found they were out of covert like a shot out of a shovel, and the devil-a-bit did you ever see or hear anything more of them." I was only out with them once, and then they certainly gave tongue when they found; although I must confess, I should say that there was *not quite* as much music afterwards as I have heard with many other packs. That day (I think it was the Monday after the Show-week) they met at Longridge, found almost immediately, and away they went their best pace up the Dean, then turning southward they ran into their fox near Marton, after a pretty sharp though not very long run.

The pack consists altogether of $49\frac{1}{2}$ couples, of which $14\frac{1}{2}$ couples are young dogs entered this year, $10\frac{1}{2}$ were entered in 1840, 10 in 1838, $3\frac{1}{2}$ in 1837, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in 1836, $3\frac{1}{2}$ in 1835, and 3 in 1834. There are some very handsome hounds among those entered this year: they are well under command, and answer at once to their names on being drawn from the pack. Warrior, by Mr. Horlock's Warrior out of Fairmaid, is a splendid dog; Longridge, Ladykirk, and Sportsman, also deserve to be honorably mentioned, as is said at the Cattle Shows, as well as Vanguard and Victor, both by Vanquisher out of Symmetry. The only other name I can record is that of SYREN, a gallant hound eight years old—sire, Duke of Rutland's Wonder, dam, his Syren.

Just as I had done looking at the hounds Mr. Treadwell came in, and most obligingly took me through the stables at the kennel, as well as those where Mr. Robertson keeps his private stud, taking the cloths off, and giving me a short account of each horse as we went on. At the kennel there are sixteen hunters and one hack, which is a very liberal allowance for three men four days a-week. It is useless to give the names of them all: suffice it to say, that they are a very good lot, and that the men are quite satisfied with them. Treadwell is by no means a light weight, nor indeed is the Master himself, but I hear they are always in their places. Of Mr. Robertson's private stud I saw seven or eight, including a thoroughbred hack (a regular varmint;) Falcon, 16 hands, up to any weight; Olympic, 10 years old; and a grey that would do credit to any hunting stable in England.

Mr. Robertson's country is very extensive, and the Meets are often necessarily at a considerable distance from the kennel: under these circumstances a few horses are generally quartered from time to time near the principal Meets, and the hounds are conveyed in a very nice roomy carriage with a pair of horses to and from them. Lowick, Felkington, Longridge, New Etal, Haggerstone, &c. are among the best: in many parts of the three first the country is almost like a race course.

At Etal, of which I have already spoken as being a favorite place of meeting with Mr. Robertson's hounds, we had an opportunity of witnessing the "Border Games." These athletic exercises, to which great encouragement is given by Lord F. Fitzclarence and the gentry of the neighborhood, take place annually, and in general are well attended. Unfortunately the weather this year was anything but propitious; but, barring a wetting, the display of strength and skill was well worthy of a visit. The games began by quoit-playing; then came "The Running, Hop, Step, and Leap," for a silver medal: for this there were six competitors, and after a great struggle the prize was won by a weaver from Howick in Roxburghshire, who cleared 38 feet 7 inches. The weather being so wet had rendered the ground very slippery, but notwithstanding that disadvantage 31 feet 1 inch was actually cleared in a *standing* hop, step, and leap. Then came the Running Single Leap; three Rising Leaps; a Foot Race of 150 yards; a Foot Race of 300 yards; and a Sack Race: this last afforded much amusement, and was won by an individual with only one leg.

Putting a Ball (16lb. weight) with one hand direct from the shoulder was the next thing in the list:—the greatest throw was 36 feet 6 inches. A ball weighing 21lb. was thrown 31 feet 9 inches by the same man. The medal for the best Standing High Leap, over an half-inch horizontal bar, was won by a blacksmith named Young, who cleared 4 feet.

But what to me was the most interesting exhibition of all was "Throwing the Hammer." This is done by holding the hammer at the extremity of the handle, and bringing it several times round and then letting it go. The light hammer weighed $10\frac{1}{4}$ lb., and the heavy hammer 16lb. The latter was thrown 109 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches by Mr. Stevenson, a young farmer about twenty-two years of age, who also hurled the former the astonishing distance of 151 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches! The other throws of the hammer varied from about 102 feet to 107; and of the light one, from 140 to 150 feet. The prize awarded to Mr. Stevenson was a handsomely silver-mounted "Mull," with an appropriate inscription engraved on it, recording the feat and the name of the liberal donor, Lord F. Fitzclarence.

In consequence of the rain some of the sports, including archery and rifle shooting, were postponed *sine die*.—*Hawking*, which I had intended should have formed a leading feature in this epistle, must I fear submit to a similar fate, although from a different cause—namely, want of time and space. However, I trust that in the New Year we shall not only find both *time and space*, but that we shall also have fine weather to enjoy them.

A DEVONIAN.

November, 1841.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Jan. 1842.

THE NEW TALE OF A TUB;

AN ADVENTURE IN VERSE,

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY, ESQ.

Illustrated for the "Turf Register," after Designs in the "Bengal Sporting Magazine."

OPENING THE QUESTION.

THE Orient day was fresh and fair,
 A breeze sang soft in the ambient air,
 Men almost wondered to find it there,
 Blowing so near Bengal;
 Where waters bubble as boiled in a pot,
 And the gold of the sun spreads melting hot,
 And there's hardly a breath of wind to be got
 At any price at all!
 Unless, indeed, when the great Simoom
 Gets up from its bed with the voice of doom;
 And deserts no rains e'er drench,
 Rise up and roar with a dreadful gust,

Pillars of sand and clouds of dust
 Rushing unsifted, and rapid to burst,
 And filling all India's throat with a thirst.
 That its Ganges couldn't quench !

No great Simoom rose up to-day,
 But only a gentle breeze,
 And that of such silent and voiceless play,
 That a Lady's bustle
 Had made more rustle,
 Than *it* did among the trees !
 'Twas not like the breath of a British vale,
 Where each green acre is blest with a gale
 Whenever the natives please ;
 But it was of that soft, inviting sort,
 That it tempted to revel in pic-nic sport
 A couple of Bengalese !

Two Bengalese
 Resolved to seize
 The balmy chance of that cool-wing'd weather,
 To revel in Bengal Ease together.
 One was tall, the other was stout,
 They were natives both of the glorious East,
 And both so fond of a rural feast,
 That off they roamed to a country plain
 Where the breeze roved free about,
 That during its visit brief, at least
 If it never were able to blow again,
 It might blow upon their blow-out !

The country plain gave a view as small
 As ever man clapped his eyes on,
 Where the sense of sight did easily pall,
 For it kept on seeing nothing at all,
 As far as the far horizon !
 Nothing at all ! Oh ! what do I say ?
Something certainly stood in the way,
 Offending the eye, as Jack Sheppard the gay,
 Once offended the eye of Thames Darrell ;
 It was a sort of hermaphrodite thing,
 It might have been filled with sugar or ling,
 But 'tis very unfit for a Muse to sing,
 Betwixt a tub and a barrel !

It stood in the midst of that Indian plain,
 Burning with sunshine and waiting for rain,
 —A parenthesis balanced 'twixt pleasure and pain—
 And as stiff as if it were starching ;
 When up to it, over the brown and green
 Of that Indian soil, were suddenly seen
 Two gentlemen anxiously marching !

These two gentlemen were, if you please,
 The aforesaid couple of Bengalese !
 And the tub or barrel that stood beyond—
 For short, we will call it tub—
 Contained with pride,
 In its jolly inside,
 The prize of which they were doatingly fond,
 The aforesaid gentlemen's grub !

“ Leave us alone—come man or come beast,”
 Said the eldest, “ we'll soon have a shy at the feast.”
 They are gone to their pic-nic with might and with main,
 But what do we see in the front of the plain ?
 A jungle, a thicket of bush, weed, and grass,
 And in it reposing—O no ! not an ass—
 Not an ass, not an ass,
 That could not come to pass—
 No donkey, no donkey, no donkey at all,
 But superb in his slumber, a Royal Bengal !

 Tho' Royal, he wasn't a King !
 No such thing !
 He didn't rule lands from the Thames to the Niger,
 But he did hold a reign
 O'er that jungle and plain,
 And besides, was a very magnificent TIGER.

 There he lay,
 In his skin so gay,
 His passions at rest, and his appetites curbed ;
 A Minister Prime,
 In his proudest time,
 Asleep, was never less undisturbed,
 For who would come to shake him ;
 Nor more certain sure,
 In his dream demure,
 That none would dare to wake him.
 Oh the royal snore is the only thing
 That's entitled to rouse up a TIGER-KING.

BENGAL EASE.

The Bengalese, in cool apparel,
 Meanwhile have reached their pic-nic barrel ;
 In other words, they have tossed the grub
 Out of their great provisor tub,
 And standing it up for shelter,
 Sit guzzling underneath its shade,
 With a glorious dinner ready made,
 Which they're eating helter-skelter !
 Ham and chicken, and bread and cheese,

They make a pass
To spread on the grass.

They sit at their ease,
Their plates on their knees,
And now their hungry jaws they appease,
And now they turn to the glass ;
For Hodgson's ale
Is genuine pale,
And the bright champagne
Flows not in vain,
The most convivial souls to please
Of these very thirsty Bengalese !
But one of the two has relinquished his fork,
And wakes up the TIGER by drawing a cork !

Blurting and spirting !

List ! O list !

Perhaps the Tiger thinks he is hissed !
Effervescing and whizzed and phizzed !
Perhaps His Majesty thinks he is quizzed,
Or haply deems,
As he's roused from his dreams,
That his visions have come to a thirsty stop,
And resolves to moisten his throat with a drop.
At all events, with body and soul,
He gives in his jungle a stretch and a roll,
Then regally rises to go for a stroll,
With a temperate mind,
For a beast of his kind,
And a tail uncommonly long behind !
He knows of no water,
By field or by flood ;
He does not seek slaughter,
He does not scent blood ;
No ! the utmost scope
Of his limited hope,
Is, that soon as the Bengalese find he arrives,
They'll not rise from their pic-nic and run for their lives,
But simply bow from that beautiful plain,
And offer Sir Tiger a glass of champagne !
" From my jungle it true is,
They 'woke me, I think,
So the least you can do is
To give me a drink."

THE ARTFUL DODGE.

Gently the Tiger crouches along,
Humming a kind of animal song ;
A sweet, subdued, familiar lay,
As ever was warbled by beast of prey ;





And all so softly, tunefully done,
 That it made no more sound
 Than his tail on the ground,
 And the Bengalese heard it, never a one !

Gently Tiger steals along,
 "Mild as moon-beam," meek as a lamb ;
 What so suddenly changes his song
 From a tune to a growl ?
 "Och, by my soul,
 Nothing on earth but the smell of the ham !
 He quickens his pace,
 The illigant baste,
 And he's running a race
 With himself, for a taste,
 And he's taken to roaring, and given up humming,
 Just to let the two Bengalese know he is coming !"

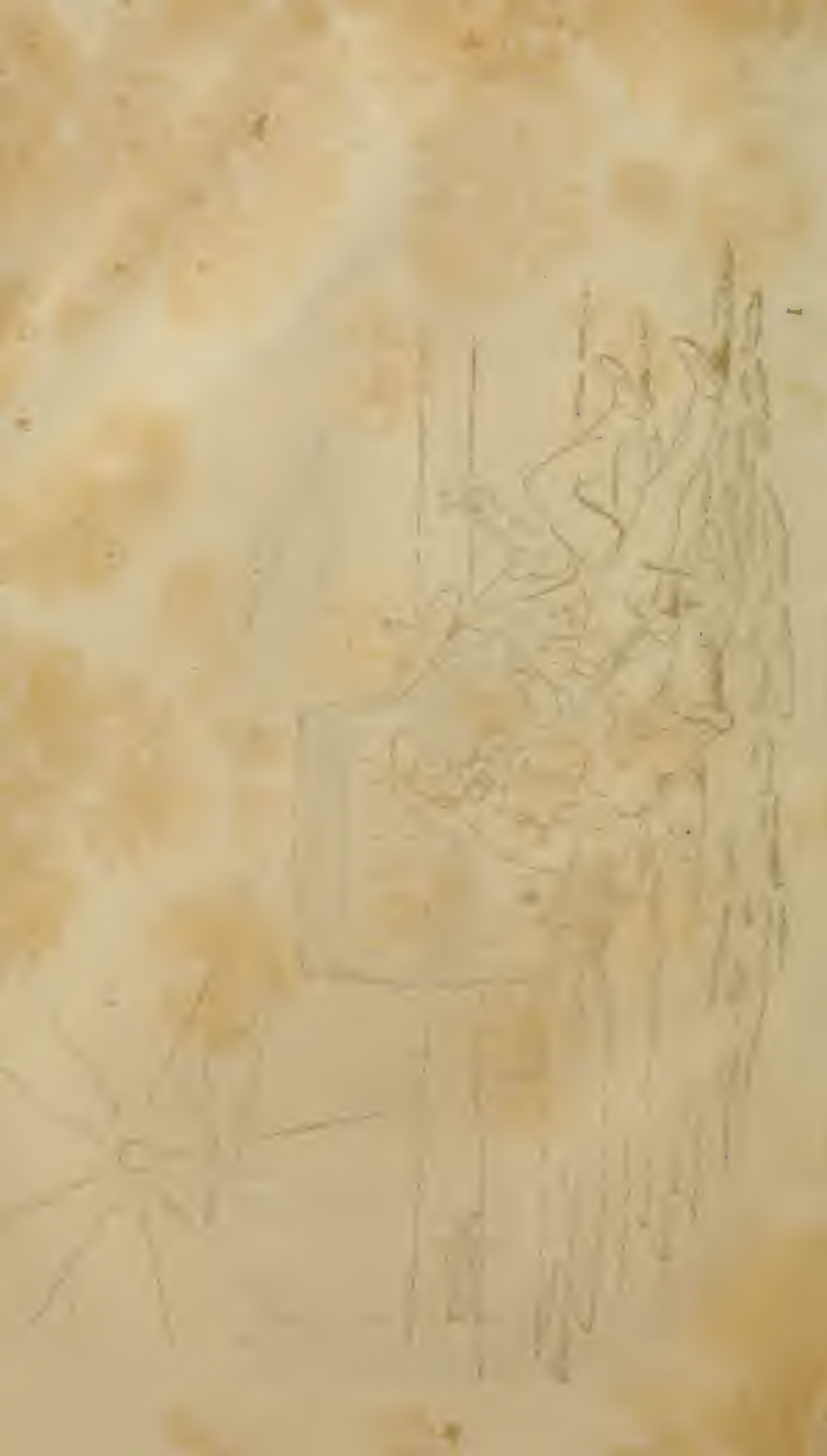
What terrors seize
 The Bengalese !
 Short-and-Stout, with his hair all grey,
 Has a rattling note
 In his jolly old throat ;
 If he'd choked his laugh with a truss of hay,
 Or been dunned for a bill which he couldn't pay,
 He couldn't more surely have stifled the gay.
 While Tall-and-Thin, with his hair all carrotty,
 Looks thrice as red—
 With fright—as his head,
 And his face bounds plump,
 At a single jump,
 Into horror, and out of hilarity !
 All they can hear,
 In their terrible fear,
 Behind and before,
 Is the Tiger's roar ;
 Again and again—
 Over the plain—
 Clearer and clearer—
 Nearer and nearer :
 Into the tub, now, its way it has found,
 Where its echoes keep rolling round and round,
 Till out of the bung-hole they bursting come,
 Like a regiment of thunders escaped from a drum !
 If an earthquake had shattered a thousand kegs,
 The terrified Bengalese couldn't—i' fegs—
 Have leapt more rapidly on to their legs !
 He's at them, he's on them, the jungle guest :
 When a man's life by peril is prest,
 His wits will sometimes be at their best ;
 And so the presence of Tiger, I find,
 Inspires our heroes with *presence of mind* !

There's no time to be lost,
 Down the glasses are tost ;
 The Bengalese have abandoned their grub,
 And they're dodging their gentleman round the tub !
 Active and earnest they nowhere lodge,
 And he can't get at them because of their dodge ;
 Short-and-Stout and Tall-and-Thin,
 Never before such a scrape were in ;
 Nor ever yet used—can you well have a doubt of it ?—
 So commonly *artful a dodge* to get out of it !

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Tiger keeps prowling,
 Howling and growling ;
 He feels himself that their dodge is clever,
 And thinks 'twill surely be ended—never ;
 But the quick, fresh blood of the Bengalese,
 Nicer and nicer, he snuffs on the breeze !
 The more they practice their dodge recitals,
 The more he longs to dine on their vitals !
 His passion is up ; his hunger is keen !
 His jaws are ready ! his teeth are clean !
 And equal their limbs to sever !
 The fire is flashing in light from his eyes !
 In his own peculiar manner he cries—
 The while they shine,
 “ If I mean to dine,
 I had better begin,”
 And then with a grin,
 And a voice the loudest that ever was heard,
 He roared “ Never trust to a Tiger's word,
 If this dodge shall last for ever !
 No, no, no, no—
 It shall be no go !
 There's a way of disturbing this tub's repose ;
 So down on your knees,
 You Bengalese,
 And prepare to be eaten up, if you please ;
 Here goes !
 Here goes !
 Here goes ! here goes !” and he gave a spring,
 The gentlemen looking for no such thing,
 Might have fallen a prey to the Tiger-King,
 But a certain interference,
 Which bursts from their most intelligent tub,
 May enable them yet to return to their grub,
 On this self-same plain a year hence !
 The tub, though empty of roll and ration,
 Is full of a certain preservation—





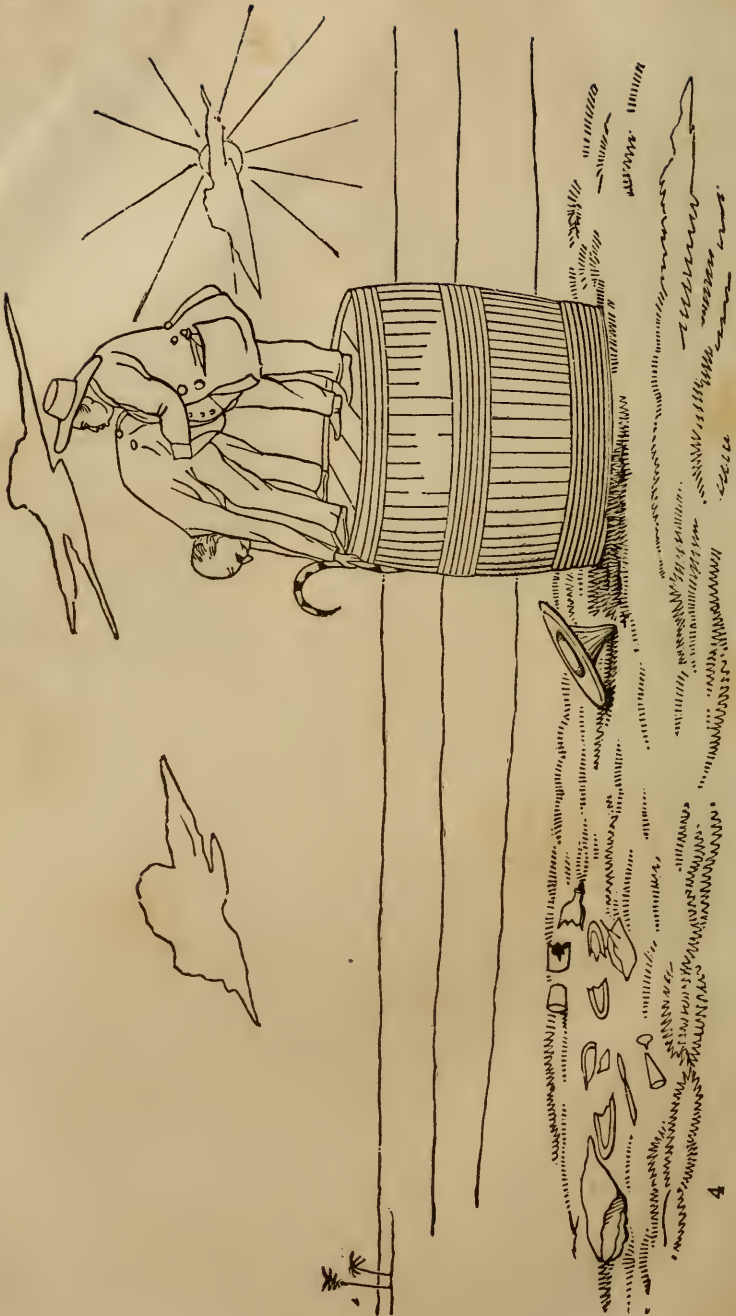


3

Handwritten notes in a script, likely Tamil, describing the scene or providing a list of items. The notes include the number '3' and several lines of text.







Of which—though it does not follow
 In every case of argumentation—
 It *is* full because it is hollow ?
 For not having a top, and no inside things,
 It turns top-heavy when Tiger springs !
 And making a kind of balancing pause,
 Keeps holding the animal up by the claws,
 In a manner which seems to fret it ;
 While Short-and-Stout,
 In a state of doubt,
 Keeps on his belly a sharp look-out ;
 And Tall-and-Thin,
 With an impudent grin,
 Exults in his way,
 As much as to say,
 “ I only wish you may get it !
 But much as I *may* respect your agility,
 I don't see at present the least probability ! ”

•

UNDER COVER.

The Tiger has leapt up heart and soul,
 It's clear that he means to go the whole
 Hog, in his hungry efforts to seize,
 The two defianceful Bengalese !
 But the tub ! the tub !
 Ay, there is the rub !
 At present he's balanced a top of the tub !
 His fore legs inside,
 And the rest of his hide,
 Not weighing so much as his head and his legs,
 And having no hand in
 A pure understandin'
 Of the just equilibrium of casks and of kegs,
 Nor bred up in attics,
 And taught mathematics,
 To work out the problems of Euclid with pegs !
 He has plunged with the impetus wild of a lover,
 And the tub has loomed large, balanced, paused, and turned over !

The Tiger at first had a hobby-horse ride,
 But now he is decently quartered inside,
 And the question is next, long as Fortune may frown on him,
 How the two Bengalese are to keep the tub down on him !

'Bout this there's no blunder,
 The tub he is under.
 I need not run my verse to the end of a sonnet,
 To tell how the Bengalese both jumped upon it,
 While the beautiful barrel keeps acting as bonnet
 To the Tiger inside,
 Who, no more in his pride,

Can roam o'er the jungle and plain,
 But sheltered alike from the sun and the rain,
 Around its interior his sides deign to rub
 With a fearful hubbub,
 And longs for his freedom again!

The two Bengalese,
 Not at all at their ease,
 Hear him roar, and deplore
 Their prospects as sore,
 Forgetting both pic-nic and flask ;
 Each wondering, dumb,
 What of both will become,
 Helps the other to press on the cask ;
 Resigned to their fate,
 But increasing their weight,
 By action of muscle and sinew,
 In order that forcibly you, Mr. Tub,
 Whom their niggers this morning rolled here with their grub,
 May still keep the Tiger within you.

On the top of the tub, in the warmest of shirts,
 The thin man stands, while the fat by his skirts
 Holds—anxiously puffing and blowing ;
 And the thin peers over the top of the cask,
 "Is there any hope for us?" as much as to ask,
 With a countenance cunning and knowing ;
 And just as he mournfully 'gins to bewail,
 In a grief-song that ought to be sung whole,
 He twigs the long end of the Tiger's tail,
 As it twists itself out of the bung-hole!
 Then, sharp on the watch,
 To give it a catch,
 And shouts to the Tiger, "You've now got your match ;
 You may rush and may riot, may wriggle and roar,
 But I'm blest if I let your tail go any more !
 It's as safe as a young roasted pig in a larder,
 And no two Bengalese could hold on to it harder !"

INCREASING THE INTEREST OF THE TAIL.

With the Tiger's tail clenched fast in his fist,
 And his own coat tail grasped fast to assist,
 Stands Tall-and-Thin, with Short-and-Stout,
 Each on the top of the tub to scout,
 Tiger within and they without,
 And all in a pretty pickle !
 Tiger begins by giving a bound ;
 The tub's half turned, but the men are found
 To have very carefully jumped to the ground,
 At trifles they must not stickle.





1863

Study for the figure of the man in the picture

It's no use quaking and turning pale,
 Pluck and patience must now prevail,
 They must keep a hold on the Tiger's tail,
 And neither one be fickle !
 There they must pull, if they pull for weeks,
 Straining their stomachs and bursting their cheeks,
 While Tiger alternately roars and squeaks,
 Trying to break away from them ;
 They must keep the tub turned over his back,
 And never let his long tail get slack,
 For fear he should win the day from them.
 Yes ! yes ! they must hold him tight,
 From night till morning ! from morn till night !
 Mustn't stop to think !
 Mustn't stop to drink !
 Mustn't stop to weep !
 Mustn't stop to sleep !
 No cry ! no laugh ! no rest ! no grub !
 Till they starve the Tiger under the tub !
 Till the animal dies,
 To his own surprise,
 With two Bengalese in a deadly quarrel,
 And his tail thrust through the hole of a barrel !
 Oh dear ! oh dear !
 It's very clear
 They can't live so—
 But they daren't let go
 Fate for a pitying world to wail,
 Starving behind a Tiger's tail !
 If Invention be Necessity's son,
 Now let him tell them what's to be done ;
 What's to be done ? ha ! I see a grin
 Of joy on the face of Tall-and-Thin,
 Some new device
 He has hit in a trice,
 The which he is telling all about
 To the gratified gentleman, Short-and-Stout.
 What's to be done ?
 What precious fun !
Haven't they found out what's to be done ?
 See ! see !
 What glorious glee !
 Note ! mark !
 What a capital lark !
 Tiger and tub, and bung-hole and all,
 Baffled by what is about to befall ;
 Excellent ! marvellous ! beautiful ! O !
Isn't it now an original go ?
 What ? stop !
 I'm ready to drop !

Hold! stay!
 I'm fainting away!
 Laughter I'm certain will kill me to-day;
 And Short-and-Stout is bursting his skin,
 And almost in a fit is Tall-and-Thin,
 And Tiger is free, yet they do not quail,
 Though temper has all gone wrong with him;
 No! they've tied a knot in the Tiger's tail,
 And he carries the tub along with him;
 He's a freehold for life with a tail out of joint,
 And has made his last climax a

TRUE KNOTTY POINT.

PEDIGREE OF WOODPECKER.

ALLUSION to the discovery of the pedigree of the distinguished race-horse and stallion Woodpecker, was made in the "Spirit of the Times" some time since, but until recently we were not in possession of the facts in the premises. The owners of this fine horse, that for several years has been standing in Kentucky with great success, have never seemed to manifest the slightest wish to have the doubts entertained by some of their fellow-citizens on the subject of his pedigree, cleared up. They have rather taken the ground that inasmuch as he was a first-rate race-horse himself, and the sire of race-horses of the highest character—and moreover, as he was doing a "business" profitable enough to be entirely satisfactory to them, they would "let well alone." Many breeders, however, who were interested in Woodpecker's stock, have entertained quite a different feeling on the subject, and the result of their enquiries has been the production of the following certificate of Dr. WARFIELD, of Lexington, Ky., to which is appended a note by Mr. CLAY.

[COPY.]

I purchased at the sale of Mr. CHARLES WEBB'S estate, a bay mare called *The Faun*—the last colt, I believe, of the celebrated race-mare *Shepherdess*, got by the well known Medley horse called *Craig's Alfred*. *Shepherdess* was got by *Wormsley's King Herrod*, grandam by *Morton's imported horse Traveller*, g. g. dam by the imported horse *Whittington*. *Wormsley's King Herrod* was got by *Baylor's old imported horse Fearnought*, out of the imported mare *Kitty Fisher* by *Cade*, who was by *Godolphin Arabian*. *Craig's Alfred* was got by *Hart's imported horse Medley*, to whose pedigree refer. I sold this mare many years ago to the Hon. H. CLAY, who bred her to imported *Buzzard* and obtained two colts from her—one a male and the other a female.

E. WARFIELD.

The Meadows, May 8, 1841.

P. S. I believe the filly last above mentioned by Dr. Warfield, raised by me from *The Faun* mare, was the same that was afterwards owned by Mr. TARLTON, and was the dam of *Woodpecker*, &c.

H. CLAY.

Lexington, Ky., May 10, 1841.

The pedigrees of the horses named above may be found in previous numbers of this Magazine.





PERFORMANCES OF BEE'S-WING,

THE ENGLISH CRACK.

BEE'S-WING, a bay mare, was bred in 1833 by her present owner, W. Orde, Esq., of Nunnykirk, Northumberland. Her sire was the celebrated Dr. Syntax; her dam (winner of the Filly Stakes at Doncaster in 1820, the only time of her starting, and the dam also of Lawn-sleeves, Emancipation, Tomboy, &c.), by Ardrossan, out of Lady Eliza by Whitworth—X Y Z's dam by Spadille—Sylvia by Young Marske.

BEE'S-WING made her first appearance in public, when two-years-old, for the Tyro Stakes at Newcastle in 1835; in which she was not placed, owing to having run out in making the Coal Pit turn. In the same year she won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and at Richmond 100 sovs., beating four others.

In 1836, at Newcastle, she won the St. Leger Stakes and the Gold Cup.

In 1837, at Doncaster, she won the Cleveland Stakes and the Gold Shield; at Richmond, she walked over for the Gold Cup and Her Majesty's Plate, and also for the Gold Cup at Northallerton.

In 1838, BEE'S-WING won the Gold Cup at Catterick; at Newcastle, the Craven Stakes, the Silver Flag, and the Gold Cup; at Doncaster the Fitzwilliam Stakes; and walked over for Her Majesty's Guineas at Lincoln, and the Gold Cup at Northallerton.

In 1839, she won the Craven Stakes and the Gold Cup at Catterick; at Newcastle, the Craven Stakes and the Gold Cup; at York, Her Majesty's Guineas; at Stockton, the Gold Cup; at Richmond, she walked over for the Gold Cup, and won Her Majesty's Guineas; at Doncaster, the Fitzwilliam Stakes; and at Lincoln she walked over for Her Majesty's Guineas and the Gold Cup.

In 1840, BEE'S-WING won the Cup Stakes at Catterick; at Newcastle, the Craven Stakes; at Lancaster, the Ashton Stakes and the Gold Cup; at York, Her Majesty's Guineas and Her Majesty's Plate for Mares; at Doncaster, the Fitzwilliam Stakes and the Cup or Piece of Plate of the value of 350gs.; at Kelso, after a dead heat with Lanercost, she walked over for the Roxburgh Cup, and won a Sweepstakes, with 50 sovs. added.

In 1841, at Chester, BEE'S-WING won the Trial Stakes of 15 sovs. each (6 subs.), with 50 added by the Proprietors of the Dee Stand, and the Stand Cup of 150 sovs. value, in specie; at Newcastle, the Gold Cup; at Stockton, the Gold Cup; at Doncaster, the Doncaster Stakes, the Gold Cup, and the Hornby Castle Stakes; and at Richmond, the Cup and Her Majesty's Guineas.

BEE'S-WING has started 59 times, and won 47 races, including 21 Cups.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for January 1842.

Notes of the Month.

M A R C H .

THE NEW ORLEANS SPRING RACES.

The Jockey Club Meeting on the *Louisiana* Course, commences on the 3d Wednesday, 16th March, with a club purse of \$1500, for Four mile heats, and an inside stake of \$500 each, P.P.,—to close 15th February. Several stakes are also up for this meeting.

The Meeting on the *Metarie* Course comes off on the following week; the ball will be opened with the race for the St. Charles Plate, added to a stake of \$50 each, P.P., Two mile heats—now seven subs. To a purse of \$1500, Four mile heats, has been added an inside stake of \$500 each, P.P.,—subscribers to name on the evening previous. Five stakes are up for this meeting, beside the usual liberal purses.

The number of stables from a distance at these two meetings, promises to be unusually large, but beyond all doubt, so many *performers* have never been assembled before. There are two stables from Alabama, especially, that will be most decided acquisitions; we refer to those of Messrs. DAVIS & RAGLAND, of Huntsville, and DAVID MYERS & Co., of Montgomery; the latter comprises the two cracks purchased recently of Col. CROWELL. The stables of Gen. SCOTT, Col. HARRISON, VANCE JOHNSON, TOM WATSON, Col. AVERITT, and BAT SMITH, Esq., will likewise be in attendance from Alabama. To meet these "formidables" is displayed the following list of Louisiana "redoubtables":—DUNCAN F. KENNER & Brothers, THOS. J. WELLS & Brothers, Mr. DUPLANTIER, Hon. Judge PORTER, TAYLOR & GARLAND, Mr. SCHLATRE, SEWELL T. TAYLOR, Col. PARROTT, Mr. PERRY, Mr. LYNCH, Mr. GARRISON's string from Virginia, and others. There are only two stables from Mississippi,—“but oh Lord!” Beating the cracks from Natchez isn't quite as easy as slipping off a slippery log. Did you ever see a cat-fish trying to climb a lightning-rod? Col. BINGAMAN's lot, like “Scott's lot” on the English Turf, is a host in itself, and Sarah Bladen's name “a tower of strength,” notwithstanding Luda “popt her!” WM. J. MINOR, Esq., has a promising lot, too. R. A. LEIGHTON (“Bob Layton”) is coming all the way from Missouri—Capt. TUNSTALL, of Arkansas, and Col. BOB SMITH, who has found his way there from Tennessee, is also expected, as are Col. WHITE, and LIN. COCH. Old Kentuck sends a strong deputation in “Lucky Joe,” “Old Frosty,” and “Billy Greer”—(these are their “common,” if not their “proper names.”) The first named, JOSEPH G. BOSWELL, Esq., of Lexington, whom our friends of the “Picayune” have dubbed “Major,” (he's not a “Georgia Major!”) has been wintering his cavalry at Natchez. Mr. SHY and Mr. GREER have had, with a few rare exceptions, “the pick and choice” of the Kentucky stables; the former is now regarded as one of the best trainers in that State, while no man of his age in the West has a better eye for the points of a horse than the latter. We are glad that Mr. Boswell may now be said to be a fixture on the Turf; his young trainer, Davis, has thus far been unusually successful. Mr. B. has sold more fine horses to Louisiana than all the breeders of Kentucky combined.

The “Picayune,” of the 22d ult., informs us that—

Mr. J. S. GARRISON is here laboring diligently, and making every preparation to have both the *Metarie* and *Louisiana* in better condition than they have ever been, and we will vouch for him that all shall have a hearty welcome, a fair field, and no favor. The match between *Torchlight* and *George Martin*, for \$2000, Mile heats, will come off on the 16th of March, over the *Louisiana*.

There are enough willing to bet a small pile that if Torchlight is beaten, the time will be under 1:47, provided the course is dry.

JUDGE PORTER'S HARKFORWARD.*

From a Louisiana Correspondent.

You are desirous, I presume, to know something of your namesake's (Judge PORTER's) *Harkforward*, own brother to the renowned *Harkaway*. I had the pleasure of seeing him a short time since, and can assure you he is every thing you can imagine in the way of perfection, but not every thing you could desire, for he is not yet quite well; he is, however, nearly so, and I trust will entirely recover. He is cured of all his wounds, and the inflammation and swelling in his legs are all removed, except a tumour on the pastern joint of the off hind leg. When I consider the injuries he received on his passage out, and the state he was in on his arrival here, it appears to me a miracle that he survives. Had he not the constitution of a buffalo and an alligator combined, the bad treatment must have killed him. His growth, as you may imagine, has been stunted, but though now only 19 months old, he is 15 hands two inches high, and when I passed from his stable into the adjoining one, where Judge Porter has two large and very fine colts of the same age, the impression produced on me is that I have frequently experienced in stepping from a steamboat at the leeve which had an engine of 100 horse power, and going on board one of a 20 horse power. *There is no exaggeration in this comparison.* Changing the color, he would appear to have stood for the painting of his brother *Harkaway*, in your office. McGRAW, the groom who came out with him, says he was considered in Ireland as a *fac simile* of him, or, in his language, as like him as *two peas*.

I have measured *Harkforward*, and the following admeasurements, taken from an old volume of the Turf Register, and placed beside his, will give some notion of his outlines, though none of his bloodlike appearance and finish, which are magnificent :

	Age.	Height.	Girth.	Round arm.	Round hock.
Sir Solomon.....	24	61½ in.	69½ in.	21 in.	16 in.
Am. Eclipse.....	9	61	74	21½	16¾
Henry Tonson	10	63	73	23½	17½
Leviathan.....	agd.	64	72	22	16¾
Harkforward	21 mon's	62	71	19	16¾

Just think of that for a yearling! I have only further room to wish you health, wealth, and every thing else you are in search of. Ever yours, K.

* *Harkforward* was imported by the Hon. A. PORTER, of Oak Lawn, near Franklin, La., in the Spring of 1841.

Stakes up for the Union Course, L. I.—We are desired to call attention to the fact that most of the stakes open for the ensuing Spring Meeting will close on the 1st of March.

We would also apprise gentlemen at a distance that the annual subscription to the Jockey Club has been reduced to \$10. The price of Strangers' Tickets, which will admit a gentleman to all the privileges of the Course, during both the Spring and Fall meetings, has also been fixed at \$10. We conceive the Club subscription to be as much too low as that of Strangers is too high. Who ever heard before of taxing strangers after this fashion, to keep up the Sports of the Turf? In most other cities Strangers, instead of being taxed, are invited to attend the races and are considered as guests of the Club. No doubt great numbers of gentlemen will be attracted here in May, to witness the Boston and Fashion match, and though they may submit to the charge of \$10 for a "Strangers' Ticket," yet the fact will not be likely to "set" the N. Y. Jockey Club "forward any" in the opinion of turfmen of other States. The privilege of attending the Fall meeting also, for the \$10 paid to see the match, will be no privilege at all to nine-tenths of those Strangers present. In view of all the circumstances of the case, we hope the new proprietors of the Union Course will see the propriety of reducing the price of Strangers Tickets at least one half. Make the subscription to the Club what you please—twenty or fifty dollars, but don't impose a tax on Strangers to keep up sport for *our* citizens.

MR. LAIRD'S STABLE.—A friend from New Jersey, who lately visited Mr. Laird's stable at Colt's Neck, Monmouth County, brings us a highly favorable report of the cracks there coaggregated. The string is now galloping; the season thus far, having been unusually propitious for training at the North. Not unfrequently, owing to the backwardness of the season, as it is termed, our training courses have been covered with ice or snow, to such an extent as to render it quite unsafe, if not impossible to exercise upon them.

Mr. Laird has seven a going. Mr. GIBBONS' *Fashion* and *Mariner* are supported, as four mile horses, by Mr. LONGSTREET'S *Clarion*, a most formidable *corps du reserve*, when he is in condition. If his game leg should not fail him, there are very few horses in the country that can out-foot or out-last him. His play is four mile heats, and we look upon him as one of the best race horses ever bred at the North. *Fashion* is moving finely; since her extraordinary race at Camden, beating John Blount and Boston, she has filled out surprisingly, and her form presents the appearance of a matured campaigner. *Mariner*, also, is in great force; we wish Mr. Laird would try the experiment of giving him short sharp work instead of the usual protracted and exhausting gallops; get "plenty of length" into him, if you please, but give him fast work enough to put him on his foot. After the three tried good ones, comes Mr. LIVINGSTON'S superb Trustee colt *Moustache*, out of Miss Walton, the dam of Goliath, Dosoris, Zela, and others. [Mr. L.'s *Columbia* is not in training this season.] Mr. HAMILTON'S *Tempest* (out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles, and the dam of Fordham,) is another promising son of Imp. Trustee. To these two, is to be added a fine Mingo colt of Mr. KELLY'S, and a dark colt of "Sammy's" that is moving, as KENDALL would say, "like a bird."

Altogether Laird's string is stronger than any one that has been out at the North since Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS was in force with Black Maria, Medoc, O'Kelly, Niagara, and Robin Hood. What a corps of Cavalry was that, and how frequently did its triumphant success remind one of the irresistible charge of Kellermann's "heavy horse" at Marengo? We hope ere long to see the same high spirited gentleman again in his place at the head of the Northern Turf, and we have well founded reasons for the belief that the day is not distant when we shall see him, with a strong corps, "charging the line" of "Mason and Dixon," and "carrying the war into Africa!" The enthusiasm with which his return to the scene of his former triumphs would be hailed, would be akin to that manifested when the lamented PURDY "cast his skin" and putting on his jockey cap and jacket, mounted Eclipse for his memorable second heat! With Mr. Stevens once more in the field, we shall not only be able to "hold our own," but while we battle valiantly with our gallant Southern rivals, we can get up a grand National Match with England.

CHARLES LLOYD, so well known as the trainer for JOSEPH H. VAN MATER, Esq. has opened a public stable at Holmdel, N. J., near Mr. LAIRD'S. He has now in exercise four of Maj. JONES' string from Long Island, including *Treasurer*, *Truxton*, and *Young Dove*. The first named is a remarkably fine horse; \$10,000 was demanded for him after his race with Andrewetta, whom he beat at three mile heats on the Union Course, L. I. in 5:42. In the same year—1840—in his four yr. old form, he beat *Mariner* and *Lady Canton* at Trenton, in 3:47—3:45½, at two mile heats, and at Washington, beat at three mile heats, *Tippecanoe* and three others in 5:54½—5:47½. *Truxton* and the grey filly *Young Dove* are "no common doings;" the latter is by Imp. Trustee out of the dam of *Treasurer* and *Zenobia*, and promises to be a slashing performer next season. Lloyd has several others "up," we hear, including a brother to *Hornblower*. Some of our Jersey friends are very "nutty" on two "dark" colts in Lloyd's stable, but what their pedigrees are or to whom they belong, is a profound secret to the writer hereof.

Mr. WM. TAYLOR, of Canada, the purchaser last season of *Prospect*, *Stanhope*, etc. of the New Jersey breeders, has lately bought Mr. B. B. SMOCK'S br. m. *Alwilda*, by Monmouth Eclipse dam by John Richards, 6 yrs. (in May,) and others for the Canada market, including, as we learn, several clever thorough bred mares.

Another "Crack" Defeated!—At the late Pineville (South Carolina) Races Col. SINGLETON's fine mare *Helen*, by Imp. Priam, out of Malbran by Rubens, 5 yrs., was beaten, on the 2d ult., by Major SINKLER's *Kate Converse*, 4 yrs., a daughter of Imp Nonplus, out of Daisy, the dam of Col. HAMPTON's *Santa Anna*. After a three mile heat in 5:55, *Helen* was drawn.

Boston vs. Fashion.—We are authorized to bet a very fine mare and foal, against her worth in money or blood stock—also 2000 acres of rich land in a Western State—also a whole handfull of Arkansas money of all sorts, and the credit of a gentleman worth \$40,000 "as fur as it will go," that Boston beats Fashion!! Who speaks for Fashion!

Wagner, it appears to be settled, is to be withdrawn from the Turf, Mr. CAMPBELL preferring the assurance of 100 mares at \$100 each, to the chance of his earning that sum in stakes and purses. The New Orleans "Crescent City" furnishes the annexed item:—

We understand the veteran *Wagner* will not be trained this spring, but be immediately sent to Gallatin, Tennessee, where he will make a season. It is probably the best location that could be procured for him in the Union, as he will have an opportunity of being visited by a choice selection of fleet Leviathan mares, who are owned in that section of the country. From his undisputed game and powers of endurance, united with the acknowledged fleetness of the Leviathans, will spring a race able to contend (successfully too, we should think) with the produce of any of the 'terribly high bred cattle' we are at present cognizant of.

P.S. Since penning the above we have received a letter from Col. WATSON, informing us that *Wagner* will stand at Gallatin, Tenn., at the stable of Major GEORGE WYLIE, at \$100. *Altorf*, we are also apprised, will make his next season in the neighborhood of Bowling Green, Ky., at the farm of Mr. MILES KELLY, at \$40 and \$60.

Reel and Torchlight—"plenty more where they came from!" A friend who has lately visited the late Mr. JACKSON's breeding stud at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., writes us that there are 15 or 20 lots—yearlings and 2 yr. olds—by Glencoe, out of Mr. J.'s best mares, that will be disposed of at fair prices, by his executors. A young turfman wishing to add to his string, could not do better than visit this celebrated stud.

The Peyton Stake.—We hear from Alabama that the Glencoe colt out of imported Eliza (Ruby's dam) by Rubens, is likely to come out a flyer. This colt, with the one by Imp. Hedgford out of Rattlesnake, and Col. HAMPTON's Plenipo out of Delphine, or his Andrew filly out of *Wagner's* dam, we should be happy to name vs. the field, for a basket of champagne. Don't all speak at once.

How to Ascertain the Age of a Horse.—"An esteemed correspondent" of some journal unknown to the writer hereof, requested the editor of the same to publish directions for discovering the age of horses. The following were returned:—

In purchasing a horse, not the least important matter is to be able to tell his age. In transfers of ordinary farm and saddle horses, great impositions are often practised upon the credulous and uninitiated purchaser. To prevent this, to as great an extent as possible for the future, is the object of this communication to the public. The most certain means of ascertaining the age of a horse is to examine the changes which take place with the teeth. The twelve front teeth begin to shoot in about two weeks after the colt is foaled. These are called colt teeth, and are shed at different periods, and replaced by others. When the colt is about two years and a half old, the four middle ones come out; in about another year, four others are lost—and in another year, or when the horse is four and a half years old, the four last are shed. These last are replaced by what are called corner teeth. They are hollow, and have a black mark in their cavity.

They are scarcely visible, and the cavity deep, when the horse is four and a half years old; they begin to fill when he is six and a half, and the mark continually diminishes and contracts till the horse is seven or eight years old, when the cavity fills up and the black mark is obliterated. The horse acquires his canine teeth or tusks about his fifth year. The two in the lower jaw begin to appear when he is between three and four years old, and those in the upper jaw five or six months after. They continue very sharp-pointed till six. At ten, the upper seem blunted, worn out and long, the gum leaving them gradually; thebarer they are the older the horse.—From ten to fourteen, it is difficult to tell the horse's age—it is sufficient to know that he is old, and under the hard treatment which is given to horses generally, the conclusion will be a safe one that he is worth but little.

J. B. RICHARDSON, Esq., of York, Illinois, claims the following names for his young things:—

That of *Scimitar* for a br. c. foaled 3d March, 1841, by The Sleeper, out of Fairie Queen by Gascoigne. Also that of *Coriander* for a b. f. foaled 22d May, 1841, by Maximus, out of Zuma by Zilcaadi. Also that of *Equator* for a ch. ro. c. foaled 21st March, 1841, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Zuela by Zilcaadi. Also that of *Amelia Groverman* for a br. f. foaled 21st May, 1839, by Bluster (by Havoc), out of Queen by Cooper's Messenger.

THE SLEEPER, a gr. h., bred in 1836, was got by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Schamp's Grand Seigneur, grandam by Olympus, g. g. dam by Bonaparte (by Imp. Highflyer), g. g. g. dam by Olympus, g. g. g. dam by Claudius (by Imp. Janus), g. g. g. dam by Imp. Fearnought.

For pedigree of GRAND SEIGNOR, see Turf Register, vol. xi. p. 47.

OLYMPUS was got by Imp. Diomed, dam by Symmes' Wildair, grandam by Imp. Fearnought—Starling—Morton's Traveller—Imp. mare.

BONAPARTE, a bl. h., was got by Imp. Highflyer. He was brought from Virginia by Maj. Dillard, and sold to Col. Mitchell and Maj. White, of Warren Co., Ky., about the year 1805, for \$1000.

COOPER'S MESSENGER, a gr. h., was bred about the year 1803, in Montgomery Co., Pa., and brought to the Wabash in 1818 by Amos Cooper. He was got by Imp. Messenger, dam by Imp. Granby, grandam by Imp. Irish Gray, g. g. dam by Imp. Merry Tom, g. g. g. dam by Imp. English Ball.

Produce of BONNETS-O'-BLUE, by Sir Charles out of Reality.—At the request of a correspondent we supply the produce of this superb brood mare, now at the head of the stud of WM. GIBBONS, Esq., of Madison, Morris Co., N. J. (Bonnets was injured in Jan., 1833, and shortly after put to Star.)

1834. Missed to Star by Virginian.

1835. Missed to Eclipse by Duroc.

1836. 10th of April, *Marincr*, by Shark by Eclipse.

1837. 26th of April, *Fashion*, by Trustee by Catton.

1838. Missed to Milo by Monsieur Tonson.

1839. 24th February, *Echo*, by Trustee by Catton. (Echo is dead.)

1840. 26th March, *Yamacraw*, by Shark by Eclipse.

1841. 16th March, *Edith*, by Shadow by Eclipse Lightfoot.

Bonnets is in foal to Shadow, and will be stunted to him this season.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

A P R I L , 1 8 4 2 .

Embellishment:

PORTRAIT OF LADY CLIFDEN :

Engraved on Steel by DUNNELL, from an Original Painting by J. W. OWINGS.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It will be seen that since our last, the South Carolina crack, *Fanny*, has won new laurels at Charleston. Her friends would be glad to see her in a four-handed-reel with Boston Fashion, Jim Bell, and Sarah Bladen.

Intelligence of several days' racing over the Louisiana Course, New Orleans, have reached us. The purse for Three mile heats, on the 18th ult., was won by Col. BINGHAM's *Tom Marshall*, by Imp. Leviathan, in 5:51, after a heat in 5:39!! which was won by Messrs. Kenner's *Kate Aubrey*, by Eclipse, out of Grey Medoc's dam. The Plate race, two mile heats, was won by *Sarah Bladen* in 3:46, beating Luda. A Stake for 2 yr. olds was won by Mr. Wm. R. Barrow's gr. f. by Imp. Philip (in Messrs. Kenner's stable), in 1:50—1:48.

Postscript.—On the 19th ult., the Four mile purse at New Orleans (Louisiana Course), was won by Mr. Boswell's fine colt *Jim Bell* in 7:37—7:40, beating Sarah Bladen and Martha Carter.

Dates from England are to the 4th of March. Within a short period a great degree of interest has sprung up with regard to the Sayings and Doings of the American Sporting World. A late number of "Bell's Life in London" contained the pedigree, performances, etc., of Boston and Fashion, while the London "New Sporting Magazine" for March gives a portrait of Boston and the details of the match to come off between The North and The South, on the 10th of May next. Our London contemporary takes "*the mare for choice.*"

Some time since we sent the celebrated "Nimrod" (who is residing near Calais, France), two volumes of the "Spirit of the Times," the receipt of which he publicly acknowledges through the medium of "The Sportsman" magazine. The following extracts from a private letter to us, dated London, Jan. 3d, will be read with interest:—

* * * * "I assure you I highly prize the unlooked-for compliment you have paid me in presenting me with these volumes, which, as a source of amusement, as well as of reference, will be most valuable to me." * * * * *

"I am sorry to say I am too far advanced in 'the sear' of life (sixty-three) to venture on a trip across the Atlantic, much as I should like to witness your sporting proceedings. They are really surprising to us Englishmen, and if you proceed as you have commenced, we shall play second fiddle to you in another fifty years." * * * * *

"My papers in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' on 'FOREIGN SPORTING,' are about to be published in a volume, so that some of your doings will be placed before a more numerous class of readers." * * * * *

"Perhaps I may shortly give a paper on your proceedings in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review.'" * * * * *

"God bless you, my dear Sir, and prosper your efforts in *the good cause*; and believe me,
"Your much obliged and ob't servant, NIMROD."

"W. T. PORTER, Esq."

The "Latest State of the Odds" on the Boston and Fashion Match: Offers to bet \$5000 to \$4000, *play or pay*, have been made on Boston! Both horses are in fine health, and there is hardly a possibility of a disappointment of a race. If the course and weather are favorable, we anticipate "the best race ever made in America," and no mistake.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

- BALTIMORE, Md. - Kendal Course, Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th May.
 CAMDEN & PHILA. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th May.
 " " Match, \$2000 a side, Monstache vs. Mr. Long's Priam colt.
 COBOURG, U. C. - Newcastle Club, about the 3d Wednesday, 18th May.
 FAYETTE, Mo. - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 4th May.
 " " - Post Stake and other races on the 12th and 13th May.
 FRANKFORT, Ky. - Capitol Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.
 HINDS Co., Miss. - Oakland Course, Colts' Stake, six subs., 1st Tuesday, 1st Nov.
 " " " Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Thursday, 3d Nov.
 KNOXVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.
 NEW YORK, - - - Union Course, L. I., J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th May.
 " " - - - Match, \$20,000 a side, Boston vs. Fashion, 2d Tuesday, 10th May.
 " " - - - Beacon Course, N. J., the week following the Union Course.
 " " - - - " " Trotting Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d May. (See advt.)
 TORONTO, U. C. - City and Home District Course, 5th Tuesday, 31st May.
 WASHINGTON CITY, National Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.



LADY CLIFDEN.

LADY CLIFDEN :

The property of Gen. THOMAS EMORY, of Poplar Grove, E. S., Maryland.

ACCOMPANIED BY A PORTRAIT.

THE portrait of the celebrated nonpareil, which is presented to our readers with this number of the "Turf Register," was engraved by Dunnell, from an original painting by Mr. J. W. Owings, of Baltimore—a young gentleman of but eighteen years of age, whose rare taste and talents will assuredly make him eminent in his art, if he pursues it with care and attention. An interesting memoir of Lady Clifden has appeared in this magazine, furnished by a correspondent who has written much and well; the reader's attention is invited to it, in vol. x., p. 564—574. The following communication embodies in the happiest terms the ideas suggested by an examination of Lady Clifden's portrait, pedigree and performances, and we make room for it with great pleasure, as presenting our own views on the subject, infinitely better expressed.

An animal so just in all her proportions it is much more difficult to portray than one which has some peculiarity of form; yet young Mr. Owings seems to have been as happy in this effort, as he has been in producing speaking likenesses of a few horses of the latter class. It was the admirable justness of proportions in all her parts, which, with a short but rich pedigree, reaching back through few crosses to some of the best sources, gave her that easy action, both to herself and rider, which no doubt largely contributed to enable her to exert the extraordinary power of endurance displayed in several of her races, but particularly in that of twelve miles on the Union Course, Long Island, which, outstripping all preceding races, yet stands as a task which no subsequent race-horse has been able to come up to. The great field on that occasion consisting of a constellation of cracks—Lady Clifden, Mingo, Picton, and Fanny Wyatt—was such a one as had perhaps never, in this country, met before, and may perhaps not again be assembled for a long time. It is a meeting of this sort which affords the severest and the most incontrovertible test of both the speed and the ability to keep up the run. The extraordinary time made in that race of twelve miles, the quickest on record in the *world*, might well be doubted if the great number and the accuracy of the New York timers were not proverbial, and their strict accuracy so well established. A further proof of the extraordinary exertion required and made on that occasion, almost beyond the powers of the noble animals themselves that performed it, is the fact, that but one of these cracks was ever able again to appear successfully on the Turf. It is true that Lady Clifden re-appeared the week following, at the Beacon Course, to reap new laurels; but the week following she was overtaken, and sunk like a meteor to rise no more, save only at Broad Rock, in a race against Boston, there to emit a short-lived

flickering light, before her final exit from the Turf, and going into the Breeding Stud. She wanted rest for three racing seasons, which she did not get, to ensure her complete recovery, and it was not until the third season of her training that her owners considered her in condition to start again, and then she had the ill luck to meet the Champion of the Turf. In her four-year-old form she received an injury in her left fore-leg, in which she finally broke down.

It is the good fortune of some superior race-horses to have owners who will bottle up their strength and resources, and who, without shying a hard place, will permit them to encounter the desperate exertion and perils of the race-course only when they are known to be in *condition* to do so. This happened not to have been the good fortune of Lady Clifden—had she been made up of iron or steel, she might have sustained what was required of her; not otherwise.

In the enumeration of the victories won by Boston, in a recent article in the "Spirit of the Times" and the "Turf Register," injustice has been done Lady Clifden, entirely, no doubt, unintentionally by that writer, in the mention of his race with her at Broad Rock. This was the only race in which these two nags ever met. He is stated in the article as having beaten her "*easily*" in that race, although it is reported to have been run five or six seconds quicker than it had ever been done in over that course before. Now the injustice consists in the omission to state the fact, as in Charles Carter's case, that she really did let down in that heat, and was stopped on that account, and for that reason was forthwith returned to her present owner—whose ownership was solely contingent on her breaking down. The neglect and injustice originated with the reporter of the Broad Rock races, and the account given to the writer by a number of the most respectable eye witnesses was that Lady Clifden led in that heat, for the first two miles, at a killing pace, when she was observed to falter and lose her stride—Boston then passed her, ending the heat in the extraordinary time given—not very easy work, one would think, although the heat might have been "*ended easily!*" The bottom of Lady Clifden has been thoroughly proven on more occasions than one, and whether if she had not given way in this race (certainly under her mark), she could have beaten Boston, or he her, is a question not necessary now to be mooted, for the fame of either of these distinguished horses, and certainly not necessary for the fame of a horse which stands signally at the head of the American Turf. The race was ended with this heat of 5:46, and it was a mistake to speak of it as the quickest ever made over that course, for *Sussex*, the sire of Lady Clifden, is reported to have made a first heat in 5:46, and a *second* in 5:43!!

The writer of this article will beg leave here to combat an error too frequent among the writers of the day, of making the winning horse of the race reported, for the time being, the best horse that ever lived, and the race the quickest! Race-horses, like heroes, if they have been *invincible*, may grow larger as you recede from

them, but like heroes who have met reverses, or been unfortunate, are easily overshadowed by the *favorite of the day!*

I believe that the supposition that there is any very great difference between the powers of the best bred horses of the present day, and those of ancient times, or that we have the power to improve much upon the old stock, to be a *great mistake.*

The maximum of speed and endurance have been reached long since, and the present English racing and English breeding is undoubtedly calculated to deteriorate rather than improve it. The English never had, and never will have, more speedy and lasting horses than Childers and Eclipse—the Americans than Selim, Sir Archy, Virginian, Sir Charles, Florizel, Ogle's Oscar, American Eclipse, and Timoleon. The English never sent over here, and never will send over, better mares than Tasker's Selima, Jenny Cameron, and Castianira; nor better stallions than Medley, Shark, Lindsey's Arabian (a cross, by-the-by, they have not,) Gabriel, and Diomed. Of the scores of horses of some reputation now imported into this country, how many are worth breeding from? perhaps not more than half-a-dozen! There are potent reasons why quicker time should be made on most of the English courses, and on our American courses at New Orleans, which it is a matter of wonder should not be better taken into account. Is it not a fact that about four out of five of the race horses which have run in order on the New Orleans tracks, have made greatly better time there than they ever made elsewhere? The soil about New Orleans is a tough, tenacious, marly, alluvion, which, when in order, a horse will not sink into, and this soil is a crust two or three feet thick, lying on a mass of water, the elastic power of which every body is acquainted with—this is a spring board; and consider the relief which a horse gets! Their weights and their dates for ages, too, count heavily.

The climate of England produces such *turf* as an American who has not seen it, has no just idea of. We have nothing resembling it except our horse-dung marshes—we have and can have no upland *turf* in this climate. The surface of the turf at Doncaster has a mass of grass roots under it, a foot or over a foot in depth, not quite so soft as our horse-dung marsh. Shortly before the race the grass is closely mown off, and the heaviest horse running over this turf, leaves no other impression from his foot, than where the full impression of the plate cuts the grass, and although the mass sinks to allow this cut of the place, it springs out the moment the hoof is off. Superadded to this, their courses are generally two miles round, and every horse running two miles makes only half the turns necessary on our mile courses—eight turns less in a four mile race, and twenty-four turns less in a twelve mile race! What would this single difference amount to in a race of twelve miles? It is well known by every novice that no horse can run at the top of his speed round the easiest turn in a mile course, and that he labors more, and oftener receives injuries in making the turns, than he does in the straight runs. A horse in going round a turn deflects from a perpendicular position somewhere about

twenty-two and a half degrees—thus throwing his own weight and that of the rider on two of his legs, and hence the majority of injuries are to be found in the *left* legs.

I have seen English race-horses, their race-courses, and their racing, as well as the American, and although we have not as many, we have some as good stock as they can boast, and I have come to the conclusion, after much observation and reflection, that they will soon require more imperiously crosses from our old stock, than we now want theirs.

Such cattle as Boston, if he prove a good stallion, and Lady Clifden, and the descendants of Lady Lightfoot and Castianira, as well as some others, would be a great acquisition to the English breeder at the present time. They have but little chance for improvement by a remote cross, except through Harkaway, yet untried as a stallion.

Lady Clifden, after she broke down in 1839, was put and missed to Priam; in 1840 she missed to Priam again, and in 1841 was put to Drone. E.

THE TURF IN AMERICA.

BATESVILLE, ARKANSAS, Nov. 23, 1841.

NOTWITHSTANDING the irregularities of the mails, I have received in this remote region, your September Number as early as the 6th of October.

You will have gathered from that able and spirited work, "The New York Spirit of the Times," the unexpected intelligence of Boston's defeat—John Blount, the winner of the heat in which "old white nose" was put behind the distance pole, can boast a rich pedigree,—his dam produced Mary Blount, the "game 'un," who made Mingo cut out a third heat in 7 min. 47 sec.—John's sire is also the sire of the dam Wagner, and Col. Hampton's Fanny (never yet beaten). The winner of the race in which Boston was beaten, is a fine filly named Fashion, by that splendid imported horse Trustee (own brother to Mündig), out of the celebrated Bonnets o' Blue, deemed invincible in her day, the time of the race, 7 min. 42 sec.—7 min. 48 sec. My object is not to detract from Fashion or John Blount, yet I firmly believe that neither of them ever yet saw the day they could make old Boston run.

You have been apprized already that the latter made a season last spring,—this may not have affected him, but he has run so many hard races, that I have no doubt he was not himself; he often runs unkindly—probably from soreness; my opinion is, that the *winding up* of his race with Mariner, on a heavy track, and the indiscretion of his rider in pushing him more than necessary, added to his want of strength to hold him together as he should have done, caused his defeat. You will have seen the challenge of his owner—I think

he can do all Mr. Long offers to risk his money on his doing. The Glencoes are doing well, they have immense speed; the Leviathans, Priams, and Trustees, and I may add, the Sarpedons, are distinguishing themselves. Luzborough got some good stock. Hedgford got Duane; and Creath of Kentucky is bringing the Tranby stock into notice.

Medoc, long since dead, has left such a reputation as no horse saving Old Archy of native breeding, ever acquired. They are fleet and game, and resemble much the Leviathan stock. Monarch's colts (dropped last spring) are highly spoken of. How could it well be otherwise. The son of Priam boasting old Delphine by Whisker, for his dam, could hardly fail to get the right sort.

Tennessee has had to knock under to old Kentuck, but the former had not a fair shake, she met the latter on her own dunghill, and under most disadvantageous circumstances.

At New Orleans, the sunny city of the south, there is a prospect of a brilliant meeting next month. The dreadful scourge which has been inflicted upon them recently, has passed away, and the frosts of November will speedily make it resume its wonted gaiety and life. 'Tis a sweet spot, and the rich spirits that congregate there at the racing season, would amply repay one for a trip across the big deep. To that point go, in the shape of horse-flesh, the champions of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and occasionally the old Dominion lends a hand.

Truly yours,

N. OF ARKANSAS.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for Feb., 1842.

OPHELIA AND HER PRODUCE.

IN the last number of the "Register" was given the Portrait of Ophelia, accompanied by her pedigree and a few remarks upon the performances of some of her produce [see page 111-12.] A complete list of the latter has been furnished us since the publication referred to, which is subjoined.

Our readers must have been struck, we think, with the superb style in which Mr. DICK embodied in his engraving the striking features of Troye's beautiful painting. The filly represented at Ophelia's foot is by Woodpecker—an own sister to the renowned Grey Eagle. The fine house in the background is the elegant residence of Maj. H. T. Duncan, the owner of Ophelia, situated a few miles from the city of Lexington, Ky. [Having enjoyed the pleasure of visiting it, we are constrained to say, in consideration of Maj. D.'s good taste, that the picture does great injustice to the picturesque scenery in the midst of which his residence is embowered. His lawn and ornamental grounds have been laid out with infinite taste, and nature and art seem to have contributed alike to their beauty and happy scenic effect.]

"Senex," one of our best correspondents, has sent us from Washington a very interesting communication upon the subject of Grey Eagle's pedigree, which will accompany his portrait in the "Spirit of the Times" in the course of a few weeks. He states—"It traces *maternally* to the highest source of any American pedigree, of the same duration—about ninety years—to the famed Selima by the Godolphin Arabian." He adds that "No mare in America was higher bred than Mr. Gracey's Sir Archy mare," the dam of Ophelia.

Ophelia (whose pedigree was given in our last number, page 112,) was purchased by Mr. Theodoric Jenkins, of Kentucky, when three years old, of Mr. Gracey, of South Carolina. Mr. Jenkins, on account of her pure and fashionable blood, put her at once into the breeding stud, so that her racing powers were never tested. The late Daniel Duncan, Esq., (the father of her present owner), purchased her and Caroline Scott, her first foal, of Mr. J., and during his ownership, which continued until his death, bred her to Imp. Contract and Trumpator. By the first, she produced Ann Maria and Senator; by the latter Sir Ariss, now the property of Wm. J. Minor, Esq., of Natchez, Miss. Senator and Sir Ariss have been repeated winners.

At the sale of the late Mr. D.'s blood stock, Ophelia was purchased by Maj. Duncan, whose property she remains, for \$480. Since she came into his possession, she has produced Grey Eagle, The Captain, Sir Edwin, a bay filly by Imp. Tranby, and a bay filly by Woodpecker. The following is a correct list (furnished by her owner) of

OPHELIA'S PRODUCE.

1831. B. f. <i>Caroline Scott</i> , by Sir Archie Montorio, son of Sir Archy.—Theodoric Jenkins.	
1832. B. f. <i>Ann Maria</i> , by Imp. Contract, son of Catton.	Daniel Duncan.
1833. Gr. c. <i>Senator</i> , by ditto.	" "
1834. Gr. c. <i>Sir Ariss</i> , by Trumpator, son of Sir Solomon.	" "
1835. Gr. c. <i>Grey Eagle</i> , by Woodpecker, son of Bertrand.	Maj. H. T. Duncan.
1836. B. c. <i>The Captain</i> , by Sir Archie Montorio (alias Archy of Transport.)	"
1837. Gr. c. <i>Sir Edwin</i> , by Rodolph, son of Sir Archie Montorio.	"
1838. B. f. by Imp. Tranby, son of Blacklock— <i>dead</i> .	"
1839. B. f. by Woodpecker, son of Bertrand.	"
1842. Stinted to Woodpecker	

In 1840 she missed; in 1841 she lost her foal by Woodpecker.

The bay filly, sister to Grey Eagle, is now in the stable of Wm. J. Minor, Esq., of Natchez, and promises to come up a trump. She was foaled on the 1st of May, '35. No others of her produce are now in training that we are aware of.

When the character of the horses to whom Ophelia has been bred, is taken into consideration, it must be allowed that she has eminently distinguished herself as a breeder. Caroline Scott and Grey Eagle have, in turn, been at the head of the Turf in the West, while Senator is quite the best of Contract's get. Ophelia is yet in the prime of life and in fine health, and, now that an opportunity is presented in Kentucky of breeding her to some of the finest stallions in the Union, we should not be surprised at her annually turning out "a flyer."

A SPREE WITH A WILD BOAR.

SHORTLY after I had "fleshed my maiden spear," 'twas my good or ill luck to meet with the following "turn up:"—I had killed a tolerable sized grunter, after a smart run, and was quietly wending my way homewards, and had just got my nag into wind again, when I suddenly discovered a fine sturdy-looking boar coming "pricking o'er the plain" right on towards me: I stopt my horse, that he might not observe me, and to allow him to come up without interruption; but he was "wide awake," and, as Sam Weller would say, had *twigged* me: for I had scarcely put my horse in motion to meet him, when down he came at me, with right good will, and was the first to commence the combat, determined to have *his* way. In the *scrimmage*, my horse tumbled over the sharp stump of a *jhow* tree, and I got a pretty decent spill. The foe stood, and eyed me askance, as if he had a mind to be at me, but thought better of it *that* time, and took to his trotters again, "pursuing the even tenor of his way" in the exact route he appeared to have selected originally, in which I had presumed to intercept him. Rubbing the sore part hurt by the fall, (which was the broadest about me), and d——g the *niggars' imperence*, I quickly re-mounted, and gave chace; but the enemy was by this time nearly "hull down," as the sailors say; however, with the aid of the spur's end, and he slackening his pace, I was soon at his rear; and was just preparing to come to close quarters, when he suddenly turned into swampy ground. I knew every inch of it, having frequently hunted hare and jackal there. It was a kind of *nullah*, generally about eight or nine feet broad, and easy to leap when seen, but having numerous sinuosities, and being level with the firmer soils on both sides, the distinction was only perceptible in the color of the quagmire and terra firma, the former being black, and the latter an earthy green. At one of the broad turnings, the perverse swine plunged and floundered across, just as I was in the act of raising my arm to lance at him, and at the instant, to my sore dismay, I was pitched almost headlong into the very middle of the swamp! The horse knowing the locality as well as I did (we had been on it twice before), and probably being certain he could not clear it, or else that he was blown or over-strained, or from whatever cause I know not, but it was quite unexpected, for he was a genuine hog-hunter, and took as much delight in the sport as I did myself, so that I was totally unprepared for such an "untoward event." When he was within a yard of the brink, he suddenly threw "all aback," and poor Pilgarlic was pitched overboard, as Pat says, "clean in the mud." I came with my right shoulder foremost, and was nearly half smothered with the mud that plastered that side of me. I had not quite cleared my optics, when my first intimation of vision was the sight of the foe, in the very act of turning and charging back into the morass at me! To attempt to fly were futile, as the quagmire was over my knees, and the time expended in disengaging

one leg would be enough for the enemy to be upon me; to fix the spear (which luckily I had retained in my fall) bayonet fashion, with the butt end down on the firmer bottom of the quagmire, and grasping the upper part of it with both hands, with the blade advanced about two feet from my breast, pointing to the enemy, was the work of an instant. Down came the foe, determined to "go his whole hog." It appeared to me the rascal had found somewhat firmer ground; for, as he charged, some one angle of where he had crossed, I saw his every motion painfully distinct. Then came the tug of war—he rushed on his fate, and my next sensation was that of being smothered in the mud, under which I thought myself submerged. With the most powerful efforts a man may be supposed to exert under such circumstances, I managed to attain the perpendicular line once again, and, at the instant, removing some pounds of mud from my mouth and face, contrived to respire fresh air,

"Breathless with amaze—all gaze—all wonder."

The boar had impaled himself on the spear; it entered his breast, and went through his heart, and out of his left side. With the velocity of the charge he tilted up the shaft, so that it broke near the centre, and, by his falling upon me, I was thrown on my back, and forced under the yielding surface by his whole weight resting upon my body, and thus we were breast to breast, with the spear blade, as I guess, somewhat close to my left ear.

What with the blood of the boar, and the mire of the swamp, I must have cut an extraordinary figure. My own horse would not own me, for he waited, and coolly looked on till all was over, and then, when he saw me about to crawl out, he took to his heels. Indeed, either way I was in rather "*embarrassed circumstances*," for the rascally horse was a cannibal, and in all probability, had it not been for the morass, might have *picked me up*; from my having let go the bridle, I lost all control over him, and he well knew his power *then*.

I just managed to crawl out of the *nullah*, but was so exhausted with the exertion and the broiling hot sun, that I could not proceed a step further to seek for shade and clear water; however, the syce, and two villagers, soon came to my aid, and carried me to a boat, which brought me home, but it was a whole week before "Richard was himself again."

TEPRAY.

Bengal Sporting Magazine.

A LEAF OF ENGLISH TURF STATISTICS FOR 1841.

Compiled from the "Spirit of the Times" for the "Turf Register."

TABLE No. 1.

SHEWING the *number* of Winners in 1841, got by each of twenty sires, the highest in the list; the *number of prizes* won by the get

of each; the *average* number of prizes won by the same; the *rank* of the Stallion in the class of twenty, as to the number of their get, and their rank as to the number of prizes won by the same.

Rank in No. of Prizes.	Rank in No. of Winners.	Name of Sire.	No. of Winners.	No. of Prizes.	Average No. to each winner.
No. 8	No. 1	Langar	21	63	3
18	2	Camel	17	35	2
20	3	Muley Moloch	15	22	1 7-15
9	4	Voltaire	12	35	2 11-12
17	5	Defence	12	25	2 1-12
7	6	Taurus	11	37	3 4-11
12	7	Sultan	11	28	2 6-11
13	8	Sir Hercules	11	25	2 3-11
19	9	Velocipede	11	18	1 7-11
1	10	The Saddler	10	40	4
6	11	St. Nicholas	9	31	3 4-9
11	12	Emilius	9	23	2 5-9
16	13	Mulatto	9	19	2 1-9
3	14	Liverpool	8	28	3 1-2
	15	Dr. Syntax	8	28	3 1-2
	16	Physician	8	28	3 1-2
10	17	Actæon	8	23	2 7-8
2	18	Priam	7	25	3 4-7
14	19	Dr. Faustus	7	15	2 1-7
	20	Reveller	7	15	2 1-7
			222	471	

TABLE No. 2.

Shewing the *number of sires* of Winners in 1841, got by each of *ten grandsires*, the highest in the list; the *number of winners* in 1841 descended from each; the *number of prizes* won by them; and the *rank of the grandsires* as to the *number of sires* got by them; *number of winners* descended from them, and the *average number of prizes* won by their descendants.

Rank in No. of Prizes.	Rank in No. of Winners.	Rank in No. of Sires.	Names of Grandsires.	No. of Sires.	No. of Winners	No. of Prizes.
No. 9	No. 1	No. 1	Whalebone	3	40	85
5	2	2	Selim	2	32	90
7	3		Blacklock	2	23	53
2	4		Emilius	2	16	56
1	7	7	Waverley	1	10	40
4	6	6	Phantom	1	11	37
10	5	5	Muley	1	15	22
6	8	8	Orville	1	9	25
8		9	Catton	1	9	20
2	10	10	Tramp	1	8	28
			Brutandorf	1	8	28
				16	181	

TABLE No. 3.

Shewing the twenty horses which got the *greatest number* of all

the *Sires* of all the Winners of 1841, with the *number of sires* got by each; the winners descended from them; the *prizes* won by them, and the *rank* of their grandsires as to the number of sires, winners, and prizes won.

Rank in No. of Prizes.	Rank in No. of Winners.	Rank in No. of Sires.	Name of Grandsires.	No. of Sires.	No. of Winners.	No. of Prizes.
No. 1	-	No. 1	-	No. 1	Whalebone	12 - 56 - 136
2	-	2	-	1	Blacklock	12 - 42 - 97
8	-	6	-	3	Sultan - -	9 - 18 - 39
4	-	4	-	4	Emilius - -	7 - 33 - 88
6	-	5	-	5	Orville - -	6 - 21 - 47
7	-	10	-	5	Tramp - -	6 - 15 - 42
9	-	6	-	8	Catton - -	5 - 18 - 32
13	-	9	-	8	Comus - -	5 - 16 - 26
3	-	3	-	12	Selim - -	4 - 37 - 105
13	-	11	-	8	Whisker - -	5 - 11 - 26
9	-	12	-	5	Walton - -	6 - 10 - 32
5	-	9	-	8	Phantom - -	5 - 16 - 52
18	-	15	-	12	Partisan - -	4 - 9 - 22
20	-	15	-	12	Lottery - -	4 - 9 - 17
12	-	17	-	12	St. Patrick	4 - 8 - 27
19	-	19	-	12	Merlin - -	4 - 7 - 19
15	-	20	-	12	Rubens - -	4 - 6 - 23
15	-	12	-	18	Filho da Puta	3 - 10 - 23
15	-	12	-	19	Muley - -	2 - 10 - 23
11	-	17	-	20	Brutandorf	1 - 8 - 28
				110	352	

TABLE NO. 4.

Shewing the *names* of ten Winners of most prizes; the *number of prizes* won by each; the *value* of the same; the *rank* of the winner, both by the number and value of prizes; the *names of sires and grandsires*.

Rank in Value.	Rank in Number.	Name of Winner.	Name of Sire.	Name of Grandsire.	No. of Prizes	Value of Prizes
5	- 1	Fat Jack	Inflexible	Flexible	14	£745
4	- 2	Shadow	Saddler	Waverley	13	840
10	- 4	Image	Langar	Selim	11	422
8	- 3	Catherina	Whisker	Waxy	12	502
1	- 5	Charles XII.	Voltaire	Blacklock	10	2690
2	- 6	Dr. Caius	Physician	Brutandorf	10	1753
7	- 6	Jessica	St. Nicholas	Emilius	10	610
6	- 6	Benedetta	Defence	Whalebone	10	615
9	- 6	Aimwell	Actæon	Scud	10	460
3	- 10	Bee's-wing	Dr. Syntax	Paynator	9	1290

GENERAL REMARKS.

It will be thus seen that of the *two hundred stallions* which have begotten winning horses in 1841, and of the *five hundred and thirty-one winners*, *twenty stallions* have begotten *two hundred and twenty-two winners*, or an average of 10 12-20 of the winners, to each of

the twenty sires; that of this whole number of winners, *one hundred and eighty-one* have been begotten by *sixteen sires*, which in turn were begotten by *ten stallions* of the "olden time," and that *twenty grandsires* have begotten *one hundred and ten* of the *two hundred sires*, and are thus the progenitors of *three hundred and fifty-two* of the *five hundred and thirty-one winners*.

It may be also observed in addition to this general conclusion of the "aristocracy"—(not of "eloquence," as Mr. Brown calls it,—but) of Horse Pedigree, that the disparity of the powers of different horses to transmit to their progeny (in the case of sires), and through it (in that of grandsires), becomes more apparent and wonderful when we select a yet smaller number of either class, and that, too, whether we judge by the *number* or the *quality* of winners—for this last is a very material distinction. One horse may almost universally transmit to his offspring very *respectable* racing powers—*his* winners will be *numerous*. Another may not so invariably—not even generally—get racers at all, yet when he does, may have a Sally Walker, Boston, and Omega. The number of winners by this horse will be fewer, but the *number and value* of their *prizes* will increase vastly in proportion to the number of winners. Thus, in Table No. 1, The Saddler has but ten winners, but they have won forty times; whereas Velocipede, with eleven winners, has won but eighteen races;—and Muley Moloch, with fifteen winners (one half mor.) has but twenty-two prizes, or (nearly) but half as often winning with each of his get as The Saddler.

Mr. Editor, I claim the invention of these tables. Did any one discover them before me? If there be a previous claimant, I back out. But it does seem to my mind, that such a table made out, both in England and America, *annually*, on the 1st of January, would stop the shedding of rivers of ink, gushing out to show the "best stallion," the "best families," &c. It is not claimed that these are perfect. But with the records, they may be made *perfect tests* of the value of a stallion. Thus—to simplify—the *number starting* of each sire should be inserted, and the *proportion of winners to the starters* would be then known. And, *if it were possible*, the number of thorough-bred colts got. With these and such materials, obvious to all after the hint, without being particularized, the question of the best stallion would be easily determined. And I think *these* tables show at least that neither Sultan nor Emilius is the best sire in either 1840 or 1841, but that Langar, at least, is better than they. It would not be safe to compare him with many others, in the absence of those *other materials*. For, as an example again, I cannot say how many mares Defiance, Taurus, or Dr. Syntax had, nor how many of their colts started, in that comparison. And so with the grandsires. Old Whalebone is "A No. 1" of all. But it might be hard to determine between Selim and Blacklock, or Phantom and Tramp. With the *other means*, these questions would be easily settled.

Now, Sir, though I am the claimant of this patent, I surrender it to the public. Who, then, will make out similar tables for the American Turf?

Yours, &c., ZETA.

SPEED AND PACES OF THE HORSE.

BY THE EDITOR OF "TOM SPRING'S LIFE IN LONDON."

THE maximum speed of the race-horse seems to be limited to covering a mile of ground in a minute; for few (if any) horses can sustain the full velocity of this rate for even that time. A mile has been authentically run at Newmarket, by a stop-watch, in one minute and four and a half seconds. It is currently reported, and has been so often repeated in all sorts of compilations, "Natural Histories for Youth," "Anecdotes of Animals," "Libraries of Entertaining Knowledge," and such like scissors-and-paste affairs, that Childers ran, at Newmarket, one mile in a minute, that we ought to believe it merely because it has been reiterated so many times; *we* decline, however, pinning our faith upon a fifty-times repeated story, for which there exists no better foundation than popular report. It is certain, however, that this celebrated racer ran over the Round Course, which is three miles, six furlongs, and ninety-three yards, in six minutes and forty-three seconds; an extraordinary performance, when we consider the 9st. 2lb. which he carried. The Beacon Course, which is four miles, one furlong, and one hundred and thirty-eight yards, was cleared by him in seven minutes and thirty-four seconds. Bay Malton ran four miles at York, in 1763, in seven minutes forty-three seconds and a half; and Eclipse ran the same distance on the same course in eight minutes, carrying 12st.

In October, 1741, at the Curragh meeting in Ireland, Mr. Wilde engaged to ride one hundred and twenty-seven miles in nine hours. He performed it in six hours and twenty-one minutes, riding ten horses, and, allowing for mounting and dismounting, and a short time for refreshment, rode for six hours at the clear rate of twenty miles an hour.

Mr. Thornhill, in 1745, exceeded this; for he rode from Stilton to London, and back, and again to London, being two hundred and thirteen miles, in eleven hours and thirty-four minutes, which is, after allowing the least possible time for changing horses, &c., twenty miles an hour for eleven hours, on the turnpike road, and on uneven ground.

Mr. Shaftoe, in 1762, with ten horses, and five of them ridden twice, accomplished fifty miles and a quarter in one hour and forty-nine minutes. In 1763, Mr. Shaftoe won a still more extraordinary match. He was to procure a person to ride one hundred miles a day, on any one horse each day, for twenty-nine days successively; and to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine. He accomplished it on fourteen horses; and on one day rode one hundred and sixty-nine miles, in consequence of tiring the first horse.

Mr. Hale's Quibbler, however, afforded the most extraordinary

example of the stoutness as well as speed of the old race-horse. In December, 1786, he ran twenty-three miles round the flat at Newmarket, in fifty-seven minutes and ten seconds.

Wonderful as these performances are, we fear much that the reader, who has formed his notion from the nonsense contained in amusing "popular" works, will (though he may be instructed) be somewhat disappointed at finding the *authenticated* speed of this noblest of animals fall short of the rhodomontade exaggerations with which these books abound, copied, and perhaps *improved* upon, by each cockney who judges them up one from another. For instance: One "authority" says, "the speed of Eclipse was a mile in a minute!" and his copyist in "Animal Biography" improves on this by saying that Eclipse and Flying Childers *are known* to have run a mile *within* a minute!" perhaps the gentleman who *did* the book may know it—we don't.

We will close this branch of our subject with some observations on LEAPING, which may with propriety end this chapter on paces.

Some animals (the kangaroo, for instance,) proceed wholly by a series of jumps. The leap is performed by a sudden extension of the articulations of the hinder limbs, immediately after they have been bent to an unusual degree. This extension drives forward the weight of the whole body, with a velocity proportionate to the power exerted in this sudden extension. The degree of force in this sudden leap forward must therefore depend on the length and obliquity of the angles formed by the bones, and the strength of the muscles which act on them. Hence, it is clear that hunters and racers should be so formed in their hinder quarters, which are the organs of progression, as to unite great strength with proportionate length.

"Nevertheless, it does not follow," says Blaine, "that a large horse only can take considerable leaps; for, all things considered, small animals leap much farther than larger ones. Thus, a small horse will very frequently, with a light weight, leap a considerable distance, and to a very good height; but from the greater extent of the angles, and the increased force obtained from larger muscles, it is obvious that a certain size is necessary to the hunter to enable him to cover high and broad leaps; and this necessity is much increased when heavy weight is carried. The direction of a leap depends upon the situation of the centre of gravity with respect to the limbs, by which the impulse is given. Men and birds, having the trunk situated directly over the impelling limbs, are the only animals which leap vertically. Hence, when a horse attempts a standing leap of any considerable height, as a wall, gate, &c., he raises himself almost perpendicularly, and the elevation of his body will always be found to correspond with the height of the object he is to leap over.

LEAPING, or FENCING, as it is more commonly called now-a-days, forms, however, so important a feature in the hunting-field, that we shall stand excused for dwelling a while on its several varieties. We have already spoken of the requisite conformation of the horse; and in the remarks we shall make on fencing, we shall apply ourselves no less to the rider than to the animal.

We need hardly observe that fencing requires nerve and discretion; for the rider has two lives to answer for—his own, and that of the animal he bestrides.

However good a nag may be as a fencer, it must be borne in mind, that every jump he takes he expends a certain quantity of his strength, and likewise a certain portion of his powers of general endurance. Leap boldly where necessary—leap boldly, or not at all. Your own courage will inspire your horse; but observe this, never be ashamed to *save* him if you can; for, depend on't, many a fine animal has been lost by the *mauvaise honte* of a reckless leap; the perpetrator *fearing* the sneer of spectators, not one of whom would have taken it themselves. Establish the character of a cool and judicious rider: it will wear best. And, above all, never seek the "bubble reputation," when you have borrowed extra pluck from the bottle; for this artificial stimulus evaporated, will leave you depressed and spiritless, and those who admired your rashness will crow over and despise your timidity. We shall speak of the leaps as follows:—

THE STANDING LEAP.—As slow movements in fox-hunting are now out of fashion, this leap is but little required in a hunter; we shall, therefore, merely describe it. In a standing-leap, the horse steadily raises himself on his hind feet, more or less perpendicularly, according to the height of the object to be cleared. Having balanced himself a moment, he commences his spring by very forcibly extending the previously contracted angles of his hind limbs, which action propels the body both upwards and forwards. The fore-legs, which have been gathered under him, to lessen the resistance to elevating himself, are now thrown out to assist in raising and drawing him upwards and forwards, but more particularly to receive him in his descent; during this change of position, the hinder limbs have been gathered close up to avoid contact with the object passed over, and now are let down with a vigorous stroke. From this it will be clear that it is no easy matter to sit a horse during a considerable standing-leap. Mr. Apperley tells us of a magnificent horse, the property of Mr. Robert Canning, a famous fox-hunter, bought of the Earl of Stanford, and which, after giving proofs of being a splendid flying-leaper, yet, after he was rode by his new master, would never leap any other way but standing, except when a brook came in his way, over which he would carry his seventeen stone rider in the best style, provided it were at all a practicable one.

THE FLYING LEAP is effected with the limbs extended, and the whole of the neck, body, and limbs, stretched out horizontally, more or less, according to the space or obstacle to be passed over. The flying-leap greatly resembles the action of the racer at speed (which is but a succession of low, long jumps); in the flying-leap, the hinder quarters are thought to be the only organs of propulsion, yet the fore-feet, in the last spring, will be found to have their share, by contracting violently before they leave the ground, whereby a considerable pulsatory power is gained. The object being surmounted in a flying-leap, the head is lowered, thus the hinder

quarters reach the ground, the whole weight of body takes a slightly upward direction, and the horse, having recovered his line of progression, again holds on.

The double-leap is an action very common with Irish horses, and seen among some of our well-practised hunters. In this effort the body gains an additional impetus, by striking the top of the hedge, fence, or wall with the hind feet, while passing over. Of course we allude to the hind feet only, as a blow by the fore feet or knees arises only from want of jumping power in the horse, or slovenliness in the rider. In wall-leaping, so frequent in Ireland, it is not to be wondered at that a few of the loose stones should become displaced by the jump; and then this touching of the hind feet is so common, that unless it is an evident blunder, and is done by the simple re-action of the feet against the opposed body, the leap is considered a clear one, and all bets paid accordingly. "Our own experienced hunters," says Blaine, "when facing a rasping leap, or when, after bounding over one ditch, they unexpectedly get sight of a second on the other side, will often be observed thus to double their leap, by applying their hind feet to the top of the hedge, and with such additional impetus, slight as it may seem, carry themselves and their riders safely over the whole. This doubling of the hind legs is seen in almost every leap of the greyhound when covering, not only a timber-jump, but even the lowest hedge in coursing, a fact which bears out this principle." Mr. Apperley also bears out Blaine in this view of the double jump, instinctively implanted in quadrupeds calculated for extensive leaps. "Yet, after all," says he, "the most extraordinary fact relating to the act of leaping in horses, is the power they have of extending themselves by a second spring, as it were, when, on being suspended in the air, they perceive something on the further side for which they were not prepared; that they occasionally do this under good horsemen, all good riders of experience can vouch for; but whence (in cases where they do not strike as before noticed) the fulcrum is derived, it would not be easy to determine."—*Encyclo. Britan., Art. Horse.*

HORSE WARRANTY IN PARIS.

Count d'Oultremont, the brother-in-law of the ex-King of Holland, having two pair of horses which did not suit him, made an exchange with M. Cremieux, the horse-dealer, who gave one horse for the first pair, and received from the Count 2000 francs to boot. For the second pair of horses the Count received another pair, but one of these turning out bad, M. Cremieux supplied the Count with another in its place, on condition of receiving 1500 francs. This last horse also proving unsatisfactory to the Count, the money was refused, and M. Cremieux cited the Count before the Civil Tribunal. The cause was heard, and, after a long discussion, the Court ordered the Count to pay M. Cremieux 700 francs, instead of the 1500 francs.

THE TURFMAN'S READY RECKONER.

A CORRESPONDENT has kindly furnished us with the interesting and useful Table subjoined, by which the respective speed of each horse composing a field can be readily ascertained. It will enable the spectator of a race, who knows *the time* of the winning horse, not only to calculate his rate of going, but also give him the time of the other horses as they come in.

Time.	In this time a horse goes in one second						Yards.	Feet.	Inches.
1:40	17	1	9	3-5					
1:41	17	1	3	1-3					
1:42	17	0	9	1-6					
1:43	17	0	3	1-7					
1:44	16	2	9	1-4					
1:45	16	2	3	3-7					
1:46	16	1	9	3-4					
1:47	16	1	4	1-7					
1:48	16	0	10	2-3					
1:49	16	0	5	2-7					
1:50	16	0	0						
1:51	15	2	6	9-11					
1:52	15	2	1	2-3					
1:53	15	1	8	9-13					
1:54	15	1	3	5-6					
1:55	15	0	11						
1:56	15	0	6	4-19					
1:57	15	0	1	21-39					
1:58	14	2	8	56-59					
1:59	14	2	4	52-119					
2:00	14	2	0						
2:01	14	1	7	77-121					
2:02	14	1	3	42-122					
2:03	14	0	11	15-123					
2:04	14	0	6	30-31					
2:05	14	0	2	22-25					
2:06	13	2	10	6-7					
2:07	13	2	6	114-127					
2:08	13	2	3						
2:09	13	1	11	7-43					
2:10	13	1	7	10-26					
2:11	13	1	3	87-131					
2:12	13	1	0						
2:13	13	0	8	52-133					
2:14	13	0	4	56-67					
2:15	13	0	1	3-9					
2:16	12	2	9						
2:17	12	2	6	66-137					
2:18	12	2	3	3-23					

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

GENTLEMEN'S PRIVATE TRAINING STABLES.

THE stables of our noblemen and gentlemen are most of them uniformly built, some of them forming very neat squares. In erecting them, there is generally a space of ground reserved in the front or centre of the building, which forms a convenient stable-yard, with a reservoir of water in the centre. Such stables for hunters, carriage-horses, and hacks, are commodiously arranged, and are so lofty, that when properly ventilated, they readily admit of a free circulation of pure air, which at the present day, is tolerably well understood to be highly essential to the health of all animals in a domesticated state.

Many noblemen and gentlemen who keep race-horses, keep their own private training grooms. If they have ground in their own park or downs, near enough to their own houses, that will answer the purpose for their horses to train upon,—some prefer having them trained at home; and as their stables are generally on an extensive scale, they appropriate a certain portion of them for their race-horses to stand in. Although their stables may be very good, yet for many reasons this is a bad plan; the farther their race-horse stables are from those of their hunters and hacks, the better. As the expense can be but of little importance to gentlemen of fortune, I should advise their being built on a convenient piece of ground, at least half-a-dozen miles from their mansion. One reason for this is, that the boys could not so easily talk to their neighboring companions, of what they see or know of the horses when they are training. I should also recommend noblemen and gentlemen of the Turf, in erecting their training stables, to build loose boxes for most of their horses. Any number of them might be arranged according to the establishment of horses kept, on the dimensions of twenty-two feet by thirteen, clear of the walls; and if fitted up properly, a box or two, as occasion may require (for such horses as may do better in stalls), may, with little expense, be converted into a one or two good stall-stable.

Men vary in their opinions on the management of horses, as they do on other things, and, as I am an advocate for loose boxes (for horses of a certain class), in preference to stall-stables, it may not be here much out of place to assign my reasons for that preference, and to show in what instances I recommend the use of the one rather than the other. Horses which are valuable, good runners, such as are engaged at Newmarket, Doncaster, or Epsom, but more particularly such of those horses as may be required to be in

strong work, are the horses which will benefit most by being kept in loose boxes. The objection that is made to the use of them is, that when country plate-horses are travelling, boxes are not often to be met with at inns on the road, neither are they at all times to be had at many of the inns where horses go to stand at the different country meetings; and that horses which have been accustomed to sleep in loose boxes, do not do so well when standing in stalls. This is correct: but the objection is more than counterbalanced by the advantages that arise. It would be attended with very little expense to landlords, on such roads as race-horses generally travel, and at such other inns, near to the different race-courses at which the horses stand, were they to arrange in their stable-yards a certain number of loose boxes; this would be a great accommodation to noblemen and gentlemen of the Turf, and would be but a trifling inconvenience to a landlord, as such boxes, when not wanted for race-horses, might, with very little trouble, be converted into a bail stable for a pair of post-horses. Were such accommodations as these to be had at inns, there could be no objection made to certain race-horses standing in loose boxes at all times; but even the objection above stated is not to be put in competition with the advantages which horses derive from being kept in boxes, if it were only that of avoiding the inconvenience arising from some horses unnecessarily disturbing others on sweating days, or at other times when some may be in physic, and others not.

But before I proceed further with my observations on private stables, I will take an accurate view of both sides of the question; my readers will then find out what horses ought to stand in stalls, and what horses ought to stand in boxes; and which, in some measure, may guide the owner in the building of his private stables.

Now, the advantages to be derived from the use of boxes, are principally for such horses as may have returned in the autumn to the home stables, from a summer's country running. They have some of them become not only stale and round on their legs, but stale in themselves. All such horses are much sooner refreshed, by being allowed to range loose in boxes, than they would be by standing in stalls; and it is in boxes that such horses should stand during winter, as well as while they are training. In regard to craving colts and horses that are in strong work, some of them will stand whole days in stalls, and may not lie down until night; from which circumstance I have known their legs fill, and get a little round; but if they are kept in loose boxes, although they may not lie down during the day, they will range and walk about, and thereby exercise their limbs, which would not only keep off the stiffness the work occasions, but prevent their legs from filling and getting out of shape. It is a great advantage to country platers to get into boxes when travelling on the road, for such horses are mostly craving ones, and in training they are often in strong work; and not unfrequently when the ground is hard, most of these horses are long comers, and long comers are generally voracious feeders, and whether they stand in loose boxes or stalls, they feed equally well; therefore, for all such horses, loose boxes are the most pro-

per.' There can be no objection to loose boxes, except that which I have already stated; and I repeat that it cannot be put in competition with the advantages obtained by the use of them.

I shall now make my observations on stall-stables, and point out to my readers the horses that are likely to do best by being kept in them. The principal advantage of stall-stables is, that when three or four delicate horses are standing together in one stall, they feed better than they would do, were each to be kept alone in a loose box; for, generally speaking, such horses are not very good feeders; yet, at feeding time, when they hear the corn rattle in the sieve, they begin to neigh, and seem anxious to be fed, and they certainly do eat what corn is given them, with apparently a better appetite than they would if standing alone.

Another thing to be observed is, that horses of this description are seldom in physic; they are never in strong work, neither do they sweat, nor often run; and being treated pretty much alike, they do not disturb each other, by going out at any particular time. These are the horses that (unless at such times when they are sick) are better standing in stall-stables than in boxes; only, it is to be observed, they are to be kept strictly in their own class. Mares should also be kept in their own class, not only in their own class in regard to their constitutions and tempers, but there should be no horses standing in the same stable with them, as mares are often enough horsing, out of temper, and off their feed, without being made more so, by being put to stand in the same stables with the horses. Any craving mares that do well in loose boxes should be kept in them; those that are restless and flighty when alone, should be kept in stall-stables.

It was formerly the custom, not only to put horses and mares in the same stable together, but it was also usual to work them together in the same class, without paying sufficient attention to their various constitutions and tempers; and when, from such improper treatment, delicate horses or mares have gone off their feed, it was usual with the trainer to stop their work.

This is a bad practice, and should be abandoned. If anything of this sort, through an oversight, does take place, the cause should be immediately removed, by removing the horse from the class in which he is not able to work; and the manner of bringing him again to his feed, I expect is not entirely forgotten by competent training grooms; at least I hope they do not deviate from the good old system (in this one particular) of arranging the feeding of their horses in such a manner, that the whole of them feed well at all times (unless when sick), according to their different constitutions.

I have made these observations on the advantages of loose boxes for some horses, and stalls for others, merely as a guide to any nobleman or gentleman of the Turf who may choose to build a range of stables for his race-horses to stand in.

ON VENTILATION.

One of the principal objects to which grooms should pay the most scrupulous attention, is that of the health of their horses;

indeed, they have discovered that this object is, in a great measure, to be attained by keeping their stables much cooler than they formerly did ; yet, as there may be some of the old school who still adhere to the former practice (that of hot stables), I shall make a few observations on the impropriety of their so doing.

It was formerly the common practice among grooms, in the winter and spring, to regulate the temperature of the stables agreeably to their own feelings ; and it was their custom (at least with those I lived under), if the weather was at all cold, to have the long dung laid at the bottom of the stable-door, and to have every aperture in the stable closed ; this, together with the heat from the breath of the horses, and the fumes arising from the wet dung under them, made the stables what was called by the groom "comfortably warm ;" for in those days it was the custom (to use the language of the stable) "to muck out only twice a week." This temperature, I should say, if allowed to speak from my own sensations, far exceeded, in all probability, that of a hot-house, to say nothing of the impurity of such air. Indeed, at the time I am now alluding to, I could mention many proofs, in a variety of instances, of the inconsistency of a number of grooms in the management of horses ; but I have great satisfaction in stating that the generality of these men now understand the thing much better than they formerly did. I may therefore be spared the unpleasant task of finding fault with such of them as were pursuing a wrong course, more particularly as they conscientiously considered that they were acting on principles which they thought strictly correct.

It is now pretty clearly understood, and indeed almost universally admitted by them, that a constant supply of fresh, pure air, is not only beneficial, but absolutely necessary for the preservation of the health of all horses taken from a state of nature, and placed in an artificial atmosphere ; and this necessity becomes more absolute with regard to race-horses.

A race-horse must perform his *own* engagements ; if he falls amiss, his work must be stopped, and his engagement, which may be a heavy one, will most likely have to be done away with. This may prove not only a disappointment to the owner, but it may also be a great loss to him. As our breed of race-horses has originated in a hot climate, it becomes necessary when they are in training, and have been drawn fine, independently of clothing them, to keep the stable in which they stand in winter up to a certain temperature of heat ; and that it may be properly regulated, there should be kept in all race-horse stables a small self-regulating thermometer, by which to ascertain any variation of the heat in the stables that may arise from the changes in the atmosphere, or from any number of horses being taken out of the stables, or from others being brought into them. Either of these causes will more or less produce a change in the temperature of the stables, which may be observed by the rising or falling of the quicksilver in the glass.

Any change of temperature being ascertained from either of the above mentioned causes, the different apertures for the admission of pure air, and those for carrying off the foul, should be opened

or closed as circumstances may require, until the quicksilver rises or falls to that degree in which the temperature of the stables may be considered by the groom comfortable and wholesome for the horses.

The degree of heat which I have generally found to answer this purpose, is, in winter and spring (if the horses are properly clothed) at about sixty-two. In July and August, the stables are generally very hot; but this, of course, arises more from the heat of the atmosphere than from that of the horses. At this season of the year, the shutters should be closed by day to keep out the sun, but the apertures for the admission of pure air should all be kept open, as should also those for letting out the foul air. At night it may be necessary to close them to a certain extent, but the groom in this respect should be guided by the indications of the thermometer; and, on such occasions, he is to use his own judgment accordingly.

It is in the hot summer months that the summer clothing comes into use, *in* the stables as well as *out* of them, for such horses as may require the change; and it will, of course, be necessary to diminish the quantity, in regard to such as require the winter clothing to be continued; to a single quarter piece, for example; but when they go out, a hood and breast-cloth can be added, either a linen or a woollen one, as the groom may best approve. When clothing the horses up at night, it may perhaps be requisite for the whole of them to sleep in their woollen clothes; but in this case the groom must again be guided partly by his own judgment of the appearance of the night, and the delicacy or strength and constitution of the different horses, as also by the appearance of the thermometer; but at the season of the year to which I am alluding, race-horses have, most of them, been drawn fine by physic and strong work. From these circumstances, they are generally in good health, or rather they are not so liable in this state to fall constitutionally amiss, as they would otherwise be likely to do from the different changes of the weather early in spring, at which time many of them are pretty lusty.

But the stables that young ones are first to occupy on their leaving their paddocks, should be perfectly cool. The windows and different apertures in the walls and ceiling should be kept open for the first ten days or fortnight; and when it is thought necessary to increase the warmth of the stables, it should be done very gradually, by closing a window at a time; as it would be extremely dangerous to subject young ones, full of flesh, to the usual temperature of heat in a race-horse stable.

I will now offer a few remarks upon a disease by which horses now and then become affected, and which is, at times, occasioned by irregularities both *in* as well as *out* of the stables.

ON THE DISTEMPER.

Race-horses, like all others, are of course liable to become constitutionally amiss, and they are very often subject to a disease

commonly called the distemper, with which some of them are at times severely affected, much to the annoyance both of their owners and trainers, as they are thereby thrown back in their condition, and are often prevented from running for the different plates and stakes for which they may have been entered.

It has been a rule with me whenever the disease has made its appearance among horses in the regiment in which I am serving, to remove those which have been affected from those which were in health; as I have frequently observed, from horses standing next to each other in bail stables (the custom in His Majesty's service), that those which have been laboring under the disease have not been removed more than a day or two, before those which had stood next to them have become affected: and in the space of a fortnight, I have had a hundred horses affected with the disease, while the remainder of the regiment has continued in a healthy state. These are circumstances which of course have happened to other Veterinary Surgeons, in similar situations, as also to grooms (although, to these, not to the same extent), who may have had the care of horses, and which circumstances may have led these last mentioned to suppose the disease contagious. This, perhaps, is doubtful. That a peculiar state of the atmosphere often produces the disease, I believe is not to be questioned, and that exposure to the same causes will occasionally produce the same effect, will be readily allowed. Young horses are not only more liable to become affected by the disease, but they suffer more severely from it than old horses generally do.

From the observations I have made during the time of my living in the stables, I am of opinion that horses sometimes become affected, in a slight degree, with this distemper, or something very like it, as coughs and colds, attended with fever, when they are in what is so commonly called high condition—that is, very lusty, as some race-horses (country platers) are, early in the month of March. I am induced to think they become thus affected from grooms not paying sufficient attention to the regularity of the temperature of the stables, as well as to the clothing of their horses; more particularly so, when in the mornings at the commencement and the close of spring, they are going out upon the open downs to exercise. At this season of the year it is that horses are most liable to be amiss from such complaints, and if not immediately attended to, such complaints become worse, and terminate in the distemper, or what is often more difficult of cure, inflammation of the lungs.

Training grooms are very watchful over their horses, and the moment they find them coughing, they have recourse to bleeding; and in slight cases of colds and fevers, they are much in the habit of giving their horses, morning and evening, an ounce or two of the sweet spirits of nitre in some warm gruel or beer. By the early application of the above medicine (which in such cases is a very good one), they often put a stop to the further progress of the disease, and thereby get their horses well, so as in a short time to

have them at their work again, which to the groom is an object of great importance.

But when the distemper comes on, attended with the usual symptoms—as the horse being taken with a shivering; being off his food; having a slight cough; the glands of his throat enlarged, his mouth hot, and his legs swollen; if a groom takes upon himself the treatment of a horse laboring under the above slight symptoms, he generally has recourse to the constitutional remedies already mentioned, and his local applications are poultices, or a mild embrocation to the throat, with warm clothing about the head. Nor in slight cases of the distemper are those external remedies by any means injudicious. But in his constitutional treatment of the disease, I should advise his dispensing with the use of sweet spirits of nitre, and to give, in lieu thereof, medicines which will gently relax the bowels; and when the horse appears to be in a convalescent state, he may then give the spirits of nitre, morning and evening, with considerable advantage.

The symptoms attending the distemper will, of course, occasionally vary in different horses, depending much on the violence of the attack. Those symptoms first mentioned will most of them be present, but in a more violent degree; the respiration and pulse is much increased, the latter often from sixty to seventy; the eyes sometimes appear inflamed and watery; the parotid and maxillary glands, or in other words, the glands about the throat and under the jaws, are inflamed and enlarged; the membranes of the nostrils, throat, and wind-pipe, are also highly inflamed. The throat being very sore, the horse has great difficulty in swallowing his food and water, but more particularly the latter, if given cold; he sips and slavers in the pail, and coughs repeatedly; added to the above symptoms, great debility often ensues in the course of a few days. The horse sometimes becomes so weak, that in moving in his stall or box, he is near falling. I have known some horses so well aware of their debilitated state, as to place their quarters against the wall of the box, in order to support themselves while standing.

When a horse first becomes affected with this disease, if, at the time, he is standing in the stable with other horses, he should immediately be removed to a well-ventilated loose box. A good bed should be given to him, and he should be comfortably clothed. The next step to be taken is bleeding; but, as the disease is so often followed by debility, neither bleeding nor purging should be carried to too great an extent. The quantity of blood taken should be regulated according to the age, size, constitution, and condition of the horse, together with the appearance of the symptoms under which he labors. When a horse in good condition, or perhaps lusty, is laboring under the effects of the distemper, provided he be immediately attended to, no great debility will have taken place. In which case, the horse may be bled with safety to the extent of five pints or three quarts, only observing to attend to his age, constitution, &c. The next thing is to get the horse's bowels gently relaxed, but brisk purging must be avoided. If the horse should

be a flighty, delicate one, the better way of relaxing his bowels, is by giving him a pint of castor oil ; but, if he should be such a horse as, in training, is termed " a hearty one," the more effectual way of relaxing his bowels, is by adding aloes to his oil, in the following proportions—

Barbadoes aloes - - - - -	2 drachms.
Castor oil - - - - -	6 ounces.

Dissolve the aloes in four ounces of warm water, then add the oil. There is a third description of horse, which, in training, is called " a craving one." It is, at times, rather difficult gently to relax the bowels of a horse of this description. In order, however, to reduce it to as near a certainty as possible, it is advisable to make a further addition to the aloes and oil ; to the former, one drachm ; and two ounces to the latter. The above medicines, given in their different proportions, according to the delicacy or strength of the horse's constitution, will have the desired effect—that of relaxing or of very gently purging him. If a groom observes that a horse, on his being first taken ill, is costive in his bowels, he should rub some oil or lard over his hand and arm, and, compressing the former, he should gently introduce it up the fundament, and remove any hard excrement with which his hand may come in contact ; after which, he should administer a clyster of milk-warm thin gruel, for the giving of which, an ox's bladder with a wooden pipe (well oiled) attached to it, is, I think, preferable to the pewter syringes used for this purpose.

With regard to diet, a horse in this, as in most other constitutional diseases, feeds but sparingly : yet hot bran mashes should often in the course of the day be put into his manger, and his head should be held over them, with a view to promote as early as possible, a healthy discharge from the nostrils, which, when it takes place, gives great relief. His hay should be wetted, but not put in the rack ; he should eat it off the ground : but if his throat be very sore, it may be put in the manger. Green meat, fresh cut, is to be preferred, if it can be had ; his drink should be warm gruel, given to him often during the day, the bucket being held up for him to take it ; or, perhaps it would be better to secure the bucket in the stall at a convenient height from the ground, so that the horse may take it as often as he likes.

The progress of recovery, after the operation of the medicine ordered, will depend on the constitution of the horse and the nature of the attack. In slight cases, some horses shake off the effects of the disease in seven or eight days, while others remain laboring under the debilitated effects of it for two or three weeks. Under these last mentioned circumstances, as the soreness of the throat and cough become much better, and the pulse approaches to the natural standard of health, the groom may with great advantage have recourse to his favorite medicine, the sweet spirits of nitre ; an ounce of which, in beer, or in moderately thick gruel, may be given to a horse three times a day. The horse now appears more lively in his countenance, and may be most likely inclined

to feed. If he is much debilitated, his strength should be recruited by giving him plenty of gruel; and any thing by way of change that he is disposed to eat, should be provided for him,—as malt mashes, scalded oats, good sweet clover or other hay, or green meat.

If it be a light delicate horse, and have been but slightly attacked with the distemper early in the spring, the groom may have some hopes of bringing him out in time, to run according to his engagements. But if the horse be a craving one, and have suffered long from a severe attack of the disease, great good will not be done with him much before the autumn. When a horse has recovered from the disease, the manner of his feeding, together with his general appearance as to freshness, are the criterions by which the groom must be guided in gradually bringing the horse again into work, so as to have him in his usual or proper form.

I have here laid down such a course of treatment as I would advise a training groom to follow, in the case of a horse affected with the distemper, and to an extent which I think is as far as a man of his experience can safely be trusted. If a groom finds, in the course of his treatment, that unfavorable symptoms are approaching, as that of a horse's respiration becoming increased, his ears and extremities being cold, and his pulse much quickened (which latter, by-the-bye, a groom should endeavor to make himself acquainted with), it is the lungs, in all probability, which are becoming affected. Under such unfavorable appearances, a groom should lose no time in calling in the aid of an experienced veterinary surgeon.

FASHIONABLE BLOOD OF HIGH-BRED AMERICAN RACE-HORSES.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR: As your periodical may chance to meet the eye of some of our trans-Atlantic brethren interested in the subject, I will endeavor, in the absence of an American Stud Book—a work much needed—to furnish (chiefly for that object, though it may suit “home consumption,”) examples of the pedigrees of two of our celebrated horses, now upon the Turf, as a *synopsis of the best American blood*: it may be placed in the “Register,” as a record of their fame, with the statistics of the American Turf, as published in the “Spirit of the Times.”

The origin of the thorough-bred horse of England, it is well understood, is to be traced to an entirely Oriental pedigree; but, in

many instances, it goes to that source not much beyond the Darley and Godolphin Arabians, that may be regarded as the basis of English pedigrees.

Although some of the oldest of the English pedigrees are to be traced to the horses upon *the Turf* during the reign of Charles I., yet the following are to be regarded as its Patriarchs: Flying Childers [and his Own Brother], son of the Darley Arabian, foaled 1715; Partner, by a son of the Byerly Turk, dam by Curwen's Bay Barb, foaled 1718; Regulus, son of the Godolphin Arabian, foaled 1739; Matchem, by Cade (son of the Godolphin Arabian), dam by Partner, foaled 1748; Marske, by a son of Bartlett's Childers, descended maternally from one of the highest pedigrees, "going back as far as the reign of Charles I.;" Snap, by a son of Childers, dam by old Fox, &c., foaled 1750; Herod, by a son of Partner, dam by a son of Flying Childers—Bethel Arabian, &c., "of the high lineage of Champion," &c., foaled 1758; Eclipse, by Marske, dam by Regulus—thus uniting the blood of Childers and the Godolphin Arabian—foaled 1764; &c. &c., as transmitted through Highflyer, Pot-8-o's, Sir Peter, Waxy, &c., to Emilius, Camel, Bay Middleton, Harkaway, and the most fashionable stallions now in England.

The "Introduction to a 'General Stud Book,' consisting of a small collection of pedigrees, extracted from Racing Calendars and sale papers," was *first* published in England in 1791. It is not surprising that the pedigrees of many of the excellent thorough-bred horses previously introduced to America, as well as that of some English horses, should have been omitted in that work.

In Edgar's work on American pedigrees, it is stated—"the English blood horse was known in Virginia long before any Stud Book made its appearance in England; and pedigrees were only communicated (in those days) by the certificates of private gentlemen, and persons of honor and integrity, which were *often lost*:" that "all the blood stock, at present in the United States, have originally descended from the first importations of stallions and mares" [to be thorough-bred they must have been so, as well as having their blood transmitted free from any base admixture], "when it was a colony—and which have been subsequently kept up by others of a more recent date;" that "*Fearnought*, called the Godolphin Arabian of America, and particularly of Virginia; but *Jolly Roger* may very justly vie with him for distinction," "as he was anterior; and there never was a horse in Virginia at whose name, and [that of] old *Janus*, so many *thorough-bred* pedigrees terminate;" these three "were the first founders of the Virginia Race-Horse." "The judicious breeders of the blood horse of the present day, when they have the ancient crosses of *Fearnought*, *Janus*, *Jolly Roger*, *Monkey*, *Othello*, *Silver-Eye*, and *Morton's Traveller*, in their pedigrees, want *no other aid* of foreign crosses, to ensure speed, bottom, lastingness, and ability to carry heavy weights." "*Medley* has done much towards the improvement of the American Race-Horse; also *Bedford*, *Citizen*, *Clockfast*, *Dare-Devil*, *Diomed*, *Gabriel*, *Messenger*, *Shark*, *Spread Eagle*, and *Morton's Traveller*.

"The second volume" [of Mr. Edgar's work, not yet published,] "will contain also as complete a list as could, with accuracy, be obtained, of mares imported from England, and their produce—a list of Arabian and Barb mares, and their produce—of *Spanish mares*, and theirs."

We learn, too, from the history of the ancient colony of Virginia, that it was colonised by the Cavaliers of the times of the Stuarts; and that *they* brought with them their love for the amusements of the Turf and the Chase; and that, at a very early period, the breeding of swift horses was especially attended to, and encouraged by Legislative enactments. It may be concluded that some of the best blood of England was introduced into the colony some years *anterior* to the days of Herod and Eclipse, and that it has been preserved and transmitted with special care. Possibly the climate and soil of Virginia may be more congenial to the rearing of the Blood Horse, than that of England. Into the neighboring colony of Maryland, shortly succeeding the unparalleled achievements of Flying Childers (if the tradition of him is to be believed), Spark, a renowned horse of his day in England, was introduced by Gov. Ogle, having been given, perhaps for that purpose, as a distinguished present from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, *father* of His Britannic Majesty George III.

Prior to the American Revolution, the racing in the colonies was almost exclusively confined to its aristocracy. From the studs of the good old gentlemen "of the ancient time," are probably descended many of our best race-horses (as the Lady Lightfoot family, from the stud of Mr. Fitzhugh, of Chatham,) whose pedigrees, as traced to antiquity, stop at some *famed* mare of the day, and are now lost in oblivion, or at best rest on conjecture. We know that many of them trace to Col. Tasker's Selima, by the Godolphin Arabian; from which famed Maryland stock we are inclined to believe Grey Eagle, a renowned son of Kentucky, Floretta, Omega, &c., are descended. At a later period, towards the close of the last and the *beginning* of the present century, were imported many that had been among *the best* race-horses of their day in England; as *Medley, Shark, Diomed, Saltram, Spread Eagle, Sir Harry* (the four last Derby winners), Gabriel, Whip, Dragon, Clifden, *Messenger, Buzzard, Bedford, Chance, &c. &c.* (From Buzzard, through his sons Selim, Castrel, and Rubens, are descended Sultan, and much of the fashionable blood *now* upon the English Turf.) The excellence of the breed of our best American race-horses is likely to be perpetuated by the recent importations of such horses as Barefoot, Rowton, Margrave, Priam, St. Giles, Spaniel (*six* St. Leger and Derby winners), Zinganee, Leviathan, Glencoe, Trustee, Riddlesworth, Belshazzar, Sarpedon, Emancipation, Nonplus, Tranby, Cetus, Skylark, &c. &c.

The application of the preceding remarks on the *origin* of the American Race-Horse will be now made to those stout competitors, Boston and Mariner, that, last autumn, ran one of the gamest races on record—one that may have been fatal to Boston's future success. Other pedigrees of our most famed horses partake of the same

crosses with other combinations ; as with Gabriel, through Oscar ; Spread Eagle, through Medoc ; Messenger through American Eclipse ; Buzzard through Woodpecker, &c. &c.

BOSTON'S PEDIGREE,

MORE " IN EXTENSO " THAN HERETOFORE PUBLISHED.

1833. *Boston*, ch., by Timoleon out of Robin Brown's dam, own sister to Tuckahoe and Revenge, by Florizel ; her dam, the grandam, too, of Luda, by English Alderman ; great grandam by English *Clockfast*, and her dam by *Wildair*. (The residue of the maternal line has been unfortunately lost ; but of the purity of its blood as certified by a gentleman and breeder of Mr. Wickham's character, and by the renown of the family, there can be no doubt. Boston's dam, Robin Brown, Tuckahoe, Revenge, and Luda, have been distinguished winners—Tuckahoe having had nearly as much fame as Florizel or Timoleon.) 1813. Timoleon, by *Sir Archy*, dam by English Saltram, grandam by *Wildair*, &c. 1805. *Sir Archy*, by English *Diomed*, dam by English Rockingham, grandam Tabitha (see the Book, *i. e.* the Stud Book,) own sister to Miss Kingsland, out of Pegasus' dam by Trentham, &c. 1781. Rockingham, as a race-horse, the best son of Highflyer (Herod's best son), out of *Purity* by Matchem, &c. (see Stud Book). 1780. Saltram, by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap—Regulus, &c. (see Stud Book). 1801. Florizel by English *Diomed*, dam by English *Shark*, grandam by Harris's Eclipse (son of English *Fearnought*, out of English Stella by Shakspeare, out of Cassandra, &c.—(see Stud Book)—great grandam by *Fearnought*—*Jolly Roger*, &c. (Like English Eclipse, Florizel, in his brilliant career, was neither touched by whip nor spur, no competitor being able to come near him ; yet *Sir Archy* is regarded as the best son of *Diomed*). 1777. *Diomed*, ch., by Florizel (son of Herod), dam by Spectator—Blank—Childers—Miss Belvoir, &c. (see Stud Book). 1787. Alderman, by *Pot-8-o's* (one of the best sons of Eclipse), out of Lady Bolingbroke by Squirrel, out of *Herod's dam*—Cypron by Blaze, &c. (see Stud Book). 1774. *Clockfast*, by Gimcrack, out of Miss Ingram by Regulus, &c. (see Stud Book). 1767. *Wildair*, by English *Fearnought*, out of an English mare by *Jolly Roger*—grandam Kitty Fisher by Cade (son of the Godolphin Arabian). 1755. *Fearnought*, by *Regulus* (son of the Godolphin Arabian), dam by Whitenose—Darley Arabian—Bay Arabian—Helmsley Turk, &c. 1741. *Jolly Roger*, by Roundhead (son of Childers), dam by Partner, &c. (see Stud Book).

Boston has fully justified his distinguished ancestry—having run a long and brilliant career, perhaps in some respects unexampled, and not yet closed, having won thirty-five races, beating a host of our best horses with unusual *eclat*—until, being out of condition, he was distanced by Fashion in 7:42—7:48 ;—(see American Turf Register, vol. xiii., p.p. 94 and 95 ;) that has led to the contemplated match, next May, at the *highest figure*, \$20,000 a side ; \$5000 forfeit.

MARINER'S PEDIGREE,*

MORE "IN EXTENSO" THAN HERETOFORE PUBLISHED.

1836. *Mariner*, br., by Shark, out of *Fashion's* dam, "*The Bonnets o' Blue*" (own sister to *Slender*) by *Sir Charles*, grandam *Reality* (the dam of Johnson's *Medley* and own sister to *Vanity*) by *Sir Archy*; great grandam by English *Medley*—her dam by English Centinel—Eng. *Janus*—Eng. *Monkey*—Eng. *Silver-Eye*—Spanker—imported Spanish mare. 1830. Shark, bl., own brother to *Eclipse Lightfoot*, Black and Bay Maria, by Am. Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by *Sir Archy*; grandam Black Maria by Eng. *Shark*—great grandam (*Vingtun's* dam) by Eng. *Clockfast*—*Maria* by *Regulus* (son of *Fearnought*), &c. 1814. Am. Eclipse, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Eng. Messenger; grandam an English mare by *Pot-8-o's*; great grandam by *Gimcrack*—her dam Snapdragon by Snap, &c. (see Stud Book). 1806. Duroc, by Eng. *Diomed*, out of *Amanda* by Grey *Diomed* (a full bred son of *Medley*)—Cade, &c. 1771. *Shark*, by Marske (his next best son after Eclipse—Shark won upwards of 12,000 guineas in his many races), dam by Snap—Marlborough (son of the Godolphin Arabian)—Barb mare. For *Clockfast* see above. 177—. *Regulus*, by Eng. *Fearnought*, out of the Imp. mare *Jenny Dismal*, &c. 1816. *Sir Charles*, ch., by *Sir Archy*, dam by Eng. *Citizen*—(see Stud Book)—Commutation (son of *Wildair*), &c. For *Sir Archy's* pedigree see Boston's. 1776. *Medley*, gr., by *Gimcrack*, out of Own Sister to *Sir Peter's* dam by *Snap—Regulus*, &c. (no better pedigree in the Stud Book). 1758. Centinel, by Blank (son of the Godolphin Arabian, dam by Bartlett's Childers,) dam by Cade—Partner, &c. (see Stud Book). Eng. *Janus* (son of the Godolphin Arabian's son *Janus*), dam by Old Fox—Bald Galloway, &c.—imported into Virginia in 1752. 1725. Eng. *Monkey* (imported in 1747), by the Lonsdale Bay Arabian—Curwen's Bay Barb—Byerley Turk—Arabian. *Silver-Eye*, by the Cullen Arabian—Curwen's Bay Barb, &c., to the old Vintner mare. Spanker's and the Spanish

* To the American Breeder it would be *enough* to give *Mariner's* pedigree in a very few words:—"By Shark (the produce of Eclipse and Lady Lightfoot), out of *Bonnets o' Blue* (the produce of *Sir Charles* and *Reality*),"—and scarce necessary to add—"Lady Lightfoot and *Reality* were as distinguished in their day as were Eclipse and *Sir Charles*, the rival champions of the North and the South." And to those who know the reputation of the gentlemen who bred the dams of *Mariner* (*Fashion*, too,) of Shark, and of Boston also, it would be *enough* for them to know that *Bonnets o' Blue* was bred by William R. Johnson, Esq.; Lady Lightfoot by the late Col. John Tayloe, of Mount Airy; and Boston's dam by the late John Wickham, Esq., also of Virginia; and that their pedigrees were furnished by them, supported by *their* opinion that they could not be surpassed.

For further particulars of *Mariner* and *Fashion* see the "Am. Turf Register," vol. xiii., p. 81.

N.B. The memoirs of most of the renowned horses embraced in Boston's and *Mariner's* pedigrees, are to be found in the "American Turf Register"; and in most instances accompanied by their portraits, especially of Childers, Marske, Eclipse, Herod, Highflyer, Shark, *Gimcrack*, *Medley*, *Diomed*, Messenger, Citizen, &c., English horses; and of *Sir Archy*, Duroc, Am. Eclipse, *Sir Charles*, Lady Lightfoot, Shark, the *Marias*, *Reality*, *Bonnets o' Blue*, &c., American horses. The achievements of *Pot-8-o's*, *Rockingham*, *Fearnought*, &c., are given exclusively.

mare's pedigrees are not known to the writer. However, Mariner's pedigree, maternally, as furnished by Mr. Wm. R. Johnson, is traced for *more* than a century, to nearly an Oriental origin.

The names of those horses found in the two pedigrees are *italicised*, as well as those Mr. Edgar has regarded as the basis of American blood, and a few striking examples of English pedigrees. It will be remarked that Boston and Mariner have crosses (the latter several) from the game little Gimcrack, foaled 1760, (that unites the Godolphin Arabian and Partner blood, tracing to the famed Brocklesby Betty, of the most ancient period of the English Turf,) it having been long since observed that most of our best-bot'omed horses were of that blood; and that both pedigrees refer also to the same distinguished ancestors—Sir Archy, Diomed, Pot-8-o's, Shark, Wildair, Fearnought, &c. &c.

Fashion (by Eng. Trustee), Bonnets o' Blue, Shark, Slender, Reality, Vanity, Am. Eclipse, Sir Charles, Lady Lightfoot, Duroc, Miller's Damsel, Vingt'un, Sir Archy, Johnson's Medley mare (the great grandam to Mariner), the *four* Marias, Regulus, &c., as found in Mariner's pedigree, from a period *before* the American Revolution, have *always* held the *first* rank among American race-horses; as, in England, by Medley, Shark, Diomed, Messenger, Citizen, Pot-8-o's, Gimcrack, &c. Sir Archy and Florizel were invincible in their day. Timoleon and Reality held the *first* place on the Turf among the renowned get of Sir Archy. *Twenty-six* years ago members of these two families, rivals for fame then *as now*, contested for the *supremacy* of the Turf; when Vanity beat Tuckahoe, and Timoleon Lady Lightfoot; that and the following year Timoleon lost and won in two splendid conflicts with Reality. In the stud Sir Charles is esteemed the best son of Sir Archy, as sired also to Andrew, Trifle, Sussex (Lady Clifden's sire), Fanny Wyatt, Mary Blunt, Sally Hornet, Collier, Wagner, &c. Tuckahoe and Defiance divide the honor as the best sons of Florizel; they also were at the *head* of the Turf in their day.

If Fearnought has been our Godolphin Arabian, it may appropriately be said that Diomed (sire to Sir Archy, Florizel, Potomac, Duroc, Wonder, Lavinia, Haney's Maria, &c.) has been our Herod; and that Sir Archy has been the American Highflyer, as sired to Timoleon, Virginian, Lady Lightfoot, Vanity, Reality, Rattler, Sumter, Flirtilla, Sir Charles, the Janets, the Richards, Henry, Bertrand, Pacific, Stockholder, Kosciusko, Marion, Industry, &c. &c. &c. Few American horses of any fame have run, of late years, without a cross from Sir Archy.

It is somewhat singular that the descendants of Gimcrack, Shark, Rockingham and Diomed, horses of the *first* celebrity in England, should have had much less fame there than in America; and, on the contrary, that but one son of Buzzard, of like celebrity, to say nothing of late importations, should have been celebrated upon our Turf, his descendants, even now, having the highest reputation in England. But few, too, of the get of Spread Eagle and Eagle (both Derby winners), have acquired any fame on the American Turf; and that was nearly engrossed by Maid of the Oaks and

Floretta, first rate four-milers. Spread Eagle, in the Derby, beat Diamond, and, by the bolting of his successful competitor, he subsequently beat Hambletonian, the only race lost by that distinguished horse—a descendant from Eclipse and Herod—that has been classed with them, Childers, Matchem and Highflyer, as the *best* race-horses of England. May not Priam and Harkaway be added to that brilliant catalogue?

This being a brief epitome of the English and American Stud Book, as regards their *most* famed horses, I shall subscribe myself

MULTUM IN PARVO.

REMARKS ON THE FASHIONABLE ENGLISH RACING STALLIONS.

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

Resumed from page 267, vol. xii., of the "Turf Register."

IN resuming my remarks on our Fashionable Racing Stallions, I cannot do better than commence with my favorite *Sir Hercules*.—Sir Hercules was got by Whalebone, out of Peri [the dam of Capt. Stockton's *Langford*] by Wanderer, grandam Thalestris by Alexander—Rival by Sir Peter—Hornet by Drone—Manilla by Goldfinder, &c. &c. The history of Sir Hercules is somewhat remarkable. In 1826 Peri was sent from Petworth to Ireland, being then in foal by Whalebone; the produce was Sir Hercules. At two years old he won four times, against all the best youngsters in the sister Kingdom, and was thought (and justly so) to stand a good chance to carry off the Great Doncaster St. Leger. He was accordingly sent to Richmond to be trained by Mr. Thomas Peirse. At York August Meeting, 1829, he (being then three years old) won with the greatest possible ease a race against a very fair Field, and at once became a rattling favorite for the great Northern Stakes. It may be remembered that a short time previous to the St. Leger coming off, some very unpleasant reports were in circulation respecting this gallant son of old Whalebone, and it is believed to this day that certain tricks were resorted to by a *Leg*, now no more, to make Sir Hercules what is termed in the Ring "safe." Notwithstanding this desperate *move*, such was the gameness of the horse that he came in a very tolerable third to Rowton and Voltaire, two very superior colts, with a tail of sixteen distant followers. On Friday in the same Meeting, he, still laboring under the "drug system," won a rich Sweepstakes; and in the Craven Meeting 1830, he won with great ease the Claret Stakes, Ditch In, beating Morris Dancer (a horse of repute) colt by Gustavus, out of Canvas, and colt by Godolphin, out of Espagnolle.

Such are the performances of Sir Hercules on the Turf.—As a stallion he shines perhaps in even a greater degree, being the sire of a host of winners. Amongst the number may be found Cruis-keen (winner of the Chester Trades Cup in 1841, and many other crack races), The Hydra (a good winner), Hyllus (a much abused horse), The Corsair (winner of the 2000 gs. in 1839), Jenny Jones, Coronation (winner of the Derby in 1841, and second for the St. Leger), Nessus, and Robert de Gorham—the two last are splendid colts, and great favorites for the Derby. To those gentlemen who are fond of seeing a racing stallion perfect in all his parts, I know of no better advice than to send them to have a peep at Sir Hercules. As a matter of course this valuable animal had a most capital supply of mares during the past season.

A change of some moment has taken place in Mr. Theobald's Establishment at Stockwell: I allude to the sale of *Rockingham* to the foreign market, and the purchase of *Muley Moloch* of Mr. Kirby, at a heavy figure, to fill up the vacancy. These horses, it will be recollected, were opposed to each other in the St. Leger 1833, *Muley Moloch* being the favorite at only 3 to 1 against, while 7 and 8 to 1 were betted currently against *Rockingham*, who was declared the winner, after what was then considered a false run race. It turned out that *Muley Moloch* was entirely unfit to run, although well looking enough to the eye; and I remember John Day, who rode him, making the remark after the race that "he could scarcely keep him moving." In the Derby in the same year the same singular falling off occurred in *Glaucus's* running; for *Wheatley* was obliged to call upon him long before the lot reached the Corner, notwithstanding Mr. Ridsdale was quite satisfied, as was indeed Web his trainer, that the horse's condition was good. Here the public betting men took as low odds as 5 to 2 about a horse that really could not gallop a quarter of a mile! But to return to Mr. Theobald's Establishment:

Muley Moloch is within an ace of being *seventeen* hands high, with immense bone and muscle, and has got some of the finest colts of the day. His blood is of the most fashionable sort, being got by *Muley* (a son of *Orville*) out of *Nancy*, the dam of the very celebrated *Longwaist*, and many others of good repute in the Racing World. As I have touched fully on his performances on the Turf in the "Sporting Magazine" for March last year, I need not say more here, save that *Muley Moloch* is a great favorite in the North; and I hesitate not to add that the Southern breeders will do well to take a journey to Stockwell to see the new "lion." Old *Camel* was looking bloomingly well, and there can be no doubt that he will get his quantity of mares during the coming season. That very capital judge of young stock, Col. Peel, is exceedingly fond of the *Camel* blood, and has three colts by that stallion in the next Derby, two of which are highly promising animals—I mean *Archy* (out of *Garcia* by *Octavian*), and *Sea-Horse* (out of *Seabreeze* by *Paulowitz*). Few horses can boast of a *finer* character for speed than *Camel*; in fact, in his day he was decidedly the *fleetest* animal at Mewmarket. In my remarks touching the progeny of this valuable

horse, I have mentioned a few only, in your January Number 1841, and I may now add Lampon, Misdeal, and a three-year-old colt out of Cecilia, as having paid their way very handsomely during the past season. Isaac Day has now in his possession a very smart racing-like colt, Curator, by Camel, out of Zoe, with a Derby nomination, and several very good judges have already backed him to a considerable amount. The following sons of Camel are in the next Derby: colt out of Miss Craven's dam (a very smart creature), Mule (a very stout runner), and Camelford (reported to be a very dangerous *dark* colt). There are also two fillies in the Derby by Camel, viz., The Hamble, and a filly of Mr. Lawrence's out of a mare (foaled in 1835) by Lapdog, out of Nina by Selim.—The rest of Mr. Theobald's stud were in a very healthy condition, and I must again recommend all gentlemen who take the slightest interest in breeding for the Turf to pay a visit to the Stockwell Establishment, where they will find the most judicious management, and also the greatest attention shewn by the stud-groom. This is *not* always the case in large breeding concerns.

Mr. Kirby's Stud at York is in every respect a strong one, as it consists of the high sounding names of Hetman Platoff, Lanercost, Phoenix, &c. *Hetman Platoff* was got by Brutandorf, out of Don John's dam by Comus, and was one of the best four-year-olds of late years. In the St. Leger 1839 *Hetman Platoff* was very strongly fancied, and I do firmly believe, if he had been allowed to start, that he would have beaten both Charles the Twelfth and the game little Euclid. We have of late seen so many palpable mistakes committed in the private *trial-ing* department, that I should be inclined upon starting any horse in good health for his engagement, rather than be entirely guided by the opinion of my trainer, as to there being a better one amongst his lot. Look at Scott's Derby lot of last year, and there you find that they made unquestionably the worst horse of the lot the prime favorite, while Satirist, who was in blooming health, was not even permitted to start! *Hetman Platoff's* performances at four years old are very well worth recording. After winning at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, he went to Goodwood, where he, carrying *nine stone seven pounds*, ran a very respectable second to Orelia, *four years, six stone nine pounds*, beating *fifteen others*. He then went to Wolverhampton, where he won the Wolverhampton Stakes, carrying 8st. 12lb.—two miles and a half and a distance—beating *La Sage Femme*, 4 yrs., 7st. 2lb.; *The Corsair*, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb.; *Grey Milton*, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb.; and *six others* not placed by the Judge. Betting, 5 to 4 against *Hetman Platoff*. At the same Meeting he won the Cleveland Cup, three miles, carrying 8st. 7lb., beating *The Corsair*, 8st. 7lb., and *Dunstan*, 3 yrs., 7st. 2lb.; any odds on *Hetman Platoff*, who won uncommonly easy. His last appearance as a racer was at the Warwick Meeting, where he, with 9st. 8lb. on his back, ran a splendid "dead heat" with *Glenlivat* (both the same age), 7st., beating *eight others*. Betting, 11 to 8 against *Hetman Platoff*, who broke down in the run-in. As far as general appearance goes, *Hetman Platoff* is one of the most magnificent animals ever seen;

and, taking his public performances into consideration, I feel bound to say that Mr. Kirby's new favorite ought to be classed as one of our first racing stallions. He covers at 15 guineas each mare.

When Mr. Kirby purchased *Lanercost* of Mr. Ramsay, it was said that it was a commission from a foreign market; but it has since turned out that the spirited purchase was for the old gentleman himself. I perceive that this noted racer is advertised to serve mares at twenty guineas each, but the number is not to exceed fifty. A Yorkshire gentleman the other day, when speaking about Mr. Kirby's establishment, said that it was the intention of Mr. K. to enter *Lanercost* for the Ascot and Goodwood Cups, and that John Scott would have the horse turned over to him immediately after the covering season had expired. Without vouching for the truth of the above, I must say that *Lanercost* is as sound as a foal, and might run to great advantage another season. *Lanercost* was got by Liverpool, out of Otis by Bustard, and made his *debut* as a public racer at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1838 in the St. Leger Stakes, which he won cleverly, much to the surprise of his party, inasmuch as they had another horse, 'The Hydra, in the race, which was thought to be some six or seven pounds better than *Lanercost*. Here again we see the fallacy of being too *sweet* on private trial. After this performance, *Lanercost* took a commanding place in the betting for the Great St Leger, much to the delight of the book-makers, who stood heavily against Don John and Ion. It is well known that *Lanercost* was unsuccessful here, but he ran third in the quickest run St. Leger ever known, Don John running the distance in *three minutes and seventeen seconds*. After, however, picking up £140 at Doncaster, he was sent to the Caledonian Hunt Meeting, where he won the St. Leger Stakes of 250 sovs. and Her Majesty's 100 gs., and wound up the year by carrying away 50 sovs. at Dumfries. In 1839, *Lanercost*, then four years old, is chronicled the winner of the following races:—At Liverpool July Meeting, 135 sovs.; the Cup Stakes of £168 10s. at the Western Meeting; 100 sovs. at Doncaster; 60 sovs. and Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs. at the Caledonian Hunt; the Berwickshire Cup of 150 gs. at Kelso; Gold Cup of 100 gs. and 50 sovs. at Dumfries; and the Cambridgeshire Stakes of 100 sovs. at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting. At five years old, *Lanercost* won the Irvine Cup of 290 sovs. and 110 sovs. at Eglinton Park; the Gold Cup with 40 sovs. at Newcastle (beating Bee's-wing); 40 gs. and Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs. at Carlisle; the Gold Cup value 200 gs. and Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs. at the Caledonian Hunt; and the Gold Cup at Dumfries. In 1841, *Lanercost*, then six years old, ran the following races:—At Ascot Heath, he, carrying 9st. 9lb., ran second to Satirist, 3 yrs., 7st. 3lb., for Her Majesty's Gold Vase. It was generally thought at the time that *Lanercost* lost this race solely from bad management. On the Thursday, he, carrying 9st., won the Ascot Cup, two miles and a half, beating Flambeau, 9st.; St. Francis, 9st. 3lb.; Bokhara, 8st. 5lb.; Bloomsbury, 9st.; and Teleta, 8st. 2lb.; a great betting race, and *Lanercost* pleased his friends by winning very cleverly. At New-

castle-upon-Tyne, Lanercost, 9st. 3lb., then the property of Mr. Kirby, ran third to Bee's-wing, 9st.; Calypso, 8st. 2lb., being second. This race perhaps was one of the most magnificent scenes ever witnessed on any race-course. The three started at great speed, and continued close together until a very few yards from home, when a most desperate struggle took place, which ended in favor of the old mare by not more than a neck. After this race Lanercost went amiss. To such gentlemen as 'approve of *speed* combined with *stoutness* I can most unequivocally recommend Lanercost to their notice; and I must further hint at the very great probability, from the tempting offers from a foreign market, of Lanercost soon becoming an absentee from this country.

Mr. Kirby's other stallion, the celebrated *Phoenix*, by Buzzard, out of Cobweb, is a remarkably fine animal. He was foaled in 1835, and made his appearance in 1838 for the Riddlesworth Stakes at Newmarket, of 1800 sovs. value, which he won easily; he then became a capital favorite for the Derby, but, as is well known, he trained off, and was not fit to run for a *sous* when he stripped at Epsom. At Ascot Heath he contrived to put 450 sovs. into the pocket of his noble owner. Mr. Kirby subsequently purchased this fine stallion at a high figure of Lord Jersey, and if "shape, make, and action," be anything in favor of a racing stallion, *Phoenix* must become a prominent favorite. I have been informed that Mr. Kirby has refused a very large sum for this son of old Cobweb.

Mr. Isaac Sadler's stallions are *Defence*, by Whalebone, out of Defiance, and *Venison*, by Partisan, out of Fawn by Smolensko. Of *Defence* I have written largely in my remarks in the Spring of last year, therefore it will be only necessary to add that the noble animal—and he is indeed a noble animal—is in excellent health. Three of his get are frequently mentioned in the Derby betting, viz., *Barrier*, *Defier*, and *Palladium*.—Of *Venison* I have a great deal to say, well knowing that many racing gentlemen give him the preference over all the sons of the famous *Partisan*. At two years old *Venison* was beaten easily at Goodwood by *Athenian*, and all the winter and spring was so little thought of by John Day, that he was not even mentioned in the Derby betting till about a week before the race, when a sporting Baronet, since gathered to his fathers, took 80 to 1 in *ponies* about the little horse. *Recruit's* race for the Epsom Craven Stakes gave "honest John" a clear line, and his little lot was put together on the Wednesday morning, when *Venison* ran clear away from his companions. I never recollect witnessing a greater scramble to get on than occurred on the morning of the Derby, and at the breaking up of the Ring 7 to 2 was scarcely obtainable. What was the result? Why, Bay Middleton, *sixteen and a half hands* in height, with the most muscular power imaginable in a race-horse, beat *Venison*, *fifteen hands*, very easily. There was a great deal of talk about "Venison could have been second," and "Venison was injudiciously ridden," with other observations too common after a great event; but John Day was too good a judge to throw away a "cool hundred" when

it was within his grasp. Gladiator was undoubtedly a better horse on the Derby day, 1836, than his half brother Venison. The subsequent running of Venison during the year was certainly of a most extraordinary description, and, taken altogether, no doubt without parallel in the Racing Calendar. The game little animal won no fewer than *twelve times*, carrying all sorts of weights, and running all sorts of distances. Amongst his prizes were five King's Plates. Much was talked of at the time of "honest John's" *want* of "bowels of compassion," but I have reason to know that the horse was at the "tender mercy" of another hand. At four years old, Venison was completely "stumped up"—in this there was nothing to wonder at; and although he managed to win the Portland Handicap and the King's Guineas by dint of the most unflinching gameness, yet it was as clear as *noon day* that his *sun* was *set*. From what I have seen of Venison's stock, I am inclined to believe that he will become a very fashionable stallion. His price of covering (10 gs.), when compared with many I could name, is singularly low. Last season Mr. Sadler had no just reason to complain of any lack of mares, and, from what I have heard, I should suppose that his *two favorites* will be well furnished with mares this year. Defence is eighteen years old, and Venison nine.

Mr. Thornhill's establishment consists of the celebrated *Emilius*, *Albemarle*, and *The Commodore*. Of *Emilius* so much is known that it would be only a waste of space to say more than that the fine old horse is in capital health, and is advertised to serve mares at 50 sovs. each: his age is 22. *Albemarle*, by Young Phantom, out of Hornsea's dam, is a very fine animal, and likely to become a popular stallion. His performances on the Turf were rather limited; at three years old he ran very well up in the Derby race, and afterwards won £1100 at Doncaster. His blood is first-rate, his sire being a son of Phantom, and his dam by Cerberus, her dam Miss Cranfield by Sir Peter. Of *The Commodore* I know no more than that he is advertised to cover at 12 gs. a mare.

Elis still continues at Wilton House, near Salisbury, and is an especial favorite in the West country. I recorded *Elis'* exploits in my notice last year, and anticipated that a great number of mares would be sent to him, and my anticipation has been realized. One of the best running two-year-olds of last season claims *Elis* for her sire—I need scarcely say I mean *Passion*. The sons and daughters of this very celebrated racer and stallion are distinguished in a very striking degree by the resemblance to their sire. Such mares as Miss Craven, Catharina, or any stout runner deficient in a turn of speed, could scarcely be sent to a better stallion than *Elis*. The subscription is forty mares (besides those of the owner) at 20 gs. each. I have been told that the subscription is nearly full, therefore it behoves gentlemen to be on the look out. *Elis* is by Langar (now dead), out of *Olympia* by Sir Oliver.

Old *Colwick* (*old*, I mean, to *race*,) has all at once become a distinguished stallion, and has risen in price to 20 gs. each mare. I regret that we have all but lost the good Filho da Puta blood; in-

deed Colwick is the only direct branch left of anything like note as a stallion. As a racer Colwick's performances were very unequal. At two years old he ran very respectably indeed, and took a very prominent situation in the Betting books of the Derby and Leger speculators in 1831: he, however, wofully disappointed his too sanguine admirers, by not even shewing the "crimson and black cap" in the front rank in either race. At four years old he ran exceedingly well, and proved the winner of the following important races:—The Tradesmen's Plate, with 255 sovs., at Chester (this was a prodigious betting race), the Stand Cup, with 50 sovs., at Liverpool, 50 sovs. at Wolverhampton, and 30 sovs. at Holywell Hunt. In writing that Colwick "ran exceedingly well" at this age, I do not mean that he won heavy sums, but that he defeated the principal *cracks* of his day. After having been hacked about all over the country, he was sent to the stud, but, not being fancied as a stallion, he was once more put into training, and began his "second series" so well, by winning the Newmarket Craven Stakes in 1834, that his noble owner at once determined upon bottling him up for the Goodwood Cup; for which race, as a matter of course, he received a very considerable allowance of weight. The public generally expected the old horse would "be there or thereabouts," and so he *was*, for he ran a very good second to Glencoe, beating a very good Field. It would have been wise to have ended Colwick's Turf performances here; but Lord Chesterfield, or some one for him, thought differently, and the consequence was, the poor old and much-abused horse was actually brought out last year for the Goodwood Cup, against all the young and best horses of the day. As every one knows, the old horse shewed that his temper was not a bit improved by the unjust treatment he had received, for he would not run a yard pleasantly. Perhaps the Scotts would like to see old Colwick and his son Attila running together for the next Goodwood Cup! If the old horse get any favor, he may certainly place it to the very excellent running of Attila, who, in all probability, will make his sire a popular stallion. As I observed before, I have a great respect for the old Filho blood, and I entertain a notion that I shall once more see it in the ascendant. Colwick is advertised to serve mares at Burghley, near Stamford, at 20 sovs. each mare, and 1 sov. to the groom.

That fine racing animal *The Doctor*, by Dr. Syntax, is advertised to serve mares at Barnton Stud Farm, near Edinburgh, at 10 gs. each. As a racer, The Doctor, like his sire, was more famed for honesty (a rare thing in these days) than for speed. To wade through The Doctor's performances would be a lengthened task, therefore I shall only observe that he kept the very best company in the North of England, and very, very frequently led off the ball. For the St. Leger in 1837 he was very near being hailed the victor: and it is by no means clear to me that he would not have actually carried off that race but for the accident he met with at the run in. There cannot be a doubt of his being, on that eventful day, a much better horse than Abraham Newland, and I have a strong notion that he would have defeated Mango had they met

afterwards. As it was, The Doctor ran a very excellent third. The dam of The Doctor was got by Lottery, grandam Elizabeth by Walton—right good blood to run on. I shall be greatly surprised if The Doctor's progeny do not turn out first-raters.

Epirus, own brother to *Elis*, I see stands at Clipston, near Market Harborough, Leicestershire. Taking *Epirus's* performances in a *lump*, they prove him to have been barely a second-rate racer. For the St. Leger 1837 he was in immense force with the Scott party; and it was in everybody's mouth, after the result of that race, that "Epirus could not have lost but for his mishap in the ditch." Subsequent events demonstrated beyond all doubt that *Epirus* was considerably over-rated at the time of the Leger: in fact, with the exception of the year 1840, he almost invariably ran a beaten horse. In the year named he managed to pick up for Mr. Bowes the following races:—The Stewards' Cup, value 300 sovs., with 200 sovs. at Goodwood; the Copeland Stakes of 860 sovs. at the Pottery Meeting; Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs. and 65 sovs. at Lincoln; and Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs. at Nottingham. His performances last year are not worth alluding to. The blood of *Epirus* is sure to get him a decent supply of mares; and as his owner has judiciously fixed upon the very moderate sum of ten guineas each, I may venture to say that *Epirus* may expect a good season.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for Feb., 1842.

A WEEK AT NEWMARKET.

BY RED ROVER.

"New schemes and new fancies we meet with in life,
To-day perhaps friends, but to-morrow at strife.
Such wonders as these shall not trouble our mind,
Whilst spirit and joy on the race-course we find."

THE close of the racing season of 1841, though accompanied with as bad weather as was ever witnessed, recalled to our mind most fully the good old times, and inspired us with the hopes that we may yet look on their like again. The races and matches throughout the Houghton week were generally well contested; the number of horses brought out to earn their hay and straw unusually large, and almost all the races had considerable interest attached to them. Saturday too furnished a feast satisfactory to the greatest gourmand, and the list of the week comprised sixteen races, twenty-six matches, and eleven matches paid or off by consent. Who can now say that the spirit of the turf is in the "sear and yellow leaf?" That the running of the two-year-olds during the meeting is a

criterion to go by in 1842, is not quite worthy of trust, as no doubt on light ground, many may appear in different form from that which they exhibited with the turf fetlock deep. One thing is certain, it discovered the good bottomed and strong ones, the great test of goodness—while it threw away all chance for the weeds and the soft-hearted.

Though not disposed to interfere with the accounts given by other correspondents of the week's sport, nor wishing to rehearse the capital accounts with which Bell's Life has favored the world at large, the *cacoethes scribendi* tempts me to say a few words on some of the very prime nags which there came under my observation.

Our sporting poet, Somerville, launches forth in praise of the steed, though I question much whether he ever saw it in its glory at Newmarket.

“Hail, happy Britain, highly favored isle,
And heaven's peculiar care to thee 'tis given,
To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
Begot by winds.”

But it is at Newmarket, whether in the morning parade on the heath, or when stripped for the contest, that we see the elite of the turf, without bustle, trouble, or interference.

It was with anxious eyes that the stripping for the Criterion was looked for; it being the last time that the “cracks” were to appear in their two-year-old form. Chatham looked well, and is a fine bright chesnut without white, with good legs, but not the best back in the world. It was decidedly a very good performance to win easily at the top weights. Barrier, a very strong black horse, but far from up to the mark, by all outward and visible signs, ran gamely. Wiseacre, a plain dark chesnut horse, appeared stale, and does not look like improving; not so Robin, who is a corky wiry neat little nag, and will see a better day. Timoleon is a big black, more fit for a hunter than a race horse (as indeed all the Sheet Anchor's turn out), Eusebia, a pretty little chesnut with curbs; and Meal, who looked ill, with Lord Exeter's well-worked nag, composed the field, and assisted in looking at the winner, as they took but little share in the struggle.

Few sights can equal, none surpass in effect a large field of horses running abreast over the flat. This year's Cambridgeshire afforded such a sight to the spectators. Well might one exclaim in the words of the old ballad:

“I looked east, I looked west,
I rode both south and north,
And there did they the worst and best
In all their pride come forth.
Yet still it was a glee to trace
The agitation of that race.
A right gay, gladsome sight to see,
Such a grand goodly company.”

But in the review of such high bred nags, there is but little time for thinking, less for exclaiming. In truth our optics have plenty

to do. There goes Melody, the great unnamed, with John Day on him, looking confidence itself. His condition looks perfect, if his bad forelegs can but carry him up the hill. Here come the two handsome dark chesnuts, Cruiskeen and Retriever, with the old Corsair sailing under changed colours, and groggy Broadwath. That's I-am-not-aware, so often first favorite, very neat but very slow. "Hilloa! take care, Orange." What's Orange? oh! it's the big gelding Compensation: his action is good, but his heart is in the wrong place; with the weight he should be handy. That's Lord Chesterfield's leggy nag Henri Quatre, and there go little Wardan and the Cesarewitch winner, true samples of the illustrious Priam; but the weight will this time stop her, and Melody is tried to be the best.

What is that big bay horse and slashing goer? "that's the Irish-er Vulcan," shouts Ginger, "and not a bad 'un either." Well there are twenty-three out, and as the weeds are not worth wasting time over, let's be off—they will soon get together. Now comes such a galloping of nags—and breathing of nostrils. The last odds are laid in the ring and expectation is at the highest pitch. Two false starts—they're off—no—another false one. Now they're off, and a capital start, all in a line; see Compensation forces the running at a fair pace, the gelding still leads. Now they are near the bottom of the hill, and Henri Quatre is leading, with Melody close to him, the tail begins clearly. Melody leads, Compensation is going well, what an awful lot, they are coming up. Melody can win; no, John is at work. Compensation's beat, Melody does it. No, Vulcan comes up, Melody's beat, Vulcan wins; Vulcan by two lengths. Hurrah! cry the Irish division. Hurrah! cries the Receiver General Lord Miltown, and "who'd have thought it," and "how odd," are in the mouths of the backers of the Stockbridge stable. Vulcan from his previous running was before the race considered hardly worth looking at; but on inspection there is not a horse in Newmarket combining more strength and speed. He is a very fine topped horse, deeper in the girth and more powerful in the loin and back ribs than any horse going. His beating Scutari and Cameleon also showed him to possess a very good turn of speed; though I should say the ground was much in the favor of his strength and lasting qualities. He is quite the sort of horse to become invaluable as a stud horse, his blood combining the Lottery and Teniers.

After these two important races, we had a succession of interesting matches,—of which one of the chief was that between Cameleon and Potentia; the mare from her running for the Duke Michael made her party very sweet, and she was sold for an enormous price (£1500) to a new beginner. She is a very fine chesnut mare of great size, but with curby hocks. The horse however showed her the way, and won easily.

Great too was the interest in the great match between north and south, i. e. The Squire and Ralph. Both had shown themselves good ones, and were backed heavily, and came to the post as well as could be. The game grey, however, beat his companion by

sheer stoutness and pluck; as the pace was very great, and the ground dreadfully deep. There seldom have appeared two neater little nags than these two, and both promise to add fresh laurels to their present fame, and show that greatest of all excellencies, the power of running on. Skipton, a very wiry bay nag, and the first of Stockport's get, showed himself no bad one, in beating the three-year-old at even weights. He looks much like improving, and is remarkable for his action in his hocks, which twist in and out in a singular manner; when extended, however, his action is very good. Among the other good two-year-olds at this meeting, I must not omit the colt by Touchstone, out of Joanna, now in Scott's lot, a very racing-like colt, and taking much after his sire; Rochester also, and Envoy, who ran the dead heat for the Nursery, were far from bad-looking. Rochester is the best which has as yet appeared of the crack Rockingham's produce. This handsome horse is now lost to us; but the price given for him certainly was a stiff one. To say that breeding is going down hill, and is a bad speculation, appears rather an ungrounded assertion, if we look for a moment at the prices at which some of our horses have this year changed owners. To wit—Rockingham, £3,000, Lanercost, £2,800, Physician, £2,500, Muley Moloch, £1,600, Potentia, £1,400, Bloomsbury, £1,000, Maroon, £1,040, The Shah, £1,000, Epirus, £800, Slashing Harry, 400*l.*, Abraham Newland, 200*l.*, The Corsair, 680*l.*, Johnny, 600*l.*, Orelia, 600*l.*, Belgrade, 500*l.*, Walker's six mares 1,200*l.*, Lord Jersey's four mares, Trampoline, Adela, Alea, and Glenara, upwards of 1,200*l.*, and dozens more, which want of space forbids my mentioning here. But to return to my subject, had the weather been better, I verily believe the Houghton meeting would have been carried into another week. Every one seemed alive to the sport, and long may such spirit last; it is only to be hoped that 1842 may open well. That 1841, barring the bad settling for the Derby, was a good season for racing, and the meetings generally well attended, will be, I think, a resolution carried unanimously.

Whilst in these parts, I took a peep at the stud horses, then standing at Newmarket, and first of all at Cæsar, whom I had not seen since his appearance in prime twig for the Riddlesworth, when he beat Euclid. One night journey far, very far, before meeting with his equal in beauty; though small, he is very likely to get racers, and this year has had some very good mares sent to him. Take him from his faultless head, to his hind quarters, it is impossible to find fault with him, and his legs are short-jointed and good; the pastern bone, which was split, is now completely healed, and he is quite sound, though disfigured in that leg. His half brother, Glenorchy, neither proved himself so good, nor equals him in symmetry, but would make a good light weight hunter. Achmet (whose half-bred colts are good), was gone to Hampton Court; he too is much fancied, but is not so handsome as Cæsar, and has a good deal of white about him. Belonging to Lord Henry Seymour, but standing at Newmarket, is their near relative, Ibrahim, a dark

brown horse, very much of the Bay Middleton cut, particularly about the head, neck, and forelegs. He is no favorite, which is no wonder, and as he is not allowed by his noble master to be put to half-breds, he had not one single mare put to him last season. This law was also extended to his stable companion, and superior in every point, Royal Oak, who was sent from France with Ibrahim, where they were doing well. For racing purposes (except with very speedy light mares) Royal Oak is not suited, but as a country stallion he is invaluable. He is a dark brown, without a spot of white, with legs of enormous substance, and very short, good middle and shoulder, and a good, though large head,—but rather too wide in the chest; in fact he looks a model of a heavy weight hunter. Slane is about the only crack nag of his get, and he was a superior runner. With the Sultan, Langar, or Partisan blood, Royal Oak would make the best cross. Luckily I caught a sight of the crack, Liverpool, now in the zenith of his fame, before he left Newmarket; nor was I disappointed, as in him I saw some capital points. His head is beautiful, and set on a crest, which equals in height the Godolphin of former days. He has the shortest and best back possible, and good quarters, though rather short, which would appear more so, no doubt, but for his short tail, which gives them a better appearance,—his legs too, though not large boned, are wiry, and his hocks are pretty good, but rather straight. Economist, of Harkaway fame, was also there, under the guardianship of a most original Irish Cyclops. He shows the effect of work sadly on his forelegs, which are bunged and puffed, till all shape has left them, and the near foreleg was broken, too, on the Curragh. He is a good bright bay, with a plain head, and short neck, longish in the back, and capital quarters. All his foals, which I have seen, are very long below the knee, which is not however his fault. That little horse, Kremlin, also was there last season; but is sold to Mr. Robinson, of High Wycombe, and is intended for improving the breed in Oxfordshire, a very questionable chance; to be sure, there are few countries where so few stud horses travel, as in that county; and consequently very few good nags are bred. Last season a mean little horse, John Doe, by Pantaloon, a big chesnut; Dulcimer (formerly Mr. Price's), by Muley, out of Dulcamara, and two weeds, Viceroy by Phantom, and Frederick, by Sultan, out of Aspasia, were all that the Oxfordshire farmers had to choose from. For any speculating person, there is a capital opening in that country, as it is a great hunting one, and horses command a good price, both from the proximity of the university, and the abundance of country gentry.

In Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Warwickshire there are plenty of the best stallions, too many almost; whereas in Oxfordshire there is not one first-rate horse suited to improve the breed of hunters. At Newmarket, I should say, the number of mares sent to the horses is very small, and several of them can hardly pay their expenses. I failed in seeing Bentley and Buzzard, both quite second-rate, and their stock, with hardly an exception, are plain and

bad. The half-bred stock by Old Buzzard are, however, good, and make useful hunters. The buildings and paddocks adjoining to Crockford's house are the best in Newmarket. There were only three mares there—old Emma, by Orville; a weedy leggy mare, the dam of the quondam crack Bamboo; and a pretty bay mare, by Aaron. In the county of Suffolk breeding is quite at a discount, indeed, both that county and Cambridgeshire are but little adapted to it, as so much is given up to corn land and partridge shooting, that hunting is quite a secondary consideration. I did not hear of any country horses in those parts, except a big brown horse, Toss-up, by Velocipede, out of Delphine; Lawyer Ford had patronised him, and had a neatish two-year-old by him, called Heads or Tails. Rococo, the nag "wot" was to have won a Derby, but for breaking his fore-leg, is somewhere thereabouts and his stock are coming out. One only, a little chesnut filly called Indolence, has as yet appeared on the green sward. By far the finest stud in the neighborhood, and not surpassed by any in the kingdom, is the well-managed, and I doubt not, well paying stud of Mr. Thornhill's at Riddlesworth. To any lover of the horse a journey is well repaid by a sight even of Emilius alone. It generally happens, that when expectation of something very fine possesses one's mind, disappointment in the object itself is the result. This, however, is not the case in the inspection of this deservedly noted horse. He is a race-horse of the highest form all over, his colour dark brown, without white, and he possesses great substance with his exquisite symmetry. Though twenty-one years old he shows no signs of age, and no doubt may for many years to come fill as large a space in the Racing Calendar as he has done for so many years. To omit the great years when Priam, Plenipo, Oxygen, and Mango placed to his account so much fame and wealth, I will just take the four last years, in which the amount of money gained by his and his son's progeny exceeds all others, not even forgetting the two Selim cracks, Sultan and Langar, who fill the next space in the lists of fame.

But perhaps it may not be uninteresting to place the sums won in each of these years against one another in comparison; though be it remembered that to neither of the three are these years by any means the best, as in Emilius's case the four years above mentioned. In Sultan's, Bay Middleton's, Galata's and Greenmantle's, and Vespa's, and in Langar's, Elis's year, were the crack ones.

In the year 1838 the stock of

Emilius won	4,660	Sultan won	-	4,215	Langar won	3,680		
Priam	-	Augustus	-	50				
St. Nicholas	690	Firman	-	340				
Recovery	-	Ishmael	-	100				
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Total	-	£13,540	Total	-	£4,700	Total	-	£3,680
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In 1839,

Emilius - -	6,880	Sultan - -	4,840	Langar - -	4,675
Priam - -	8,250	Alpheus - -	50		
Plenipo - -	150	Augustus - -	460		
St. Nicholas	1,475	Firman - -	350		
Recovery - -	930	Glencoe - -	1,510		
Agreeable - -	200				

Total -	<u>£17,885</u>	Total -	<u>£7,210</u>	Total -	<u>£4,675</u>
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In 1840,

Emilius - -	4,480	Sultan - -	5,390	Langar - -	5,564
Priam - -	9,880	Augustus - -	1,050		
Plenipo - -	1,015	Divan - -	130		
St. Nicholas.	2,475	Firman - -	545		
Recovery - -	370	Glencoe - -	3,925		
Agreeable - -	50	Hampton - -	60		
		Ishmael - -	465		

Total -	<u>£18,270</u>	Total -	<u>£11,465</u>	Total -	<u>£5,564</u>
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In 1841,

Emilius - -	3,200	Sultan - -	3,520	Langar - -	6,760
Priam - -	3,775	Alpheus - -	100	Stockport - -	420
Plenipo - -	3,315	Augustus - -	410	Elis - - -	800
St. Nicholas.	4,750	B. Middleton	2,330		
Recovery - -	725	Beiram - -	275		
Young Emilius	75	Divan - -	140		
Agreeable - -	180	Ishmael - -	340		
Jack 'Tar - -	615	Ibrahim - -	300		
		Hampton - -	100		
		Glencoe - -	770		
		Firman - -	137		

Total -	<u>£16,635</u>	Total -	<u>£8,417</u>	Total -	<u>£7,980</u>
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Emilius's sons and grandsons have thus netted in stakes during the last four years the large sum of 66,330*l.*, more than doubling the value of stakes, 31,792*l.*, won by the progeny of Sultan and his sons; and trebling the winnings of Langar's sons, 22,890*l.* This latter horse, whose stock have for so many years run well, and particularly distinguished themselves for speed, from the year 1828 (the first year of his stock coming out), to 1841, shows a list of racers in the Calendar, whose successes have realised to their owners 52,115*l.*

Perhaps there has never been an animal who himself ran better, and handed down to his posterity the same power, as the crack nag of Riddlesworth, since the Whalebones and Waxys. Besides winning the Derby himself, two Derbys, one Oaks, and a Leger, are amongst the gains of his produce. Besides which, with Eu-

clid there was a dead heat for the Leger; with Riddlesworth, who ran second, there ought to have been another Derby added to his laurels; and Preserve, second for the Oaks, would in nine out of ten years have been the first. Priam in one year won fourteen races of the collective value of 11,205*l.*, as large a sum as ever fell to the lot of one horse. Alas! for the day that he crossed the Atlantic, and left behind him a vacuum not easily supplied. With Miss Letty, Industry, and Crucifix, he won the Oaks almost three consecutive years, and in the last-named year he had the honor of running first and second with the above mare and Welfare; another of Emilius's grand-daughters, Teleta, being third. In America, Col. Hampton's Monarch and The Queen (both out of Delphine by Whisker), have astonished the Yankees, who now very properly hold their sire above all price.

Contrary to established rules I have been singing the praises of an individual in his life time, a deed better summed up when he is gone to earth; and as such a fertile subject might be carried on "ad infinitum," I must hold hard and cast back. Euclid was put to the stud this year, and had several of Mr. Thornhill's mares stunted to him. For the season of 1842, he is to stand at Tickhill Castle, and if trust may be placed in shape and make, he will get racers as well as hunters. His place is filled by a young horse, The Commodore, by Liverpool, out of Fancy by Osmond, the nag who, but for an unlucky kick from his stable companion, Kremlin, was to have won the St. Leger in Charles the Twelfth's year. His fore-legs tell a different tale, and might also have stopped him, and his fore-hand is not very prime. Albemarle, by Young Phantom, a fine brown horse, is also a stud horse there, and his foals are very lengthy and racing-like. The mares and foals of this year are a very good lot. Out of the thirty-four mares there are very few indifferent; while such as old Showeller, with her five daughters, Mercy, Earwig, Moorhen, Erica, and Merganser; and Tarantella, Bravura, Variation, Mustard, Maria, Chinchilla, and Mangelwürzel with her two daughters, Egeria and Empress, are of a sort not every day to be met with, and such as must add profit to pleasure in breeding, which is no doubt the case with the Riddlesworth stud.

The hunting season now so fully occupies the attention of the sporting world, that racing matters seem somewhat out of place in the beginning of a year. My *omnium gatherum* being for the present wound up, I must add in conclusion my hopes that the new year will turn out the New Sporting Magazine in its present good form—and may it hold as steadily on its way as in the year that is gone. With the ribands in good hands the green coach should load well, and without wishing to run other teams off the road, should take the lead and keep it.

RED ROVER.

T H E I C E .

“————— They sweep,
 On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along.
 The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.”—THOMPSON.

WHEN there comes a good lasting frost, the diversions on the ice throughout the fens of Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire, bid fair to rival the games of all other counties, which in the summer and autumn are equally alert at football, cricket, wrestling, and single stick. Prizes in money, beef, pigs, mutton, hats, and gloves, are contended for over river, mere, and flood, and the surrounding population of Chatteris, Ramsey, St. Ives, Whittlesea, Thorney, and Peterborough, flock to the races, as eagerly as ever did spectators crowd to Epsom, Doncaster, and Newmarket. All business in the country being in a manner at a stand still, gives ample time to farmer, grazier, laborer, merchant, and waterman, tradesman, and “apprentice bold,” to contend for, or witness the contention for the various rewards which are produced from voluntary subscriptions, and free donations. We are old enough to have seen the two Staples, with Perkins, Young, Eggar, Dyall, and Blake, contend with each other over many a course, and although they are now to be regarded as veterans, and may be said to be laid on the shelf, we have seen none fleetier nor more untiring in the present generation of crack runners. Perkins was the fastest man in England for one mile, which he has repeatedly run in two minutes and twenty seconds. The two Staples have often challenged all England for 100 guineas, over a two-mile course, and Young and Eggar may be said to have been equally good in their line. The frost having put a stop to fox-hunting, Earl Fitzwilliam and some of his family were on Whittlesea Mere one day in December, 1841, and seeing some fleet performances, the noble Earl gave a purse to be run for a few days afterwards. This was no less a sum than 10*l.*, and accordingly, on the 30th, the mere was thronged with spectators; it is estimated that ten thousand persons at least were present. The prize was carried away by Mr. Sharman, of Holme. Tomlin, of Doddington, who was the conqueror of Sharman on the day when the Earl first graced the ice with his presence, having kept back, after winning several heats, in expectation of carrying off a better prize the following day at Chatteris. The prizes were contended for by sixteen runners—heats—two in a heat, and so on until the two best are ultimately brought out together. The distance being two miles, was done in six minutes and a half by the fleetest pair, which is good work, considering that there was a wind one way of the course, which makes the labor still greater—affecting skating more than bad ice, or anything besides. The day was unusually fine, clear, and frosty; and as the sun shone forth in all his brilliancy, the dazzling snow upon

the distant hills, the various flocks of wild-fowl in the air, and the thousands of moving men over an expanse of three miles square of ice, presented a panorama most interesting and grand. A lady, whose name did not reach us, whose age appeared to be about two and twenty, and whose graceful and speedy movements were the admiration of hundreds, perhaps thousands, was one of the pleasing novelties of the day. Many will remember to have seen Miss Ullett skate, and she was one of the belles of the ice; but the fair unknown was equally fleet, graceful, and enchanting. Then there were flags waving, and the trumpet sounding, with "pies all hot," and "Buckle's gin and brandy;" in short, most of the fancies that throng the race-course and the betting-room. Betting, too, ran high, for men will bet when there is a race, be it of horses, ponies, or even asses, and some hundreds changed hands among the many wealthy sons of agriculture, who had come miles in gigs and on horse-back, to witness the contests of the day. At length night approached, and the last heat being over, the many thousands, as with one impulse and motion, separated, and a curious sight it was to behold five hundred or a thousand men on skates, moving off in droves towards the various towns and villages throughout the surrounding country. Since that day many races have been run, but the rivers and drains approaching the Mere, have now become deeply covered with snow, as has the Mere itself, and consequently not only is it in a manner unapproachable to all, except those who have horses and carriages (sledges, perhaps, were the better word, of which we saw several), but the Nene itself being ankle deep in snow, except over a swept course, it is a question if the immense crowd of 1841, with all its spirit-stirring accompaniments, be equalled in this present season. N. W.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for February, 1842.

COL. SMITH'S WORK ON HORSES.

Horses: the Equidæ or Genus Equus of Authors. By Lieut.-Col. CHAS. HAMILTON SMITH. Lizars: London, 1842.

It would be difficult to say where Col. Hamilton Smith is most deeply read: in the page of Books or that of Nature. But a happy combination of the results of both gives a great charm to his writings on Natural History.

We knew that we should meet with something better in this book than a mere technical enumeration, however learned, of species, races, and breeds. And we were not disappointed. We may call it a hospitable book: it has entertainment for all comers. The humanist, the philologist, the historian, will consult it with interest; the jockey, and the judge of horse flesh will not turn from it dissatisfied.

Somewhat amazed, it is more probable; edified certainly; and with a new notion respecting the significance of their pursuits. Little dreams he at Tattersall's or Newmarket—what curious questions of the progress of the more ancient human colonies, may be opened up by speculation on the breeds of horses!

Of the primitive kind Colonel Smith seems to reckon five: of races as different as the differing races of men. In this inquiry, deducing the varieties, among other authority, from the horses noticed by the ancients—he scatters about his wealth of learning with a liberal hand. The bay seems to stand at the head of them, predominating as the Caucasian race among men. Next comes the grey, then the black, afterwards the dun and finally the piebald. This latter race, of which Bucephalus was bred, appears to have been known in Europe as early as the arrival of the Centaurs, and constituted what are known in history as the breeds of Thessalia and Thrace. They were greatly disliked by the Romans, because of being easily detected in the dark. Connected with this distribution—with the durability to this day of the distinctions it involves, and with the inference to be derived from them that an aboriginal difference of species is to be noted in the single form of the domestic horse—we have a separation by Colonel Smith, of what he considers to be the true wild horse (a thing we doubt) existing still; from all the domesticated breeds, whether continuing subject to man, or escaped from his control. He also indulges some curious views as to the varieties in color separable from various regions. For example, he would trace out, as general rules, the pied in the central mountains of Middle Asia; the dark bay, southwards of the banks of the Jyhoun or Jaxartes; the dun, westward as far as the Caspian; and the sooty and black in Europe.

In what way such researches may be made subservient to striking surmises and even truths in physiology and history, the reader will not be at a loss to perceive. Supposing it a matter of interest to ascertain from what quarter of the earth a certain series of movements of conquest have originated—say though at different times, in Europe, in China, in India, and in Persia—and that we find them to have been effected by various nations at these various times all upon the same race of steeds, of which the original stock is found wild in Thibet, and there alone—it would follow of course, from such researches as these of Colonel Smith, that those movements of conquest had their origin in Central Asia.

We do not see that Colonel Smith throws any new light on the old question of the time or place when the horse was first subdued by man. Indeed it is by no means clear, notwithstanding a very ingenious argument by the Colonel, that all the wild horses of the Old Continent, as of the New, are not descended from animals at some period under man's dominion:—that, as the ancestors of the wild horses of America were certainly introduced by the Spaniards, we may not still find a domesticated race to have been the origin of the wild horses now existing in Tartary. We know, from the books of Genesis and Exodus, to what extent the domestication

of the horse had gone in those remote periods of history: and we are told in the Book of Kings that Solomon kept forty thousand stalls of horses. These, it is shown by Colonel Smith, he must have derived almost exclusively from Egypt; for to ancient Egypt, he says in another passage of the book, "we appear to be indebted for the first systematic attention to rearing and improving breeds of horses." But to whom we are indebted for the first rescue of the horse from his primitive state of nature—we repeat, does not appear at all.

Colonel Smith's division of the Linnæan genus *Equus*, is into three sections: the first, Horses; the second, Asses; the third, the South African striped species; in this differing from Mr. Bell, Mr. Gray, and other high authorities on this subject, who have limited them to two. On the questions of intermixture, the powers of generation in mules, and other of the phenomena of breed, Colonel Smith seems also occasionally at issue with these able inquirers. Admitting for the most part that the law of sterility in the commixture of different species has its limits when the forms cease to be sufficiently homogeneous, he points out that to this law, ordained for the wisest purposes, exceptional modifications must be admitted for purposes not less beneficent.

In one passage he goes so far as to say—

"We may even assume that civilised man, if it had been his lot to deal with the zebras of South Africa, instead of the horses of Asia, in due time would have succeeded in amalgamating the three or four species now existing into one domestic animal little inferior to our present horse: that the powers of draught would have been found in the Quagga, the qualities of charger in the Zebra, and the properties of mountain pony in the Dauw."

And he shows us, in a curious anecdote of the late Lord Morton, proof even of an occasional tendency to propagate strange forms in preference to the homogeneous. In this, it will be observed, the characters of the sire of the mother's first offspring, remains impressed upon the succeeding, in form, colors, and markings, although the first is of a different species, and the second of the same as the female!

"He had bred an hybrid foal, between a chesnut mare of seven-eighths Arabian blood and a Quagga, which in form and color bore decided evidence of a mixed origin; this was her first foal; but where interest was most excited occurred five years after, when the same mare, then the property of Sir Gore Ouseley, bred by a black Arabian horse a filly, and the next year a colt by the same parent, which, although both were then unquestionably nineteen-twentieths of pure Arabian blood, of homogeneous species, still retained strong marks of the anterior spurious commixture, in the character of the mane, the color of the hair, and in the striped markings on the neck, shoulders, and joints!"

We shall now take at random from Colonel Smith's most interesting and valuable little book, some few passages that may gratify the general reader. The book is one of a series, belonging to Sir William Jardine's *Naturalist's Library*; and in its arrangement is,

of course, modelled on that of the other productions in the same series ; the various species being described in order, after a general account of the families to which they belong. A Memoir of Gesner is prefixed ; and the matters to which we have hitherto referred are chiefly discussed in an introduction.

GESNER'S IDEAL ANIMALS.

“ The most remarkable of these ideal figures are, a marine lion, covered with scales, and having the face of a man ; the monk and bishop fish, strongly resembling the parties from whom they derive their names, but with the visage somewhat distorted, and the figure slightly pisciform ; a marine Pan or Satyr ; several monstrous cetaceous animals, with snouts like a hog, and almost capable of swallowing a moderate-sized ship ; the monoceros or unicorn ; two wild men of the woods ; the hydra with seven heads like those of a human being, &c. None of these monster's originated with Gesner ; they are in every instance adopted from other authors, who produce a kind of hearsay evidence to justify their descriptions. In a general work like Gesner's, their entire exclusion would have been scarcely warrantable ; he does all that can be expected of him ; intimates his suspicion of their authenticity, and cites the authority on which they rest.”

THE ASS.

“ The domestic ass, supposed to be derived from the wild Hymar of the desert and the horse of Asia, enter at a remote period into the circle of human economic establishments. The first mentioned, as might be expected, resided in the same regions where the dawn of civilization commenced, and gifted with inferior powers of resistance, is presumed to have been subjugated several ages before the second, because we find it repeatedly indicated in the Pentateuch before the horse is noticed, such as in the sacrifice of Abraham ; in his visit to Egypt, where he received presents of Abimelech ; and in the spoils of Shechem, where asses are numbered with other cattle, but the horse is not mentioned. Yet that noble animal, by nature provided with greater physical capabilities, with more intelligence, and more instinctive tendencies for adapting his existence to the circumstances of domestication in every region, is in his servitude grown larger, more adorned, more acute, and more educational than in a state of nature ; while the ass, in similar circumstances, has degenerated from his pristine character, becoming, even in the greater part of Persia, smaller in stature, less fleet, less intelligent, and by his own impulses less the associate of man. When the horse, from thorough domesticity, is again cast upon his own resources, he resumes his original independence, provides for his own safety and that of the herd under his care, without altogether losing his acquired advantages ; the ass, on the contrary, although never a spontaneous associate in his domestication, is nowhere known to have again become wild, or to have sought his freedom with a spirit of persevering vigilance ; and in cases where by accident he has found himself in freedom,

he has made no energetic efforts to retain it, nor recovered qualities that restore him to the filiation of the Hymar or the Kulan. When emancipated, he becomes, without effort, the prey of the lion, the tiger, the hyæna, or the wolf, and in America he has been known to succumb under the beak of a condor. It is evident that the difference in the relative conditions of the two species, is, with regard to the ass, not entirely referable to human neglect and want of kindness, but in part, at least, must be ascribed to inferior sensibility and weaker intellectual power, both being alike evinced by the hardness of his hide, by his satisfaction with coarser food, and his passive stubbornness."

NON-APPRECIATION OF GOOD BREEDS BY THE ROMANS.

"In a host of some thirty writers, poets, philosophers, and amateurs, among whom some few seem to have understood what points a good horse should possess, none felt the importance of improving the breeds they had upon fixed and sound principles; none saw in them more than objects of parade, luxury, war, or draught, that might be bought, like a murrhine vase, for money; more anxious for the reputation of rhetoricians than for the acquirement of facts, they were busied in the manner more than the matter of what Greek authority had stated, never once correcting an error, supplying a new observation, or discovering a mis-statement; they believed in all the absurdities foreign horse-dealers thought proper to invent, or their own idlers gossipped into omens: such was the case with Cæsar's horse, which they gravely relate had human fore-feet, and was an infallible sign of his coming fortunes; and what was at best a mal-formation, it appears, was rendered important by a statue of the animal set up in public. They believed that bay horses were the best to hunt lions, slaty ash color to attack a bear, and black to pursue a fox and other wild animals. Vegetius asserts that they were constantly the dupes of dealers, who passed off indifferent horses for steeds of high foreign breeds. There exist, indeed, a few fragments of the writings of veterinarians, which the policy of the government attached to the army, and these contain some of the most valuable information relating to horses the ancients have left; but the Roman Italian cavalry was always despicable, though individually brave; for, seated on pads or inefficient saddles, loaded with heavy armor and weapons, in all real actions they were obliged to dismount, and could only oppose equally inefficient enemies, pursue or escape, without vigor or celebrity; they never were able to cope with the Parthians, or face the Sarmatæ, excepting by means of their foreign auxiliaries, Numidians, Germans, or Asiatics; in general they acted only under cover of the legions, and Cæsar himself was so indifferent a cavalry general, that the celebrated Prussian hussar officer, Warnery, has ridiculed his dispositions, where cavalry are concerned, with justice."

CARELESSNESS RESPECTING BREEDS IN THE EAST.

"Attention and selection in breeding is only casual where immense herds of horses occupy pastures of interminable surface:

where, from the absence of human interposition, they retain the instincts of independence: under such circumstances, the resident proprietors, little valuing individual animals, care only for the aggregate numbers; the whole people are mounted, and do nearly all their domestic work in the saddle; they cross rivers by holding their horses' tails, or fastening them to rafts or boats, convey themselves and families to the opposite shores, sometimes several miles distant. Of all the races of man, they alone eat their flesh, drink the milk of mares, and know how to convert it into *curmi*, an intoxicating beverage; they marry on horseback, their councils meet on horseback, and declarations of war, treaties of peace or alliance, are dated from the stirrup of the sovereign."

VALUE OF HORSES IN ANCIENT ENGLAND.

"In a document of the year 1000, we find the relative value of horses in this kingdom, directing—if a horse was destroyed or negligently lost, the compensation to be demanded was thirty shillings; a mare or colt, twenty shillings; a mule or young ass, twelve shillings; an ox, thirty pence; a cow, twenty-four pence; a pig, eight pence; and a man, one pound!

"In the laws of Hyweldda, Sovereign of Wales, dated a few years before this period, a foal not fourteen days old is valued at fourpence; at one year and a day, forty-eight pence; and at three years, sixty pence; this refers evidently to the native horses, for there it is ordered to tame them with the bridle, and rear them as palfreys or serving-horses, but the war-horse is not mentioned. When completely broken in, the value rose to one hundred and twenty pence, but if left wild, or an unbroken mare, was worth only sixty pence."

DURATION OF A HORSE'S LIFE.

"The life of horses extends naturally from twenty-five to thirty years; cases have occurred of individuals attaining the age of more than forty; and in countries where they are not tasked by constant over-exertion, the period of existence is usually between nineteen and twenty-one. But in England the destruction of these noble animals is excessive: the value of time with a commercial people, incessantly urged into activity, both mental and corporeal, has demanded rapidity of communication, and spread an universal taste for going fast; the fine roads have permitted horses to be subjected to more than they can draw; betting, racing, and hunting, are pursued by persons whose animals are not constructed for such exertions, and violent usage in grooms, stable-boys, and farm-servants is so common, that few reach the age of fifteen years, and all are truly old at ten."

THE COURAGE, MEMORY, AND AFFECTIONS OF THE HORSE.

"It is asserted that horses with a broad after-head, and the ears far asunder, are naturally bolder than those whose head is narrow above the fore-lock; some are certainly more daring by nature than others, and judicious training in most cases makes them suffi-

ciently stanch. Some, habituated to war, will drop their head, pick at grass in the midst of fire, smoke, and the roar of cannon; others never entirely cast off their natural timidity. We have witnessed them groaning, or endeavoring to lie down when they found escape impossible, at the fearful sound of shot, sharpnel-shells, and rockets; and it is most painful to witness their look of terror in battle, and groans upon being wounded. Yet many of the terrified animals, when let loose at a charge, dash forward in a kind of desperation that makes it difficult to hold them in hand; and we recollect at a charge, in 1794, when the light dragoon troop-horse was larger than at present, and the French were wretchedly mounted, a party of British bursting through a hostile squadron as they would have passed through a fence of rushes.

“Horses have a very good memory; in the darkest nights they will find their way homeward, if they have but once passed over the same road. They remember kind treatment, as was manifest in a charger that had been two years our own; this animal had been left with the army, and was brought back and sold in London; about three years after, we chanced to travel up to town, and at a relay, getting out of the mail, the off-wheel horse attracted our attention, and upon going near to examine it with more care, we found the animal recognising its former master, and testifying satisfaction by rubbing its head against our clothes, and making every moment a little stamp with the fore-feet, till the coachman asked if the horse was not an acquaintance. We remember a beautiful and most powerful charger belonging to a friend, then a captain in the 14th dragoons, bought by him in Ireland at a comparative low price, on account of an impetuous viciousness, which had cost the life of one or two grooms; the captain was a kind of Centaur rider, not to be flung by the most violent efforts, and of a temper for gentleness that would effect a cure, if vice were curable; after some very dangerous combats with his horse, the animal was subdued, and it became so attached, that his master could walk anywhere with him following like a dog, and even ladies mount him with perfect safety. He rode him during several campaigns in Spain, and on one occasion where, in action, horse and rider came headlong to the ground, the animal making an effort to spring up, placed his fore-foot on the captain's breast, but immediately withdrawing it, rose without hurting him, or moving, until he was remounted. When we saw him he was already old, but his gentleness remained perfectly unaltered; yet his powers were such, that we witnessed his leaping across a hollow road from bank to bank, a cartway being between, and leaping back without apparent effort.”

A HORSE'S CONFIDENCE IN HIS RIDER.

“The confidence of a horse in a firm rider and his own courage is great, as was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late Gen. Sir Robert R. Gillespie, who, being present on the race-course of Calcutta, during one of the great Hindu festivals, when several hundred thousand people may be assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks

of the crowd, and was informed that a tiger had escaped from his keepers; the colonel immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boar-spear, which was in the hands of one among the crowd, rode to attack this formidable enemy; the tiger probably was amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings, flying from him in all directions, but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched with the attitude of preparing to spring at him, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. The horse was a small grey, afterwards sent home by him a present to the Prince Regent. When Sir Robert fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favorite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was at the sale of his effects, competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 8th dragoons, who contributed their prize-money to the amount of 500*l.* sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. The charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore was usually indulged with taking his ancient post at the color-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a relative of ours, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of the trumpet had departed, he refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down, and died."

And so we close this instructive and pleasant volume—resolved to make as early an acquaintance as possible with Colonel Smith's *Dogs*: which we have not yet seen.

Notes of the Month.

A P R I L .

BOSTON AND FASHION.

"*Latest State of the Odds.*"—In Virginia they are betting 5 to 4 on Boston vs. Fashion—the same at Baltimore and Washington. Offers are made to bet \$500 to \$300, in this city, on Boston. Very little money, however, has yet been laid out. We have heard directly from both of the cracks within a week. Each is in the finest possible health. Old Whitenose never moved better. In a brush with Clarion the other day, Fashion displayed a turn of speed that she

never showed in public. If the course is fine on the 10th of May, look out for a heat *down in the THIRTIES!*

The following is an extract of a letter from our old correspondent "Boors," dated Richmond, Va., March 7, 1842:—

Old Boston is doing uncommonly well this training—has gone into it in high condition, with his trusty old friend on top, and is now backed until he has backed out all the Fashion party here, at 5 to 4 and 3 to 2 vs. the mare in the match. I have heard that \$5000 to \$4000 have been offered in Washington on him against her for that great event in TWO STRAIGHT HEATS, and it is currently believed here that the odds will get up to 2 to 1 before the start, supposing no accident to happen to the old "White-nose" before that interesting occasion. The *additional year's weight* on the mare, and the fact that Boston was *not* himself last Fall, have inspired the confidence now so boldly declared by his backers in the old horse. For my part, I've a sly squinting, some how, that SHE will just make *pastime* of him when she "makes play," not at him, but for the winning post, when they start for "them" \$20,000 on the Union Course; and I will bet 10 or 15 to \$100 HE never shows the *white* ahead of her any time in the race, after the first turn, in either heat, and 10 or 15 more to \$100 that, *win or lose*, HE doesn't run a heat *under* 7:45 in that match, allowing the track to be fair, notwithstanding he is backed at 5 to 4 to win it in *two straight heats*.

FANNY, TO THE CRACKS OF THE DAY.

We have received from Dr. JOHN B. IRVING, the Corresponding Secretary of the South Carolina Jockey Club, the following extract from the *Minutes of the Club*, which we lose no time in laying before our readers. The extract "is not by any means, to be considered in the light of a challenge, but proceeds alone from the Friends of FANNY, anxious to test her qualities and to add to the attraction of the next meeting in Charleston. Possibly a match may grow out of it; at all events, it is worth the experiment."

EXTRACT—The following remarks are appended to the report of the Secretary of the South Carolina Jockey Club. *Fanny*, by Eclipse out of Maria West (dam of Wagner) by Marion, having won easily both her races during the week, namely, the Jockey Club purse of \$1000, Four mile heats, beating *Kate Converse*, by Nonplus, out of Daisy (dam of Santa Anna) by Kosciusko—the first heat run in 7:57—the second heat *walked over*: And the Handicap Race \$650, Three mile heats, beating *Helen* by Priam out of Malibran, to whom she gave 9lbs., and *Adrianna* by Mulatto out of Octavia, (both imported) to whom she gave 14lbs.—the time of the first heat 6:04—second heat 5:57, has earned for herself additional reputation, and for her present owner the comfortable sum of \$8000 in Jockey Club purses of three and four mile heats.

Now, although *Fanny* has not in public made any extraordinary time, nor manifested any unusual powers of endurance, yet such is the confidence of her friends *in her superiority*, we have no doubt a proposition to run a match race with her *over the Charleston Course* would be readily acceded to.

We are led to the expression of this opinion, not authorized by her spirited owner, but from the belief that should a match be proposed from any quarter, Col. HAMPTON would with his characteristic liberality, and disposition to promote the sports over the Washington Course, readily consent to allow his mare to enter into an engagement for the ensuing year.

We have understood that offers have been made to purchase *Fanny* at a long price. Should, therefore, any of our "Brothers of the Bridle" elsewhere, incline to make a match, it would be desirable that an early negotiation should be commenced.

We again say, these hints are thrown out by no means sanctioned by Col. Hampton, but yet in full confidence, that should a challenge be given, to run *Four mile heats over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., during the race week of 1843*, addressed to the Secretary of the South Carolina Jockey Club, it will meet with a prompt and ready acceptance.

WEIGHTS AND AGE OF HORSES.

It will be seen by the following extract from the "Montreal Gazette," that the members of the Turf Club in that city, have held their annual

meeting for the election of officers, and have also adopted a Rule by which, in future, horses will take their age from the 1st of January instead of the 1st of May. We wish our Southern friends could be induced to adopt a similar rule. In New York and New Jersey, horses take their age from the 1st of January, while in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi, they take their age from the 1st of May. The consequence is that horses *actually* four years old, for instance, run there in February, March, and April, as *three yr.* olds. There should also be more uniformity in the scale of weights. In the South western States horses not only run carrying a year's less weight than they ought, in accordance with their *real* age, but their appropriate weights are lighter than those of the S. Carolina and Georgia Clubs, which are still lighter even than those carried in this State and New Jersey. The New York weight is for 3 yr. olds, 90 lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7, and upwards, 126 lbs. The S. Carolina weight is for 3 yr. olds, 90 lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7, and upwards, 126 lbs. *All the other States* adopt the Virginia scale, which is for 3 yr. olds 86 lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7, and upwards, 124 lbs.; an allowance of 3 lbs. is made by all the Clubs, to mares, fillies, and geldings. From the difference in weight carried, and the manifest disparity between the *real* age of horses and that accorded to them by *Rule*, it is almost impossible to compare their relative performances, or arrive at a just estimate of their powers. We invite the attention of the leading Turfmen of the country to this subject, in the hope that some suggestion may be thrown out which, by general adoption, will render our system of racing more uniform and satisfactory to all parties. Perfect uniformity in these details would enable the breeder to judge of the racing powers of the different families of horses throughout the country, while it would be an effectual guard against imposition upon the public.

The subjoined extract from the "Gazette" will be read with pleasure; every one having the true interest of the Turf at heart, will participate in our gratification that "*the good cause*" in Canada is in such hands:—

Montreal Turf Club—The Annual Meeting of the Montreal Turf Club was held at the Club Room, ORR's Hotel, on the 1st instant, when Colonel the Hon. C. GORE, C. B., President, took the Chair, Mr. WEIR acting as Secretary in the absence of Mr. HART. The following gentlemen were then elected as Officers of the Club for the ensuing year:—

The Hon. Col. C. GORE, C. B., President; CHARLES PENNER, Esq., Vice President; Stewards: The Hon. C. S. DeBleury, Esq., C. B. Radenhurst, Esq., Capt. Brooke Taylor, Military Secretary, Lieut. Col. Ermatinger, J. B. Forsyth, Esq., H. O. Andrews, Esq.

Mr. Hart having declined being re-elected Secretary, from ill health, Mr. Weir was elected to fill that office; Mr. G. D. GIBB was re-elected Treasurer.

The following resolutions were then unanimously adopted:—

Resolved—Upon motion, that in the races for the three standard purses of the Club mentioned in page seven of the rules of the Club, six pounds weight shall be allowed to all horses bred in British North America.

Resolved—That, Rule twenty-two (page ten of the regulations,) that horses take their ages from May day be rescinded, and that the following rule adopted by the Newmarket Jockey Club in England, on the 25th April, 1833, be received and adopted as one of the rules of the Montreal Turf Club, and substituted in lieu of the said rule 22.—"That all Horses should be considered (at Montreal) as taking their ages from and after the first day of January instead of the first day of May."

It was then moved by the Hon. Col. C. Gore, C. B., seconded by G. W. AUBREY, Esq., and unanimously

Resolved—That the thanks of the Montreal Turf Club be given to A. P. HART, Esq., for the manner in which he discharged the duties of Secretary to the Club for the last three years.

Upon motion of J. JOSEPH, Esq., seconded by C. RADENHURST, Esq., the thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to the Officers of the past year.

A Sporting Match.—We see it stated in the "Toronto Herald" that Mr. ROBT. HEDGES EYRE's celebrated mare *Langolee*, for a bet of fifty sovereigns, lately carried a rider weighing 13 stone (182 lbs.) over a wall near Eyrecourt, in fine style, six feet and a sod!

PRIAM AND HIS COLTS.

STATEMENT AND EXPLANATION WITH REGARD TO SARPEDON'S CHALLENGE.
HICKSFORD, VA., March 7th, 1842.

Mr. Editor.—Allusions having been made in your paper more than once to the challenge offered last summer by the owners of Sarpedon against Priam, and Priam being now in a distant part of the country, where all the facts necessary to a full understanding of the matter may not be known; and others being interested in his standing and character, I must ask of you the insertion of the following statement.

The challenge referred to, was a proposition to run at the Newmarket Fall Races—was published in your paper of the 17th July, and came to my hands on the 24th July. The Newmarket races came off the last week in September. The two Sarpedons selected were no doubt at the time in a course of active preparation for the fall campaign. The owners of Priam had none of his get in training and none prepared to go into training—nor had they any interest in or control over any training stable; nor did they know of any of his get in training, nearer than about 50 miles. The time and place of running being conditions of the challenge, and the notice only about 8 weeks, the intelligent sportsman would see at once insuperable objections to accepting matches to be run, if run at all, by colts owned by others, trained by others, in no state of preparation for such engagements; already under conflicting engagements, and all of them at a distance. What avails the flourish about “the whole of the United States” to select two colts from, when no time was given? Had a reasonable time been allowed to choose and to prepare colts and to make all arrangements necessary to be made with colts owned by others. The proposition made, might have been fair. As it was made, I consider it anything but liberal, especially when a direct communication would have given some twenty days earlier notice.

Besides, “the Owners” of Priam had, for more than twelve months previous, declined any Turf engagements. In the Winter and Spring, 1841, they had sold all their racing stock, that were engaged in 1841. These matters were not kept secret, and though I would not say that they by any means caused the challenge to be given, they would have caused its rejection had the terms of it been fair, and otherwise acceptable.

The statement of facts made as to the seasons of Priam and Sarpedon requires some explanation. Sarpedon covered in 1837, 61 mares, and I add, on the authority of Mr. EDMUND TOWNES, at whose stable he stood, that they were a *very fine* lot of mares. And though this statement may seem to conflict with the statement in the challenge, yet it is in appearance only. A stallion that has 10 or 12 good mares out of 60, has, according to my experience, at least his average proportion. Sarpedon covered that year, several tried good mares; such as the dam of Duane, one of our best racers, and the best of Hedgford's get; the dam of Volney, a very speedy colt, and Tattersall, the speediest sweepstake colt in the Atlantic States in 1840; the dam of Benbow; Columbia the dam of Kate Kennon; Polly Kennedy, &c. I do not remember that any of his get that year have been winners except those out of Duane's dam and Tattersall's dam.

As to Priam, it is “well known” that he reached this country in 1837, some time after the season commenced. When travelling to his stand near Richmond, he was fundered, or took cold, and was confined several weeks between Petersburg and Richmond, and it became doubtful whether he could reach his stand at all that season. However, he got better, and reached his stand, when, perhaps, the regular season was more than half over. He was not in robust health for some time. Many of the best mares were put to Trustee, Cetus, Sarpedon, and other horses, before it was known that Priam could serve mares. The lot of mares served by Priam, were not, so far as I have had an opportunity of knowing, at all extraordinary. The sporting works will satisfy any one that but few tried mares were among them. See them, and the entries in sweepstakes, whence it will appear that most of the tried mares were bred to other horses. It must be obvious also, that all his get of that year were late foals.

As to their running. Last Spring his 3 yr. olds started 13 times and won 10 times, winning most of the large sweepstakes, from this to New York; such as the \$300 sweepstake at Belfield; both sweepstakes at Newmarket; the \$300

and Pete Whetstone stakes at Baltimore; the \$1000 stake at New York, &c.; beating the get of all the other stallions out of the best tried mares. They were beaten 3 times—once by the produce of *Mv Lady*, the dam of *Passenger*, and grandam of *Monarch* and the *Queen*; once by the produce of *Duane's dam*, and once by the produce of *Tattersall's* and *Volae's dam*—the *Priams* being *amiss* on at least two occasions, if not all three. *Trumpetta's colt*, *Zampa*, *Col. Thompson's grey colt*, *Mr. White's*, *Mr. Wickam's*, *Mr. Long's*, &c., were out of young or untried mares. None, perhaps, of the most promising of *Priam's* colts were run last fall, except one, which was *amiss* from the distemper, yet they won frequently in the fall.

Trusting to my memory, I think I may say that the running of all *Priam's* get, in the Eastern States will show something near this result. They have started between 55 and 60 times and won from 45 to 50 races. On these occasions they have met the get of all our best stallions. And as reference has been made to the fact of a *Leviathan* beating a *Priam* in the West last Fall, I will add, in sheer justice to *Priam*, and without meaning to disparage *Leviathan*, that the get of the two horses have been opposed to each other in the Eastern States some 8 or 10 times, and in every case the *Priams* have been winners, or received forfeit.

Respectfully yours,

WM. H. E. MERRITT.

WASHINGTON HUNT CLUB.

From a Correspondent.

I have the pleasure, Mr. Editor, to inform you that the Washington Hunt has been revived. It took place as follows. In the early part of winter some friends of Field Sports were assembled round a fire, and the conversation turning on that most maddening of all sports, the chase, an *old fielder* asked why it was, that the young gentlemen did not get up a pack of Fox Hounds? The thing took. A meeting was called, and thirty good men and true plarked their names at once. Officers were elected—hounds procured, and placed under management, and runs, with varied success, followed. On Monday last, the Meet was fixed at the Pines, which overlook the Anacosta River, at the Red Banks. Some sporting gentlemen from Prince George's, met us by invitation with their hounds. In all, we mustered fifteen couple of the right kind to go, and game at that. The field was some twenty horsemen.

At half-past 8 o'clock, the hounds were thrown off, and in five minutes found their fox, and in five minutes more *Reynard* broke cover, crossing the Baltimore turn-pike and rail-road at the deep cut, seven miles north-east of the capitol. Thus far the run was beautiful, and the riding fair, but the time lost in crossing the cut gave the hounds a decided lead on the horsemen; the scent was burning hot, and the pack carried it breast high. Several old fielders believing *Reynard* could not continue on that course, or maintain his run in the wind's eye, pulled up; but on went the fox in a north-west direction, right up the wind until he reached the turn-pike road, leading to Rockville, a distance of eight miles. Here he doubled, and bore away to the north-east, passing the *Adelphi Mills*, the burnt mills, and *Mr. Crawford's*—and soon after the pack ran into and killed their fox. But not a horseman was up who had seen the fox break first cover. All had given in miles back. It is, however, proper to state, that the pace was a tell-tale from first to last, and the ground from *Queen's Chapel* anything but good, the soil being deep, swampy, and broken. The distance run was over thirty miles.

Our Hunt is now composed mostly of young members, and many of them have enough of ardor and break-neck in them, to make first rate riders to hounds. G.

Washington City, Feb. 21, 1842.

SPORTING DECISIONS.

CIRCUIT COURT.—*Before Judge Kent. Feb. 22.—Henry Woolley vs. John Singer.*—This was an action to recover back \$200, which had been paid on the following trotting match:—

We, the subscribers, agree to trot a match over the Beacon Course, on Monday, the 11th of Oct. at three o'clock, P. M. for \$900 aside, two mile heats. E. Ruckman names gr. m. *Lady Suffolk* to go in a wagon that now belongs to E. Ruckman, formerly to J. Bridges, weighing about 145lbs. No alteration to be

made in the wagon for the purpose of making it lighter *Americus* to go in a sulky according to the rules of the track. *Americus* named by John Conklin, forfeit one half.

This match to go according to the rules of the track.

New York, Oct. 1, 1841.

JOHN CONKLIN.

ELISHA RÜCKMAN.

The match came off as agreed upon, and afforded most excellent sport to all but—the losers. *Americus* was the winner.

The defendant in the present action had been agreed upon as stakeholder. As every honorable man should do, he promptly paid over the money in his hands to the owner of the victor horse. The plaintiff, it subsequently appeared, owned \$200 in the amount put up on the part of Lady Suffolk, and, as was stated on the trial, "was sorry" at his favorite losing. He now brings action, as already stated, to recover back the sum he had risked. There was no pretension but the race had been a fair one, the ground of action, therefore, was solely on the law prohibiting betting. The Court, in its charge, stated to the jury that if they believed the money to have been put up and lost in the manner claimed, they were bound to find for the plaintiff, and that the defendant, in such a case, was not particularly entitled to the benefit of any doubt that might exist, as had been urged by his counsel. After a short absence, the jury returned a verdict in favor of defendant.

For plaintiff, Mr. W. S. Smith. Mr. N. B. Blunt, for defendant.

Sporting Decision in Canada.—The Montreal "Gazette" of the 15th announces the result of a recent Trial there, which has excited great interest. The horses spoken of, have all, we believe, run here, where they are well known. (Prince Albert ran here under the name of *Eliptic*):—

The Court of Queen's Bench, now in session at Toronto, has pronounced judgment in the long pending suit, as to the disposal of the Toronto City Plate, of one hundred and ten sovereigns. It will be recollected, that, at the Races, in July 1841, seven horses contended for the above purse. Peter Pindar won the first heat, and came in first for the second; but, in consequence of a jostle claimed by the owner of Prince Albert, and allowed by the Stewards, was declared distanced. The third heat was won by Champagne, who also walked over for the fourth, thus winning the stakes. A claim (the grounds of which we need not here enter upon), on the part of the owner of Prince Albert, to the stakes, and referred to the Jockey Club in England for decision, caused the retention of the money in the hands of the Treasurer of the Toronto Turf Club. A suit was brought by Mr. Gorham, owner of Peter Pindar, for the amount of the purse; and the jury, in opposition to the decision of the Stewards, awarded the money to him. The case being brought by appeal before the Judges, they have quashed the previous proceedings; and we trust there will be no longer any obstacle to the owner of Champagne receiving the one hundred and ten sovereigns, to which we have all along believed him entitled.

SALES OF STOCK.

B. W. BRITT, Esq., of Hertford county, N. C., has purchased of Capt. G. A. W. NEWCOM, of Southampton, Va., the following blood stock.

No. 1. *SALLY COBBS*, b m. (stinted to Cymon), by Arab—Sir Hal—Imp. Bedford—Imp. Diamond—Rosetta by Wilkins' Centinel—Diana by Clodius—Sally Painter by Evans' Imp. Starling—Imp. mare Silver.

No. 2. *Bay Colt* by Cymon, out of No. 1; foaled Spring 1841.

No. 3. *Bay Filly*, by Imp. Priam, out of Fanny Evans by Imp. Sarpedon—Marquis—Imp. Bedford—Imp. Shark—Imp. Centinel—Imp. *Americus*—Imp. Valiant—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Aristotle—Imp. Janus, &c.; foaled Spring 1840.

No. 4. *Brown Colt*, by Cymon, out of Fanny Evans; foaled Spring 1841.

No. 5. *Chesnut Colt*, by Cymon, dam by Imp. Sarpedon—Thaddeus—Potonac—Chanticleer—Celer, &c.

The Cymon colts are large, strong, and handsome—No. 5 resembles Boston in form and colour, and should he be so fortunate as to avoid *Northern Fashion*, the destruction of Southerners, he may make a high trump.

No. 3 and Crucifix, over the water (from the cut and description published in

your paper some time since), are as much alike as common for sisters, and if she is brought to the post in good order, at three years old, and meets one that can go it with her, "Such a gittin up stairs you never did see."

The Boston and Fashion match is stirring the folks up with a long pole. Many in the South believe and hope that Fashion will beat him. The old stud must be stiff; at least it was thought so last Spring.

I had the good fortune a few days since to see the renowned *John Blunt*, the injury he sustained at Camden has nearly disappeared.

The strings are in motion—Dr. GEO. GOODWYN and others are going finely. Eliza Calvert is a bird, and one that cannot be caught easily. Is she could only be slipped in that snap between Boston and Fashion she would give them Jessee.

SURE THING.

March 12, 1842.

A. L. SHOTWELL, Esq., has sold *Stage Driver* to JOHN B. JONES, Esq., and ANDREW WEBSTER, of Columbus, Miss., for \$1500. He is to go into Maj. Jones' stable, at the Post of Arkansas. Maj. A. J. DAVIE, of Tenn., and Mr. Shotwell will probably each have a stable "in the Arks," in the Fall, as will Capt. TUNSTALL, and other gentlemen. The stakes opened at Little Rock are filling up handsomely, and as the Legislature will be in session there, a great crowd and good sport is anticipated.

Polly Peachem, (by John Richards,) the dam of Portsmouth, Norfolk, etc., was sold on the 10th ult. for \$500. A yearling colt of her's, by Imp. Monarch, was sold at the same time for the same price.

OBITUARY.

We regret being called upon to announce the demise of three gentlemen connected with the Turf. We refer to Col. JOHN R. SPANN, of Stateburg, S. C., Col. WHARTON RECTOR, Paymaster in the Army, of Crawford County, Arkansas, and to EDWARD J. HAMILTON, Esq., late of Charles County, Md., a turfman and breeder of considerable eminence. Col. Spann has been for several years a prominent turfman of S. C., and was a gentleman of high character. Col. Rector, who died on the 8th ult. was in his 42d year, and leaves a wide circle of friends to regret his loss.

American Horses in Canada.—The Toronto "Herald," of the 10th instant, announces the arrival in that city of Mr. TAYLOR, with the following thoroughbred stock:—

Alwilda, br. m., by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards, 6 yrs.

Lady Pilot, ch. m., (own sister to Shepherdess,) by Lance, out of Amanda by Revenge; aged; in foal to Oliver.

Tell-Tale, ch. m., by Orphan Boy, dam by Imp. Expedition; aged; stunted to Hornblower.

Orange Bud, ch. m., by Orange Boy, dam by Rattler; aged; in foal to Hornblower.

Vaulting Feat.—The Mobile "Herald," of the 15th inst. relates the following extraordinary performance:

Beat this!—Mr. Moses Lipman, the celebrated Equestrian, a member of Messrs. Fogg & Stickney's Circus company, now in this city, yesterday morning threw the astonishing number of *seventy one* successive somersets—thus standing champion of the world on the *Battoute*. A few years since, an Englishman named Price, challenged the world, through the columns of Bell's Life in London, to a trial of skill at vaulting, and was beaten by our countryman, Levi North; Price threw 55—North 57. This was the best vaulting ever witnessed in Europe. Mr. Lipman has reached the pinnacle of Fame, as *American Champion*. No end to Yankee enterprise.

Trifle.—We are glad to learn from Kentucky that this nonpareil (the property of Col. JOHNSON and Capt. BRANCH, of Petersburg, Va.) dropped a superb filly foal to Eclipse on the 5th ult.,—a beauty and no mistake, with plenty of size, combined with the symmetry of the phenomenon herself. Trifle remains in the harem of Eclipse.

Imported RIDDLESWORTH had arrived at Lexington, Ky., on the 8th ultimo. A correspondent (L. P. T.) writes, "I think him altogether the finest horse I ever saw." This is a singular opinion for a Kentuckian to express, Riddesworth being a perfect *Ginaffe* in height, with space enough between his fore-legs to pitch a sack of salt through them. He was a race horse, however, and of prodigious speed. The Hon. F. VILLIERS, when in this country last season, assured us that his father (the Earl of JERSEY) considered Riddesworth superior in speed to Glencoe, Bay Middleton, or any horse he ever trained. Riddesworth's fore legs are set on to his body like nothing else so much as a bull terrier's, so that his breast is broader than his quarters. Who knows but this may have something to do with his speed? "Horses run in all forms," it is said, but Riddesworth's is more peculiar than Boston's. He is a gallant looking horse, and we trust will be well patronized. He will be an excellent cross upon the light Bertrand and Medoc mares.

The Cracks at Mobile.—A letter from Mobile, under date of the 12th ultimo informs us that Col. Watson has broken up his stable. Glenara and Mary Thomas left Mobile on that day for the stable of their owner, Gen. HUNTER. Maria Collier and Aroostook had started for Missouri. VAN LEER goes to Florence, Ala., with the brother to Sarah Bladen (Tom Watson;) he is engaged to train for THOMAS KIRKMAN, Esq. HAMMOND was about starting for Columbus, Ga., with Nat Bradford, Hannah Harris, Cork, Lord of Lorn, etc., instead of giving the *Orleanois* a taste of their quality. Miss Foote, the fine Consol filly, has gone over to New Orleans to have a sly at Reel and Jim Bell. No stable from Mobile is to cross the Lake.

GIL. PATRICK was to leave Mobile on the 13th for Petersburg, Va., to ride Boston in his exercise.

Fine Cattle in South Carolina.—The wealthy planters of Carolina have within a few years past been giving considerable attention to the improvement of their stock of cattle and sheep. Large purchases have been made at the North, and several importations directly from Europe. In the vicinity of Columbia, S. C., are some of the finest Cattle and Sheep to be found in the Union, as will be acknowledged by any one who has seen those of Col. HAMPTON, Col. TAYLOR and other gentlemen. JOHN J. MARSHALL, Esq. of Georgetown, has made an important addition to the fine stock of the State, by the purchase of a draft from the breeding establishment of Dr. JOHN A. POOL, of New Brunswick, N. J. Among the cattle is the Durham calf "Franklin," a winner of a large number of prizes here and in N. J.; though but one year old he weighs 975lbs.—measures 6 ft. 8 in. in length, 4 ft. 3½ in. in height, 6 ft. 4 in. in girth. Several other fine animals accompanied Franklin, and a lot of very superior Berkshire pigs.

Dr. Pool's stock is so well known in this section as to call for no commendation at our hands; we can speak of it from personal observation as being of the highest character. He has several prize cattle for sale that are worthy the attention of Southern Breeders; among them is Bernard, 3 yrs. old this Spring, who has carried off every prize for which he has been exhibited. Dr. P. has also several imported Spanish Jacks and Jennets, Berkshire Pigs of all ages, and a large herd of cattle.

We regret to learn from Natchez, that Mr. SHY's horse *Jem Robinson* is complaining seriously in his left fore leg, and has been thrown out of training.

NAMES CLAIMED.

JOHN LAMAR, Esq. of Macon, Ga., claims the name of *Alouette* (in French a lark, or skylark) for a superb dark bay filly by Imp. Skylark out of Bonnie Bess, by Sir Hal, and she out of the celebrated Coquette. Bonnie Bess was bred by Col. W. R. JOHNSON, of Va., who sold her to Col. GEO. B. ROBERTSON, of Macon, for \$1500. Mr. M. having desired us to give an appropriate name to his filly, we have selected that of *Alouette*, after canvassing those of Skyrocket, Skylight, and others, as indicative of the filly's pedigree.

JESSE CAGE, Esq., of Natchez, Miss., claims the name of *Mary Bowen* for his gr. f., 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Fanny Maria by Pacolet.

H. L. FRENCH, of Missouri, claims the name of *Ann Hayes* for his b. f. yearling, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific; also, that of *Frank Henry*, for his gr. c. by Rosin the Bow, dam by Sir Richard, foaled August 1841.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

M A Y , 1 8 4 2 .

Embellishments:

THE HUNTED BUFFALO.
Engraved on Steel by DICK, after a Sketch by WILDRAKE.
A PATRICIAN OF THE NEW WORLD:
Etched on Steel by DICK, after a Drawing by CATLIN.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

BEFORE this number of the "Register" is in the hands of its readers, *Boston*, the Champion of the South, will be at the Union Course, Long Island. *Fashion* being in training but a few miles from town, will not arrive, probably, until a short period before the match comes off—on Tuesday, the 10th of May. Both are said to be in tip top condition, and their friends are sanguine. Within a few days *Fashion's* friends have rallied, and the betting is about even; heretofore *Boston* has been the favorite at small odds.

Just as our last "form" was going to press we learned of the death of Col. AUGUSTUS FLUD, of Vance's Ferry, S. C., a circumstance which fills us with poignant regret. Col. F. was in the prime of life, and was distinguished not more for his sterling worth than for the elegance of his manners, and all those manly accomplishments which characterize the high bred gentlemen of Carolina. For many years Col. F. has been connected with the South Carolina Turf, and promised to become one of its most distinguished ornaments. The writer of this paragraph was so fortunate as to enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance, and while he entertains the most vivid recollection of the graces of his mind and the nobleness of the impulses which prompted his every act, he regrets his inability to speak in becoming terms of the character of one so eminently gifted, and so prematurely taken away. Some one of the wide circle of attached friends he has left behind him, will do justice, we trust, to his lofty aspirations and his many virtues.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

- ALEXANDRIA, D. C. MountVernon Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th May.
 BALTIMORE, Md. - Kendall Course, Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th May.
 CAMDEN & PHILA. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th May.
 " " Match, \$2000 a side, Moustache vs. Mr. Long's Priam colt.
 CARROLLTON, Mo. - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d Thursday, 12th May.
 COBOURG, U. C. - - Newcastle Club, about the 3d Wednesday, 18th May.
 FAYETTE, Mo. - - - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 4th May.
 " " - - - Post Stake and other races on the 12th and 13th May.
 FRANKFORT, Ky. - Capitol Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.
 HINDS Co., Miss. - Oakland Course, Colts' Stake, six subs., 1st Tuesday, 1st Nov.
 " " " Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Thursday, 3d Nov.
 HUNTING PARK, Pa. Trotting Course, near Phila., 3d Tuesday, 17th May.
 KINGSBERRY, Md. Trotting Course, near Baltimore, Spring M., 2d Thursday, 12th May.
 KNOXVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.
 LEXINGTON, Ky. Association Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th May.
 LOUISVILLE, Ky. - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 31st May.
 NEWCASTLE, U. C. Turf Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th May.
 NEW YORK, - - - Union Course, L. 1., J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th May.
 " " - - - Match, \$20,000 a side, Boston vs. Fashion, 2d Tuesday, 10th May.
 " " - - - Beacon Course, N. J., the week following the Union Course.
 " " - - - " " Trotting Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.
 RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 5th Oct.
 SIMCOE, U. C. - - - Near Toronto, Simcoe Course, 2d Monday, 9th May.
 ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - St. Louis Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Monday, 16th May
 TORONTO, U. C. - - City & Home District Races, Union Course, 5th Tuesday, 31st May.
 " " - - - Toronto Turf Club Races, St. Leger Course, 2d Wednesday, 8th June.
 TRENTON, N. J. - - Eagle Course, Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th May.
 WASHINGTON CITY, National Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.





A PATRICIAN OF THE NEW WORLD,

ONE OF THE "CROW" TRIBE.

With an Etching on Steel by DICK after CATLIN.

WE are indebted to the politeness and talent of Mr. Catlin, the proprietor of the celebrated Indian Gallery, for the spirited drawing presented in this month's "Register." The subjoined description of it is from his recently published "Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians."

"The Crows, like the Blackfeet, are beautifully costumed, and perhaps with somewhat more of taste and elegance; inasmuch as (with their dresses, and with their lodges,) the skins of which they are made are more delicately and whitely dressed. The art of dressing skins belongs to the Indians in all countries, and the 'Crows' surpass the civilized world in the beauty of this white dressing. The art of tanning is unknown to them, so far as civilized habits and arts have not been taught them: yet the art of dressing skins, so far as we have it in the civilized world, has been (like hundreds of other ornamental and useful customs which we are practising) borrowed from the savage, without our even stopping to inquire whence it came, or by whom invented. The greater part of those skins go through the process of smoking. For this a small hole is dug in the ground, and a fire is built in it with rotten wood, which will produce a great quantity of smoke, without much blaze: and several poles of the proper length stuck in the ground around it, and drawn and fastened together at the top, around which a skin is wrapped in form of a tent, and generally sewn together at the edges to secure the smoke within it. Within this, the skins to be smoked are placed, and in this condition the tent will stand a day or so, enclosing the heated smoke; and by some chemical process or other, that I do not understand, the skins thus acquire a quality which enables them, after being ever so many times wet, to dry, soft and pliant as they were before, which secret I have never yet seen practised in my own country, and for the lack of which all our dressed skins, when once wet, are, I think, chiefly ruined. The 'Crows' are very handsome and *gentlemanly* Indians in their personal appearance, and have always been reputed, since the first acquaintance made with them, very civil and friendly. I have painted the chief (whence the accompanying etching is made), as he sat to me, balanced on his leaping wild horse, with his shield and quiver slung on his back, and his long lance, decorated with the eagle's quills, trailed in the right hand. His shirt, and his leggins, and his mocassins, were of the mountain goat skins, beautifully dressed, and their seams everywhere fringed with a profusion of scalp-locks, taken from the

heads of his enemies in battle. His long hair, which reached almost to the ground while he was standing on his feet, was now lifted in the air, and floating in black waves over the hips of his leaping charger. On his head, and over his shining black locks, he wore a magnificent crest, or head-dress, made of the quills of the war-eagle, and on his horse's head also was another of equal beauty, and precisely the same in pattern and material. Added to these ornaments, there were yet many others which contributed to his picturesque appearance, and amongst them a beautiful netting of various colors, that completely covered and almost obscured the horse's head and neck, and extended over its back and its hips, terminating in a most extravagant and magnificent crupper, embossed and fringed with rows of beautiful shells, and porcupine quills of various colors.*

“With all these picturesque ornaments and trappings upon and about him, with a noble figure, *and the bold stamp of a wild gentleman on his face*, added to the rage and spirit of his wild horse, in time with whose leaps he issued his startling (though smothered) yelps, as he gracefully leaned to and fro, leaving his plumes and his plumage, his long locks and his fringes, to float in the wind, he galloped about, and felt exceeding pleasure in displaying the extraordinary skill, which a lifetime of practice and experiment had furnished him, in the beautiful art of riding and managing his horse, as well as in displaying to advantage his weapons, and ornaments of dress, by giving them the grace of motion, as they were brandished in the air, and floating in the wind.”

* We have seen the original of this unique equestrian costume and caparison, and can bear testimony to the extreme fidelity of Mr. Catlin's description.—Ed.

THE HUNTED BUFFALO.

BY MAT. C. FIELD, ESQ.

With an Illustration by “WILDRAKE,” editor of the London “New Sporting Magazine.”

SILENCE beneath the noon-day sun is keeping
 Watch o'er the distant prairies of the West,
 Where myriads of Buffalo are sleeping,
 Or grazing on the green hill's flow'ry breast;
 And their low bellowing doth the stillness break,
 As the wind booms along some Northern lake:—

Or like the gentle surging of the sea:—
 Or like the murmur of a storm retiring:—
 Or like the South wind in some hollow tree:—
 Nor roar, nor bellowing, but a short respiring,
 Which, made by millions, low, yet awful, seems
 Like distant thunder heard thro' fitful dreams.



Count in the milky way each little star,
 Then number the wild monarchs of the scene ;
 For all around to the horizon far,
 The wilderness is black instead of green ;
 Millions and myriads, unseen, unknown,
 Rove freely o'er the wilderness they own.

But hark, a moment ! Other sounds are near ;
 See far away th' alarm soon spreads along,
 Throughout the herd some wild and sudden fear
 Moves like a storm-lashed sea the mighty throng ;
 The lazy bulls, rising in sudden fright,
 Stretch forth their heavy limbs in hasty flight !

The cause ! the cause ! Look to the sky afar ;
 See you the dust rising in sudden clouds ?
 Hear you the red man's piercing scream of war ?
 Mark the wild steed mixed with the frightened crowds ;
 See the swift arrows, flashing on the sight,
 As stars fly through the clear blue Heaven of night.

A thousand hunters on their fiery steeds,
 With barbed arrows and with bended bow,
 Shrieking as each new victim falls and bleeds,
 Are dealing death among the Buffalo.
 See the wild herds, swift tossing as they fly,
 Their armed heads in terror to the sky.

See the Camanches, with a fiend-like ease,
 Flying on half wild steeds across the plain ;
 Their long dark scalp locks streaming in the breeze,
 Flaunting the sun-beam with vermilion stain ;
 Now distant far, now instant flashing nigher,
 Like lightning bolts, or mounted flames of fire !

And see the phrenzied Buffalo at bay,
 After his savage hunter madly rushing ;
 Vainly he fights or tries to turn away,
 With the red stream from his wide nostrils gushing !
 He pauses, staggers, pants, and glares around,
 Then headlong falls upon the reeking ground !

Goring the earth, gasping a feeble breath,
 And spouting blood, he falls upon his side ;
 And soon the quiv'ring agony of death
 Leaves his limbs stiff, and eyeballs staring wide ;
 But yet he holds the parting breath of life,
 And only yields it to the hunter's knife !

Thus fall the untamed monarchs of the waste ;
 But centuries shall seek eternal rest,
 Ere the last lonely Buffalo is chased
 From the wild grassy gardens of the West.
 Then, like the mastodon, some upturned bone
 Shall be the relic of a wonder gone.

PHAZMA.

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?

To the Editor of the Bengal Sporting Magazine.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: Peafowl and grey partridges being the order of the day in your April number, with now and then some unhappy blue pigeon in the Beder Couries, perhaps by way of a change you would like an account of an expedition in the Jaulnah direction against our old friends the "*waghs*," alias the *baghs*, alias the *shers*. This season we have killed altogether nine of them, and one large bear. But you must let me know first of all, whether you want any accounts of tiger shooting, as in all probability you will be surfeited with it long before this reaches you. There are other topics, by-the-bye, I can introduce in the description, as the following set of rough *memos* will show. Here they are:—Grand preparations—raspberry vinegar—the Loonar Lake—potash versus salt and soda—the Legend of Loonar (elegantly translated by a distinguished Hingolee Orientalist)—the Cannibal Rakis—arrival of the Brahmin—terrific combat—"Red Ruffian retire"—I wish you may get it—death of the Rakis—the top of the mountain kicked thirty miles, which fully accounts for the &c. &c.—scarcity of tigers—the Poornah river. "You *do* lodge here, Mr. Ferguson,"—tigress and cubs—"maro sahib maro!" Now for a little deep sea—"Ap kee golee lugee!"—the Julnah Scarecrow—his untimely end—Jan Mahomed—"Oh no we never mention him"—Go it, you cripples!—Fly-fishing—Stalking in Mangoe-fool—part company—three in a howdah, I, me, and myself—sociable business—no chance of a row—the death of Bruin—doing a little bit of Walton—an awkward intruder—tigress killed—tiger ditto—return to Hingolee—wanted two tons of soda—thoughts on removing the Loonar Lake—bet a guinea it's finished in a month—hydrophobia—chest of drawers and a gridiron—Earl of Cardigan—give his Lordship six—*cum multis aliis* of a most amusing and facetious description.

Now the deuce is in it, friend Editor, if out of materials such as these we can't concoct one or two pages of reading of some sort for you; so only say the word, and for the love we bear to Maga, we will immediately commence operations, and see whether or not our right hand hath forgot its cunning. We have an abundant supply of Victoria steel pens, a most imposing heap of paper, and our ink-stand has been filled up only three times from the vinegar-bottle; so you may imagine we are capable just at present of performing some astounding feats in caligraphic description. The weather, to be sure, is "*rather warm*," as the moth said when he stuck in the candle, but then as we delight in the title of Bachelor, we are enabled to sit all day in our shirt sleeves and long drawers, and cut it exceedingly fat indeed. Now, were we a married man, we should of course have to "do at Rome as Rome does," and indite pages of valuable matter for you with a black silk

stock on! Why the very idea is enough to suffocate one, is it not? We've been trying to catch alligators here with shark-hooks, but it is a decided case of no go. To be sure the alligators are small in the rivers near here, and the hook is probably too large for them. O——n killed many of them on the Western Coast, sometimes three in a morning, but he used no hook at all. He had a duck, I believe, attached to a long thin line, with a float to it; and when the alligator had pouched the bait, he gave chase in his boat, and speared him whenever he came to the surface to breathe. Had the line been a thick one, he would of course have easily bitten it in half, but being thin, it only gets between the brute's teeth, and he is unable to get rid of it; rather an ingenious plan this, and must afford good fun, I should think. I shall try it some of these days, as I have no faith in the hook system with these small alligators. What do you call the otter in Bengal? I came on eight of them the other day, whilst fishing in the Poornah, and could easily have shot a couple, if I had had my gun with me. They came out of the water, and ran across the sandy bed of the river. A greyhound bitch I had with me laid into them, got one in her mouth, but dropped him like a hot potatoe, and he kept up a running fight with her to the water, in which he wished her (as I do you) "Good bye!"

VERDERER.

A COURSING MATCH.

A wager has been betted with the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, of a somewhat novel description; and, certainly, one of great sporting interest. A hundred and fifty to a hundred have been laid against the success of the following undertaking:

Mr. Berkeley engages, on any given day of open weather, during or between the months of November and February, 1842-3, in any park not more than 130 miles from London, of the nature of the ground in which he approves, to course, pull down, and safely hobble or secure five full-headed bucks, for the purpose of stall feeding, using but one deer-greyhound and one horse for the five courses, fresh horses being only at his disposal for the singling out of the buck from the herd. He is to have no assistance in coursing, holding, throwing, and hobbling the buck, save that of his dog; and also to hold his own horse during the time that he is securing the deer. The horse to lie down at least once during that operation, and the deer to be left safely secured upon the ground, for removal by the keepers.

Should either the dog, Odin, or the horse, Brock, at present in Mr. Berkeley's possession, die, or meet with any disabling accident, previously to the day of the wager, then it is to be at the option of Mr. Berkeley to continue the engagement, or otherwise.

If, in catching the five bucks, a deer should charge the park fence, or run against a tree, and so kill himself, it shall be deemed accidental, and not affect the wager.

If the deer-dog, Odin, should run against a tree, or any similar impediment, and kill or disable himself, then, in such case, Mr. Berkeley might use a fresh dog.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

Dear Sir,—About a year since you had the kindness to republish an article on Rifle Shooting which I prepared for the “American Repertory,” describing an improvement called *the Loading Muzzle*, of which I am the inventor, and for which I hold Letters Patent for the United States.

Extensive infringements have been committed, for which I am suffering, in consequence of the trespassers’ ignorance, or inability to make the instrument, in all its parts, accurately, thereby injuring the credit of the contrivance. I have thus far treated these invaders of my claims with the utmost lenity, on their promising to suspend. Now I wish permission to state through your pages, to makers and purchasers, that EDWIN WESSON, of Northborough, Mass., is the only authorized manufacturer, and though not agreeable to my feelings, or perhaps my interests, I shall be obliged hereafter, in order to make good my obligations to Mr. Wesson, to prosecute in every case of infringement, to the utmost extent of the law.

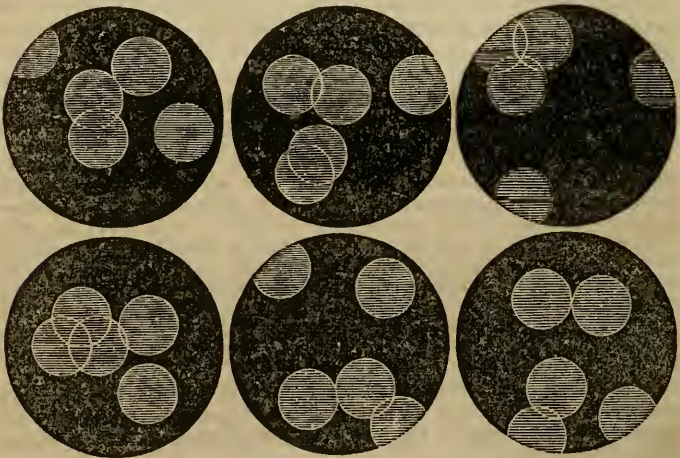
We have a number of prize shooters in this vicinity, among whom matches can be obtained for any amount up to \$1,000, provided they can be allowed to use the Loading-Muzzle, and their competitor will engage to confine himself to a rifle of any other construction heretofore in use.

The annexed wood engraving gives a fair sample of the shooting of Mr. Wesson’s rifles. It is an exact copy of six targets, of five shots each, from six different guns, at the distance of 55 yards, or 10 rods.

In some of these targets I have shifted the centre, as the sights were not exactly in place at the time the trial was made. They were all held as near alike as practicable, and the object of the engraving is only to show the relative position of the shots.

ALVAN CLARK, No. 15 Tremont Row.

Boston, April 7th, 1842.



Targets made with six of Clark’s Rifle’s at 55 yards, off hand.

Note by the Editor.—Mr. Clark has furnished us with some Targets made with his Patent Muzzle Rifles, by Mr. STARR, of Philadelphia, at 100 yards, off hand. In one of these the whole five shots are covered, with some space to spare, by a half-dollar piece, while four of the shots are within the circumference of a quarter-of-a-dollar.

REMARKS ON THE FASHIONABLE ENGLISH RACING
STALLIONS.

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

Resumed from our last Number, page 213.

I CANNOT help expressing my great surprise and disappointment at the very wretched running of the *Bay Middleton* stock: indeed with the exception of Mr. Powlett's Miss Fanny filly (winner of a Two-year-old Stake at Newcastle-on-Tyne), colt out of *Rocbana* (a very fine animal), Johnny Faa (winner of a rich 500 sovs. each Sweepstakes, 300 forfeit, at Goodwood), and Balcony, nothing has appeared that can lay the slightest pretensions to even a third-rate degree in the racing way. It may, perhaps, be going a little too far to say that the Sultan and Cobweb blood is not at all suited to the very severe discipline which is put in force at John Day's establishment; but certainly it is singular enough that out of the very great number of two-year-olds by Bay Middleton, trained at Stockbridge during the last Racing Season, most of whom stood deeply engaged, not one could be got in trim to win even a solitary stake. On the other hand, John Day was as fortunate as usual with his other youngsters—*to wit*, Palladium, Rostrum (since dead), Misdeal, and Weseacre—all good winners. It must not, however, be forgotten that Lord George Bentinck has been exceedingly unfortunate in having almost a continual illness amongst his young horses during the last eighteen months. I know it is the opinion of many Turf Gentlemen that John Day over-does his youngsters by giving them too violent exercise; but it must be admitted that, like the Chifneys, if he can get a *good* two-year-old to stand his preparation, then he is very dangerous indeed. There is no doubt that the Cobweb and Sultan blood requires a peculiarity of style in training to bring the descendant to the post in first-rate condition, and unquestionably poor old Edwards did not leave his *mantle* behind him; for Ransom, clever as he is, is unable to keep his horses on their legs even for their three-year-old engagements in the Spring Meetings. We shall see, now that Lord George Bentinck has thought proper to take his horses from John Day, what Kent will do with his very expensive string: I have a notion, by the way, that His Lordship will not benefit largely by the change. When I was at Stockbridge in the autumn, I particularly noticed a Derby colt called Felis, by Bay Middleton, out of Pussy, and as far as the eye could reach, I pronounced him at the time a very promising colt. Of Bay Middleton's splendid career as a racer, every one at all interested in breeding for the Turf is fully aware; perhaps it is not going too far to say that no animal ever had such a glorious *gathering* of the good things of racing life, as this son of Sultan had in the year 1836. I cannot divest my-

self of a very strong prejudice in favor of this horse as a stallion, and I feel certain, if good stout mares—such as the Whisker, Dr. Syntax, or Emilius blood—are sent to him, and the produce not worked to death at the tender age of two years, that Bay Middleton's name will be chronicled as gloriously in the Stud Book as it is now in the pages of the Racing Calendar.—Bay Middleton is advertised to serve mares at 30 gs. each, at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster, and the number is limited to thirty-five, besides those of the owner.

The Marquis of Westminster undoubtedly can boast of having done more of late years, with his fancy blood, than any other Nobleman, Gentleman, or Commoner. I have been told that the Noble Marquis's son, the Earl of Wilton, has been mainly instrumental in bringing about the judicious *crosses* to which alone may be fairly ascribed the splendid achievements of the Noble Marquis's racing establishment of late years. The stallions for the coming season at Eaton Stud House are, that fine old horse Pantaloon, the celebrated Touchstone, and his lucky brother Launcelot.—*Pantaloon* was got by Castrel, out of Idalia by Peruvian. I have spoken of this valuable stallion in the February number, 1841, and it only remains to be stated that since that period he can boast of the honor of being sire of an Oaks winner (Ghuznee), and also of a St. Leger winner (Satirist). Pantaloon, who is an immense favorite at Eaton, is advertised to serve mares at 30 gs. each, and from the very great success of his stock during the last year, there cannot be a doubt that he will be very much sought after by the judicious breeders of racing stock.

Last season was the first of the *Touchstone* stock shewing themselves to the racing public; and it must be admitted, that if this fashionable son of Camel did not make a "prodigious *hit*," still two of his sons shewed to considerable advantage as winners—I mean Auckland and the Joanna colt—both tolerably good favorites for the Derby. Touchstone is a dark brown horse, about fifteen hands and a half high; he was bred by the Marquis of Westminster in 1831, and was got by Camel, out of Banter by Master Henry, grandam Boadicea by Alexander, her dam Brunette by Amaranthus, out of Mayfly by Matchem. Touchstone's first appearance on any "race-course" was at Lichfield, in 1833, when he walked over for a Produce Stake of 50 sovs. each, half forfeit, for two-year-olds, T.Y.C., three subscribers. His second race was at Holywell, where he was entirely unfit to run. The race was for the Champagne Stakes, and Queen Bess was declared the winner after a very pretty struggle; The Tulip second, Touchstone third, and Noodle fourth and last. At Chester, in the following year (1834), Touchstone won the Dee Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb., once round and a distance, beating Queen Bess and four others—won cleverly. At the Liverpool July Meeting, Touchstone, carrying 8st. 6lb., ran a capital second to General Chassé, beating nine others of reputed worth as trial nags for the Great St. Leger. Some time after this race, Touchstone was handed over to the Scotts to be trained for the St.

Leger, which race he won, much to the surprise of all, and to the annoyance of many, in a canter, beating Bran, General Chassé, Shilelah, Bubastes, Warlaby Baylock, Valparaiso, the renowned Plenipotentiary, and three others. At Wrexham, Touchstone won a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, three subscribers, beating Vittoria. Touchstone closed his three-year-old performance by running third to Intriguer (first), and Birdlime (second), for the Mostyn Stakes at Holywell Hunt; previous to which race he walked over for the Chieftain Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, five subscribers. At the Liverpool Craven Meeting, 1835, Touchstone, then four-years-old, carrying 8st. 10lb., ran for the Liverpool Tradesmen's Cup, but was not placed. The race was won by General Chassé, carrying 8st. 9lb.; Red Rover second, The Count third, and Touchstone and six others not placed. At Chester, Touchstone won the Stand Cup; at Doncaster, the Gold Candela-brum, beating Hornsea and a good Field: at Heaton Park, two Cups; and wound up the year by winning two Stakes at Holywell Hunt. In 1836, Touchstone, then five years old, won the Gold Cup, value 300 sovs., with 120 sovs. at Ascot; the Gold Cup, with 50 sovs. at Doncaster; and the Gold Cup, with 90 sovs. at Heaton Park. In 1837, Touchstone closed his racing career by winning the Ascot Cup, value 300 sovs., with 510 sovs. at Ascot, beating the celebrated Rockingham in gallant style. Touchstone is one of the soundest sons of Camel ever foaled, and his stock, as far as I have seen, are highly promising. He serves mares at 30 guineas each.

Launcelot's "laurels" are so "*green*" that it is scarcely necessary to make any reference to them: as a record, I will, however, just refresh the memory of my readers by giving a brief account of his doings. After walking over at York, Launcelot was sent to Doncaster, where he contrived to win the Champagne Stakes, after a good race, beating Pathfinder, Theon, and a good Field. On the Thursday in the same week, he ran second to Theon for the 20 sovs. Two-year-old Stakes, beating a very strong Field. During the winter and spring Launcelot was a crack favorite for the Derby, for which race he came in second to Little Wonder, about whose running 50 to 1, to almost any amount, might have been obtained on the morning of the race; while a man might beg and pray to have 2 to 1 laid against Launcelot! That Launcelot lost the Derby entirely through the destructive *play* made by the Melody colt, was at the time the general opinion of the best judges, and I see no reason to run my head against such a notion. From Epsom, Launcelot went to the Liverpool July Meeting, where he walked over; he then went to the York August Meeting, where he performed the same easy pursuit; and finally got to Doncaster, when he won the St. Leger, beating (under sufferance) his stable companion Maroon, Gibraltar, and eight others. Launcelot pulled up lame, and was *lucky* enough to get half the Foal Stakes (200 sovs.), having divided with Black Beck, a stable companion. This ought to have ended Launcelot's racing career; but the Marquis of Westminster thought otherwise, and kept the horse in training,

despite his broken-down leg, till the Goodwood Meeting, when he started for the rich 300 sovs. each Stakes, three miles and a quarter, and broke down, as every one anticipated. I am by no means willing to allow that Launcelot is likely to make such a useful stallion as his brother Touchstone; and I think the Noble Marquis would act wisely if he were to dispose of him to the Foreign Market, where no doubt, from his fashionable blood, a commanding figure might be obtained.—Launcelot is advertised to serve mares at 20 gs. each.

Mr. William Barrow has the following stallions in the market—*Ibrahim* and *Royal Oak*.—*Ibrahim's* running at three years old was highly respectable, and he ran well up in the Derby 1835. His blood is of the right sort, he being a descendant of Sultan, out of Sister to Cobweb, her dam Filagree by Soothsayer, out of Web. His figure is commanding, and, at 10 gs. each mare, he ought to be well supplied.

Royal Oak was a runner of considerable celebrity, and his stock have turned out the right sort to back. He is the sire of *Slane*, a runner of great fame, and the winner of the handsome Shield given by Lord George Bentinck at the Goodwood Meeting 1837. *Royal Oak* was got by *Catton*, out of a *Smolensko* mare, her dam *Lady Mary* by *Beningbrough*. His price of serving mares is 20 sovs., and the number is not to exceed fifty. These two valuable stallions are at *Newmarket*.

Liverpool stands at Mr. Gibson's, *Castle Bromwich*, near *Birmingham*, where it is intended he shall receive mares at 20 gs. each. I have, in the *Magazine* for *March*, 1841, given the performances of this valuable son of the celebrated *Tramp*, and also added the names of some of his get, to prove to racing men the success he has met with as a fashionable stallion. Since that period he has even increased in fame with the breeders of blood stock. *Liverpool's* splendid running daughter, *Calypso*, did wonders at the *Newcastle-on-Tyne Meeting*, by winning the *Northumberland Plate* at 8st., beating one of the best Northern Fields of the season; and on the Thursday following ran one of the finest races ever seen for the *Gold Cup*, being beaten in the end by scarcely a neck, by the renowned old mare *Bee's-wing*, *Lanercost* (a son of *Liverpool*) being about the same distance from *Calypso*. One of the best judges of provincial racing has since assured me that *Calypso* could not have lost if more use had been made of her when half a mile from home. The general progeny of *Liverpool* are amazingly well furnished with bone. I understand that some first rate mares are "booked" to this son of the good old *Tramp*. Mr. *Ramsay* has a prodigious fine colt by *Liverpool*, called *Moss Trooper*, engaged in the *Derby* and *St. Leger* this year.

Voltaire will serve mares at the *Grove*, near *Droxford*, *Hampshire*, at 15 gs. each mare and one guinea to the groom. This very excellent son of the celebrated *Blacklock* is one of the most elegant horses ever beheld, and his performances as a racer were decidedly first-rate. *Charles the Twelfth*, a son of this fashionable stallion, has paid Mr. *Johnstone* very handsomely during the

last season, as have also the Dean, Escort, Foxberry, and Jack Sheppard. There cannot be a doubt that our West Country breeders will avail themselves of the opportunity of sending some of their fancy stock to Voltaire this season.

The Saddler has arrived at Mr. Edwards's, Newmarket, where he will stand all the season. As a runner *The Saddler* may unquestionably put in his claim to praise. His blood is quite of the fashion, he being got by Waverley, out of Castrellina by Castrel, her dam by Waxy, out of Bizarre by Peruvian, out of Violante (one of the most celebrated racers ever known) by John Bull, out of Sister to Highflyer, out of Everlasting by Eclipse. Waverley was got by Whalebone, out of Margaretta by Sir Peter; her dam Sister to Cracker by Highflyer, out of Nutcracker by Matchem. With such a pedigree as the above *The Saddler* might have been noticed by the judicious breeder of racing stock, but the success of his progeny might induce Gentlemen to send mares to such a valuable horse. I do not recollect the whole of *The Saddler's* performances, but at three-years-old he won the Shorts at the York Spring Meeting, beating very easily Chorister (who afterwards won the St. Leger, beating *The Saddler* and twenty-two others); at the York August Meeting, he, when very short of work, won the 30 sovs. each Sweepstakes, beating Brother to Tarrare and several others quite easy. After losing the St. Leger by barely a head, through the injudicious riding of Tom Nicholson, he came out on the Thursday and won the Doncaster Cup in gallant style, beating all the best North Country horses of the day. In the Craven Newmarket Meeting 1832, the notorious Match for 500 sovs. a side p.p. between *The Saddler* and Protocol came off, and was decided, as every betting-man knows, in favor of *The Saddler* by a short head, much to the *annoyance*, singular as it may read, of his immediate party. Few races within these thirty years have caused such a *consternation* in the faces of the "ready-made luck gentry;" and the "bettors on the square" had, from the honesty and fine riding of Connelly, a rich harvest on that occasion. After this race, *The Saddler* was started for almost everything within his reach, without the slightest regard being paid to his condition, and the consequence was that he was frequently doomed to be beaten. *The Squire*, who figured so famously last year at Newcastle, Doncaster, and Newmarket, was got by *The Saddler*, who is also the sire of the following decent runners during the last season—*The Currier*, Duke of Wellington, *The Devil-among-the-Tailors*, *The Shadow*, and *Queen of Beauty*. *The Saddler's* price is 15 gs. each mare. The following first-rate brood mares have already been sent to this crack stallion—*Cobweb*, *Sister to Cobweb*, *Joanna*, *Ralph's dam*, *Joannina*, *Sneaker*, *Copers*, *Ally*, *Hock's dam*, &c.

I see by the Calendar that *Ion*, *Gibraltar*, the Dey of Algiers, and *Simoom*, are advertised to be either sold or let.

Of *Ion* I am inclined to say something: his running at two years old was very good; and at three years old he ran second for the Derby and Leger. As far as general appearance could guide one, I will venture to say that *Ion* on the Derby day, 1838, was as

fine an animal as ever jockey threw leg over, and his condition was all that Cooper could wish; still he only came in second. It was the opinion of several Newmarket men at the time, that nothing but the severity of the pace at starting—forced by Grey Momus—lost Ion the Derby. I am by no means inclined to favor that opinion, for I feel persuaded that Amato was decidedly the best horse in the race on that day, and could have won if the race had been run in a different manner. That I know was Chapple's opinion at the time. Ion was good enough to win nine Legers out of ten, but he was unfortunate in meeting one of the fleetest three-year-olds (Don John) that ever appeared for that race, and it is certainly to his credit to have it recorded that he defeated the celebrated Lanercost easily for the second place. Ion is a beautiful brown horse, 15 hands 3 inches high. He was got by Cain, out of Margaret by Edmund, grandam Medora by Selim. I wonder the foreigners have not been tempted to purchase this valuable stallion.

The *Dey of Algiers* is a most beautiful brown horse, without any white, and his pedigree is a most fashionable one, he being a son of Priam, his dam (Tamworth's dam) by Bustard, her dam by Walton. The "lion" of The Dey's racing career was at Chester in 1840, where he won the Tradesmen's Cup, beating Melbourne, Lanercost, and *seventeen others*.

Gibraltar was got by Muley, out of Young Sweet Pea by Godolphin, and is quite 16 hands high. In 1839 he ran second to Crucifix for the Clearwell; and afterwards, receiving seven pounds, ran her a "dead heat" for the Criterion Stakes. In the following year he ran third to Launcelot and Maroon for the St. Leger; won the Scarborough Stakes at Doncaster; the St. Leger Stakes at Newmarket; also half the Town Plate, and Her Majesty's Guineas at the same place. Last year he won the Port Stakes at the Craven Meeting, beating Amurath and Scutari, after a slovenly race; and in the First October Meeting he beat Pathfinder, A.F., 500 sovs., h. ft. This was his last performance.

Of *Simoom*, by Camel, out of Seabreeze, I can only say he won the Nursery Stakes at Newmarket in 1840, and that he is a horse of immense bone and power. I strongly advise the gentlemen from the foreign market to take a peep at these stallions at Hampton Court, where every information will be given.

There have been many opinions expressed respecting *Mündig* as a stallion, and upon the whole the popular opinion is against him. As a racer, he rests his fame entirely upon his winning the Derby in 1835, and few will contend that he was the best horse on that memorable day, although he was lucky enough—thanks to William Scott's fine riding—to struggle in first by a head. I remember the backers of the second horse (Ascot) were anything but pleased at the style of Nat's riding on the occasion. *Mündig* was got by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, grandam Gibside Fairy by Hermes. Some time ago, some "good-natured friend" industriously circulated a report that *Mündig* had *turned savage*, which *turned* out to be a gross libel on the horse's character. From a very few good mares *Mündig* has got some very decent stock;

amongst them, Evelyn (out of Attila's dam), who won at two years old, at the Houghton Meeting, 1840, the Fifty Pound Plate for all ages, beating Marialva, Ramadan, Barbakin, and five others. Mündig may be found at Clipston, near Market Harborough, and the price of covering is ten guineas.

From what I can learn, *Plenipotentiary* will have a very liberal supply of mares during the season. In my remarks last year, when writing about this celebrated horse, I remarked that "it was somewhat strange that the celebrated *Plenipotentiary's* stock should turn out such wretched creatures." Since then his character as a stallion has improved amazingly, and there is no doubt now in my mind that he will take a very forward place amongst our Fashionable Racing Stallions ere long. His blood ought to be much sought after, he being a son of Emilius, out of Harriet by Pericles. As a runner, the *doings* of *Plenipotentiary* are well known. The names of the following will prove that *Plenipotentiary* can get runners, provided the right sort of mares be sent to him—*Potentia* (winner of the 1000 gs. and the Grand Duke Michael Stakes at Newmarket), *Metternich*, *Teleta*, *Envoy*, *Barbara*, and *Nuncio* (winner of the Fifty Pound Plate in the Second October Meeting, beating *Sister to Perseus* and *ten others* easily). There are eight of *Plenipo's* sons in the coming Derby, of which the *Brother to Potentia* and *William de Fortibus* are considered the most promising, and have been backed by their parties to win large sums. *Plenipotentiary* will be found "at home" at *Limberhurst Farm*, *Horseheath*, *Cambridgeshire*. His price of covering is 20 gs. each mare.

Mr. Tattersall's stallions at *Willesdon Paddocks* include the celebrated *Glaucus*, the speedy *Taurus*, and the Irish *Verulam*.

Of *Glaucus* so much is known that anything from my pen would appear like a "twice told tale." *Glaucus* was got by *Partisan*, out of *Nanine* by *Selim*, and proved himself a stout and speedy racer, commencing at two years old and running till the age of six, during which period he won many valuable Stakes, beating all the best horses of the day. As a stallion *Glaucus* is an especial favorite, and most deservedly so, as the following of his get will bear testimony—*The Nob*, *Palæmon*, *Joachim*, *Harpoon*, and *Rostrum* (dead). The blood of *Partisan* is held most dearly by the best judges of young stock, and *Glaucus*, in point of symmetry, is almost a perfect race-horse. His price of covering is 20 gs. each mare, and the number is limited to forty. The list is nearly full, therefore no time ought to be lost by any one wishing for a subscription.

Taurus was got by either *Phantom* or *Morisco*, out of *Catherine* by *Soothsayer*, and was beyond all doubt the fastest half-a-mile horse of his day. It would take up too great a space to enumerate all *Taurus's* victories; suffice it to say, that some of our most able Match-makers tried all they knew to make the old horse "knock under" by the most unequal matches, at least as regards weight, but *Taurus* was in almost every instance successful. As a stallion he has become a very capital favorite, much against the opinion of nine-tenths of the knowing ones at *Newmarket*. His stock re-

semble him very strongly by being famous for speed, while there seems a deficiency in point of stoutness; this, however, may be mainly owing to the sort of mares with which he has been mostly supplied, a sort whose blood have been more fained for speed than endurance—amongst many others, Bœotian, Assassin, Flambeau, Oakley, Minx, Joujou, John-o'-Gaunt, Buffalo, and Wiseacre—the latter a prominent favorite in the Derby betting, and, being out of Victoria by Tramp, may have the speed of Taurus, combined with the stoutness and honesty of Tramp. Taurus's price of serving mares is 20 gs. each, with the same limit as his companion Glaucaus, viz. forty mares.

Of *Verulam* I know very little. He was got by Lottery, out of Wire (Sister to Whisker and Whalebone) by Waxy, and is a very racing-like stallion, standing nearly, if not quite, sixteen hands high, with great muscular power; his color is bay, with black legs. The price of covering is 10 gs., and at that figure he is sure to get a fair portion of mares. Forester, a very capital performer in Ireland, owns *Verulam* as his sire; as does also Vulcan, winner of the Cambridgeshire Stakes last year, and many other races on the other side of the water. Stout running mares, lacking a turn of speed, might be very judiciously sent to *Verulam*. This horse will also serve half-bred mares at 5 gs. each.

Economist, the sire of the well-known and much-abused racer Harkaway, is advertised to cover mares at Newmarket at 20 gs. each. He was got by Whisker, out of Floranthe by Octavian. As a racer *Economist* proved himself close upon a *first-rater*; at four years old he won four times against very fair horses; viz., £95 at Liverpool, £110 and £70 at Preston, and £120 at the York August Meeting. In the races where he met with defeats he invariably ran honestly to the end. His pedigree is worth looking into, inasmuch as his sire, Whisker, was the winner of the Derby in 1815, and his grandsire, Waxy, is recorded as the winner of the same race in 1793. Harkaway's other grandsire, Octavian, carried off the St. Leger in 1810—therefore the blood that flows in this horse's veins is of an aristocratic order. Last season *Economist* had several first-rate mares sent to him, and I have been informed that promises from very leading quarters have been given this year. He is a very fine animal, and an immense favorite with the Irish breeders.

The general stock of *Sheet Anchor* have turned out amazingly fine animals, and as a consequence he has become one of the most Fashionable Racing Stallions of the present day: indeed I have heard it stated upon very good authority, that Lord George Bentinck has offered Mr. Thompson 100 gs. and Bay Middleton in exchange for *Sheet Anchor*. Without vouching for the truth of the above, I can safely say that some of our best Southern mares have this season been reserved for *Sheet Anchor*. The *doings* of this son of Lottery and Morgiana on the Turf were rather circumscribed, the grand event of his racing career being his race at four years old for the Portland Handicap Stakes in 1836, which he won very easily. He was made a rattling favorite for the Ascot

Cup in the same year, but went amiss just before the day, much to the annoyance of his numerous backers, who stood heavily on him. It was then found advisable to withdraw him from the course, and send him to the stud, where he has quite established himself as a stallion of the first degree. Kedge—the unfortunate Kedge—a splendid daughter of Sheet Anchor, after winning the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster with great ease, in an unlucky moment mastered the boy, and, plunging, threw herself down and broke her back. She had been backed to some amount for the Oaks last year, which race, if there be any truth in public running, she could scarcely have missed winning if she had remained right. Sheet Anchor is the sire of the following *decent* runners—Ben Brace, Sally, Mr. Gardnor's Oaks filly (her dam by Brutendorf), and Sequidilla. Mr. Cooke's Palinurus, a Sheet Anchor colt, has been made responsible for heavy sums invested by some excellent judges on the coming Derby; but from a whisper from the West I learn that the animal is not in such great force as he was some three or four weeks back. There are seven others of his get in the Derby.

Velocipede is advertised to cover mares at Morton-on-Swale, near Northallerton, Yorkshire. Two or three years back this well-bred horse was all the rage with our fancy breeders of racing-stock, and most of the best brood mares in the North were sent to him. His stock have, like the sire, ever been remarkable for speed, without the credit of being either stout runners or sound trainers; yet the *few* that have been *able* to take the necessary preparation for a great event have shone *stars* indeed! It is a rare occurrence to see a horse of *Velocipede's* get in training after four years old; in fact, eight out of every ten—take the *opinion* of the Calendar—either break down or get stumped up before they have run out their three-year-old engagements. The Racing Calendar certainly tells us that Valentissimo, Willesden, and Fieschi, all aged, are now in training, but their legs shew the infirmity of the blood sadly, when compared with the stock of Dr. Syntax, Whisker, and Tramp. The Marquis of Exeter hired *Velocipede* last season, and put some of his best Reveller mares to him, and I earnestly hope that the blood of the two may *nick*; for the Noble Marquis has been *running* against bad luck these three or four last years. I have given the extraordinary performances of *Velocipede* in my Remarks on the Fashionable Stallions in the Spring of last year, therefore it would be out of place to add more. The Scotts seem determined to stick to this *flighty* blood, but somehow or other they do not keep their young favorites long on their legs. The following colts by *Velocipede* stand entered in the Derby—Hydaspes (brother to Valentissimo), colt out of Miss Whip (dead), colt out of Amadou, Meteor (a great favorite and a fine colt), Lord of Holderness (backed heavily), William le Gros (an outside favorite), and Pharold (thought highly of by many *connoisseurs*).

Recovery is at Fairfield, near York, where he will remain all the season to serve mares. He was got by Emilius, his dam by Rubens, out of Tippitywitchet. As a runner, *Recovery* may be

classed as a very good second-rater. Much was expected of this horse as a stallion; but, notwithstanding his having had some of our most approved brood mares, he has not got a colt or filly scarcely worthy of the name of a race-horse. Maid of Monton and Retriever, it may be said, have paid their way; but then their winning races—particularly the mares—must be sought after in Handicap Stakes, where they received very considerable allowances of weight. I have nothing whatever to do with Retriever's victories in Ireland, where in all probability he met some wretched creatures.

I see that *King Cole* has closed his Turf career, and is to appear as a stallion. *King Cole* is a very dark brown horse, about 15½ hands high; he was got by Memnon, out of Baroness by Leopold, her dam Duchess by Cardinal York, out of Nancy by Benningbrough. Few horses have stood the wear and tear of a racing life like this gallant son of old Memnon. At three and four years old, he just about paid his way; but at five he was in his zenith of racing fame, as the following races will prove: 1838, *King Cole* won the Chester Tradesmen's Cup, value £530; at Buxton he won the Gold Cup with 155 sovs.; at Bridgnorth he won 50 sovs.; at Gloucester he won 175 sovs.; at Hereford he won 68 sovs.; at Lichfield he won 70 sovs.; and he wound up the year at Oswestry by winning 55 sovs. Since that year he has been upon the whole successful, running at all weights and distances against the best horses of the day. The price of covering is, thorough-bred mares, 7 sovs. each; half-bred, 3 sovs. I have a notion that this horse, from strong, roomy, half-bred mares, would get something likely to carry 12st. across the Warwickshire country in splendid style.

What I said last season respecting *Mulatto* and *Jerry* I see no occasion to alter. *Mulatto* will, unquestionably, get runners from good mares; and *Jerry's* chance of *fathering* anything like a *flyer* seems as remote as ever—*perhaps Canadian may* win the Derby, and break the spell.

During the last season *Physician* and *Rockingham* have been bought by the foreigners at very heavy prices: the former, one of the gamest horses that was ever saddled, we ought not to have parted with; the other, from what I have seen of his get, we can easily dispense with.

February, 1842.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for March, 1842.

PAST TIMES OF P. PODAGRA, ESQ.—No. III.

“Non omnia possumus omnes.”—VIRGIL.

SOME years after my marriage, my wife and I were invited by Major D——, an Ex-Lancer as well as myself, to spend a few weeks with him at Shidfield House, a nice old place he rented close to the Hambledon Hunt, within reach of Mr. Villebois' pack and the New Forest hounds. Poor D——! he is since numbered with the dead; but none refuse to his memory the good word he always claimed when living.

This was a visit which promised me much pleasure; for besides the good hunting I anticipated—having sent down my two favorite hunters, Rob Roy, who for power, length, and bone, was unequalled in the field, and Jill, a screwy-looking jade, but one who got over the country better than her betters—there were among the party asked to meet us, brave Jack Hammersley, and one or two others of the good fellows of the 19th, just sent to the right about by the reduction of the regiment.

We reached Shidfield in time to dress for dinner, and on descending into the drawing-room found rather a large party assembled, in addition to those who were visiting at the house like ourselves. Among them was Mr. S——, who then had the management of the Hambledon hounds, with manners rather too patronising when not talking to his Whips; and Captain C——, now Sir Francis C——, of the Navy, who had the character of riding as hard as any of his profession; and who, by-the-way, I have seen *go along* the flinty lanes (which to my mind militates much against sport in Hampshire) as gingerly as if he was galloping on Portsdown, or sitting in the stern of his eight-oared barge in Portsmouth harbor. Then there was G——, another near neighbor, with his pretty blue-eyed wife, who was an example of a truth which often occurs to me, that your true fox-hunter shews as good taste in his *sposa* as in his sport. Besides these, there was H—— of H——ll, an old Admiral or two, with pretty supporters in the shape of nieces and daughters.

After our introduction, which D—— did in the frank and kindly manner peculiar to him, turning to his wife, he said—

“I'll ring for dinner; we are all here except Anstruther, and he has not yet qualified for being waited for as we Benedicts.”

As he spoke, the door opened, and Captain Anstruther was announced, and on my word I never saw a finer young fellow in all my life. Tall, stout, yet neatly made: with a head that seemed made for a crown, if ever heads are made for special purposes; a countenance glowing with that manly tint which results from health and healthy occupation; eyes that were all smile; a voice musical and deep, that caught and kept attention; well dressed, well set up; and, to sum up all, with that perfect look of the gentleman,

which in the ease of his attitude shewed him the only person in the room unconscious of his attractive exterior. I was never more struck by a biped; and on inquiry learnt that he belonged to the —th regiment, then at Portsmouth under orders for India. Poor Anstruther! those fine bones of thine now moulder in a distant grave! In a skirmish with the Pindarrees, in which his singular prowess so excited the wrath of the Chief, that orders were at last given for every shot to be pointed to the Saib with the white hand kerchief—which fatal mark had been bound on his arm in haste in consequence of a sabre cut received at the onset—and soon pierced with innumerable wounds, the valiant Anstruther fell dead amidst the many.

To return to Shidfield. The dinner went off well: at first the low disjointed conversation which accompanies the fish and soup; then the more animated sounds which succeed the first sound of champagne; and then the “full cry” usual to the finale of a banquet. Amidst the different subjects of discourse, of course sporting in all its moods, tenses, and persons, was fully conjugated; and I could see that Mrs. D—— was about to take the hint for withdrawal which such topics are supposed to give to our better halves, when D——, addressing himself to the young soldier, said—

“Anstruther, are you fond of hunting?”

“Not particularly,” was the laconic answer.

There was something in these two words so drily spoken that excited general attention; of which, however, Anstruther appeared wholly unaware, and quietly continued taking a shell from a chesnut.

“If you like to join us to-morrow I can mount you,” D—— rejoined, after a slight pause: “I can promise you some excellent sport, and a thorough-bred mare, who could run away with a man twice your inches, many though they be.”

“Thank you, D——,” Anstruther said; “you are very good; but I think I’d rather—that is—I think—by-the-bye I have no hunting gear.”

“Come, that is no hindrance,” the good-humored D—— returned; “I have a new suit at your service, and glad to get any one to take off their Cockney freshness.”

Anstruther bit his lip, and there was a slight expression of annoyance at his objections being thus over-ruled, and for a moment he seemed seeking another excuse. The pretty Mrs. G—— came to his aid, as she lisped across the table—

“Oh! Captain Anstruther, do shew your much better taste, and drive with us poor *delaissées* to Southampton to-morrow.”

Anstruther raised his radiant eye for an instant on the lady; an odd smile passed over his lips; but he bowed with a grace exclusively his own, and murmured something about delight and pleasure. The ladies arose: but I observed, with something like surprise and curiosity, that Anstruther’s flow of spirits, which had much added to the liveliness of the dinner, was completely flown; and that when he joined in the discourse it was evidently with effort, and because he thought it requisite.

The evening passed off merrily. Music, cards, and odd sayings and doings by turns occupied us until twelve o'clock. By that time the *out-guests* were departed, and the women retired for the night; while, at D——'s request, we of the male gender adjourned to the dining-room, where we found a blazing fire, a supper an Apicius might have fancied, and a goodly *batterie* of wine and liqueurs.

There were about six of us, Anstruther among the number; and as we all closed round the fire, after having done ample justice to the *provocatives* D——'s cook had plied us with, there was a comfort, a cheeriness in the moment not to be described. It was a boisterous night, too; and as the wind broke in gusts round the old gable ends of the ancient mansion, one felt, without any ill-will to the poor devils who might be exposed to the storm, that shelter was no small matter of delight at such a moment.

The "*matarials*" had been brought in, when our host, who was busy in concocting some whiskey-punch, was suddenly addressed by Anstruther; who, rising in a sort of agitation, and placing himself in the midst of us, said—

"D——, what the deuce did you mean by running me so hard about hunting to-morrow?"

"And what the deuce, Anstruther, did you mean by refusing my kind offer?" D—— answered, adding another lump of sugar to his compound.

"Why don't you know?" asked Anstruther.

"Know," replied his friend, "what reason can a man have for refusing a horse and a good day's sport when offered to him?"

Anstruther looked perplexed; and, passing his hand quickly through his dark curling hair, was some instants silent. At length he said gravely—

"Do you mean to say that notwithstanding our long friendship, D——, you really do not know why I cannot hunt with you to-morrow?"

D—— looked up, surprised at his altered tone; and, perceiving the serious expression of his countenance, said earnestly—

"Upon my soul, Anstruther, I do not, nor can I even guess."

There was another long pause. Anstruther drew himself up to his full height, and beat with a closed hand his ample chest as if to give firmness to an intention which then seemed to enter his mind. He then looked round at us with something of embarrassment in his countenance. We were all staring at him *bouche béante*. Our inquisitive aspect seemed to strike him as something ridiculous, for a smile rather dawned on his beautiful countenance; but his gravity returned, as he said—

"D——, do you wish to know my reason?"

"I suppose you like better to stay with the women," D—— replied, with an attempt at gaiety.

"No, no; it is not that," Anstruther said, shaking his head, as he continued sadly: "No, D——, that's not it; I'd as soon pass a morning in an aviary of canaries as with a posse of women. No, no, it's not that; but do you and these gentlemen really wish to know why I don't hunt?"

"Yes, yes, out with it, man," said D——, sipping his punch.

"Yes, yes," we all re-echoed.

Anstruther looked anxiously and curiously round the room. The wind howled, the cloth curtains shook heavily in the draught; and involuntarily we drew our chairs into a smaller circle. Some dreadful story seemed about to be related; the bosom of Anstruther seemed laboring with some dreadful secret. At length, having ascertained that none other was in the apartment but ourselves, he inclined his head, and in a distinct whisper, rendered still more audible by our death-like silence, he slowly said—

"D——, I never hunt, *because I am afraid!*"

Poor Anstruther! There was more courage in this avowal than would take a man over a five-barred gate. However, as the Pathfinder would say, "Hunting was not his gift." And I say, "Quod huic est cibo, illi est veneno." P. P.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for March, 1842.

REMARKS ON THE STUDS OF THE PRESENT SEASON.

BY RED ROVER.

"Like diligence requires the courser's race,
 In early choice, and for a longer space.
 The colt that for a stallion is designed,
 By sure presages shows his generous kind,
 Of able body, sound in limb and wind.
 Dauntless at empty noises: lofty necked;
 Sharp headed, barrel belly'd, broadly backed,
 Brawny his chest, and deep; his color gray—
 For beauty dappled—or the brightest bay;
 Faint white or dun will scarce the rearing pay."

GEORGIC III. DRYDEN.

WHAT'S in a name? is an expression hackneyed enough. What's in a start? possesses more novelty, and is more apropos to our present subject, for in very many cases a good start is everything. Is it not so on a foggy night with three blind 'uns and a bolter? Is it not so with a nervous youth before his all-terrible Great-go Examiners? Is it not a good thing with "a southerly wind and cloudy sky" from a Leicestershire gorse-cover? or do Bill Scott or Nat despise it in a T.Y.C. scurry? May I therefore be allowed to congratulate myself in having a good theme to start with, afforded me by several letters on Horse-Breeding, lately given to the world by a Turf-rival across the herring-pond, namely, "N. of Arkansas;" and also by some remarks written in a sporting view in that paragon of amusement, "Bell's Life."

The spirit re-kindled in them is enough to prove that competition in racing is at no distant day to be looked for in America, and other countries, and in our own isle that equestrianism is as much a ruling passion as ever, a passion now most completely inoculated in the Yankee constitutions, and stimulating, by degrees, the long anti-sporting minds of La Belle France, not to omit its growth in our grand marts of Russia and Prussia; and extending even to the Italians, and by a "tarnation long yarn" to our far-off colonies of Australia and New Zealand. Truly may it be said of our horse market—

"Far as the breeze shall bear the billow's foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home."

With all due courtesy, giving the lead to our foreign friends, I cannot but remark what a great acquisition are the contributions of N. of Arkansas to the New Sporting Magazine—a sort of Lord Georgian, at the Four Rivers Course, &c., no doubt. At any rate, from his remarks, we are much to blame in holding cheap the present high-mettled coursers in his country, and that their perseverance will soon raise their racers to the same celebrity as their trotters, from Tom Thumb to Sam Slick's pad nag, is a question admitting of but little doubt.

One thing certainly they appear to excel in, and to have taken up, where we, alas! left off, i. e., *in running long distances*. What can exceed the crack Boston's performances at four mile heats? The *Catton blood* in Mündig's brother, Trustee, has, however, found a conqueror for him in Fashion. This horse seems to be a great favorite there, and shares the honors with Leviathan, Glencoe, Sarpedon, and Priam, whose son Monarch's stock appear promising.

A writer in Bell's Life, to whom I alluded as taking up the subject with spirit, though somewhat inaccurately, expresses his surprise at the general lamentations poured forth on Priam's leaving his native shores; for, he says, "we like to judge of stallions by the general running of their stock, and not by a chance hit," and mentions Crucifix, Miss Letty, Industry, and Cyprian (this latter, unfortunately for him, being no relation to Priam), as "proving quite useless after passing Tattenham Corner, or winning the Oaks;" also "that Priam's colts only come into the world as a Col. Synge's Polydorus, or a Priamides." A bad argument, forsooth! if Industry's four-year-old winnings be looked at; and if he inspect the running on and winning at all distances and constantly, of Captain Pops, Prizeflower, Dey of Algiers, Troilus, Scamander, Bretby, Welfare, Joannina, Ilione, Dolphin, and a host of country everlastings, such as Shark, St. Andrew, Frank, Zo-roaster, &c., whose mottoes ought certainly to be "*Nunquam dormio*." Be it also borne in mind, that it is but seven years since Priam's stock came out, and that in that time he has exceeded in winners any horse of his years. From the year 1830, when he won the Derby, up to 1823, when his sire (Emilius) won it, there is not one Derby winner that proved a good stallion, or hardly got a racer.

Trust the Americans for keeping this matchless horse, that's all. Zinganee is gone the way of all flesh, but I never heard that he gained more éclat there than here, which as a stallion was little enough in all conscience. In Russia, General Chassé's stock are turning out very well, and altogether the breed of horses is so much improving there, that an importation of some good sort of horses this summer, among them The Ant, &c., from this country, were rather held cheap than otherwise, and their attendants were surprised at the good stamp in the country. This spirit, so much on the *qui vive* abroad, seems in no wise extinguished at home, if we only look at the excellent way in which the various stakes throughout the country have filled. Doncaster has lost a great supporter in the Duke of Cleveland, and the gap seems likely to remain unfilled.

The season being now approaching in which the Stud Farm is a matter of interest, I am tempted to say a few words on some of the stallions, who are the present candidates for fame, and whose benefits to the hunting as well as racing world are worthy of remark.

To begin with that Epirus of sporting, Yorkshire, where the thing is certainly more studied, particularly among farmers, than in any other county, and not only studied, but better understood. Holderness, indeed, swarms with horses, and to suppose a person in those parts an ignoramus in horseflesh, is to offer an insult of the keenest kind. From the peer to the pauper all have a kind of equine passion, and I doubt not but the answer of any bumpkin in those parts to a remonstrance on racing, would be given in the doggrel of the song:—

“Come, Willie, now give up this racing,
If ever thou meanest to thrive.’
‘No, mother, I’ll not give up racing,
For any old lady alive.
If I left off agoing to races,
I’d think I was clean gone mad,
For many a joyful day,
And fun at the races I’ve had.’”

I should much like some of those ne'er-do-well complainers about the losses, &c., of horse breeding, to see some of the farms in that district, and so be convinced that, “when the candle is lit at the right end,” the breeding of hunters will pay well. To mention but one instance, how well it will pay when the tools are good, let any sceptic on this point see the hunters bred at Leven, near Beverley, by that clever sportsman, Mr. Jackson. He has for many years sold his colts at very high sums, which will create no surprise in the mind of any one who sees the size, blood, and bone, combined in all his brood mares. That he has been the breeder of Hamlet, by Young Phantom (about the best cocktail in England), and of the well-known steeple-chaser Lottery (both out of the same dam, a splendid bay mare by Welbeck), are sufficient proofs that he is wide awake in his vocation. Lately he has bred from Revolution, Contest, and Mercury, and the stock are very superior,

which proves how much rests with the mare, none of the three above named horses being by any means first-rate. This season, however, there is a superior nag advertised at Beverley; I allude to Melbourne, by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Cervantes, grandam by Golumpus. Here is not one of the gimcrack nags of the present day, but a right honest horse, who with heavy weights and long distances, showed himself no impostor. As a four-year-old he won thrice—£150 and £50 at York, and the Gold Cup at Lincoln. In 1839 he came out well, and won £125 and £50 at Beverley, £50 at York, £450 and £80 at Liverpool, and the Cup, &c., at Nottingham; and at six years old he ran second (carrying 9st. 4lb.) to Dey of Algiers, for the Chester Cup, beating a large and good field. This I hold to be the sort to improve the breed of hunters, and no doubt he will be a great favorite.

The late Mr. Richardson (breeder of Hornsea) had also a good stud in the same part of Holderness, and a portion of it which is still kept up, contains a fine sister to Hornsea, and two fine young mares by Plenipo, out of Myrrha, (indeed Plenipo's stock are fine lengthy animals generally, though they have not yet proved flyers). At this farm also is a fine brown mare, La Belle, by Voltaire, with a good leggy colt (since called Storm), in the Great Yorkshire stakes, by Muley Moloch.

Regarding this same much vaunted Muley Moloch, I greatly agree with a correspondent in Bell's Life, who said that it would have redounded more to the horse's credit had the puff been omitted. His first year showed a precious lot truly, in the shape of Assagai, Birthday, Cattonian, Chivalry, Mary O'More, Sunflower, and Teflis! As three-year-olds there has been nothing flying appeared, though Middleham and Galaor were good animals, but of ticklish constitutions, I fancy. Almost every thing depends on what advantages a horse meets with, and in this respect Muley Moloch surpassed by far the generality of untried stallions, having had a very large number of the best mares put to him; ergo, I argue that he has not shewn even so much excellence at present as ought to be expected in his stock. Whether the good fortune of the North will follow him Southward remains to be proved; at any rate, in taking Rockingham's place, he is not treading in the steps of a well-graced actor; few really racing-like looking horses, as Rockingham was, have got such wofully bad stock. The great tide of public favor is now leaning towards The Saddler, and deservedly so. His stock, for a young horse, have from the first come out well, to wit, The Shadow, The Provost, The Currier, Currycomb, and The Squire, all possessing good constitutions, and running on, and frequently; I fancy that he has not had anything like the opportunities of Muley Moloch. This year, however, the following high-sounding names of mares sent to him must add fresh laurels to his present fame: among them are Cobweb, Sister to Cobweb, Ralph's dam, Sneaker (Assassin's dam), Copere, Mare by Dr. Syntax, out of Filagree, Ally, Emmelina (Hock's dam), &c. &c.

Among the other changes in stallions this year Sheet Anchor

goes to Mr. Peel's, and is to be honored by Crucifix and six more of Lord George's mares. That the change will benefit him I have no doubt, as I think that Thompson's mares, though fine animals, are more suited for hunting than racing. The cross with the crack Crucifix is decidedly good, as she possesses speed and wants power, which Sheet Anchor possesses to a great degree. Hetman Platoff, a noble son of the most unjustly despised Brutandorf, is this year to enter the lists of fame, and must be an acquisition to any breeder. This horse I should much have liked to have seen in Lord Exeter's possession instead of Colwick; for though Colwick is as neat an animal as ever was seen, and of undeniable blood, I do not think he would reform the adulterated blood of Sultan and Reveller so well as the Hetman. Colwick has suddenly risen from two to twenty guineas, owing entirely to Attila's running, though to any one who has seen him it must be a matter of surprise that he was hacked round a country, and had nothing but half-bred and cart-mares put to him. What Velocipede's year will do for the Burleigh stud is, I think, more questionable than a correspondent in Bell's Life holds, when he says that he expects to see his stock out of the Burleigh mares run away with the good things of Newmarket as of yore. Would that such may be the case! but I think that more stoutness is a necessary thing with the Sultan blood.

The good start which Elis has made in the world (as also Stockport) will render Epirus a good speculation to Mr. Potterton. Few horses can surpass this horse in beauty and general symmetry of form. A most perfect head and neck, set upon capital shoulders, is combined with capital quarters, and the most sinewy and excellent legs possible. This latter good point pervades Langar's stock generally, for without being large boned, they all possess legs so sinewy, that training does not ruin them. Such is Epirus's case, having run on till seven years old without a puff about his legs. Old Potentate, too, Zebetta, Amurath, Vulture, Ratcatcher, Garland, and Chantilly, have not stood still by any means, and all have continued long on the Turf.

Epirus and Colwick are out of own sisters (Olympia and Stella by Sir Oliver; in this family there is a deal of running. Kite, half sister to Elis, Epirus, and Epidaurus, is the dam of Lady Moore, Carew, a wonderfully stout mare, and of Vulture, reckoned the fastest of her year. Stella is the dam of that famous old horse Independence (who died last month) and Peter Lely. When so much speed, and such a tendency to running well, is combined with two such faultless shapes as Epirus and Colwick possess, the hazard of breeding from untried stallions is greatly diminished, as the conclusion to be drawn from such premises would be, that as in horses, above all other things, defects and excellencies are strictly transmitted to their stock, so in the case of the two above-mentioned (though one is no longer untried), the chances are that the stock must prove capable of running well.

Mündig is still as great a favorite as ever among the breeders of hunters, and is to be at Clipston this season. His wonderful power

and constitution will always make him popular, and his half-bred stock are quite like their sire.

Among other stallions Ishmael is advertised in Ireland: and to poor deluded mortals, who appreciate a puff, the Dublin Evening Mail holds forth one concerning him, which beats George Robins into fits. He is a fine stamp of horse, and despite the puff is very likely to benefit the declining state of the once famous Irish hunter. Why or wherefore the Irish hunters have been so celebrated for their leaping and hardy qualities, I never yet heard explained; but such has been the case for a long time, though now, most likely, from the large demand for them, there is no longer that large supply in the market.

At Willesden a change of nags has taken place. Taurus, having returned to this country with honors, fills up the handsome Recovery's place, who is gone to the North. Verulam has also been added, from the success of his son Vulcan in the last Houghton meeting. He is not a particularly clever nag, and with Glaucus in the same establishment is likely to want patrons. At Bretby, Lord Chesterfield has a large and good lot of stallions, consisting of the much sought after Gladiator, that very handsome animal Jereed, Don John, Hornsea, and an Irish horse, The Sluggard, by Young Napoleon, a fine slapping horse, and hired for this season by Mr. Mason, of Melton Mowbray.

Lord Chesterfield's team in Scott's stable consists of a formidable lot of sixteen, and several are daily rising in the Derby odds.

That the field for that race will be a large one seems highly probable, and out of so large a number heavily backed, he must be a prophet indeed who can decide on the winner. Col. Peel's chance is far from a bad one, and I hope still to see Chatham forward. The Chester Cup, too, engrosses great attention, and if Cruiskeen's fair weight, and John Scott's training, do not bring her number one this time, I think it will be no go speculating on handicaps any further. The Squire and Vulcan cannot give her such weight, in spite of their individual excellence, and Satirist is surely not calculated to give away weight to the tough little grey.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for March, 1842.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the last Number of the "Turf Register," page 200.

F O O D .

THE sort of hay the most proper for horses in training, is the hard upland hay; which if it has been well got in, will not only retain much of its natural color, but will also possess that agreeable flavor and sweetness, which is invariably observed in that which has been well made. It may be used for horses the following year. Neither new hay nor such as may have been much heated in the rick should ever be given to craving horses: neither should they have clover hay, for if those horses generally in strong work be allowed to eat new hay, they become relaxed in their bowels, and will sweat profusely with very little exertion. Hay that is much heated in the rick is sweet in its taste, and from the quantity that horses are inclined to eat of it, it produces great thirst. This is a sufficient reason for its not being given to such horses in training as may be in strong work.

Clover hay, well made, may be given to some of the light delicate horses, by way of a change; but it should not be given to craving horses, which are apt to feed too voraciously on it.

Oats, which my readers know constitute the principal food for horses of all descriptions when in work, are the cleanest, the best, and perhaps the most nutritious of any of the different sorts of corn, and they appear to agree with the different constitutions of all horses. For those in training, they should, of course, be of the very best quality—sweet, heavy, and thin in the skin. They should not only be well winnowed, but particularly well screened before they are brought from the farmer's, so as to do away with all the small thin light oats, and tailings. It is better that the oats should be thus cleaned before they are delivered into the stables, than that they should be thrashed or beat in sacks by the boys between stable hours, a little at a time, and, as was the practice, afterwards winnowed by them, by letting them fall from the sieve into some spare sheets or quarter pieces laid on the heath for the purpose on a windy day.

Beans are very nutritious; they are of an astringent and heating nature, and if given too liberally, they produce great thirst, and make some horses very costive. Craving horses do not require them. These horses, when in training, eat from twelve to fifteen quarts of oats per day, by which their constitutions are sufficiently nourished; therefore beans need not be given them, unless when travelling. If a groom, when travelling with horses, observe the hay and corn at the inns to be bad, or even indifferent, he may,

under such circumstances, give beans to craving horses as well as to others, with a view to keep them to their mark ; but strong constitutioned horses *only* require them on such occasions.

Very light delicate horses are mostly pretty clear in their wind, but are generally very irritable in their constitutions. Their bowels are almost constantly in a relaxed state, and whenever they are alarmed, they are much in the habit of what is termed "throwing off their meat." Beans being mixed with oats for such horses, as well to nourish them as by way of change, are at all times absolutely necessary, as there is not much danger of their becoming constipated in their bowels. Beans may be given more liberally to these horses than to any other, their digestive organs being always found adequate to perform the office of digesting the small portion of food taken into the stomach, at each time of being fed. Indeed, such light delicate horses as I am now alluding to, may eat and drink as much as they like, and of what they like that is wholesome, and will afford them nourishment ; for if by the means of nourishing food they can be got to put up a little extra flesh, the groom may now and then steal an additional gallop into them, or let them come a little longer length in one, which would be the means of bringing them a little stouter, and thereby enable them to come the length they have to run, with rather more ease to themselves. If so, they will be the less alarmed when pulled up after their race. Horses which eat from ten to twelve quarts of oats during the day, and drink moderately, may occasionally have beans given them in their corn.

When beans are given to such horses in training as require them, they should be hulled and split ; and of such, a double-handful may be mixed in each feed of corn. They should not be given in large quantities, neither should they be given alone.

I remember an instance, about six years since, of a horse breaking loose in the stable, and getting at some beans, and eating a great quantity of them ; from which circumstance he became very ill. I was asked by the owner to examine the horse, which I did, and the symptoms I observed to be present were those of his being in a torpid state. He was very thirsty, his mouth hot, and his pulse was nearly a hundred ; he was extremely costive, and his urine, when voided, was of the color of strong coffee. I recommended to the owner such remedies for his relief as I thought most likely to succeed with him, and the horse eventually recovered.

White peas and wheat mixed with the oats were sometimes given, by way of change, to delicate horses, and to induce them to feed ; but while they feed moderately on oats and beans, I should certainly not recommend the addition of either of the former.

Chaff is a mixture of about equal parts of the best sort of hay and wheat straw, cut short in a machine. This sort of food is mostly given to horses in common use, for the purpose of making some of them grind their corn, that would otherwise swallow it whole, by feeding too voraciously. It is for this purpose sometimes

given to race-horses, when laying by in the winter; but the straw is generally omitted.

The best sweet clover hay, cut into chaff, and a little of it mixed with the corn, given to the light delicate horses, even when in training, is not a bad thing, by way of change, and as an inducement for them to feed.

Bran is generally used in the preparing of horses for their physic, it being made into mashes with hot water, and suffered to remain covered up in the bucket until sufficiently cool, when it may be given them. In winter, it is a useful sort of food for such horses as are apt to be costive from the quantity of corn they eat. A mash of equal parts of bran and oats, given two or three times a week to such horses as may be laying by in winter, is very efficacious in keeping their bodies in a proper state. Some craving horses, from resting during the winter, are inclined to put up a great deal of flesh; this they may be allowed to do to a certain extent; but I am not aware of any advantage to be derived from allowing them to grow so very fat, as some of them will do. As far as my observations have gone on this matter, horses are certainly more liable to constitutional diseases, when in too plethoric a state.

Such horses as are inclined to put up a great quantity of flesh, should occasionally have mashes given them as I have above advised, and these, with an occasional half dose of physic, will keep them cool, and prevent them from getting too lusty.

When I was a boy, it was the custom with some grooms to make bread composed of equal parts of beans, wheaten-flour, and oatmeal, and not unfrequently, some stomach medicines, such as are generally used in cordial balls; these being mixed together into a paste with eggs and ale, and then baked. This sort of bread was given to the horses for a short period before they run: when sufficiently stale, it was crumbled and mixed with their corn. This practice, which is a most pernicious one, has, I hope, been long since done away with. When race-horses are once taken into training, they should be kept in the stables both summer and winter until they have completed their running. If turned out for three or four months, as hunters usually are, (but which, by-the-bye, is very injudicious, as I have often known those with large carcasses come up with very bad and sometimes incurable coughs,) they would doubtless get rid of the staleness arising from the work they have had. Their constitutions would no doubt be much refreshed by the beneficial effects of the pure air and green food, provided the season were dry and the paddocks not too large. Their legs and feet would also be much benefitted, the former from the gentle exercise they would give themselves in this natural state, and the latter from the soft surface of the ground; yet these advantages are more than counterbalanced by the mischief which at times results. Those race-horses which require refreshing the most, are those of a strong constitution, and such as have been much abused by strong exercise, travelling, and repeated running. But the objection to turning out horses of this description is, they have generally vora-

cious appetites ; not being satisfied with eating grass only, but they eat a quantity of dirt, or any other stuff about the grounds they meet with and fancy. If a horse of this sort were to be turned out for three or four months, he would at the end of that time have become very fat, soft, and bloated ; and when taken up, he would be unreasonably coarse and out of form ; the muscles of his body and the tendons of his legs, from want of proper attention, would have become very much relaxed. To get the horse again into training condition, could not, perhaps, be done so effectually as it would have been in the first instance ; and if it could, it would take as much time and trouble (exclusive of breaking) as when he first left his paddock as a colt.

In some stables in which I once lived, I remember an instance of a race-horse which belonged to my master being kicked in the hock, and the part becoming much swollen. Various were the remedies applied, without reducing the enlargement ; at last it was thought advisable to turn the horse out, night and day, into a large paddock, it being supposed, from the gentle exercise he would then give himself, that the hock might become fine. But this latter remedy had not the effect desired, that of reducing the enlargement. How long the horse remained out I do not remember ; but I very well recollect, when he was taken up, that he was in the plethoric state I have just described, and I believe he was not put in training after.

I have here related the above fact, merely to point out to those of my readers who may not be well versed in the management of race-horses, that there is no real advantage to be gained in turning them out,—at least the craving ones. It is much against them, if they are afterwards intended to be trained. These horses require, when in training, to be kept in pretty strong work to keep them clean in their muscles, and clear in their wind. Such work being continued regularly for a long time (as it often is with country plate horses) brings them not only stale on their legs, but stale in their constitutions, and sooner or later render them unfit to run in their best form. It therefore becomes necessary to refresh such horses during the periods which intervene between one meeting and another. Some of them, as I have already noticed, are refreshed by physic alone, but this is generally done to save time.

When all the conveniences can be had for the purpose, the most natural and judicious way of refreshing such horses is, by giving them rest for a sufficient time, and soiling them in the stables for ten days, a fortnight, or three weeks, as the judgment of the training groom may best approve.

The descriptions of green food given to race-horses for this purpose, are tares, vetches, lucerne, and clover grass. These grasses should be sown so as to have a succession of crops in the highest perfection for the supply of the horses, from early in the spring till late in the autumn. They should be cut just before they begin to blossom, when they are young and full of juice, and should never be given when rank and over-grown. Each stable-boy should cut for his horse a rubber-full or two every stable-hour, so as to have them quite cool and fresh.

Depending on the constitutions of different horses, and the quantity of green meat given them, so will each horse become affected by its use. Such as may have become stale from strong work, or abused from country running, require the greatest quantity; and with a view to increase the action of their bowels and kidneys as much as possible, their green meat should be first given them alone—I mean unmixed with hay. There is not the danger in purging them with it as with strong physic, although it has often, on those occasions, all the advantages of the latter. It is their natural food, and, as well as gently purging them, promotes, to a great extent, the secretion of urine, which is seldom effected by physic. If they purge for a day or two, they become a little light, as they would from the use of physic; but they do not become either weak or faint, nor lose their appetite, which is often the case with many of them, when purged by too large a quantity of aloes. The usual allowance of corn may be given to all of them, at the time of their being soiled, unless the groom is of opinion that from its astringent property, and the quantity craving horses eat, it may prevent the green meat (as it is termed) from acting as a purgative. Under these circumstances, less corn may be given for a day or two, or it may even be discontinued for that time; for it is a great point carried, if a craving horse, when on green food, can be got to purge and stale moderately by its use; that is, provided he is not engaged to run again in a short period.

Those horses, which by some grooms are termed hearty or light-hearted ones, are by such appellations understood to be in the medium, as regards the strength of their constitutions; that is, they are between the very light horses and the very craving ones. As these horses require less work to prepare them for running, they are not so frequently stale on their legs, or in themselves; yet like those first mentioned, if abused by being too repeatedly run, they become so, and they then require to be refreshed, as directed above, with this exception, that they seldom require to be purged either by green meat or physic to that extent the craving ones do. Their green food may be given them mixed with their hay. As the very light delicate horses cannot stand work to run often, they are never stale on their legs, and are very seldom so in their constitutions; yet green food occasionally given to these horses, by way of variety, is an excellent thing for them. Green meat given to different horses for the period I have mentioned, or as occasion may require, in the spring, summer, or autumn months, is a most salubrious and refreshing sort of food, if cut when young and full of juice. It promotes the secretion of the different glands of the body, and thereby renovates the whole mass of fluids. The bowels become for two or three days, not only relaxed, but often gently and effectually purged, from the effects of which the horse's legs become cool and in shape, and the stiffness of his limbs as well as the staleness of his constitution (occasioned by strong work) are carried off. A horse having been thus refreshed, he may be said to be in the highest state of perfection; that is, as far as regards his health; but how he is to be brought into the highest state of condition, will be fully explained in its proper place.

In winter, when green food is not to be had, carrots are an excellent substitute: they are cool, nutritious, and easy of digestion. When washed and sliced, they may be given daily in moderate quantities in each feed of corn, to any of the craving horses that may be laying by in loose boxes, and that do not go out to exercise during the winter months. They may be also given to the light delicate horses, or any others that are not in strong work in the winter.

The best wheat straw is the most proper for horses' bedding.

ON WATER.

Soft, fresh, wholesome, pure, rain, river, or pond water, is, of course, the most proper for horses: but the last-mentioned being a stagnant water, should not be used, unless it be on a clear, clay, or chalk bottom. On such surfaces it is not likely to ferment from the heat of the weather. Pond-water, when thus tainted, should not be given to any animal.

All that may be necessary for me to mention, for the information of grooms, in regard to the properties of water, beyond that of quenching the thirst of horses, is, that it cools the habit, dilutes the blood and fluids of the body, promotes the natural secretions, and assists digestion.

Water is never to be given to craving horses in training, immediately before their food, nor immediately after. Horses of a delicate constitution, which feed very sparingly, may be allowed to drink almost at any time they like. Craving horses eat a great quantity of food; water given to them immediately after, occasions the grain to swell, and this produces a distension of the stomach, weakens its contracting powers, and thereby retards the progress of digestion. Nor should water be given them immediately before or after their work; it is never done by good training grooms.

If the day is wet, and the groom is obliged to water his horses in the stables, whether in the morning or the evening, the water should be given them just before they are stripped to be dressed, which is an hour before they feed; nor are they, when at exercise, to be watered on the heath until the strongest of their work is got into them; they are to be walked for an hour or more, or until they are perfectly cool, before they go to the troughs to drink.

The water on the premises of a racing, or any other establishment, is mostly well or spring water; and, whether hard or soft, it is generally made use of for the horses, unless it is observed to be any way detrimental to their health, which declares itself by their becoming chilly, trembling, or perhaps a little griped after taking it. To prevent hard water from producing these bad effects, it should first be put into the troughs in the yard, with some clay and chalk to soften it, and during the day, the lids of the troughs should be left up, so as to expose the water to the heat of the sun.

When the horses are kept in the stables from other causes than from the wetness of the day, whether in summer or in winter, such

water as I have made mention of, should never be given them cold from the pump or well. It should be taken from the troughs, and mixed with hot water, and given to them chilled.

A common wooden bowl, capable of containing about two quarts, with a handle to it, is as convenient a vessel as any for the purpose of taking the water out of the boilers, troughs, or cisterns, at the time of mixing it in the buckets.

In the heat of summer, if it has been exposed to the sun, or kept in the buckets in the stable for some hours, it will not, of course, require to be so much chilled as in winter.

When horses are out at walking exercise in winter, it is certainly preferable (unless the season be very mild) to let them have their water, as I have just observed, with the chill off. It can be got ready by the boys who remain in, and the horses may be walked up to the stable door to be watered.

Craving horses, and light delicate ones, should be watered often in the course of the day; the former should be thus watered, with a view to bring them to drink more moderately, and the latter with a view, if possible, to induce them to drink more liberally. Those last mentioned, as they are at all times clear in their wind, may have some oatmeal or bran mixed in their water, as an inducement for them to drink. A craving horse eats a great quantity of food; he therefore requires a larger quantity of water to assist in the digestion of it; and if such a horse were watered only twice in the course of a day, he would (if allowed to do so) drink an immense quantity at each time. Another reason for this horse's drinking more water than any other is, that when he is in training, he is mostly in strong work, and often sweating; and from these causes he becomes more thirsty. The best way to water such a horse (in the early part of his condition, but not otherwise,) is, to give it to him often, and in small quantities, which is the most likely to bring him to be a more moderate drinker. If he stands in a box, it would be a good plan to leave a bucket of water with him (unless immediately before or after either sweating or running); it may easily be judged what quantity he has taken, and if it is observed that he has emptied the bucket but a short time before he goes out to exercise, it is only to let him be at walking exercise for a longer period before he takes his gallop, and not to let his gallop be quite so severe; but this experiment is not to be tried in the *early* stage of his condition.

The light delicate horse is, in almost all respects, the very reverse of the craving one; he eats and drinks but sparingly, can take but little work in training, and is so very delicate that he seldom or ever has to sweat; and from fifteen to five-and-twenty, or thirty go-downs, is as much as many horses of this description will drink during the whole day.

On all occasions, the greatest care should be taken not to let a horse of this class become alarmed. If at any time he gets frightened in his exercise, or is bullied, by the boy not being sufficiently patient with him, he will most likely not drink when he comes to the trough, but will stand with his head up, staring and looking

wildly about him. A horse of this sort should be tried with some water as soon as he goes into the stable, and as I have before observed, as an inducement to him to drink, a little oatmeal or bran may be mixed in it. If he will not drink it on its being offered, the bucket of water may be put down at the end of the stall, and when the horse is round, having his head and neck dressed, he will sometimes take it quietly of himself; the boy should allow him to do this without noticing him, for if the boy stops dressing his neck or fore-legs, the horse will most likely stop drinking, which would be a pity, for if these delicate horses can be brought to drink but moderately, they will many of them feed much better after it, which is a matter of consideration.

Race-horses, like many others, are at times affected with diabetes, or what by grooms is more commonly called the jawpiss. This disease is generally brought on either by the change of food or water. Horses in common use, as those of the army, when fed on ship oats, which may have been heated by lying too long in the vessel, become immediately affected with this disease in a violent degree. There are particular herbs in the hay which will sometimes produce it, as will also hard brackish water. The first step towards a cure is, to remove the cause which may have produced the disease, by changing either the food or the water; and the remedy generally had recourse to, is that of mixing lime in the water, by putting it either into the troughs or buckets. The quantity of lime used, should be such as to produce rather a nauseous taste. The water being thus impregnated and given them to drink, generally puts a stop to the disease. Horses so affected are rather shy in drinking at first, but the complaint being attended with some degree of fever, they are mostly dry, and although the water is unpleasant to their taste, yet to gratify their thirst they will soon come to drink it.

If the above remedy does not shortly remove the disease, it would be advisable in the groom to call in the aid of a good *practical* veterinary surgeon, who will instantly have recourse to such other treatment as from the symptoms he will see requisite for the relief of the horse.

The remarks I have here offered, relative to water and the watering of horses, are the result of the observations I have made during my practice in the stables; and I have at all times adhered to the system which I have laid down, whenever I have had horses under my own care, and with the happiest results. I am aware that these precautions are scarcely necessary to good, careful, and experienced training grooms; but as I am writing for the information of grooms in general, they are such as, I deem, may at times be found available by many.

The Sportsman's Lawyer.

BY A BARRISTER.

WARRANTY ON THE SALE OF HORSES.

INASMUCH as the buyer or customer cannot generally be so well acquainted with the nature and particular qualities of the object purchased as the manufacturer or seller, commerce and trade require that the latter should, to a certain degree, guaranty the article he offers for sale. This is called *warranty*, and may be either *express* or *implied*. In every agreement, written or verbal, for the supply of a manufactured article, there is an implied warranty that the article will answer the purpose it was intended for, and that it shall be of a merchantable quality. For instance: if a tailor undertake to make you a coat, a warranty is implied that the cloth will not be rotten, and that the coat will fit you. If a publisher sell a book, a warranty is implied that the work is perfect. But besides this general guarantee, an *express* warranty is often given, and in no case so frequently, or is it so important, as the sale of horses.

A horse being an animal liable to many diseases that cannot be discovered on inspection or at a first trial, it is a very common practice for the purchaser to require the vendor to give a warranty of its being sound. This is a precaution which should never be dispensed with, unless the horse is bought at a much cheaper rate in consequence of its not being warranted; because if an unsound horse is sold without a warranty, *and there has been no fraud on the part of the seller*, the buyer is without a remedy. It appears formerly to have been a common opinion, that if a *sound* price was given for a horse, a warranty of soundness was *implied*; but that doctrine is now exploded. If a purchaser doubt the goodness, says Mr. J. Grose, or do not choose to incur any latent defect, he may refuse to purchase without a warranty. If an express warranty be given, the seller will be liable for any latent defect; but if there be no such warranty, and the seller sell the thing such as he believes it to be, without fraud, the law does not imply that it was sold on any other terms than what in fact passed. It is the fault of the buyer that he did not insist on a warranty*.

The ordinary warranty is, that a horse is "sound," or "sound in wind and limb." But no particular words are necessary; nor need the warranty be in writing; however, if possible, it is always better that it should be so. It may extend to the age of the animal, to his qualities as a hack, hunter, carriage-horse, &c., and to nearly all his vices or faults. A mere assertion by the vendor in the course of conversation at the dealing for a horse is a sufficient

* *Parkinson v. Lee*, 2 East, 321.

warranty. In the case of *Cave, Esq., v. Coleman**, the defendant in the course of conversation had said "you may depend upon it that the horse is perfectly quiet and free from vice," and the bargain was afterwards struck without any further warranty having been taken. The horse, for which 100 guineas had been given, turned out restive, and Mr. Cave brought his action on this warranty, which was held sufficient. Some persons object to give a regular warranty; and we constantly hear a gentleman say, "he won't warrant, but he knows the horse is sound;" or "the horse is sound as far as he knows," or words of a like import: but we would advise such persons to be extremely careful how they use such expressions, as, if the horse be really unsound, and the purchaser can prove that the seller had any knowledge of such unsoundness, an action can be maintained on this qualified warranty. (*Wood v. Smith*, 5 Man. and Ryland, 124.)—In this case the words were, "I never warranty, but he is sound as far as I know."

Great caution is always necessary in framing a warranty, and a number of cases have arisen upon what they do and what they do not include. Thus, where there was a written warranty in these terms, "To be sold, a black gelding, five years old, has been constantly driven in the plough—warranted;" it was held that the guarantee only applied to *soundness*†. And in *Budd v. Fairmaner* (8 Bingham, 48), where the contract was in these words, "Received of Mr. Budd £10 for a grey four-year-old colt, warranted sound in every respect," it was decided that the age of the horse was only a matter of description or representation, and that the warranty applied to *soundness* only. And where a seller, not knowing the age of a horse himself, but having a written pedigree, sold the horse as of the age mentioned in the pedigree, but stated at the time that that was his only source of information, it was determined that there was warranty of age‡.

A general warranty will not extend to any defects that are clearly apparent, and require no skill to detect them; as if a horse be warranted perfect, and want an ear or a tail. It has, however, been decided, that where a horse warranted sound was blind in one eye, this was a breach of the warranty§. The reason why the loss of an eye has been made an exception to the general rule as to *patent* defects, no doubt is because the discernment of such a defect frequently is a matter of skill. If, however, the blindness were so visible that a person, who was not absolutely blind himself, would detect it, or if the defect was spoken of and admitted at the time of the sale, it could not be held to be included in the warranty. Indeed the general rule appears to be that *any* defect known at the time of the sale to the purchaser, *unless expressly mentioned*, is not included in a general warranty.

The most important, because the most frequent cases of this kind are cases of splint, and of coughs or colds. A splint may or may not be visible at the time of the sale, and some splints cause lame-

* 3 Man. and Ryland, 2.

† *Richardson v. Brown*, 1 Bingham, 344.

‡ *Dunlop v. Waugh* (Peakes' Cases, 123).

§ *Butterfield v. Borrrougs*, 1 Salkeld, 211.

ness, whilst others do not. Therefore, if there be any appearance of the splint at the time of the sale, it will always be advisable to specify such splint in the warranty. This point was very much discussed in the recent case of *Margetson v. Wright**. The defendant sold the plaintiff a race-horse called Sampson, which he warranted sound wind and limb *at the time of the sale*. Some time after the horse became lame, and Mr. Margetson sued the defendant on the warranty. It was proved that the lameness was occasioned by a splint, the existence of which was known to the plaintiff at the time of the sale, but which at that time did not produce any lameness. Indeed so much was this splint a matter of notoriety, that the horse was sold for £90, whereas, if the horse had been all right, it was said he would have been worth £500. The question for the Jury was, whether the horse was sound at the time of the sale? and, if unsound, whence that unsoundness proceeded? A verdict was found for the plaintiff and a new trial was refused by the Court of Common Pleas. The different bearings of the case are so well detailed in Chief Justice Tindal's judgment, given in his usual clear and able manner, that we cannot do better than give the purport of it nearly at full length.

C. J.—This was an action upon warranty, in which the defendant warranted the horse to be sound wind and limb “at the time,” that is, at the time of the warranty made. The Jury at the trial found a verdict for the plaintiff. The Learned Judge requested the Jury to tell him distinctly whether, in their judgment, the horse was sound; or, if they believed him to be unsound, whether that unsoundness arose from the splint of which evidence had been given. In answer to which inquiry, the Jury said, “that although the horse exhibited no symptoms of *lameness* at the time when the contract was made, he had then upon him the *seeds of unsoundness* arising from the splint.” The question then is whether this finding of the Jury sanctions the verdict for the plaintiff or not; that is, whether the Court can see with sufficient clearness that the Jury thought that the horse was unsound at the time of the contract, and, consequently, that the warranty was broken. It appears that the evidence before the Jury was in substance that a splint might or might not be the efficient cause of lameness according to the position which it occupied, and its size and extent; that this splint was in a very bad situation, as it pressed upon one of the sinews, and would naturally produce, when the horse was worked, inflammation of the sinew and consequent lameness. The Jury, therefore, drawing their attention to the particular splint to which the evidence related, appear to have intended that this individual splint, though it did not at the moment produce lameness, was at the time of the contract of that sort and in that situation as to contain, in their language, the seeds of unsoundness; that is, the efficient cause of the subsequent lameness. If the lameness complained of had proceeded from a new or different splint, or from the old splint taking a new direction in its growth, so as to affect a sinew, not having pressed on one before, such a lameness would not have been within the

* 8 Bingham, 454.

warranty, for it would not have constituted an unsoundness at the time the warranty was made. But the Jury find that the very splint in question is the efficient cause of lameness. It appears that some splints cause lameness and others do not, and *that the consequence of a splint cannot be apparent at the time*, like the loss of an eye or any visible blemish or defect to a common observer. The Court were of opinion, therefore, that by the terms of this written warranty the parties meant this was not a splint at that time, which would be the cause of future lameness, and that the Jury have found that it was.

It will be seen that in the case just given, the plaintiff got his verdict on the ground that there was *unsoundness* in the horse at the time the warranty was given, and that the splint alluded to at the time of the sale, and known to the plaintiff, was the efficient cause of the lameness, but that the plaintiff did not know, nor had just ground to infer at that time, that such would be the effect of it.

A *nerved* horse is considered an unsound horse*. And in a case at the assizes at Bedford†, it was held that a horse which was *chest-foundered* was unsound; but it seems rather doubtful whether such a disease really does constitute unsoundness, as no evidence was offered at the time of the trial on behalf of the defendant as to the nature of the disease; and an affidavit of a veterinary surgeon, produced on an application for a new trial, was not admitted.

Bone-spavin is also considered an unsoundness (Watson v. Denton‡). In this case, at the time the animal was sold he had a bone-spavin. It was perceived by the livery-stable keeper where the horse stood, but he did not mention it to the buyer. The horse was warranted sound and quiet in harness. The spavin increased, although it did not produce any lameness; and the plaintiff offered to return the horse, but the defendant refused to take it back. Whereupon the plaintiff brought an action on the warranty, and recovered damages, amounting to the difference between the price paid and the real value of the horse, and also damages for the expense which he was put to, by the defendant selling him that which was no use to him, from the time when he offered to return the horse.

Crib-biting has been held not to be an unsoundness§. But in a very recent case (Scholefield v. Robb||), where a horse was warranted "sound and free from vice," although Baron Parke said that a crib-biter was not *unsound*, yet he thought crib-biting *a vice*, and the plaintiff got a verdict. Mr. Baron Parke, in his judgment in this case, says, that to constitute unsoundness, "there must be some alteration in the structure of the animal, whereby it is rendered less able to perform its work; or else there must be some disease." And in Coates v. Stephens¶, he carries his doctrine much farther; for he there said, that a man who buys a horse war-

* Best v. Osborne, Ryan and Moody, 290.

† Atterbury v. Fermanner, Moore's Rep. vol. 8, p. 32.

‡ 7 Carrington and Payne, 85.

§ Broennenburgh v. Haycock, Holt, 630.

|| 2 Moody and Robinson's Reports, p. 210.

¶ Ibid, p. 158.

ranted sound must be taken as buying for immediate use, and has a right to expect one capable of that use, and of being *immediately* put to any fair work the owner chooses.

The rule, says he, as to unsoundness is, that if at the time of the sale the horse has any disease which either naturally does diminish the usefulness of the animal so as to make him less capable of work of any description, or which in its ordinary progress will diminish the natural use of the animal; or if the horse has, either from disease or accident, undergone any alteration of structure, that either actually does at the time, or in its ordinary effects will, diminish the natural usefulness of the horse, such a horse is unsound. In the case just mentioned, the horse had a *cough* at the time of the sale; and, according to Mr. Baron Parke, in his address to the Jury, if the cough existed at the time of the sale, as a disease, so as actually to diminish the natural usefulness of the horse at that time, he was then unsound*.

It does not appear, however, to be yet settled whether *colds or coughs* at the time of sale are or are not an unsoundness. A mere slight cold, says Mr. J. Coleridge†, no more constitutes unsoundness in a horse than it does in a human creature; neither is a horse lame within the meaning of a warranty, because at the time of the sale he may have a thorn in his foot and so limp, if it is clear that the limping would be cured by simply extracting the thorn. This may be very true, but some line must be drawn, and on the whole we think that the opinion expressed by Baron Parke, in *Coates v. Stephens* (an opinion, says he in his judgment, not formed on the moment on a new subject, but the result of a full previous consideration), is the safest and the least likely to give rise to useless litigation. If a horse has only a temporary cold, why let the owner cure that cold, and not sell him until he is well; if, on the other hand, he wants to sell him at once, he must either sell at an unsound price, or give an express warranty and take the chance of being sued on it. But if it is decided that one sort of cold is to constitute unsoundness, and another sort of cold is not to do so, what Judge or Jury, after listening to all the contradictory statements and conflicting opinions, for which all medical and surgical evidence is proverbial, will be able to distinguish between the one and the other?

It has also been held that a mere *temporary lameness* constitutes unsoundness, although the horse may have recovered at the time the action is brought on the warranty (*Elton v. Brogden*‡). In that case, Lord Ellenborough said, he always considered that a war-

* The following note upon these expressions of the Learned Baron is annexed to the report of this case by Mr. Moody, himself a very good judge of horse-flesh:—"It would seem nearly impossible to attach any idea to the term *cough* not ranging under the term *disease*, and equally difficult to make disease consist with soundness in any animal. In regard, however, to unsoundness resulting from an alteration in the natural structure of the animal, there is an ambiguity in the terms *natural* and *alteration of structure*. If they mean an alteration of the structure or usefulness given by nature to the animal, then a horse born blind, or with an enlargement necessarily producing lameness, must be considered sound. On the other hand, if the structure meant be that natural to horses in general, then the classes of cases open to litigation would be that of horses so badly shaped as to approach to deformity."

† *Bolden v. Brogden*, 2 Moody and Rob, 114.

‡ 4 Campbell, 281.

ranty was broken if the animal at the time of the sale had any infirmity that rendered him unfit for immediate service; that it was not at all necessary the disorder should be permanent or incurable. "While a horse has a cough," says Lord Ellenborough, "I say he is unsound." It is only fair, however, to Mr. Justice Coleridge, to state that the decision of *Garment v. Bars** seems rather to bear out his judgment in *Bolden v. Brogden*. In *Garment v. Bars*, it appears that the horse had been badly shod or had picked up a nail; and lameness caused by this was not considered unsoundness. An animal that is *ill-formed* is not held to be therefore unsound. In a case where it was proved by the surgical evidence that the lameness arose from the horse *naturally* turning out one of his fore-legs, it was decided that this did not constitute an unsoundness†.

The *duration* of the warranty, and the *mode of proceeding* under it, must be postponed for another article.

In the meantime, however, it may not be deemed useless to give here *a form* of a warranty, which appears to include all that is generally required, and which the reader may easily adapt to any particular case he may want.

Doncaster, 4th March, 1841.

Received 100 guineas for a bay colt, called Beppo; warranted a four-year-old, sound in wind and limb, and free from vice.

£105.

JOHN BAKER‡.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for March, 1842.

* 2 Espinasse, 673.

† Dickinson, v. Follett, 1 Moody and Rob, 299.

‡ The above should be written on a proper receipt stamp. "Quiet to ride," or "quiet in harness," &c., may be added if the circumstances require it. Should it be desired that any other incipient disease or symptom of disease, which is beginning to show itself, or *is known or suspected*, at the time of the sale, after the words "sound in wind and limb," should be added "and particularly from spavin, splint," &c., as the case may require.

FARCY AND GLANDERS.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine":

SIR: I have lately read with attention various pieces taken from foreign periodicals, on Farcy and Glanders, and in my opinion you cannot render to the racing public a more important service, than the diffusion of correct information on the diseases of horses, and more particularly those deemed almost incurable, and the fatal effects of which may be communicated not only to other horses, but to grooms, or those who may attend them.

Of all the diseases to which the horse is subject, there is none so loathsome and fatal as Glanders. I do not recollect a single instance of cure, while it is communicated with fatal certainty to others fed with them; at the same time it may be taken by innocu-

lation, producing what your correspondent terms Farcy Glanders, a variety equally fatal, and in its last stages more communicable.

Some twenty years since, in the vicinity of Elkton, Giles County, Tennessee, this disease prevailed to an alarming extent in the village and the adjacent farms. I was then residing in Madison; while on a visit to Elkton, I bought of Mr. J. Camp, Sen'r, a bay Dragon mare; in a few months she became diseased, and died apparently of both farcy and glanders, but as she was kept separate from the other horses, no other took the infection. At the same time I bought a grey carriage horse from Mr. Camp; this horse was driven to South Carolina; in the latter part of the journey he fell off rapidly, and an ulcer appeared on the large vein running down the inside of his thigh—in short, he gave out at Yorkville, and was afterwards brought on to Gen. Davie's, where at my suggestion he was not permitted to stay in the stables, but was turned in a lot, having a shelter, for feeding two pensioners—an old grey horse and a mule, deemed past labor. Here, after all the attention which could be bestowed on him, he died a confirmed case of glanders and farcy, and in a few months the two pensioners, both mule and horse, were the victims of the same fatal disease.

On returning to Tennessee about one year afterwards, I learned that Mr. Camp lost many of his horses, also many of his immediate neighbors, and that they could only trace the disease to a single case of glanders. At Gen. Davie's the greatest care was taken to prevent all communication with the balance of his stock; they happily escaped infection.

In all cases of Glanders I would recommend at once to destroy the horse; cure is hopeless, and by permitting him to live you but prolong his sufferings, and at the same time you risk its communication to others. This is not all—the most satisfactory evidence has been adduced both in England and France to show that the same frightful and fatal disease had infected those who, from duty or humanity, have attended to them; and once attacked, not one has recovered, even under the most scientific treatment. The horse should be destroyed without touching him, immediately tumbled into a hole, and covered up, as matter from the dead animal will communicate the infection to man or beast, and none live who take it.

The Farcy proper is, I take it, a distinct disease, having, it is true, some features in common; yet these differ on inspection. The ulcers of the farcy glanders come in blotches on the muscles, then, after afflicting the whole carcase, they spread to the head, and the last fatal symptom is the ulcerated lining of the nostril, with a copious and fetid discharge, when death closes his sufferings.

In the common Farcy small pimples appear along all the large veins and arteries; these increase in size, and gradually spread over the whole body and limbs. It is often a year after the disease makes its appearance before the horse dies, even if nothing is done for his relief; at the same time I do not look on this dis-

ease as incurable. From its appearance along the large veins, and its slow progress, I infer it is purely a disease of the blood, and if strong alteratives are used, there is always time for them to act.

This disease is fortunately of rare occurrence in our country, and therefore few opportunities for experiment. In some instances I have known chopped feed, on which half a pint of common whitewash (lime) was sprinkled three times a day, have a happy effect, making a cure usually by the time the horse had in this way taken three gallons of the whitewash.

Stables become infected with this disease, and communicate it for years to horses that stand in them for any length of time; and where a single case of Farcy appears in a stable, my plan would be to burn down the stables, or put them to some other use, for experience has shewn that no reasonable space of time can remove the taint.

In the war of the Revolution, about the year 1782, Mr. Willie Jones, of Halifax, North Carolina, bought some government horses, all of which he lost with the Farcy, or what was then called the Tarlton distemper. Horses kept in the same stables for twenty years, at different times, were the victims of the same fatal disease. Mr. Jones died about 1801, and several of the young horses bought at the sale of his stock, died of Farcy when they came into use.

It is characteristic of Farcy that it seems to remain dormant in the system until some severe work shall heat the blood sufficiently to make the disease develop itself, when its progress seems rapid in proportion to its former lethargy. This was the case with a handsome young Wildair horse, the property of Mr. J. Hilliard, bred by Mr. Jones, and at his sale rising three years old. This horse had a severe ride the July after he was four—the farcy immediately came out on him, and he died with all the symptoms in a short time.

The Executor of Mr. Jones purchased at the sale, for the heir, a fine looking colt by Silver, then two years old; as soon as they began to ride him, the disease made its appearance; he lingered about a year and then died. I am certain a free use of the whitewash would have saved him.

W. Jones, Jun'r, took down the stables, built in another place, and not one case of Farcy has appeared there for the last thirty years.

Farcy is neither so dangerous or infectious as Glanders; it seems to have only a local influence, that is, no horse can with safety be fed for any time in the same stable where a horse has died of farcy; at the same time there is, I believe, no instance where the disease has been communicated to the groom or surgeon attending the horse, yet I should hesitate making the experiment of inoculation; hence I conclude it is right to kill off at once all glandered horses, and perhaps prudent to do so in cases of farcy.

Perhaps as Glanders and Farcy are both common in England, they may derive some benefit from the use of lime.

A NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIES—BLACK WOLF RAVINE.

BY G. R. M.

"The bound is passed—the goal is won—
 The region of the setting sun
 Is open to my view—
 Land of the valiant and the free,
 My own green mountain land—to thee
 And thine—a long adieu!"

My horse needed rest, and I dismounted to let him roll and graze awhile on the rich pasturage the prairie here afforded. I was fatigued, and stretching myself on my cloak, with my saddle under my head and my good steed feeding beside me, I soon fell into a deep sleep; I could not have remained so long, perhaps an hour, when I awoke. 'Twas near night, the sun was fast disappearing in the distant horizon, in all the splendor and glory of a western sunset, and, springing to my feet, I hastened to saddle "Yorker," but he was not with me. From the top of a high mound that was near, I perceived afar off in the distance a troop of mounted Indians, whose trail had passed near by to where I was lying. On beyond, some half dozen or more were flying wildly over the prairie in pursuit of some object I could not well discover. Soon it bore down toward where I stood, when, as it came in sight, what should the game be but my stray horse "Yorker." Suddenly he wheeled from his course, and took a trail that led far on to the left of where I stood, leaving me, baggage and all, on this wild and desolate prairie, and not a cabin or a human being to be seen, and not having tasted a morsel of food since the evening before. I took a white silk kerchief from my pocket and waved it in the air. Suddenly he ascended a rise of ground, and seemed doubtful which way to fly. Now, thought I, or never, and I hallooed with all my might. Whether he heard my voice, for the wind bore it towards him, or his eye caught my figure on the mound, I know not, but with a wheel and a lofty bound, my "gallant gray" came dashing toward me, at a speed that left his pursuers a useless chase far in the rear. I leaped with joy as he came coursing on, and thinking now to test him further, I laid down in the high grass at the foot of the mound. On he came, full tilt, to the very spot where I had stood, stopped, looked about him, pawed the earth, and set up a loud whinnow. Bravo! *ma bon cheval*—bravo! my "gallant gray," I shouted, as I sprang from my hiding-place, and the happy fellow came trotting to me with every sign of joy and pleasure, and rubbing his arched neck against my breast, I patted and caressed him, while my thoughts wandered from the beautiful scene around me far, far away to the bright happy home where was centred all I loved, I so lately had left, in the wild enthusiasm of a young adventurer. "Yorker" was the proudest steed of my father's stable,

and he truly said, when I sprang to the saddle, "you never mounted a better." He was that father's gift, and I loved him as a brother. For more than three thousand miles he had been my companion on land and water, true and unflinching to the last. Poor "Hector," my noble mastiff, he too had left that home where younger brothers patted and sisters cherished him, for his courage and his kindness; leaping into the watery surge from the dock whence the steamer had just loosed its hawser, he madly strove with the waves and followed her far out, till, taken on board, he stood once more beside me as in younger days, my protector; but he had died—perished for want of a drop of water to cool his burning thirst, far, far from that home on a broad and barren prairie, while I wept over him like a child.

An hour after and night had set in, and I was in the mud; yes, *in the mud*, waist deep, in a large slough—where it ended I know not—which I afterwards learned formed the head of Pine River. Saddling my horse, I had pushed on again for a grove which the "squatter" had informed me lay about fifteen miles distant, and led towards the Mississippi, where he thought I would find a "settler." "Yorker" was in good spirits, and I hoped to reach it in two hours' time: but at its expiration I was still in the "slough," and with no prospect of getting out very soon. In either direction, far as the eye could reach, it extended, and brave it I must. Selecting the most favorable point for that purpose, I had ventured in, determined to cross at all hazards. Twice had my horse mired, plunged and fell, and twice had I, with great difficulty, extricated him; ride I could not, for my weight but mired him the deeper, and so, side by side, we wallowed on, through thick and thin, sometimes in mud and as often in water, for the distance of over two miles. At last we were through, but upon ascending the bluff—heavens! I was lost! again lost, and night had come around me. I was bewildered—I knew not which way to go!—not even a trail was there now for me to follow, nor a star to guide my way. Camp on the prairie? lie out, hungered and worn, under the fearful storm that was fast brewing above me?—a prey to the prowling wolf, whose dismal howl already began to echo from some far off ravine or wild canebrake? No! onward, on! and away I galloped through the darkness, whither, I knew not. The dreaded storm that was gathering above momentarily increased, till one huge cloud seemed to shadow both heaven and earth—and where was I? The God who made me only knew—where would the morning find me? My horse, too, the noble brute, must soon give out—he could bear me but little further—and still I urged him on. One faint hope was yet left me. Through the wild vivid flashes of lightning that threw their broad gleam over the vast and boundless prairie around me, I had discovered what seemed the outline of a mighty forest. Oh, such a night!—such a loneliness of feeling harrowing my breast—such a dismal, dreary, shroud of darkness, encircling all around—my heart seemed ready to sink within me, and despair to take possession of my soul.

It must have been near midnight when I reached the grove, and

oh! how that heart buoyed up afresh as I approached it—but soon it drooped again, and I felt more lonely than ever. Not a cabin was there, not a shelter could I find to screen me from the pitiless storm that seemed inevitable, and hunger and thirst now woke me to their demands. I was weary and faint, a chill came over my whole body, and my clothes were nearly drenched with the heavy dew.

Once more I discovered, by the lightning's glare, some eight or ten miles distant, a second grove like a black cloud resting on a mountain; hope gave wings, and on I dashed at a round gallop, helter skelter, trusting entirely to the sure footed nag I strode to bear me through to the next grove where it seemed, as though something human, be it savage or civilized, must dwell.

I had not rode far before I found, as I had anticipated, an old trail, and this I determined now to follow lead where it might, to the Mississippi or the Rocky Mountains. My horse too, seemed, as I put him on it, to prick up afresh and gallop with renewed spirits; giving him the rein, I folded my arms to my breast, and bending my head to the saddle, fell into a deep reverie. My thoughts wandered home, and fancy painted to me the happy faces that then lay buried in the soft and soothing pillow, the bright smiles that then played over lips in my boyhood I oft had pressed to mine, and their dreams, it seemed as though even then they dwelt on me, and angels whispered them that I would soon return. Hark! all was still—still as night, yet some strange sound had caught my ear—again!—a long low howl, as of some dreadful warning. Then another more fierce and more wild, came up from a wide and deep ravine I was now entering, and echoed its fearful summons far on over the distant prairies. Hah! thought I, would ye, too, beset my path,—again it was repeated, but longer and still louder than before, and had scarcely died away ere a stranger distant voice answered; then another, and another, and before I had time to draw my pistols and cock them, the whole ravine around seemed alive with wolves. That long low howl, the summons, the answer, and the rising up on that dark and dreadful night, from the black and treacherous swail before me, which cross I must, of a thousand yells of defiance and blood, striking terror and despair to the inmost soul—my time had come; that warning told me where I was, and the danger that threatened me.

He that has travelled West of the Mississippi can hardly have failed to have heard of Big Black Wolf Ravine. It is the only low ground or slough of high grass, but dries up during the hot months of summer for a great distance, and owing to a sort of brackish taste its waters have, the deer of all the surrounding country come here to drink, and thousands of wolves congregate in hordes—particularly the black wolf, a species larger, and, 'tis said, much more ferocious than the grey wolf—to prey upon the unsuspecting game that come here to quench their thirst.

The "Ravine" had been described to me by an old hunter on my first tour, and so distinctly was it impressed on my mind, the moment I was roused by the first howl—the horrid truth flashed

across me that I was in "*Big Black Wolf Ravine.*" My only course was to force my way through, and ascending the high ground put my horse to his speed. On every side of me I knew by their fearful howling they were gathering for an attack, and they are as systematic as a field marshal in their warfare. Closer and closer they came, but the darkness hid them from my sight. Oh! what would I not then have given for my faithful dog, whose bones now were bleaching on the prairies, or a trusty friend to have stood by my side in that moment of danger. On they came still nearer and nearer, and again all was hushed—still as the grave. I had nearly reached the high ground, and was consoling myself with the hope that I had escaped them—when, as though shot, my horse sprang high from the path, and nearly threw me from the saddle, and at the moment a huge gaunt wolf sprang at his throat, but missed it. At the instant, a gleam of lightning flashed across my path, to tell the horrors of my situation—I was surrounded! My horse I now knew only could save my life—directly in front, across the trail, some dozen or more were approaching. With a thought to heaven I drew my reins firmly, and burying my spurs deep in his side, he bounded forward madly among them—one sprang at his chest, but he struck him down with his fore feet; another grazed his flank as he passed him, and as he madly struck at another, his hind quarters sank deep in a gully, and he fell on his side. I held a pistol in each hand, and each was double charged with buck-shot. The wolf failing in his first attempt, now sprang at me as I disengaged myself from the stirrup. I stood beside "Yorker," who was madly plunging to extricate himself; my shot met him half way, and with one loud and hideous howl he leaped high in the air, and fell back in the long grass of the gully from my sight. A thousand howls rent the air far and wide as the report echoed over the prairies, and were answered again on every side by the new comers.

"Yorker" was free, and with one bound, leaping to my saddle, I had gained the hard earth of the prairie, and flew over it at a speed that left my strange friends far behind me, and now I felt I had escaped all danger, and Heaven wished to guide me safe. The clouds parted—the storm passed on, and a ray of moonlight burst forth in all its glory. I could now distinctly see another grove but a few miles distant, to which the trail I was now on seemed leading. In another hour I had reached it, and after wandering about some time, I found an old Indian wigwam. My horse was completely knocked up, and I could go no farther; unsaddling him, therefore, I let him loose to graze upon the prairie, while I went in my "covert" to see what the prospects were for myself. Procuring some dry splints and bark by the aid of my hatchet, and matches, I soon struck up a fire, and throwing myself on the ground by its side, my cloak around me, and resting my head on my saddle, I soon fell in a deep delicious sleep beside the blazing embers.

THE DAM OF OPHELIA.

VIRGINIA, March 30, 1842.

SIR: In looking over the March number of your "American Turf Register," I saw the print and pedigree of *Ophelia*, the dam of the celebrated Grey Eagle, of Kentucky, whose contests with the renowned Wagner, together with his previous performances, have made his name familiar as household words, over every portion of the United States. And I was surprised and delighted to find, that like many eminent heroes and statesmen, she draws her blood from the Old Dominion. Poor old Virginia! her soil is wearing out, her population are rapidly leaving for the more fertile vallies of the West, and she has now but little left to recommend her but the character of her horses and her sons.

But have you not fallen into some error or mistake in regard to the pedigree of *Ophelia*? As published in the "Turf Register," she is by Wild Medley, her dam by Sir Archy, out of Lady Chesterfield by Diomed, &c. I was conversing on this subject a few days ago, with a gentleman of high character and intelligence, the son of Mr. Ezekiel Dance, from whom Capt. Harrison purchased Lady Chesterfield, and his recollection is positive and distinct, that she never was sent to Sir Archy, and consequently never had a foal by him. He says that in the Spring of 1819, his father put her to Wonder, who had greatly distinguished himself in the one or two races which he ran (at Petersburg, &c.) before he broke down; that when she was in foal by him, his father sold her to Capt. Harrison, reserving, however, one half of the produce, which was to be divided in the September immediately subsequent to her foaling; that his father, Mr. Ezekiel Dance, died in November, 1819; that Lady Chesterfield foaled in 1820; that he went to see Capt. Harrison at Christmas, in the last mentioned year, in relation to the division of the produce; that Capt. Harrison informed him that Lady Chesterfield had died immediately after foaling, and that the foal had been raised with a cream-colored mare, whose colt (he thinks) had been taken away for that purpose; that Capt. Harrison gave him his note for \$35, payable at the following Petersburg Spring Races, for the half of the foal which belonged to his father's estate; that he thinks the foal was a bay, but he does not recollect whether it was male or female. Now one of two things is evident to my mind: either Capt. Harrison is mistaken, and the Wonder foal, for the half of which he paid \$35, was the dam of *Ophelia*, or she must go somewhere else than to Lady Chesterfield to look for a pedigree.

If Mr. Dance's recollection needed confirmation, it is furnished by the fact, which he distinctly recollects, that when his father sent Lady Chesterfield to Wonder, he likewise sent with her one of her daughters by Imp. Eagle, and the produce of the latter mare was a colt, subsequently kept for many years as a stallion, under the name of Chesterfield, by Mr. Francis Watkins, of Powhatan County. That he was by Wonder cannot be doubted.

But Mr. Dance's recollection needs no concurring circumstances to support it. Everything in relation to Lady Chesterfield and her mother, the celebrated Lady Bolingbroke, he recollects as distinctly and vividly as if it had transpired but yesterday. He represents Lady Chesterfield as a bay mare, *somewhere about* five feet two inches high, not very stoutly built, but of great speed and activity. He recollects her having once, voluntarily, leaped over a high gate, without touching, into his father's yard, only the day before she produced a foal. She won two races and a heat, but was early withdrawn from the Turf by his father, who wanted her for a brood mare, in consequence of having sold her dam, Lady Bolingbroke, to Col. Selden, for \$1000. But she was more distinguished as being the dam of Sir Alfred, who ran the twenty mile race with Duroc (sire of Eclipse) and Maria (by Bay Yankce, out of a Celer mare). If I have been correctly informed, the first was a dead heat between Duroc and Sir Alfred, and Maria was distanced. But as it was decided that a dead heat was no heat at all, she was allowed to start again. The second heat was attended with precisely similar results. The third heat was won by Sir Alfred, Maria this time falling within her distance. Duroc was then withdrawn, and the fourth and fifth heats were won, but with great difficulty, by Maria. I will remark *en passant* that she was the grandam of Tobacconist, and Sir Alfred was the sire of Pizarro, the dam of John Blount, and much other first rate stock. He was a small bay horse, about five feet one inch high, in perfect form, and his blood was held in high repute in Virginia, especially for bottom.

I think it probable that Lady Bolingbroke, Lady Chesterfield's dam, was the most renowned brood mare ever raised in Virginia. I much doubt whether she was second in this respect to Penelope, Prunella, or the dam of Bee's-wing and Emancipation. No matter to what stallion she was stunted, the produce was sure to be a race-horse. Le Boo, Lavinia, Desdemona, Lady Chesterfield, Wrangler (who beat Sir Archy at Petersburg), and some other of her produce, are race-horses of distinction, and several of them of high renown; and, if I am not mistaken (for I have not the Stud Book by me), Portsmouth, who beat Boston, is one of her lineal descendants.

Mr. Dance describes her form as being very peculiar. He says she was a bay mare, only 4 feet 7½ inches high, very broad across the loin, with a large and full belly like a cow's, and a foot (to use his own expression) as flat and as large as his hat crown. Her quarters were large and bulging, like those of a quarter horse, but she was apparently very clumsy. She was never trained, nor used for any other purpose than as a brood mare.

But enough. I have already trespassed too long on your patience, and transcended the limits I had assigned for myself. I was only induced to take up my pen, because I thought it probable that I might be the means of throwing some light on the pedigree of Grey Eagle, the champion of Kentucky, whose reputation, like that of some of our great men, I regard as belonging in a measure

to the public at large. If it shall be ascertained that he is descended from Lady Chesterfield, it may be truly said, in more senses than one, that Virginia is the mother of Kentucky.

PHILO EQUUS.

Note by the Editor.—We desire to have it understood that the communication above is published out of regard to the writer and the gentleman to whom reference is made; both are of high character, and take a deep interest in the improvement of stock. But while we feel that their opinion is entitled to grave consideration, we must be allowed to say that the letter of Capt. HARRISON, who speaks of his own knowledge of the facts involved, seems to us conclusive, that Lady Chesterfield was the grandam of Ophelia. Capt. H. distinctly states that *he purchased Lady Chesterfield*—that *he bred her himself* to Sir Archy, and that the produce was *the bay filly*, the dam of Ophelia. It should not be lost sight of that Mr. DANCE speaks from recollection and hearsay of circumstances in which he did not participate, while Capt. Harrison was one of the principal parties concerned, both in the purchase of Lady Chesterfield and in breeding her to Sir Archy.

SIR CHARLES AND WAGNER.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

Sir: Wagner passed through Nashville a few days since, on his way from Mobile to his stand near Gallatin; his condition and health both bad, so far as appearances will enable us to judge. He seems not to have spread at all, and is in all respects what may be termed a plain horse; he will therefore shew to great disadvantage when exhibited alongside of large fine-looking horses.

When a horse comes before the public as a candidate for patronage, his claims on the score of blood become a legitimate subject of investigation; indeed I have long held it a duty in those who can establish his claims, or refute his pretensions, to do so. In the first instance, this calls public attention to the subject, but does not bar the right of fair and full explanation; if he cannot do this, he has no just cause of complaint, and should he be able to do so, he benefits by the investigation.

Wagner was got by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, grandam Ailsy Crump by Citizen, g. g. dam by Huntsman—Janus, etc. Sir Charles was got by Sir Archy, his dam by Citizen, grandam blood unknown. It was said by the late Capt. W. Moody, that he traded for the dam of Sir Charles out of a cart from Lunenburg, Virginia, that came to Roanoke for fish; this he did for P. Maughon, who bred Sir Charles. This mare, the grandam of Sir Charles, was called "the Commutation mare" by Mr. Maughon, when sent to Citizen.

Mr. Wm. M. West always asserted she was an Opelousas mare, and hence the white legs and face. His authority for such an

assertion I am not able to state. My own impression ever has been that the grandam of Wagner was bred by the late Mr. John Reeves, of Northampton, whose widow was married to P. Maughon—if so the mare was well, though most probably not thoroughbred. The performances of Sir Charles on the Turf, united to his success in the Stud, and the blood-like appearance of his stock, would warrant the belief in his high breeding.

Marion was got by Sir Archy, dam by Citizen, grandam by Alderman, g. g. dam by Roebuck, g. g. g. dam by Herod—Janus—from a pacing mare bought by Mr. Crowell, in New Jersey, and by him rode to Halifax, N. C., and then used many years as a saddle nag.

Huntsman was bred in Halifax, N. C., by Elias Fort; he was a horse of great size at that day, being about sixteen hands high; it was thought he would have made a fine race-horse, as he ran a good second to Roebuck, three mile heats, at Halifax; he died at five years old, having made but one season. Huntsman was got by the imported horse Mousetrap, his dam's blood unknown; if she had a pedigree, I presume it has been lost many years, for I bought a Citizen colt out of an own sister to Huntsman, some years after he died, and Mr. Fort could not then furnish me the blood.

If any one can procure a file of the North Carolina Journal, printed by A. Hodge, at Halifax, N. C., about 1795, 1796, and 1797, perhaps Huntsman's advertisement may be found. I know full well Mr. Fort has left no written pedigree of him.

I say nothing of the balance of the horses named in the pedigree of Wagner, as they may be found in the Stud Book and Turf Register.

Maria West, herself an inferior performer on the Turf, has been surely one of the most successful brood mares in the country, scarcely failing in a single instance to bring a race-nag.

Ailsy Crump, the grandam, was bred to Shylock, to Timoleon, to Sir Hal, to Marion, and several times to Sir Archy. Sir Peyton, by Shylock, was a fair performer; Leopoldstadt, by Sir Hal, just tolerable; the balance were all slow—perhaps Maria West was the best among them.

Wagner himself was a most superior race-horse, but his want of a pedigree thoroughly pure, will induce many to decline breeding from him, while his plain figure and at least seeming want of health, will deter others; at the same time his price is too high for an untried stallion, who rests his pretensions to patronage on his racing performances alone.

In his favor it must be admitted his dam brings racers from everything; but on the other side, her half brothers, four of them standing many years, have not yet gotten a colt that has shown at the post.

It is a theory, confirmed by experience, that mares of deficient pedigrees sometimes breed successfully, but horses never do.

This is a fair and candid statement of Wagner's claims on the score of blood; the horses (American) in his pedigree were all bred in my immediate vicinity.

The mares he may get this season are such as will enable him (as a stock horse) to compete with any horse in the State, but Leviathan and Belshazzar, on equal terms; but mark my prediction, "they can't come it, Judge." A.

Note by the Editor.—We have rarely met with a more forcible illustration of the effect of prejudice in a well-informed and sensible man, than is presented in the foregoing communication. The writer is a Breeder and Turfman of some thirty years' standing—a gentleman of high character and intelligence, and of unimpeachable veracity. But he dislikes Sir Charles and his stock generally, and Wagner especially. If Sir Charles is not thorough-bred what is the use of stud books, and racing calendars? What son of Sir Archy was more successful on the turf and in the stud? What brood mare is there that would sell for more, under the hammer, anywhere in the United States, than Maria West, the dam of Wagner and Fanny? If Wagner is "a plain horse," what is Eclipse, Boston, Riddlesworth, Duane, Langford, Leviathan,—indeed three quarters of all the horses known as performers standing in the Union? Wagner may not be so handsome as Medoc and Henry were, or as is Grey Eagle, Sovereign, Decatur, Balie Peyton, and a few others, but he is large enough and good looking enough to show—as he would have run—with any of the *handsome* horses we ever had the pleasure to see. Like Fanny, his half sister, Wagner shows as much blood as anything on or off the Turf, that we recollect; he was besides, a most gallant race-horse—one of the very best we ever saw.

The pages of the "Turf Register" being open to temperate discussions from all quarters relative to breeding, we have not felt at liberty to suppress the letter above, though we regret the prejudice of our correspondent. (who, however, is entirely disinterested in the matter,) should have prompted him to pen an article which might in any way detract from the reputation of a horse who has done so much to support the character of our native-bred stock.

Notes of the Month.

M A Y .

BOSTON AND FASHION.

Saturday, April 23—We have heard from each of the champions this week. Fashion's friends are "snatching and eager" for odds. Boston has started for Long Island, and will arrive here in the course of a few days. He is as fresh as paint, and goes like a bird. As Fashion is in training but a few miles from town, she will not leave her present stable for Long Island for a week or ten days, probably. Bets of 5 to 4 on Boston are current. Those who have determined to lay out their pile on him are advised to do so before his arrival here, for his friends will give more odds on him as soon as he exhibits any specimens of tall walking on the Island.

Great preparations are making at the Union Course for the accommodation of "All the World and his wife." It would not surprise us if there were Fifty Thousand spectators in attendance. We hear that the hotels of Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia are full of strangers, from the South and West, who are on their way here to see the Match on Tuesday, the 10th of May.

We would hint to our friends at a distance, that it "wouldn't set them back any" to write to Messrs. COLEMAN & STETSON, of the Astor House, or to Mr. BLANCARD, of the Globe Hotel, and engage desirable lodgings. About two hundred gentlemen sit down daily to dinner at the Astor already, but such are the excellent arrangements of this magnificent establishment, that hundreds more can be accommodated. The Astor, it should be stated, is the head quarters of the New York Jockey Club, and we need assure no one that has ever been a guest of the proprietors, that every attention will be extended to them. The Globe, too, well merits its great popularity, and no doubt will be crowded with the "choice spirits of the time."

The Boston men yesterday were shy. An offer to take \$500 to \$400 was declined by a leading man of the party. Offers on time are current. A correspondent writes us from Boston that he will bet all the punch "Uncle John R." can make in one day that the 1st heat of the Match is *not* run in 7:43, and dinners for the Club that the 2d is *run under* 7:40! What d'ye say, gentlemen?

N. B. An on dit was current yesterday that Boston arrived at Camden Race Course, opposite Philadelphia, on Wednesday.

Revival of Racing on the Eagle Course.—The friends of the Turf in the Northern and Middle States will be gratified to hear that this excellent Course at Trenton, N. J., has been leased to Mr. JAMES BROWN, of Philadelphia, and that he will hold a meeting on it this Spring. The Eagle Course is generally known throughout the country as one of the safest, as well as the fastest, at the North; it is beautifully located, and the stables, stands, etc., connected with it, are ample and commodious. Trenton is the half-way station, by railroad, between this city and Philadelphia, so that the citizens of each can leave town in the morning and see the races, and return home the same evening.

Mr. Brown, the new lessee, is favorably known to the Sporting World, as the proprietor of the Hunting Park Course, and as a man of enterprise and spirit. His Meeting this Spring is to commence on the 3d Tuesday in May, the 17th,—the week following the Union Course races on Long Island. Dr. BROWN has leased to him the Eagle Hotel, and is to erect an extensive addition to it, in time for the Fall Meeting. In the meantime the new lessee pledges himself that nothing shall be wanting on his part to give satisfaction to his friends and the public generally.

Fanny.—It is understood that this nonpareil, now at the head of the Turf in Carolina and Georgia, may possibly go into Col. JOHNSON'S stable in the course of the season. Should any accident befall Boston, there is hardly a doubt that Col. HAMPTON would allow Fanny to take his place. The owners of "Old White-nose" would lay out as much money on her against any horse in the country, as on the Champion himself. To our taste a match between Fanny and Fashion would be a much more sporting affair than the one now on the tapis. But *nous verrons*. If the two are not the very finest mares in the Union we wish Sarah Bladen and Reel would take the conceit out of their friends. What a sweepstakes four such nominations would make—a race at four mile heats, with a subscription of \$10,000 each! Such a race is too good a thing to think of. Who wouldn't "give boot" to see it and die?

The Metarie Course.—This fine establishment at New Orleans has gone into the hands of THOS. J. WELLS, Esq., & Col. Y. N. OLIVER. The former is well known as one of the leading turfmen of the South-west, the owner of Linnet, Reel, etc.; the latter as the founder of racing at New Orleans, and the proprietor of the Washington, New Orleans, Louisville, and Cincinnati Courses; the Oakland Course at Louisville is still in his possession. Both are intimately acquainted with racing, and are gentlemen of enterprise and spirit, so that the Sporting World can rely with the utmost confidence upon their conducting the Metarie Course in the most popular and acceptable manner. The *thirties* were

first discovered in Louisiana, on the Metarie Course, by Bee's-wing and Grey Medoc; a few weeks since Miss Foote ran a 2d four mile heat over it in 7:35. With a good feeling existing between the proprietors of the Courses at New Orleans, all of them can be made profitable, and increased encouragement offered to breeders and turfmen.

Jim Bell and Miss Foote.—A match is said to be on the tapis between these rival cracks, for \$5000 a side, Four mile heats, to come off over the Oakland Course, at Louisville, at the ensuing meeting. Mr. BOSWELL has refused an immense sum for Jim Bell; \$5000 was offered for him before he ran Four mile heats; as he won at that distance in 7:37—7:40, he is worth about as much more.

"Huzza for the Bonnets o' Blue."—We are happy to state that on the morning of the 5th ultimo, Mr. GIBBONS' celebrated mare Bonnets o' Blue, (the dam of Fashion, Mariner, &c.) dropped a very fine filly foal to Shadow, at his residence, Madison, N. J. The foal is now a light chesnut with indications of becoming grey. Mr. G. claims for it the name of *Vineyard*. Shadow is a son of Eclipse Lightfoot (own brother to Shark, Black and Bay Maria, etc.) out of Sally Slouch (own sister to Aratus, Snowstorm, Star, Restless, Nullifier, &c.) by Virginian.

"South vs. North."—There is an unsettled question of comparative speed between the Northern and Southern horses, which might be easily solved.

"Thus Jim Bell and Reel are confessedly our crack four year olds—let two of the fastest and best goers of the North, old Virginia included, be selected—send Jim or Reel to Long Island, to run there, and let one of the Northern nags come to the Louisiana Course, let them carry equal weights to run, when in tip top condition—the Club or the owner of the courses might defray the expenses of each visitor if beaten—and then a fair field and a generous rivalry.

"Lumsden, tell us in your *pic-ter* book, what you think of it, and thou, elevated Son of York, will not the "Spirit" move, on such a theme?"

We find the proposition above in the Natchez "Courier," and "cotton to it" mightily. It is not unlikely that during the ensuing meeting on Long Island, which thousands will attend, from every section of the Union, such a proposition may be made, to test the question of the comparative speed and stamina of Northern and Southern horses, as will meet an acceptance from some of the South-western Turfmen. We are confident a liberal proposition will be made.

POSTPONEMENT OF SWEEPSTAKES.

We some time since had submitted to us for decision, a question relative to the postponement of sweepstakes. We gave our opinion as fully as was possible for us, upon the statements before us; a friend has since shown us a letter from the gentleman who originally submitted the question, in which he writes

"Ask Mr. Porter why he has not answered my queries about the *Forfeit* case. Tell him, to recollect that *due notice* of the appointed time was given the subscribers, through the "Whig," newspaper, and that *miscarriage* of the same, is the basis of Col. R. W. C.'s plea for *exoneration*. Again, ask him, does the fulfilment of a sweepstakes engagement, depend upon the *reception* of notice of the appointed time from the Proprietor of the race course? Does even *custom* sanction such a principle? Is not every subscriber like a debtor to a Bank, bound to take note of his own obligations, and not to depend upon gratuitous joggings of his recollections by the Proprietor. Is not the time *appointed*, when 'tis made for the *meeting* of the Club having jurisdiction over the course, at which the Sweepstakes is to be run for? Is not the subscriber bound to find out *officially* what day of the month, &c. that Club has fixed upon for its regular semi-annual meeting? If so, how can Col. C. plead exemption from payment of his forfeit?*" Again, does the Rule *proville* for any such contingencies? As *two hundred and twenty-four dollars* are involved in this controversy, request him to *decide* it at once."

* The Proprietor of the Course certifies that he gave Col. C. notice by letter *two weeks* before the race came off: but said letter was not received by Col. C. until four or five days before said race. Does that alter the case at all? He had the same chance to know that *other* distant subscribers had—and *they* found out the time, and such as didn't run, paid their forfeits. They got their notice through the papers—Col. C. had the same chance.

Upon this statement of J. S. C., we should say unhesitatingly, that Col. C. must pay the forfeit. Nor do we see how any question can be made. But the terms in which the question were originally submitted, was not sufficiently explicit as to the facts, to enable us to give an unqualified judgment upon the proposition. This must be our apology to J. S. C. for our delay.—EDITOR.

SALES OF STOCK.

Miss Foote.—An interest of one half in this fine filly has been purchased by Mr. D. HEINSON, of Louisville, Ky., for \$1200, (twelve hundred dollars!) It would seem that the winning of a 2d four mile heat in 7:35, at New Orleans, does not add much to a horse's reputation even there, owing to the light weight carried. No less than \$12,000 (twelve thousand dollars!) is demanded for Fashion, and \$8000 was paid years ago for Sarah Bladen. Miss Foote is to go to Kentucky to be trained for the Spring campaign, it is said.

Sale of Jim Bell.—Several correspondents at New Orleans write us that Mr. JOSEPH G. BOSWELL (and W. H. FARRIS, Esq. of Crab Orchard, Ky.) have sold the successor to Grey Eagle and Grey Medoc—Jim Bell—to D. F. KENNER & Brothers, of New Orleans, for \$5000—cheap as dirt for a colt that has won four mile heats in 7:37—7:40. The Danville (Ky.) "Clarion" states that B. and F. received \$6000 for Jim Bell.

Polly Peachem.—We recently announced the sale of this fine mare (the dam of Portsmouth, &c.), at Mobile, for \$500, on the authority of a correspondent. He was doubtless misinformed, as she was sold under the hammer, at New Orleans, on the 26th March, for \$1,375, to DUNCAN F. KENNER, Esq.

FERGUS DUPLANTIER, Esq., of Manchac, La., has purchased of WM. P. GREER, of Kentucky, his colts *Creath* and *George Martin*. Mr. D. paid \$4,100 for *Creath*, and \$3000 for *George Martin*. We are glad to see such additions making to the blood stock of Louisiana.

THOS. DIXON, Esq., of New Orleans, has sold his imported filly by Camel, dam by Langar, 2 yrs., to JOSIAH CHAMBERS, Esq., of Rapide Parish, La., for \$2000.

Trenton.—This clipper has been really "sold to the enemy," and no mistake. He has been purchased for Canada at \$1000, and is accompanied by *Clarionette* (*Clarion's* sister), for which \$500 were paid.

Tranby's 5 yr. olds.—An experienced turfman writes us of the get of this imported horse, that however they may perform during their colthood, they will distinguish themselves at five years old. The recent performances of *Creath* do him infinite credit, and we sincerely hope our correspondent's prediction may be correct.

Mr. J. B. KENDALL's *Mary Randolph* dropt a bay filly foal by Drone on the 8th ult.—the finest of her produce. Zinganee (*Garrison's*) is standing at the Kendall Course, and promises to make a good season; among other fine mares with him is Gen. EMORY's *Betsy Wilson*, the dam of *Lady Clifden*. Mr. K. has a promising colt of her's by *Mingo* in training.

Betsy Malone, the joint property of the late James Jackson of Alabama, and W. J. Minor of Miss., dropped a clever filly foal on the 14th of February to *Glencoe* or *Leviathan*, at the Forks of Cypress. The mare will be bred to him again this season.

Mr. CAMPBELL's *Sam Houston*, in training at Baltimore, is reported lame, and his Priam in bad condition. Mr. Kendall's *Astor*, *Hector Bell*, and *Lady Canton* are in fine health, and going well.

Creath, the celebrated Kentucky crack, appears like John Bascombe, to have been named for a distinguished Methodist divine. Quite a dispute has taken place here, as to the correct pronunciation of his name—like that in England respecting Lord Palmerston's *Ilione*. Is it a word of two syllables, or does it rhyme with "breath."

The celebrated race mare *Yorkshire Lass*—the gamest bit of horseflesh ever imported into British America—died last week from inflammation, induced by exposure to severe weather, while suffering under the consequences of a recent hurt.

Mr. WELLS' *Stable*.—It must have been a great disappointment to Mr. Wells of Louisiana, that during the recent meetings at New Orleans, his two cracks, Reel and Torchlight, were precluded by temporary lameness from making a show. We are pleased to hear that they have recovered, and have gone up Red River to Alexandria, (Mr. W.'s residence) to be turned out for the season.

JOHN W. KENNEDY, Esq., of Stanford, Ky., claims the name of *Liz Logan* for a superb filly, foaled on the 11th inst. by Imp. Leviathan out of Susan by Collier.

TURF REGISTER.

Addenda to the Stud of Gen. THOS. EMORY, of Poplar Grove, E. S., Maryland.

No 1. GRECIAN PRINCESS.—[See Turf Register, vol. vi., p. 423.]

Her Produce.

1834. B. c. by Maryland Eclipse.—Sulked and ran restive.

1836. Ch. f. by Maryland Eclipse.—Crippled in training.

1837. B. f. by Imp. Tranby.—Very speedy for short distances.

1839. B. c. by Mingo.—Large and promising.

1841. Ch. c. by Imp. Priam.—Large and promising.

No. 2. BETSEY WILSON.—[See Turf Register, vol. vi., p. 423.]

Her Produce.

1836. B. c. by Maryland Eclipse.—Sulked and ran restive.

1837. B. c. by Imp. Tranby.—Got injured and was never trained.

1838. B. f. by Uncle Sam.—Not yet trained; this filly is believed to have more of Ogle's Oscar's blood than any living animal.

1839. Ch. c. by Mingo.—Large and promising.

1841. B. f. by Imp. Priam.—Large and promising.

No. 3. FLORANTHE, by John Richards, out of Fanny Wright. [See Turf Register, vol. vi., p. 423.]

Floranthe herself was trained, and was very promising, until she received an incurable injury in the stifle, and was put into the breeding stud; she has since died.

Her Produce.

1839. Gr. c. by Mingo.—Large and promising.

1840. Gr. ro. f. by Bustamente—he by Sussex, out of Caroline Whitefoot. This filly is promising, and has a large share of the blood of Ogle's Oscar.

No. 4. LADY CLIFDEN, broke down in her race with Boston. [See Turf Register, for chesnut filly by Sussex, out of Betsey Wilson, vol. vi., p. 423.]

1839. Missed to Imp. Priam.

1840. Missed to Imp. Priam.

1841. Stinted to Drone.

THOMAS EMORY.

Stud of CHARLES ANDERSON, Esq., of Dewberry, near Dayton, Ohio.

No. 1. NANNIE BUSH, b m., foaled May 9th, 1836, was got by Tariff (own brother to Arab, &c.), out of Bertha by Bertrand (by Sir Archy &c.); grandam by Buzzard (Gray's); Gray's Buzzard was by Imp. Buzzard, dam by Rockingham, (Strut's); Strut's Rockingham was by Imp. Rockingham, dam by Imp. Traveller, grandam by Imp. Janus (by Godolphin Arabian), &c. See Am. Turf Reg. Vol. 9, p. —. Stinted to Winfield Scott, by Medoc, dam by Darnaby's Diomed, &c.

No. 2. CADETTA, gr. f., foaled in 1838, got by Cadet, dam by Thornton's Rattler; grandam by Forrester. Cadet was got by Medley out of Sally Walker by Timoleon, &c., &c.

No. 3. "MLA"* (*Emily*), b. f. with a star, &c., foaled April 9, 1841, got by Middleton, out of No. 1. Middleton was by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Woodbine, &c.; full brother to Iowa.

CHARLES ANDERSON.

* The initials of a favorite sister.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

J U N E , 1 8 4 2 .

Embellishments:

GOING TO COVER;
Engraved on Steel by DUNNEL, after a Sketch by ALKEN.
THE LAST LEAP;
Engraved on Steel by GIMBREDE, after H. BECKWITH.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

SINCE our last number the Great Match between THE NORTH and THE SOUTH has come off, resulting in the victory of *Fashion*, the Northern Champion, who beat *Boston* in the unparalleled time of 7:32½—7:45!! The details of the race extend to such a length that we could not make room for them in this number of the "Register." A revised report, by the Editor, will appear in our next.

The following is a brief summary of the Match, which came off over the Union Course, Long Island:—

TUESDAY, May 10, 1842.—Match, THE NORTH vs. THE SOUTH, \$20,000 a side, \$5000 ft. Four mile heats.

Henry K. Toler's (William Gibbons') ch. m. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 5 yrs., 111 lbs.....	<i>Joseph Laird.</i> 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's & James Long's ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 9 yrs., 126 lbs.....	<i>Gil. Patrick.</i> 2 2

First Heat.

Time of First mile - -	1:53	
“ “ Second mile - -	1:50½	
“ “ Third mile - -	1:54	
“ “ Fourth mile - -	1:55	

Second Heat.

Time of First mile -	1:59	
“ “ Second mile -	1:57	
“ “ Third mile -	1:51½	
“ “ Fourth mile -	1:57½	

Time of First Heat - -	7:32½		Time of Second Heat	7:45
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On Friday, the 13th instant, *Boston* beat Mariner (half brother to *Fashion*), four mile heats, in 8:13—7:46—7:58½, M. winning the first heat.

On the 6th, Col. Wm. McCargo's *Eutaw*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, won the J. C. Purse at Washington in 8:01—7:43, beating a field of five, including Sarah Washington, Pryor, and Bengal.

On the 15th, at Trenton, Col. J. P. White's *Blue Dick*, by Imp. Margrave, in Col. Johnson's stable, won the three mile purse in 5:44—5:38½, distancing the field in the 2d heat! This is the best time, at three mile heats, ever run in America.

In a Match for \$2000, P.P., at Camden, N. J., on the 24th, Mr. Long's *Adele*, by Imp. Priam, beat Mr. Livingston's *Moustache*, by Imp. Trustee, at Mile heats.

Lists of the Blood Stock of several gentlemen will appear in our next, as well as communications received too late for this number.



GOING TO COYER.

New York, Engraved for the American Art Register and Sporting Magazine.

GOING TO COVER, TO MEET THE DIFFICULTY.

Drawn by H. ALKEN, and Engraved by H. BECKWITH, for the London "Sportsman."

Copied for the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine,"

BY E. G. DUNNEL.

THE London "Sportsman" magazine for February, 1842, commences a series of Illustrations from the pencil of the celebrated ALKEN, wherein the *difficulties* of the Chase are most graphically delineated. As these illustrations are suited to men and scenes on this side of the Atlantic, we shall from time to time select such as may be deemed interesting to the lovers of the Chase here, and therefore commence our *occasional* series with the illustration given in this number of the "Register." The editor of "The Sportsman" introduces the series in the following terms:—"It will scarcely be necessary for us to say anything laudatory respecting the talents of the artist, as the subject speaks in language that cannot be mistaken. It is our intention to follow up the "difficulties" in all their diversified and spirit-stirring forms, with which we feel assured our readers will be highly entertained, as they are genuine characteristics of the incidents by flood and field, which ever and anon accompany the fox-hunter.

"Talk of sporting *difficulties*, it has been well said that the fox-hunter laughs at them, whether they be physical or moral. Mr. Kitely, noticed by Nimrod, will not suffer his animal load of two-and-twenty stone to debar him from the pleasure of the chase, where he shines equally as a man of *mettle* and of *weight*. Capt. Pell of the navy, also noticed by the same sporting chronicler, spite of a wooden leg, stops at nothing when in chase of a fox; but, on the contrary, when arrived at a *rasping leap*, he tops it like a *workman*, holding fast by the pummel of his saddle. Mr. Charles Newnham, although he was his own huntsman, yet his attachment to this sport was such as enabled him for some time to accomplish the Herculean task of hunting his own and the Thurlow countries, having one kennel at Coggeshall and another at Thurlow, more than thirty miles apart; and yet he hunted every day in the week, Sundays (of course) excepted. Descending in the scale of rank, but rising in that of devotion to our subject, we cite Hastings, the tailor; who, instead of being the ninth part of a man, must embody the souls of ten sportsmen at least. This hero of a shopboard in Cheltenham is, or was, so passionately fond of the hounds, that he was constantly in the habit of starting on foot, from the kennel to cover, with Lord Segrave's hounds, quite regardless of distance; but what is still more extraordinary, from his fine wind and speed, as well as perfect knowledge of the country and the line which

the foxes usually take, he has very seldom been known to be many minutes in making his appearance at the conclusion of the best runs. He has hunted thus five days a week on foot with Lord Segrave, and has met the Duke of Beaufort's on the sixth. On one occasion he walked from Cheltenham to Berkeley (twenty-six miles), and found the hounds gone to Heywood, ten miles further, to which he proceeded; he was rather late, but saw a good run nevertheless! It appears, however, that the sporting tailor is not at home on horseback; otherwise opportunities must have occurred of enlisting himself in the service of the field.

"Indeed, we are told that Lord Segrave more than once offered him a good situation as earth-stopper; but his answer was in true unison with the love of the actual chase, that, "as he could not stop a-nights, and hunt a-days too, he must decline the offer." Another pedestrian fox-hunter, of equal enthusiasm, is described at large in Johnson's *Hunting Directory*; his name was White, and from childhood he had been so attached to field sports, but particularly to fox-hunting, that he has been known to travel on foot sixty miles in a day, out and home, to enjoy this favorite pursuit.

"Does the love of fox-hunting need any apology? The sporting reader will probably start, and say to himself, "What does the man mean by so absurd a question?" And yet philosophic writers have assured us that, as the march of intellect progressed, the chase, as an all absorbing recreation, would cease to be practised by the well-informed, the polite, and the influential, and would be followed by the ignorant and debased only. These vaticinations, however, so far from having been hitherto realized, although we are every day becoming more intellectual, are contradicted by every day's observation. At no period whatever has fox-hunting been so zealously pursued as within the last fifty years; and at no period has it been graced by such a host of votaries, among whom may be found men, not more celebrated for their attachment to hunting, than eminent for their rank and attainments. Prince Albert, the hero of many battles, the ermined judge, and our most eminent statesmen, may be seen pursuing it with the utmost ardor; and instead of the mere *Robin des bois* of former times, manners and accomplishments meet at the covert side, and pursue the vermin game with more zest than they hasten to the Park or St. Stephen's; and we question whether Sir Francis Burdett, when wielding an argument in the *House*, to the amusement of his hearers, felt himself so truly great as when "foremost in the throng" in a fox-chase; or whether Porson would not have given up all his distinction as a *Grecian* to have killed a fox, *à la Meynell*. The *furor venaticus* seems a scion of nature's own planting; hence all feel inspired by it; and whilst most other pursuits tire by repetition, deter by the surrounding difficulties, or frighten by the attendant danger, fox-hunting seems to be rather pursued with an avidity proportioned to the obstacles which accompany it. Time also, which probably blunts most passions, serves only to give a new whet to this animating sport; and many an octogenarian is



seen racing, indifferent about overtaking his fleeting years, but most anxious to come up with the flying fox. Of these assertions our own experience and our sporting contemporaries offer innumerable proofs.

“The advantages derived from fox-hunting are also very considerable to the community at large. If fox-hunting should be annihilated our superior breed of horses would degenerate; the farmers would give up breeding if the chance of selling a horse for a hunter, at a profitable price, were hopeless; the consequence would be, the country in general would suffer. It would be impossible also to procure horses for Her Majesty’s cavalry; and the present very expeditious mode of travelling must naturally be retarded, for want of the superior animals we now have (unless we go by steam and get blown up for our trouble). Can it be expected that farmers will be at the expense, trouble, and risk of breeding, if they have not a chance of selling their horses occasionally for hunters; the inferior price given by government for horses to mount the cavalry, and the low price at which coachmasters purchase theirs, would offer very little encouragement to a breeder to select well-bred mares and put them to strong, thorough-bred, bony horses; nor would it answer their purpose to trouble themselves to put forward clever four-year-old geldings, if they had not the chance of being remunerated by the means we allude to. The breed of men also would degenerate, and the manly characteristics of the nation would be changed; instead of the hardy, open-hearted, liberal-minded Briton, we should see nothing but an effeminate race, that would only meet once a year at a *grand battue*, to shoot a tame pheasant, and that would be the only *chasse* in England. Amongst a thousand other advantages belonging to fox-hunting, the bringing together the different ranks of society is not the least: man in his various grades is here to be met with, and here one can see much of life; a fox-hunt must therefore be allowed to be no bad school to study mankind in.”

THE LAST LEAP.

Originally Engraved by H. BECKWITH from a Painting by J. BATEMAN.

Copied by J. N. GIMBREDE for the “American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.”

THE Painting from which our Engraving has been made was exhibited in this year’s Academy, in London, and, about the head and foreparts of the deer especially, exhibits that talent for which Mr. Bateman is celebrated. It may be well called “the *Precipitate Leap*,” for the hound, whose good breeding made him staunch to the last, encounters a fate his eagerness gave him no time to avoid. No better ever held hart at bay in Black Mount nor traced his chase through all the devious paths of hill and valley, and with

his tongue brought the unerring rifle to his aid. But for him the joys of the chase are over; no echo will ever again reverberate his music from hill to hill, and craig to craig, for hound never yet leaped into the abyss his dying quarry has dared him to and lived. The same destruction of pointed craig and falling stone awaits them both. Stricken to the heart, the deer dies but half a death, since his fate, like the stern Balfour of Burley's, is linked with that of his unrelenting enemy. Down, down they go, bruised and wounded, to the bottom, and the hand that drew the fatal trigger has barely time to grasp tree or stone to steady the gaze that watches the favorite breathing out his life below.

BRIEF RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE PATRICK CONNELLY.

On the 9th of last month the tomb closed upon this celebrated jockey, at the age of 35, in the bloom of life and hope. No man of his condition ever enjoyed more respect, both in his profession and in the character of a truly honorable member of society. For the last dozen years, the writer of this slight memorial was familiar with his career as a public rider, and he has had experience enough of the turf to pronounce that, of his contemporaries, none were more steadily and surely approaching distinguished eminence than Connelly. The history of his early achievements I had from his own lips; they were to the following effect. His first appearance in the racing-saddle was at the Curragh, where he rode Mr. Prendergast's Jenny Grey, for a handicap over the Peel Course, his weight being 3st. 9lb. (or 51lb.) The next year—1821—Mr. Prendergast removed his stud to Newmarket, and with it his feather jockey. At that place he soon after became one of Neale's lads, and by that excellent trainer was put upon Lord Verulam's Vaurien, for the Chelmsford Cup, which he won. This was the commencement of his good luck, its continuation being marked by his winning, as well as my recollection serves me, the 2,000 Guineas Stakes in 1830, on Augustus, for Lord Exeter, and in the same year the St. Leger, on Birmingham. In 1831 he won the 1,000 Guineas Stakes at Newmarket, on Sir Mark Wood's Gallantine, and also in 1831 and 1832, the two successive Goodwood Cups, on Priam, for Lord Chesterfield; and in 1832, the Oaks, on Galata, "the flying mare," for Lord Exeter. In 1834 he won the Derby, on Plenipotentiary, for Mr. Batson; in 1836 and 1837, the Tuesday's Riddlesworths on Muezzin and Troilus, for Lord Exeter; and last year, the Derby again, on Coronation, for Mr. Rawlinson.

It is lawful for a writer to borrow a leaf from his own compositions, and this notice is closed with a sketch of Connelly's style as a jockey, from the pen which has here recorded that his last

race is run. . . . " In costume he is the most finished of all his cotemporaries ; moreover, he is of a most prepossessing exterior, with a smile ever playing over his handsome features, that at once relates the history of his heart. Long as he has been absent from his country, his accent still adheres to him, as Moore sings—

“ ‘ Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,’

and he is not ashamed of it, a sign of good sense, whose *imprimatur* would give many of the more aspiring of his fellow-countrymen a circulation of better respect among us. He is cheerful and light-hearted ever, and goes to his work as if it were his pleasure. Ask him a question, and you do not receive a reply wrapped up in the mystery that would immortalize an ambassador in Tom Thumb ; you get one neither inconsistent with his duty nor his civility. In his style of riding, too, may be traced somewhat of nationality ; his set-to does not strike you (as in Robinson, for instance) as the result of a previous accommodation of circumstances, but it appears the effect of some chance, on the instant discovered and taken advantage of. At such a moment he throws all the fire for which the land of his nativity is proverbial into the struggle. Without indulging in the vicious punishment for which some of our public riders have an unenviable renown, no horse that he ever rode *at a critical finish*, but knew sufficiently well that he was in earnest. I have seen many horses that he has brought successfully through races of terrible severity, but I never yet looked upon one cut up as I have known them by too many of his cotemporaries. In his seat there is more lightness, or rather less appearance of hamper, than in most of those who go to scale his weight. This may be the result of natural grace, matured by constant practice, but I cannot help fancying the buoyancy of the disposition has some actual effect upon the apparent gravity of the frame.”

London Sporting Review for May, 1841.

ON FATTENING CATTLE.

SIR : Observing that since Major Moor called the attention of the Committee of the English Agricultural Society to the question of using barley in fattening cattle, several modes of feeding have been published, and enquiries made, boiling and steaming being troublesome and expensive processes, and not generally easily accomplished, I copy the following from “Pott’s Cyclopædia” for the consideration of your readers :—

“ I found to fatten a pair of good oxen at Ville Auburn, would take forty-five cart-loads of raves and a ton of hay. When the raves were done they give ground corn, with water enough added to form a paste ; this they leave four or five days to become sour,

and then dilute it with water, thicken it with cut chaff, and give it to the oxen thrice a day.

“At Bassie the same. They assert that oxen like it better for being sour, and that it answers better in fattening them. They eat about a bushel a day, weighing twenty-two pounds, and never give this and liquor without chopped hay.

“The droves I met coming to Paris, to the amount of twelve or fifteen hundred, were with few exceptions very fat—fatter than oxen are commonly seen in England in the spring. I handled many scores of them, and found them well fattened.

“At Limogen the same process, but with the addition of a *leaven* to the paste, to quicken the fermentation and make it quite sour. At first the oxen will not drink it, but they are starved to it; they usually take it the second day, and after they have begun like it much, and never leave a drop.

“Usarch.—Use leaven, and given sour, as before described.

“Between Brice and Cressenne they use maize, and to make them fatten sooner and better they give them every night, and sometimes in a morning, a ball of pork-grease as large as an apple. It increases the appetite, and the beasts perfectly devour their food after it, and their coats become smooth and shining. All here give salt plentifully.”

From the foregoing it appears that corn-meal is easily converted into a very proper state to be taken up by the system, and that a fatty or oily matter in a small proportion assists; and thus, as at present the cost of a ton of oilcake is equal to ten quarters of barley, and the whole quantity of soluble or nutritive matter, according to the table (May) in the “Farmers’ Almanac,” of barley is 920 parts in 1000, and of linseed cakes but 151 parts in 1000, it appears there is twice the bulk of barley, and six times the quantity of nutritive matter, as in a ton of cakes of the same cost, and of the nutritive matter respectively—

	Mucilage.	Saccharine.	Gluten.
Barley - - - - -	790	70	66
Linseed cake - - - - -	123	11	17
	667	59	49
In favor of barley - - -			

In another place I read that lentils are preferable in some respects to spring vetches, as they will grow on poor brashy land, such as vetches will not, are excellent as green fodder, and for hay to make horses fat are superior to every other kind. When designed for hay they should be cut just after the pods are formed.

They may be sown any time in April or in May, as they come to the scythe quick, produce much seed, and the straw will be relished by cattle.

A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

P.S. Lentils, I find, are called white or Egyptian tares in some places.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.—Hor.

BIOGRAPHY is to writing what portrait-painting is to art; and what Johnson, when speaking to Reynolds, so truly says of the latter, may be well applied to the former. "In painting, as in life, what is greatest is not always best. I should grieve to see Reynolds transfer to heroes and to goddesses, to empty splendor and to airy fiction, that art which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in renewing tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead." This is delicate flattery to the painter; but it may be more justly applied to the biographer; for what is a more gracious act, what a more pleasurable employment, than to rescue from oblivion those whose lives are worthy to be remembered, whose kindly affections should never be forgotten? And on subject more worthy could never pen be put to paper than WILLIAM HENRY VANE, the late Duke and Marquis of Cleveland, whose name is more familiar to our readers as Earl of Darlington, and whose sporting qualities in early life caused him to be considered the most promising fieldsman of the day.

His Grace, who had for some time labored under severe indisposition, and of whose recovery for the fortnight preceding his decease no hopes were entertained, died at his residence in St. James's Square, on Saturday, the 29th of January, in the 76th year of his age. He came into the possession of the Marquisate by letters patent, dated Sept. 17, 1827, and to the Barony of Raby and Dukedom of Cleveland in January 1833, having succeeded to the Earldom of Darlington, on the death of his father, in 1792.

His Grace was descended from Sir Henry Vane, who was knighted for his valiant achievements at the celebrated battle of Poitiers; and his immediate ancestors shone conspicuously in many records of English chivalry. But it is not of those deeds, or of the high rank of His Grace, that it is necessary here to dilate: we desire to speak of him only as a Sportsman; and of his "doings" in the hunting-field as Lord Darlington, are they not recorded in the pages of *Maga!*—His rank and fortune having placed him early in life at the summit of human life, he spared no expense in the splendor of his sporting establishment, in his kennels and stables, and he undoubtedly stood first on the roll of Masters of Fox-Hounds—not only hunting the hounds himself, but going through all the drudgery of a huntsman, by constantly drafting and feeding them in the season, and paying the most minute attention to all the operations of the kennel.

Everything in Lord Darlington's stud was managed with order and method: his coverts and his fences were constantly watched, and some estimate may be made of the expense he was at in

preserving foxes, by the single fact of his paying £340 a year to his own tenants in the Raby country for rent of coverts north of the Tees.

Lord Darlington's hounds were usually divided into two packs—one called the young, and the other the old pack, although of course there were some old hounds in the former. He was fond of large hounds, and he succeeded in bringing them up to the top of the standard; bigger, indeed, on his own admission, than any his country required. The speed of these, however, with a scent, was quite proportionate to their size; it was undisputed, nay, they were allowed by all to be the speediest in England. Sir Bellingham Graham used to say that he never hunted with a finer pack; brighter-skinned hounds perhaps were never beheld.

The stables at Raby were calculated to hold about thirty hunters—and it is needless to say they were the best that money could purchase—besides coach-horses. Such a thing as a hack was never seen at Raby. Everything there went a hunting or in harness.

Lord Darlington's passion for the "noble science" was intense; he was an excellent companion, and abounded in a rich fund of anecdote. He used to relate a singular one of the instinct of a fox-hound. In his father's life-time a hound called Gleaner was sent from Yorkshire to the then Duke of Bolton, near Basingstoke, Hants, and in the almost incredible space of sixty hours he was back at his kennel in Yorkshire.

Of His Lordship's zeal in the hunting-field, the following anecdote, among many others, is recorded:—

"The morning (15th November) was wasted in rattling several coverts, and all the Field had given up except Lord Darlington, Sir Bellingham Graham, Hon. Captain Paulet, Mr. Wharton, Colonel Ellice, Mr. Anderson, and Nimrod. At half-past three, as the Noble Lord was getting his hounds out of covert, Sir Bellingham addressed him thus:—

"Well, my Lord, I think it is time to go home, and your road is my road."

"My road,' said His Lordship, 'is *through that wood*,' pointing to Heslett wood, two miles in nearly a contrary direction.

"To Heslett wood we went, and away went a fox. Hounds never went faster than these did for twenty-five minutes, when they came to the first check.....We ran this fox—sometimes chasing, sometimes hunting, as the nature of the soil admitted—for one hour and twenty-two minutes, and the last twenty minutes in the dark, or we should certainly have tasted him.

"We want the lamps lit,' said I to His Lordship, as he was cramming his mare at a fence without knowing which side the ditch was, and without seeing a gate which I espied in the corner.

"I think we do,' said this veteran Sportsman, but he disdained leaving his line for the gate.

"I saw the place afterwards, and it was an ugly drop into a turnpike-road. We soon after stopped the hounds."

"Pray, my Lord," said a Sportsman, walking with him through

his grounds, "is not your kennel here very near the house? Does not the savor of the boiler sometimes find its way into the drawing-room?"

"It may," rejoined His Lordship, "but we are too well-bred for fox-hunting to mind that."

Dick, His Lordship's whipper-in was ill. "Have you heard how Dick is?" said a friend.

"I have been to his bedside," said Lord D., "he has had a restless night, nevertheless I hope he will do well; but he made me smile when he said, *he had no doubt* but he should be able to go out with the hounds on Wednesday! He also inquired after *Lightning's eyes, and how Rufus and Mortimer had fed.*"

His Lordship's courteousness to Ladies was exhibited in this instance:—A hunter was going off to be put to the hammer at London: "I am selling that horse," observed the Duke, "solely to oblige the Ladies. A better hunter," continued His Lordship, "no man need ride; but he put his foot into a grip one day with my boy, and came down, which the Ladies attributed to his having only one eye. But he must go now."

Raby, Lady Darlington's horse, was a beautiful animal, 15-3, bright bay, with black legs; and if he had been bespoke for the purpose he could not have been more complete. Her Ladyship rode him many a season without his ever having given her a fall, and she customarily rewarded him by visiting him almost every day in the winter, and giving him some plum-bread. The Duchess of Cleveland was a most graceful Horsewoman, and Lady Augusta and Lady Arabella Vane, His Grace's daughters, are excellent Sportswomen. Their best description is afforded in their father's own book, "The Operations of the Raby Pack," where he represents "the two sisters vying with each other over a deep and strong country in one of his best runs." They usually appeared in the field in scarlet habits, and were always mounted on splendid horses. His Lordship's costume was a straight-cut scarlet coat, with a fox embroidered on the collar, a hat (in early life he wore a cap), and a leather girdle across his shoulder.

Raby Castle is of most magnificent structure, formerly in the tenancy of the Nevilles of Westmoreland, and the Hall is so unusually capacious that it was not uncommon for his guests in the winter to be driven in their carriages into the noble vestibule. Over this is a spacious apartment, in which the ancient festivals were held, and seven hundred Knights who held of the Nevilles, are recorded to have been entertained at one time. The very kitchen is a curiosity, having narrow passes cut out in the massive walls, through which the eatables were conveyed to the banquet.

The Duke's riding and hunting stables erected by him in the Park a few years since, correspond in their beauty and extent with the dignity of the Castle, though now they stand only as sad mementos to those who remain behind.

Seven years have elapsed since His Lordship was actively engaged in the field. Owing to the advanced life of His Grace, he gave up his sporting pursuits in 1835, at which time his celebrated

pack of hounds were divided between himself and his son-in-law, Mark Milbanke, Esq., and the country was sub-divided between them at the same time.

Lord Darlington was a Sportsman of the Old School in the real acceptance of that comprehensive term, ready for all winds and weathers, yet not one of the mere *Squire Westerns*, but a man of cultivated acquirements. For thirty-eight seasons uninterruptedly, and with high reputation to himself and the Sportsmen who hunted with him, he went through an unexampled course of fine-spirited chases. His annual publication of "The Operations of the Raby Pack" at once shewed the man. There was an enthusiastic admiration in his descriptions of some of the runs, which proved how his heart and soul shared in the sport of the day. Such expressions as these were of frequent occurrence:—"Most divine, enthusiastic hunting, with a delightful recovery at last!"—"The darling hounds behaved like jewels!" distinguishing several of them by their names. On one occasion, indeed, he gave at his own table the health of Centinel, Bonnyface, and Lazarus, hounds which had particularly distinguished themselves in a run. The Book for the Season 1825-6, from the 31st of August to the 18th of April, gives the following result of the sport—"Killed eighty-eight foxes—earthed twenty-one—*blank days none!*"

HIS GRACE'S TURF CAREER.

The Duke of Cleveland may be truly said to have been one of the oldest and most influential supporters of the Turf of his day, having indulged in his favorite predilection up to the period of his death. He made his *debut* in 1791, when Lord Barnard, with a horse (to which the Calendars give no pedigree), which won the Hunters Stakes at Durham, beating Sir H. Williamson's Hunter.

The following year His Grace succeeded to the title of Earl of Darlington, and he then commenced keeping a regular stud, which from time to time he introduced upon the Southern and Northern Turf. His Grace was the breeder of many fine horses, though he did not possess so extensive a stud as many of his cotemporaries, his policy being rather directed to purchase the most distinguished horses of the day, many of which he procured at extremely long prices.

In 1792, while yet Lord Barnard, he brought out Hector, by Trentham, out of Sister to Challenger, who only started once that year, winning the King's Plate at Ipswich. His regular racing establishment was then followed up the succeeding years by the under-named list of first-rate and superior horses, many of whom have, since their brilliant feats on the Turf, contributed eminently to the production of our present superior breed of race-horses as well as hunters.

[Here follows a list, comprising all the horses owned by His Grace from 1793 to 1842, amounting to the immense number of 161 !]

The above list of horses, which His Grace has from time to time brought on the British Turf, presents a brilliant phalanx of an unparalleled number of superior horses belonging to one individual, many of which have since distinguished themselves as the first-rate sires of superior race-horses: witness the names of St. George—Agonistes—Haphazard—L'Orient—Champion—Zodiac—Trafalgar—Pavilion—Rubens—Asmodeus—Bay Trophonius—Whisker—Memnon—Liverpool—Voltaire—Emancipation—Trustee—Muley Moloch, &c. &c., while many of the mares have produced most excellent stock.

His Grace, during his long career, had several trainers who had the management of his Stud. For many years his horses in the South were under the management of Mr. Wm. Chifney at Newmarket, and his brother Samuel was *first rider*. In the North, in his early years, he had his horses under the well-known jockey and trainer, Mr. Wm. Peirse, at Belle Isle, near Richmond, York, whose son, Mr. Thomas Peirse, succeeded to the office on the retirement of his father into private life. Afterwards Mr. Leonard Heseltine, of Hambleton House, near Thirsk, was honored by the appointment of trainer to His Grace; in which he was succeeded by Mr. John Smith, of Middleham, York, who held the appointment till His Grace's demise, though for the last year he trained the stud at the Baronial Seat, Raby Castle, near Staindrop. Since the partial retirement of Sam Chifney from public life as a jockey, the riders whom the Duke of Cleveland patronised were, Mr. Wm. Wheatley, Mr. John Day, Mr. Thomas Lye, and, for light weights, Mr. John Cartwright, Mr. John Benson, &c.

In the demise of this esteemed Sportsman, the Turf has to deplore the loss of a firm supporter, and his death has caused an irreparable vacuum, of which we fear numerous Race Meetings, particularly in Yorkshire, will present some painful evidences; for we regret to acknowledge how deeply we feel that on the loss of a good supporter of our English Pastimes, we rarely find a successor who promises to tread in the same path with anything like the same spirit and advocacy.

On the "debit" or "credit" account in the Noble Duke's "Turf book" we of course cannot be cognisant; but one curious instance of the caprices of Fortune has been communicated to us on "undoubted veracity;" namely, that on a certain Derby Day many years ago, the "account current" was on the debit side to the tune of £30,000; and whilst on the course an express was received by His Lordship announcing the death of a near relative, with the pleasing intelligence of an addenda to his income of £40,000 per annum!

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for April, 1842.

POSTSCRIPT TO

"Remarks on the Fashionable English Racing Stallions."

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

HAVING at the close of my last article on our Fashionable Racing Stallions unfortunately mislaid my note-book, I must venture to intrude on your pages to do justice to several Fashionable Stallions heretofore unnoticed.—I will begin with

Birdcatcher, by St. Patrick, out of Sister to Luss by Hedley. I remember, in the year 1832, seeing this horse run a capital second to Margrave for the St. Leger, and it was the opinion of many at the time that he ought to have been first instead of *second*. Taking this horse's running all through, his performances will be found to have been above mediocrity. At three years old he won *seven times*, beating most of the best horses of his day; amongst them will be found, Physician, Julius, Lady Stafford, Retainer, Fang, Ludlow, *cum multis aliis*. I cannot say that I am an admirer of the St. Patrick blood, yet Birdcatcher has got some very decent runners—to wit, Jenny Jenes, Rabbitcatcher, Cerito, and Proof Print. His price of covering I certainly consider high—12 gs. each mare—for he unquestionably ought not to rank higher than Achmet, Cain, Mulatto, Hornsea, The Doctor, Cardinal Puff, Carew, Phoenix, Sheet Anchor, Stockport, Tomboy, and Venison, all of whom are advertised at 10 gs. each. Birdcatcher will stand at Melton Mowbray, and will serve a few half-bred mares at 3 gs. each. He is a likely horse to get hunters.

The Prime Warden stands near Stoke-upon-Trent, and his price of covering is 6 gs. each mare. The blood that flows in this animal's veins is of the most fashionable order, he being a descendant of the celebrated Cadland, out of Zarina by Morisco. Few, very few horses shone with greater splendor on the Turf than Cadland did in 1828 and 1829. Besides winning the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes and the Derby—the latter race after a *dead heat* with the celebrated horse The Colonel—he carried off the whole of his three-year old engagements in splendid style. At four years old, I believe, he was not at any period of the season what may be termed quite up to the mark, yet the Calendar records him frequently a winner, and that, too, against the top-sawyers of the day. Now that Cadland has left us for a foreign land, we have his representative in The Prime Warden, whose performances during his short stay on the Turf will bear analyzing very closely. I have reason to know that this horse was never thoroughly fit to run save once, and that was at the Wolverhampton Meeting in 1837, when he won the St. Leger Stakes in a common canter from Metal. He had previously run at the Liverpool Spring Meeting a most slashing race with The Doctor, being beaten in the end by scarcely a head;

indeed, many gentlemen believe to this day that 'The Prime Warden was at least upon equal *terms* with 'The Doctor at the finish. At Newton his performances read well, inasmuch as he was the winner of the St. Leger Stakes and the St. Helen's-Purse. After his Wolverhampton race, several good judges backed 'The Prime Warden very freely for the St. Leger, and it is to be regretted that the horse's leg gave way about a week before the great event came off, for there cannot be a doubt that he would have figured in the first flight at the finish of that scrambling race. There was, if I remember rightly, a false start, in which 'The Prime Warden got well off; and in the actual race, owing to the blundering of William Scott on Epirus, the chance of this son of Cadland was completely thwarted; he, nevertheless, ran very honestly, and was well up at the close. I have been told that 'The Prime Warden's stock are highly promising; and, looking at the pedigree of the animal, and his performances on the 'Turf, I must unhesitatingly say that, at the very low figure annexed to his name, as a covering stallion, I do not know how to recommend any other in preference to the limited breeder of racing-stock.

Redshank, by Sandbeck, out of Joanna by Selim, may be found during the season at Yaxley, near Peterborough, and at 5 gs. a mare he is pretty certain to be well supplied. When Redshank made his *debut* as a two-year-old in one of the Autumnal Newmarket Meetings in 1835, I thought him one of the most promising youngsters of the day; and although victory did not crown his effort, yet, as a three-year-old, he was the winner of *seven races*. At four years old, the Calendar tells me that he won the following important races—£145 and the Gold Cup at Stamford; the Queen's Plate at Northampton: the Queen's Plate and £50 at Leicester; the Gold Cup and £70 at Lincoln; the Gold Cup with £50, and the Queen's Plate at Nottingham; and £240 at Holywell—a very capital return truly. Sandbeck was got by Catton, and never figured much as a fashionable racing stallion; indeed, the racing breeders have, from some cause or another not easily explained, been latterly much prejudiced against the stout and honest blood of Golumpus. Redshank was a Newmarket *pet* for the St. Leger in Elis's year, and some of the Southern Gentry burnt their fingers rather severely by the result. Some of our *flighty* mares might with very great propriety be sent to Redshank, whose stock are very bony and promising.

Don John, having failed to stand "second training," is advertised to cover mares at Bretby, near Burton-upon-Trent. This valuable horse was got by either Tramp or Waverley, out of Hetman Platoff's dam by Comus. Don John was, undoubtedly, the best three-year-old of his day, and his Leger race (1838) will not be easily forgotten—a more complete *tailing* I never saw. The distance, too, was run in less time than was ever known—the course, 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 132 yards, being run over in the short space of *three minutes and seventeen seconds*. As a two-year-old, Don John won his races in capital style; and after cantering over for a rich Stake in one of the Spring Newmarket Meetings, he was "bottled

up" for the Great Northern Race. The Field at Doncaster was strong in point of quality, and the extreme ease with which Don John disposed of Ion, Lanercost, Cobham, and several others, was the theme of admiration to the Chesterfield party. Of Don John's two races at Newmarket when four years old, it is only necessary to say, that by fine riding a rich Stake was secured to his Noble Owner; and Grey Momus, thanks to the state of the course, was enabled to beat the flying North Country Phenomenon for the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., T.M.M.—Don John's price is 15 sovs. each mare, with 1 sov. to the groom; and I understand that the principal mares of Lord Chesterfield are to be put to him this season. I prognosticate that this stallion will become highly popular amongst our fanciful breeders of Racing Stock. It is to be hoped that foreigners will not *tempt* the Earl of Chesterfield by offering a "high figure" for this valuable animal.

I cannot conceive why *Dædalus*, by Buzzard, out of Icaria, should be classed by his Gallant Owner in the 10 gs. lot of covering stallions; for I can pick others at half the figure, with far greater pretensions either as to pedigree or performance. I will mention a few:—Agreeable, by Emilius, out of Surprise; D'Egville, by The Colonel, out of Varennes; Heron, by Bustard, out of an Orville mare; Quicksilver, by Velocipede, out of Silvertail; and Little Red Rover, by Tramp, out of a Paynator mare. Agreeable was a good and honest racer, and will, in all probability, get some of "the good and useful sort" for country racers. D'Egville carried all before him at two years old, but, like most of The Colonel's get, trained off sadly afterwards. Heron paid his way handsomely, by picking up some of the best things amongst the Provincials. Quicksilver has been a trial horse to Joe Rogers for the last four or five years, and is an exception to the rule that the Velocipedes cannot train on. Of Little Red Rover I need not say anything, his fame being so well known to racing men. All these are advertised at 5 gs. each mare.

I am quite prepared to see *Hornsea* become a stallion of eminence. He was got by Velocipede, out of a mare by Cerberus. At three years old he was, during the Spring of 1835, a good favorite for the Derby, but it was found impossible to get him in "prime twig" for that race, so he was reserved for the St. Leger. Mundig, it will be recollected, "farmed" the Derby for the Scotts on that occasion, and, as a natural consequence, became the leading favorite for the St. Leger, the Queen of Trumps keeping him close company until about a fortnight before the day, when a radical change (nothing new in the Scotts' establishment) took place, and Hornsea took Mundig's place in the odds. Every one knows that Queen of Trumps won the race in a common canter—Hornsea second. At four years old Hornsea may be considered at his best; and his winning the following great events proved him to be a first rate animal. In 1836, Hornsea, then the property of Lord Chesterfield, won the Gold Cup, value 300 sovs., with £480 added, at Goodwood; 290 sovs. and the King's 100 gs. at Egham: and the Cup, with 200 sovs. added, and the King's 100 gs. at Newmarket.

Hornsea was unquestionably the best four-year-old of his year. At five years old, Hornsea won the Gold Cup, with 80 sovs., at Brighton; and the Queen's Plate at Egham. When I was at Newmarket at the Houghton Meeting, I saw some very promising yearlings by Hornsea, the property of the Duke of Grafton: indeed, two colts out of Oxygen and Pastile were amongst the "lions" of the youngsters at the time. Such mares as the Duke of Grafton's could scarcely be put to a better stallion than Hornsea, and I augur great things from the produce. Hornsea is at Bretby, and his price of covering is 10 gs. each mare—a price, taking everything into consideration, very moderate.

If I were a breeder on an extensive scale I should like to send a mare or two to *Melbourne*—I mean, of course, the Melbourne by Humphrey Clinker, out of a Cervantes mare. This horse is one of the finest animals that ever looked through a bridle; and although, from some cause or another, frequently amiss during his racing career, yet his performances were highly respectable. I remember his severe race for the Chester Tradesmen's Cup (he was second to the Dey of Algiers), and that race quite satisfied me as to the goodness of Melbourne. This valuable horse is to be met with at Beverley, and his price of serving mares is 10 gs. each. I understand that several mares of note have been already sent to him.

Inheritor stands at the Angel Inn, Catterick. He was got by Lottery, out of Handmaiden by Walton. He proved himself a racer of no mean character. In the Northern District he made sad havoc amongst the Cup Races, running at all weights and distances. At three years old he won the Liverpool Cup against a very large Field of good horses. At five years old he won the following races, beating in most instances respectable Fields: the Gold Cup with 50 sovs. at the Liverpool Craven Meeting (1836); £130, £50, and the King's Guineas at the Caledonian Hunt; and the Gold Cup at Dumfries. In 1837, *Inheritor*, then six years old, won as follows: the Liverpool Tradesmen's Cup, value 200 sovs., with 575 sovs. added, beating one of the best Handicap Fields of the year. He also won at the same meeting the Stand Cup with 150 sovs. At Paisley, he wound up the year, and his racing career, by winning the Silver Bells with 120 gs. given. When I state the very moderate price of covering (7 gs.), I need not say that *Inheritor* has had already several of our best brood mares sent to him.

Being very partial to the Filho da Puta blood in the veins of a racer, I must introduce a very respectable son of that once celebrated horse—I mean *Dr. Faustus*, out of Maid of Lorn by Castrel. The *doings* of this Doctor on the Turf would take up far too much space; therefore I shall only say that in 1829 he ran the flying Velocipede to a head for the Liverpool Tradesmen's Cup, beating a very capital Field. So close, indeed, was the finish, that nineteen out of every twenty on the Stand booked the race to *Dr. Faustus*. With the exception of my friend Mr. Bristow, few gentlemen have sent any mares of consequence to this well-bred animal. *Doctor Faustus* may be seen at Bonehill, near Tamworth, where

he will serve mares during the season at 10 gs. each. Speedy mares might very judiciously be sent to this fine son of Filho.

There are two stallions of Lord Jersey's breeding in the market to be noticed: I allude to *Achmet*, by Sultan, out of Cobweb, and *Cæsar*, his own brother. I have spoken of Bay Middleton, Ibrahim, and Phœnix, in a former article. Achmet in 1837 was backed for a "mint of money" to win the Derby. He contrived to win the Riddlesworth and Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, but went amiss just before the Derby, and did not start. Cæsar was also an expensive animal to the backers of the Jersey Stable. He won the Riddlesworth in 1839 cleverly, beating Euclid; he also won two other races, but got "bowled over" by The Corsair for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes. Previous to the latter race, he was at 9 to 4 in the Derby betting, but the "untoward event"—he was beaten by a head—sent him to 10 and 12 to 1 against. He ran for the Derby, the "Snowy Derby" as it is called, and was literally "nowhere." From what I have lately heard, it is very probable that one or both of these horses may soon be amongst the foreigners. We may, however, console ourselves that we have enough of the breed left.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for April, 1842.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the last Number of the "Turf Register," page 271.

ON PHYSIC.

THE autumn and spring are the two seasons of the year, in which most race-horses are to be physicked; but what particular time in those seasons their physic should be given them, must depend on how late different horses may be engaged for the autumn, or how early their engagements may again take place in the spring.

It is not my intention to enter into a long detail here, relative to the physicking of horses laboring under the various diseases to which they are liable, as this subject has been very ably treated by the different authors who have published on the veterinary art. I shall therefore confine myself to the accidents and diseases which are likely to take place in the legs of horses in training, and to point out the advantages of administering physic to them on such occasions. To this I shall add a few precautionary remarks, and point out how they are again to be brought into work. I shall

further explain the benefit to be derived by giving physic at various other periods, to such of them as may require it, when in a healthy state, to bring them into racing form.

The frequent necessity of purging race-horses, and the usual quantity of aloes prescribed in each dose by training-grooms, do not appear to be approved of by several of those who have written on the veterinary art. They appear to be of opinion that the physicking system is altogether carried to too great an extent in race-horse stables. They may have been led to form this opinion, by observing that all horses in common use, when in health, do their work extremely well without being so repeatedly purged; and they also find in their private practice, that when it is necessary to purge horses of this description, a much less quantity of aloes will answer the purpose, than is generally given by training grooms to race-horses. As far as my experience has gone in the physicking of horses in the cavalry, I think those authors are perfectly right; they have, therefore, very judiciously recommended in their different publications, light doses of physic, to prevent the very bad effects of horses being over-purged; and since the establishment of that valuable institution, the Veterinary College, and the distribution of its pupils into different parts of the country, I have no doubt but the lives of some hundreds of horses, or perhaps thousands, may have been saved by the moderate doses of physic which have long since been prescribed, by veterinary surgeons, for horses in general use. I allude to such horses as are employed either in business or for pleasure, as cart and carriage horses, hacks, and horses in the cavalry. Such horses as I have here made mention of, unless laboring under disease, will not, in all probability, have a dose of physic given them in the course of the year; and many cart and carriage horses may be in the possession of their owners for seven or fourteen years without ever having a dose of physic administered to them, or perhaps during their lives. Nor do I see that they require it, provided they are in good health. Hacks may require physic more frequently than cart or carriage horses, or horses in the cavalry, as they are generally going a tolerable good pace, and in consequence of the weight being placed on their backs, they are more liable to become stale on their legs; and from these circumstances, may require physic and rest to refresh them, more frequently than the other descriptions of horses above-mentioned. Now, should any horse in common use fall amiss, we will say, on one of his fore legs, either from the leg having been violently strained or bruised, and from which the horse becomes so lame as not to be able to go on with his work, he is laid by, and the owner puts another horse of a similar description to work in his place; and this the owner may do without any very great inconvenience to himself. The horse which may have received the injury, may be treated, as the case may require, with the usual external applications of poultices, fomentations, bandages, and rest; and this sort of treatment may be sufficient, probably, without the assistance of physic. The horse being allowed to rest until the inflammation subsides, and the parts having recovered their former tone, he again

becomes sound, and from his having lain by for a long time, he gets lusty, and when perfectly recovered from the accident, the owner consoles himself by observing that his horse has become fat, and in fine condition.

This may be all very well with a horse in common use, but it is quite another thing with a race-horse. In the first instance, his engagements will not allow of his being replaced; and I am fully aware, should any accident happen to a race-horse when in training, near the time of his coming to post, his race must be done away with, and the owner will have to meet his losses accordingly.

But before I conclude on this subject, I shall (as my readers may expect) point out to them, very minutely, the frequent necessity there is, from accidents and other causes which take place, of physicking race-horses, and why the physic given to them is so much stronger than is generally given to horses in common use. I have already described the treatment by which a horse of the latter description might be recovered in case of injury to one of his fore legs; and, perhaps, as I have already observed, without the use of physic. But, in order to prove that the same treatment, without physic, would not effect the recovery of the leg of a race-horse in training, which may have met with a similar accident, let us take, by way of example, a very strong craving race-horse; I mean such a horse which, if he do not sweat three times a fortnight, will certainly have to sweat once in five or six days. Let us also suppose this horse to have fallen amiss in one of his fore legs—we will say six weeks before his race; and as we would wish to bring him to the post the day on which he is engaged, we will consider the injury which he may have received not to be of a very serious nature, but such as may have arisen from a blow he may have given himself on his leg with the opposite foot, perhaps in going along in his sweat, in changing his legs, or coming incautiously round a turn; or it may have occurred in the act of pulling up, if his boots should not be sufficiently thick to ward off a blow of this kind. The way by which the leg may have become injured is not very material; but I prefer representing an injury of this sort, as it is one which may soon be got the better of by proper management; yet it is of sufficient importance to show the great necessity there is for administering physic to a race-horse under such circumstances.

A horse having received an injury of this kind, may not immediately go lame, nor may the leg immediately enlarge from it; perhaps not until the following morning. Now, it is the custom with a good training groom, in the morning, before he goes out with his horses to exercise, to examine the legs of such of them as may have sweat the day previous; and if he observe the leg of a horse out of shape, he immediately handles and examines it very minutely, and finds, perhaps, that there is a great deal of inflammation present, which to him is a very unpleasant discovery;—more particularly so with a craving horse, and one which may, perhaps, be heavily engaged. The first thing to be done with this horse, as with one in common use, is to stop his work, and such

external application as may be thought best to answer the purpose of subsiding the inflammation, is applied to the leg by the groom; and with a view of assisting to relieve the inflammation, and to forward the cure with as little delay as possible, the groom also gives a strong dose of physic, for a mild one would not have much effect on such a horse, while he is at rest; but this will be more fully explained by and bye, when I treat of the physicking of race-horses generally. A veterinary surgeon would give a horse in common use a dose of physic, with a view also to assist in subsiding the inflammation of the leg: and if the horse be lusty, he would in all probability bleed him, which I think is a very good practice, and one which I have always followed; and generally speaking, it is very similar to that which I believe every veterinary surgeon in private practice, adheres to. But then the veterinary surgeon has only one object in view in physicking and bleeding his patient, which is that of relieving the inflammation in the local part; and should the horse in common use put up flesh during the time of his recovery, it may be considered (as I have already observed) rather as an advantage than otherwise. Now, the groom in giving a dose of physic to a horse in training, with a bad leg, has the same object in view as the veterinary surgeon,—to relieve the inflammation of the leg; but he has also another object in view, and it is one which he must not lose sight of—that of preventing a craving horse, when laying by, from getting too lusty; and the only chance he has of carrying his point, and bringing the horse to post on the day appointed, is, to give him plenty of physic to prevent his putting up flesh, and to keep him from getting fat in his inside, as well as to relieve the leg. From this treatment, the leg will, in the course of a week or ten days, have become cool and in shape, and the groom may then begin to think of bringing the leg very gradually to its former strength again. This he does by sending the horse to gentle walking exercise, on as level a piece of ground as can possibly be found for the purpose.

Now to prevent a similar accident from again taking place, I will just here remark, that when a horse has been laying by for some time, in consequence of an accident, he gets what is commonly termed in the stables, hearty and calfish, and on the first day or two of his coming out to exercise, he is generally inclined to begin his gambols, and bound about, and more particularly if he is taken immediately on the open downs. To prevent a thing of this sort from taking place, it may be advisable to take such precautions as will be likely to ensure safety, not only to the horse, but also to the boy. In the first place, the boy who may be put to ride the horse in his exercise, should be selected from among those who ride best; and in the second place, instead of the horse going to the open downs to exercise, he should be taken into a well-fenced paddock; and it may be found necessary, on the first day of taking him into it, to buckle on a leading rein to the bit, and either the groom or head lad should lead the horse, with the boy riding him to the paddock. It may also be found requisite to lead such a horse round the paddock during the whole of the time he may be

at exercise on the first day, and this should be continued for the first two, or perhaps three days, if it be observed that the horse is much inclined to play and spring about. After the horse comes to walk quietly, unless there can be, in all respects, the most implicit confidence placed in the boy who rides him, it would be advisable for the groom or head lad to remain in the paddock while the horse is at exercise, as boys are apt to be tricky. Now during the time that the horse is walking in the paddock, his leg, from this sort of exercise, is gaining strength; and at different opportunities when the horse is in the stable, stripped, and being brushed over, the groom, if he is a good judge, makes his observations on the state of the horse's condition. He, in a way peculiar to himself, not only looks him over very minutely, but handles and feels him over in every part where he is likely to put up flesh; and if he finds from the rest the horse has had, that he has gained a certain portion of flesh, the groom, being aware that the leg is in too delicate a state to put the horse immediately into strong work, considers that the best thing to be done is to give him another dose of physic. Should this dose of physic not lighten the horse of his flesh as much as the groom could wish or expect, it will, conjointly with the walking exercise the horse has, certainly prevent him from getting into a more plethoric state, and the leg is every day continuing to get stronger. Three or four days after the second dose of physic has set, the groom begins to think of giving the horse a few short gentle gallops daily, on as level a piece of ground as he can get for the purpose—that is, it should be even and flat, free from any rises or falls in any part of it. And care should be taken with a horse which may have had a bad leg, to bring him by degrees to his usual gallops, gradually increasing the length and pace, until the groom observes the horse's wind is good enough to enable him to go through a gentle sweat with tolerable ease to himself.

The next thing the groom has to consider is, the sort of boy he is to put up to ride the horse in his sweat. He should be one selected from among the best riding boys he has, and one that is in high practice in riding of sweats. Such a boy knows how to carry the groom's orders into execution, according to the state of the ground, or the condition the horse may be in. And as soon as the boy has got the horse well away, and settled to the pace, he sits quietly down in the saddle, and keeps a pretty fast hold of the horse's head; yet, at times, by giving and taking at gentle pulls, he takes care to keep the horse's mouth alive. This gives him the advantage of always having a pull over him, and which pull he takes whenever he sees a necessity for it; and in this way he prevents the horse from breaking away, and thereby over-marking himself, which might occasion a fresh accident. But this sort of thing is not very likely to happen if the boy that rides the horse be such a one as I have described. He well knows how to rate the horse at a fair and even pace throughout the whole of his sweat; and whether such a horse will have to sweat by himself, or should have another horse to come home with him, will depend on the

sort of horse he is. But the manner of sweating different horses will be fully explained hereafter.

As soon as the horse in question has been brought home to the stables after sweating, and as soon as he is dressed, and his legs are well fomented, the leg which we have described as being amiss, should have the cold lotion (such as is commonly used by trainers on such occasions, as the crude sal ammoniac, and sugar of lead—of the former four ounces, and of the latter one ounce—dissolved in three pints of vinegar and one pint of water,) with the bandage applied to it. This application should be continued to the leg while the horse is in the stable, until the groom feels confident that the leg has completely recovered its former tone, which he may observe from its continuing perfectly cool and in shape.

But when the horse is at exercise, the boot on the leg, if well padded, is, I think, preferable to the bandage, as it is better adapted to ward off blows, and to prevent a similar accident from again occurring.

We have been some time on the subject of this bad leg, with a view to show the necessity there is for administering physic for relief, and also to show how necessary it is to give physic, to prevent so craving a horse as we have described from getting too lusty when laying by. But this physic has another advantage which has not yet been mentioned—that of taking the staleness out of the horse, from the strong work he has for some time been doing; and it is precisely what the groom must have done with him, at or about the time I have made choice of, whether he had fallen amiss in his leg or not; and this is what is generally called the commencement of a second preparation, and is highly necessary at certain periods, in the training of race-horses which have been a long time in strong work. Now had such a race-horse as we have alluded to, been allowed to lay by for the recovery of his leg, as a horse in common use may have been permitted to do, he would, without physic, have become so very lusty, as to put it quite out of the power of any training groom to have brought him to the post, within the time I have mentioned. Were such a thing to be attempted, I suppose it would be done by first giving the horse a dose of physic, and then putting him into strong and rapid work; but be this as it may, he never could be brought to post in such form as to enable him to compete with horses which may have been allowed a proper time to train.

Before I proceed further, it may be advisable for me to observe, that should a horse of strong constitution meet with an accident, and seriously strain or injure the tendons of his leg, he may as well be immediately put out of training, for it is more than a hundred to one, that a leg, thus injured, can ever be sufficiently recovered by any sort of means, so as to get such work into a strong-constituted horse, as to enable him to run with other race-horses.

I shall now proceed to treat of the physicking of race-horses more generally, commencing with those which are sound and in health. Such of them, with strong constitutions, as may have be-

come stale in themselves, and stale on their legs, or their legs being a little swollen from travelling and running during the summer, I shall not consider as being unhealthy. Others which I shall have occasion to mention, as young ones and light ones, will require but little physic; the former will not become stale until they have been some time in training, although their constitutions may be strong; and the latter are still less subject to this sort of thing, in consequence of their not being able to stand such work as would occasion it.

With the approach of autumn the racing season concludes. Some meetings, however, in different parts of the country, are over much earlier than others; and when race-horses are supposed to have done running for the season, and have returned to their home stables to winter, such of them as may be allowed by their owners to remain under the care of public training grooms, are put, as it is termed, into physic. To bring this point—the physicking of race-horses generally—before my readers as clearly as I possibly can, I shall commence with the physicking of such horses as may be standing at home public racing stables—say for example at Newmarket, for there, either with young ones or old ones, training may be said to be always going on. The meetings at Newmarket conclude the latter end of October, which is, perhaps, too late in the season to get green meat for the horses, in such perfection as is requisite to assist in refreshing them. Therefore to refresh some horses, and to lighten others, the grooms begin in the month of November to prepare them for their physic; and their custom was, with such horses as had been running and travelling the whole of the summer, to give each of them on his return to the home stable, three doses of physic, with an interval of eight or ten days between each dose; and in the spring, prior to their going into training (depending on how early their engagements may take place), three doses more were given them, with the same interval of time between each, and this was termed putting the horses through their different courses of physic. The first course was to take the staleness out of them, and bring their legs in shape, which it did most effectually. The second course, in the spring, was to carry off the humors, and to assist in lightening the horses before they were put into training. But I hope by this time that some of the training grooms, if not all of them, have seen the impropriety of repeating dose after dose in this way; if they have not, I will endeavor to point out to them by and bye, when on the subject of training, how physic may be administered in both instances much more to the advantage of the horses.

The preparing of race-horses for their physic in the autumn, may be done in much the same manner as with horses in common use; as more time may be allowed for those horses of strong constitutions to be kept on mashes, than when they are in training. Three or four mashes a day, of equal parts of bran and oats, for a couple of days, will relax their bowels, and thereby facilitate the action of the medicine on them; and a less portion of aloes in their physic than is generally given to them when in regular train-

ing, will answer the purpose of purging them equally well. It was formerly a rule with grooms, and it may, I have no doubt, be much practised my many at present, whenever they were going to physic several horses on the same day, to give the whole of them their physic early in the morning. With strong constituted horses this may be very proper; for in the common way of preparing those horses, the medicine seldom operates before the following morning; that is, it generally remains in the bowels of those strong horses for four-and-twenty hours before it begins to purge them. But with others, which may be more delicate, it will be seen to operate in the course of eight, ten, or twelve hours.

As we are not in so great a hurry for the medicine to act now, as we should be were the horses in training, or were they laboring under disease, we prefer giving them their physic at different times, with a view to have them all purging on the following morning when at exercise. In endeavoring to accomplish this, the groom must bear in mind, when he is about giving physic to a number of horses on the same day, (say fifteen or twenty for example,) that the constitutions of so many horses will vary, more or less; consequently, he must vary the quantity of aloes in each dose, according to the age, constitution, and condition of each horse: but he must also regulate the time of day that different horses should have their physic given them after they come in from exercise in the morning. Those of craving constitutions may have their physic given them immediately after they come in, at seven or eight o'clock in the morning. Those with constitutions not quite so strong may have theirs given them at twelve o'clock in the day; and those which may be still more delicate (if it be determined to physic them), may have theirs given to them at four or six o'clock in the evening; and by this method they may be got to purge pretty nearly at one time, which is an object worth attending to, as the groom can more readily judge how each dose of physic operates on each horse, in proportion to the quantity of aloes given.

Such horses as are known to the groom to be shy drinkers in physic, must be watered sparingly at twelve o'clock, the day before the physic is given, instead of at four or six in the evening. From this treatment they are most of them inclined to drink pretty freely on the following day. And on the night previous to giving them their physic in the morning, it would be advisable to keep them short of hay, more particularly the craving ones. Instead of giving them their usual allowance, let them have half the quantity; and those which may be inclined to eat their litter may have the setting muzzles put on, when the boys go into the stables to go to bed. Let those that do this be set as sharp as they would be for their sweat or race. The groom, on first opening the stables in the morning on the day the physic is to be given, should give each of the horses a small portion of mash, before they go out to exercise, and when the horses return to the stables again, the craving ones, after their heads are dressed, before they are turned round in the stall, may have their physic given them; and the other light horses at the different periods which I have already directed. All the

horses, after having their physic, remain in the stables for the day, and the usual stable hours are kept, at which times they have their warm water given them, and they are afterwards stripped and brushed over, their clothes again put on, and their legs rubbed. Their mashes are given them, with small portions of hay, and they are shut up. Horses in physic, particularly those which may be a little sick, should be fed sparingly. When it is observed they are not inclined to eat their mashes, they should be taken from them; if they do not seem inclined to eat their hay, they may have a little clean sweet straw given them, to pick and pull about, and amuse themselves with; many of them will eat it, when in physic, in preference to anything else.

On opening the stables in the morning, the day the physic is to be worked off, as soon as the boys have set the beds fair, and brought them sufficiently back for the horses to purge on, each boy may then put two or three plats in his horse's tail, and tie it round at the bottom, to prevent it from becoming soiled whenever the horse purges. The whole of the horses should now have their warm water, each being allowed to drink as much as he likes; after which, they should be brushed over, and got ready for exercise. They are to be comfortably clothed, according to the season of the year. In the autumn or spring, they should have good full-sized blanket-sort of rugs next to their skin, with a sheet and quarter piece on top; if there is much wind out, a breast sweater may be put on, to keep their clothes down in front, and their quarter strings should also be put on, to keep them from blowing up behind; or, what perhaps is to be preferred, is a piece of binding attached to the hinder part of the sheet or quarter piece, so arranged as to form a sort of crupper, to go under the horse's tail. The bridle and the hood should be put on each horse as he is standing in the stall, with his head to the rack. If a horse is brought round in the usual way, for the purpose of having those things put on, he may purge in the manger if his physic has begun to work. Each boy should be made to back his horse out of the stall, when he is going out to exercise.

Now, as exercise greatly assists the action of medicine, the groom should not only regulate the time each horse is to remain at exercise, but also how often each horse should come out on the day the physic is working off. Those which the groom observes to purge freely, may not be out more than once, or twice at farthest, the first thing in the morning, and at four o'clock in the afternoon. But others, which may be thought not to purge sufficiently, and which may be rather lusty, may come out to exercise three times in the day; the first thing in the morning, at eleven or twelve o'clock in the day, and at four o'clock in the afternoon. Any of them that may require to be out for longer periods than others may be sent out half an hour or an hour earlier than the rest, so that they may all come in together, to admit of the whole of the stables being shut up at the same time. But on their first coming into the stables from exercise, it is necessary again to take the precaution with them, in regard to not bringing them round in the stalls to

have their heads dressed. Each boy should ride his horse into the stall, dismount, take off his hood and bridle, wisp and wipe his horse's head, sponge his nostrils and with a rubber, wipe them dry, then put on his collar, and chain up his head.

I have known some grooms who would not have their horse's feet washed, or even have them dressed on the day of their physic working off. All they would allow to be done would be to have their cloths put straight, their quarters cleaned, and their legs well rubbed. I must confess I was rather particular in this respect myself, when I was a groom. But since I have practised as a veterinary surgeon, I have physicked horses in various ways, and under such a variety of circumstances, that I am quite confident there is no danger to be apprehended from either washing their feet, or stripping them to be dressed. In the stables they are to be kept comfortably clothed, with blankets next their skin. The top clothing, which is put on them in physic, and also for them to sleep in, should be the old ones, which are fit for no other purpose. After their feet are washed, and before the boys strip them, such of them as may not have purged briskly, or drank freely before they went out, may be tried again now they are in, with a little warm water, and then let the whole of them be dressed, and their legs be well rubbed; and after the stables are set fair, give them their mashes and hay, strip their quarters, shut them up, and let the boys get their breakfasts. The groom, on coming into the stables at noon time, is to make his observations on such of the horses as may have purged repeatedly in the stables. Such of them as may have been affected in this way, should remain in until four o'clock in the afternoon; and those which may not have purged much in the stables, should be watered and sent out to exercise, with a view to get the medicine to act sufficiently. When they come in at twelve or one o'clock, they are to be treated as in the morning: and those which may have to stop in at this noon period, should be watered, their quarters cleaned, wisped over, clothed up, their manes combed, and their legs rubbed. They are to be fed as in the morning, on mashes and a small portion of hay, and then shut up. The groom, on coming into the stables at four o'clock in the afternoon, is again to make his observations how each horse may have purged in the stables; and such of them as he may observe to have purged briskly throughout the whole of the day, he will order to be left in, and those which have purged moderately, he will order out to exercise with those others which were out in the middle of the day: and on their coming into the stables, they will be treated in every respect as they were at noon time. But the mashes and warm water should be discontinued to those horses which I have directed to be left in, in consequence of their physic having purged very briskly, most likely from its having been given too strong. Warm thick gruel, in small quantities, should be given to them, instead of their mashes; they may also have a little dry bran and oats, mixed in equal parts. Their beds being set fair, their heads should be let down so as to reach the manger, and those horses which may not have been so much purged, should have

their mashes given them. The stables may then be shut up until eight o'clock, at which stable hour the horses that have been purging briskly the whole of the day, may again be tried with a little more thick gruel, and if the groom thinks they will eat a little dry corn, he may give them a dish-full. The beds being again set fair, the whole of the horses' heads let down, their quarters stripped (the boys being ready to go to bed, having previously got their suppers), the stables may now be shut up for the night, which will most likely be about nine o'clock. On the following morning, when the groom comes to the stables, he expects to find each horse's physic set; in other words, to have stopped working. Such of the light horses as may not have purged much the day before, and such others as may have stopped purging in the night, may, the first thing in the morning, have a dish-full of corn given them, which they will eat whilst the stables are setting fair; they may then be got ready to go out on the downs. But if the weather is cold, windy, or uncertain as to rain, they may be walked in the paddock at the back of the stables for an hour or so, merely to give them an appetite. When they return to the stables, they are to be fed and treated in all respects as they were prior to their going into physic. But those horses which we have already made mention of as having been briskly purged the day before, and which have not quite stopped purging the next morning, are to remain in the stables the whole of the day. They should be fed on dry food, and have some thick gruel given them to drink, at the different stable hours; and on the following morning, their physic being set, they may be taken out as the other horses were the day before.

I have, in the early part of this chapter, made mention of the necessity there would be for giving physic to a horse in training, that may have met with an accident, and injured one of his legs, which injury may occasion such horse to be laid by for its recovery. I have also spoken of the manner in which race-horses in two different states of condition were physicked by grooms in the autumn; the first being light and stale, the last-mentioned young, fresh, and lusty. But as at this season of the year plenty of time can be allowed them to be on mashes, so as sufficiently to relax their bowels, a less quantity of aloes will answer the purpose of purging them. There is, therefore, not much difficulty or danger to be apprehended in physicking these horses. Those which I have made mention of as being stale ones, should be put into large loose places; the young ones should be taken into the training stables.

REMARKS ON THE STUDS OF THE PRESENT SEASON.

BY RED ROVER.

Resumed from our last Number, page 263.

WHOEVER KNOWS the Wolds of Yorkshire, may there see what perseverance in cultivation will do towards converting a barren into a fertile land. The Wolds, too, can boast of a stud not to be surpassed either in number or quality. The stud to which I allude is the one belonging to that true old English sportsman, and capital judge of horses, Sir Tatton Sykes. That part of the Wolds around Sledmere, once so barren, has been brought into a well cultivated and beautifully wooded district by Sir Tatton's father; to whom a worthy testimony of regard, and a memorial, commemorating the great benefits he conferred on the land by planting, &c., has been raised near the house by the present occupant. Many studs are kept, and kept well, without the old proverb being verified, "the master's eye makes the horse fat," for under experienced grooms, the presence of the master is not so necessary. This, however, is not the case at Sledmere, and to the old proverb being adhered to, I attribute, in a great measure, the superior quality of the nags. Being all thorough-bred, or nearly so, they are not trained, except some of the colts, which are always on sale (of these were Grey Momus, Grey Milton, Traffic, &c.), and the mares are all used either for breeding, or to mount his huntsman and whips on. For many years Comus was his stud horse, and died there about three years ago, at a great age. What is so remarkable in this stud is the general absence of weedy animals, and the brood mares are all short-jointed, strong animals. There are not less than fifty or sixty mares on an average in foal, and a large number of four and five-year-old mares allowed to run at large unbroke. The Cervantes and Comus blood with the Oisean and Camillus is the chief in this stud; Bay Middleton seems a favorite of Sir Tatton's, as his crack mares, Grey Momus's dam, and Sister to Grey Momus, a Chateau Margaux and two Comus mares, had been sent to him. The rest are put to his own horses, Stumps and Hampton; the yearlings and two-year-olds by them are good, but the major part of the hunters and five-year-olds, &c., are by Comus and Young Phantom, and are very superior.

Stumps, now nineteen years old, has been a denizen of Sledmere for two years, having before that vegetated in Cheshire. His blood (by Whalebone, out of Scotina by Delpini,) and his running are very good. At three years old he won the Gold Cup at Brighton, £80 and £100 at Lewes, £235 at Goodwood, and thrice £50 and £100 at Newmarket; in 1826, being then four years old, at 8st. 13lb., he ran second to Mortgage for the Ascot Oatlands, beating a large field; and won the Brighton and Goodwood Stakes, and a Gold Cup at Goodwood, £50 at Newmarket July, and the Queen's

Plate at the First October Meeting; besides many others, which have shown him no unworthy sprig of old Whalebone. He is a very handsome animal, now quite white, and though possessing light bone, stands nevertheless on sinewy legs (legs which will beat all the big ones in the long run). His stock there are good, and mostly take after him in color. How very much this is the case in stock: the Mundigs are nearly invariably chesnuts, the Oppidans roans, the Camels dark browns, and the Stumps greys, with more I could particularise were it necessary. Hampton, equally well bred as the above, only in a rather different line (by Sultan, out of Rachel, Sister to Moses,) has also a stain of Whalebone, on the dam's side. Though an indifferent race-horse, his blood and superior shape make him a likely horse to improve a stud; as yet but one of his (Traffic) has appeared, and he is winning abroad. Take it all in all there is not an establishment better managed, or one which must repay the breeder better than the Sledmere one.

Never did any horse appear, since the days of Eclipse and King Herod (whose progeny were more numerous and productive than any in Turf annals, and not a little, I conceive, from the fact that there were not then so many superior ones to choose from, as in the present day, when one hundred first-rate ones are advertised in the Calendar,) never, I say, has there been a horse which has conferred so much benefit on our studs, as the Pet of Petworth, Whalebone. To keep up the standard of our breed, his blood runs in the veins of Camel, Defence, Sir Hercules, Waverley, The Mole, The Saddler, and Touchstone, whose stock now are *nulli secundus*.

The Whalebone mares, likewise, would fill a volume. But as Petworth had its Whalebone, the Grafton stud their Penelope and Prunella, so Yorkshire has had a strain of blood not inferior in the once far-famed stable of Mr. Watt. The ancestry to which I allude, was a certain daughter of Pot-8-o's and Young Camilla, who rejoiced in the name of Mandane. This mare, foaled in 1800, is not to be beaten as to progeny, by any mare in the world: as a racer, she was good for nothing, having been beaten five times, and having won only a match at Brighton against Lampedosa, in 1803. But what a noble progeny is hers, viz. :—

1. Scratch, by Whiskey.
2. Ernest, by Buzzard.
3. Flip, by Whiskey.
4. Manuella, by Dick Andrews, winner of the Oaks, and dam (among others) of the Leger winner Memnon, Belzoni, Belshazzar, and Margellina, who was the dam of Westonian, Wahab, Wardan, &c.
5. Altisidora, by Dick Andrews, winner of the Leger, and dam of Abron, and grandam of Ralph.
6. Petuaria, by Orville, sold to Lord Cremorne for 3000 gs., and the dam of Petuaria (Carew's dam).
7. Captain Candid, by Cerberus, who ran second to Duchess of Leven for the Leger 1816, and sold to Germany for a stallion.

8. Procurante, by Langton.

9. Muta, by Tramp, dam of Manchester, Gardham, &c.

10. Lottery, by Tramp, sire of Chorister (winner of the St. Leger), Sheet Anchor, Inheritor, Red Rover, Lady Elizabeth, and many other first-raters.

11. Brutandorf, by Blacklock, winner of the Trades and Stand Cups at Chester, and the Mostyn mile among other good things, and sire of Physician, Hetman Platoff, &c.

12. A Whisker mare, the dam of Liverpool, Waresti, Wadastra, &c.

Such are but a few of the magnificent animals sprung from this mare, who was herself a fourth-rate racer, stood but fifteen hands high, but possessed in a small compass the limbs and strength of a cart-horse. The blood of Mandane runs in the veins of the following high-bred cattle: Memnon, Belzoni, Abron, Captain Candid, Carew, Lottery, Sheet Anchor, Inheritor, Speculator, Brutandorf, Physician, Hetman Platoff, Liverpool, The Commodore, Lanercost, Ralph; and fastidious must he be who cannot suit his stud out of the above lot. So great a benefit *has* Mr. Watt's stud conferred on English breeders; but, shades of Mandane and Manuella! how different a lot now occupy your paddocks.

The present denizens of the paddocks at Bishop's Burton consist of a clever mare, Myrrha by Whalebone (the dam of two fine young mares by Plenipotentiary), and Cara, the winner of the Criterion, a useful-looking mare. There are also there Nitocris (Sister to Memnon), a daughter of hers by Bay Middleton, Fancheon (Sister to Lapdog), and Phœbe (Sister to Lamplighter), and chiefly stinted to Sheet Anchor, to whom it is no small recommendation to be admired by so good a judge as Mr. Watt. Phœbe is no exception to the generality of the Lamplighter stock. He himself is detestable, and I wonder how any one can breed from him. As all faults come out in stock, his all take after him in bad hocks. Lucky was he to have been the sire of a Derby winner, and such a Derby winner as seldom leads the way over Epsom Downs, for I should think if that race had been run at any other time, he never would have figured before Caravan, or one or two more, his undoubted superiors; but such we often have seen to be the case with the Derby race, and a nag fit to go at the nick of time, runs away from horses who, at other times, could, and perhaps would, have beat him into fits. Amato, Lapdog, Spaniel, Little Wonder, are all instances of it, for can any one doubt but that Ion and Grey Momus, Shakspeare, Riddlesworth, and Launcelot, who ran second to them, were all infinitely better, and worth more money than the winners. The name of a Derby winner conduces greatly towards the gaining a high price in the foreign market, and so Phosphorus, having astonished the various weak minds, who forgot the happy prophecy in "the Life,"

"So those who have found out their error too late,
And the victor despised of the Rowley Mile Plate,
Their fingers must burn in the Phosphoric flame,
While the Lamplighter runs up the ladder of fame,"

has gone into Germany to gain his laurels, and brought a most remunerating price to his former owner. So far so good, and who can any longer, after seeing this, among so many more instances, affirm that the exportation of horses does injury to our own country? whereas, were it hindered or forbidden, what in the world would become of five out of twelve that each mare breeds, and which do not, from one cause or another, suit the fastidious taste of the present day. No, it is the interest of every man to encourage this demand, and the best rule to follow may be exemplified with truth, in Wordsworth's lines:—

“For why? because the good old rule
Sufficeth them. The simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

RED ROVER.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for April, 1842.

THE TALE OF A TUB.

“Some have honor thrust upon them!”

To the Editor of the Bengal Sporting Magazine.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: “Pity the sorrows of an ill used man,” and though it may sound somewhat anomalous, give him an opportunity of relieving himself of a weight of obligation as painful as it is unmerited.

I am first dragged before the English public without leave asked or given, as the author of the designs of a publication by Messrs. Colnaghi and Puckle, entitled “A New Tale of a Tub,” and before I know where I am, find myself lauded by the London prints in a strain of panegyric that bids fair to suffocate the share of vanity with which nature has bountifully supplied me, along with most other mortals. In fact Cruikshanks and H. B. were in future to “hide their diminished heads.” So unanimous was the voice of every journal in favor of these unrivalled drawings, (attributed to me,) that as I was conscious of having been guilty of *something of the sort*, I was nearly surrendering myself to the pleasing delusion that, notwithstanding the gullibility generally attributed to the English public, I really *must* be a genius, when two days ago the first copy I had seen, of this magnificently got up production, greeted my astonished optics. If it is true, Mr. Editor, that it is a wise child that knows its own father—it is at least equally certain that, in this instance, the reputed father knew not his offspring.

The first plate, for instance, *with my name in the corner*, and decidedly the best, in point of execution, of the whole series, I must disclaim *in toto*. The others have a certain resemblance, viz., flattering to me, as coming from the hand of so skilful an artist, but

still the actual designs are no more mine, than they are yours, Mr. E. I have no idea of being *presented* with a niche, small or great, in the temple of fame, and I could only compare the benevolent assistance of Messrs. Aubry, Colnaghi and Puckle, to the vigorous but undesired aid I once received from two stalwart, but breechless Arabs, in ascending the Mausoleum of old Cheops. I would gladly include Mr. F. W. N. Bayley in my acknowledgments, but after a futile attempt to read his poetry, I really can only consider him in the light of a *drag*, which, in one sense, certainly *may* be useful in *descending* a hill, but cannot strictly be considered either useful or ornamental in *mounting*.

Having now made a clear breast of it, I have real satisfaction in adding my mite of approbation of Messrs. Aubry, Colnaghi and Puckle's share in the work, and with the assurance that I readily excuse the free use they have made of my name on this occasion, I beg to subscribe myself

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN S. COTTON, 7th M. L. C.

Arcot, June 7, 1841.

TAMING HORSES.

BY, A. J. ELLIS, B.A.

MR. CATLIN, in his work on the manners and customs of the North American Indians, gave the following account of their method of taming the wild buffalo calves, and wild horses:—

“I have often, in accordance with a well-known custom of the country, held my hand over the eyes of the calf, and breathed into its nostrils; after which I have, with my hunting companions, rode several miles into our encampment, with the little prisoner busily following the heels of my horse the whole way, as closely and affectionately as its instinct would attach it to the company of its dam. This is one of the most extraordinary things that I have met with in the habits of this wild country; and although I had often heard of it, and felt unable exactly to believe it, I am now willing to bear testimony to the fact, from the numerous instances which I have witnessed since I came into the country. During the time that I resided at this post, in the spring of the year, on my way up the river, I assisted (in numerous hunts of buffalo, with the Fur Company's men,) in bringing in, in the above manner, several of these little prisoners, which sometimes follow for five or six miles close to our horses' heels, and even into the Fur company's fort, and into the stable where our horses were led. In this way, before I left for the head waters of the Missouri, I think we had collected about a dozen.”

In the same way, the wild horses are tamed. When the Indian

has got him well secured with the lasso, and a pair of hobbles on his feet "he gradually advances, until he is able to place his hand on the animal's nose and over his eyes, and at length to breathe in its nostrils, when it soon becomes docile and conquered; so that he has little more to do than to remove the hobbles from its feet, and lead or ride it into camp."

Mr. Ellis chanced to read this account when on a visit in Yorkshire, and forthwith resolved to try the experiment. He and his friends were alike incredulous, and sought amusement from the failure, rather than knowledge by the result—but two experiments, all he was able to try, were both successful. Here is the particulars of one of them:—

"Saturday, Feb. 12, 1842.—While the last experiments were being tried on the yearling, W. espied B—, a farmer and tenant, with several men, at the distance of some fields, trying, most ineffectually, on the old system, to break in a horse. W. proposed to go down and show him what effect had been produced on the yearling. When the party arrived at the spot, they found that B. and his men had tied their filly short up to a tree in the corner of a field, one side of which was walled, and the other hedged in. W. now proposed to B. to tame his horse after the new method. B., who was aware of the character of his horse, anxiously warned W. not to approach it, cautioning him especially against the fore feet, asserting that the horse would rear and strike him with the fore feet, as it had 'lamed' his own (B.'s) thigh just before they had come up. W., therefore, proceeded very cautiously. He climbed the wall, and came at the horse through the tree, to the trunk of which he clung for some time, that he might secure a retreat in case of need. Immediately upon his touching the halter, the horse pranced about, and finally pulled away with a dogged and stubborn expression, which seemed to bid W. defiance. Taking advantage of this, W. leaned over as far as he could, clinging all the time to the tree with his right hand, and succeeded in breathing into one nostril, without, however, being able to blind the eyes. From that moment all became easy. W., who is very skilful in the management of a horse, coaxed it, and rubbed its face, and breathed from time to time into the nostrils, while the horse offered no resistance. In about ten minutes W. declared his conviction that the horse was subdued; and he then unfastened it, and to the great and evident astonishment of B., (who had been trying all the morning in vain to gain a mastery over it,) led it quietly away with a loose halter. Stopping in the middle of the field, with no one else near, W. quietly walked up to the horse, placed his arm over one eye and his hand over the other, and breathed into the nostrils. It was pleasing to observe how agreeable this operation appeared to the horse, who put up his nose to receive the 'puff.' In this manner W. led the horse through all the fields to the stable yard, where he examined the fore feet of the horse, who offered no resistance—but while W. was examining the hind feet, bent its neck round, and kept nosing W.'s back. He next buckled on a surcingle, and then a saddle, and finally fitted the horse with a rope. During the whole of these operations, the horse did not offer the slightest resistance, nor did it flinch in the least degree."

Two experiments are all Mr. Ellis has had opportunity of either witnessing, or hearing the results of. But, as he states, these have been to him perfectly satisfactory; and, as he has no opportunity of carrying them on, since he is unacquainted with the treatment of horses, and neither owns any, nor is likely to be thrown in the way of unbroken colts, he has resolved to publish these particulars, that gentlemen, farmers, trainers, and others may at least try so simple a plan, and thus test and determine its value. Mr. Ellis is of opinion, that this is the secret of the celebrated Irish horse-charmers,—and we remember that in more than one recorded instance of their power, they pretended to whisper to the animal, and played with his head, and thus probably, breathed into his nostrils.

ORIGIN OF HORSE-RACING IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

WE have no means of ascertaining the period at which horse-racing commenced in England. There are, however, authentic records still existing, describing some races at Epsom during the reign of Henry the Second. Under Henry the Eighth the traces are somewhat more clearly defined. We learn that "bluff Harry" was present at horse-races at Chester and Stamford, where prizes were run for. They might have been called steeple-chases; for there were some rasping fences on the race-course. The prizes were valuable only for the honor due to the conqueror, who received a small wooden bell, ornamented with flowers.

James the First established a regular organization for these matters. There were fixed periods for the races to take place. Race-courses were laid out at Newmarket, Croydon, and Enfield chase, and a silver bell was substituted for the former wooden one.

Cromwell—all Roundhead as he was—had a number of brood mares. As a sportsman, however, he must bow before his Equerry, whose famous horse, Place's White Turk, is well known in the annals of ancient sporting.

After Cromwell came Charles the Second, and from this period horse-racing may date the importance which it has ever since maintained in England. On coming to the throne, he found heavy chargers, blowing like Grampuses, struggling against Flemish hunters, which in the high and palmy days of Melton would be dubbed dray-horses. Charles, the merry Monarch, re-established the races which had been instituted at Newmarket by James the First, and which had been interrupted by the "crop-eared knave" Cromwell. He also established the system of giving prizes of value, and set the example of giving a silver cup, value 100 guineas, to be run for. The era of thorough-bred horses may be said to

have commenced under the reign of this jovial Prince. His stables contained some superb Arab stallions, and he packed off his Master of the Horse, Sir Christopher Wyvil, in search of some thorough-bred mares. Sir Christopher set out on his travels, but whether he went to Arabia, Andalusia, Persia, Tartary, or India, history saith not—certain, however, it is, that he returned to England with a string of very beautiful mares, which were henceforth denominated the “Royal Mares.”

Darley’s Arabian was brought to England in the reign of Queen Anne, the Lister Turk was brought by the Duke of Berwick from the siege of Buda, and Curwen’s Bay Barb, presented to Louis the Fourteenth by the Emperor of Morocco, was eventually taken to England, where he obtained great celebrity. Darley’s Arabian may be considered as the sire of a breed of horses which have ever since remained unrivalled by other countries.

George the First and George the Second encouraged the breeding of horses; but the efforts of George the Second were seconded by his good fortune in securing the Godolphin Arabian, which was taken out of a heavy cart which he was dragging about the streets of Paris, and was brought over to this country. The French novelist, Eugene Sue, has already celebrated the glories and misfortunes of this famous horse.

The race of English horses may be, therefore, satisfactorily traced to Arabia; but in equine, as in other nobility, the pedigree is ever found to contain some admixture of plebeian blood.

In former days we were in the habit of putting half-bred mares to thorough-bred stallions, but fortunately the richness and innate “nobility,” so to speak, of the Arab blood, absorbed all the vices of the half-bred maternal blood, and the colts and fillies were removed into the illustrious category of thorough-breds. For the last century this practice has been discontinued, and simultaneously with it the Arab blood, the primary principle of the thorough-bred stock, has rarely, if ever, been allowed the honor of admixture with regular thorough-breds. English thorough-bred horses, when carefully trained under the eye of English trainers, have been found by experience to be so immensely superior to the Arab breed, that in all handicap races several pounds weight is invariably allowed to Arabian horses.

It would be tedious to go through the list of celebrated names which are to be found in the Stud Book, the first volume of which was published in 1753. We may, however, note down Eclipse, who was foaled in 1764, and died in 1789, after having made his owner’s fortune, and leaving behind him three hundred and twenty colts and fillies, almost all of which showed themselves worthy of their sire.

If the English boast of the antiquity of their races, they must yield the palm to France. The races of Sémur, a small town in the Côte d’Or, have been carried on since the reign of Charles V. None of the arrangements have undergone any alteration since 1350. The races have always come off on the same day, the Thursday after Pentecost. The prizes have not been changed,

viz., a gold ring, a white scarf, a pair of gloves trimmed with golden fringe, and a purse containing forty francs. Century after century have these humble races been always looked forward to at the appointed day, by the inhabitants of the surrounding neighborhood, but several ages elapsed before this premature love of sport was engrafted into other towns of France. Before we find the annals of any other races, we must leap from 1350 to 1776, from Sémur to Paris, from Charles V. to the Count d'Artois and the Duc de Chartres.

The Duc de Chartres went over to England, where he was much taken with the English customs and habits, especially their method of training horses. On returning to France, his Anglo mania was so violent, that he always appeared in public in tops and leathers, and either a pink coat or a Newmarket; his whole time and attention were given up to horses, bets, and jockies, and the young nobles of the Court were delighted at finding this wide field of pleasure and excitement thrown open to them—the huge powdered wigs, the red heels, the stuff coats and waistcoats were thrown aside, and Paris looked like a vast stableyard.

On the 5th of November, 1776, a match was got up between the Duc de Chartres and Major Bankes, but it did not come off. On the following days there was, however, some good running by *Barbary* and *Comus*, belonging to the Count d'Artois, *Partner* belonging to the Duc de Chartres, *Pilgrim* to the Duc de Lauzun, *Nip* to the Marquis de Conflans. In all these races a French horse *L'Abbé*, belonging to the Prince de Guéméné, was the victor.

We again find *L'Abbé* in 1777, when he beat eight English horses. On the same day the famous sweepstakes for forty horses came off at Fontainebleau. This was not a bad beginning for noviciates on the Turf. A sweepstakes of forty horses in 1777! when, in 1842, either in England or France, it is rarely we see above fifteen or twenty at the starting post.

The Count d'Artois and the Duc de Chartres were at the head of this young noblesse, who set up an opposition to the staid serenities of the old folks at Court. The octogenarian remains of the Court of Louis XV. groaned at the frightful Anglo mania which possessed the souls and bodies of their sons, and, for the first time in their lives, they found themselves, in accordance with the town and corporation, which violently opposed all that emanated from Versailles, and this especially as a feudal pleasure, which could be enjoyed by the nobles only.

But behind this apparent frivolity was hid a source of considerable public utility—France was centuries behind her neighbors in the art of improving the breed of horses, and the French, like other children, must be amused while they are instructed. Napoleon, in the midst of his political projects and stupendous undertakings, ever found time to encourage and foster this growing taste amongst the nobility. In 1805 he gave prizes to be run for, and in 1806 he regenerated, on a footing of solid magnificence, the *Haras*, or breeding establishments of the old monarchy in all their pristine splendor; but he soon pounced upon the German horses, and

brought home with him all that was worth having in Mecklenburgh, Hesse and Baden.

Louis XVIII., notwithstanding his embarrassments, founded several prizes. In 1819 we find Latitat, belonging to the Comte de Narbonne—in 1820, M. Rienssec's mare Enigone—in 1823, celebrated by the good running of Nell, the first thorough-bred mare foaled in France—and in 1824, Lucy, the property of the Duc d'Escars. France owes this improvement in her breed of horses principally to the Duc de Guiche, who so ably superintended these breeding establishments, and under his auspices Truffle, Milton, Tancredi, Rowlston, and Rainbow, were destined to regenerate the bastardised equine race of France, and old Crémieux brought over Tandem, the *ci devant multum in parvo*, whose singular adventure at Ascot must be ever fresh in the recollection of all sporting men.

Charles X. was too fond of shooting to care much about horse-racing. The Duc de Guiche, however, induced him to give some prizes, and in 1827, Vittoria, by Milton, out of Geane, added lustre to the sporting annals of his reign. In 1828, M. Delaroque, a Normandy breeder, ran his famous Zephyr, by D. I. O., out of Hebe, and in 1829 appeared M. de Bastide's mare Vesta. In September, 1826, Lord Henry Seymour made his *débüt* upon the French Turf. He paid forfeit to Lady of the Lake for his horse Felix. His successes with Frank and Annette has amply repaid him for his ill-omened commencement.

In 1830 Count D'Orsay won two prizes with Sylvio, by France, out of Hebe.

The *Haras* in the immediate neighborhood of Paris amply repays the trouble of a visit. The *Haras* of Buc, near Versailles, belonging to M. Sabatier, contains five brood mares of note—Ada, Kermess, Naiad by Whalebone, and Christabel, half sister to Plenipotentiary and Meliora. Here are also to be seen a brace of two-year-olds—Cerf-Volant and Festival, both of which are expected to do wonders.

The next *Haras* that we come to is that of M. Lupin at St. Cloud.

M. Lupin first appeared on the Turf in 1836, with Belinda, by Tandem, out of Teneriffe; she proved a failure, and his success was not improved by either Norma or Julietta. With Laocoon he beat Lord H. Seymour's ill-tempered horse, Royal George, who threw his jockey and nearly killed him. In 1837, M. Lupin went to England, where he bought, at the sale of the Royal Stud, Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon, out of Lady Rachel; Wings, and Young Mouse—he also purchased Young Maniac of Lord H. Seymour. In this *Haras* we find Faustus, by Emilius, out of Fleur de Lis; Fianette, by Actæon; and Libeline, by Young Mouse; all four-year-olds. Amongst the three-year-olds we find Angora, by Lottery, out of Young Mouse; Balsamine, and Romanesca, both by Lottery also. There are, moreover, some fine colts and fillies at this *Haras*, which are well worth the trouble of inspection.

M. Fould's *Haras*, of Rocquencourt, has produced some good

horses—Rocquencourt Stella, Aerial, and Jocelyn, besides several famous hunters, &c. There is also a very beautiful filly, Galatea, by Bay Middleton, out of own sister to Glaucus.

The *Haras*, at Meudon, however, is the most celebrated of all in the neighborhood of Paris; it was formerly a pleasure garden attached to the Chateau, and was filled with parterres, exotic plants, cascades, fountains—in short, all the accompaniments to the chilling regularity of a French garden. The revolution of 1789 rushed in upon this enchanted ground, and carried off in its iron grasp sphinxes and dragons, laid waste the groves of orange trees, and left this fertile vineyard a chaotic mass of ruins. At the restoration it became the property of the Duc de Berri, and at his death the Duc d'Angouleme converted it into a *Haras*, under the direction of the Duc de Guiche, who imported from England several thorough-bred mares and stallions, established a splendid set of stables, and within three years from its foundation, Nell carried away three prizes at the Champ de Mars.

At the change of dynasty in 1830 Louis Philippe appointed M. de Strada to succeed M. de Guiche, but the Republican nominee knew just about as much of horseflesh as a tailor, and in a short time undid all the good that the Duke had prepared for him. The whole of his exploits consisted in the purchase of Nimrod, a great floundering coach-horse, which he bought in England for £400, and ultimately sold in France for 400 francs (£16).

Louis Philippe at last got rid of M. de Strada, and presented the *Haras* to the Duc d'Orleans, who has appointed M. de Cambis to be director. This gentleman, though not so good a judge as the Duc de Guiche, is very superior to his predecessor. Under his auspices the *Haras* has regained its lost splendor, and now contains within its precincts Vittoria, Eva, Sweet-lips, Margarita, Jenny Vertpré, Chevrail, and Camarilla. Poor little Arthur Pavis did much for this *Haras*, and it will be long before another jockey of such eminence will be found to leave his native land; his death will be a heavy blow and discouragement to the whole establishment. The Duc d'Orleans was also exceedingly fortunate in enlisting the services of such a trainer as George Edwards. Edwards has now some beautiful colts under his charge, and we shall probably see, within the next two years, that he will make something of them. The Duc d'Orleans takes great interest in the rise and progress of the establishment, and frequently passes several hours during the week in inspecting his young *proteges*.

THE PANTHER'S LEAP.

A WESTERN SCENE.

“Oh how the mother loves the child she nursed.”

IT was a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton was about seven years old, that he was making a dam in the brook that ran before his father's door. He was an only and beautiful child, his mother almost idolizing him. There he was with his trowsers tucked up above his knees, working like a beaver—his mother's bold eye gleaming out from beneath his sun-burnt hair, and with some of his father's strength tugging at a large stone in the bed of the stream.

“Sammy, you'd better come in, hadn't ye?” said Hannah, in a tone half mother and half mate.

“No-o-o, I guess not yet,” said Samuel.

An acorn came floating down the river. The boy took it up—looked at it—was pleased, and “reckoned” in his mind there were more up the “gully,” and when his mother's back was turned, off he started for the acorns. The gorge of the mountain into which he was about to enter had been formed (the work of centuries) by the attrition of the stream he had just been playing in, and walking on a level that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. An almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side, to the height of a hundred feet, composed of crags and rocks frittered by decay and storm into fantastic shape and position. A few scattered bushes and trees sought nourishment from the earth that had fallen from the level above, and excepting their assistance and the unseen surface of the rock, this natural parapet seemed inaccessible but to bird and beast. About an eighth of a mile from the entrance, a cataract closed the gorge, throwing up his white veil of mist in seeming guardianship of the spirit waters. The verdant boughs hanging over the bank cast a deep gloom upon the bed below; while so lofty was the distance, they seemed to grow out of the sky, blue patches of which were to be seen peeping between them.

Hannah Eaton soon missed her boy, but as he had often wandered to the fields where his father was at work, she concluded he must be there, and checked coming fears with the hope that he would return at the hour of dinner. When he came, Joseph nor any of his men knew where he was. Then the agitated mother exclaimed, “He's lost! he's lost! and my poor boy will starve and die in the woods!” Gathering courage she hastily summoned her family around her, and despatched them all but her husband to search in different directions in the neighboring forest. To him she said, “scour every field you can call your own, and if you can't find him, join me in the gorge.”

"He wouldn't go to the gorge, Hannah."

"He would go anywhere." She knew not why, but a presentiment that the boy had followed the course of the stream dwelt strongly on her mind.

"I can't find him, Hannah," said the husband, as he rejoined her not far from the mouth of the gorge.

An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought to herself the dreadful birds are tearing my child to pieces; and frantic, she hastened on, making the walls of the cavern echo back with the screams for her offspring. Her only answer was the eternal thunder of the cataract, raging as if in mockery of woe, and flinging its cold spray upon her hot and throbbing temples. "Fool that I am, how can he hear me?" She strained her eyes along the dizzy height that peered through the mist till she could look no longer, and her eyes filled with tears.

Who but a mother can tell the feelings of a mother's heart? Fear comes thick and fast upon the reeling brain of Hannah. "Oh, my boy—my brave boy will die!" and wringing her hands in agony, she sank to her husband's feet.

The pain of "hope deferred" had strained her heart strings to the severest tension, and it seemed as if the rude hand of despair had broken them all.

The terrified husband threw water upon her pale face, and strove by all the arts he knew to win her back to life. At last she opened her languid eyes, stared wildly around, and rose trembling to her feet. As she thus stood, like a heart broken Niobe, "all tears," a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She looked up. A wild scream of joy burst from her lips. She was herself once more, for half way up the ascent stood her own dear boy.

But even while the glad cry was issuing from her lips, it turned into a note of horror—"O mercy—mercy!"

The crag on which the boy stood projected from the solid rock in such a way as to hang about twelve feet over the bank. Right below one of the edges of this crag, partly concealed among some bushes, crouched a panther.

The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents, and the presence of his dangerous enemy, at about the same time. He had rolled down the stone in exultation, to convince his parents of the high station he had attained, and he now stood with another in his hand, drawing it back and looking at them, as if to ask whether he should throw it at the terrible animal before him. Till then, the mother seemed immovable in her suspense; but conscious of the danger of her son, if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock, and motioned with her hands and head that he should not throw. Yet, with the feeling mind of childhood, and a temper little used to control, he fearlessly threw the fragment with all his might at the ferocious savage. It struck on one of his feet. He gave a sudden growl, lashed his tail with fury, and seemed about to spring.

"Get your rifle, Josiah!" The poor man stirred not. His glazed

eye was fixed with a look like death upon the panther, and he appeared paralyzed with fear. His wife leaped from her stand, and placing her hands on her husband's shoulders, looked into his face and cried, "Are you a man, Josiah Eaton? Do you love your child?" He started as if from sleep, and ran with furious haste from the ravine.

Again the mother looked towards her son. He had fallen upon his knees, and was whispering the little prayers she had taught him, not in coward fear, but an indefinite thought came across his mind that he must die. The panther was upon his feet. He stooped to spring. The distracted mother could keep still no longer. She rushed up the steep ascent with the energy of despair, reckless of the danger; thinking only of her son. The rocks crumbled and slipped beneath her feet, yet she fell not. The sharp rocks cut her flesh, but she heeded it not. On, on she struggled in her agony.

The ferocious creature paused for a moment, when he heard the wretched mother's approach. True to his nature, he sprang at the boy. He barely touched the crag, and fell backward as Hannah ascended the opposite side.

"Ah!" said she laughing deliriously, "the panther must try it again before he parts us my boy; but we won't part," and sinking on her knees before him she fondly folded him to her breast, bathing his young forehead with her tears.

Unalterable in his ferocity, and the manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his former situation. This time he was more successful. His fore foot struck the edge of the crag. "He will kill us, mother, he will kill us!" and the boy nestled closer to his mother's bosom. The animal struggled to bring his body on the crag—his savage features but a step from the mother's face. "Go away! go away!" she shrieked, hoarse with horror, "you shan't have my child!" Closer—still closer he came—his red eyes flashing fury, and the thick pantings of his breath coming in her face. At this awful moment she hears a faint report of fire-arms from the gulph below—the panther's foothold fails, his sharp claws loosen from the rock, and the baffled beast rolled howling down the precipice, at the feet of Josiah Eaton.

The sun's last rays gleamed brightly on a little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees—the mother's bleeding hands over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer going to their Guardian for all His mercy in thwarting the *Panther's Leap*.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

By "WILDBRAKE," Editor of the London "New Sporting Magazine."

SOME people have very queer notions of Charity—"What's the matter, Peter?" roared honest farmer Blunt to an old pensioner of his parish, as he passed by his gate with a decided scowl on his furrowed brow, and grunting and growling like a newly rung pig.

"Matter," said the old man, stopping short—"why, matter enough; here have I been lugging water all the morning for Dr. Pillblister's wife, who employs me, as she says, out of *mere charity*, and what do you think I got for it?"

"Got for it—why, I suppose about ninepence."

"Ninepence—deuce a bit—she told me the doctor *would pull a tooth for me when I wanted it.*"

It would appear, then, that to *want* CHARITY seems the sole means of learning it. Yet even those who may have served this hard apprenticeship, are sometimes found to be *out of practice*. Of such I can only say that they are as "soulless" as the Yankee politician's opponent, who was stigmatised by the stump orator as follows—"I have heard," said he, "that some folk holds to the opinion that just as one human being dies, another's born; and so the *soul* comes out o' the one, into the t'other. Now, I have made partickler and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent thar, and I find that for some hours previously to his nativity, *nobody died*. Fellow citizens—draw the inference!"

* * * * *

I do not think that Honesty will be learned by studying the practices of horse-dealers—still less from those of *gentlemen dealing in horses*. Sometimes, however, the former gentry are inadvertently honest. For instance, a horse-dealer once told his son to get up and ride a new nag a short distance—he did so, and showed him off to admiration—perfect in every pace, and a "raal good 'un," as he observed, patting him on the neck with an air of supreme satisfaction as he pulled up:—"There now—you've been and done it," quoth the elder to his young hopeful, as the customer quitted the yard; "there's a ten-pun-note clean out o' my pocket—he went like a brick."

"Lord a mercy!" quoth the other—"you don't mean as you bought him?"

"Yes I do, though."

"Well, then, all I can say is, as it sarved you right for *not tellin' me whether I was ridin' to buy or sell!*"

Honesty does not ape superior rank to that in which its lot has been cast; nor does it keep a horse cheaply, by walking with a whip. High-heeled boots and a strut, write, to my mind's eye, in capital letters:—CHAMBERS. IN THE ATTIC.—ENQUIRE AT THE TAILOR'S.

* * * * *

I do not think that any one will learn Truth by listening to the returns of killed and wounded (of the latter more particularly) brought home by the lovers of the rod or trigger, especially if they have done their wonders all alone. When two or more go in a party, I always look upon it as an understood thing that all should bounce, and none peach. It is told of a gentleman on circuit, that when in narrating to the witty Lord Norbury his achievements in the sporting world, he mentioned among other little matters, that he had once shot thirty-four hares before breakfast; the facetious judge exclaimed, "Thirty-four hares! Zounds, sir! you must have been shooting *at a wig!*" The dangers of the chase are subject to the same species of figurative ornament.

In some few cases, where people are unguarded in keeping the lie, the whole lie, and nothing but the lie in the ascendant, Truth will pop up when least expected, and so upset the whole business. Of this nature was the speech of the militia captain, who at the annual dinner, being called on for a toast, gave "The Militia! the noble safeguards of our native land!—May they never want"—and here he stuck fast. "May they never want"—quoth he again, and there he stuck again, hemming and hawing—coughing and spluttering—and looking round very imploringly for somebody to save him from choking with the unutterable thought. At length a wag close by whispered in his ear, "And never be wanted;" and glad to be at last relieved, though certainly not heeding how, the victim cleared his throat again, as if he really had got hold of the right word, and roared out "The militia! the noble safeguards of our native land!—May they never want! *and never be wanted!*"

Truth sometimes sinks the "immense" into the "small"—in a way which is a warning to story-tellers, and proves that from the sublime to the ridiculous is indeed but a step. In the commercial room of an Inn in the West of England, I was once in company with a party of men, who were enlivening a dreary wet night with many tales of the marvellous, and whetting their appetites for wine and walnuts, with some undeniable "bouncers." One had just finished a pathetic and heart-rending narrative of a shipwreck, in which the hero, after being jumbled together on jagged rocks, lived for a whole year upon sea-weed in a desert island, and was finally taken off by some ship, which found him suffering under an acute attack of gout, induced by his good living. When the narrator had finished his tale, a lean and melancholy member of the company said—"Ah, sir, I can sympathise truly with that unhappy man, for I myself have suffered all the hardships of that truly horrible fate."

"The wind was fair, and the weather of the most beautiful," he began—"when I embarked at Liverpool for the purpose of coming by water to London. The conveyance, you will say, was strangely chosen, but I had my reasons for a selection which circumstances, rather than my free will, forced upon me. The wind and weather then, as I have said, were favorable, and all the smiles of heaven seemed lavished on our bark. Alas! security! too fleeting and too frail!—within six hours after we had left our port, a dark and

dismal night closed in upon a bright and balmy day ; whilst fitful gusts of wind foretold the rising storm. Our captain, an experienced navigator, took every precaution. He made the cargo all secure—set extra watch upon the vessel, and himself stood near the helm, at which his stoutest and most trusty man was placed. At last it came. The clouds poured out their floods on our devoted heads ; the wind blew fearfully—a frightful hurricane ; whilst our sole gleam was the continual lightning flash which blazed around us only to deepen the returning darkness. For many hours this went on, when suddenly a loud cry from the watch forward arrested our attention, and in another moment a thundering crash resounding through the vessel assured us of the fact that some terrible collision had taken place. All hands were upon deck in a moment. ‘She is sinking fast,’ was the cry on every side, and in this awful crisis, when the dread struggle between life or death hung on the balance of a breath, I took my desperate resolution :”—

He paused.—We all hung on his words in an agony of suspense. He looked quietly round, and then resumed—

“I gave but one look upwards—breathed but one sigh for my poor wife and child, and then gathering my cloak closely around me—*took up my hat, and stepped ashore !*”

“What do you mean ?”

“What do I mean ? why, that I was travelling in one of Pickford’s boats *on the canal !*”

We all at once felt ourselves groping in the lowest depths of bathos.

* * * * *

David Crockett, a sportsman whose name is well known to all the world, was more celebrated for his blunt honesty than for his good manners. Whilst in Congress he contracted a sincere dislike for a Mr. W——, who was in no wise a model of manly beauty, and moreover wore a monstrous pair of green goggles. Once visiting an exhibition of animals at Washington, Crockett observed of an enormous baboon, that “he would be as like W—— as two peas, if he only wore goggles.”

Turning round he saw Mr. W—— standing by his side, and in order to retrieve his slip, he continued—

“Oh ! is that you, W—— ? Well, I s’pose I owe an apology somewhere, but upon my soul I don’t know whether I ought to make it to you *or the monkey.*”

A COMPENDIUM OF THE VETERINARY ART.

BY JAMES WHITE.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE VETERINARY ART. By James White. Seventeenth Edition. Reconstructed, with considerable Additions and Alterations, by W. C. Spooner. London: Longman and Co. 1842.

A BOOK bearing on the title-page such a sterling mark as that conveyed by the words "seventeenth edition," needs little aid to ensure its currency. This Compendium to which Mr. Spooner has given the finishing touches, is, in itself, to all intents and purposes, a veterinary library, without which no proprietor of a horse should be; and with which he will need no other work of reference to aid him on those two great stable questions—how to preserve health, and meet disease. We make the following extracts, not because they are the best samples of the nature of the book that could be selected, but because they may be usefully applied at this particular season.

ON THE TREATMENT OF HORSES IN SUMMER.

"It is too much the practice in turning horses out in summer, to choose the richest pastures, as if the intention of giving them this indulgence were to fatten them. Many inconveniences result from this practice, and not unfrequently much injury is done to the animal, and great difficulty found in getting him into working condition when he is taken up. The best time for turning out a horse is the latter end of May, or beginning of June. High land is better than meadows, especially such as adjoin rivers, or are otherwise wet. Short sweet pasture should be chosen; it is better, indeed, to have it rather bare than abundant; and if there should not be sufficient, some hay and oats should be given. If the nights are cold, he should be taken up at night, and put into a cool airy box, where he should also be kept during the day, when the weather is very hot and dry. A small field, or paddock, is better than a large one; and if there is a stream of water, or a pond, and the horse has been accustomed to drink immoderately, it should be fenced off, and a moderate quantity given twice a day with a pail. A moderate quantity of vetches may be given with advantage in such a situation; taking care not to give them soon after they are cut, or with the dew upon them. By keeping a horse in this manner for a month or six weeks, in the situation I have described, he will receive all the benefit to be expected from a run at grass, and avoid the inconvenience which so often results from the method commonly pursued. Another important advantage will be obtained by it; for, when the horse is taken up, there will be no difficulty in getting him into good working condition in a short time. If there is no convenience for managing the horse as I have described, it will be better to soil him with vetches, or short sweet

grass, in a large airy box, for about a month, than to turn him out in the manner generally practised. In soiling, only a moderate quantity of green food should be given at a time, and a small quantity of hay and oats should also be allowed.

EXERCISE.—TRAINING.

“ Exercise must be considered under two heads : first, that which is necessary to preserve the horse in health, and make him capable of ordinary exertions, or moderate work ; secondly, that which makes him capable of extraordinary exertions, such as hunting or racing. Exercise of the last kind is commonly named training, which term, however, includes also the mode of feeding necessary to raise the muscular power to the highest degree it is capable of attaining. The horse was evidently designed for exercise, and for the use of man. His vast muscular power, and the impenetrable defence attached to his feet, were certainly not given for his own use only. If kept in a stable, without exercise, his muscular power declines, his digestive organs become diseased, and so do the organs of respiration. The hoofs grow, and there is no wear ; for the little that may be worn off, merely by the pressure of his own weight when standing still, is prevented by the shoes. The toe being thus elongated, the back sinews are often strained ; the foot becomes hot and inflamed, its horny covering contracts ; the frogs become rotten, and incapable of performing the office for which they were designed ; in short, the whole body becomes diseased. Exercise, then, it is evident, is essential to his health, and even existence ; and every part of his structure and economy appears to demonstrate that he was intended for the service of man. His powers, however, are limited, and so should his exertions be : but it is a fact, which must be regretted by all considerate persons, that the immoderate work in which he is often employed, so far from being salutary, or proportionate to his strength, as undoubtedly it was designed by his Creator that it should be, is injurious, and even destructive in a very considerable degree. And what greatly aggravates the mischief is, the early and premature age at which he is commonly employed.

“ When a horse is brought in for training, after having been kept in the manner described in the preceding chapter, he should be fed with hay and oats ; and if greedy of water or hay, or if he appears inclined to eat his litter, he should be limited in hay and water, and be muzzled the last thing at night. For the first week he should have walking and gentle trotting exercise for an hour or two every morning. The stable should be kept clean and cool. The second week his exercise may be increased a little, and so may his oats. Should he appear, however, rather dull, the membrane of his eyes rather red or yellow on lifting the eyelid, and the dung hard, in small knobs, and shining or slimy, it will be advisable to bleed moderately, and give a mild dose of physic, for which he should be prepared by giving two or three bran mashes a day for two days. The fourth week he may be worked moderately ; and, if wanted for hunting, he should be put into a canter, or hand-gallop,

once a day ; and, after this, it will be necessary to increase his pace twice or three times a week, so as to make him sweat freely ; taking care that he is walked for some time afterward, that he may become rather cool before he returns to the stable, when he must be well dressed, fed, and watered, have a good bed placed under him, and be left to his repose. When a horse has been brought up from rich pasture he is generally loaded with fat, and requires a great deal of walking exercise and careful feeding. He may be trotted gently, however, after the second week, but will not be fit for a quicker pace for a month at least. During this time he should have two or three doses of mild physic, and, when first taken up, such horses sometimes require to be bled. When a horse is not taken up till the latter end of July or beginning of August, he has often a troublesome cough, which sometimes proves incurable ; and sometimes dropsical swellings of the hind legs, which are not easily removed. Such horses give a great deal of trouble, and it is a considerable time before they can be got into condition. It must be obvious, that when a horse is taken in for training, the treatment to be adopted must depend upon the state of the horse's condition at the time, and the manner in which he has been previously kept ; and whether he is wanted for hunting or racing, the principle to be kept in view, during the process, is to keep him in a state of health, and gradually raise his muscular power and wind to that degree which may be necessary for the work he is to be employed in. This can be done only by proper exercise and feeding, giving, however, a little mild physic when necessary.

“ [Although there is little mystery required in getting horses into good condition, considerable care and constant attention are necessary. To give bulk and strength to the muscles, a good supply of nutritious food is required ; but, in order that this should not produce superfluous fat, as well as flesh, plenty of exercise, and occasional sweating, is necessary.

“ A fine glossy coat is next essential, which can only be obtained by heat, assisted by plenty of grooming and hand-rubbing. The stable must be kept moderately warm ; but it must be borne in mind that, though warm air is useful, foul air is injurious : ventilation, therefore, must not be neglected. The necessary heat to produce a fine coat must be principally obtained by an abundance of clothing. Warm cordials and stimulants will assist in producing a glossy coat, though it is better, if possible, to avoid them : this is owing to the intimate sympathy between the skin and the stomach.

“ Since the former editions of this work were published, the practice of clipping and singeing has been introduced, and, it must be confessed, with considerable advantage. Where a fine coat can be obtained by the means before-mentioned, clipping is not required ; but many horses will carry a long thick coat in the winter, in spite of all grooming ; and in others, it is impossible to bestow the necessary attention and expense required. In these cases, by removing the coat with the scissors, the horse that before could not travel a mile without sweating, can now perform a journey with neither inconvenience nor loss of condition ; and, when he comes

home, he can be cleaned in the course of an hour, instead of remaining wet all the night. Two things, however, must be borne in mind. The horse must have additional clothing to supply that which is removed; and care must be taken that he does not stand still when without it, as, of course, he is more likely to take cold from this cause than before. The fact is, the horse must have a temporary coat instead of a permanent one; one that can be removed when at work, and supplied when at rest.

“The advantages of clipping are unquestionable; many horses can thereby be kept in condition throughout the winter, that cannot by any other method.

“The chief difference between the singeing and clipping is, that by the former the hair is removed more completely; by the latter, it can be done several times during the season.—E.D.]”

DIRECTIONS FOR MANAGING A HORSE DURING A JOURNEY.

“Previously to setting off on a journey the horse should be brought into good condition, by being worked out for two hours every morning, and fed as I have directed in the chapters on feeding and exercise. The feet should be carefully attended to, and, if they are dry and brittle, the soles should be stopped a few days with cow-dung, then pared rather thin; and, for about a week before he begins his journey, the feet should be kept stopped with tar-ointment, which is then much better than clay or cow-dung, and, in the course of a week, will considerably improve the quality of the horn, and tend, in a considerable degree, to cool the feet. This ointment is of great use, also, about the heels of the frog and coronet, especially when they are dry and cracky. A horse had better be new shod about the same time; for, when it is done just before he sets off, the shoe may not fit exactly, or a nail may be driven too close, and the horse found lame in consequence during the first or second stage. The saddle, or harness, should be carefully examined, as much inconvenience sometimes arises, during a journey, from saddle or harness galls. The most important thing to be attended to, during a journey, is the method of feeding, as, by improper management in this respect, not only great inconvenience and delay often arise, but sometimes the most serious diseases are the consequence. The hay should be examined, and the best that can be obtained should be given. It is usual not to limit the horse in hay; but leave that part of his diet entirely to the discretion of the ostler, who takes care to keep the rack full. If a horse travels every day from ten to twenty miles, one peck and a half of corn will not be too much for him, provided he has only about eight pounds of hay: and the less hay he has the better; for, by distending the stomach, a morbid appetite is produced, which leads a horse to eat and drink much more than is proper for him, and this often proceeds to a depraved or voracious appetite, which leads him to eat even his litter. While I was in practice at Exeter, and attended the horses of commercial travellers, I met with numerous cases of cough, broken wind, gripes, and other diseases produced by this cause. So common, indeed, is the prac-

tice of giving too much hay, that most horses have a greater appetite than in the natural healthy state ; the capacity of the stomach having been increased by frequent distention, and the capacity of the lungs, or wind, not unfrequently proportionably diminished. When a horse comes in from a stage, the feet should be picked and examined the first thing ; and the common practice of tying up a horse at a stable-door, and washing his legs, is not injurious, if the horse is cool, and has been walked quietly in ; but he should never be taken to a river to be washed. The horse should never be put in a hot close stable, however comfortable it may appear, nor is a dark stable desirable, unless a horse is very tired, and then, perhaps, he lies down more readily. When there is no work for a horse, he should always be taken out, and have one hour's exercise, at least, early in the morning ; he may then have his full feed without injury, and be perfectly fit for the work he is wanted for ; but when this cannot be done, especially for two or three days, he should have less corn, and some cold mashes."

AGE OF ANIMALS.

A BEAR rarely exceeds twenty years ; a dog lives twenty years ; a wolf twenty ; a fox fourteen or sixteen ; lions are long lived, Pompey lived to the age of seventy. The average age of cats is fifteen years ; a squirrel and hare seven or eight years ; rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the Sun, and let him go with this inscription :—" Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years ; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live one thousand years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of one hundred and four years. Ravens frequently reach the age of one hundred. Swans have been known to live three hundred years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred years. Pelicans are long lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of one hundred and seven.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for May, 1842.

THE AMERICAN TROTTERS.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine":

This is probably the class of horses in which we most excel, if it be not the only one in which we do excel, the English. The writer, who presumes to have some claim on Amateurs of the Horse, and who is preparing some remarks for the press, on the subject of American Trotters, will feel greatly obliged to any gentleman, who will have the kindness to leave, for him, with the Editor of the "Am. Turf Register," or give to the public, in the pages of that most spirited and entertaining journal—the *Pedigrees*, as far as known, of the following distinguished trotters:—

Edwin Forrest,	Awful,	Paul Pry,
Dutchman,	Daniel D. Tompkins,	Tom Thumb,
Lady Suffolk,	Andrew Jackson,	Rattler, (in England,)
Confidence,	Screwdriver,	Confidence, " "
Americus,	Ice Poney,	Mount Holly,
Ripton,	Cayuga Chief,	Columbus,
Napoleon,	Sally Miller,	Washington, etc., etc.

The object is to draw from the facts, as they may appear, an argument to show that the American Trotter *is*, or *is not*, a *distinct family*, to which we can have recourse for animals that may be expected to excel in that pace—just as for the *turf*, we must look to one whose root may be invariably found in the *stud book*. The impression of the writer is that though *particular families* of thorough bred horses, as the Messengers, for instance, have excelled in the get of light harness and trotting horses, out of mares not thorough bred, yet that for an alliance, in all cases requiring wind and action, recourse must be had to more or less of *blood*, and that all after, depends on *conformation and training*—but not to anticipate, except to shadow forth the object of this inquiry, the writer will only state further that his paramount object is *truth*—lead to what conclusion it may. The reader will see then, how pertinent is the wish to ascertain how much there is of *the blood*, flowing from a few generations back, into the veins of the nags named above.

If in answer to this inquiry, any gentleman having practical knowledge of the subject, can speak of the proper system of *training the trotting horse*—whether, and in what respect it differs from that pursued for the turf, he would add to the obligation, but the pedigree of trotters are more particularly desired; with every description as to color, size, figure and age, of individuals.

My friend, the Editor of the "Spirit," will endorse the assurance that the information will be received in a spirit of gratitude by J. S. S.

Note.—Most certainly he will, and with great pleasure. We shall esteem it a personal favor if any gentleman will forward to our care any portion of the information desired by J. S. S.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1842.

COMPILED FOR THE "AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE."

NAME,	COL.	SIRE,	DAM,	PLACE OF STANDING,	SEA.	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Abdallah	b.	Mambrino	Amazonia	Near the Union Course, Loug Island	20	—	John R. Snediker.
African	bl.	Imp Valentine	By Marshal Bertrand	Near Fullon, Mo	—	—	Wm. G. Overton.
Allen Brown	ch.	Stockholder	By Imp. Eaglo	1½ miles east of Mount Pleasant, Tenn.	—	—	Nicholas J. Long.
Altorf	b.	Imp Fyde	Countess Plater by Virginian	Near Bowling Green, Ky.	40	60	Miles Kelly.
Ambassador, Imp.	b.	Emilins	Imp. Trapes by Traimp	Baton Rouge, La.	40	50	J. W. Boazman.
Andrew	ch.	Sir Charles	By Herod	Newmarket, Va.	30	—	O. P. Hare.
Argyle	gr.	Mons. Touson	Thistle by Ogle's Oscar	Near Monticello, Fairfield, S. C.	30	50	Dr. James B. Davis.
Aurocat, Imp.	gr.	Grand Duke	Olivetta by Sir Oliver	Graysville, Todd County, Ky.	60	75	John D. Tyler & Co.
Belshazzar, Imp.	ch.	Blacklock	Manuella by Dick Andrews	Nashville, Tenn.	75	100	Thomas Alderson.
Birmingham	br.	Stockholder	Black Sophia by Topgallant	Capitol Course, Frankfort, Ky.	—	—	C. W. Kennedy.
Black Prince	bl.	Imp. Fyde	Fantail by Sir Archy	Race Course, Jackson, Ala.	—	—	Col John T. Pope.
Busiris	ch.	Eclipse	Grand Duchess by Imp. Gracchus	Lancaster Turnpike, Christian Hundred	—	—	John S. Caldwell.
Clarion	ch.	Monm'th Eclipse	By Ogle's Oscar	Colt's Neck, Monmouth County, N. J.	—	—	Samuel Laird.
Cock of the Rock	b.	Duroc	By Romp	Near Jacksonville, Ala.	25	—	—
Comnodore	b.	Mambrino	By True American	Near Lexington, Ky.	10	12	Tazewell Marr.
Count Zaldivar	ch.	Andrew	By Timoleon	Columbus, Ga.	25	—	Alfred Iverson.
Cusseta Chief	ch.	Andrew	Virago by Wonder	Old Town, near Columbus, Ga.	30	50	Maj. J. Woolfolk.
Cymon	ch.	Marion	Fair Forester by Imp. Chance	Belfield, Greenville County, Va.	30	35	Dr. George Goodwyn.
Damascus	ch.	Imp. Zilcadi	Dido by Imp. Expedition	St. George's and Wilmington, Delaware	—	—	R. B. Gilpin.
Decatur	ch.	Henry	Ostrich by Eclipse	Woodford County, Ky.	50	—	William Buford, senior.
Doncaster, Imp.	—	Longwaist	By Muley	Natchz, Miss.	25	—	William J. Minor.
Dosoris	—	Henry	Goliah's dam by Mendoza	Eutaw, and 7 miles west of Greensboro	25	30	Robert W. Withers.
Duane	br.	Imp. Hodgford	Goodloe Wash'n by Washington	Pittsylvania C. H., Va.	25	—	John F. Beavers.
Duke Sumner	—	By Pacific	By Grey Archie	Fayette, Mo.	15	—	Jackson. Cooper, & Co.
Eclipse	ch.	Duroc	Miller's Damsel by Messenger	1½ miles from Georgetown, Ky.	—	—	Wm Dodd.
Exile	—	Imp. Leviathan	Imp. Refugee	11½ miles north east of Florence, Ala.	20	30	Elias Farres.
Fifer	b.	Monm'th Eclipse	Music by John Richards	Marion Course, Tallahassee, Flo.	25	—	F. P. Gerow.

Fop, <i>Imp.</i>	gr.	Stumps.....	By Fitz James.....	Mount Pleasant, Maury County, Tenn.	30	Lucius J. Polk.
Frank.....	ch.	Sir Charles.....	Betsey Archy by Sir Archy.....	1½ miles west of Danville, Ky.	30	Samuel Davenport.
Gander.....	gr.	Wild Bill.....	Grey Goose by Pacolet.....	Green Bottom, Madison County, Ala.	50	John Connally.
Gano.....	gr.	Eclipse.....	Betsey Richards by Sir Archy.....	Lafayette Course, Augusta, Ga.	30	Valton & Lamkin.
General Mabry.....	gr.	Imp. Leviathan.....	Galen by Pacific.....	Knoxville, Tenn.	25	James Clark.
Gerow.....	ch.	Henry.....	Vixen by Eclipse.....	Lafayette, Chambers County, Ala.	30	M. L. Hammond.
Glencoe, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Sultan.....	Trampoline by Tramp.....	Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala.	100	T. Kirkman.
Gloster.....	b.	Sir Charles.....	By Alfred.....	Near Clinton, Miss.	40	C. S. Tarpley.
Governor Hamilton.....	gr.	Sir Andrew.....	By Bonaparte.....	Noxbee County, Miss.	35	John Moore.
Grey Eagle.....	gr.	Woodpecker.....	Ophelia by Wild Medley.....	1½ miles from Georgetown, Ky.	50	Thomas M. Scruggs.
Grey Medoe.....	gr.	Medoc.....	Grey Fanny by Bertrand.....	Equiria, Woodford County, Ky.	75	E. M. Blackburn.
Hallo.....	ch.	Sir Archy Mont'o.....	Semiramis.....	4½ miles north of Versailles, Ky.	8	W. H. Paine.
Hedgford (Young).....	br.	Imp. Hedgford.....	By Imp. Eagle.....	Little River, Putnam County, Ga.	30	Robert Bledsoe.
Hornblower.....	b.	Monn'th Eclipse.....	Music by John Richards.....	Holmdel, Monmouth County, N. J.	50	Joseph H. Van Mater.
Hugh Lupus, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Priam.....	Her Highness by Moses.....	Near Carrollton, La.	50	Messrs. Rouzan.
Ibarra.....	b.	Imp. Hedgford.....	By Virginian.....	3 miles north of Eatonton, Ga.	20	Thomas G. Sanford.
Jerome.....	br.	Imp. Luzborough.....	By Sir Charles.....	Fayette, Howard County, Mo.	15	Thomas E. Wood.
Jim Jackson.....	ch.	Imp. Leviathan.....	By Conqueror.....	Wilson Co, 8 m. so. of Lebanon, Tenn.	10	John F. Doak.
Job.....	b.	Eclipse.....	Jemima by Thornton's Rattler.....	1½ miles from Georgetown, Ky.	60	William Dodd.
John Bascombe.....	ch.	Bertrand.....	Grey Goose by Pacolet.....	Bertrand Course, Ala.	30	David Myers & Co.
Langford, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Starch.....	Peri by Wanderer.....	Near Franklin, Warren County, Ohio.	40	W. V. Barkalow.
Laplander.....	ch.	Facillator.....	Medora.....	Jerseyville, Ill.	150	W. H. & J. C. Frost.
Leviathan, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Muley.....	By Windle.....	Gallatin, Tenn.	10	Col. George Elliott.
Leviathan Jr.....	ch.	Imp. Leviathan.....	By Young Diomed.....	Knox County, Tenn.	6	David Mays.
Luzborough Jr.....	b.	Imp. Luzborough.....	By Sumpter.....	Scott's Mills, Knoxville.....	15	R. K. Polk.
Lynedoch.....	ch	Imp. Leviathan.....	Rosetta by Wilkes' Wonder.....	7 miles south west of Columbia, Tenn.	£3, 15s	Barnes Baird.
Manalapan.....	gr.	Medley.....	By John Richards.....	Near St. Leger Co., Toronto, Canada.	30	Edmund C. Moore.
Margrave, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Muley.....	By Election.....	Amherst C. H., Va.	75	John M. Moody.
Marion.....	b.	Sir Archy.....	By Imp. Citizen.....	Northampton County, N. C.	15	Lusk & Johnson.
Marmon.....	br.	Imp. Merman.....	By Crusader.....	Columbia, Mo.	15	Benjamin Rector.
Master Solomon.....	b.	Reveller.....	By Lord Berners.....	Washington, Ga.	20	Capt. R. F. Stockton.
Metcer, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Emilius.....	Young Mouse by Godolphin.....	Penn's Neck, near Princeton, N. J.	15	H. Humphrey.
Metman, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Whalebone.....	By Orville.....	Athens, McMinn Co., East Tennessee.	—	

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1842—CONTINUED.

NAME,	COL.	SIRE,	DAM,	PLACE OF STANDING,	SEA. INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Monarch, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Priam	Delphine by Whisker	The Woodlands, near Columbia, S. C.	60	Col. Wade Hampton.
Monmouth Eclipse	ch.	Eclipse	Honesty by Imp. Expedition	Near Frankfort, Ky.	100	George E. Blackburn.
Morven, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Rowton	Nanine by Selim	Penn's Neck, near Princeton, N. J.	15	Capt. R. F. Stockton.
Mozark	ch.	Imp. Leviathan	By Grey Tail	6½ miles north east from Florence, Ala.	—	L. C. Moore.
O'Kelly	ch.	Eclipse	By Oscar	Near Franklin, Tenn.	20	Ennis Maury.
Onus, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Camel	The Etching by Rubens	Tremont, Tazewell County, Ill.	40	Col. Charles Oakley.
Pacific	b.	Sir Archy	Eliza by Imp. Bedford	Sumner County, Tenn.	75	Duke W. Sumner.
Pete Whetstone	b.	Imp. Leviathan	By Stockholder	Oakland Co., near Murfreesboro, Tenn.	25	Wm. Pillow.
Philip, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Filho da Puta	Treasure by Camillus	Fayette, Howard County, Mo.	60	Wm. N. Western.
Platoff	b.	Kosciusko	By Hephestion	Near Hopkinsville, Ky.	10	W. R. Payne.
Portsmouth	br.	Imp. Luzborough	Polly Peachem by John Richards	Near Norfolk, Va.	25	C. Hatcher.
Presto	b.	Imp. Leviathan	By Stockholder	Wilson County, near Lebanon, Tenn.	15	Thomas H. Cawthorn.
Priam, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Emilius	By Juniper	Robertson's Bend, near Nashville, Tenn.	150	L. P. Cheatham.
Puzzle, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Revell	Cressida by Whisker	Near Blountville, Sullivan Co., Tenn.	20	L. P. Tipton.
Red Tom	b.	Bertrand	By Juniper	Asbland Course, Hinds County, Miss.	20	—
Riddlesworth, <i>Imp.</i>	ch.	Emilius	D. of Marlborough by Sir Archy	Near Lexington, Ky.	30	James L. Bradley.
Robin Brown	ch.	Mons. Tonson	Filagree by Soothsayer	Fort Mitchell, Ala.	30	Mr. Hood.
Rosin the Bow	b.	Bertrand	Boston's dam by Ball's Florizel	Potosi, Mo.	25	Jesse McIlvaine.
Ruby, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Emilius	Lady Gray by Robin Gray	Near Tusculumbia, Ala.	25	Col. Isaac Lane.
Sam Houston	ch.	Barney O'Lin	Imp. Eliza by Rubens	Campbell's Station, Knox Co., Tenn.	10	William P. Wright.
Sarpedon, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Emilius	Judy Bakedwell by Eagle	Lynessville, Granville County, N. C.	—	Col. Edmund Townes.
Scout, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	St. Nicholas	Icaria by The Flyer	Newberry C. H., S. C.	30	Col. S. Fair.
Shadow	bl.	Eclipse Lightfoot	By Blacklock	Brick Stable, Morristown, N. J.	15	N. B. Luse.
Shakespeare, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Smolensko	Sally Slouch by Virginian	Near Lebanon, Wilson County, Tenn.	30	Robert Hallum.
Shark	bl.	Eclipse	Charming Molly by Rubens	1½ miles from Georgetown, Ky.	—	Wm Dodd.
Sidney	b.	Sir Charles	Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy	Edwardsville, Ill.	—	John Kimball.
Sir Hamilton	br.	Medoc	Virginia by Thornton's Rattler	Near Medway, Woodford County, Ky.	—	George E. Gillespie.
Skyark, <i>Imp.</i>	br.	Waxy Pope	Big Margaret by Sumpter	Near Berryville, Clarke County, Va.	50	Josiah William Ware.
Sovereign, <i>Imp.</i>	b.	Emilius	Fleur de Lis by Bourbon	Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga.	30	S. W. Shelton.

Stanhope	ch.	Eclipse	Helen Mar by Rattler	(Near St. Leger Co., Toronto, Canada	£51	—	James Mitchell.
Steel	b.	Imp Fyde	Diamond by Constitution	Christianville, Mecklenburg County, Va	60	100	Richard C. Puryear.
Tarquin	Imp Luzborough	Hackabout by Timoleon	Jackson, Miss.	15	25	J. Elliott.
Tennessee Citizen	ch.	Stockholder	Patty Puff by Pacolet.	Dixon's Springs, Smith County, Tenn.	30	—	Maj. D. Buford.
Tornado	ch.	Eclipse	Polly Hopkins by Virginian	Freehold, Monmouth County, N. J.	25	—	Robt. L. Stevens.
Trustee, Imp.	b.	Truffle	Helen by Whiskey	Newton County, Ga.	20	30	Richard Rowell.
Vertner	ch.	Cotton	Emma by Whisker	Spring Grove, Hanover County, Va.	40	—	Col. William L. White.
Volcano	ch.	Medoc	Lady Adams by Whipster	Post of Arkansas	20	—	A. L. Shotwell.
Wagner	b.	Stockholder	Forest Maid by Rairay	Batesville, Arks.	12	20	Tunstall & Fraiser.
Whale	ch.	Sir Charles	Maria West by Marion	Gallatin, Tenn.	50	—	Maj George Wylie.
Whalebone	b.	Whalebone	Rectory by Octavius	Race Course, Bardstown, Ky.	40	—	F. G. Murphy & Co.
Wild Bill	b.	Sir Archy	By Pacolet	Near Jacksonville, Ala.	—	—	John S. Hunter.
Wonder	ch.	Sir Archy	Maria by Gallatin	Dallas County, Ala.	—	—	William H. Heartley.
Woodpecker	b.	Monm'th Eclipse	Powancey by Alfred	Terre Haute, Ind.	—	—	J. J. & A. Cunningham.
Young Gohanna	Bertrand	By Imp. Buzzard	Home, Bourbon County, Ky.	50	—	Samuel Reed.
Young Medley	Gohanna	By Pacolet	3 miles south east of Fayette, Mo	—	—	William S Church.
Zingane (Garrison's)	b.	Potomac	By Medley	Church's Mills, near Frankfort, Ky.	—	—	James B. Kendall.
		Sir Archy	Atalanta by Imp. Chance	Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md.	41	—	

The place of standing of the following Horses we have not been furnished with:—

Ainderby,	Chesterfield, Imp.,	Felt,	Jack Pendleton,	Melzare,	Red Buck,	Sir Joseph,	Tom Tunstall,
Bay Middleton,	Chifney,	Flatterer,	John Bull,	Monmouth,	Reindcer,	Sir Robert,	Tranby,
Baile Peyton,	Cippus,	Giles Scroggins,	John Dawson,	Othello,	Richard Singleton,	Stockholder,	Valparaiso,
Bill Austin,	Corsair,	Grouse,	J. R of R.	Pactolus,	Rodolph,	St. Leger,	Viceroy,
Black Arabian,	Count Badger,	Hamiltonian,	John Richards,	Paul Clifford,	Scipio,	Volney,	Volney,
Cadmus,	Daniel O'Connell,	Haywood,	Jordan,	Picton,	Shamrock,	Wacousta,	Wacousta,
Chanticleer,	David Crockett,	Hercules,	Lurchet,	Poney,	Sidi Hamet,	Target,	Target,
Charley Naylor,	Drone,	Hibiscus,	Marshal Ney,	Post Boy,	Simon Pure,	Tarlton,	Wil is,
Chevalier,	Eclipse 2d,	Highland Henry,	Maximus,	Priam, Jr,	Sir Charles,	Tobacconist,	W. H. Harrison,
Chesterfield,	Emancipation,	Isaac Shelby,	Mediator,	Ralph,	Sir Medley,	Tom Moore,	Young Tramp.

Notes of the Month.

J U N E .

DIAGRAM OF THE WASHINGTON COURSE, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON, April 28th, 1842.

Dear P.—You are requested to publish the enclosed Diagram of the Washington Course, in order that all may see the distance a horse runs over a mile in one, two, three, and four mile heats. It is believed no horse runs nearer than 5 feet of the exact mile except it be on the straight sides; here they run in about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet generally, of the true mile; but that will make no difference as to that part of the course, for the lines are straight.

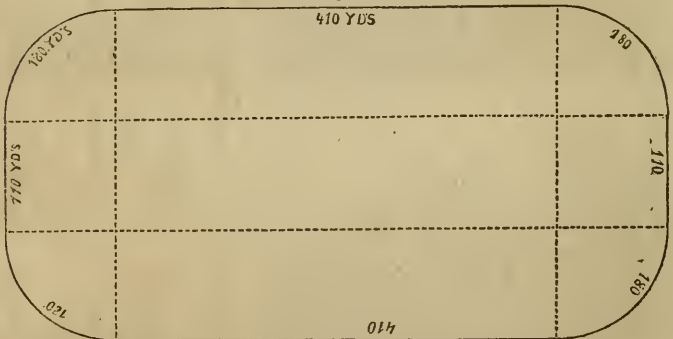
The Diagram sent, is from the joint hands of Major PARKER and R. Q. PINCKNEY, Esq., both gentlemen of ability and scientific acquirements, and may be depended on.

Your's truly,

JOHN L. WILSON,

Solicitor of Charleston, S. C., Jockey Club.

Inner Ditch of the Track.



The Inner Ditch of the Track is exactly 1760 yards or one mile.

1 yard from the Ditch gives.....	1765 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.
2 do do.....	1772 do
3 do do.....	1778 do
4 do do.....	1784 do

A race with Gentlemen Riders, is to come off at the next annual meeting of the South Carolina Jockey Club at Charleston, for a superb Cup, to which a stake is to be added. We will take 3 to 1 we name the winner—3 to 1 that he does not reside within one hundred miles of Charleston—3 to 1 that he does not reside more than eight miles from the seat of the State Government! Don't all speak at once!

New Scale of Weights.—We are delighted to hear that our begging, beseeching, and badgering our Louisiana friends has at length done some good. We are informed by several gentlemen from that State that the New Orleans Clubs have at length determined to change the date from which their horses take their age—that is, horses will hereafter take their age from New Year's Day instead of May-Day—"a consummation devoutly to be wished." We have received no official intimation of the fact, but see no reason to doubt it.

Abdallah's Colts are carrying every thing before them on the Trotting Turf at the North, and it occurs to us that we can give our Kentucky friends who have fine looking sons of his out of good mares, no better advice than to say to them *don't be in a hurry to geld them*. A dozen colts of Abdallah's get, of good form, size, and color, would increase the value of Kentucky carriage, draught, and saddle horses in a very few years at least twenty per cent.

In the *Tallahassee Races*, published in our last number, *Fifer's* time was reported 4:04—4:03; it should have been 4:03—4:00. The time of the three mile race was 6:11—6:07, not 6:13—6:11, as reported.

Extract of a letter dated

GEORGETOWN, Ky., May 3, 1842.

I see an error in the "Register" of last month—in speaking of Trifle and Atlanta, the latter is said to have dropped a fine colt by Eclipse,—it should have been by *Boston*. It is very much like old *Whitenose*, and seven years from this, I should not be surprised to hear it called "old white face," the champion of the American Turf. Eclipse looks fine, and it would do the New Yorkers good to see their old favorite as playful as a four year old. Mr. Dodd deserves great credit for his particular care of the old Veteran. E S. D.

Loss of Horses by Fire.—A few days since we heard for the first time of a serious loss that occurred some months since to our esteemed old friend Capt. DONALD ROWE, of Orangeburg, S. C. His stable, owing to the carelessness of two boys, was destroyed by fire, and with it two valuable fillies. One of them was the fine Imported Mulatto filly, formerly Mr. McRa's, and a 3 year old by Imp. Rowton out of Lady Morgan.

We have learned this week, with unaffected regret, of the death of Col. JOHN HETH, of Richmond, Va. For many years Col. H. was a distinguished ornament of the American Turf, and few gentlemen have enjoyed a higher degree of popularity. His enterprize and public spirit will make his loss severely felt in Virginia, while a wide circle of devoted friends will deplore this bereavement of one so eminently endowed with all the qualifications that render popularity certain, whether in public or private life.

DUNCAN F. KENNER, Esq., of Ashland, La., has recently met with a severe loss in the sudden death of a very fine colt by Imp. Glencoe out of the dam of Giantess, 2 yrs. old. Its death proceeded from an affection of the spine, resulting probably, from some injury unknown. It had been nominated in a stake to come off next Spring over the Louisiana Course, in which the Brother to Reel and the Brother to Capt. McHeath had been put in nomination; the stake was for \$1000 each subscription, \$300 ft.

Harkforward, brother to Harkaway.—The editor of the "Banner," published at Franklin, La., has lately visited his neighbor, the Hon. ALEX. PORTER, at Oak Lawn, one of the most splendid estates in Louisiana. He writes in the following terms:—

"On Sunday last we saw, for the first time, Judge Porter's celebrated colt Harkforward, and we found that the character given of him in the Spirit of the Times, is fully sustained. He improves in appearance beyond all expectation, and in another year will be a perfect horse. We saw cattle, sheep, &c., of the most superior breeds, and many other objects of interest, which we intend speaking of more fully hereafter. The Judge is now spending his whole time in beautifying and improving Oak Lawn, and he has not only the means, but the ability to select and gather around him all the beauties and luxuries of nature."

The "Picayune" states that a gentleman in New Orleans has received a letter from a friend in the country, written in a very interesting enthusiasm, respecting Judge PORTER's magnificent colt, "Hark-Forward." The admirer of blood horses makes a beautiful start in this wise:—

"Hold your horses! What'll you have to drink? I have just come home after feasting my eyes with a half hour's contemplation of the most magnificent colt that Afghanistan or the universal world ever saw. I go the whole figure. Talk to me about your English Eclipses, Flying Childers, Hamiltonians, King Herods—it is all stuff—and d—n poor stuff, at that! I feel on hearing their names mentioned pretty much as the Virginia Colonel did, when they were talking at table one day, in New Orleans, twenty-six years ago, about the old

Romans. "D—n your Romans!" said he; "you are mighty eloquent about the *toga*, and soldiers swimming the Tiber. The *toga* was nothing more than a Choctaw blanket, and I have a hundred men in my regiment that can swim the Mississippi!" In this spirit I have a sovereign contempt for all horses save Hark-Forward. Just fancy to yourself a colt two years and eighteen days old, standing fifteen hands three inches high, and looking like a full-formed animal! Jehu!"

The gentleman undoubtedly entertains considerable affection for a fine horse. [And what *gentleman* does not, we would like to know, Mr. Pic?]

We learn from Mr. DE GRASSE, one of the collectors for this office, who has just returned home, that Mr. HUGH ROGERS, of Raleigh, N. C., came up the Mississippi with him on the "Caspian" steamer, having *Polly Peachem*, and eleven other horses in charge. This old mare will be the death of us! Twice have we announced her sale by auction, once for \$500 at Mobile, and subsequently for \$1,375 at New Orleans, to D. F. KENNER, Esq. We are informed that Mr. Rogers has taken his stock to Missouri for a market. If we are desired to publish the sale of this mare again, the announcement must come accompanied by the affidavit of Mr. Rogers and her new purchaser.

Mr. THOMAS FLINTOFF, of Nashville, Tenn., has sold to FERGUS DUPLANTIER, Esq., of La, his Imp, ch. f. *Porto Rico*, by Langar, dam by Whisker, grandam by Orville.

HUGH ROGERS, Esq., of Raleigh, N. C., claims the name of *Caspian* for his br. c. by Shark, out of Betsy Archy by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. old.

Col. WM. C. BOON, of Fayette Mo., claims the name of *Ellen Jordan* for his b. f., foaled on the 27th March, by Imp. Jordan, out of Ellen Tree by Henry.

Dr. A. V. CONOVER, of Freehold, N. J., claims the name of *Fancy*, for his ch. f., yearling, by Imp. Langford, dam by John Richards.

For W. HARLESTON, Esq., of Charleston, S. C., we claim the name of *Dew-drop*, for his ch. f. by Dayton out of Izora by Kosciusko. Dayton is a son of Tormentor (now standing in Canada), his dam by Tuckakoe.

TURF REGISTER.

Breeding Stud of W. J. MINOR, Esq., of Adams County, Miss.

No. 1. DONCASTER, Imp., black, bred at the Underley Stud, Yorkshire, England, by Alexander Nowell, Esq., in 1834. He was got by Longwaist, out of a Muley mare, she out of Lady Ern by Stamford, g. g. dam by Trumpator, out of Demirep by Highflyer.

Longwaist was got by Whalebone, out of Nancy by Dick Andrews, her dam Spitfire by Beningbrough.

—
Brood Mares and their Produce.

No. 1. NELL GWYNNE, Imp., bred by Sir W. W. Wynn, in 1826; she was got by Tramp, her dam by Beningbrough, out of Sister to Star by Highflyer.

Her Produce.

1836. B. c. *Glenara*, by Imp. Rowton.
1840. Gr. f. *Little Nell*, by Imp. Leviathan.
1842 Stinted to Imp. Doncaster.

Barren in 1837, 1838, 1839, 1841, and 1842.

No. 2. NOVELTY, Imp., bred by Mr. Watt in 1823, got by Blacklock, out of Washerwoman (Sister to Nectar) by Walton, out of L'Huile de Venus by Whiskey.

Her Produce.

1836. Ch. c. *Native*, Imp., by The Saddler.
1837. B. c. by Longwaist (dead),
1838. Ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe (dead).
1839. Ch. f. *Norma*, by Longwaist.

Died in 1840.

No. 3. JANE GREY, bred by J. H. Van Mater, Esq., in 1828, was got by Orphan Boy, out of Rosalind by Ogle's Oscar.

Her Produce.

1837. Ch. f. by Longwaist.
1839. Gr. f. *Lady Jane*, by Imp. Leviathan.
1840. Gr. c. *Levi Grey*, by Imp. Leviathan.

1841. B. c. by Imp. Doncaster.

1842. Gr. c. by Imp. Doncaster.

No. 4. BRITANNIA, Imp., bred by Alex. Nowell, Esq., in 1834; got by Muley, out of Nancy (Muley Moloch's dam) by Dick Andrews. Stinted to Pacific in 1841.

No. 5. ORLEANA, Imp, bred by Alex. Nowell, Esq., in 1834, got by Bustard, out of Laureola by Orville.

Her Produce.

1839. Br. f. *Oriana*, by Longwaist.

1840. Lost a foal by Longwaist.

1841. Lost a foal by Imp. Doncaster.

1842. Stinted to Grey Medoc.

No. 6. COUNTESS BERTRAND, bred by G. P. Theobald, Esq., of Grant County, Kentucky, in 1829; got by Bertrand, out of Nancy Dawson by Piatt's Alexander.

Her Produce.

1835. Ch. f. by Longwaist.

1836. B. f. by Longwaist.

1838. B. f. by Wild Bill.

1840. Bl. c. *Black Jack*, by Imp. Doncaster.

1841. B. c. by Imp. Doncaster.

1842. B. f. by Imp. Doncaster.

Barren in 1837 and 1839. Stinted to Imp. Doncaster.

No. 7. LA MUETTE, bred by G. P. Theobald, Esq., of Grant County, Ky., in 1830; got by Bertrand, out of Nancy Dawson.

Her Produce.

1836. B. f. by Imp. Luzborough (dead).

1838. B. f. by Imp. Consol.

1839. B. c. by Imp. Philip (dead).

1841. Stinted to Imp. Doncaster.

Barren in 1837, 1840, and 1841.

No. 8. DIANA, bred by L. P. Gustine, Esq., in 1832; got by Mercury, out of Rarity, own sister to Stockholder.

Her Produce.

1837. Br. f. *Fright*, by Imp. Leviathan.

1838. Lost a foal by Imp. Leviathan.

1841. Bl. f. by Imp. Doncaster.

1842. B. c. by Tuscahoma.

Stinted to Imp. Doncaster.

No. 9. TELLE DOE, bred by D. W. Sumner in 1835; got by Pacific, out of Matilda by Grey-tail. Stinted to Imp. Belshazzar in 1841.

No. 10. MILLY DOE, bred by D. W. Sumner in 1837; got by Pacific, out of Matilda by Grey-tail. Stinted to Imp. Doncaster in 1842.

No. 11. BETSEY MALONE, bred by Wesley Malone, Esq., in 1829; got by Stockholder, dam by Potomac, grandam by Diomed.

Her Produce.

1838. Br. f. *Three-per-Cent*, by Imp. Consol.

1839. Lost twins by Imp. Skylark.

1842. B. f. by Imp. Glencoe or Imp. Leviathan.

Stinted to Glencoe in 1842. Barren in 1840 and 1841.

No. 12. SUKY PEGG, bred by L. P. Gustine, Esq.; got by Mercury, out of Lady Hal by Sir Hal, grandam Lady Racket by Sir Archy. Stinted to Imp. Doncaster.

No. 13. LONGWAIST MARE, bred by W. J. Minor in 1835, got by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand.

Her Produce.

1840. Bl. f. *Black Bess*, by Imp. Doncaster.

1841. Missed to Imp. Doncaster,

1842. Stinted to Imp. Doncaster.

W. J. MINOR.

Natchez, Miss., April 14, 1842.

Blood Stock of H. G. S. KEY, Esq., of Tudor Hall, Md.

No. 1. LADY CULPEPER, ch. m., foaled in 1827, was got by Carolinian (who was by Sir Archy), out of Flora (Sister to Defiance and Revenge) by Ball's Florizel (he by Imp. Diomed, his dam by Imp. Shark, &c.) See Am. Turf Register, vol. iii., pp. 430, 584, 585.

Flora's dam was Miss Dance by Ashe's Roebuck; her dam by Independence, grandam by Imp. Centinel or Flimnap. See Turf Register, vol. iii., p. 103.

Roebuck was got by Imp. Sweeper (son of Mr. Beaver's great Driver); Roebuck's dam was got by the old Imported horse Bajazet, son of the Earl of March's old Bajazet, son of the Earl of Godolphin's Arabian; Bajazet's dam was got by old Whitefoot, his grandam by Leeds, out of a natural Barb mare of His Majesty's. See Turf Register, vol. iii., pp. 584 and 585.

Her Produce.

1832. Cast her foal to Sir Charles.

1833. Ch. c. by Emigrant (by Carolinian, out of Pet, the dam of Miss Medley, by St. Tammany,)—gelded.

1834. Missed to Timoleon.

1835. B. c. *Reliance*, by Imp. Autocrat (sold, when a yearling, to Geo. Forbes, Esq., for \$800, now the property of G. B. Harris, Esq., of Leonardstown, Md.) Foaled April 3.

1836. Missed to Imp. Autocrat.
1837. Br. c. *Egremont*, foaled May 21, by Imp. Chateau Margaux. Now in the breeding stud.
1838. B. f. *Mary Key*, foaled June 12, by Imp. Priam. (Sold to G. B. Harris, Esq., for \$1500, at 2 yrs. old; was killed on the Mount Vernon Race Course in October, 1841, while in training and exceedingly promising.)
1839. Having foaled late last year, she was not sent to any horse.
1840. Ch. f. *Ellen Hooe*, foaled April 2, by Imp. Margrave. She is very large and bloodlike, and shows her Muley blood.
1841. Ch. c. *Duvall*, foaled March 29, by Prince George, who was by Industry, out of Thistle (Argyle's dam) by Ogle's Oscar. See Turf Register, vol. v., p. 595.
1842. Missed to Prince George, and sent to him again.
- No. 2. DAME PRESLEY, br. m., own sister to Lady Culpeper. Foaled in 1828.
- Her Produce.*
1832. Missed to Gohanna.
1833. C. by Emigrant (dead).
1834. Missed to Timoleon.
1835. B. f. *Panie*, by Tychicus, now the property of H. S. Key, Esq., of Marengo Co., Ala.
1836. Missed to Imp. Autocrat.
1837. Missed to Imp. Chateau Margaux.
1838. Missed to Imp. Zirganee.
1839. Ch. f. *Whim*, by Guivaro, he by Sussex, out of Yellow Rose by Wildair, grandam Pet by St. Tammany. See Turf Register, vol. ix., pp. 479 and 480.
1840. Ch. c. *Presley*, foaled April 14, by Hampton, who was by Imp. Barefoot, out of a Trafalgar mare. See Turf Register, vol. xiii., p. 108, for Hampton's pedigree in full; also vol. ix., p. 480. Presley is very large and promising.
1841. Missed to Prince George.
1842. *Ozema*, foaled April 21, ch. f., two hind feet white, and a snip on the nose, by Prince George.
- Dame Presley has gone to Prince George this year.
- Egremont is now standing at Leonardstown, Md.
- H. G. S. KEY.
- Leonardstown, Md., April 26, 1842.*
-
- Blood Stock of GEORGE F. KEEN, Esq., of Locust Grove, Fayette Co., Ky.*
- No. 1. CHEROKESS, by Cherokee, dam by Blackburn's Whip.
- Her Produce.*
1839. *Irene*, by Eclipse—now in training.
1840. Ch. c. *Preble*, by Medoc—of fine size, and promising.
1841. Slipped foal to Mon'th Eclipse.
1842. B. f. *Maid of Ashland*, by Imp. Monarch.
- Stinted to Decatur, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
- No. 2. BAY MARE by Paragon, out of No. 1.
- Her Produce.*
1841. B. f. *Polly Keen*, by Frank, sire to Josh and Jim Bell.
1842. Missed to Keen's Bertrand. Now stinted to Grey Eagle.
- No. 3. MARY BASCOMBE, b. m., bred by T. J. Younge, of Bath County, Ky., was got by Jim Cropper, dam by Cook's or Blackburn's Whip.
- Her Produce.*
1841. *The Orange Girl*, by Orange Boy.
1842. *Huntsman*, by Grey Eagle. Stinted to Post Boy, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc.
- No. 4. LAURA SOUTHGATE, br. b m., four years old, got by John Richards, out of Clarionette by Reveille, grandam Cherokees (No. 1).
- Reveille* was got by Sumpter, dam by Imp. Spread Eagle.
- Her Produce.*
1842. C. *The Mole*, by Imp. Hibiscus. Now stinted to Eclipse.
- GEORGE F. KEEN.
- Locus Grove, May 5, 1842.*

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

J U L Y , 1 8 4 2 .

Embellishment:

THE INTENDED MEAL;

Engraved by A. L. Dick from an engraving by J. WESTLEY, after a Painting by G. ARMPFIELD.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

AMONG other original contributions received, we notice with pleasure those furnished by "T."—"Amicus," and "A Looker-on in Vienna," which, with Mr. CLARK's reply to Mr. LUMAS, on the subject of the former's Improved Rifle, will be published next month, with Lists of the Studs of several gentlemen.

By the arrival of the Royal Mail packet steam-ship *Britannia*, on the 18th ult., at Boston, we have received the result of the Derby and the Oaks of this year, which we give below:—

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1842.

THE DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three year olds; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes; the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police and regulations of the course; the last mile and a half; 181 subs.

Col. Anson's b. or br. c. <i>ATTILA</i> , by Colwick, out of Progress, sister to Pilgrim	W. Scott	1
Lord Verulam's br. c. <i>Robert de Gorham</i> , by Sir Hercules—Duverney	Cotton	2
Mr. Allen's b. c. <i>Belcœur</i> , by Belshazzar—Violaate (sis. to The Saddler)	Marson	0
Mr. Etwall's br. c. <i>Palladium</i> , by Defence, out of Mantilla	W. Day	0
Mr. Conop's ch. c. <i>The Oneida Chief</i> , by Divan, out of Hatfield's dam by Juniper	R. Sly	0
Mr. Greenwood, junr's br. c. <i>Lasso</i> , by The Saddler, out of Tigress's dam, sister to Swinton	Heseltine ..	0
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. <i>Hydaspes</i> , by Velocipede, out of Jane (brother to Valentissimo)	Chapple	0
Mr. Herbert's br. c. <i>Nessus</i> , by Sir Hercules, out of Nanine	Whitehouse ..	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. <i>Jack</i> , by Touchstone, out of Joanna	J. Holmes ..	0
Mr. Goodman's ch. c. <i>Rover</i> , by Muley Moloch—Miss Thomasina	Macdonald ..	0
Mr. Forth's ch. c. <i>Policy</i> (late Honest John), by Bustard—Lacerta	F. Butler ..	0
Mr. Meiklam's br. c. by Agreeable, dam by Sam, out of Morel	S. Chifney ..	0
Mr. Forth's ch. c. <i>The Golden Rule</i> (late Lord George), by Bustard, out of sister to Margrave	Bell	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's br. c. <i>The Devil among the Tailors</i> , by The Saddler, out of Fickle	Darling	0
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. <i>Chatham</i> , by The Colonel, out of Hester	Rogers	0
Mr. P. Pryse's ch. c. <i>Cheops</i> , by The Mumy, out of Fairy's dam	Wakefield ..	0
Mr. G. Clark's gr. c. <i>The Baronet</i> , by Hampton—Grey Momus's dam	Templeman ..	0
Lord Westminster's br. c. <i>Aukland</i> , by Touchstone—Maid of Honor	T. Lye	0
Col. Wyndham's <i>Singleton</i> , by Ernest, or a half-bred horse, or a horse foaled in 1820, by Filho da Puta, out of Bistirpa, dam (foaled in 1835) by Gaberlunzie	G. Francis ..	0
Lord Westminster's ch. c. <i>William de Fortibus</i> , by Plenipotentiary, out of Laura	Cartwright ..	0
Mr. Copeland's b. c. <i>Combermere</i> , by Bran, out of Wastrel	Marlow	0
Mr. Trelawney's ch. c. <i>Coldrenich</i> , by Plenipotentiary, out of Frederica by Sultan	J. Day	0
Mr. Gregory's ch. c. <i>Defier</i> , by Defence, out of Defender's dam	Robinson ..	0
Gen. Yates' br. c. <i>Sea-horse</i> , by Camel out of Sea-breeze	Nat	0

Amount of the Stakes, £4,900.

FRIDAY, MAY 27.

THE OAKS STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three year old fillies 8st. 7lb. each; the owner of the second filly to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes; the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police and regulations of the course; the last mile and a half; 114 subs.

Mr. Marshall's ch. f. by Bran, out of Fury, by Tramp	Lve	1
Mr. Shackel's ch. f. <i>Meal</i> , by Bran, out of Tintoretto by Rubens	F. Butler ..	2
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. f. <i>Firebrand</i> , by Lamplighter—Camarine's dam	Rogers	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. <i>Dit-bar</i> , by Touchstone, out of Peri	Scott	0
Lord Exeter's br. f. by Touchstone, out of Anna by Sultan	Darling	0
Mr. Forth's ch. f. <i>Lucy Banks</i> , by Elis, out of Walfruna	Bell	0
Duke of Grafton's bl. f. <i>Utopia</i> , by Jerry, out of Torquoise	J. Day	0
Lord Jersey's br. f. by Touchstone—Adela, sister to Riddlesworth	Robinson ..	0
Mr. Thompson's b. f. <i>Pharmacopœia</i> , by Physician, dam by Muley, out of Mussulman's dam (foaled in 1828)	Cotton	0
Mr. Newton's b. f. <i>Ma Mie</i> , by Jerry, out of Fanchon by Lapdog	Nat	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. sister to Alexandrina, by The Saddler, out of Eberston's dam by Partisan	Wakefield ..	0
Duke of Richmond's b. f. by Elis, out of Baleine	E. Edwards ..	0
Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. <i>Coral</i> , sister to Coronation, by Sir Hercules—Ruby	Calloway ..	0
Mr. Shelley's br. f. <i>Iole</i> , by Sir Hercules, out of sister to Green Mantle (foaled in 1832)	Chapple	0
Ld. G. Bentinck's b. f. <i>Topsail</i> , by Sheet Anchor—Valencia by Cervantes	Whitehouse ..	0
Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. <i>Eliza</i> , by Muley Moloch—Elizabeth by Waverley	Templeman ..	0

Amount of the Stakes, £3,150.

|| Those marked thus (||) are in the St. Leger.

SIR CHARLES AND WAGNER.

In the May number of the "Register," (page 286-8), was published a communication from "A." relative to the blood of Sir Charles and his son Wagner. The latter "A." dislikes especially, not on account of his blood alone, but on account of his "plain form," etc. In a note appended to the communication of "A." we attributed his strictures to *the effect of prejudice*, and that impression has not been removed by the following letter in reply to our remarks :

In the May number of the "Turf Register," I see my notice of the blood of Wagner, and the comments of the Editor on the same. These comments were mentioned to me before I saw them, and I was induced thereby to read over my communication, with a view both to its style and matter ; and "on sober second thoughts," have come to the conclusion that all therein stated is *true*. There is not one word, sentence, or assertion, I would wish to change.

I am somewhat surprised at the charge of prejudice ; towards whom and what ? Not against Sir Charles. He was got by my old favorite Sir Archy—he was bred in my immediate vicinity, where the happy days of childhood were spent—he is associated with the bright recollections of Mount Gallant,* the temple of hospitality and social refinement—he was trained in my stable, and by my old groom H. Curtis, under whose management he acquired a fame that gave reputation and value to a stock *hitherto obscure*. Sir Charles died also the property of one of my oldest friends ; towards him and his I must ever have the kindest feelings. Sir Charles, at the time of his death, was a most successful stallion ; this, with me, is a sure test of blood, in the absence of *such record* as a sane man should be expected to believe.

I repeat that all the horses named by me in the pedigree of Wagner were bred or stood near me. I knew them all well, and there is no man of character and truth who, on his own knowledge, can gainsay one word of it. Is truth prejudice ? Shall Wagner come forward as the rival of such horses as Leviathan, Belshazzar, and Priam, or his countryman Pacific, whose escutcheon is without stain or suspicion of stain ? No, Sir. Let him remain in the ranks till the performance of his colts shall raise him to the *peerage*.

If the owners or managers of horses flare up when the truth is told about them, it is what I expect ; and while the public kindly overlook any intemperate zeal a gentleman may display for some worthless favorite, looking upon it as amiable weakness, by which even statesmen and heroes are sometimes carried away, yet at the same time, experience has proved that their assertions and denials are always to be received with many "grains of allowance." But

* Mount Gallant was the residence of Gen. ALLEN JONES, on Roanoke, where I was raised. P. MAUGHON lived in the neighborhood. I knew him from childhood.

it was never expected that the Editor of the "Register" would be startled out of his *propriety*, and feel called upon to enter his protest, by way of note, to my communication, in which, by the way, he has made out as good a defence for Wagner as can be made for him. He charges a dislike to Sir Charles, but this exists merely in his imagination. Search the pages of the "Register," and show a word or line written by "A.," "D.," "J.," or "Barrymore," detracting from his just claims. Sir, I will save you the trouble. It is not in the record.

As to Maria West, she is a valuable *brood mare*, and would sell at a high figure to breed *racers*, not *stallions*. To show what I mean, any one would set a high value on a colt from Maria West, but what gentleman would put a fine mare to Chimborazo or Iphiclus? Yet they were by Sir Archy (almost as good a horse as Marion) and from the dam of Maria, and like Maria, but so-so on the Turf.

Duane I never saw, but Leviathan, Eclipse, Langford, and Boston, are plain horses. Is it any recommendation? If none to them can it avail Wagner? I stated that he seemed in bad health, plain, and out of condition. It was the verdict of all who saw him on his way to Sumner. I learn he is now in fine condition, and much improved in his appearance; but it is not possible that any condition can make him compare with Belshazzar or Priam, and among the natives, if shewn with Boyd McNairy, Chesterfield, or John Dawson, he will seem "*small potatoes*."

In this same May number you afford us a treat in some well written letters, taken from English periodicals, where they speak freely of the blood and qualities of all the prominent horses; yet no one editor or owner complains of this. With such an example before him, I should have been mortified if the Editor of the "Turf Register" had felt himself at liberty "to suppress the letter," one word of which neither himself or others can contradict. My wish was that those who bred to Wagner should do so with a full knowledge of his blood, and in my opinion the "Turf Register" was the proper organ of such an *exposé*. A.

We did not, in speaking of "the effect of prejudice" in "A.," refer to his strictures upon the blood of *Sir Charles*, as any one may see. It would not change the opinion of the public with regard to Sir Charles or his stock, if "A." and every other writer for the "Register" should commence a crusade against him and it. If Sir Charles is not thorough-bred, then purity of blood is not requisite for success on the Turf or in the Stud. We had rather be the owner of Sir Charles at three years old than any two of the horses named by "A." Sir Charles or Wagner could have beaten any one or all of the horses named by him, and Sir Charles has acquired more reputation than either of them as a stallion. The idea of comparing such "dandy horses" as Boyd McNairy and Chesterfield with Wagner, is preposterous. John Dawson, the best son of Pacific, we allow was a pretty good second rate horse, but what could he have done with such "plain horses" as Wagner and Duane? Such "plain horses" as Boston, Fashion, Sarah Bladen, Reel and Blue Dick, could have beaten him a distance every mile in four! What has *he* done in the Stud? What has *Pacific*

done that he should be set up against Sir Charles? Beyond Gamma and John Dawson, what son or daughter of his was ever a "crack" at four mile heats? The *record* does not tell us. If Sir Charles and his stock are to be decried on the ground of their not being thorough-bred, then commend us to cold blood stallions. If the fish-wagons on the Roanoke contain any more such mares as the dam of Sir Charles, we should like to make an investment in half a dozen of them. Select *any mare alive* you please, and we should like to match her produce with that of the cold blood mare out of the fish cart. We could not only beat you into lint on the Turf with Sir Charles, Janette, and Mercury, but in the Breeding Stud we could "put you behind the distance post" about "every pop," as Col. B——n would say! We regard any reflection upon Sir Charles and his stock as we do such remarks as the following, respecting WASHINGTON, in a late number of a leading British magazine:—

"But the epithet 'immortal,' applied to Washington, is not just in any other sense than as it may be applied to any other successful *culprit!*" * * * *
 * * "If ever man was a *rebel*, that man was George V'ashington!" * *
 "It is impossible to reconcile Washington's conduct with *honor!*" * * * *
 "He was the slave of an unconscientious ambition," etc. etc.

Our correspondent "A." has not "frightened us from our propriety" by his strictures, and we are in duty bound to apprise him that so far from his having excited a "flare up" by his remarks, among the "owners or managers" of any of Sir Charles's stock, that we have received no intimation whatever, from any one of them, of such an "amiable weakness." They appear, so far as we know, to be perfectly willing to let Sir Charles and his stock speak for themselves, and as his grand-daughter is now at the head of the American Turf (where his stock have generally been), they care very little for flings about mares bought out of fish-wagons, except to wish they had an opportunity of purchasing more of them. They make no objections to a "plain horse" like Wagner, when he is able to win *Forty Thousand Dollars* in three years, as he did! Some of the horses named in your communication, compared with whom Wagner, you think, would seem "small potatoes," never won as many *pennies!*

"A." was never charged by us with having any *particular* dislike to Sir Charles, though he has frequently referred to his *doubtful* PEDIGREE, or rather perhaps no pedigree at all. Our remark, to which he has referred, was, that "He dislikes Sir Charles and his stock generally, and Wagner ESPECIALLY!" And now he replies to us as if the two points in the sentence quoted were reversed. Is this quite fair?

Again. He refers to Maria West, the dam of Wagner (one of Sir Charles's best sons) and Fanny (one of Eclipse's best daughters), as "a valuable mare to breed *racers* from, not *stallions*," and then quotes the case of *her* dam to prove the tenability of the premises from which he draws his conclusions! Because two colts *out of the dam* of Maria West did not turn out stallions of repute, why Maria West *herself* is not a mare from which to breed stallions! Why, my dear Sir, did the dam of Maria West ever turn out a colt comparable with Wagner, or a filly comparable with Fanny? The dam of *Trifle* was bred to Sir Charles, and turned out such a *flyer* as has not been seen until the appearance of another phenomenon in his grand-daughter Fashion. *Trifle's* dam has been bred to half a dozen other stallions of high blood. Beyond Charlotte Russe—at best third rate—what has she done? Ophelia, bred to five different high bred stallions, produced nothing remarkable. She was bred to Woodpecker, and from a strain of blood that nicked with her own, out came Grey

Eagle, the Champion of Kentucky. Jonquill, bred to several horses, produced nothing even third rate. Her blood nicked with Frank's (a son of Sir Charles, mind you!) and Josh Bell and Jim Bell was the result. The former sold at \$7000 cash, and the latter has just won at four mile heats in 7:37—7:40, beating the best Leviathan that ever started! Think of that, Master Brook!

We could cite twenty cases to disprove the premises laid down by "A.," but our space will not admit of it. Besides, we have the pleasure of turning him over to one much better able than ourself to withstand the force of his reasoning—one who wields a pen with equal ability with himself, and moreover not only speaks "by book," but of his own knowledge. Like Marcus Brutus we "pause for a reply" to the statements of "Observer," which follow:—

MR. EDITOR: It is my habit, when I perceive injustice done, to interfere and repair it, if in my power. Whether successful in the present instance, you and others must be the judge.

I propose to reply to an article on "Sir Charles and Wagner," signed "A.," that appeared in the 5th number of the 13th volume of the "American Turf Register," pp. 286-7. In regard to it, I sustain your opinion—to "have rarely met with a more forcible illustration of the *effect of prejudice* in a well informed and sensible man, than is presented in his communication." "If Sir Charles is not a thorough-bred, what is the use of Stud Books and Racing Calendars? What son of Sir Archy was more successful on the Turf and in the Stud?" I know of none. At six years old he was decidedly the best race-horse of Virginia; and I am sustained, by judicious Turfmen, in the belief, that he was a much better horse than Henry, who acquired such enduring fame the following year. In the Stud, he has inscribed his name by the renown of Andrew, Trifle, Sussex (sire to Lady Clifden), Sally Hornet, Fanny Wyatt, Mary Blunt, Slender, Wagner, Willis, and especially Bonnets o' Blue, the dam of the "phenomenon," Fashion, and her game brother Mariner, who has acquired, too, no small renown by his two memorable contests with the "nonpareil," Boston. It seems to me one may as well question the blood of the Godolphin Arabian as that of Sir Charles.

"A." says of him—"Sir Charles was got by Sir Archy, his dam by Citizen, grandam blood unknown"—[to "A."] "It was said by the *late* Capt. W. Moody, that he traded for the dam of Sir Charles out of a cart from Lunenburg, Virginia, that came to the Roanoke for fish;" [what does this prove, if such be the fact? Were not the dams of Kate Kearney and Sussex, and of *Blue Dick*, taken from the plough?] "This he did for P. Maughon, who bred Sir Charles. This mare, the grandam of Sir Charles, was called 'the Commutation mare,' by Mr. Maughon, when sent to Citizen."

Now "audi alteram partem," as furnished by extracts of a letter that I have procured from a friend for the purpose of publication; the names being withheld, as the permission of the writer has not been obtained. His letter was dated in South Carolina, 1832. He is supposed to have been particularly well informed on the subject; and to be governed by no motive to bias his judgment. Let him speak for himself:—

"As to Sir Charles, I speak with reluctance. He is the property of an old friend. This, then, you will consider as *private*." [The circumstances have now changed the confidential character of the letter.] "If I could meet ———, he should know it" [the pedigree]. "He does not know the pedigree of Sir Charles, but publishes that which he got with him. He came out of bad hands. There are many men from whom no horse goes without a pedigree, although he may come to them without name or nation."

"Sir Charles was bred by Peyton Maughon, of Northampton, N. C., who raised his dam. She was got by old [Imp.] Citizen, grandam by *Commutation*—[she was bred" [the Commutation mare] "by J. Reeves, whose widow Maughon married; the Commutation mare was part of the chattels]—g. g. dam by Mark Anthony, g. g. g. dam by Haynes' Flimnap, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus." [Is not this *enough*, in all respects?]

"Mr. Reeves" [breeder of the Commutation mare] "lived on Roanoke, near my grandfather's; and I have seen all these nags as far back as the Flimnap mare."

"Mr. Maughon bred a Citizen colt from the same mare, which he sold to James Turner, of Greensville, Va. This was *so fine a gelding* that Maughon was induced to put her a second time to Citizen, under the hope of raising a stallion; but the produce was a filly, and the dam of Sir Charles."

"It may not be amiss to state that Mr. Bradley gave the above pedigree of the Citizen gelding, sold by Peyton Maughon to James Turner, some years before Sir Charles was foaled."

"Commutation" [a very high bred horse, descended from the blood stock, maternally, of the Hon. John Tayloe, of Mount Airy,] "stood, I think, in Greensville, about 1797—I think no Dare Devil from a Shark" [as in the published pedigree, that the writer expresses such reluctance to correct] "would then have been old enough to breed."

"In making out a pedigree, where a doubt exists, it would be well to state the name of the breeder, as well as the blood of the nag. Who bred the dam of Sally Walker? of ****? No one can tell, or will do so, although we have good pedigrees of both published. It is hearsay invention."

"The pedigree as above" [of Sir Charles's dam] "was given me by Mr. James Bradley, the half brother of Mr. Reeves, and I" [no one more competent to judge] *have no question of its truth*."

"Mr. Reeves was a planter in good circumstances, and bred from the best horse that was convenient to him. Bradley's account that his brother always bred from his neighbors' studs, and that Mark Anthony then stood at E. Haynes', Flimnap at Mr. H. Haynes', and Janus at J. Atherton's, all in the County of Northampton, at the time Reeves bred from them, I do not doubt." "I am thus particular to show you the facts on which I rely."

"I was a boy during the life of Mr. Reeves, in the habit of seeing his horses every week. He kept them in good order, and they had the reputation of being blooded. I recollect Bradley trained one that acquired some reputation, under the name of *Æsop*. He was from the great grandam of Sir Charles."

What can be more conclusive? Is not "A." satisfied? I am sure he is: as he admits "the performances of Sir Charles on the Turf, united to his success in the Stud, and the blood-like appearance of his stock, would warrant the belief in his high breeding."

As to "Wagner," he "was got by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion," [also combining in his immediate crosses the blood of Sir Archy and Citizen, both famed for *game*,] "out of Ailsey Crump by Citizen" [again]—"Huntsman—Janus, etc." This, and the pedigree as furnished by "A.," of that capital horse Marion, for *six* generations, and his admission that "Maria West * * * * * has been one of the most successful brood mares in the country, scarcely failing in a single instance to bring a race-horse;" and that "she brings racers from everything," superadded to the great racing fame of Fanny" [Eclipse's best daughter] and of Wagner, I should think ought to establish the belief that Wagner, too, is a very high-bred horse, as the term is understood in this country.

OBSERVER.

THE INTENDED MEAL.

With an Illustration engraved on Steel by Mr. Dick.

OUR embellishment for this number of the "Register" is "*true to nature*," being creditable alike to the painter and engraver. To most of our readers it is well known that, of all the prey of the fox he prefers the rabbit; and thus it is that the billeting of a fox almost invariably presents the pluck of the rabbit mixed therewith. Hence gamekeepers, who are usually allowed the rabbits as their perquisite, are inveterate foes to foxes, not on account of their destruction of pheasants, which it is probable is very trifling, particularly where rabbits are allowed to abound, but on account of the rabbits lost by them. The voice of the fox is heard in sounds somewhat between a bark and a whine, which is changed to a sort of yelp when he is clicketing. In summer he is seldom heard, and in his expiring tortures he maintains an obstinate silence, and to the last shows a determined resistance. As an instance of contempt of pain, he is said, when caught by the leg in a trap, to have freed himself by gnawing through the limb. The predacity of the fox knows no bounds, and his wily nature assists his bloody purpose. It is thus that he frequents coverts which are near to farm-yards, or other country habitations, where it is fancifully supposed he listens to the cries of the poultry with a malicious intensity. At night he warily steals forth, harkening, as may be supposed, to every sound, particularly as he approaches a farm-yard, which having entered, he puts to death all he can get within his grasp; "and his first care," says Mr. Daniel, "is to secure what he has killed, and then he retires softly with his prey, which he either hides, by digging holes and carefully covering each with earth, to secrete his booty and prevent discovery, or carries it off to his kennel; from which, if it be near, he in a few minutes returns for another, and conceals it in the same manner, but in a different spot: he also discovers the nests of pheasants and partridges, kills the birds on their nests, and then sucks the eggs."





The Sportsman's Lawyer.

BY A BARRISTER.

WARRANTY ON THE SALE OF HORSES.

Continued from the May Number, page 277.

If an agent or servant is authorized to sell a horse and receive the stipulated price, it seems that he is incidentally authorized to give a warranty; and if he gives such warranty *at the time of the sale*, his principal or master will be bound by it.* It being now a very common practice to require a warranty, it may be fairly presumed that an agent, who has authority to sell a horse, and to part with the property and give a receipt for the purchase money, has also authority to warrant. What the agent says at the time of the sale is evidence of a guarantee as being a part of the transaction; but an acknowledgment at any other time is not so, because it does not necessarily follow that he is acting for his principal.

A distinction has been taken between a warranty by the servant of a *horse-dealer* and that by the servant of any other individual, and apparently on these grounds—that the sale of horses being the *usual business and occupation* of the dealer, the authority of the servant to sell, and also to warrant if necessary, is *general*, and exists at all times as long as he is assisting to carry on the trade of his employer; whereas if a gentleman, or any other person not usually engaged in the horse trade, sends his servant with a horse for sale, it may reasonably be inferred that the servant's authority is specially delegated to him for that occasion, and for that occasion only. "If the servant of a horse-dealer," says Mr. Justice Bayley,† "with express directions *not* to warrant, do warrant, the master is bound; because the servant having a general authority to sell is in a condition to warrant, and the master has not *notified to the world* that the general authority is circumscribed."—"But," adds Lord Eldon, in another case,‡ "no person except a dealer would be bound by the unauthorised warranty of either Mr. Tattersall or Mr. Tattersall's servant, or of his own servant, he having given only a particular authority."

At the same time (in *Strode v. Dyson*§), where the master himself had given a warranty of soundness generally, and the servant, who was sent with the horse and the receipt to the agent of the other party, inserted at his request, but without any special authority from his master, warranted sound "*to the Regiment*," it was decided (although the seller in this case was a horse-dealer) that

* *Helyear v. Hawke*, 5 *Espinasse*, 72; and *Alexander v. Gibson*, 2 *Campbell*, 555.

† *In Pickering v. Busk*, 15 *East*, p. 45.

‡ *Bank of Scotland v. Watson*, 1 *Dow*, 45.

§ *Smith's Reports*, vol. i., p. 400.

he was not bound by this alteration of the warranty, done without his knowledge or authority, notwithstanding the purchase money was afterwards received by him. This case, it is submitted, does not conflict with the rule before laid down; as the written warranty by the *dealer himself*, and sent by him with the horse, was *prima facie* evidence of an intention to restrict the general authority given to his servant.

A warranty may be *conditional* as well as general. Thus, in sales by auction, it is usual to provide, by the conditions of sale, that unless the horse is returned within a limited period the warranty will become void. In *Mesnard v. Aldridge*,* it was proved that certain printed particulars of sale were pasted up in the public sale-room under the auctioneer's box. This was held to be sufficient notice to all bidders at the sale of the contents; and one of the conditions being, that all horses purchased there, in case of unsoundness discovered after the sale, should be returned before the evening of the second day, it was decided that no action could be maintained on the warranty of a horse which had been bought there on a Wednesday and returned on the following Saturday.

It appears that the case would have been the same if this horse had been sold before the auction by private contract. In April, 1832, a Mr. Bywater bought a horse of Mr. Richardson, at his Repository, for £40, with a written warranty of soundness, and resold it in the month of June following, and gave a similar warranty. The horse turned out unsound, having what is termed a *navicular disease*,† and Mr. Bywater brought an action against Mr. Richardson on his warranty.‡ The defendant at the trial did not deny that the horse was unsound, but relied on the following condition of sale, which was painted on a board, and fixed to the wall of the Repository:—"A warranty of soundness, when given at this Repository, will remain in force until twelve o'clock at noon on the day next after the day of sale, when it will become complete, and the responsibility of the seller will terminate, unless in the meantime a notice to the contrary, accompanied by a certificate of a veterinary surgeon, be delivered at the office of Robert Lucas in Great Charlotte Street, such certificate to set forth the cause, nature, or description of any alleged unsoundness. In this case the seller to have the option of procuring the certificate of a second veterinary surgeon (which he shall be bound to do within twenty-four hours after the delivery of the purchaser's notice and certificate of unsoundness above mentioned, or the sale to be void), whose opinion, if it should coincide with the first, shall be definitive; but if the opinions should differ, the two veterinary surgeons shall forthwith call in a third, whose certificate shall be final and binding upon both parties, the party in the wrong to pay all the expenses."—The Court in Banco were of opinion that the plaintiff

* 3 Espinasse, 271.

† This disease is an inflammation in a joint on the inside of the hoof, and is said to be of such a nature that by proper treatment it may be alleviated so as to render a horse fit for gentle work; and although it can seldom, if ever, be permanently cured, still, on *soft ground*, the animal may be trotted out without limping, and appear at the time perfectly sound.

‡ *Bywater v. Richardson*, 1 Adolphus and Ellis, p. 508.

was aware of the rules of the Repository; and that, being so, it was just the same as if the seller had told him by word of mouth that he would warrant the horse against such defects only as should be pointed out within twenty-four hours, which he would have had a perfect right to do; and that the plaintiff was to blame in not availing himself of the time limited to discover and object to the unsoundness.

The time within which a horse must be returned only applies to *unsoundness*. So where a horse was sold by auction, and one of the conditions of sale was, that if a purchaser should conceive a horse to be unsound, he should return him within two days: this condition was held not to apply to *age*.* The horse was "warranted six years old and sound." Ten days after the sale the buyer discovered that he was twelve years old; and the seller having refused to take him back, the horse was resold by the buyer. Lord Kenyon, C. J., in giving judgment, said, that the condition was confined to unsoundness. That there was good sense in making such a condition at public sales, because, notwithstanding all the care that can be taken, many accidents may happen to the horse between the time of the sale and the time the horse may be returned if no time is limited; but that the circumstance of age could not be open to the same difficulty.

In a case where a person undertook to deliver two horses to a purchaser at the end of a fortnight "sound and free from blemish," it was held, if they were not completely sound *at the time specified for the delivery*, that the seller could not recover the price of the horses, although the defects in both horses were perfectly visible at the time the contract for sale was made, the one having a bad cold and cough, and the other a swollen leg arising from a kick it had received in the stable.†

The Lord's Day Act (29 Car. II., c. 7,) prohibits all persons from exercising or doing any work of *their ordinary callings* on Sunday (works of necessity and charity alone excepted). It has therefore been held that a horse-dealer cannot maintain an action upon a warranty of a horse given on a Sunday.‡ But it seems that any one whose ordinary calling is not the selling or buying of horses, may make a valid contract for the purchase of a horse on Sunday, as well as on any other day. "The bargaining for and selling horses on a Sunday," says Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, in *Drury v. Defontaine*,§ "is certainly a very indecent thing, and what no religious person would do. But we cannot discover that the law has gone so far as to say that *every* contract made on a Sunday shall be void; although, under these penal statutes, if any man in the exercise of his ordinary calling should make a contract on the Sunday, that contract would be void."

In this case the defendant, who was the seller, was a horse-auctioneer, and the sale having been by private contract, the learned Judge considered that such a sale was not in his ordinary calling.

* *Buchanan v. Parnshaw*, 2 Term Rep., 745.

† *Liddard v. Kain*, 2 Bingham, 183, and more fully reported in 9 Moore, 356.

‡ *Fennell v. Ridler*, 5 Barnwell and Cresswell, 406.

§ 1 Taunton's Reports, page 135.

However, it is submitted, with great deference, that the fact of one of the contracting parties being in the exercise of his ordinary calling will not prejudice the right of action of the other party, supposing he is unacquainted with that circumstance.* We admit that it is greatly to be preferred that all such dealings and transactions should take place on some other day of the week; but if they are to be held binding in any case when made on a Sunday, it would be very hard that a person, who conceals his calling and contracts with an innocent party, should be allowed to take advantage of his own wrong, and set up the Statute of Charles II. as his defence.†

If the purchaser of a horse discovers that a warranty is broken, his course is immediately to tender the horse to the vendor; and, if the latter refuses to take it back, to bring an action on the warranty. It is not imperative that the horse should be returned, or even that notice should be given of the unsoundness; but it is always the wisest course to pursue, as the purchaser cannot recover the keep of the horse unless he tender it to the seller,‡ it being very justly remarked that it is not the seller's fault that the purchaser goes on keeping the horse in his possession. However, as we have said, for the purpose of maintaining an action on the warranty it is not necessary to do so. An action was brought on the warranty of a mare,§ "that she was sound, quiet, and free from vice and blemish." Soon after the sale the purchaser discovered that she was unsound and vicious: however, he kept her three months, and during that time gave her physic and used other means to cure her. The unsoundness consisted in her being a roarer and having a swelled hock from kicking, and also what was described as a *thorough-pin through the hock*. At the end of three months the plaintiff, Mr. Fielder, sold the mare, but she was returned to him as unsound. The plaintiff kept her till October, and then sent her back to the seller (the defendant), who refused to take her. On her way back to the plaintiff's stable the mare died, and on her being opened, the farriers who examined her were of opinion that she had been unsound a full twelvemonth. It appears also that the plaintiff and defendant had often met, but the former had never communicated the fact of unsoundness to the latter.

Lord Loughborough, in giving judgment, says, where there is an express warranty, the warranter undertakes that it is true at the time of making it. If a horse is proved to have been unsound at that time, it is not necessary that he should be returned. No length of time will alter a contract originally false; neither is notice necessary to be given, though the not giving notice will be a strong presumption against the buyer that the horse at the time of the sale had not the defect complained of, and will make the proof much more difficult on his part. The bargain is complete, and if it be fraudulent on the part of the seller, he will be liable to the buyer in damages *without either a return or notice*.—The plaintiff reco-

* *Bloxsome v. Williams*, 3 Barnewall and Cresswell, 232.

† *Fennell v. Ridler*, 5 Barnewall and Cresswell, 409.

‡ *Caswell v. Coare*, 1 Taunton, 566.

§ *Fielder v. Starkin*, 1 Henry Blackstone's Reports, page 17.

vered the price of the horse. This case is now considered a leading authority, and was confirmed by a recent decision in the Court of Queen's Bench.*

In the case of *Street v. Blay*,† the plaintiff sold a horse to the defendant on the 2d of February, 1830, warranted sound, at £43, and on the same day the defendant sold it to a Mr. Bailey for £45. Mr. Bailey, after having had the horse in his possession one day, parted with it to another person, who also kept it a day, and then sold it again to Mr. Blay, the defendant, for £30. (Who will say after this that a horse is not a circulating medium?) There was no warranty given except on the first sale. On the 9th of February the defendant sent back the horse to the plaintiff's premises, alleging that it was unsound, and that it was so at the time of the first purchase. The plaintiff admitted the unsoundness, but insisted that he was not bound to take back the animal, and brought an action against the defendant for the purchase-money, which had never been paid. The Court of Queen's Bench were of opinion, that the defendant having sold the horse *at a profit*, and then taken the horse again from a third party, had clearly no right to return it to the first vendor on the ground of the thing sold not being what he had contracted for, namely, a sound horse. If Mr. Blay had merely kept the horse for the purpose of trial, it is possible that he might have returned it, and so set aside the contract *in toto*, although this position is by no means certain. However, in this case, the selling and re-buying the animal were acts of ownership wholly inconsistent with the purpose of trial merely, and conclusive evidence against the defendant that the particular article was his own property. The Court held that the defendant was entitled to reduce the amount to be recovered against him (that is, the £43 which he would have had to pay if the horse had been sound) to the price the horse was actually worth as an unsound horse.

The decision in the case of *Street v. Blay* is approved of by Lord Lyndhurst, C. B., in *Gombertz v. Denton*,‡ where, he says, that a contract necessarily made between *two* parties at the least cannot be rescinded by *one*. The case of *Street v. Blay*, continues the learned Chief Baron, seems to have been very much considered. That case shews that you cannot treat a contract as rescinded on the ground of the breach of warranty, except there was *an original agreement* that the party should be at liberty to rescind in such case, or unless *both parties* have consented to rescind it.

If there was an agreement that the sale should be rescinded in case the object sold should turn out differently from what it was represented to be, then the price, if paid, may be recovered back on the article being returned; or, if the price was not paid, no action for it can be maintained by the seller.§ Or, even without such an agreement, if the sale is in any manner tainted with *fraud*,

* *Pateshall v. Tranter*, 3 Adolphus and Ellis, 103.

† 2 Barnewall and Adolphus, page 456.

‡ 1 Compton and Meeson's Reports, p. 209.

§ *Towers v. Barrett*, 1 Term Reports, p. 133; and *Long v. Preston*, 2 Moore and Payne's Reports, p. 262.

the contract may be rescinded by the defrauded party.* So entirely does fraud vitiate the whole transaction, that in *Steward v. Coesvelt*, where a *written* warranty only specified "soundness and freedom from vice," Burrough, J., said, that a verbal representation by the seller, at the time of the sale, that the horse was five years old, when, in fact, he was only four, would invalidate the whole contract, no matter whether it was a breach of the warranty or not.

In a case at the last Assizes at Gloucester (*Shillam v. Arkell*, 2d of April, 1842,) the plaintiff, a farmer, purchased a cart-horse of a person named Arkell, a horse-dealer, for the sum of £35, with the following warranty—"sold a horse, which I hereby warrant sound and free from vice." This appeared to be a common form of the dealer's, for it was *printed*, but was signed by him in his own hand-writing. Shortly after the purchase, the plaintiff discovered that the horse had "a visible string-halt," and after trying ineffectually to get some one to take the bargain off his hands, he sold it to another farmer at a considerably reduced price. It will be observed, that in this case the horse was not offered to the seller, or even notice given him of the unsoundness.

Mr. Justice Patteson, in his address to the Jury, told them that he considered that a horse having a *string-halt* was not sound, inasmuch as it was proved that its usefulness was diminished by it. He also intimated that *prima facie*, *VISIBLE* string-halt would mean visible at the time of the sale, and that in that case the warranty could not be held to apply to such a defect *unless specially mentioned*. The evidence, however, went to show that it was not such a patent defect as necessarily to be noticed by a purchaser, and the plaintiff got a verdict on his action for the breach of the warranty. Mr. Justice Patteson's definition of unsoundness, in this case, appears to tally exactly with that expressed by Mr. Baron Parke in *Coates v. Stephens*, mentioned in a former article on that subject.†

Another case at the late Assizes (*Green v. Orford*) also bears out our view of the result of the authorities as to *words implying* a guarantee. The defendant sent a cart-horse to the Ipswich fair for sale. A person of the name of Risby, who was employed by the defendant to sell the horse, offered him to the plaintiff for £28. The plaintiff asked Risby if the horse was "a good worker," upon which the latter said he was "a capital hand, and a good horse in every respect." The plaintiff looked at his eyes, and observed that they were weak. Risby, however, contended that this was only caused by the flies, and added that his eyes were "very good, and that he would do anything anywhere, in shaft or trace." Mr. Green went away, but subsequently returned and bought the horse for £25 of Orford, the defendant, who then himself stated that he *would not warrant the horse, but that he was sound to the best of his knowledge.*"

The plaintiff took home his purchase, but soon discovered that

* *Steward v. Coesvelt*, 1 Carrington and Payne, 23; and *Lewis v. Cosgrave*, 2 Taunton, page 2.

† Vol. xxiv., second series, page 370, *Coates v. Stephens*, 2 Moody and Robinson, 157.

he was a regular jibber ; and, on being examined by an experienced person, it was found that he was blind in one eye, and did not see very well in the other. The horse was sent back to Mr. Orford's stables, but was not admitted. Mr. Green then brought his action for the breach of the warranty. A veterinary surgeon stated that the disease in the eyes (a cataract) was of long standing. One of the pleas of the defendant was that he had given no warranty. The plaintiff, however, recovered a verdict for the £25, the price he had paid for the horse. This last case was tried before Mr. Serjeant Atcherley, on the 29th March, 1842, at Bury St. Edmund's, on the Norfolk Circuit.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for May, 1842.

THE FASHION AND BOSTON MATCH.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE SOUTH BEATEN BY THE NORTH, IN 7:32!—7:15!

THE great sectional Match for \$20,000 a side, Four mile heats, between THE NORTH and THE SOUTH, came off on Tuesday, the 10th of May last. Since the memorable contest between Eclipse and Henry, on the 27th of May, 1823, no race has excited so much interest and enthusiasm. It attracted hundreds of individuals from the remotest sections of the Union, and for months had been the theme of remark and speculation, not only in the Sporting Circles of this country, but in England, where the success of the Northern Champion was predicted! It was a most thrilling and exciting race!—one which throws in the shade the most celebrated of those wonderful achievements which have conferred so much distinction upon the High Mettled Racer of America!

At an early hour on the morning of the race our streets were filled with carriages of all descriptions, wending their way to the Ferries, while thousands upon thousands crossed over to the cars of the Long Island Rail Road Company. After eleven o'clock the conductors found it impossible to convey to the Course the immense crowd which filled and surrounded the cars, though the agents continued to sell tickets after they were fully sensible of the fact! Indeed, from the first, the arrangements of the Company were an imposition! It charged the most extravagant price for the transportation of passengers, and the preparations were in no way equal to the occasion; above all, its agents continued to sell tickets after *they knew* that several thousand more persons had purchased them than they could transport. A train bearing over

two thousand passengers, did not reach the Course until after the first heat, and hundreds who had purchased tickets, despairing of reaching the Course on the cars, started on foot and reached it before them. At half-past eleven o'clock there were not less than five thousand persons waiting a conveyance by the cars at the Brooklyn terminus, all of whom had purchased tickets! The race was a golden harvest to the hack, cab, and omnibus proprietors. The anxiety to reach the Course was so great, that ten dollars were offered for a standing-up place in a charcoal cart! Having engaged a carriage the day previous, we were enabled to reach the Course at an early hour. The roads from town were thronged almost the entire distance with a procession of carriages, and frequently with several abreast, all crammed. It would require the pen of the "Troubadour of the Corporation Dirt Carts" to give a description of them. Flatbush wagons and six-penny bone-setters were jammed in between four-in-hand landaus, fast crabs in match carts, elegant stanhopes, and the superb turn-outs of our wealthy cits. The Communipaw clam-boxes, stylish cabs, and every variety of barouche were inextricably mixed up and jostled by great lumbering omnibusses and thousands of fancy go-carts, wagons, and hackney coaches.

Upon reaching the Course, such a tableau was presented as we never saw before. The field inside of the Course was thronged with carriages and equestrians, while the fences, booths, and trees, were densely covered, so much so, that several accidents occurred from their breaking down. It is stated that there were no less than Six Thousand persons in the stands, and yet there were nearly as many more who could obtain but a partial view of the race, while many could not see it at all! The number of spectators in attendance, is variously estimated at from FIFTY to SEVENTY THOUSAND!! Among them the United States Senate and House of Representatives, the British Army and Navy, as well as our own, the Bench and the Bar, and the Beauty and Fashion of New York, were all represented. The Ladies' Stand was appropriately graced by the presence of a large number of the most brilliant of our city belles, who, with hardly an exception, gave the suffrage of "their most sweet voices" to the beautiful daughter of Bonnets o' Blue! The enclosed "privileged space" in front of the stands, reserved for the Members of the Jockey Club and Strangers (who were charged \$10 for admission, without distinction!) was thronged with Turfmen, Breeders, and Amateurs! At one o'clock, however, owing to the want of an efficient police, and their inability to see the race, more than a thousand persons climbed over the pickets, from the field, into the enclosed space, while a mob on the outside tore down a length of fence, and stove through a door in the stand, and swarmed into the cleared space. For a time it seemed impossible for the match to take place at all! A crowd of loafers made a rush up the stairs leading to the Club Stand, but they were summarily ejected. At length YANKEE SULLIVAN, JEROLOMAN, and several other distinguished members of The Fancy, undertook to clear the course, which they did in an incredibly short time, by

organizing a party of their friends, who formed in line, with clasped hands, quite across the space, and marched from one end to the other, thereby driving outside of the gate every person without a badge. Of course there were among this mob several ugly customers, but Yankee Sullivan had only to "let fly with his right," or Jeroloman give any one of them "a teaser on his smeller," to fix his business! On the whole, the mob conducted themselves very well under the circumstances; the great majority were in perfectly good humor, and had the proprietors taken the precaution to *paint* the tops of the pickets with a thick coat of *tar*, and engage a strong body of police, no such disgraceful scene would have occurred.

The race commenced about two o'clock. For more than a quarter of a mile in front of the stands, the spectators ranged on the side of the Course and of the field, presented one dense mass of thousands, through which the horses ran the gauntlet. The Course itself, owing to the rain of the previous Sunday night, was not deemed quite so well adapted for speed as upon some other occasions; still it was in fine order. The prospect of the weather in the morning was unfavorable, but though at ten o'clock there was a slight sprinkling of rain, it soon cleared off. The day was warm and pleasant, but with scarce a glimpse of the sun.

The betting on Monday evening was a shade in Boston's favor. Before the race came off, however, his friends were obliged, in order to get on their money, to lay 100 to 60, and in some cases 2 to 1. We never saw so little money bet on a race here of any importance; of *heavy* betting we did not hear of a solitary transaction, though the backers of each were sanguine.

Having previously given in this magazine complete Memoirs of the rival Champions [*vide* pages 682—7, vol. xii., and pages 90—8 of the present vol.,] with their pedigrees, characteristics and performances, in detail, we have only to speak of their condition. Both stripped well; Boston, to our eye, was drawn unusually fine, but his coat looked and felt like satin. His trainer (Arthur Taylor) thought he required more "seasoning" to make a bruising race; but every one else considered him to be in superb condition. For some weeks previous to the Match, Fashion's friends were very apprehensive that she had thrown out a curb; but as she was not in the slightest degree lame, we are inclined to think the prominent and unsightly mark on her leg proceeded from a bruise. It was blistered last Fall as a curb. In other respects she was brought to the post in condition to run for a man's life. She was admirably trained, and managed in the race, by Mr. LAIRD; while his son Joseph no less distinguished himself as her jockey. Boston's running was, of course, directed by Col. JOHNSON; he was ridden by Gil. Patrick in his usual superb style, and the first heat without a spur! The jockies having received their orders, mounted, and had their girths taken up another hole, brought their horses up in fine style without any assistance whatever from their trainers, and were off with a running start for

The Race.

First Heat.—Boston, on the inside, went away with the lead at a rattling pace, the mare laying up within two lengths of him down the straight run on the back stretch; the half mile was run in 55 seconds. The same position was maintained to the end of the mile (run in 1:53), but soon after Fashion made play, and the pace improved. Both made strong running down the back stretch, over the hill (opposite the half mile post), and down the slight descent which succeeds, and though this seemed favorable ground for Boston, the mare gained on him, at this place, in this mile, and placed herself well up. Boston threw her off on the turn, and led through clear, running this mile in 1:50½. The pace seemed too good to last, and Boston's friends, as he led cleverly down the back stretch, were "snatching and eager" to take anything offered. Again Boston led through, this mile (the 3d) being run in 1:54, Fashion keeping him up to the top of his rate. The contest was beautiful and exciting beyond description; there was no clambering, no faltering, no dwelling, on the part of either; each ran with a long rating stroke, and at a pace that kills. Soon after commencing the fourth mile, Joe Laird shook his whip over her head, and gave Fashion an eye-opener or two with the spur, and not a hundred yards from the ground where Boston took the track from Charles Carter, *she collared and passed him in half a dozen strokes*, at a flight of speed we never saw equalled, except in the desperate brush at the stand between Grey Medoc and Altorf, in their dead heat! When Fashion responded to the call upon her, and took the track in such splendid style, the cheers sent up from the "rude throats" of thousands might have been heard for miles! Fashion made her challenge after getting through the drawgate, and took the lead opposite the quarter mile post. Boston, however, like a trump, as he is, did not give back an inch, and though it was manifest the Northern Phenomenon had the foot of him, he gave her no respite. He lapped her down the back stretch for three hundred yards, when Gil. Patrick very sensibly took a strong bracing pull on him, and bottled him up for a desperate brush up the hill, where Eclipse passed Henry. Here Gil. again let him out, but unfortunately he pulled him inside so near the fence, that Boston struck his hip against a post, and hitting a sharp knot or a nail, cut through the skin on his quarter for seven or eight inches! He struck hard enough to jar himself very much, and we observed him to falter; but he soon recovered, and though at this moment Fashion led him nearly three lengths, he gradually closed the gap round the turn to within a few feet. At this moment the excited multitude broke through all restraint in their anxiety to witness the termination of the heat, and the course was nearly blocked up! On coming out through a narrow gauntlet of thousands of spectators, excited to the highest pitch, both horses very naturally faltered at the tremendous shouts which made the welkin ring! Up the quarter stretch Gil. made another desperate effort to win the race out of the fire. He applied his thong freely, while Joe Laird drew his whip on the mare more than once, and tapped her claret at the same time. In-

side of the gate it was "a hollow thing," though Boston nearly closed the gap at the distance stand, as Gil. fairly caught Joe by surprise, but at this critical moment a friend of Fashion shouted to Joe to "*rouse up the mare!—Boston's on you!*" when he gave her the spur and a severe cut with his thong. True as steel Fashion responded to the call! She instantly recovered her stride, and came in about a length ahead, with apparently something in hand to spare, closing the heat in 7:32½—the fastest, by all odds, ever run in America!

The time was kept on the Jockey Club Stand by Messrs. ROBERT L. and JAMES STEVENS, and in the Judges' Stand by Senator BARROW, of Louisiana, Hon. Mr. BOTTS, of Virginia, and J. HAMILTON WILKES, Esq., the official Timers and Judges of the race. We took the time of each mile from the Messrs. S., between whom we stood. Mr. S. M. NEILL, Maj. RINGGOLD, U. S. A., and other gentlemen of acknowledged accuracy as timers stood in the same circle, and there was but a fraction of difference in the time each declared. Messrs. S. made the time 7:33, but as they kept the time of the half, and in some cases of the quarter, miles, their difference of but half a second from the Timers in the Judges' Stand demonstrates the remarkable accuracy of the parties.

The result of the heat was the more astonishing to a few of Boston's friends, as no one ever supposed Fashion could make *this time*, though she might *beat him*. We were prepared to expect the best time on record, not only from the fact that we had been informed of the result of Fashion's *private trial* on the 25th April, but from a circumstance which we shall be excused, we trust, for alluding to here. After retiring to our room at the Astor House on Monday night, at a late hour, we had the pleasure of a "domiciliary visit" from Mr. LONG, the owner of Boston, and several mutual friends. The "party" were attired in costumes that would be esteemed somewhat unique out of the circle of the Marquis of Waterford's friends, who ride steeple chases in their shirts and drawers! Nevertheless, there was no lack of fun nor spirit; in the course of an interesting "horse talk," Mr. Long gave us several "items," one of which was that Boston would run the first heat, "sure," in 7:34! Said Mr. L., "he will run the first mile in about 1:53, the second in 1:52, the third in 1:54, and the fourth in 1:55." After he retired we made a memorandum of the time as a curiosity after the race. And we refer to it now to show that, though beaten by the Northern Phenomenon, the gallant Boston amply sustained all the expectations formed of him from his trials and previous performances. He not only made vastly better time than *he* ever did before, but better time than ever *had* been made!—time that quite eclipses the most wonderful achievements on the American Turf! The vaunted performances of the Southern "cracks" at New Orleans are almost thrown in the shade, wonderful as they are! Had any one offered to beat the time of Eclipse and Henry on the Union Course, 3 to 1 would have been laid against it; or had the friends of Boston been assured that he could run, as Mr. Long told us he could, in 7:34, his friends would

have staked a million of dollars upon his winning the Match! For the first two miles Boston, in the opinion of many shrewd judges, had the foot of the mare, and it is thought that had he trailed her as he did Charles Carter, the result of the first heat might have been different. But what shall be said of the incomparable daughter of 'Trustee and Bonnets o' Blue? Too much *cannot* be said of her, or of her jockey. She ran as true as steel, as game and honest a race as was ever recorded of a High Mettled Racer!

Both horses cooled out well. Boston always blows tremendously, even after a gallop, but he seemed little distressed. Neither was Fashion; her action is superb, and as she came through on the fourth mile, it was remarked that she was playing her ears as if taking her exercise. She recovered sooner than Boston, and though her friends now offered large odds on her, Boston's were no less confident; the seventh mile they thought would "fetch her." We should not have been surprised to have seen both swell over the loins, nor to have found them greatly distressed. We examined them carefully after the heat, and state with great pleasure, that though they "blowed strong," they recovered in a few minutes, and came to the post again comparatively fresh. After the heat was over, the crowd rushed into the enclosed space *en masse*; an endeavor was made to clear a portion of the track of the multitude who had now taken possession of it, and after great exertions a line was formed, through which the horses came up for the

Second Heat—Fashion led off with a moderate stroke, and carried on the running down the back stretch with a lead of about three lengths. After making the ascent of the hill Boston challenged, closed the gap, and lapped her. A tremendous shout arose on all hands at this rally, but as it subsided on the part of Boston's friends, it was again more tumultuously caught up by the friends of the mare, as she outfooted him before reaching the head of the quarter stretch. She came through (in 1:59) three or four lengths ahead, and kept up her rate down the entire straight stretch on the rear of the Course. After getting over the hill, Boston, as before, made a rush, and succeeded in collaring the mare, while she, as before, again threw him off, and led through by two or three lengths, in 1:57. Gil. relieved his horse for the next six hundred yards, but instead of waiting for Fashion to ascend the hill at the half mile post alone, he called on Boston just before reaching it, and the two went over it nearly together; no sooner had they commenced the descending ground, than gathering all his energies for a final and desperate effort, Boston made a dash, and this time he succeeded in taking the track! The scene which ensued we have no words to describe. Such cheering, such betting, and so many long faces, was never seen nor heard before. After being compelled to give up the track, Joe Laird, with the utmost prudence and good sense, took his mare in hand, and gave her time to recover her wind. This run *took the shine out of* Boston! Instead of pulling him steadily, and refreshing him with a slight respite, Gil. Patrick kept him at his work after he took the track, and ran this mile (the third) in 1:51½! The pace was tremendous! Nothing

short of limbs of steel and sinews of catgut could stand up under such a press! On the first turn after passing the Stand, Fashion, now fresh again, rallied, and as Boston had not another run left in him, she cut him down in her stride opposite the quarter mile post, and *the thing was out!* The race, so far as Boston was concerned, was past praying for! If anything can parallel Fashion's turn of speed it is her invincible game. She now gradually dropped him, and without another effort on his part to retrieve the fortunes of the day, she came home a gallant and easy winner in 7:45! Boston pulled up inside of the Distance Stand, and walked in! As she came under the Judges' cord extended across the Course, Boston was exactly sixty yards behind, though he could have placed himself in a better position had Gil. called upon him. As Joe Laird rode Fashion back to the Stand, the shouts were so deafening, that had not the President of the Club and another gentleman held on to her bridle, she would have not only "enlarged the circle of her acquaintance" very speedily, but "made a mash" of some dozen of "the rank and file" then and there assembled. She looked as if another heat would not "set her back any."

RECAPITULATION:

TUESDAY, May 10, 1842.—Match, THE NORTH vs. THE SOUTH, \$20,000 a side, \$5000 ft. Four mile heats.
 Henry K. Toler's (William Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 5 yrs., 111 lbs. *Joseph Laird.* 1 1
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's & James Long's ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 9 yrs., 126 lbs. *Gil. Patrick.* 2 2

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>	
Time of First mile - -	1:53	Time of First mile -	1:59
“ “ Second mile -	1:50½	“ “ Second mile	1:57
“ “ Third mile -	1:54	“ “ Third mile -	1:51½
“ “ Fourth mile -	1:55	“ “ Fourth mile -	1:57½
Time of First Heat - -		Time of Second Heat	
7:32½		7:45	

And thus did *The North* settle its account with *The South* for the victory achieved by BASCOMBE over Post Boy! It was a magnificent race—one which will be remembered by every one who witnessed it "while memory holds her seat!" Though beaten, it is conceded on all hands that Boston has acquired a more "vast renown" by this wonderful race than by his Thirty-five previous victories combined! He is worth more since than he was before the Match. "All that can be said is, that Boston has beaten himself, and Fashion has beaten Boston!" The spirit of his owners on this as upon a like memorable occasion in May, 1823, is worthy of them and of the Old Dominion. Of one of them it has been well said, that, "like another Napoleon, he is never more to be feared than in his reverses!"

In congratulating each other upon the brilliant triumph achieved by the Northern Champion—now *the* Champion of the American Turf—let no one forget to do honor to those to whose admirable skill and judgment *The North* is mainly indebted for its victory! To Mr. Samuel Laird, the trainer and manager of Fashion, and, to

his fine spirited son, who jockeyed her in a style that would have conferred credit upon Jem Robinson, too much credit cannot be given. Nor let us forget that to the gallant Boston we are indebted for ascertaining the indomitable game and surpassing speed of our Champion! What *else* could have displayed it in such bold and beautiful relief? Arthur Taylor brought him to the post in the very finest condition, and Gil. Patrick, his jockey, rarely distinguished himself more than upon this occasion. Most of our contemporaries state that he rode with spurs. He wore but one and that only in the second heat.

It is peculiarly gratifying to ourselves, though we have the pleasure of numbering all the parties among our personal friends, that Mr. GIBBONS, the owner of Fashion, is among the oldest, most staunch, and most generous of the number. Unfortunately he was prevented from witnessing the race in consequence of an accident which for some time has confined him at home. In his absence, another tried friend, WALTER LIVINGSTON, Esq., the owner of 'Trustee, (the sire of Fashion,) was congratulated on all hands; he has never doubted Fashion's success from the first. Nor should it go unrecorded that Col. Johnson was by no means forgotten in the general outburst of congratulation. He "sold the stick which broke his own head," and no mistake, for after breeding Bonnets o' Blue from his own Reality and Sir Charles, and running her with great success, he parted with her to Mr. Gibbons, who bred from her a filly which has beaten the best horse Col. J. has ever had in his stable, since the days of his favorite Reality, the renowned grandam of Fashion herself!

At the Jockey Club Dinner, after the Match, Mr. Long offered to run Boston *against* Fashion, for \$20,000, and \$5,000 forfeit, Four mile heats, at any time to be agreed upon by the parties between the 25th of September and the 25th of October next.

He also authorized us to state (in an Extra issued from this office on the evening of the race,) that he would bet \$1000 he won with Boston the regular Jockey Club Purse, Four mile heats, on Friday, on the Union Course,—\$1000 that Boston won the J. C. Purse at Trenton, and \$1000 that Boston won the J. C. Purse at Camden, the week following!

Subsequent Impressions of the Race.

Now that the Great Match is over, and people have recovered somewhat from the fierce excitement and enthusiasm consequent upon the event—now that they can reflect dispassionately upon all the facts in the case, and soberly discuss the incidents attendant upon it, we propose to review some of its leading features. But we must premise before entering upon the subject, that on the Friday following his Match with Fashion, Boston beat Mariner (her half brother) on the same Course, at four mile heats, in 8:13—7:46—7:58½, Mariner winning the first heat. B. resigned the Jockey Club Purse at Trenton to his stable companion, Cassandra, who beat Mariner there, and the following week won the Jockey

Club Purse at Camden, beating Treasurer! To go back to the Match. It is surprising that so little money changed hands upon the race, as both parties were sanguine. From his trials, Col. Johnson, and Arthur Taylor, his trainer, *knew* that Boston could beat the time of Eclipse and Henry *with ease!* Of course they supposed the Match was an open-and-shut affair! Mr. Long, the night before the race, informed us of *the time of each mile* in which Boston would run the first heat if called upon, making 7:34—*better time than was on record!* What is singular enough, Boston ran three of the miles in *exactly the time* Mr. L. assured us he would, and the other mile he ran *faster* (by a second and a half)! And yet he lost the heat! Had Boston's friends been *assured* that he could run the first heat in 7:34, and repeat it in 7:45, thousands of individuals would have laid out upon him every dollar that they could raise! Every friend of Old Whitenose would have been flat broke! The friends of Fashion, too, had they been aware of the time of *her* trial on the 25th of April, would have laid out half a million of dollars upon her! But five or six persons, however, knew of her time; three gentlemen interested in the Match were of the number. They had "a sure thing," as they supposed, and they kept it close. Heretofore, in almost every match, W. M'COUN, of Long Island, has contrived to be in the secret of both stables, as much as if he slept under the muzzles of the horses; but the Fashion party were a little too cute, this time, for even Willett himself! Quite a number of Fashion's friends won about \$1500 each, though but one, that we have heard of, "gobbled up" the *thousands!* As many Southerners won upon the mare as Northerners, probably. The greatest amount lost by any one gentleman on Boston was \$10,000 and a few hundreds, by one of his owners. As the same gentleman has won above \$50,000 upon him, the loss does not "set him back any!" He is ready, able, and anxious, for "another show!" and for a like amount!

Considerable discussion has taken place since the Match as to which horse had the most speed, but as Boston's friends claim it for him, and many of Fashion's concede the point, we assume it as a fact that Boston was able to outfoot the mare in the first heat. He was trained to run ahead, and accordingly he went off from the score in the first heat at the top of his rate. (Cassandra, Mr. Long's Priam mare, and Blue Dick, by Margrave, two of the fastest horses in the Union, were his trial nags.) Had he trailed Fashion as he did Charles Carter, very possibly he would have won the first heat, though he probably would have lost the race. We are glad now that he did not trail the mare, for had he done so she would have pulled to him (such were Mr. Laird's orders), and the first mile would not have been run under two minutes, and the heat somewhere in the vicinity of 7:38;—we should yet be comparatively in the dark as to the remarkable racing powers of the two horses. Boston's only drawback was declared on the morning of the race by his trainer;—Arthur said, and truly, that *he wanted seasoning*; the old horse had plenty of foot, but his flesh was not hard enough, nor his muscles firm enough, to enable him to hold his own at the heel of a hard race.

The principal official timer was the Hon. Mr. Botts, of Virginia; he made the time of the first heat 7:32½, while the Messrs. Stevens made it 7:33. Instead of 7:32½, the time of the first heat would have been 7:31, but for the fact that both horses, and Fashion especially, faltered in running the gauntlet through a narrow lane between ten thousand excited spectators, reaching from the head of the quarter stretch to the Stand! Twice the mare was inclined to balk! Between the head of the stretch and the Distance Stand Boston made up a gap of several lengths, and he would have won the heat as it was, had not Joe Laird given Fashion a furious stab with his spurs, and drawn his whip on her! The course and weather were not so well adapted for making quick time as on any other day during the week.

Gil. Patrick labored under a serious disadvantage in riding the race. He was obliged to whip Boston on the *near* side, to keep him off the fence, and to have his thong attached to his left wrist instead of his right. Notwithstanding all his efforts to guard against it, Boston *did* hit the fence in running the fourth mile, and though he may not have sulked in consequence in finishing the heat, he certainly did in the second heat, from that or some other cause. Gil. rode the first heat without a spur, though our contemporaries, in their reports, talk continually of his spurring and goading the old horse, and of his "bloody flanks." In the second heat Col. Johnson ordered Gil. to put on *one*, very much against the wishes of Arthur Taylor and Mr. Long; their objection was overruled, as, said Col. J., "he is not *obliged* to use it." But Arthur and Mr. L. felt a great degree of assurance that Gil.'s spur would excite the viciousness of Boston's disposition, and possibly induce him to sulk. It is recorded of one of the horses of Sir Tregonwell Frampton, the "Father of the English Turf," that in running a match in which he was beaten, after a very severe and close race, he actually laid hold of his competitor with his teeth, as the latter was in the act of passing him, and endeavored in this way to prevent his reaching the winning post ahead! Whether Boston acted from a similar impulse we cannot say, but it is certain that when Fashion was in the act of passing him, he snapped at her twice, and bit her smartly in the second attempt! In his race, three days subsequently, with Mariner, Boston bit him severely on his flank, as he was passing, and came very near nipping a piece out of Joe Laird's leg! Joe has hardly got over his fright to this day!

Boston's race with Mariner, on Friday, we regard as one of the most remarkable events recorded in the Annals of the Turf. That he should, after two days' rest only, come out again, after a performance so unparalleled as that on Tuesday, and win a second four mile heat in 7:46, and a third in 7:58½, proves him to be decidedly the best horse, we have ever had on the American Turf! He was, of course, very sore, and in the first heat would not extend himself. Indeed Col. Johnson started him only at Mr. Long's earnest desire. But what is no less surprising, Boston ran his eleventh and twelfth miles on Friday in *less* time than he ran his

seventh and eighth miles on Tuesday!—that is, in 3:48! If beaten himself, Boston's *twenty miles* in three days, quite eclipses any performance on record! In regarding him as the most remarkable horse on the Turf we do not detract from Fashion. Boston, before his Match, was properly regarded as "the foremost horse of all this world." He had started Thirty-eight times and known but three defeats—none of which tarnished his laurels—and he had won in Purses and Stakes the enormous sum of *Forty-nine Thousand Four Hundred Dollars!* Fashion, on the contrary, had started but seven times, losing but once, and though public expectation was greatly excited in her favor, by her race with John Blount, no one expected her to turn out the PHENOMENON she has proved herself! And really and truly she is a phenomenon. Months ago we claimed her to be the very best mare ever bred North of the Potomac! We now claim her to be the very best mare, by all odds, ever bred in the United States!

The Richmond "Whig," in publishing the "Spirit of the Times" *Extra*, issued from this office on the evening of the Match, remarks to the following effect:—

"We do not understand the second heat. Boston took the track from Fashion in the third mile, and lost it again in the fourth. This might not be wonderful in respect to any other horse—but as to Boston, it is surprising beyond measure. It is out of all character with the reputation he has won in many a hard-fought field. It has been his boast, that the more he ran, the faster he ran. He was always fleetier in the twelfth mile than in the fourth—and so remarkable was he for his unfathomable bottom and increasing speed, that we have heard it said of him, that if he were kept running, he would become invisible. No trial had ever tested his bottom and speed combined. And yet, after losing the fourth mile by a hand's breadth, we find him fifty yards in the rear in the eighth mile—when, according to all precedent, he should have been one hundred yards in advance.

"The matter needs explanation.—And when explained, we are not certain that we shall be a whit better satisfied than we are now. We cannot be brought to contemplate, with any degree of composure, the defeat of that noble steed—the loss of laurels gloriously won, and the bitter anguish which must rend his proud bosom. The sorrow which Achilles' immortal steeds expressed for Patroclus slain was not at all comparable to the intense agony experienced by this absolute Monarch of the Turf, at the sight of a contemptible little animal, whom in his soul he must have despised, passing the Judges' Stand ahead of him, and in despite of his utmost exertions. It was enough to break his mighty heart!"

We can explain *why* "Boston took the track from Fashion in the 3d mile and lost it again in the 4th." In the first place he wanted *seasoning*,—Fashion had the advantage of him in condition as well as in ability to keep up her stride. Before the start Arthur thought Boston would not run on improving, as usual. In the 2d place, Boston sulked! Does not his race with Mariner prove this? Notwithstanding his soreness consequent upon his tremendous race on Tuesday, he ran his 19th and 20th miles in less time on Friday than he did his 7th and 8th miles, when perfectly fresh, three days before! It should be stated that the gallant veteran had nearly or quite lost the use of one eye before the Match, from hard work, and that his other eye, from sympathy, was seriously affected.

Moreover, having been one season in the stud, being nine years old, being ridden for the first time for years with a spur, and having, in striking against the fence, in the 1st heat, cut a gash of eight inches long on his quarter, it is not at all surprising that he should have sulked!

In the first heat of his race with Mariner, Boston would not run at all! In the third heat his 11th and 12th miles were run in 3:48! Nor would he have won the second, probably, but for the following circumstance. Mariner led him on the 4th mile several lengths as he swung into the quarter stretch, where Gil. made play with him, and before reaching the drawgate he had closed the gap and lapped Mariner. Here Boston hung, and as they passed the gate, one of Boston's rubbers—a stout, stalwart, black fellow—walked up close to him, and giving him a shout, *threw his cap at him* with all his might! Whether it was the familiar threatening voice of his stable companion, or the fright from the cap, we do not know, but we do know that Boston's stride, until he was clear ahead of Mariner, was twenty-three feet! Such a burst of speed for sixty yards has not been seen since he cut down Charles Carter! It was a prodigious effort! One gentleman in the Club Stand, who had laid \$400 to \$60 on him, had told the stakeholder to pay over the money, and was leaving the Stand, when the tremendous cheering caused him to take another look at the horses, and to his astonishment he found that in the course of a few seconds—in an incredibly short time—Boston, instead of being dead beat, was winning at his ease like a trump! Perhaps *he* didn't join in the shouts which rent the air! After the second heat, and while they were running the third, the odds were ridiculous. A friend of ours held two bets of \$100 *vs.* \$1, while in one instance we knew \$100 to be put up against twenty-five cents!

If Boston was sore on the Friday after the Match, he was not so alone. We saw Fashion on Thursday, and Mr. Laird was kind enough to have her stripped and led out for us. She was stiff and sore, though she had recovered finely from her race. She is a beautiful mare, and but that her hair is somewhat harsh and long, she would be as handsome as Fanny, the Champion of South Carolina. Mariner's coat, on the contrary, is unusually soft and satin-like. It is proper to state here that Mr. Gibbons, her owner, wrote Mr. Laird, that whether Fashion won or lost the Match, he desired him to send her home after the race. She was accordingly sent home on the Saturday afterwards, to be thrown out, of course very much to the regret of Mr. Laird and her numerous friends, and not less so to the owners of Boston. But for this determination Mr. L. would have started her again against Boston at Trenton or Camden. Will not the two still rival champions "meet again at Phillippi!"

As in 1823, when Col. Johnson lost his Match with Henry against Eclipse, he *carried off every Jockey Club Purse!* offered during the meeting, Tyler winning at two mile heats, Cassandra at three mile heats, and Boston at four mile heats! His stable has since won every purse, save one, offered at Trenton and at

Camden, including a Match for \$2000, P. P.!! As the acknowledged leader of our Southern competitors, The North has been obliged to "acknowledge the corn" to him, in the cases of Trifle, of Bascombe, and several others. But "the vast renown we've gained by conquering" two such "Richards" as Henry and Boston, will inspire him to "deeds of high emprise," that will be apt to "fright the souls of fearful adversaries."

We directed attention in a previous paragraph to those to whose skill, tact, and admirable judgment The North was mainly indebted for its victory. And we allude to it now to add, that owing to the exertions of the President of the Club, Joe Laird is worth several hundred dollars more than he was before he rode the winner of "*the best race ever run in America!*" By previous agreement, Mr. Laird, the trainer of Fashion, was paid \$1000. We are told that Fashion is the easiest mare to ride that young Laird ever threw his leg over; she can be placed anywhere, is as kind and gentle as a lady's palfrey, and whether you wish her to "take the lead and keep it," or run a trailing race, she is equally "on hand," ready at any moment to respond to any call upon her. Instead of running under a bracing pull, she goes with a loose rein, like a shuffling poney, and is guided as easily. Remarkable as her turn of speed is allowed to be, it is surpassed by her indomitable game; a more enduring, honest mare, never looked through a bridle.

Let it not be supposed that in consequence of the loss of the Match "the familiars" of Boston were forgotten. Had not our old friend Arthur Taylor, come on with him disguised under a new hat, we should have been more sanguine of his success. He brought him to the post in superb condition, though he confessed that the horse was short of work; other trainers and many of the friends of Boston, on the contrary, considered him too low; they thought he had shrunk very much since he ran here last, and he was evidently drawn finer than ever before. Gil. Patrick rarely distinguished himself more than in this race; he jockeyed his horse—always a very difficult one to ride—with consummate skill and coolness, and a gallant British Officer present, well known on the Turf at home and in Canada, assured us that the exhibition of Gil. Patrick and Laird would have done credit to Bill Scott or Jem Robinson—that it was worthy of the top sawyers of Newmarket and Doncaster. Mr. Long, with his characteristic liberality, presented Gil. Patrick with \$500 as his own private contribution, nor was he forgotten in other quarters. His half of the \$500 purse won by Cassandra, Mr. Long also distributed among the rubbers and boys in Boston's stable. Such spirit and generosity deserves success!

Boston has now won, at four mile heats alone, Twenty-eight times, and has netted his owners in stakes, purses, etc., the enormous sum of \$55,000! This amount, added to the *Long* odds won upon his Thirty-seven winning races by "the Boston Party," exceeds \$100,000! How long the gallant veteran will continue to run, Heaven only knows. His legs are as sound as a colt's, and Arthur Taylor says that his two four mile races since the Match

have "seasoned" him for a tremendous contest. At the Camden Meeting Mr. Long made the following proposition:—He would run Boston vs. Fashion, four mile heats, this Fall, at Camden, for \$20,000 even! Or he would take \$25,000 to \$20,000 and run the Match on Long Island, or lay \$25,000 to \$20,000 if Fashion would meet him at Petersburg! In all probability the two rival Champions will meet again this Fall, and we hope they may not only come to the post in the very highest possible condition, but that we may again "be there to see!"

THE FISHERMAN.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

BLESSED, beautiful May! Sabbath month of the year! sacred to love, and joy, and hope, and every glad emotion that hearts are capable of feeling! how delightful now to pronounce thy name again—to know thee once more among us—to say "It is May!" Who can speak those glad words, who can say "It is May," and resist the desire to rush into the midst of the fields and woods, clamber the steep hills, dive into the "bosky dells," wander wildly by the babbling streams, loiter dreamily by the roaring waterfall! For our own part, we are lost creatures for the whole month; from the very earliest day that the almanac announces

May I. St. Philip and St. James,

we are changed beings, no use now to ask us to dine or dance—we are engaged for the whole month; tariffs and income taxes are now nothing to us—coffee and leather are not to be thought of; violets and buttercups are all we have time to think about. Our very creditors now may come with their simulated friendly double knocks: we are "not at home." It is of no use trying to resist the influence of the time: we have no power to do so: our heart would break in the attempt—as those of young ladies (are said to) do when their loves-at-first-sight are thwarted by the tyrannical interference of adamant-hearted uncles. With us it is a decided Maynia—excuse the wantonness of the pun—being May we must be allowed to have our fling without let or hindrance. Nothing too fantastic for us now—nothing too egregious for such a decided May-homedan as we are.

May—May—May! I could write the word till the month came round again. Blessings on it! What a beautiful word, too! How bland and sweetly it falls from the tongue, like a leaf dropped from a rosebud. May—May! it is as fair a word among month-names, as Mary among girl-names; almost the same, in fact:—as sweet, as soft, as delicate, as *dear*. But let us be amongst the

fields—away without more ado, rod in hand and creel at back—away among the glorious, gorgeous meadows, which are so bright and full of blossoms now, that it is just as much as we can do to tell whether they are really meadows or *only* flower-gardens. We said “rod in hand,” for *of course* we are fishermen: not of the chub-dapping, roach-twitching, stationary, stick-in-the-mud sort, who have drawn so much odium on the gentle craft by their sleepy, stupid, cork-and-quill system of sport—if sport it may be called—but of the thorough-paced, wide-awake, look-alive, go-ahead clan, to whom motion is as necessary as life; whose noble quarry is the trout, the salmon, the jack, the grayling; whose haunts are the glen, the ravine, the arrowy stream-side, the gushing rapid, the roaring waterfall, the path among the rocks, the labyrinth in the forest dell. This is *our* delight—roaming, roaming—walking through landscapes as you would turn over the leaves of a picture book—something fresh at every page—quiet, bland, sleepy views now—now, rugged, rocky, Salvator-like scenes, whose smoothest feature is a prostrate mountain on a riven forest—now meadows all spangled with the fairest blossoms of spring—now rocky gorges, where “Devil’s Bridges” and “*Mauvais Pas*” meet you at every step. What excitement, what joy is here! joy only felt in all its joyfulness by the fisherman; for he is there for an object—it is *his* home: others look upon these things only as a sight, a show; but he—he is part and parcel *of* them: he is as necessary to the landscape as the stream and the mountain themselves. Your tourist is an alien in the picture: he is a blot on the scene: he is a living not-in-keeping in the composition. We look upon him as a fly upon a painting: we must *blow him off* before we can enter into any enjoyment of its beauty. We are like the countryman and the crowd in London streets: we must wait till the tourist is gone by.

Not so of the fisher: he, as we have before said, is a necessary part of the landscape. He is as necessary to the landscape as the sun that lights it. He forms part of its *life*, (who ever loved a dead landscape?) The clouds moving in the sky, the river moving in its channel, the fisherman moving on terra firma—these are all and equally necessary to the vitality of the scene; and without these the whole poetry would be gone; would be as verses written in a lost language; as hieroglyphics carved on cold granite.

We are among the glorious, old, long-remembered, dearly-beloved scenes now: and there is not an object within the horizon that is not familiar to us. Great and small, noble and ignoble, we know and love them all—that mountain, that gate-post—that forest side, that stepping-stone in the streamlet. From this old, weather-beaten stile, what a burst of beauty! meadow, river, wood, hill, cloud, sky! the meadows full of life and joy—joy of birds, joy of beasts, and joy of men, for whom all were created! the river, winding between the green hills, here blue and gushing, there still and white under a cloak of myriad blossoms; every wave, every blossom instinct with life; and every life a separate mystery! the woods, leafed in for shade and shelter to its endless tribes of wild

creatures, winged and wingless! the hills, rising peak over peak as far as eye can reach, with their green vallies between, from whose farthest summit new hills may be descried and new vallies may be numbered, all full of wonder and beauty and never-ending life! the clouds, mere vapors indeed, yet how beautiful! in form, in color, in motion! and then the sky, the bright medium between us and the great void, the incomprehensible space, the wondrous no-world, the everlasting gloom—how admirable the wisdom, how beneficent the providence that hid from us the dark obscurity, and in its stead adorned those heavens with light, and painted us a roof so blue and fair,—so pleasant to the eye,—so gladdening to the heart!

There—a truce to rhapsody—just one mouthful of brandy to wash the metaphors down, and away now to the old starting place by the mill dam, where so often we have waged deadly war with trout and grayling,

“From morn till dewy eve.”

Now, my *Little Yellow May Dun*, gently over the sunbeams; for, any time these twenty years, have I caught a mammoth trout behind that stone in the bend of the stream. The old miller yonder, with his wicked black eye and white face, looks fiercely methinks at my preparations. If I have any skill in physiognomy, that look is as much as to say, “Devil take ye, I was saving that fish for myself.” Wish you may get it, mister *Milner*! Now, my little pet *Dun*, away with you over the whirlpool, and if there is truth in Kendal steel we’ll lead the fellow such a dance as never yet danced he by bank or brae. That throw convicts the miller. Though he has at least a penny loaf worth of flour on his face, I saw the flush of rage come upon his visage as plainly as I saw the *Fire of the Tower of London* come through the *Prospect of the Polar Regions* at the Dissolving Views t’other night. But annihilation to all millers! the mammoth trout has seized my poor little *May Dun*, and is doing all he can to devour him. But dunny is not to be caught with chaff, and so old pinksides finds it to his horror. He would fain spit him out now, but tiny is not to be spat upon. Crikey! what a jump was there! A yard and a half, if it was an inch. Never mind! yellow-wings holds his own, and mammoth takes nothing by his motion. Stick to him, my little Kendal-back: we have got him clear of stone and roots now, and it shall go hard, but, with a clear stage and no favor, we come in conqueror at last. Gently, Behemoth! have a care of our hickory; anglerods are not maypoles—neither are running-lines chain cables. There again! by the immortal Isis, if you take to the air in this guise, we’ll send for our double Manton (our’s is a “regular Joe,”) and bring you down flying. Hollo! who the deuce is this at our back? The miller! Horrid wretch, what does *he* want? *You* assist us? Certainly not. *You* land the fish for us? By no means. We know you too well. You want to give him a jerk with the hoop of the net, and so set him at liberty. No, no: we want nobody’s help, much less a miller’s—stand aside, sir, or we

may do something desperate; the river is before us, and the foot-spear in our hand; we have no wish to commit murder, but even the "gentle angler" may be provoked beyond his endurance. There are points of view, sir, in which life becomes of small consideration: there are circumstances in which the existence of a miller—as placed, I mean, in juxtaposition with the capture of a trout—is an affair of such positive insignificance—such absolute nothingness, that—

Hip, hip, hurrah! we've got him at last—safely banked; four pounds if he's an ounce: hip, hip, hurrah! A thousand glories to my little May Dun—hip, hip, hur—

My dear fellow, Hopkins, how do you do? So glad to see you! Hope the mill goes on prosperously; and Mrs. Hopkins—and the young Master and Miss Hopkins—trust they are all as well as can be expected; and, my dear Hopkins, if you *will* accept this little trifle of a—trout for your dinner—for your's and that of dear Mrs. Hopkins, and the dear little masters and misses Hopkins, we shall account ourselves the happiest creature in the Solar System."

"Book of Sports" for May.

FOREIGN RIFLE-SHOOTING.

THE summer steam-boat that bears us to a foreign shore, carries us to a great change, be it where it may; and the remark holds equally good whether applied to the graver or lighter affairs of life. The sportsman, as well as the statesman, or the philosopher, finds himself upon new ground, and, like them, must bend to circumstances. It is the general habit of modern travellers to record the odd and the ridiculous, but I shall deviate from that rule, and choose my present subject for its excellence alone. Accustomed to the field sports of England, I felt inclined to laugh at their grand battues, their wild boar hunts, and their race-courses, but I did not laugh at the foreign riflemen.

Beyond a few displays of picked men at the red house, this is an amusement but little seen in England. Neither in France, Belgium, nor Holland is it greatly in vogue; but when we get into Germany, especially as we draw towards the Oberland, it becomes more and more in request. Besides the rifle being used by the chasseur for the wild boar, the fallow deer, or the chevereuil, in the larger towns it is a common practice to form a rifle-shooting society, or club, as we should call it. A small subscription from each member is enough to defray all expenses, and, so long as the season of the year will permit, they have their occasional meetings. It is generally the custom to pay a trifling sum for a certain number of shots, and this allows small prizes to be distributed to the more successful marksmen. As I made acquaintance with

Germany some time before I extended my travels to Switzerland, it was there that I first witnessed one of these societies, and, besides being a pleasant way of occasionally spending a summer's evening, it appeared to me to possess this striking recommendation—that it was an amusement as much within the reach of the denizen of the crowded city, as of the largest landed proprietor.

At the fêtes, also, which are annually held near most of these large towns (something in their way between an English race-course and an English fair), it is usual to have shooting tents and butts erected for the public, to whose ambitious eyes are generally displayed, in a glass case over the middle tent, sundry silver tankards, ladles, &c. The first scene of the kind which I saw amused me much, and as I took notice of everything, I suppose it is in my power to describe it correctly. There were three targets at the distance of what they called one hundred and fifty paces, but which I should not estimate at above one hundred and twenty-five measured yards, the inner circle (black) being about seven inches in diameter, and the outer (white) about three quarters of a yard, but as no ball in the white counted for anything, it was merely to gratify curiosity, and guide the marksman as to correcting his errors. Every ball in the black counted, but varying from one to seven, according to its distance from the centre speck. By way of a little stage effect, every ball striking near the centre speck, brought out from behind the butt a gaily painted iron figure (a harlequin or a huntsman as it might be), who pointed in acknowledgment to the exploits. Upon this, the man in attendance upon that butt emerges, with his colored jacket, from his bullet-proof seat—signals the number of the shot, replaces the figure, and retires. When, as is commonly the case, neither harlequin nor huntsman condescend to appear, the shooter has to pull a suspended cord, as a hint to the attendant to examine the target, and give his report as usual. Without this precaution there would be danger; the three shooting booths being placed so near together, that the ear could not be depended upon to decide from which the shot came, and thus the attendant would come forth at some improper, and perhaps most unfortunate moment. Besides these three attendants at the butts, there is a registrar at each of the shooting booths, to take down each rifleman's name, and note against it each shot that counts.

As the officiating men are quick, and the riflemen on these occasions numerous, a pretty smart firing is kept up at the three targets, and it may be added, at times, a pretty effective one. I have myself seen, and more than once, two of the three painted figures out at the same time—a sign more significant than words, as, when the shooting is indifferent, they only make their appearance like angels visits—"few and far between." The rifle commonly used by the Germans is about the same size as our own, certainly not longer, but perhaps of rather heavier metal; but the Swiss rifle, or something nearly approaching to it, is preferred by many. At the distance at which the Germans shoot, I am myself contented with the common-sized German rifle, and see no reason for being incumbered with some pounds of additional weight. In appearance

(to speak technically, as far as the "finish" is concerned) it is but a rough-looking instrument, compared with what are turned out by our London makers; but nevertheless it is an effective one, and that is the chief point after all. Some of them are furnished with magnifying glasses, of course attached to the stock, so as to come upon a level with the eye, the sight, and the target. To the short-sighted this must be an advantage, to others it may be. Having never used it, I will give no opinion that must be entirely based upon theory.

I have hitherto only spoken *favorably* of German rifle shooting, but it is now proper to state a circumstance that does not sound so well;—it is the common practice to fire from a rest. Rising from the wooden ledge in front of the shooting booth, and made to let up or down according to the height of the shooter, is a kind of wooden roller, turning round upon a swivel. On this the rifle may be rested, *ad libitum*, and though now and then comes a bolder man, who disdains its use, yet by the large majority, it seemed to be looked upon as a decided advantage; and as there was something more than honour depending upon the result, an advantage not to be thrown away. Why it was made to turn upon the swivel, instead of being stationary, I did not inquire, the most appropriate question seeming to be "why came it there at all?" Surely, I thought to myself, this is not done in Switzerland, or the Tyrol. The result will show.

I did not get into Switzerland till the great meeting of the Cantons was over: therefore, for the present at least, it is not in my power to give any account of that interesting spectacle. But (putting aside the gaiety and emulation of the scene—its "pride pomp, and circumstance") I witnessed some of the best rifle shooting; and thus the main point of my expectation was gratified. It was in the neighbourhood of Lausanne, where they know well both how to make and to use the rifle, that this happened. A little above that town is a ravine, on one side of which is an established rendezvous for the admirers of what may be called the national amusement, and on the other a couple of targets. A better or finer position could not have been chosen, and the fact of shooting across the ravine (the opposite side of which was a rough uncultivated hill) precluded the chance of any stray ball doing harm, which cannot be entirely guarded against on level ground.

Even before a shot was fired, every thing seemed to give token that both the workmen and their tools were of a superior order. In the first place, there was nothing in the shape of a rest to be seen,—such a thing had probably never been heard of in those regions, although the great weight of the Swiss rifle (about fourteen pounds) offered some excuse for it. The distance, again, was greater than that of Germany, and all harlequinado machinery dispensed with—I suppose as *infra dig.*—the attendant merely examining the target after each shot, and reporting by signal as before. After the shooting commenced, a very short time was sufficient to convince me that it was something beyond the common range. From the rifle's mouth to the target I should now say that

there were a good 150 English yards, and yet into the black ring (about seven inch diameter as before) I saw one man put two successive balls, and another three out of four. Two out of these five balls were near to the centre spot. This is pretty well from that imperfect hand, which, Sir John Herschel tells us, "never yet drew a straight line, or placed an instrument in perfect adjustment, unless accidentally, and then only during an instant of time."

The length and weight of the Swiss rifle make it a difficult weapon in the hands of a stranger: like the bow of Ulysses, it was not meant for every body. The long barrel, being nearly the same thickness to the end, produces a top-heavy feeling to those not accustomed to it, which ill accords with that great steadiness of aim so essential to rifle shooting. Upon this point I can speak from practical experience. My first shot with the lighter German rifle went—though but just—within the black circle; my third brought out harlequin. In my first essay with a Swiss one, my ball went I know not where: the signal being outside the white circle—that is, a total miss.

As I walked home that evening to Lausanne, a few reflections presented themselves not of an unpleasing order. The heart of the Switzer, like the echo of his mountains, responds to the rifle's sharp report, for it speaks to him in words of deeper import than mere amusement; but for this reason is that mere amusement doubly popular. Then, Mercy herself cannot object to it, for it gives pain to nothing. It has also another recommendation, and that not a mean one—it enjoins temperance upon its votary. The drunkard may for a time do many things with tolerable success. I have seen him ride well to hounds, and shoot well with the common fowling-piece. I have known the hand, that shook in bearing the glass to the lip, play a good game at billiards, and hold the rein in a well-contested race. But let him who determines to enter upon a career of dissipation, fling down his rifle at the outset. Let him bear in mind the smallness of his mark—the distance at which it is placed—the nicety of aim that is indispensable. Let him remember that, for this purpose, he requires all that fine strung nerve, that steadiness of hand, and clearness of eye, which nature, in her bounty, gave him; for if he do not, his erring ball will admonish him of his mistake, and tell him of a change before either himself or his gay companions may deem that it has arrived.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for May, 1842.

AN OTTER HUNT.

BY JOHN MILLS.

* * * * * I HAD collected a team of the best dogs that could be drafted in the vicinity some three days previous to the attempt being made, and, although each being anything but a cur, I think few men have unkennelled such a tag-rag, bobtail crew, to hunt even rats in a barn, as I had to open a cheer to in my otter drag. A couple and a half of my hounds (?) consisted of three white Scotch terriers, ready to have "a go" at a mouse or a rhinoceros; one was a shepherd's dog, as the shoemaker of the village ventured to swear, but whose appearance to me looked unpleasantly like a peaching lurcher with cropped ears and tail; and a fourth was a brindled bull-dog, with one of the thickest heads and thinnest tails I have yet seen in any of those illustrations of our national character. Two black and white mongrels, having the mingled blood of a hound, poodle, and pug-dog, and an old dark brown curly-coated water-spaniel, with the pointer, completed my heterogeneous pack. So afraid was I of an immediate desertion of my forces, that I had each member coupled and led to the seat of action, confiding in the heat of warfare for more glorious proceedings. Upwards of thirty stout bumpkins, armed with heavy cudgels, and a few of my friends accompanied me, after lining the inward man with consoling solids and fluids, and not a little surprise was occasioned by my declaring to them that within fifteen minutes I would find an otter. Upon arriving at the spot where Donna gave such decided indications of his whereabouts, I placed a select few of my companions in advanced positions as trusty sentinels, ordered the majority in the rear to keep well back, and to maintain silence, and directed the old pointer to try once more the likelyholt. Again she winded high in the air, dashed through the sedges into the river, and, driving her head into theholt, commenced tearing away at it with her fore feet, as if she had been well practised in the mysteries of sapping and mining.

"Now for the spade and pick-axe," said I; when two of my eager votaries, well skilled in the use of such weapons, commenced an attack that promised in a very limited space to lay bare the inward recesses of the rooty home. "Be quiet, keep your mouths shut and your eyes open," continued I, "and we shall get some sport in a crack." Globes of perspiration began to trickle from the brows and cheeks of the diggers, the dogs were squatting on their haunches watching with pricked ears the progress of the work, and at every click the axe now made, the excitement of all seemed to rise one degree, when I heard the sudden exclamation from a boy, standing a few yards from me, of "*Crikey!* what a rat!" Casting my eyes towards him, I saw, or *thought* I saw, an otter down. Before I could be quite assured of the correctness of

my vision, one of the terriers, called Tartar, made a spring like an antelope into the river, and likewise almost carried the man who was holding him into it. "Slip the dogs," halloo'd I, as I now saw the otter shew himself about forty yards up the river, having broke from some secret channel, and with a "Loo, have at him!" the whole swept up the bank, and followed me headlong into the water. Never shall I forget the scene that now ensued. In every direction men and boys leaped into the river, yelling like a parcel of Indian savages, and lost to all kind of control. Some found themselves in dangerous depths and were shrieking for assistance, while others roared with laughter at seeing them so capitally ducked. Above, below, around, was nothing but boisterous fun and the essence of confusion.

Losing sight of the otter for a longer period than pleased me, I left the stream, and running up the side of the river I saw the "varmint" streaking along an artificial bank on the extreme verge of the water, and some distance from us. With a cheer I got the dogs with me, and going it at my best pace—which I am proud to say is anything but slow—I put them in view of the enemy, and in a few seconds they forced him to try again the depths where the green rush springs. There were now so many short bends in the river, that although the otter might rise within a few feet of the dogs, they could not be aware of his peeping, unless well directed. I therefore threw some of my forces forward, others in the rear, and remained with the pack myself, giving strict injunctions for a loud halloo when the otter was viewed. These commands, however, were needless, as whenever an eye fell upon the object of the watery chase, strong lungs proclaimed the event, and well-strung sinews were exerted to render no second sight necessary. As we were watching for a re-appearance after a long dive, and the dogs were swimming here and there with yapping tongues, the otter rose on a shallow ford, and although I could have had a fair chance for aiming a successful blow at him, I held back, and out he broke from the water, and rattled away over a wide pasture in noble style. Some distance was gained before the dogs could scramble up the banks; but when the lurcher had effected an exit it soon began to visibly decrease. Far ahead of the others, he led the run, while, in accordance with their uneven and respective capacities for speed, the remainder followed in the most approved disorder. We made the best of our time after the pack, and as we scampered away, the wet flew from us like mops between the active palms of Betty-maids on Saturday mornings. With the exception of the brindled bull and one of the nondescripts, not a dog was in sight after the fence at the end of the meadow had been charged; but after hopping over two extensive fallows, with bellows to mend at every stride, and getting through a low grass field, which was in close affinity to a bog, I discovered the whole of the dogs "brought to" at a gateway. Surmising the cause long before my arrival, I prepared my knife, and looked for a long pricking bramble. Seeing one suitable for my purpose, I hastily severed it from the hedge, and hastened towards the checked

group. One terrier had taken up his position at the end of the hollowed trunk of a tree forming a drain under the gateway; while another wiry-faced fellow had rammed his head and neck and a third of his body into the opposite terminus. Drawing the dogs away, I inserted my bramble, and felt the otter about the centre of the drain; but notwithstanding some vigorous stirring up, and keeping all my companions a respectful distance from the starting post, no hint "to go" would be taken by the sneak. However, there are a great many more ways and means of ejecting a tenant than by pitching him out of the window; I therefore began to think of applying the milder and generally the more successful means of stratagem instead of rude force. A farm-house was close by, to which I sent for a bundle of straw and some lucifer matches, or a tinder-box. The last-mentioned article with some straw were quickly brought to me, and, after putting a large quantity into the drain, I applied a match to the smouldering tinder, and set the fuel in a blaze. In a very short time the retreat became too hot to hold the fugitive, and, enveloped in a dense smoke, he burst from the hollow trunk, and sped away again towards the river at astonishing speed. In a string, and about the same order as before, my pack swept after him, and with shouts that made the welkin ring, my companions followed, with light heels and lighter hearts. I expected the otter would be run in to before he could head back to the river; but by extraordinary exertions he managed to regain the water, and when we arrived on its brink every dog was breasting the stream with redoubled exertions to pull his victim down. But a very short distance from the lurcher's jaws I saw the otter rise for a moment, and, finding himself so close to danger, down he went like an arrow, with scarcely sufficient time to get one sob of air. Now he once more broke from the river, and ran along the shore under the steep bank, with the lurcher close to him; but the weight of the dog on the mud told severely against his chance of capture, and fearing some strong drain might be found not far off, I drew three of the dogs from the water, by having them thrown upon the bank, and cheering them loudly forward, they got a view of the otter, and, making a dash at him with a reckless jump from above, turned him again into the water.

"There's a wide brick-drain of a hundred yards long, Sir, close by," said a man, with just sufficient wind left to enable him to make the communication.

"Shew me where," I replied; and off we went at the best pace left in us to discover the obnoxious spot, leaving the dogs to manage themselves for a few brief moments.

Finding the information to be correct, I doffed my shooting jacket, and with "a slop" from my companion's shoulders, we pushed both into the mouth of the drain, and effectually stopped all ingress there. Returning quickly to the seat of action, I frequently saw the otter just before the dogs, and from his faint struggles knew that he was almost beaten. Nothing could be more amusing than to see the ardor displayed by everybody when a glimpse of the otter was had. Although heated to excess, not a

soul present hesitated for a moment to throw himself towards the "varmint," and brave the danger of uncertain depths as willingly as any of the finny inhabitants. It was a matter of surprise to me how he escaped the countless cudgels whirled at him, and the blows aimed with no unpractised skill, falling close and thick as hail-stones. But remarkable quickness of sight, and movements more agile than the swallow's wing, enabled him to avoid the impending hazards for a time, and empowered him to live in the midst of death. Notwithstanding my orders to abstain from throwing anything at the otter as he rose, the squeal of an unhappy dog every now and then told that they were unheeded. Indeed with such an excited and lawless set of sportsmen, it was barely possible to make any one listen to a word of caution or advice. Each took his own course, and was enjoying the fun after his peculiar notions of the way in which the otter should be hunted. Occasionally this liberty of action ruffled the feathers of my temper, especially when I saw a dog struck with no gentle tap; but with all the want of rule and nice observances, I have not been more thoroughly delighted with any sport of the flood I ever entered into. Next to a fox-hunt, give me an otter hunt—it will afford more sport than fishing for a twelvemonth—and henceforth, far from discouraging the presence of the river thieves, I intend offering them an hospitable protection.

In a deep narrow hole of about twelve feet of water the otter went down, and at the very shallow end of it stood a crowd with upraised cudgels, while many lined both sides of the stream. The dogs were swimming with watchful eyes in the centre of the hole, and I now saw the life of the victim must become forfeited within a very limited period. Finding he could not get over the shallows, he turned towards the bank opposite to where I was standing, and attempted to climb it: but from weakness and exhaustion fell backwards into the water, and very narrowly escaped the jaws of a terrier. Indeed I much question whether he did not have a slight grip in the loins as he took a long last farewell dive: for as he again appeared, the terrier caught him by the extreme rear, and met with as friendly a grasp in the throat from the otter as his most bitter enemy could desire. The other dogs, however, went helter-skelter to assist their companion, and quickly released him from the leech-like bite by despatching the "varmint" in a bunch of seconds. "Who-whoop!" resounded far away, and from the tugging, snarling motley pack, I snatched a fine old dog-otter, who gave more than an hour's famous sport and amusement.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for May, 1842.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the last Number of the "Turf Register," page 320.

ON PHYSIC.

IN the last chapter I treated on the physicking of race-horses not in training ; or rather, of those which, from various causes, may have been put out of training for a short time. In this I propose to show how some of them are to be physicked, and for what purposes, when they are in regular training. But before I enter fully on this subject, it may be proper, in order to prevent errors, to make some few observations on the effects of aloes on the constitution of the race-horse, under certain circumstances. When I first went to live as a boy in the stables, I remember great mistakes to have been made by grooms, both in the internal and external applications of medicines ; and I confess that when I became a groom myself, I fell into similar errors. Nor was it much to be wondered at, for grooms, generally speaking, were very little acquainted with the properties of medicine, not even of the few they made use of for the horses under their care. They were in this respect principally guided by the recipes of their forefathers. I have known them give aloes in very large portions to horses in training, and at times, without paying due attention to their constitutions, or to the state in which their bodies were at the time ; and from these circumstances, a valuable horse has now and then died in physic ; and this is an error to which grooms have frequently been liable. The aloes which were formerly made use of by grooms, were principally the succotrine ; but for horses they are uncertain in their effect, and are seldom to be depended on, unless with delicate horses, or when given in very large quantities.

The Barbadoes aloes, being stronger than any others, are of course more active, and although given in a less quantity, they are more certain in their operation. If these aloes are given in proper quantities, according to the age, constitution, and condition of the horse, there is no danger to be apprehended from their use. Indeed, as far as my experience has gone, I think the Barbadoes far the best for all descriptions of horses, but more particularly for race-horses, which are at all times very difficult to be purged. It is by giving powerful physic that horses are much debilitated, and thrown back in their condition. I remember an instance of a large quantity of aloes being given to a three-year-old colt, which I looked after myself. The groom I was living under at that time could neither read nor write ; nor could any boy in the stable, except myself. Stable boys, at the period I am alluding to, could not

boast much of their education, nor had I much to speak of in this way myself. I could read and write, and knew some little of figures. The groom, poor man, was so unfortunate as not to know anything of either the one or the other, so that, to prevent mistakes, it was a rule with him, whenever he was going to physic any of his horses, to bring his recipes to me to read, which I did. As well as reading his recipes, I kept his accounts and wrote his letters, and read those he received; in short, I may be said to have been the groom's private secretary, and in that capacity I had the good fortune to enjoy his most unrestricted confidence. But to return. The dose of physic which was made up for the colt just alluded to, contained twelve drachms of aloes; and, at that time, it was an invariable custom with grooms to add a variety of other ingredients in the making up of their physic. By these additions, a ball became so large, that it could not be given at once; the mass was therefore divided into two, and sometimes three balls. The three-year-old which had this dose of physic given him, I remember was purged to great excess, and he was several days before he recovered from the effects of it. I was not very capable of judging of the constitutions of horses at the time, but I expect he must have had a pretty strong constitution, or such a dose of physic would have killed him.

By way of caution to grooms, and with a view to prevent them in future from falling into similar errors, I will here state different causes from which I have known horses occasionally die in physic. I have already observed that there are some horses much more easily purged than others; but the horse which now and then leads the groom astray, is the one of a craving constitution. A groom generally judges of the constitution of a horse from the size of his carcass, and width of his loins, as also from the manner in which he feeds, and from the work he takes in training. From these points he will be able to form a tolerably just idea. When a groom was about physicking a strong, craving, large-carcassed horse, his practice was thence to regulate the quantity of aloes the dose was to contain, which, on such occasions, would most likely be from nine to ten drachms of Barbadoes aloes; and it has frequently happened that a dose of physic of this strength has had no effect whatever in purging a horse of a strong constitution, when in training. If such a dose of physic had been given to a horse in common use, it would have more than purged him sufficiently; it would, in all probability, have purged him to death. It also occurs at times, that a horse in training is purged for too long a period, or perhaps till he dies, and from the following cause. The groom having given him a dose of physic, such as I have described, and finding it to have produced little or no effect on the horse after a proper interval of time, considers it necessary to give the horse another dose; and in making up this second dose, he concludes it will be necessary to add a larger proportion of aloes, perhaps two or three drachms more than was contained in the first. Nor is this a very unreasonable conclusion for a man to make who is unacquainted with the properties of medicine. It is in consequence

of this treatment that a groom has now and then been so unfortunate as to have a horse die in physic, which arises from his ignorance of the effect of the aloes on the constitution, when the quantity is increased beyond that which is generally given at one time, to purge such a horse. When the aloes, being increased to the extent above mentioned, begin to operate, the action is sometimes continued in proportion to the quantity given, and by stimulating so large a surface as that of the intestines of the horse for so great a length of time, and to such excess, the powers and constitution are not able to support it. The general consequence is, great debility and irritation, sometimes followed by inflammation of the bowels, which occasions the death of the horse. This has at times occurred to some grooms, from their having relied too much on the power of medicine alone, to purge a strong horse, and merely preparing him for his physic in the usual way, by giving him mashes the day previous, with a view to relax the bowels, and then the first thing on the following morning administering the whole of the dose at once, mixing therein a very large portion of aloes, for the reason and under the impression which I have already pointed out. Now, the common method of preparing the horse, and giving the physic, would be very proper to one which may be easily purged, and which required but a moderate portion of aloes to produce the effect. But to administer physic sufficiently powerful to operate on a horse in training, prepared in this way, and which horse it may be difficult to purge, is rather a dangerous experiment. Nor is it done but by those grooms who are not acquainted with the advantages to be derived, either by giving the physic, or by preparing the horse differently. If the horse be prepared, and the physic be given in the way I shall, by and bye, have occasion to explain, a less quantity of aloes than is usually given, will purge a strong horse sufficiently well, and less danger will thereby be incurred.

Another course of treatment which has at times occasioned the death of a horse by physic, is, when a groom has given a dose which may have remained in the bowels of a horse for a couple, or perhaps even three days, without producing any effect whatever (and this is not at all an extraordinary occurrence); the groom considers, from the period which has elapsed, and the physic not having worked, that it was much too weak, and finding that it has not operated on the third day, he gives another dose, with an additional portion of aloes in it; and I have known it happen that in the course of an hour or two after the second dose has been given, the first has begun to operate; the consequence of which has been, the effect of the second dose has been to continue the operation of purging until the horse has died.

Whenever a dose of physic has been given to a horse, without producing the desired effect at the usual time, or which indeed may not have purged him at all, but may have passed off, as it sometimes will do, by urine,—under either of these circumstances it would be advisable not to repeat a second dose until after the lapse of seven or eight days.

Horses in high condition, and hearty feeders, are consequently much accustomed to be physicked; and in the preparing of such horses, should they only have a mash or two given them in the evening, and should they at night be allowed their usual quantity of hay, and not be taken out to exercise in the morning before the physic is given (which I have known repeatedly to be the case), it will seldom be found practicable to succeed in purging them by the proper time. The quantity of food not only retards the operation of the medicine, for two or three days, but it is very often the cause of the physic not producing any effect whatever. These are the causes which have led grooms into error, supposing the physic not to be sufficiently strong to purge the horse; and from such supposition, they adopt the practice of giving very large portions of aloes. I have known ten, and sometimes twelve drachms of Barbadoes aloes given at one time, and when the succotrine aloes have been given, twelve and fourteen drachms have commonly been the dose. There is no occasion for giving, at any one time, so large a quantity of either of these aloes, to any horse in training. It is not only attended with considerable danger, but by physicking horses in this manner, they often purge to great excess, which very much debilitates them, and they are a long time before they recover their former strength and vigor.

Notwithstanding these occasional results, it has always been the custom with training grooms, as long as I can remember, to physic their own horses, or rather those which are sent to them by different noblemen and gentlemen of the Turf to be trained; for, to discover the proper course of treatment would puzzle most men who may be in very high practice in the physicking of horses in common use, and who may physic such horses very properly; yet, if these same men have not been in the habit of physicking race-horses, and have not at any time lived in racing-stables, so as to have observed the different methods of preparing horses there for their physic; such men would find it extremely difficult to purge strong horses when in training; that is, if they were to pay the same attention that a training groom would, not to impair the constitution of a strong horse when in training, by feeding him too freely on mashes, which would cause him to be relaxed. For this is a soft sort of food, and not sufficiently nutritious to feed a horse on for two or three days, until his bowels have become sufficiently relaxed, so as to admit of a less portion of aloes being given to work him, without his going back in his condition. This plan will not be found to answer with such a horse, unless it is intended that he should lay by for six weeks or two months. The treatment for refreshing a horse under such circumstances is very different, and will be fully explained in its proper place.

I will now proceed with my observations on physicking of race-horses that may have been in regular training for two or three seasons; and for the purpose of clearly elucidating this matter, the horses I shall first make choice of shall be those of pretty strong constitutions; I mean, such horses as are generally selected for country running, and that are in high training at the time there

may be occasion to physic them—say, for example, in the month of July, or August; for at this time, their bodies have become much changed from the state of condition which they are in, compared with that state in which some of them were when physicked in the autumn or spring. The constitutions of such horses have become well braced, from the high feeding and strong exercise they have had; and their intestines have also been so much accustomed to the stimulus of aloes, that it makes it extremely difficult to purge them when it becomes necessary to do so, for the purpose of refreshing them.

It is to be observed, that country plate-horses have to come to post much more frequently than those which are younger, and which are generally kept in reserve by their owners, for the various great stakes which are run for at Newmarket, York, Doncaster, or Epsom. Those horses engaged in country running may be said, during the summer, to be travelling a sort of circuit. They are contending for His Majesty's, and the various country and town plates, which are given at the different racing meetings. As they are generally horses of strong constitutions, they require to be kept in pretty strong work, and that, together with their running and travelling, causes many of them, as the season advances, to become more or less stale in their condition, and also stale and round on their legs, notwithstanding the great care and attention which is paid to them. These horses are more liable to be amiss in this respect, when they are the property of country trainers, than when in the possession of noblemen and gentlemen of the Turf, who have their different motives for keeping them; some as a part of their establishment, and to preserve a good breed of horses in the country (their ancestors having done so before them); those who are fond of racing, for the pleasure and amusement they afford; and some few others, who, after having had a tolerable share of experience, may, with good fortune, get money by them. This last object is pursued by the country trainer, as his circumstances seldom admit of his keeping a race-horse merely for pleasure. This man makes racing his profession; and if, by purchase, he should come into possession of a tolerably good country plate horse, he calculates the price he may have given for him, and the expense incurred in his training, and for these the owner becomes anxious to be remunerated. His object is to win with him all he can; he therefore enters his horse at the different meetings he frequents, whenever he thinks there is a chance of his going up to the head and winning; and it is in this way, from repeated running and travelling, that the horse sometimes gets abused, that is, he becomes stale, and below his mark. He appears jaded in himself, and if brought out in this state to post, he will be seen, when running, to go stiff and short in his stride. It requires a jockey to be almost constantly persevering with such a horse; and however severely he may get at him in the running, he cannot succeed in making him run in the same form as when fresh. The manner of refreshing such horses in training as may have become stale from the above causes must vary according to circumstances. When

there can be plenty of time allowed for the purpose, the most effectual way of doing it is by laying them by in loose places, giving them rest, with green meat and physic. Any that may be thus treated, which are standing in stalls, will require gentle exercise to keep them in health. Now, to refresh a horse effectually by these means (green meat, physic, and rest,) which are certainly the best for his constitution, would take a month or six weeks, which is more time than can be allowed for a country plate-horse to lay by in the summer; as, during such a period, he would miss running, perhaps, at two or three of the principal meetings, a thing which the trainer wishes to avoid. Therefore, to refresh his horse with as little delay as possible, he must almost solely rely on the use of physic. If it should happen on the circuit which a horse may be travelling, that the meetings follow each other so quick in succession as not to allow of sufficient time to administer physic to him, so as afterwards to recover from its effects, the better way will be for the groom to decline running for a single meeting; and if he makes his mind up to this, the sooner he travels off with his horse the better, to the place where the meeting may be held at which he intends his horse to run. That is the proper place to refresh the horse; and the best loose stable that can be had there should be prepared for him, if not on the ground, as near to it as possible. Now, after this horse arrives at his destination—whether the groom will give him a gentle sweat, with a view to keep the length in him, and immediately afterwards give him a dose of physic—or whether the sweat will be dispensed with, and a couple of doses of physic be administered, and the horse afterwards got ready (which would, in fact, be a brief sort of second preparation),—must depend entirely on the time allowed, and the horse's work must of course be stopped for a certain period; but this matter will be more fully explained when I am on the subject of training, and travelling country plate-horses.

A FEW WORDS ON THE ROAD—SAFETY DRAGS.

As the march of improvement is the order of the day, I beg, Mr. Editor, to draw your attention to some improvements which have recently taken place in coaching; it is a subject interesting to all, more especially to those in quarters where railroads are not likely soon to be formed. In the first place I refer you to the safety drag, whose value cannot be too highly appreciated.

It is of no use for me to make any remarks upon the inadequacy of the old drags, whether shoe or the hook, as they are falling fast into disuse.

There are three or four safety drags, each having its own peculiar advantages, but allow me at once to speak of the improved modes

of dragging a coach, so as to lessen the pressure upon the wheel horses when going down a hill.

The first which came out is one that is attached to the hind end of the coach, viz. a long piece of wood which crosses from wheel to wheel with a strong screw in the centre, upon which is placed a crank handle; iron bars, firmly bolted to this at right angles, slip into sockets fixed on each outside of the hind boot to guide the main bar, and to keep it parallel to the wheels, then at each extremity of the bar is an oblong piece of wood firmly placed, which is covered with leather about an inch thick, or more if necessary; leather is considered better than wood to come in connection with the iron or shoeing of the wheel, because it stands better, can be easily replaced, and the same blocks will last for a long time. When the screw is sent home, it presses these blocks to the hind wheels and stiffens the fly of the wheels, and this immediately causes a decrease of pressure upon the wheel horses. When nearly at the bottom of a hill the guard unscrews it, which frees the wheels, but this drag can only be used where there is a guard, and he even is obliged to come down from the coach and stand on the step next the ground.

The next that came into use is wrought by the coachman, which he puts on and off at pleasure, without interfering with the horses' pace in the least.

This operation is performed by lever power. The arms or bars that come in connection with the wheels are from underneath the body of the coach, &c. &c., consequently the blocks which cause the resistance, join the wheels in the front, a little under the step; the said bars which pass under the body of the coach, there being a joint in the middle, when they meet from each extremity or wheel, and being attached to the coach body by means of a bolt that passes through a hole cut in each arm half way between the blocks and the connecting joint, which form the fulcrum of the levers: then there is a small bar from the connecting joint, carried and attached to the bar which is taken up by the side of the box seat, at the coachman's right hand, to put on and off, and on the side of it is placed a rack with a number of teeth, for holding the lever handle fast, while the drag is on.

The third drag was somewhat on the same principle as the last described, but was wrought by a wheel and ratch, and carried up to the box seat by a perpendicular shaft, so that it appeared in the middle of the box seat, between the coachman and passenger, there being a crank handle placed upon the upright shaft, and a rack forming a half circle, filled with teeth to receive the crank handle, to hold it fast while operating. I may state that the crank to which I saw this one applied, had the box seat a good deal longer, I suppose fifteen inches, than the common size of (box) seats.

Fourthly and lastly.—The drag to which I wish more particularly to direct attention, I had an opportunity of seeing in operation upon a barouch adapted for either one or two horses, and which I shall now attempt shortly to describe. The bush in which the

screw runs was firmly bolted to the body of the carriage, and the arms projected out to both wheels in the same manner as the lever one; a small bar was attached to the screw which was carried out to outside of the body, at the off corner, as near as possible to the coachman's seat, and at the same place, was raised an upright shaft, being at right angles to the horizontal shaft, which proceeded from the screw; these two shafts being joined by a pair of small metor pinions: consequently, the upright shaft is so contrived as to be taken up at the back corner of the box seat, which is quite as convenient to the coachman. Upon this is placed a crank-handle or a small wheel, which in a turning-lathe is termed a back power-wheel; thus, by the coachman turning the handle or wheel, he screws the blocks to and from the wheels at pleasure.

After having given a few of the particulars regarding the different modes of dragging coaches in Scotland, it may not be out of place to state some of the advantages derived from the safety drag. I shall refer to a fast four-horse coach, whose time must be kept, at least as near as possible. In the first place it is of the greatest importance to the horses in a hilly country, where drags must be used—the coachman is obliged to pull up his horses and, I may say, bring the coach to a stand, but if an active guard is upon the coach, he can so manage as not to allow the horses to come altogether to a stop, but when they arrive at the bottom of a hill, instead of the horses getting away freely, perhaps a good way up the next hill, before they would feel the weight of the coach, they are forced to stop and pull at the wheelers to press the coach back to get out the shoe from under the wheel; by this the coachman loses a few minutes which he is under the necessity of making up by putting the horses to the gallop.

When there is no guard, and it is getting greatly into fashion in Scotland to have four-horse coaches without guards, the coachman is obliged to give his reins to the passenger who is on the box-seat, while he is adjusting the drag, perhaps having twelve or thirteen outside passengers; and it is a question if this said person ever had reins in his hand before, the danger that is attended by giving the reins of four spirited horses to such a novice to hold is therefore very great.

I remember when travelling a few years ago by a four-horse coach (no guard) heavily laden, the coachman pulled up at the top of a steep hill to put on the drag, and while about to do so, committed the reins to a young man, the box passenger. The horses were impatient to get off, and the fellow being unused to the management of horses, and evidently not a little vain of his trust, pulled the reins with all his might, when to his astonishment and dismay the animals ran backwards, forcing the wheels upon a low wall in the rear, but for which, coach, horses, and passengers would have all been dashed over a precipice. When the off-wheeler found himself so much confined, having a very bad mouth, he immediately plunged and threw himself down. The scene was laughable to those who had the presence of mind, when they saw there was no danger. The passengers got so much alarmed

that some of them could do nothing but display their nice open countenances—all mouth from ear to ear! The lady passengers, who were inside and out, screamed of course, and the more they were assured there was no danger, the louder they screamed; in the meanwhile, others were making the best of their way down, some falling over the wheels, others down between them, &c. &c. But the poor unfortunate would-be knight of the whip showed every symptom of distress—his countenance changed to all the colors of the rainbow. He willingly resigned the box seat and reins, and took up his position on the hind seat of the coach, proving himself to be a better guard than a coachman, for he put on and off the drag, and all the other little necessaries, till the end of our journey. This conduct impressed, I trust, deeply upon his mind that it required a little more delicate treatment to handle the mouths of four high-spirited horses than lasting a pair of Wellingtons—for he appeared to be a shoemaker.

As I have noticed some of the disadvantages of the old drags, it will not be necessary to dwell longer on that part of the subject, but I will try to show a few of the advantages that are derived from the safety drags. We shall refer to the first mode. Let the country be ever so hilly, the coachman does not require to alter the pace of his horse; when near the top of a hill the guard gets down to the lowest step, and screwing the blocks to the wheels, regulates the pressure of these block according to the steepness of the hill, consequently the wheel horses, as well as the leaders, get away quite free before the coach with their pole chains shaking as loose as their traces. If any of the horses should be so unfortunate as to come down, the coachman can pull up the coach quickly; but if there is no drag, perhaps the poor brute may be pulled to the bottom of the hill. When going up a steep hill, should any of the traces break, this drag can be put on in an instant, then the coach cannot go back; or if a hill should happen to be so steep that the horses require a rest for a few minutes, by putting on the drag the horses stand quite as even without any draught on them—when they are sufficiently refreshed the screw is undone, which frees the wheels. If a horse or horses should even be in the happy mood of thinking of running away, by screwing the drag up as tight as possible, I'll guarantee they will neither run far nor long. These advantages are so obvious it is of little use to mention any more of them. The lever is a very good one for a light pair coach or any small carriage, but it wants strength for a heavy coach. The third was not a long survivor—it did not work so freely, and was immediately thrown out.

As the first mode is considered to stand in the superlative degree above the second and third upon a coach or carriage where there is a guard or servant to work it; as the screw has more purchase than the lever power, &c., for whatever it gets it will retain; so the fourth should stand much above it, for it suits either with or without a guard or servant, the handle of it being at the coachman's right hand, he merely requires to put his whip into his left hand under his thumb, or into the whip case, either of which does not

interfere with reins or horses' pace, then screw the blocks to the wheels as tight as he is inclined. When near the bottom of a hill, he turns the handle the reverse way, which takes back the blocks, the horses get well away, perhaps at a gallop, and if a steep hill is quite close, they will be up a good way before they feel the weight of the coach.

These drags, even of the worst mode, would be very acceptable on the mails between Glasgow and Lancaster. The mails from Edinburgh to Darlington have a decided advantage over them, and it is a great saving to the horses, and safety bestowed on the passengers.

These safety drags may be applied to any coach, chariot, carriage, barouch, &c., without the least inconvenience; and from the quickness and certainty of their operation, they are calculated to render most important services to the driver, and to ensure comfort and safety to the party or passengers, even in the most dangerous situations.

POLECHAIN.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for May, 1842.

THE FASHION OF BONNETS O' BLUE.

From the "Spirit of the Times."

Oh who is not charm'd with the Fashion!

The Fashion of Bonnets o' Blue—

'Tis already all over the nation,

This Fashion of Bonnets o' Blue.

The people don't like it at *Boston*,

Tho' brilliant, and dashing, and new;

They say 'tis not *haut-ton* but *horse ton*,

This Fashion of Bonnets o' Blue.

Had they been the leaders of Fashion,

And *Long* kept the lead in our view,

They'd have called on the beau-monde to dash on

And follow the Bonnets o' Blue!

But left in the rear of the Fashion,

The Fashion of Bonnets o' Blue—

They hardly know what in the nation,

'Tis best for old Boston to do!

They'll rally again; 'tis the Fashion,

And surely bring out something new,

To out-shine the New Jersey Fashion,

The Fashion of Bonnets o' Blue!

Tho' Boston's behind the new Fashion,

And left in the rear it is true;

It never was known to put trash on

When others were sporting the Blue!

John Bascombe, a beau of high fashion,

Some time a top sawyer, 'tis true,

On the saddle no longer can dash on,

For he is not near *thirty-two*!

Then hurra! for Boston and Fashion!
 The Fashion of Bonnets o' Blue—
 The best in the world's estimation—
 The tip of the MODE are these two!

Llangollen, Ky, May 16th, 1842.

ROSIN THE BEAU.

Dear Sir,—I send you a *jeu d'esprit* struck off at a heat. I got the "Extra" in six days. Is it not wonderful, 7:32½! and 8 miles in 15:17½!! Where shall we stop—not even there, I'll venture to say. Forty-six feet and a fraction per second throughout 8 miles, and 46 feet and 72 decimals per second through 4 miles, nearly 46 feet nine inches per second!! John Bascombe ran 4 miles and 40 yards in 7:44, equal to 45 feet and 758 decimals per second; and this obtained him the laurel and the saddle. But Boston and Fashion have beaten this into fits.

The English authorities, in giving the relative velocities of moving bodies,—and they are not disposed to underrate any thing of John Bull's—give the velocity of their best *hares* at 38 feet per second, of their best *ships* at 19, and of their best *race horses* at 43 feet per second; so that I think it probable that Boston and Fashion have not only made "the best race in America," but in the World. You see that my apprehensions, expressed in my last, have been realized.

"I prefer my dead son to any living son in Europe," said a noble hearted Monarch: So say I of Boston—I prefer this noble animal, though beaten, to any horse living. His effort in the 3d mile of the last heat was beyond every thing within my knowledge. Very truly yours, J. L.

PIGEON TRAP-SHOOTING.

CINCINNATI, May 15th, 1842.

Dear Sir,—We have a small shooting association in this city entitled the "Cincinnati Independent Shooting Club," which has been in existence only about three years. Annually the Club have a shooting match at Pigeons from the Trap for prizes. There are about 20 persons attached to the Club. Their annual trial at Trap Shooting came off at WINTER'S Anglers Hall, (a beautiful place about four miles below the city,) on the afternoon of the 13th inst. The place for shooting, however, is by no means favorable for good work, as it is on a side-hill, part of which is quite steep.

On the present occasion, the Club determined to shoot for three prizes, one a silver cup valued at \$10—another valued at \$6, and the other at \$4—the winner to select any other article he might chose in lieu of a cup. Each person was to shoot at 12 birds. Only twelve members of the Club turned out, and they selected Doctor J. L. VATTIER and Mr. F. G. RINGGOLD to make choice of sides, the losing side to pay the expenses of a collation, wine, &c., to be enjoyed by way of refreshment immediately after the trial of shooting was over.

Doctor Vattier won first choice, and the parties were selected in the order designated below; the performance of each is attached. Owing to the nature of the ground it was agreed that a bird to be counted as killed, should fall within a circle of 90 yards from the trap, which is ten yards less than usually allowed. Distance from the stand to the Trap 19 yards.

J. L. Vattier.....	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	9
J. W. King.....	1	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	8
J. Winter.....	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	9
W. T. Taliaferro.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	9
W. Disney, Jr.....	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	8
M. N. McLean.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	6

Total number killed..... 49

F. G. Ringgold	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	12
M. Doll	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	10
J. F. Conover	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	7
H. Zumer	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	7
E. Burdsall	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	7
J. H. Beard	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10

Total number killed..... 53

This was the report of the Judges, and it will be perceived that the side of Mr. Ringgold was victorious, and that Mr. Ringgold took the first prize. Messrs. Doll and Beard being a tie, shot off for the choice of the two remaining prizes, which was won by Mr. Doll, he taking the second and Mr. Beard the third prize.

The Judges then made a trial at double shooting, or two birds sprung from the Trap at the same time—which resulted as follows, viz:—

J. Dawson	1	1
W. Corben	1	1
J. P. Tweed	0	1
J. Gibson	1	1

The foregoing is a specimen of as fine Trap Shooting as is often witnessed especially if it be taken into consideration, that several members of the Club never shot from a Trap more than two or three times before. Some of the members were quite unfortunate in having their birds to fall a few feet beyond the 90 yards, viz: Major Conover had one to fall about three feet beyond the line—Dr. Taliaferro had one to fall about 10 feet—M. N McLean, Esq., had two to fall, one three and the other about ten feet outside the line. These were of course not counted, but had the distance been that usually adopted by shooting Clubs, all these birds would have been counted. The shooting throughout was excellent, scarcely a bird escaping without being palpably hit. I think our Club may fairly challenge any other Club (members taken promiscuously, as ours were,) to excel the exhibition of shooting here submitted.

A large number of amateur shots, and other gentlemen, were present to witness the sport—the day was fine, and every thing went off unusually well. The members, Judges, and a number of invited guests, partook of a capital collation with the exhilarating concomitants, (prepared in Mr. Winter's best style,) after the shooting was over, and all appeared to be highly gratified.

Your friend

C.

From "Bell's Life in London."

Caution to Bleeders of Horses.—Last week Mr. George Gales, a highly respectable farmer residing at Ipswich, bled one of his horses with a fleam. In wiping the fleam, he slightly scratched one of his fingers. The wound was so trifling that he did not notice it at first. In a few hours afterwards he felt a pain in his hand, which quickly spread up his arm, and at last was so violent that surgical aid had to be called in. Assistance was, however, called in too late, as he expired almost immediately afterwards. The general opinion is that the virus of the disease of which the horse died had entered the scratch, and passing up the arm, impregnated the whole system. Mr. Gale was much respected by his neighbors, and his death is universally lamented.

Notes of the Month.

J U L Y.

CHALLENGE FROM MISS FOOTE TO ZENITH.

Louisville, Ky., June 4, 1842.

We will run Miss Foote (four years old, by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Gabriella) against Zenith, Four mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side, half forfeit, the race to be run over the Lexington or Louisville race course, the Monday preceding the Fall meeting of 1842, according to the rules of the Course selected. Miss Foote will pay Zenith two hundred and fifty dollars to come to Louisville, or she will receive two hundred and fifty dollars and go to Lexington. This proposition will remain open until the 15th of this month. The forfeits to be secured by notes to the satisfaction of the parties.

To CHARLES BUFORD, Esq., Scott County, Ky.

HEINSOHN & COCH.

"PRESENTATION OF PLATE."

We have received two of those worn by Mr. GIBBONS' *Fashion*, the Champion of the American Turf, in her great match with LONG and JOHNSON'S *Boston*, and two also, of those worn by him on the same memorable occasion. One of each is intended for the editor of "*Bell's Life in London*," after they shall have been properly set and lettered, with the number of races run by the rival champions of The North and The South. The time of "*The best race ever run in America*"—7:32½—7:45—will not be omitted.

We have also received one of the plates worn by Mr. BOSWELL'S *Jim Bell* of Kentucky, and one of those worn by Col. BINGAMAN'S *Sarah Bladen* of Mississippi, when they ran four mile heats at New Orleans, in 7:37—7:40!

We also have one of those worn by Mr. BAIRD'S *Miss Foote* of Alabama, when she beat Earl of Margrave, Hannah Harris, and Luda in 8:02—7:35!

Also one of those worn by Mr. WELLS' *Reel* of Louisiana, when she beat Luda and John R. Grymes in 7:40—7:43!

The above, added to one worn by Messrs. KENNER'S *Grey Medoc* of Louisiana, in his race beating Altorf and Denizen, in 7:35—8:19—7:42—8:17, makes our "*Service of Plate*" sufficiently complete for the accommodation of "*a pleasant party*," which in number should not be less than the Graces nor more than the Muses! This "*plate*" of ours is of a description of "*ware*" that will not readily *wear out*! Indeed it has seen service already and has withstood a deal of "*wear and tear*!" Those of Boston and Fashion especially, have received some hard knocks, and in size, as compared with those worn by Miss Foote and Reel, they are as "*fish dishes*" to "*dessert plates*." In weight one of Fashion's plates exceeds that of Jim Bell and Reel added together. Sarah Bladen has the largest foot and Miss Foote the smallest; the latter's plate weighs exactly one ounce! The plates of Fashion and Boston are of the same size; for a fore and hind foot they weigh five ounces.

Our "*Service of Plate*" will be appropriately arranged in a case with suitable devices and inscriptions, and placed upon exhibition. In the meantime, any additions to the collection in the shape of a whip, spur, stirrup, plate or bridle, will be duly acknowledged, and "*the smallest favors*" in this way, "*gratefully received*."

RIFLE SHOOTING—CHALLENGE.

Mr. Editor,—I read in the "*American Turf Register*" for May, an article on *Rifle Shooting*, exhibiting a fair specimen of shooting, made by Mr.

CLARK'S Patent Rifles. If Mr. Clark is sincere in giving those targets as "a fair sample," I will bet him \$500 that he cannot procure a man in Massachusetts who can make six successive targets equal to those exhibited as a fair sample.

When he accepts this offer, I will bet him \$500 more that I can beat his Patent Rifle at any distance from 50 to 200 yards, off hand, with a Rifle made and loaded in the old way, without the aid of a false muzzle and made at least five years ago.

I will remain in New York four weeks. Address, through the New York "Spirit of the Times," when it shall be immediately attended to,
New York, June 13, 1842.

D. LUMAS.

The following is a Postscript to a letter from "A Young Turfman," dated Natchez, May 20 :—

The following young things are in light work in Col. Bingham's stable :—

1. B. f. *Sultana*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Chuckfahila.
 2. Ch. f. *Sunbeam*, own sister to John R. Grymes.
 3. B. f. by Woodpecker, out of own sister to Betsey Malone—a pretty filly, but rather light—Col. B.'s nomination in the Peyton Stake.
 4. Ch. c. (J. Routh's) by Eclipse, out of Imp. Volante.
 5. B. c. (H. Elliott's) by Medoc, out of Natchez Belle.
 6. B. c. (N. Hoggatt's) by Post Boy.
 7. B. f. (P. Hoggatt's) by Imp. Philip, dam by Pacific.
 8. Br. f. (R. Ten Broeck's) by Trumpator, out of Luda's dam.
 9. B. f. *Donna Fanny* by Imp. Doncaster, out of Fanny Wright.
- All the above are 3 year olds but the last, and she is 2 years old.

In Mr. MINOR'S stable, also, in light work, are

1. B. f. *Falcon* (H. T. Duncan's), own sister to Grey Eagle. Very handsome, fair size, well formed and a good goer.
 2. B. f. *Lisette* (H. T. Duncan's) by Sir Leslie, dam by Contract.
 3. Gr. f. *Lady Jane*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Jane Grey.
 4. Gr. f. *Little Nell*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Nell Gwynn.
- The three first are 3 year olds, the last 2.

I have the pleasure of informing you that Col. Bingham's Fanny Wright has dropped a remarkably fine foal to Leviathan this spring, and will be bred to him again. That Mr. Minor's Imp. Britannia has dropped a very fine b. f. foal to Pacific, and Telie Doe a very fine b. f. foal to Belshazzar, at the farm of Mr. G. B. Williams, near Gallatin, Tenn. The former will be bred to Belshazzar, and the latter to Leviathan. Imp. Orleans has dropped a very handsome b. c. foal to Grey Medoc and will be bred this season to Imp. Doncaster.

A. Y. T.

RACE COURSES AND JOCKEY CLUBS.

Association Course, Lexington, Ky.—We are apprised by several correspondents, including the lessee, that the "Kentucky Association" have leased this fine establishment to Col. Y. N. OLIVER, for a period of five years. Col. O. is favorably known as the proprietor of the Oakland Course, at Louisville, etc. A new Jockey Club is to be organized, and the purses are to be increased to \$2,000, each meeting. As about nine tenths of the horses trained in Kentucky are within a few miles of Lexington, the meeting will doubtless be unusually brilliant. The course itself is a very fine one, and is situated within a mile and a half of the city; the stables, etc., are well arranged, and with a trifling outlay the establishment can be made one of the most complete and convenient in the Union. The Fall Meeting is fixed for the 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.

Though we cannot but prefer that our race meetings should be under the management of an Association or a Club rather than that of a Proprietor, yet in the present instance Col. Oliver's long experience and standing as a manager is a pledge that there will be no lack of spirit, liberality, or courtesy on his part. The South Carolina Jockey Club at Charleston, is a model of what our Clubs, every where, should be. It is a chartered association—the oldest Jockey Club in the United States, and beyond all comparison, its meetings are most attractive and popular. Its members comprise the most eminent citizens of the State, and the Club is a wealthy corporation with an annual income of \$10,000 or more. A large portion of this is expended by the Club in contributing to the entertain-

ment of its guests and the brilliancy of its meetings. The Jockey Club Ball is the great event of the season, with the *elite* of the elegant and refined society of South Carolina, while the hospitalities and capital arrangements of the Club are the theme of remark and delightful reminiscence with every one who has ever enjoyed the pleasure of being its guest. The Club not only gives large purses, but all its arrangements are on the most liberal scale, and yet so admirably is every thing managed that its income exceeds its expenditure by several thousand dollars per annum! No wonder that "Race Week" in Charleston is "the Carnival" of Carolina!

A Turf Club for the Midland District has been organized at Kingston, Upper Canada; J. B. MARKS, Esq., was chosen President; Dr. Sampson, Vice President; F. Henderson, Esq., Treasurer; E. Murney, Esq., Secretary, and Major Sadier, Clerk of the Course.

Race Course in Havanna.—A friend of ours has received a letter from Mr. CRAMER, of Charleston, S. C., relative to his establishment of a race course near the city of Havanna. The site for the course has been purchased and laid out; its location is described as superb, while it is but three and a half miles from the city. The erection of stands, stables, etc., will be commenced in October, and will be completed in season for a meeting in January; it is the proprietor's intention to make the stands quite superior in point of convenience and elegance to anything of the kind in this country, while the purses, to induce the attendance of American Turfmen, are to amount to \$7000! In good hands a course at Havanna should make a man's fortune in two or three years.

Fall Meetings at the North.—To prevent interference with each other, and also to obviate the necessity of running in November, when the weather is usually cold and unpleasant, we would suggest to the Proprietors of the different Northern Courses to arrange *the time* of their Fall Meetings forthwith. It is due to the owners and trainers of horses, too, that they should be apprised as early as possible of the precise date when the races will commence. There will be a meeting on the Beacon Course this Fall, in addition to that on the Island, and at Trenton and Camden. It has been intimated to us by several Turfmen that they would prefer to have the first meeting commence as early as the 20th Sept. At this season the theatres have commenced their winter campaign, and the Northern cities are thronged with strangers. See to it.

ARTHUR TAYLOR, with Boston, "made a straight coat-tail home" from Camden, leaving the stable of Col. JOHNSON in charge of WILLIS, the celebrated jockey Willis, who rode Bascombe in his match with Post Boy, now "packs so much weight" himself, as to be unable to ride 126lbs. He promises to make, like Mr. LAIRD and Arthur Taylor, as good a trainer as he was formerly a jockey. Under the tuition of such preceptors as "Old Nap." and Arthur Taylor we shall be disappointed if he does not prove himself, like Frank Buckle, "a great creature in his line of life."

A Nashville correspondent, well known on the Turf, writes us in relation to the Great Match, the Peyton Stakes, &c., as follows:—

"I was the only man here that hung on to Fashion, yet they both did better than I expected. The course must have been in good order, the horses both fine as to condition and quality. You see our best are about as good as the English, but they have more good ones.

* * * * "The Priams are doing well, and from strong mares they must go the distance.

"Mr. KIRKMAN's nomination in the Peyton Stake ran at our meeting. He is a clipper and will be about the *winner*; I would take him *vs.* any two! If his fore legs stand, book him to *win*!"

The "Great Western" steamer, Capt. HOSKINS, sailed from this port on Thursday last, with ninety-four passengers. Among them were J. PRESCOTT HALL, Esq. and lady, of this city, and FRANCIS P. CORBIN, Esq. of Virginia. Mr. H. is the President of the N. Y. Jockey Club, and goes abroad to enjoy a brief relaxation from his arduous professional duties—at the Bar. The Ameri-

can Sporting World was never better represented abroad than it will be by Messrs. H. and C. We flatter ourselves that ere long, our readers "will hear of something to their advantage," from the circumstance.

Mango, a fine mare by Taurus, out of Imp Pickle, walked over for the J. C. purse, four mile heats, at Columbus, Ga., last season, which not being reported, was not placed to her credit in our list of winners in 1841. *Mango* broke down in November last, in a three mile race at Hayneville, Ala., which she won, notwithstanding, in 5:53—5:54. She is the property of Hon. J. S. HUNTER, of Hayneville.

It is now currently reported at Washington that *Carrier Pigeons* were sent off from the Union Course immediately after the match between Fashion and Boston. Whether such was the fact or not, it is certain that long before the news could reach the seat of Government by ordinary channels, some pretty extensive operations were made on the race. No less than \$1500 were picked up by one party in the little city of Georgetown, while the denizens of Alexandria "suffered some." Of course in Washington many were "done brown!"

Obituary.—Died at Glenambler, Va., on the 9th inst., in giving birth to Franklin, by Rocker, in the 16th year of her age, the well known race mare *Multiflora*, by Sir Archy. She was the property of JOHN J. AMBLER, Esq., who had her decently buried on the spot where she fell. The orphan foal was immediately taken in charge by Mrs. WALDROP, the wife of the manager of the Glenambler estate, under whose kind care he is thriving apace, and will probably live to do credit to his two grandsires—Sir Archy and American Eclipse.

Mr. SMITH CODDINGTON left this city on Monday afternoon, on the "South America," for Albany, on his way to Canada, with *Lady Canton* and *Hector Bell*, from JAS. B. KENDALL'S stable, Baltimore. They will meet in Canada with several of their old competitors from Long Island and New Jersey, such as Eliza Derby, Trenton, Fleetfoot, Prospect, Meridian, Peter Pindar, Elliptic, Tempest, etc.

Moose Hunting in Canada.—The "Mercury" of Quebec, furnishes the following interesting statistics of the number of Moose killed by the different parties of the Guards (the Coldstream and the Grenadier) in their several excursions. It would be highly gratifying to the friends of the parties here and at home if they would draw up for publication a detailed account of some of their most interesting hunting excursions.

Capt. the Hon. C. Grimston, Coldstream	}	-----	3
Capt. Robinson, " "			
Lieutenant Melville, " "	}	-----	5
Lieutenant Oswald, Grenadier			
Capt. the Hon. J. Lindsay, " "	}	-----	7
Lieutenant Bradford, " "			
Captain Daniel, Coldstream	}	-----	3
Capt. Elrington, A.D.C., " "			
Capt. Coulson, Grenadier	}	-----	15
Lieut. Lord Stopford, " "			
Lieut. Powell, " "	}	-----	46
Lieut. Wynyard, Grenadier			
Lieut. Reeve, " "	}	-----	1
Lieut. Ellice, Coldstream			
Capt. Lord F. Paulet, B.M.	}	-----	2
Lieut. Colonel Greenwood, Grenadier			
Capt. the Earl of Caledon, Coldstream	}	-----	11
Capt. Lewis, Grenadier			
Lieut. Lord Stopford, Grenadier	}	-----	—
Lieut. Col. Crawford, Grenadier			
Capt. the Hon. C. Grimston, Coldstream	}	-----	93
Lieut. Melville, " "			
Capt. Hulse, Coldstream			
Total.....			93

This last named gentleman was accompanied by Mr. Kendall, the naturalist, who killed seven. The Hon. Capt. Grimston killed also a cariboo, the only

one shot by any of the hunters, though their tracks were occasionally seen by several of them. None of the parties were absent more than fourteen days from the garrison, of which not above six or eight were spent on the hunting grounds.

Messrs. Tattersall have sent us a list of the Stud of Lord CHESTERFIELD which they will sell by auction on Friday, the 9th of September next, the day after Warwick races. It includes the stallions Don John, Hornsea, Colwick, Jereed and Prizeflower; and twenty-one Brood Mares including Industry and her dam, Arachne, Progress (Attila's dam), Katherina (Rowton's dam), Peri (Sir Hercules' and Capt. Stockton's Langford's dam), sister to Ainderby, Dirce (Sir Harry's dam), Mayflower (Prizeflower's dam), &c., &c., besides many yearling, and 2 and 3 year old colts and fillies. The foals will go with the mares.

On the 18th ult., at Dublin, came off a match of 50 sovs. against Time, between Lieut. Peel (nephew of the Premier), of the 60th Rifles depôt, stationed at the Pigeon-house Fort, and Major Wynyard of the 58th Regiment, in which the former undertook to perform the arduous task of walking 15 miles in three hours, was decided. The ground was in the Park, from Castleknock-gate to the Phoenix, one mile. A very considerable number of fashionable spectators assembled on the occasion. Mr. Peel won the wager, performing his work easily, eleven minutes within the given time.

Lottery, the celebrated English steeple chase winner, lately was handicapped to carry 214 lbs. ! and yet was respectably placed at the finish! Only imagine a horse carrying 214 lbs. over four miles of a stiff country; agreeably diversified with some half dozen stubborn bullfinches, two or three rasping six-foot fences, and a twenty-foot brook or so !

NAMES CLAIMED.

"Under which king, *Bezonian*?"—The fine bay colt, 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Priam out of Fantail by Sir Archy, has somehow made his way into our pages under the very appropriate name of *Troilus* (a son of Priam slain by Achilles during the Trojan war). We cannot now account for the circumstance. In a recent letter from E. TOWNES, Esq., of Lynesville, N. C., he claims for this splendid colt the name of *Regent*, and a very good name it is. Mr. E. writes that his brother and himself have recently purchased the whole interest in him at a very high figure. He adds of *Regent* that "he was bred by THOS. M'GEHEE, Esq., of Person County, North Carolina, who also bred from the dam of *Regent*, *Mary Lea*, by Timoleon, *Catharine Davis* by Tonson, *Black Prince*, by Imp. Feyld, and *Adela*, by Tonson; all good runners; besides other winners of less note."

Regent has won all his engagements, to wit:—a two yr. old sweepstakes at "Buffalo;" the great Sweepstakes at Newmarket on 26th of April last; the Sweepstakes at Washington City, and at Baltimore; running the 2d heat at the latter place in 1:47½ perfectly at his ease. He is near 16 hands high, with *very large* bone, and great substance, a rich blood bay; and it may be truly said of him as of English Eclipse, that in all his races, "he was never for one moment distressed, at the speed or rate of a competitor."

GIBSON MALLORY, of Shelby County, Ky., claims the name of *Espilce* for a ch. c. foaled on the 27th April, by Grey Eagle, out of Gabriella (George Martin's dam) by Sir Archy.

ROBT. MATHEWS, Esq., of Shelbyville, Tenn., claims the name of *St. Cloud*, for a ch. c. foaled 20th of April, 1840—by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Bay Mare, by Old Partner, her dam Fanny Gibbon by old Carolinian, her dam, Fanny Green by Virginian.

JAMES P. CORBIN, Esq., claims the name of *Jemmy Long* for a b. c. by Imp. Cetus, out of Commencement (the dam of Laneville), by Arab, foaled on the 12th inst. Commencement and Idle have been sent to Imp. Trustee.

Maj. H. T. DUNCAN, of Lexington, Ky., claims the name of *Hebe* for a superb bay filly foaled on the 23d ult., by Woodpecker out of Ophelia—consequently an own sister to the renowned Grey Eagle. "It is, in appearance, everything that heart could desire." Ophelia is again stinted to Woodpecker.

Capt. JOHN EUBANK, of Lunenburg, Va., desires us to claim a name for a

fine bay filly by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Eubank, foaled on the 18th of March last. The names of Cassandra and Ilione (Priam's daughters,) having been already claimed we would suggest that of *Parisina*.

Mr. FREDERICK HERR, of Louisville, Ky., claims the following names:—*Rebecca Tyler* for a br. f., by Imp. Merman, out of Josephine by Waxy, 2 yrs. *Moll Brook* for a b. f. by Merman, dam by old Potomac, 2 yrs. *American Eagle* for a gr. c. by Grey Eagle, out of Josephine by Waxy.

W. G. CAGE, Esq., of Gallatin, Tenn., claims the name of *Warlock*, for his 2 year old b. c., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Kirby by Stockholder.

TURF REGISTER.

GREY MEDOC'S PEDIGREE, ETC.

The pedigree *in extenso* of this celebrated son of the lamented Medoc is furnished below, having been desired on several occasions:—

Grey Medoc was bred by JOSEPH G. BOSWELL, of Lexington, Ky., in 1835. He was got by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand—g. d. by Imp. Buzzard, g. g. dam Arminda by Imp. Medley—g. g. g. dam by Imp. Bolton—g. g. g. g. dam Sally Wright by Yorick. [See American Turf Register, Vol. 2, No. 2.] Arminda was bred by Col. John Hoomes, of Virginia, and foaled in 1790. She was purchased by HAWES GRAVES, at the sale of Col. Hoomes, and by him brought to Kentucky. The Buzzard mare was bred by Hawes Graves, out of Arminda, and the Bertrand mare, by Dr. BOSWELL, of Lexington, Ky. The Bolton mare foaled in 1776, was bred by Col. Hoomes, out of Sally Wright, and she out of a full bred mare of Col. TAYLOR'S. [See page 100, Vol. 2, American Turf Register.]

As there was no Register before the American Revolution, it is not probable that the pedigree of Col. Taylor's mare can ever be known (unless access could be had to Col. Taylor's private Register, if it exists). Nothing can be finer, or more fashionable than his five known crosses.

Yours, &c.,

The following description of Grey Medoc is given by Mr. BLACKBURN, ("Uncle Ned.") We hope TROYE will paint his portrait this season for the "Spirit," as a companion to the other "Gallant Grey," whose portrait has already been published.

Grey Medoc is a dapple grey, 15 hands 2 inches high, under the standard, without his shoes; he has a well proportioned head and neck, the former clean and bloodlike, with wide nostrils, fiery eye, and large throttle; his shoulder runs well back into the sway; his back bone is particularly large, and with his fine loin shows great power to carry weight; his thigh and stifle are well muscled, and his hocks not to be improved, with no possibility to throw out a curb; his limbs are free from blemish and clear and flint like; he is very deep through the flank, with remarkably well arched back ribs. In his general make and appearance, Grey Medoc bears a striking resemblance to the portrait of the celebrated English race horse, Gimcrack, to whom he traces through imported Medley. His blood is rich and without stain.

Grey Medoc has made faster time than any other race horse on the continent, having run one heat of four miles in 7:38, another heat in a different race in 7:35, and a third heat in the same race in 7:42. These performances might well be expected from a horse tracing back his pedigree to such a stock as *Medoc*, *Bertrand*, *Imported Buzzard*, *Imported Medley*, &c. &c.; and it is presented as a question of etiquette to the sporting world, whether the Eclipse saddle, given to John Bascombe for his unexampled performance at that time, in his race with Post Boy, should not now be presented to Grey Medoc.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

AUGUST, 1842.

Embellishments:

GETTING INTO A DIFFICULTY;

Engraved on Steel by E. G. DUNNEL, from an Engraving by BECKWITH after ALKEN.

OUTLINE PORTRAITS OF ATILA AND OUR NELL,

Winners of the Derby and Oaks, 1842.

ALSO

THE ASCOT GOLD CUP FOR 1842.

On Wood by CHILDS.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Last Campaign," by "Observer," is postponed until next month, in order to accompany it with the elaborate "Tables of the Best Time made by American Horses at all distances," which was prepared by a friend of ours for J. S. S., of W. Nothing so complete has ever been published.

The report of the great match between Fashion and Boston appears not only in the London Sporting Magazines for July, but is widely copied in the provincial journals of Great Britain. It appears to have excited the liveliest interest everywhere, and we expect to read it in six months in the "Bengal Sporting Magazine," published in Calcutta!

There is a prospect of another race between Fashion and Boston, to come off during the Fall Campaign. Both are in fine health and have just gone into training.

"A.," in reply to "Observer" and the Editor—on the subject of Wagner and Sir Charles—in our next. His article on the "Limits of the Race Horse Region" will appear in the "Spirit of the Times" of the 30th July.

ILLUSTRATION OF TROTTING.

THE increased attention paid to Breeding and Training the TROTTING HORSE throughout the country, and especially in the Northern States, has induced the publisher of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" to avail himself of an opportunity of presenting his subscribers with a superb *Illustration of Trotting*, engraved on Steel Plate, after an Original Painting. The picture referred to is characterized by great force and truth, and presents a faithful and graphic sketch of

THE LATE EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING MATCH IN HARNESS,

BETWEEN

RIPTON AND CONFIDENCE,

Over the Centreville Course.

The Portraits of these celebrated Horses, as well as those of HIRAM WOODRUFF and WILLIAM WHEELAN, their trainers and jockies, are lifelike and spirited in an eminent degree. The peculiar action of each horse is admirably hit off, as well as the style of jockeyship which characterizes their drivers, each of whom, like the renowned Frank Buckle, is "a great creature" in his line of life.

The painting was executed by that distinguished young artist, Mr. J. W. OWINGS, expressly for the purpose, and is already in the hands of Mr. DICK, the engraver. It will be brought out early next month—if possible, in season to be distributed here on the occasion of the Great Sweepstake on the Beacon Course, in which Ripton, Confidence, and Lady Suffolk are nominated.

The publisher has the pleasure to state that the PORTRAIT OF COL. JOHNSON, the "Napoleon of the Turf," is in a state of great forwardness. An eminent artist is constantly employed upon it, and it will be produced at as early a day as the high finish which this beautiful specimen of art is to receive will allow.



GETTING INTO A DIFFICULTY,

New York Engraved for the American Fair Register and Sporting Magazine

GETTING INTO A DIFFICULTY.

Drawn by H. ALKEN, and Engraved by H. BECKWITH, for the London "Sportsman."

Copied for the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine,"

BY E. G. DUNNEL.

IN the June number of the "Register" was given the first of a series of Illustrations, from the pencil of the celebrated Alken, wherein the *difficulties* of the Chase are delineated with great truth and effect. The illustration alluded to was very properly lettered "*Going to Cover, to meet the Difficulty.*" In this number our readers are presented with No. 2 of these felicitous illustrations, in which it will be seen that the votaries of the Chase have not been "slow" in "*Getting into a Difficulty.*" The picture from which our engraving has been taken, was originally executed for the London "Sportsman," the editor of which magazine remarks, in his April number, to the following effect:—

"Having already expressed our intention of commencing a series of engravings illustrative of the "Difficulties of the Chase," from the pencil of Mr. Alken, of whom we leave our readers to form their own judgment respecting his ability as an artist; we have this month presented them with the second graphic sketch with which we have been favored from the same pencil. The justice which our talented engraver has done to the subject will not be called in question, as to our certain knowledge he has retained the vivid characteristics of the original with the utmost fidelity.

To offer instructions on fencing to most of the fox-hunters of the present day, would under other circumstances than those illustrated in this engraving, appear presumptuous. To a few only, as those but lately entered, and to the younger aspirants after venatorial fame, the following practical hints—some of them derived from our own experience, and many others from more accredited sources, may not be altogether unwelcome.

Never ride at a gate that by probability is unfastened; to do so when it is actually on the swing would be madness: for as many good leapers measure heights and distances so accurately as almost always to brush the former, and exactly span the latter, so a gate on the swing, or even unfastened, would in all probability fly open, and the horse, instead of topping it, would first find himself swinging on it, and next rolling, rider and all, headlong from off it. There are a few rules which will apply to most cases, and such as we think all must allow; of these we venture to offer the following as an example:—When you know your horse to be a safe fencer, be his fashion of performing his leaps what it may, do not attempt to alter it; and, whatever you do, by no means hurry such a horse, however prudent you may find it to do so with others. Some horses, although sufficiently eager to get on, will always pull somewhat up at a timber leap, particularly if it requires any extraordi-

nary exertion, which forms an exception to what follows. In most other cases than that just noticed, a very high timber leap will require a fair run, a fair take off, and a full *cram* to carry your horse over: never, however, attempt such a leap merely to show off either yourself or your horse during the run, for several others of a similar kind may be *forced* on you; and be assured that every such leap tells, and takes much out of your horse, as must be evident when we consider how much exertion he has to make to raise you and himself in every such leap to the required height, and also how much to recover from by the shock given to his frame in his descent. Avoid following too closely when another is taking a timber leap, for should he fall, you may either kill him or yourself; and, at all events, you will lose your own credit. Do not force your horse at timber of any considerable height when he is at all distressed, for should he come down, he will come down with great force from his previous fatigue, and will most probably injure both himself and you. We would again caution the young aspirant after fame in field riding, against forming a resolution to take all his leaps, be they what they may, on the gallop; on the contrary it is actually good riding to pull up at some leaps, of which we have pointed out instances, and to take them either standing or from a walk, or at most from a gentle canter. Few horses, except buck leapers, can jump with ease to themselves from the trot; thus, even when they have been previously trotting before they reach the leap, they break into a canter. Some of our best riders also will not ride hard at timber, be the leap what it may. We are told, indeed, that Mr. Assheton Smith, a notorious good judge of field riding, with the exception of brooks, never rode hard at any kind of fence whatever."

TURCOMAN HORSES.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM HERAUT TO OURENBOURG, ON THE CASPIAN, IN 1840, BY CAPTAIN SIR RICHMOND SHAKESPEAR.

[THIS is a narrative consisting of the journal taken by the author upon his route in 1840. Being a subaltern in the army of the Indus after the taking of Ghuznee, he was employed upon an important diplomatic mission, the object of which was to obtain the withdrawal of the Russian army, which was at that period advancing upon, and within three days' march of, the city of Khyva. Sir R. Shakespear, having marched from Heraut to Khyva, was successful in the arrangement of a treaty between the Khan of Khyva and the Russian General, the prominent conditions of which were, on the part of the latter, that he should withdraw the Russian army within the limits of the Russian empire; on the part of the former, that the Khyvans should restore to the Russians all the Russian prisoners who had been taken and held in slavery by the Muscovan subjects of the Khan of Khyva. The detention of these prisoners had always formed the pretext of Russia for its advance against the Khan's dominions; and, in or-

der to destroy this effectually for the future, Sir R. S. guaranteed to the Russians the restoration of *all* the prisoners within the Khan's dominions—and for this purpose, personally undertook to collect and march them in safety into Russia. He accordingly liberated and took charge of these prisoners, upwards of five hundred, and with the whole number crossed from Khyva to the Caspian. He left the prisoners at Ourenbourg, passed through Russia, being every where received with enthusiasm by the countrymen of the prisoners, and on his arrival at St. Petersburg obtained a ratification of the treaty from the Emperor, and had the honor of receiving his thanks publicly.

On his arrival in England, he received promotion and rank for his services, and is now Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief of the Bengal army, at present in the Khyber pass on its way to relieve General Sale.]

IT may be as well, now that this journey from Heraut is over, to make a few remarks respecting it. The fatigue was certainly very great, but I know not whether the climate of Heraut has improved my constitution, or whether habit has made me indifferent to many little comforts—but I did not suffer. I had only a small tent of two cloths, through which I might have taken altitudes of the sun, and at night I never dreamt of pitching this apology for a tent. I am convinced that when marching for months together, and independent of supplies at the places where you halt, the native plan of dividing the distance to be crossed in the twenty-four hours into two stages, is a good one; and should another army of the Indus leave India, I think they would find this plan answer. Your camels and your cattle have the cool of the morning and evening for work, and the middle of the day to feed, and they have a good night's rest, instead of being loaded or harnessed in the middle of the night. The last five or six miles of a sixteen-mile march ruined our gun-cattle on the Affghan campaign; when the same sixteen-mile march, if divided into two portions, morning and evening, would have given no fatigue to the beasts. As for the trouble to the men of pitching their tents, I think the natives seldom pitched theirs, and the Europeans only when the heat was very great. The men have the trouble of twice loading, but they ought not to grudge this, seeing that the baggage-cattle will last them longer. They certainly take as little care of their horses as any people in the world: one groom is considered sufficient for three, and the only grass the animal gets is what he can pick up within the range of his tether: three cosseers (six lbs.) of barley is considered ample in the twenty-four hours. Immediately you dismount, the girths of the saddle are a little loosened, and a blanket thrown over. In about an hour, when he has somewhat cooled, the saddle is taken off his back, and a blanket and all the thick felts you have, are clapt on, and there the poor beast stands (however hot the sun may be) until about an hour before you load again, when the one groom takes the clothing off his three horses, and with the bare palm of his hand goes through a process which he is pleased to call cleaning the three horses. He never dreams of washing or cleaning the hoofs, and his chief aim seems to be to clean the tail carefully; this he drenches with abundance of cold water, and if the flies are not very troublesome, he ties a knot about halfway; the saddle is then clapt on his back, with heaven only knows how many pads under it to prevent its galling.

When all is ready, you are requested to mount, which is an affair of much ceremony, at which all hands attend; one man takes hold of the off stirrup, a precaution necessary to prevent the saddle coming round with your weight; a second gives you the near stirrup, a third puts his right hand under your left arm, and all the lookers-on, as you rise, exclaim in chorus, "Oh God! may it be propitious!" and when the whole party is mounted, a hearty ejaculation of "In the name of God!" is given, and off you start.

The result of this neglect of the cattle is, that of the whole number which came with me, every one, horse, yahoo, or mule, except the horse I rode, of whom more anon, arrived dreadfully pulled down, and there was only one baggage pony out of the whole of the cattle that had not a sore back; some of the saddle horses in particular were dreadfully galled; but if the Affghans have the knack of causing sores, they certainly know how to cure them. One poor beast in particular, a saddle horse, (the one ridden by the Wolf from Heraut to Merve,) had on the march an enormous wound on his back, from which a most offensive smell exhaled. I had little hope of this beast surviving, but they brought him to me to-day in almost tolerable condition, his wounds had healed up, and he looked healthy. They never poultice to extract matter, but stuff loose cotton into the sores, and change this cotton frequently; when the sore has filled up, they rub henna over the part, which they believe makes the hair grow and hardens the skin.

We have heard much of Turcoman horses and Turcoman horsemanship—I confess my opinion of both is, that they are alike contemptible. I had for my own riding a horse called Choorlie, which had been bought of the Turka Turcomans by the chief of the tribe, of Hazarah Demauks, by whom it was presented to government. This horse's speed and powers of endurance were so famous amongst the Turcomans, that every man I met had heard of him, and the importance of my mission was considerably enhanced by the possession of this animal; and yet I would not give, in India, 400 rupees for him. He has a great deal of Arab blood, yet his head and neck run out exactly on a prolongation of his back-bone, and with his nose stuck out he shuffles along more like a cow than a horse; his mouth is dreadful; I would not undertake to turn him round in much less than an acre of ground, and he is of so sluggish a disposition that I was obliged to keep the whip constantly playing against his side. As for leaping he has not the most remote idea of it, and I don't think it possible he could get over a four-foot ditch without having a tumble—so much for his faults. Now for his virtues—he keeps his flesh well under long marches, eats any thing that comes in his way, is as quiet as a lamb, walks fast, and ambles nearly eight miles an hour. I timed this horse at a race, over very bad ground indeed, and when he was not in the least pressed by the other horses; the distance was one mile, five furlongs, and 170 yards, measured by a perambulator, and this distance was done in three minutes and forty-five seconds. I am no judge of such matters, but whether this was a good or bad time, it

must be borne in mind that the ground was covered by small ravines and loose stones. He is a perfect horse in the eyes of the Turcomans, and whenever he is taken to water the people collect to look at him; he is a dark bay, strongly formed about the hind-quarters, with a long, high-ridged back-bone, rather heavy shoulders, and stands about fourteen-three. His name, "Choorlie," was given by the Turcomans in consequence of a large scar which he has over the knee of his near fore-leg; but in general their celebrated horses take the name of their owners.

The price of one of these known and tried horses is about 1200 Company's rupees (£120,) though of course there are some that are not to be bought at any price.

The Turcoman mode of training is very different from that followed by our racing characters. At one year and a half old the tuition of the infant Childers commences;—a child is placed on his back, who walks him about slowly, at first a very short distance; and when he can masticate grain they give him a little barley or jewarree; the clothing is always very warm; a great deal of food is given in the twenty-four hours, but very little at any one time, and but little water, but the pace is never increased beyond a walk; and when not taking exercise he is either in the tent or close to it, so that he becomes from his earliest days perfectly domesticated and docile. At about three years and a half old, they commence training him for a trial, which is but little different from his former training; the distances are gradually increased, but the pace does not alter for many days. At length the poor beast, not being able to walk over sufficient ground in the day, is led about at night, until his flesh is brought to a consistency. If melons are procurable, he gets large quantities of these in addition to his other food; and at this stage of the training he is allowed to eat as much grain as he pleases, but never much at any one time, and he is never allowed much water; a system of sweating is then gone through, and gradually the pace is increased into his best gallop, at which he is at last kept for ten or twelve miles, and then he challenges all the world! without having received one ball or seen a drenching horn. Think of that, ye knowing ones!

The only advantage, unless you are a racing character, in purchasing one of these tried horses, is, that you get a beast whose constitution and sinews are hardened by constant exercise, which has been so gradually increased that the animal is not strained or injured, and is able to go through the severest exercise for days together, without loss of condition. But if you are fond of scampering across country, or twisting and twirling your horse about, you must not come to this market, for all people will decide that both horse and man are mad; and a compact little Arab for hunting, or a pleasant canter, is worth all the Turcoman's horses I have yet seen.

All the best Turcoman horses have a cross of the Arab blood. I brought with me a handsome compact Arab as a present to the Khan Huzarut. This horse was seldom ridden on the march, and taken more care of than the other horses; but he had been accus-

tomed to two grooms scrubbing his back for hours morning and evening, and to more grass and grain than I could give him, and he fell off sadly on the road, arriving here in such wretched condition that I wished to keep him for a fortnight; but on the second day I was requested to send him to the palace. I urged the miserable state of the nag, but they told me that a Turcoman liked to judge of a horse when he had little flesh; and on my sending the horse, all the spectators were loud in praise of his form and strength. The head of the Turcoman horse is long, his neck is light and long, and he has seldom any crest; his shoulder is heavy, his pasterns are short and straight, hoofs good, hind-quarters and loins very broad and strong, but his hocks not sufficiently curved, and his fore-legs covered with splints, which are occasioned by the peculiar mode of shoeing; in short, he is exactly adapted to the work required of him—to march twenty or thirty days, at the rate of fifty or sixty miles per diem, with his nose straight before him, never once turning round, and never breaking out of a walk or amble. So much for their horses, now for their horsemanship.

Any man who has crossed a Turcoman saddle, *must* feel that though it is difficult for him to tumble off, still it is morally and physically impossible for him to govern his horse. In one of our saddles a man is part and parcel of his horse, and the animal *must* obey the rational being; but seated on one of these affairs called saddles here, a man feels that he is at the horse's mercy; he has the consolation of knowing that the beast is perfectly quiet, and will walk straight along the road; but being yourself raised at least five inches from the back-bone of the horse, and your knees being forced out from his sides by the pad on which the saddle-tree is placed, you feel at once the utter impossibility of governing your horse; and to one accustomed to a light-mouthed Arab, well on his haunches, the first touch of the mouth of a Turcoman horse is sickening; you feel at once that the case is hopeless, and that you *must* progress in a straight line. Now, as this peculiarity of mouth and saddle is universal, the result may be imagined when a body of men, on such saddles, and horses with such mouths, charge. It is impossible, as a friend of mine observes, to change "the direction of the headlong impetus;" and if the flank is turned, the whole are thrown into deplorable confusion. I should say that one of Skinner's horses, with sword and spear, would master three Turcomans similarly armed; and I will answer for it, that H.M. 4th Dragoons cut up 5000 Turcoman horse, *if* the latter presumes to charge, or will venture to wait for a charge. A good deal is said in neighboring states of Turcoman valor; but I cannot hear that they ever attack parties of equal numerical strength, and in a fair open plain. Their assaults are something like those of the *valorous* cat on the feeble mouse.

“ KENTUCKY AND THE KENTUCKIANS.”

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

Resumed from page 19 of the present volume.

“ Nae man can tether time nor tide,
The hour approaches, Tam maun ride.”

AFTER AN early breakfast, *therefore*, on next morning, we departed, each on his particular route. Our humorous friends, the knights of the saddle, went on to effect their meeting with *Black Sal*—Caleb to Hendersonville, to make sale of his year’s crop of tobacco—and your humble friend, the chronicler of these events, to the cabin of his young kinsfolk on the Ohio, where “Beta” had the “Deer Hunt,” and not *in* Ohio, as it is entituled in page 247 of volume xii. of your “Register.” But as the destinations of these latter worthies had for some distance a common road, they started and travelled, for the most part of the day, together. And, being about the same age, and of feelings and opinions not dissimilar, we mutually enjoyed the association. Many a memoir of infancy—many a story of the early times, and half forgotten jokes, personal and family, were “then and there” recovered from their dim and cob-webbed cells of memory. “*That* reminds me of another” anecdote, was, as usual, a grappling-hook to many a gem of that sort. How these old stories lie linked together by a chain of common principle, or closely resembling sentiment? And sweet it is—isn’t it?—for congenial souls to recal them, one by one, for their mutual gratification or amusement. To my mind they come up like a host of early friends, parading in a dream. Gradually I “recollect the features of that face,” so natural to me—“I must have seen it before,”—while another countenance, with bright eyes and merry mouth, can never be forgotten. *Its image is ever on the heart.* And so, one after another, pass on the mirror of my pensive memory, playmate and master, the joyous or the sad, the long absent and the long buried! I love to recur to these scenes of other years. I cannot “let by-gones be by-gones.” If they awake one transient emotion for the past—if they give life again to a single ludicrous or grotesque attitude, which once, in playful boyhood, amused my various hour, I am repaid. It is all the same to me,

“From grave to gay, from lively to severe,”

like another butterfly, on its unsteady course, in the spring morning, my fancy, leisurely and on tremulous wing, will float from the “gay, gay rose,” to the modest harebell or the humble weed-flower—seeing all, settling a moment for rest, amusement, or sage

reflection upon each, *and loving all*. For are they not God's works? And gave He not to me these wings and these wishes?—the wings to soar upon, and the wishes, so various, like His works, for the enjoyment of them? I can but think so.

But pause we here, in our butterfly career, to return to the path of our devious narrative, if we can find it. After the full indulgence of all these tastes, we had halted at the top of a long hill to say a few words at parting, as, at this point, our roads separated. A wagoner was coming up the steep road, blythely whistling to his team of six noble bays, while they to the merry music of their bells, were bowing their proud necks and stretching the cords of their sinewy thighs, to reach the pinnacle on which we were. Now and then tee sharp smack of his whip rang through the woods, in their harmless and playful music over the leaders' heads, or to the right or left, as the whim of the driver suggested. Occasionally he suspended his whistle to say a word of cheering and friendly encouragement to his steady and faithful servants.

"*Gee up, there, Jolly! There's a good boy. You Shark! get along there, you old villain, you! Gee—wo-haw.*"

Thus conversed the driver with his team, as they slowly but steadily drew the heavy wagon up the hill. In the intervals of his whistling, whip-cracking, or talks, the horses would make those long and rapid respirations which are called *snorting*, but which always seemed to me like a sort of abstracted amusement, while the animal was engaged in a quiet but cheerful reverie. *Snort*, indeed! I suppose some naturalists would persuade me, too, that a cow is *not ruminating* on past events, when she "chews her cud." But these creatures *think* just as much while they are so employed, as my old uncle, Deacon Williams, when he *rubs his thigh*, while the preacher is expounding the text by metaphysics. Think? Why, they are the very pictures of thinking—of thinking, too, in the last and highest style, in the John-Tyler way—thinking in the *abstract*.

"There's a noble team of horses for you, Sir Caleb," said I; "six as good and true as ever stretched trace-chains, I'll warrant. And see! their master knows it, too. He gets off the saddle-horse as he approaches the worst point on the road. Look you, how reverently he strokes the neck of that stout, sleek old patriarch. He honors *him*—the others he loves and esteems merely. *But him he honors*. There is no carping or playing with *him*. It is all earnest and respectful. Well, well, there is a great deal in having a solid character, even among the horses in a wagon team! What say you, Sir?"

"Noble? I reckon it is a noble team. What other sort should Al. Haywood drive? How are you, Al.? What's the word, my old boy? How are the times with you? Glad to see you—give us your mutton stealer—Mr. L., Col. Haywood; a genuine Kentuckian, Sir, after our own hearts."

After the usual salutations of an introduction, Mr. Haywood lifting his broad-brimmed, round-topped, white-felt hat, from his forehead, replied to Caleb's many questions and salutations seria-

tim, and, unlike the Yankees, directly. Among other things he informed us that "old Atkinson" gave \$6 per 100 for tobacco, which, by the way, makes the product of the acre about \$50. He then pulled out from the broad tail of his blue Kentucky Jeans coat (which was stuffed with various presents for the *bairns*, as he called them,) a flat and spirally-twisted green glass pint-bottle, which he offered us, saying—

"Here, gentlemen, drink. It's the naked, Sir, but it's the best 'Old Bourbon' I ever saw—as good as 'Prince Hal' ever tasted, I know. Come, Cale, drink again. Your head's as strong as this old Saddle-horse, Hider Ali's. Drink, it won't hurt you."

Caleb, who had drank once as long as he could hold his breath, premised the second draught with—

"Well, as its from your old red-faced barrel at home; as I know Mary will scold you for bringing back any of this little bottle-full in such cold-taking weather as this, and as I have to drink also for my friend, this gentleman here—yes, you needn't stare so at his beast, for he is a gentleman, although he neither drinks nor rides a fine horse, and is not a Kentuckian. But the nag's borrowed, and so we must pardon him his figure as a horseman. I say as I have to drink for two, why I will try it once more."

Wiping, therefore, the chrystal drops from the stubble of his upper lip, he applied himself again to the beautiful liquid. Meanwhile I snatched the opportunity to scan the appearance of our friend Col. Haywood. And how different was this man from the picture which the "Gentiles" form of a "*wild* Kentuckian." They expect to see, in every young man of the South, a gay whiskered dandy, of bad habits, perhaps of bad morals, and certainly without industry, enterprise, or intelligence; and in every one of greater age, a broad-shouldered, pousy man, with a huge white hat, commanding his negroes from the back of his horse, under the shade of a tree—left standing in the middle of the field *for that purpose*. But here was a man (and with some knowledge of that people, I can but consider him as a very just sample of a large class of them,) in the general basis of his character a Southron, or slaveholder, and in his minute peculiarities a genuine Kentuckian—of excellent and cultivated understanding, temperate in his living, industrious, energetic and economical in his habits, and yet worth perhaps twenty or thirty thousand dollars—dressed entirely in "homespun," (a neat fabric of Kentucky Jeans,) driving his own team, and regularly assisting his own slave in attending to the wants of his horses, and all other work about the farm. What a people—what a land!

And it is such a land as this, good old Mother England, which you would disunite and conquer! A land with such sweet quiet hills as these of ours—no rock-ribbed mountains peering into the upper sky, with caves and gorges to conceal a coward banditti—with such plains and parks as these—no arid deserts to starve and parch the throats of our invading enemy; but hills and groves clothed with trees lovely in the verdure of their leafage, and grand to sublimity in their stature and their numbers—and prairies and

plains carpeted with green and velvet grass, and studded with flowers, as the night sky with stars. A land which God made, and which God beautified—a land bright beneath the morning sun, with its landscapes dissolving under the flitting cloud-shadows, but returning again with another moment to the enraptured gaze, to be fresh and eternal in its various beauty! It is a land whose hills are vocal with the lowing of herds and the bleating of the skipping lambkins, or resounding with the blows of the hammer and the axe, and their hundred echoes from the mocking hill-sides; whose vallies and plains are green like yours, with the rippling Spring-wheat, and merry with the morning songs of the happy ploughman: whose hills and plains and vallies are alive with a people, your kindred—their children and girls learning the language and singing the songs of old England—their youth and men reading our common history—the history of civilization and liberty—and all loving and honoring the names, and principles, and institutions, which you have erst loved and honored—The names of Alfred, the third Edward, Hampden and Sydney, of Shakspeare, Milton, Addison, and Scott;—the principles of Civil and Religious Liberty, of Truth, Justice, and Honesty, and the countless institutions of Charity, Religion, and Liberty, which we have alike inherited from your fathers and *our* fathers, from your God and *our* God. Oh! *is* it a land, like this, whose natural loveliness you would mar with war—whose sweet voices of the choral grove and the Christian Church, you would for ever silence with desertion or in death—whose villages and cottage-homes you would make desolate and lonely? Is this a land you would drench in blood? Are these a people you would conquer and destroy?

What is the answer in the hearts of your people, or in the bosoms of your rulers? (for these do not always wish alike.) But—of Subjects or of Queen—what is your reply? We fain would know, and we are in much doubt. If the press reflect your feelings, your people are divided. One portion of it has ever seemed to *hate* us—nay even to *contemn and despise*—in the family, to have used us as a target whereat to practice their several odious doctrines of “prerogative”—when driven out from your household, to have always nurtured their enmity by slanders and abuse. But often, from a far distant hamlet in England, or from a Lake-side in Scotland or Ireland, there does come to us, in a public paper, or it may be in a private letter, a voice of friendship and of love—awakening in us, as in a dream of infancy, emotions we long thought had been dried up with their fountains, and vibrating through cords we had for years supposed snapped and decayed. How is it? Are *these* but the tender affections of some brother spirit, making a weak and ineffectual struggle against that tide of American hatred, which will surely force him, in battle, to shed a brother’s or a kinsman’s blood? Are *those* (the bitter sneers, the mad and disgusting abuse of the Blackwood, the Edinburgh Review, the London Times, and their kindred prints,) the sentiments of the People, of the Crown, or the Nobility? Are they the *passions* of your Government? Must these fires of hatred have the

fuel of war? *If so, come on! Take* these hills and mountains, which are not our concealment or protection. Burn our unwall'd villages and cities. Silence our groves and churches. Murder our people and destroy their prosperity—if you can. *Would you do it? Can you do it?* The answer to the first question is in your hearts. The solution of the other is *not* with you alone. We dread the consequences, but we should not *fear* the result of the experiment. We do not desire to boast, although national vanity is one of our highest birth-rights—our chief English heritage. On the contrary, we know the weakness of our Navy, and the extent and proportionate helplessness of our adventurous Marine Commerce. We are fully aware that our Army, our “Peace Establishment,” is scarcely large enough for a nucleus, scarcely a kernel to that immense tree, which must shoot forth like the magic one of the fable, in order to avail us in war, either as a shelter or as shade. Nor are we blind to the contemptuous feeling which our people entertain towards our Militia as a national defence, to the sense of ludicrous shame which our Militia consciously show for themselves—marching out, with one eye all lit up with the pride of war and the fires of patriotism and bloodshed, and the other peering around *to see who laughs*.

We believe that, upon a sudden declaration of war now, the Commander of Her Majesty's Forces in Canada could give ten days' notice in the Ohio papers, and with ten thousand troops burn Cincinnati. Such is our present condition—so dependant on the blessings of peace—so exposed to the weapons of war. But our limbs and cheeks, as it were, are only exposed. Our vital parts are protected and safe. And when this nation is forced to stop her plough of Agriculture, to close the shop of Manufacture, and to furl the sail of her Commerce,—when she is driven, by grasping encroachment upon her territory, by impudent invasion of her soil and of her still dearer rights, or even by that constant leaking out of fierce hate and poisoned envy, from the Tory press (which has, by the way, now a higher responsibility than the representation of the interests and feelings of the second power of the realm,)—when by either or all of these causes, the United States shall be dragged into a war, fearful will be the consequences and dire the result to both nations. Despite all the present advantages of England, they cannot remain with her. It is unnecessary here to particularise all the evils which she must suffer in such a contest. She knows them, and duly appreciates them too. And John Bull is neither behind Brother Jonathan, nor any other nation, in a due estimate of the value of the “good things of this world.” Indeed he is like our Saviour in one respect. The Devil took both to the top of a mountain, and offered them the kingdom of this world if they would bow down to the mammon of unrighteousness. But, unlike that holy being, John took the bribe. He bartered his soul for power and money, whenever both could be had, but for *money* at any rate. That worship has never ceased. And (“give the devil his due!”) that “kingdom of the world” has grown wider and stronger. Petty provinces in France have been relinquished

for continents in the West, and for millions of unwilling subjects in the East. In the name of religion he overturned the power of Papal rule, to rear a State-church as greedy of gain and as intolerant in her dogmas. In the name of liberty he violated the rights of his subjects in Jamaica, that he might cant and whine about his "expensive philanthropy," while he gorged himself upon wrung tributes of the millions of Hindostan and his other provinces of slaves. In the name of temperance, hundreds of thousands of his subjects "took the pledge," and gabbled over their tea in pious horror over the "table excesses" of their French neighbors, while they waged a relentless war against "Barbarian China," in behalf of an intemperance the most horrible to be conceived—and fighting for lucre only (notwithstanding the specious sophistry of that old man Eloquent—the much abused Ex-President Adams,) *high-way robber-like, they took a bribe to stop the war.* In the name of the "integrity of the empire and the balance of power," they blew up Jean D'Acre like an exploding steamer, while they were claiming and invading Afghanistan, upon a plea of necessity and convenience. Truly John Bull is a great people!

Yes, England knows well the value of her commerce with the wide world, checked—of her American markets lost forever—her best and safest colonies severed from the parent stock, and, in another instance, become Independent, "Enemies in war, Friends, but Rivals, in Peace"—not to compute the blood and treasures wasted in a fruitless enterprise, and the tenure of her Government upon the affections or the fears of her uneasy subjects, shaken or broke. She knows them all. But her pride, that other ruling passion, which has so often been leagued with her—avarice, in the rude and open commission of wrong, and her native Bull-dog ferocity—may now make her blind to, or reckless of these calamities. If so—so let it be! "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." I love not to contemplate the terrors of such scenes and perils as may be now above and around us. May God avert the awful consequences of war to our people—the consequences to their prosperity, their morals, their civilization, and their happiness!

As to this *hostility of the British press* to this country—a scatter-brained fellow (as prophets generally are), over the signature of "Gamma," in the June number of your last year's Register, enclosing certain grotesque and ridiculous passages, describing this feeling, puts this language into the mouth of John Bull. "May be you'll be a man yet, Jonathan. And as you are *of good blood* (dam-me, a sort of bastard of *our own*.) you will do well, quite well, &c." Now mark the "prophecy fulfilled." The January number of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, in an article called "The World of London," after a long, and, as is usual in that magazine, a low, Billingsgate abuse of the Americans, through the person of some "ill-bred republican biped," or some imaginary personage (for John Bull is dreadfully given to exaggeration, if not to downright invention of his incidents), and after giving to this animal, real or imaginary, a very unnecessary consequence,

unless he really intended to represent him as a sample of the Americans, has the following passage:—"We should be sorry indeed to suppose that this remarkable item represented his nation; on the contrary, we imagine him to have been a living caricature of the American Citizen, who is no doubt *modest, well-bred, Christian-like, and sensible, as becomes his British origin.*" And yet, notwithstanding all this generosity in not judging these "modest and well-bred" British descendants by this simple specimen—"the impression produced upon the company by the conduct and conversation of this sample of transatlantic humanity, appeared to be unqualified disgust with—Christopher Columbus—for having discovered America!"

Poor, poor Columbus!—thus to have lost the recompense of all his labors and sacrifice of his genius, by the verdict of six "modest, well-bred, Christian-like and sensible" British gentlemen. Alas, alas, poor Kit Colon!

Again, in the same work for December, 1841, in an article on the "United States," we find the following specimens of "British modesty," "British valor," and "British truth":—"But the epithet 'immortal,' applied to Washington, is not just in any other sense than as it may be applied to any other successful *culprit.*" "If ever man was a *rebel*, that man was George Washington." "It is impossible to reconcile Washington's conduct with *honor,*" and that "he was the slave of an unconscientious ambition," etc. etc. Fine language this for a "modest and well-bred" gentleman to write—some hireling penny-a-liner, and base bootlick to the nobility—perhaps a "well-bred" descendant of Nell Gwynne—perhaps some portly and honest soap-maker's accidental heir, forever prating about "noble blood, divine right, the vulgarity of republicanism, the landed interests," &c. There are packs of such puppies, following the heels of the English nobility. A few of them write for the Tory journals habitually.

This article very fairly hits off one exhibition of our inherited national vanity, in our 4th of July "figures of speech, screamings of the American Eagle, and blotting out of the American Stars." These foibles are on a par and of a piece with "rousings of the British Lion," * * * "but the world-famous valor of the British troops," &c. &c.—just as silly, as conceited, and as contemptible!

But the last of these examples of "British modesty" is to come yet—"The blowing down of the walls of Acre, in a three hours' fire, *settled the matter at once,* proved the wisdom of taking time, the folly of having New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, *burned* in the third part of the time it had taken to settle the question at Acre; and though McLeod was seized, thrown into prison, and threatened to be hanged, there was no war." It is said that when the Jury came to that part of the testimony about blowing up an Acre of walls in three hours, they immediately bawled out "Not Guilty," and instantly scampered off through fear that their houses would be burnt up by "British valor," and their goods plundered by "British honesty and modesty" combined. How fortunate for the peace of the two countries that the Jury did not hear of the

entire destruction of a British Army by the guilty barbarians of Affghanistan! They might have deceived themselves into a supposition that British troops were not invincible in an invasion of others' territory. McLeod would certainly have been found guilty with that rebutting testimony.

Mr. Editor, since writing the above (which has been mislaid for two months), I have seen remarks in the April number of the Southern Literary Messenger, so much more sensible and better tempered than these of mine, in regard to this attack on Gen. Washington, that I had determined to withhold this entire article. And I send it now, out of season as it has all become, only to commend those remarks to the attention of Englishmen and Americans.

You see I have left the *stable* and ventured into nobler edifices. I suspect both you and your *readers* think my former class of subjects full high enough for

Yours truly,
ETA.

SALMON FISHING IN GOLD RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA.

BY PISCATOR.

“SALMON-FISHING, or that kind of fishing requiring most art, may be said to characterise man in his highest or intellectual state; and the fisher for salmon and trout with the fly employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then as to its philosophical tendency, it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings—fishes, and the animals they prey upon, and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather and its changes, the nature of water, and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relations, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature; amongst the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from amongst the higher ranges of the hills.

“How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odors of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the surface of the water to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout and salmon are watching them from below.”—SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

THE Province of Nova Scotia is, *par excellence*, the domain of the Angler. From its great inequality of surface and geological formation; particularly the long parallel ridges, trending from North to South, which form eight-tenths of its area—innumerable lakes dot the country in all directions, which generally communi-

cate with each other, and end in a considerable river. In all these Trout abound, whilst Salmon run up from the sea in most of the streams; and the Province, happily for the Angler, not being yet very populous, enough of those noble fish find their way up the rivers to afford him good sport. I am afraid, however, that this Saturnian age will not be of long continuance, and that the finny natives of the country, like the other American aborigines, must soon be sadly thinned, or disappear altogether before advancing settlement and population.

Having heard a good report of a Salmon stream, called *Gold River*, about sixty miles to the westward of Halifax, a party of four Officers of this Garrison was formed to visit it as early as the first run of salmon should take place. One of the number who had fished at the place several times before, volunteered to proceed as our avant-courier, in the month of March, to secure us the shelter of a house of some description; the idea of living in a tent, so early in the season, not being altogether agreeable. Our *partie quarrée* consisted of Major General Sir J——h D——n, Captain C——y, Mr. A——n, and myself.

We reached our Head Quarters, a farm house on a pretty creek of Chester Basin, on the evening of Saturday, the 23d of April; and found that our eatables and drinkables and other heavy baggage, which were sent by water, had already arrived. The house had been vacated for our accommodation, and there was no furniture; but we borrowed a few chairs and tables, and the servants soon shook down our Buffalo skins and blankets in the nooks and corners appropriated to each.

Soon after our arrival an Indian made his appearance with a salmon, which was plunged into boiling water, and in half an hour we were regaling on its curdy and delicious flakes. After a temperate quantum of what the learned term "diffusible stimulus," and the common people "whisky punch," with the accompaniment of a cigar or two, we retired to rest.

Next morning, being Sunday, we strolled towards the river after breakfast, which was distant a mile and a half, with the object of ascertaining the nature of the *locale*, and the character of the stream, before commencing operations on the following day. We found it a very fine stream—bold and rapid, and considerably flooded—the water having that clear, brownish tint so full of promise to the fisher. A wooden bridge crosses the river two or three hundred yards above the tide; and we found that the fishing-ground reached from this to the Falls, in successive streams, eddies, and holes, a distance of about three miles.

We discovered a small camp of *Mic-Mac* Indians near the bridge, who migrate every summer to Gold River, during the fishing season, from the neighborhood of Windsor. These Indians are the lords of the soil here; a grant of some hundred acres of land having been made to them by Government about thirty years ago, with a view of leading them to agricultural habits. This has been only attended with partial success, for it is not easy to wean the red man from his peculiar tastes; and moreover, the land here is

poor. But the condition of these people is prosperous—they possess some good land near Windsor, fatten bullocks for the Halifax market, and come here every summer to catch salmon; partly to cure and smoke them—which they do admirably—but chiefly, I suspect, for the enjoyment such pastime affords them, as amateur fishermen, uniting the *utile* with the *dulce*. Of one of them, at least, I can say—“*omne tulit punc-Tom.*” Excuse the pun, Tom; but poor Tom only shines in Mic-Mac,—

“*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulce*”

We found this identical Indian, whom I have apostrophized by anticipation, fishing with a rod at the bridge, and two or three squaws were exulting over a salmon he had just killed. As this person, yeleft *Tom Copp*, is destined to cut a figure in this narrative, I may as well describe him briefly—indeed, considering that he is only five feet high, I could not well describe him in any other way. At some not remote period there must have been a cross, legal or illegal, between our little hero’s ancestor or ancestors, and some Esquimaux tribe; for the low stature, square build, broad fishy face, and shark-like mouth of this hyperborean race, distinguished Mr. Thomas from his Mic-Mac brethren here, who were generally tall, and some of them fine-looking men. From this diminutive tribe, too, in all probability, Tom Copp inherited his skill and luck in fishing, his rare appetite, his love of dogs, his amphibiousness, his abhorrence of cleanliness, and several other good qualities.

Be this as it may, the active little Mic-Mac soon gave us a taste of his quality as an angler. Shortly after our arrival at the bridge, whilst gazing from the battlement at the rapid stream raging and foaming through the arches, we saw him hook a salmon with the fly immediately above. After some violent struggles and leaps the fish took down the stream, under an arch, and Tom’s line being run out to the last turn of the reel, he gallantly followed. It appeared doubtful for half a minute whether the fisherman would not be obliged to take to swimming, like his quarry, for the torrent was deep and powerful; but by dint of clinging with his nails, or talons, to the masonry of the pier, and scrambling and jumping from one rock to another, he at length emerged at the lower side of the bridge, with the salmon still firm on his line. Here new difficulties met him. The line got foul of a large tree that had been carried down by the flood, and the exertions of the active fish threatened to break it every moment. Again Mr. Tom committed himself to the stream—disengaged his tackle, and after a long and brilliant struggle, at length secured his fish.

Previous to setting to work on the Monday morning we found it expedient to engage an Indian attendant each, as well to neutralize his rival fishing, as to secure a guide to the best holes. Two of my companions chose *Jonny* and *Jemmy*—fine-looking Mic-Macs, of high character as skilful rod-fishers; but as Tom Copp had only begun to fish with the fly the season before, he seemed to be

somewhat in the back ground, notwithstanding the illustrious passage at arms (and legs) that had just taken place. However, having a presentiment that Tom would prove a valuable acquisition, I enlisted him on the spot, and promoted him at once to be my principal aide-de-camp and quartermaster-general.

We were all early afoot on Monday morning the 25th of April, and the dawn broke on me walking on the bridge, watching my arms, lying against the battlement, like a Paladin, blowing my benumbed fingers, and waiting until Tom Copp should emerge from an adjoining wigwam. At length he protruded his shaggy and coal black head, gave a slight "heugh!" and was soon by my side.

Gold River has only been fished with the rod about nine years, and one of our party, C——y, had been amongst the first fishermen. His descriptions of the glorious sport then enjoyed by the primitive anglers, *vulgò dicere*, made our mouths water, when contrasted with the comparative paucity of fish at the present day. For six or seven years the Indians confined themselves to the net and the spear; but latterly they began to copy the proceedings of the white fishermen, and some of them are now learned in the mysteries of the fly and the rod. The thickly wooded banks of the river were sadly in the way of the first fishers; but many trees have been cut down, and good stands cleared at the best fishing spots. Immediately below the Falls, which are very fine, is a circular excavation called "*Cumberland basin*," in itself a beautiful piece of water, affording good fishing. Next to this there is another excellent stand, called "*The Point*." A little way further down is "*Ince's hole*," so called from a Commissariat officer, who in the good old times killed fourteen salmon there in one day. Below this famous spot are several good streams, ending in "*Oak Pool*," a stand of great merit. In descending the river by the left bank from this point to "*Salmon hole*," at the head of the meadow, the stream is very rapid; but there are three or four eddies behind large rocks where one is pretty sure of finding fish. The meadow is a strip of alluvial land, extending three quarters of a mile above the bridge, where the current is strong, and contains a number of large boulders, each of which affords in its wake a convenient resting place for the salmon in ascending the stream. Close to the bridge, and down to the brackish water, are several good points, where, when the river is high, fish are often caught.

My Indian ally and I first tried the meadow, up to Salmon hole, but without seeing anything, for Tom said "Him no rise yet—him cold." On returning towards the bridge, I noticed one fine eddy behind a rock, which indeed we had fished before, but I thought it probable, as the sun had now risen, that the fish would be on the move, and therefore suspected some traveller might halt here to take breath. At the first cast of my fly a large salmon dashed at it greedily, but missed it. The unmeaning countenance of Tom Copp would have been a study for a painter at that instant: for its vacuity and phlegm suddenly merged into an expression of intelligence and the keenest interest. The small black eyes sparkled,

and the face became that of a lynx preparing for a spring on his prey, whilst he exclaimed, under a mistaken apprehension that I would cover the fish too soon, "Give him time! give him time!"

Due time (which, be it known to the fishing fraternity, is one minute,) was given, and *Mr. Salmo Salar* was permitted to resume his position near the bottom, when the fly was again lightly cast over him. He seized it, I struck and hooked him, when he made a desperate run up the stream, across and down the stream, and then commenced a course of most active dancing and leaping; whilst he was furnished with all the music that my reel could yield. All this time the Mic-Mac watched the proceedings with a critical eye, and although absorbed in the sport, I could not help smiling at his strange advice, when he feared I was pressing the fish too much—"Let him go! let him go!" nor rejoicing "I'll see you hanged first, Tom." After much lively play the salmon was adroitly gaffed; it was a fish of thirteen pounds, in prime season.

Our party met at breakfast at ten o'clock. Seven hours' active exercise in a cold morning gave a peculiar zest to the meal; and ardent and persevering were our attacks on friend Salmon, a colossal veal pie, and a mighty round of beef, to say nothing of parallelograms of toast without number, and fresh eggs by the dozen. I make no account of liquids, and therefore shall slur over the four or five gallons of tea and coffee expended on the occasion.

Some of the quadrumvirate resumed the fishing soon after breakfast, but others took a siesta, and went to the river at two o'clock. It was agreed that we should dine at eight, and that each of us—catch him how we might, by hook or by crook—should furnish a salmon in turn for dinner.

We were all busy at the river side till dusk, but our first day's sport was very inconsiderable—being only three fish—though we hooked and lost several. At dinner each of us had his own "misery" to tell. Our worthy chief had not seen a fish. C——y had *all but* caught three—A——n had had four rises, but it was no go; and as for myself, although I had secured three, I *ought* to have bagged or basketed half-a-dozen. However, one unquestionable salmon, the produce of our sport, was smoking on the table, and to it we set with the appetite of Harpies; whilst the cold round and the pie looming in high relief on the side table, (an inverted wooden box,) supplanted in due time the *debris* of the fish.

We had, of course, a *rechauffée* of our dinner conversation over our grog and cigars; such repetition being conceded by universal suffrage to sportsmen of all grades and descriptions, with only this proviso, that no two versions of the same exploit should exactly tally. And I believe this point was carefully attended to by three-fourths of our number; but as to the General, he had a very unsportsmanlike habit of sticking pertinaciously to the same story, as if it was a military position. With respect to the rest, we usually found our lost fish increasing in size as the evening advanced—then the French saying, which my old ally *Louis Dayrée* of the river *Jacques Cartier* used so often to quote, was very applicable—"Le poisson qu'on manque est toujours gros." One lucky salmon,

that had been hooked the first day and escaped, weighed thirteen pounds at dinner, was fully fifteen by the close of the second cigar, and I doubt not would have reached twenty in the course of the evening, if we had not gone early to bed.

On approaching Oak Pool, along the left bank of the river, on the second day of our fishing, I found that C——y had hooked a salmon, which took down the powerful rapid at the lower end of the hole. Having accidentally hurt his knee, C——y was unable to pursue the fish along a most impracticable bank, as the water was high; he therefore gave the rod to Jonny, his clever Indian henchman, who plunged at once up to his middle in the water, and followed the fish as fast as he could down the stream. At one place a long fir tree had fallen into the river and extended half across: threatening to nonplus Mr. Jonny. No such thing. Jonny waded and floundered out to the farthest branch, and conducted the salmon safely round it. Again, two rocks stood up like obelisks in the middle of the stream—the Indian manœuvred to lead his fish between them, and to hoist his line clear of the nearer rock. Lower down was a large rock, with a fallen tree athwart it, in whose branches the line stuck fast; and here I thought Jonny must inevitably lose his fish. But I underrated the dexterity of an Indian; for he cleverly overcame this difficulty also; and on C——y coming up, returned him the rod when the salmon was gaffed. It turned out only ten pounds in weight, but had been hooked by the tail, which gave it three-fold force, and enabled it to drag Jonny down the river, nolens volens.

Salmon have bad memories, and I recollect in my boyish days catching one on a Monday, in a hole where I had hooked a fish on the Saturday previous, which carried off my fly. On inspecting the mouth of the captive, I found my lost fly sticking in it, by the side of the fly that had just caught him. An incident somewhat similar occurred to C——y during this trip. He hooked a fish which felt very heavy, and took the liberty of sailing off with his fly and a piece of his casting line. Two days afterwards he caught the same fish, a little higher up the river, with the identical fly firm in his side.

At our second dinner, and throughout the remainder during our visit, there was more general satisfaction in talking over the adventures of the day, for our success had been more balanced, and we had all been tolerably lucky, killing many fine fish. The salmon tasted as well as at first to two of the party, but the other two were beginning to exclaim, or to look, "*toujours perdrix!*" As for myself, I have the misfortune to be, on all similar occasions, so far as salmon is concerned, a most persevering and inveterate ichthyophagist; and I believe the Major General demonstrated at Gold River, a similar heretical taste. In fact I estimate very lightly the man who wantonly abandons a classical dish! for such a person can never be a firm friend. What patriotic Englishman ever turned his back on a sirloin, or abjured a rump steak, or declined plum pudding and minced pies in their season? What Scot since those that bled with Wallace has ever vituperated a

haggis or sheep's head? I might easily run over all civilized nations, connecting them indissolubly with their national dishes—but I forbear.

I am not about to inflict on your readers a full diary of our proceedings, but shall confine myself to the chief incidents.

One day my aide-de-camp, Tom Copp, and myself, went up the river to Oak Pool, where, after a few casts, I hooked a good fish. When he had been played properly, I brought him near the shore, where Mr. Tom stood, gaff in hand, ready to receive him. I had the salmon close to his feet, but after making three futile attempts to gaff, the fish dashed out into the middle of the river and plunged violently. Tom looked very foolish, grinning with extraordinary vacuity when I rated him for his unusual awkwardness—indeed, he had hitherto gaffed brilliantly. At last my henchman bethought him of looking at the gaff, “where gaff was none,” for it had been wrenched from its fastenings and carried off by the fish. Luckily the wounded salmon continued fast on the hook; and when, after a little more play, it was once more brought to the edge, Tom seized it by the tail, pulled the gaff out of the poor fish's side, and held it up to my notice, with a visible expression of face worthy of an ogre.

Another day, after breakfast, I proceeded alone to a favorite stream beneath a rugged bank of the river, where the fishing was very difficult from the overhanging trees, the rapidity of the stream, and the number of huge boulders amongst which it wound. Under these circumstances, and deprived of Tom Copp's services, it might be inconvenient to hook a large salmon, who, no doubt, would avail himself of the difficulties of my position, and entrench himself behind some protecting rock. However, I dared the combat and threw out my fly as a gauntlet. The gage was soon taken up; for scarcely had the simulated insect alighted on the water when a huge mouth swallowed it, and I found I had got hold of a tartar. The salmon first shook his head gently, as if he wished to get rid of the strange string in his jaw by fair means—then more hurriedly and violently. After these ineffectual attempts he got into a passion, and made a running leap of six feet into the air, followed instantly by a succession of seven or eight more; all the while striking the line most scientifically with his tail, as if he had just been reading a chapter in dynamics. At length, on finding that this course of saltation was useless and exhausting, he rushed out into the middle of the main stream, brought his right shoulder forward, and away he went down the river at the rate of twenty knots an hour; whilst from my peculiar position I could not follow him without plumping up to my chin. When nearly a hundred yards of line had run out, occupying two seconds, the fish shot to his left, described a fine curve in the rapid stream, and brought up in the wake of a large rock. There he remained immovable, notwithstanding all my efforts—like Marshal Soult behind the Garonne, before the battle of Thoulouse.

Now, I was so situated that I could not move down the bank without making a turn to my left, which would wind my line around

the rock, where the salmon lay recruiting his strength, and an intermediate boulder also. Thus circumstanced, I had no alternative but to remain where I stood, keep him well in hand, long for Tom Copp, and trust to the chapter of accidents.

It was a part of the river seldom visited by any body but myself, from the great difficulty of approach; there was therefore little hope of assistance from any brother-angler. But when things are at the worst we know what a pleasant turn they sometimes take, and so it proved now; for on looking up the bank a fisher hove in sight a quarter of a mile distant. I instantly made a signal of distress, which he acknowledged promptly, and came running to my assistance: he then waded along a ledge and a fallen tree to the rock, and gaffed the salmon—a fine fat fish of sixteen pound. The friendly brother of the angle is Colonel C——n, M.P.P., to whom I here offer my public thanks; wishing him all imaginable luck, both on the banks of Gold River and in the Provincial Parliament.

About the end of the first week the General and C——y were a little discomfited by losing the services of their Indian attendants. The *measles* attacked the camp of the Mic-Macs, and poor Jonny and Jemmy were put hors de combat as fishermen. Fortunately one of our party was a medical man. He used to amuse us by accounts of the insatiable and most uncivilized fondness of his patients here for the few simple articles of the pharmacopœia he had brought with him; but of course they will get rid of this, like other traits of barbarism, as they become more enlightened. One box of pills was a “grand medicine,”—conveniently enough, for he said there was little else; but the sick Mic-Macs wished to be helped on the Morrisonian principle, in doses of ten or twelve pills at once—a greediness of galenicals quite inconsistent with the limited contents of the box. They all did well.

From one plague of Anglers on this Continent we were quite exempt—there were no flies—but as a counterbalance it was generally very cold in the morning—our wet lines were once or twice frozen to the rods, and the frigid wading was by no means agreeable, if no salmon rose, but with good luck no inconvenience of any kind ever annoys a good fisher. The “*triplex robur*” of the poet is pasteboard compared with the stuff he ought to be made off.

During our stay at the river we lunched twice after the Indian fashion—once near the head of the meadow, and again at Ince’s hole; on both occasions we had a salmon roasted. The process is this. A large fire is made at some pleasant spot on the bank, generally near some good fishing ground. A salmon, fresh caught, is split open, cleaned, and the back bone is taken out. It is then spitted longitudinally on a piece of wood, with three or four skewers across, and the spit is thrust into the ground before the fire. First one side is done, and then the other, and when the whole roast is accomplished, the fish and spit are put on a birch bark dish, and placed on the knees of the master of the feast. The inexpressibles of the angling brotherhood ought not to be offended at salmon fat, therefore if a little exudes, unless it is scalding, it is of no consequence.

The correct mode on such occasions is to eat with the fingers but we used forks ; and moreover, instead of imitating our Mic-Mac friends (who are all teetotallers) in lapping from the river, each man produced his bottle of porter from his pocket, handed his Indian attendant a foot or two of tobacco, and then complacently lighted his own cigar. All this time a second salmon was roasting for our red staff, and certain bottles of tea, prepared for their use, were distributed amongst them. These poor people appeared to enjoy their meal vastly, cramming their capacious mouths with long portions of the fish, dropped in endways, as the Neapolitans eat macaroni ; and as for Mr. Thomas Copp, who possessed great natural advantages for this, he pitched in the fragrant flakes at a rate that distanced all competition.

The coast of Nova Scotia to the East and West of our domicile is very beautiful : the bays and arms of the sea are bold, and run into the country in graceful sweeps, creeks, and sinuosities, whilst their bases are thickly studded with wooded, cultivated, and picturesque islands. To our left was the fine expanse of *Mahone Bay*, with the guardian *Tamcook* Islands as bulwarks from southerly winds. Immediately in our front was *Chester Basin*, with its tiny archipelago of islets, amongst which numerous flocks of wild fowl sported ; whilst far to the right was seen the perinsula covering *Lunenburgh* and the opening of its fine harbor.

This part of the Province was colonized by Germans and Swiss, in 1760. The people appear to be in comfortable circumstances, and in the possession of a large share of agricultural happiness and independence. The soil here, as generally throughout Nova Scotia, is thin and stony ; but there are numerous rich *intervals* of alluvial land among the streams and rivers ; and even on the slopes of the most rugged hills good crops are yielded, after the somewhat Herculean task of removing the rocks and stones is accomplished. We found the farmers extremely civil and by no means wanting in intelligence ; and had reason to believe that, in point of moral conduct, the inhabitants along the southern shore do not come short of the high standard of morals attained by the modern *Acadians* generally. Gross crime is unknown—the doors of dwelling houses and barns and stables are never locked ; and our tempting gear, of a quality never seen here before, probably, stood leaning against the fence enclosing the yard, close to the high road, day and night. A legal gentleman of *Lunenburgh* informed me that at the half yearly assizes of that place, embracing a population of more than fifty thousand people, there were scarcely ever more than one or two criminal cases ; and the highest law authority here assured me that this is equally true of every other Circuit in the Province. In fact the *Nova Scotians* are eminent in point of morality ; and I can myself bear witness that their rising capital, *Halifax*, contains the most orderly and quiet population of any town in which it has been my fortune to sojourn during a sufficiently wandering life.

Mais revenons a nos moutons, although our literal *moutons* do not deserve it ; for those which our friend C——y had purchased for

us consisted, without a figure, of nothing but wool and skin, and bone and horns, and were only fit to make meagre broth, when the bones were well pounded to extract the marrow. About the end of the second week we found that rounds of beef and veal pies, however vast, will not last forever, exposed to the assaults of four hungry fishermen and their servants, white and red, however eked out by the friendly salmon. There was nothing but eggs and potatoes to be had in the neighborhood—cocks and hens were all papas and mammas, or infinitesimally small children—ditto ganders and geese—ditto ducks and drakes, and lambs were yet uneatably infantile. An innocent calf, indeed, of the genus “staggering Bob,” having come to an untimely end, we obtained a side of the veal, which kept us alive two days. At length we found ourselves under the necessity of visiting Chester one day in quest of a dinner, which we ate at Smith’s comfortable Inn, in the pleasant society of two brother anglers of our acquaintance, who had their Head Quarters there. When about to start for home, A——n, like an excellent purveyor, bethought him of visiting the larder, where he found the remains of the dinner. He pounced upon a leg of roast pork, a breast of veal, and three-fourths of a ham, and remorselessly carried off these “*spolia opima*,” telling the bereaved Mrs. Smith to add them to the bill.

Towards the close of the third week the fishing had considerably fallen off—the first run of large fish was nearly over, and so many fishers were exercising their vocation in all directions, that it was no easy matter to catch a salmon. At this time the poor fish were sadly persecuted, and it was a very lucky individual who steered clear of the four or five tiers of nets on each side of the mouth of the river, escaped from Tom Copp at the bridge, evaded the spears of the other Indians along the meadow, and the flies of thirteen or fourteen rod-fishers threshing the water up the stream, and successfully ran the gauntlet past the nets at Cumberland Pool, and at the bottom of the falls. Moreover, we found we had now enough of exercise and amusement. Rising at three or four o’clock in the morning, and twisting and twining every muscle in the body amidst rocks and jungle, full of the horrid American thorn, and floundering in the water amphibiously till ten, and again from two till dusk, might be admirable training for a pugilist, or a runner against time, but was somewhat *de trop* for grave and steady gentlemen of fifty, or even younger people. Consequently, on the morning of Sunday, the 15th of May—the rest of which day, and all our Sundays, was most refreshing to our weary limbs—we resolved to start for Halifax, via Windsor, the next morning, after first trying to catch a fish or two to take home with us.

But the fates were adverse. The morning was cold and wet, and the salmon lazy. I rose one but he would not stir a second time. A——n hooked two and lost them. C——y after a cast or two went to bed. And our excellent chief had the mortification to lose a fine fish, after long play, by the bungling of his Indian attendant, who was the only bungler in the camp.

A list of the fish killed daily by each of us, with their weight,

had been regularly kept, and hung over the mantel piece of our mess room. On summing up, they amounted to 114, weighing about 1100 pounds, which was an average of ten pounds a piece. We had caught several fine salmon of fourteen and fifteen pounds, full of marine strength and vigor, with the parasitic insects of the salt water still adhering to their skin; and on the whole had passed the three weeks most agreeably. An utilitarian philosopher might shrug his skinny shoulders and deride our useless waste of time and labor, but we could afford to laugh at the criticism of the cynic. Our party had recruited their health and spirits by early hours and hard exercise, after the ennui and confinement of a tedious and cheerless winter. We had enjoyed to the utmost an innocent, an absorbing, and a delightful amusement. We had harmonized like brothers; and though last not least, we had in our little way, by acts of courtesy and kindness towards the remnant of an underrated but most interesting family of mankind, strengthened the tie connecting them with civilization, and thus promoted their best interests.

A tinge of pensiveness akin to melancholy shades the mind on leaving the scene of recent enjoyment, and I believe we all felt something like this when tying up our fishing rods and parting with the Mic-Macs. As for my friend Tom Copp, he and I had virtually concluded a treaty offensive and defensive—or rather, he swore allegiance to me on all future occasions of visiting Gold River, and promised to come to see me at Halifax. Perceiving that his much worn blanket coat was become a coat of mail, with the incrustated blood of a hecatomb of salmon, and that his other nondescript garments were in most miserable plight, I indued his squat figure with a cast-off fishing jacket, waistcoat, and trowsers, presented him with divers superannuated pairs of shoes and stockings, and placed a straw hat, wreathed round with flies and casting lines, on his greasy head. I then dismissed him with a present in money. I hope this active Mic-Mac will not entertain any unseemly feelings of vanity in his new dress; though of this I have some doubts, for Tom's wardrobe is now beyond all question the first in his tribe.

PISCATOR.

Halifax, N. S., May 26, 1842 — [New York "Albion."]

A VOICE FROM "VIENNA."

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

DEAR SIR: "The Duke of Vincentio" sends love and greeting to his old friend "Gamma." He reminds him of his jeer, some twelve months past, that "even he [Boston] would prefer that his friend from Vienna should cypher him into the thirties." To which the Duke boldly replied (page 424, vol. xii.) "This *can and has been done*, with Northern weights, and 126lb., too, about as clearly

demonstrated as $2 + 2 = 4$; *even anterior to the extraordinary achievement of Grey Medoc, so regarded by me.* Coming down to a mere canter, after all competition had ceased, in the fourth mile," [which Boston, I now believe, might *then* have run in $1:53\frac{1}{2}$, that would have enabled him to have run four miles on the Union Course in $7:30$!] "and closing the heat in $7:40$, clearly proves to my mind that Boston could then have *readily* run the four miles in $7:35$, or *even less time*, had he been 'called on.'" When called on by Fashion, in "the sear of the yellow leaf," at nine years old, with 126 lb., has he not responded to $7:32\frac{1}{2}$? An earlier call might have caused a more wonderful answer. But let that pass: Boston has filled the measure of his glory. Whether his victor is to rival his career to her ninth year, remains to be seen.

"A LOOKER ON IN VIENNA."

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the last Number of the "Turf Register," page 396.

ON PHYSIC.

I SHALL now proceed to point out the different ways of preparing the bodies of strong constitutioned horses, prior to giving them physic. I shall also speak of the effects of the medicine on their constitutions; and by what means such horses become refreshed from its use; and although I may recommend strong physic to be given to some few of them, yet I beg leave to observe, that I am by no means an advocate for giving strong physic generally. Nor do I approve of the practice of giving dose after dose to some lusty horses before they have been put into training, and with only the interval of a week or eight days between each dose; which was much the custom with grooms when I was first in the stable. When craving horses are become stale, from the causes already mentioned, and when sufficient time cannot be allowed to refresh them by long rest, it becomes necessary to attain this point by the use of physic alone; and then it becomes necessary not only to purge such horses, but to purge them briskly; that is, the medicine beginning to operate early in the morning, should, with the aid of exercise, continue to purge them freely, at intervals, until the shutting up of the stables the last thing at night, when it should shew some appearance of setting, and it should be perfectly set on the following morning. Nor must the groom be disappointed, if it can possibly be avoided, as to the time of its operating; his being

disappointed in this respect would most likely be a loss of time ; I mean, it would prevent his bringing his horse well to post at the meeting he intended.

Now, when a groom is going to physic any given number of his horses, he must, as I have already noticed, regulate the quantity of aloes he intends giving in each dose, according to the strength of the constitution of different horses ; for although they may all be what is generally termed strong craving horses, yet there will be some variation in this respect ! It is therefore more difficult to get the medicine to act on some than on others ; but, in regard to this matter, the groom must be guided by the observations he may have made on the working and feeding of his horses, and according to the difficulty he anticipates in the purging of one horse more than in the purging of another ; so will he make his arrangements in preparing each horse for his physic.

On the day previous to giving them their physic, it is necessary with a view, in some measure, to relax their bowels, that they should be kept during the day on mashes, with a small quantity of hay : and at night they should be sparingly fed with it. Let them have half of their usual quantity : some would be much better without any hay ; and such of them as are much inclined to eat their bedding, should have their setting muzzles put on them. On the following morning each horse should have a double-handful of mash given him ; and after each has eaten this portion, they should be got ready and taken out to walking exercise, for a couple or three hours. By taking these precautions,—preparing them with a mash or two the evening before, and keeping them overnight short of hay—the next morning while at exercise, they empty themselves, and their bowels become relaxed ; and when they return to the stables, their physic should be immediately given them ; and the following morning, it is more than probable, the whole of them will be found to purge in due time, with a less quantity of aloes than was generally given to such horses. The groom may add half a drachm or even a drachm of aloes to the quantity to be given to such horse as he is of opinion may be more difficult to purge than the rest ; and he may keep him out a little longer than usual at walking exercise, so that he may be more empty when he comes in ; and instead of giving him the whole dose of physic at one time, let the ball be divided ;—give one half immediately on his coming into the stable, and the other half at six o'clock in the evening. This method of giving the physic, with the strength of it a little increased, will be found to answer the purpose of purging almost any horse. The quantity of Barbadoes aloes used in each dose of physic for craving horses prepared as I have here directed, should average from five to seven drachms. It was usual to give ten drachms to these horses, and the same portion was sometimes given to lusty craving colts ; but there is risk in giving this quantity to horses thus prepared. When a groom has not a thorough knowledge of a horse's constitution, it would be advisable for him first to make trial of one or the other of the first mentioned portions of aloes, in preference to adminis-

tering either of the two last, to a horse which he may not have physicked before. There is another method practised by training-grooms in the purging of their horses, with a view not only to get the medicine to operate on horses difficult to purge, but also with a view to lighten them of their superfluous flesh; and as it was one by which they almost invariably succeeded, I have no doubt that many occasionally adhere to this old practice, when they find horses putting up flesh so very rapidly as some of them will do, notwithstanding the strong work which is generally given them.

A groom, finding it difficult, by the means generally adopted, to keep such a horse in proper form, to come a long length at a racing pace, gives him a dose of physic on the morning he sweats, in order to lighten him of his flesh, as well as to take the staleness out of him which the work has occasioned.

It is customary over night or very early in the morning, to set this sort of horse for his sweat, and in the morning he is clothed up, and goes over the sweating ground, for the length and at the pace the groom directs. The horse, after being pulled up, is brought in and turned round in the stall, and the customary portion of clothing is then thrown on him, which occasions the horse to discharge most profusely through the pores of his skin for ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour. He is afterwards scraped, dressed, and clothed up, by which time his respiration and pulse have become tranquil. His physic is now given him, and he is then sent out to take the usual gallop, which it is customary for horses to take after sweating. This gallop, I shall by and bye endeavor to prove, may, in some instances, be advantageously dispensed with. The horse, after taking his gallop, is brought into the stable, is well dressed, comfortably clothed, and treated as is usual on such occasions; but from the length of time he has been set, and from the profuse manner in which he has been sweated, he is very anxious for his food and water, both of which are given him as directed by the groom; but as he is generally inclined to take more freely of the latter than the former, it promotes the operation of the medicine; and a light dose of physic, of six or seven drachms, given to a horse thus prepared, seldom or ever fails in purging him freely the following morning, when he may be walked out, and treated as circumstances may require. Now, although this method of physicking horses may appear to many of my readers as rather resorting to strong measures to get the medicine to act, yet, if the physic is not given too strong, no danger is to be apprehended. But notwithstanding this, there is an objection to this mode of physicking a horse; for by producing two such formidable evacuations, immediately following each other, I have known them carried to such an extent, as now and then materially to affect the constitution. It is true the groom has obtained his point. By setting, sweating, and physicking, he has brought the horse very light; but from such treatment, (more particularly should the physic have been given a little too strong), a horse becomes too much debilitated; and were not such horses hearty feeders, they would be a long time recovering their former

strength: I should therefore recommend grooms not to have recourse to this mode of physicking horses oftener than they can possibly avoid.

Having thus spoken of the necessity there is of giving physic to craving strong horses, I shall now proceed to point out the advantages obtained from the effects it produces on the constitutions of such horses.

A horse of the above description may have a dose of physic given him a short period before he runs: it may be given in place of his sweat. If it appears that he has become stale, from the work he has been doing, only deserve to let him have the brushing gallop, usual on the morning previous to his sweat; and if the time be judiciously chosen by the groom who trains him, the horse will derive great benefit from the operation of it; for, from the stimulating effects of the physic in promoting the various secretions of the stomach, intestines, and the different glands of the body, and from its also increasing, by the aid of exercise, the peristaltic motion of the bowels, the whole mass of those fluids become so rapidly removed by evacuation, as to cause very considerable absorption to take place throughout the whole system. From this circumstance, some little debility will, of course, arise; but, as the horse is of a strong constitution, and is invariably a good feeder, he soon recovers from the weakness resulting from the operation of the medicine. His general habit of body, as well as his legs, will have become much cooled and refreshed; indeed, it will be perceived very shortly after the physic has begun to work, that the horse's legs have become clean, cool, and in shape; and, to a certain extent, he is, both inside and out, lightened of his flesh. In those two instances, the physic will, with the exception of two points—length and wind,—have produced the same advantages as a sweat would have done; and if the horse is afterwards allowed a sufficient time to be at walking exercise, merely for him to recover his appetite he soon becomes invigorated. The change produced on the horse's constitution from the effects of the medicine, will have improved him in a most extraordinary way. This will, in a very short time, be perceptible in his fresh and hearty appearance when at exercise. If the groom do but regulate the horse's work properly, during the interval of time between the setting of the physic and the day the horse has to run, there is no doubt but that he will come to post in good form.

Having offered such observations on the preparing of strong horses for their physic, and having also made such precautionary remarks as to the quantity of aloes to be administered to such horses, as I hope may in future prevent grooms from falling into errors, I shall now proceed to give directions on the physicking of horses of a more delicate constitution. I allude to such of them as have more speed, are more lengthy, and are lighter in their carcasses. They generally run short distances, require less work in training, and are therefore much sooner got ready to run than craving horses. Consequently, these light horses are not so liable to become stale, either in condition, or on their legs; and to a

certain extent, many such horses would be much better without physic. This being the case, it is necessary I should make some distinction between those which may at times require physic, and those which may not; and this distinction I shall make, by dividing them into three classes. The class of which I intend now to treat, may be called the second class. I should term them (to use the language of the groom) light-hearted horses. This term is applied to such of them as are generally heavy and playful when out at exercise; and as far as regards their constitutions, they are horses which may be considered to be in the medium between the very craving horse and the light one. This middle class of horses certainly require to have physic given them, but they do not require it so strong, nor so repeatedly, as the first class of horses do, which have been the principal subject of consideration in this chapter. This second class of horses may be prepared for their physic much the same as horses in common use, by giving them two or three mashes the day previous, and at night keeping them short of hay.

The quantity of aloes necessary to produce the desired effect of purging these horses will certainly never require to be increased beyond five or six drachms. The same directions may be followed for their treatment during the time that their physic is working off, as is recommended for such horses in the preceding chapter.

I now proceed to the third class. These are horses to which various terms are applied by grooms, to express the delicacy of their constitutions, dispositions, or tempers. Some of them are termed "light and weedy," meaning that they are lengthy and light in their carcasses; some of them are termed "nervous;" others, "irritable;" and some again are called "flighty." These terms are certainly very applicable to many of this class of horses. But it is to be supposed, that our breed of race-horses has been much improved within these last twenty years, as to strength of constitution, or at least, that this ought to have been the case, therefore there may not be quite so many of these delicate horses in training now as formerly; yet as there may be a few of them now and then put in training, it is necessary that I should make a few remarks on the physicking of such horses. As they are invariably very delicate horses, they are seldom or ever engaged to run but in short races, consequently they require but little work in training; and as there is not much waste or spare to come off them, they are generally better without either sweating or physicking. Grooms were formerly very much inclined to physic all descriptions of horses placed under their care; and I myself was much addicted to this practice when a groom. If grooms are still inclined to purge horses of this description, I should advise its being done by giving the horse small portions of aloes—say a drachm morning and evening. A delicate horse will seldom take more than three or four drachms at most, before his bowels will have become affected. The medicine should then be discontinued. There will be no necessity for giving mashes to a horse, by way

of preparing him previousl; to administering small balls of aloes ; and during the period of his taking them, he may go to exercise every day. This will asst the action of the medicine, which may, in that case, be given in a less quantity. This is an advantage ; for the less medicin such horses take the better, provided they are in health. When any groom is desirous of giving a second or third course of these balls, he should observe, that the same time should be allowd to the horse to recover from a course of them, as from a moderæ dose of physic. But I cannot refrain from again remarking that such horses, unless laboring under disease, would be far better without being purged. I have here noticed the classing of horse only with regard to their constitutions, and how physic may be expected to operate on each horse, according to the quantity of loes given. The classification of horses in their work, will depend on the age, shape, and make of each horse, individually ; for it is the structure of animals which principally constitutes their physical powers ; and it is from the different points, such as the length, the depth, and breadth of certain parts of a race-horse, that a training groom is guided in his opinion, with regard to the speed or stoutness of the different horses he is beginning to train, and which particular points in race-horses, I can better describe when I am on the subject of training.

I hope it will be considered by my readers, that I have been sufficiently explicit, as to the general practice of physicking race-horses, according as their different constitutions may vary. But as to all the various precise periods of giving physic to different horses when in training or at other times *on the road when travelling*, this part of the subject will be fully explained in its proper place.

I shall here give a list of medicines, and a table of the weights and measures used in the compounding of them. I shall also mention such apparatus as are necessary thereto ; as well as such other things as may be requisite for administering or applying them. The whole of these different medicines, and the other articles, are to be kept in the groom's private saddle-room.

MEDICINES.

Aloes, Barbadoes	Oil of Carraway
Alum	Oil, Castor
Arrow Root	Oil of Cloves
Basilicon, yellow	Oil of Olives
Camphor	Oil of Origanum
Castile Soap	Oil of Rosemary
Ginger Powder	Prepared Ammonia
Goulard's Extract	Resin
Honey	Sal Ammoniac
Hog's Lard	Spanish Flies
Linseed Meal	Sweet Spirit of Nitre
Nitre	Spirit of Turpentine

Spirit of Wine	Venus Turpentine
Salt, common	Vinegar
Soft Soap	Vitriol, Blue
Tar, Barbadoes	Vitriol, White
Tartar Emetic	Verdigris
Tincture of Myrrh	Wax
Treacle	White Lead

APOTHECARIES' WEIGHT.

Twenty Grains = One Scruple	Eight Drachms = One Ounce
Three Scruples = One Drachm	Twelve Ounces = One Pound.

MEASURE OF FLUIDS.

Sixty Drops - - - - -	One Fluid Dram
Eight Fluid Drams - - - - -	One Fluid Ounce
Four Fluid Ounces - - - - -	A Measure or Noggin
Sixteen Fluid Ounces - - - - -	One Fluid Pint
Eight Fluid Pints - - - - -	One Gallon.

APPARATUS FOR COMPOUNDING MEDICINES.

A Box of small Weights and Scales,

For the weighing of Medicine in small portions, as from a grain to two drachms. The weights marked with English characters.

One pair of Two-ounce Scales—One pair of Pound Scales—One Pound of Brass Box Weights.

A Graduated Glass, for the measure of Fluids—marked with English characters.

One Large and one Small Pestle and Mortar.

One Marble Slab, a foot and a half square, for mixing Ointments.

One Large and one Small Ladle.

One Large and one Small Pallet Knife.

ARTICLES NECESSARY TO BE KEPT FOR ADMINISTERING AND APPLYING MEDICINES.

Improved Ball Iron.

Drenching Horn.

Flannel for the applying of Fomentations and Poultices.

Woollen and Linen Bandages.

Tow, and broad coarse Tape.

A Cradle is sometimes wanted to be put on a horse's neck, when his head is first let down after being blistered, more particularly if the horse is turned into a loose box.

INSTRUMENTS.

Fleam and Blood Stick.

Tooth Rasp, with a Guard.

Seaton, and Curved Needles.

Abscess Lancet.

Improved Docking Machine.

Firing, Searing, and Budding-Irons.

Improved Casting Hobbles.

It is necessary sometimes to twitch some horses to make them stand quiet; but this sort of thing should be dispensed with when

possible, as there is a great deal to be done with horses by gentle usage.

The foregoing is a list of such medicines, instruments, &c., as I think are necessary at all times to be kept on the premises of a large racing establishment, for the immediate relief of any of the horses that may fall amiss. They are generally such as are used by experienced training grooms, who themselves bleed and physic all horses entrusted to their care, as often as they conceive it necessary in assisting in the getting of such horses into condition. They also make use of their own external applications—as ointments, lotions, with bandages; fomentations, or poultices, which they apply to their horses' legs whenever they may have become amiss from strong work, or to their heels when cracked by sudden work or travelling. Such compositions as are here mentioned, these men generally make up themselves, and from practice in this way, they become acquainted with the due proportions of these medicines, both in their original and compounded state.

But to keep their memories refreshed, and thereby prevent them from falling into error, I should strongly recommend to them the second volume of a work published by Mr. White, Veterinary Surgeon, of Exeter. It is entitled the "Veterinary Materia Medica," and is a very useful book. I further recommend to the owners of horses, to training, hunting, and more particularly to saddle-horse grooms, that in case of any horse falling constitutionally amiss with any active disease, or being otherwise seriously injured by mechanical injury, to call in immediately, to the aid of such horse, an experienced Veterinary Surgeon; for, as a training groom far surpasses in knowledge a saddle-horse groom, with regard to the condition of horses, so does the Veterinary Surgeon, by long practice, surpass the training groom in the knowledge and treatment of any cases of serious constitutional or local disease.

MR. CORBIN'S IMPORTATIONS.

TRUSTEE, CETUS, LANGFORD, Etc.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine":

SIR: Observing a notice of the embarkation of our accomplished countryman, Francis P. Corbin, Esq., who so worthily represents the American gentleman "abroad," [shewing the blood of "the olden time," as transmitted by a distinguished sire, the Chesterfield of Virginia, at a time when fine manners, as well as high intellectual cultivation, was esteemed there], I am impelled to pay him a passing tribute, as a benefactor of the American Turf, by his choice selection of "fashionable blood," in some instances united with fine performances.

Among others, Mr. C. purchased, in England, Cetus, Trustee, Langford, and the dams of Camden and Passenger. He had also bought Sir Hercules (sire to Coronation, the winner of last year's Derby,) but was persuaded to re-sell him. Though, from their relative estimation in England, he paid for Trustee scarce one-third the cost of Cetus, yet as the sire of Fashion, Trustee must be regarded among us as the most valuable of his purchases. Trustee and Margrave, whose frequent contests, with divided success, have been memorable, were the two best colts of their year. The latter won the St. Leger. Both have been imported to this country, as well as St. Giles, the winner of the Derby their year. Trustee is sire to Fashion, Margrave to Blue Dick—both, too, of the same age. At Newmarket (England) Cetus was esteemed second to Priam and Birmingham, the winners of the Derby and St. Leger, and the extraordinary colts of the same year. His winning the Gold Cup at Ascot, beating Augustus, established the reputation of Cetus. Yet, because of his unfortunate location, and from prejudices that ought to be removed, Cetus has had but little chance of doing anything in the Stud, in this country. There was no more fashionably bred horse, and of the game sort, in all England. In beauty he is unsurpassed. Like the famed race-horse Chateau Margaux, he was got by Whalebone, and his dam, too, by Gohanna. Whalebone, the best stallion in England since the days of Sir Peter, of "the Prunella sort," was own brother to Whisker, sire to the dam of Trustee, and to the sire of Harkaway. Both brothers won the Derby. Of Whalebone, "Red Rover" (in the June number of the "Turf Register," 1842,) remarks—"Never did any horse appear, since the days of Eclipse and King Herod, [* * * *] never, I say, has there been a horse which has conferred so much benefit on our studs, as the Pet of Petworth, Whalebone. To keep up the standard of our breed, his blood runs in the veins of Camel, Defence, Sir Hercules, Waverley, The Mole, The Saddler, and Touchstone, whose stock now are *nulli secundus*. The Whalebone mares, likewise, would fill a volume." Yet Whalebone was a small horse, as I am well informed—every way smaller than Cetus, whose want of size is objected to him. Medley, too, was smaller. Hear Newmarket authority in regard to him, the ancestor of our best bottomed stock—of Fashion and Mariner, of Eclipse, Henry, &c. &c.: "Medley was a little horse, not above 14½ hands high, who was sold to go to North Carolina, for 25 guineas"! So saith the record. His sire, the famed Gimcrack, was no larger. "These males of exquisite form," says another writer, "but proportionably smaller than the females of their day, accomplish their purposes by enlarging the lungs and improving the conformation of their progeny, giving more muscle and less bone."

Langford, *out of the dam of Sir Hercules*, was bought by Mr. C. a yearling; he won his first race, a great sweepstakes, at Washington, D. C., for Capt. Stockton, beating Gen. Jackson's fine Bolivar filly and others. His career on the Turf is well remembered at the North.

Camden was a successful and capital runner at all distances at three and four years old; and is esteemed one of the best sons of Shark. Mr. C. also exported from England My Lady, so renowned as a brood mare, whose descendants are the famed Colonel, Monarch, and The Queen and Passenger foaled in Virginia.

When we remember the benefactors of our Turf, let us not be unmindful of the services rendered by Francis P. Corbin, Esq., the "Virginian abroad."
AMICUS.

EPSOM RACES, 1842.

BY RIDDLESWORTH.

ANOTHER Derby anniversary is numbered with the days that were. Another crack is added to the list of the "great winners." The three-year-olds of 1842 have been weighed in the Epsom balance. The great mystery of twelvemonths is unravelled; and the hopes of some, the fears of more, and the doubts of all, have reached their consummation.

And what is the result of all this. That the Derby Day just past was (save to certain heavy losers) one of the pleasantest ever seen upon Epsom Downs. That the nag whose name now stands amongst the list of Derby winners, fairly beat all his fellows in a true and honestly-run race. That the three-year-olds of the year are generally but a sorry lot, and that the climax of the "great event," (as far as *Racing* is concerned), though doubtless cavilled at by some, gives general satisfaction.

May it be ever thus. May the best horse ever win his race—and may the discontented ever be the interested only!

The Derby, 1842, was ushered into the world under the pressure of that great Turf incubus—the Gurney affair. To this cause we may satisfactorily trace the want of energy which characterised the earlier movements of the betting-ring. But as revolving seasons brought us nearer to the moving event which it is here my place to chronicle, the spirit of speculation rose so triumphant over every obstacle, that few years have seen such large sums betted on particular events.

As every bush hath its rag, so will every racing season have its bugbear. The first ghost which started up to frighten the frequenters of "the Corner" from their propriety, was Mr. Biggs's Eleus, who suddenly jumped into favor without any body knowing why or wherefore. "Who is Eleus?" "What has he done?" was in every mouth. But who was there to answer; it was sufficient for the public to know that Eleus was Eleus, and they accordingly backed him at once, "and no questions asked." But what then was the surprise of the "gulls," when lo! another phantom loomed into life from the same quarter, and "the Frederica colt" was all the rage.

That Eleus was of the two (as all along asserted by his owner) the better nag, I have no doubt, now that I have seen this Frederica wonder. That Eleus was no imposter I verily believe, but that he had a *temper* I have no less doubt. In other words, he was "a flyer" when he would run, but he was so seldom "i' the vein," that his improvement being at last given up "as a bad job," he was cut, and turned out of the racing stud.

May we not in this short history of Eleus, read that of Coldrenick? If Eleus *could* only run when he *would*, may we not fairly suppose that by beating a horse when in the dumps, who at all other times was fairly entitled to be deemed a good animal, his party acquired a false estimate of their favorite's powers? I myself, knowing the facts to be as they are here stated, formed a just estimate of this much vaunted Danebury nag, and looked upon Attila and Auckland as the only horses "for choice," of all the long line which filled Dorling's "carract card."

I have a prejudice—a foolish one I own it to be—but still a strong one, that a horse with a "crackjaw" name can never win the Derby. For sixty-two years has that event now annually taken place, and when did such a name as *Coldrenick* ever occur? Mündig is the only one nearly approaching to the plebeian, upon which I can at present fix my memory. But what chance then has Fulwar Craven of ever again winning the Oaks, if he persists in such nomenclature as "I wish you may get it," "Don't say no," &c. &c.?

The Danebury nag, however, in spite of his name, kept his place in the world's opinion, to the moment of starting. How his backers felt, on looking for him in vain, at Tattenham Corner, may, as the newspapers say, "be better imagined than described."

I will now proceed at once to the business of the week.

The first race on *Tuesday, May 24*, for the Craven Stakes, brought out Forth's Oaks mare Lucy Banks, against the Leger winner, Satirist, and ten others. Satirist made the running, and the race home lay between him and Lucy Banks, the mare winning on the post by a neck. It may, or may not be remembered, that I, last year, gave Satirist but an indifferent character, which his performances in the present season have in no wise tended to improve.

For the Shirley Stakes, Mr. Sydney Herbert's Derby nag Nes-sus beat Iole and Arkansas, in a pretty race. The Woodcote Stakes were won by Mr. G. Ongley's filly by Camel, dam by Octavius, beating a field of three; and the Manor Plate, won in two heats by Ajax, closed the racing of a day, which is always as uninteresting as the first act of a play, or the first chapter of a fashionable novel.

Wednesday, May 25.—"The Derby Day" brought with it all its usual concomitants of carriages, with loads of hampers—drags with loads of mustachios—and hack cabs, one-horse taxed carts, and two-horse vans, with loads of cruelty. There was the usual show of new bonnets and smart parasols, the same array of silk

jackets and white hats, and the customary consumption of cigars and oaths. The only difference was in the dust, and this, owing not to the liberality of the "Pikemen," but to the plenteous rain of the preceding night, was for the nonce quiescent. The features of the course were all the same; there was the same gay line of booths, with the same gay fluttering of flags as ever. The same crowd of pedestrians and vehicles within the ropes, looking as if they had slept there ever since the Derby of 1841—and the same half-guinea aristocracy crowning the hill in glorious confusion.

Moreover there were more than the usual number of flying reports. Barrier had been beaten in a trial by Defier, and would not start—Auckland had an *accidental* (?) leg, and *could* not start—Jack was on the rise under the impression that the Scotts had a *second* horse, and the same cause had depreciated Attila, who had fallen from three to four and five to one. In the meantime Coldrenick "held his own" until the ring broke up, and the horses came out for their preliminary gallop.

Now this I take to be a sight to puzzle any judge. The horses on this occasion, more especially the nervous ones, seldom appearing to the best advantage. Here, however, was enough to satisfy any man who knew a horse from a handsaw, as to the pretensions of Coldrenick; his fault, a fatal one in all cases, was instantly apparent to a practised eye—*he was weak under the saddle*. In fact, so utterly deficient was he in anything approaching to the passable as to loin and carcase, that as I turned away, I mentally muttered to myself—*If that horse wins the race to-day, I'll enter a Red Herring for next year, and ride him myself.*"

Attila went quickly, but short—Jack looked in better condition—Combermere strode along in a manner which gained him many friends as an outsider—Policy looked full of running, and in first-rate order—and the Agreeable colt, with veteran Sam on his back, looked as though he meant to astonish all his friends *agrecably*, *My* favorite in the race, however, Auckland, looked dull and heavy, and so much out of sorts, that one might readily give some credit to the many rumors which were afloat respecting him; moreover, he had Tommy Lye upon his back, therefore I turned away at once in utter despair, and whistled "all is lost now."

The ring had broken up with the following odds current:—11 to 8 agst. Coldrenick, 5 to 1 agst. Attila (6 to 1 laid two or three times), 12 to 1 agst. Jack, 12 to 1 agst. Forth's lot, 14 to 1 agst. Seahorse, 20 to 1 agst. Agreeable colt, 30 to 1 agst. Chatham, 40 to 1 agst. Combermere, 40 to 1 agst. William de Fortibus, 40 to 1 agst. Lasso, 50 to 1 agst. Auckland, and 1000 to 10 agst. any other. After two or three false attempts and dodges, peculiar to a Derby array, a bungling start was effected, and the following twenty-five were off for

THE DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three year olds; colts 6st. 7lb., fillies 6st. 2lb.; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes; the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police and regulations of the course; the last mile and a half; 181 subs.

• ||Col. Anson's b. or br. c. ATTILA, by Colwick, out of Progress, sister to Pilgrim W. Scott... 1
Lord Verulam's br. c. Robert de Gorham, by Sir Hercules—Duverney ... Cotton 2

The following were not placed :

Mr. Allen's b. c. <i>Belcœur</i> , by Belshazzar—Violante (sis. to The Saddler)	Marson	0
Mr. Etwall's br. c. <i>Palladium</i> , by Defence, out of Mantilla.....	W. Day	0
Mr. Conop's ch. c. <i>The Oneida Chief</i> , by Divan, out of Hatfield's dam by Juniper	R. Sly.....	0
Mr. Greenwood, junr's br. c. <i>Lasso</i> , by The Saddler, out of Tigress's dam, sister to Swinton	Heseltine ..	0
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. <i>Hydaspes</i> , by Velocipede, out of Jane (brother to Valentissimo).....	Chapple	0
Mr. Herbert's br. c. <i>Nessus</i> , by Sir Hercules, out of Nanine	Whitehouse ..	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. <i>Jack</i> , by Touchstone, out of Joanna	J. Holmes	0
Mr. Goodman's ch. c. <i>Rover</i> , by Muley Moloch—Miss Thomasina	Macdonald ..	0
Mr. Forth's ch. c. <i>Policy</i> (late Honest John), by Bustard—Lacerta	F. Butler	0
Mr. Meiklam's br. c. by Agreeable, dam by Sam, out of Morel	S. Chifney ..	0
Mr. Forth's ch. c. <i>The Golden Rule</i> (late Lord George), by Bustard, out of sister to Margrave	Bell	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's br. c. <i>The Devil-among-the-Tailors</i> , by The Saddler, out of Fickle	Darling	0
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. <i>Chatham</i> , by The Colonel, out of Hester	Rogers	0
Mr. P. Pryse's ch. c. <i>Cheops</i> , by The Mummy, out of Fairy's dam	Wakefield ..	0
Mr. G. Clark's gr. c. <i>The Baronet</i> , by Hampton—Grey Momus's dam	Templeman ..	0
Lord Westminster's br. c. <i>Auckland</i> , by Touchstone—Maid of Honor	T. Lye.....	0
Col. Wyndham's <i>Singleton</i> , by Ernest, or a half-bred horse, or a horse foaled in 1820, by Filho da Puta, out of Bistirpa, dam (foaled in 1835) by Gaberlunzie	G. Francis ..	0
Lord Westminster's ch. c. <i>William de Fortibus</i> , by Plenipotentiary, out of Laura	Cartwright ..	0
Mr. Copeland's b. c. <i>Combermere</i> , by Bran, out of Wastrel.....	Marlow	0
Mr. Trelawney's ch. c. <i>Coldrenick</i> , by Plenipotentiary, out of Frederica by Sultan	J. Day	0
Mr. Gregory's ch. c. <i>Defier</i> , by Defence, out of Defender's dam	Robinson ..	0
Gen. Yates' br. c. <i>Sea-horse</i> , by Camel out of Sea-breeze	Nat	0

|| Those marked thus (||) are in the St. Leger.

Combermere went off with the lead, making strong running up the hill, at the top of which he found himself in company with Belcœur, Attila, and Lasso—of these, Lasso was the first to fall off, the other three carrying the running round Tattenham Corner, where Attila had the race in hand, and successively beat off each opponent, going in an easy winner by two good lengths. The only race was amongst the field for second; Robert de Gorham came up from the rear, passing all his horses in succession, until he collared Belcœur at the Stand, and beat him cleverly for the second place, by a length. Auckland, who ran a very good horse, was so well up with Belcœur at the finish, that I am inclined to think him best entitled to the third place; the Agreeable colt was fifth, Policy sixth, and Sea-horse seventh. Coldrenick was beaten before he had got up the hill; Chatham fell lame; Robinson declares the race to have been fast throughout; and William Scott vows (what I can readily believe) that Attila could have won by six lengths if he had liked.

Attila's "party" are said to be good winners, in addition to the stake, which amounts to £4,900; and rumor has already been busy with some names which are said to be opening a communication with "The Levant," so that I fear Tuesday will not bring about an easy settlement.

Did any body ever see any one of the races after the Derby, on a Derby day? I never did. However, on this occasion, the loss was little, since the first race was a Selling Stake, with the winner valued at £120. The second with a winner worth £100; and the last with a winner at £80. "The force of sinking could no farther go." Nine "rips" started for the first, Forth running first and second with Camellino and Trident. Six "bokickers" scam-

bled for the next, which Forth had also the honor (?) of winning, with Knightsbridge; and twelve "knackers" limped for the last, a Mulatto colt beating Captain Rous's Nicholas by half a length. What an equality of wretchedness!—and what a termination to a Derby Day! Here is contrast indeed! The first race of the day run for £4,900, and raising the value of the winner at once to at least £5000; the last, a stake of £95, eagerly contested by twelve wretches, all running to be claimed for eighty pounds. Alas! this little incident bears but too striking an analogy to the events of this great festival. First we see wealth and splendor wasting their substance, and lavish of every luxury, and in a few short hours, hungry want and squalid misery are eagerly fastening on the scattered remnants of the rich man's feast.

Thursday, May 26.—Lassitude and weariness are the day-after-the-fair attributes of the intermediate Thursday, the beggars outnumbering the visitors by two to one. The racing was good, and moreover plentiful; but it was like evaporated seltzer or flat "third day" Champagne.

The first race, a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs., was won by Mr. Herbert's Teatotaller, by a head, beating Mr. Goodman's Miss Fidget, 4 yrs. old, allowed 21lb.; Lord Exeter's Revision, 3 yrs. old; Mr. May's Master Aaron, 4 yrs. old, allowed 21lb.; Mr. Nightingale's Ajax, 4 yrs. old, allowed 9lb.; Mr. Treen's Haitoc, 3 yrs. old; Captain Ives's Folly, 5 yrs. old, allowed 21lb.; Mr. King's Tommy, 3 yrs. old, allowed 14lb.; Mr. Forth's Vibration, 3 yrs. old, allowed 9lb.; Mr. Phillimore's Rochester, 3 yrs. old, allowed 9lb.; and Mr. King's Dahlia, 5 yrs. old, allowed 21lb.

To this followed a free Fifty Pounds, for any horse entered for any of the races on Tuesday and Wednesday; others to pay three sovs. each; three-year-olds 6st. 10lb., four 8st. 7lb., five 8st. 12lb., six and aged 9st. 1lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs., &c.; Mile heats. Won in four heats by Mr. Fulwar Craven's That's-the-time-of-day.

The last race was for another Fifty Sovs., free for any horse which has been entered for any of the preceding races; others to pay three sovs. each; three-year-olds 6st. 10lb., four 8st. 7lb., five 8st. 12lb., six and aged 9st. 1lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for £150; Mile and a quarter heats. Won in three heats by Mr. Shelley's b. c. by Glaucus, out of Malibran, beating five others.

Friday, May 27, brought a beautiful day for the benefit of the Oaks, and of the "select few" who prefer that anniversary to the more tumultuous Derby. There was a fair attendance, hardly so large as in former years, and, of course, not to be compared with that of Wednesday, but yet large as compared with the attendance on any other race-course.

The first race of the day was, as usual, for the Oaks, for which the following sixteen came to the post:—

The OAKS STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three year old fillies 8st. 7lb. each; the owner of the second filly to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes; the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police and regulations of the course; the last mile and a half; 114 subs.

Mr. Marshall's ch. f. by Bran, out of Fury, by Tramp	Lye	1
Mr. Shackel's ch. f. Meal, by Bran, out of Tintoretto by Rubens	F. Butler	2
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. f. Firebrand, by Lamplighter—Camarine's dam	Rogers	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dilbar, by Touchstone, out of Peri	Scott	0
Lord Exeter's br. f. by Touchstone, out of Amna by Sultan	Darling	0
Mr. Forth's ch. f. Lucy Banks, by Elis, out of Walfruna	Bell	0
Duke of Grafton's bl. f. Utopia, by Jerry, out of Torquoise	J. Day	0
Lord Jersey's br. f. by Touchstone—Adela, sister to Riddlesworth	Robinson	0
Mr. Thompson's b. f. Pharmacopœia, by Physician, dam by Muley, out of Mussulman's dam (foaled in 1828)	Cotton	0
Mr. Newton's b. f. Ma Mie, by Jerry, out of Fanchon by Lapdog	Nat	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. sister to Alexandrina, by The Saddler, out of Eberston's dam by Partisan	Wakefield	0
Duke of Richmond's b. f. by Elis, out of Baleine	E. Edwards	0
Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. Coral, sister to Coronation, by Sir Hercules—Ruby	Calloway	0
Mr. Shelley's br. f. Iole, by Sir Hercules, out of sister to Green Mantle (foaled in 1832)	Chapple	0
Ld. G. Bentinck's b. f. Topsoil, by Sheet Anchor—Valencia by Cervantes	Whitehouse	0
Mr. Riddale's b. f. Eliza, by Muley Moloch—Elizabeth by Waverley	Templeman	0

|| Horses marked thus (||) are in the St. Leger.

Lord George Bentinck having declared to win with Firebrand, the betting at starting settled into 2 to 1 agst. Dilbar, 3 to 1 agst. Adela filly, 8 to 1 agst. Fury filly, 9 to 1 agst. Firebrand (taken), 9 to 1 agst. Lucy Banks, 15 to 1 agst. Amima filly (taken), 18 to 1 agst. Ma-Mie, 20 to 1 agst. Topsail, 20 to 1 agst. Meal (taken), 20 to 1 agst. Pharmacopœia, 30 to 1 agst. Eliza, 40 to 1 agst. Iole, 50 to 1 agst. Sister to Alexandrina.

After four false starts, in one of which that unlucky jockey, Nat, got thrown, Topsail went away with the lead at a good pace, making running for Firebrand, Dilbar and the Fury filly lying close behind her. Topsail gave way to Firebrand at the turn, and at the same place Dilbar swerved out, and lost her "little" chance. Firebrand carried on the running to the distance, where the Fury filly came out, and won very cleverly by a length. Meal caught Firebrand at the stand, and beat her for the £100 by about a length, Ma-Mie was fourth, Coral fifth, and Lucy Banks sixth.

The value of the stakes was £3,150, and much money (for an Oaks race) will certainly change hands. The prominent question in every body's mouth is "Who is Marshall." To this the answer is, that if hitherto comparatively unknown, he has made a very good beginning for fame.

A £50 race for three-year-olds was won by Iole, beating Cheops, Arkansas, and Junius. The Members' Plate of £50 was won in three heats by Mungo Park, beating Aspatria, Dahlia, Lady Mary, and Whalebone (not the old original!); and the Derby and the Oaks £50 Plate was won, after three capital heats, by Mr. Shelley's colt by Glaucus, out of Malibran, beating a field of eleven, concluded the Epsom Races of 1842.

RIDDLESWORTH.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for June, 1842.

SHOOTING—INCLUDING PREMONITORY CAUTIONS IN THE USE OF GUNS.

Abridged from Capt. LACY'S forthcoming work—"The Modern Shooter."

"Oh! glorious sport, which can at once impart
Health to the veins, and quiet to the heart."—POPE.

THERE are some wide-awake sportsmen, who, in taking aim, deem it a useless exertion to close an eye, and who, accordingly, are said to keep both eyes open at the time; the sight at the muzzle end is, to them, useless; they never look at it. But I should rather recommend the young shooter, in aiming, to adopt the usual plan; to close his left eye, and, with the right, condescending to look at the little sight, to endeavor to bring both to bear, according to circumstances, on or before the object he is desirous to hit. The directing gaze of both eyes of the archer—

"Telum et oculos pariter tetendit,"

may be proper enough; but a bow and arrow, and a gun, are two very different weapons to handle, and to aim with.

The best initiatory lesson, perhaps, that the young shooter can receive, towards the perfect attainment of the art of shooting, as well as being otherwise a beneficial exercise, is, a regular drilling; first with a wooden, and then with a real gun, or fire-lock; this will teach him to handle, carry, load, and fire a gun with facility and safety; or, at all events, will be highly conducive to those ends. Next, having painted a small black spot, or fixed a black wafer, on a white ground, on a wall, door, or iron target, a little above shoulder height, let him stand at about twelve paces distant from it, and rivet his eye on this mark; taking care, in bringing the gun (previously well fitted) to his shoulder, to lower his head so far—but not constrainedly—that the eye, the breech, and the sight will at once be on a level; when the sight, with or without a little elevation, will generally be found to cover the spot; at which very moment the trigger should be pulled, when the tyro should preserve an imperturbable serenity, bordering upon stoical apathy. A very small charge of powder only will suffice, or powder, at first, may be wholly dispensed with. The practice should be continued till the little man can bring his gun up to the mark with quickness and precision, and can unflinchingly stand fire, like a breathless statue. He may now commence firing small charges of powder and shot at a whitewashed iron target, at twenty-five paces; and from the pattern thus displayed, may learn to correct errors not only in aiming, but in holding the gun; for some, who are both careful to keep the eye, the breech, and the sight in a line, and who do not flinch from the gun, nevertheless give it a

twist, sideways, in pulling the trigger; whilst others, in aiming, turn the butt inwards or outwards, instead of holding it fair, or perpendicular. Habits like these, at all times injurious, are particularly so in rifle-shooting.

If objection be made to putting the left hand forward, in taking aim, on the score of there being more danger in the event of a barrel bursting, there should be a piece of ebony in front of the trigger-guard, to give steadiness, and the command of a firmer hold to the shoulder; for grasping a stock firmly with both hands is not only essential to good shooting, but offers no impediment to the perfect freedom and easy flexibility of the shooter's movements. Many good sportsmen always hold the gun with the left hand close to the guard, and contend that "all the requisite steadiness in taking aim, and even of motion, in traversing the flight of a bird, can be obtained by thus holding the heaviest piece." This plan may answer with light guns, but with heavy ones how can it?—especially as such are all the better for being rather heavy forward, or top-heavy, as they are otherwise wont to fly up in firing.

There are two monosyllables which all but rifle-shooters ought to bear in mind—namely, *pull quick*; i. e., at the very instant the aim is perfected; or rather, perhaps, is being perfected: for, as some one has quaintly, yet emphatically remarked, "the finger and the eye should always go hand in hand;" instead of the former (as a quainter still hath it) being "a day's march behind the latter"—of all others the most fertile source of error in shooting!* At the same time, this quick pull of the trigger is never to be effected by means of a jerk of the elbow; but merely by pressure of the finger alone; in rifle-shooting, a contracting touch, or slight squeeze of the *second* joint of the fore finger, is all that is required. Quickness in aiming, however, must not be confounded with quickness of firing; as the ready acquisition of the former, with the requisite correctness, is usually a work of time; the latter is of comparatively easy accomplishment. Let the young shooter be resolutely determined to succeed, and sooner or later he will do so. "Quickness without impetuosity is exactly what is wanting to make an excellent shot;" recollect Judge Bayley's maxim—"You will never gain time by being in a hurry."

Closing both eyes, or at the least winking, jerking the head backwards, and dropping the left hand—one, or all of these, at the moment of pulling the trigger, are faults by no means uncommon; to some shooters habitual, and which must ever prove effectual barriers to the acquisition of first-rate excellence in this our "Noble Science."

When the young shooter has killed a few sitting and flying shots at other birds, he may repair to the fields in good earnest, with a view to try his hand at game; and he should take along with him a single attendant, a single staunch old dog, and a single gun; or,

* The proximate cause of failure here is in the *mind*, in which hope and fear are raised to such a pitch, as to unnerve the shooter, who consequently is void of decision, pulls the trigger too soon, too late, or not at all, and not seldom fires, as it were, in reckless despair, and even without an aim. Byron tells us that—

"Men die as their nerves are;"

it is, perhaps, more certain that they shoot so.

if a double, should load and use but one barrel, though, in my opinion, the former is the better plan for a youngster to adopt. The novelty and main difficulty he will now have to encounter, will be the startling rush, the whirring noise, plaintive screams and confusion, attendant on the sudden and frequently simultaneous springing of the covey; which is certain, especially in his now naturally anxious, eager, and heart-palpitating state, to excite a greater or less degree of agitation or nervous tremor in our ardent youngster's frame; during the influence of which it will be as utterly impossible for him, as it would be for a man laboring under palsy or paralysis, to aim with even any tolerable degree of precision. This state of flutter and trepidation—when in fact its very opposite, all but frigid indifference, should prevail—*must* be conquered; and the constant practice of actual shooting at game is the *only* remedy—the only means whereby the tyro can acquire the necessary self-possession. There is no need for him to make a toil of a pleasure, by shooting every day and all day long; indeed, nothing can be worse for either a young shooter, a young dog, or, perhaps, any other young animal, than over-exertion. Still, he should let no day pass, save one in seven, without, at the least, handling a gun; for the maxim of the celebrated painter is equally applicable to the shooter—“*nulla dies sine lineâ* ;” which the young wag of a fly-fisher would probably translate—“whip the water every day.”

As regards the act of taking aim at moving objects, or “the art of shooting flying,” it may be remarked, that the portion of the shot which lies nearest to the powder in the barrel, is that which forms the centre of the shots' disc, as you see it depicted on the target after having fired at it; and thus the central pellets are propelled with the strongest force, as those outside the circle are the weakest. Now the shooter, except at short distances, ought always to endeavor so to adjust his aim that, in the spread of the shot, the central pellets may strike the vital parts; he will, therefore, in cross shots, shoot as much before the head as the speed of the bird or animal, and its distance from him, require; and, as this rate of speed, from the state of the wind and other causes, is ever varying, not only in different kinds of game, but in the same kind at different times, the important business of taking aim must be left to his own eye, judgment, and experience, under the guidance of which he will doubtless sooner become an expert marksman, than by allowing himself to be too much fettered by system, or too servile a follower of any code of rules which might be formally laid down on this particular subject. It is also essential for the young shooter to bear in mind, that the mode and direction of a bird's flight, as well as the speed at which it is going, are to be taken into the calculation: and here again a similar remark to the foregoing is equally applicable, since different birds vary exceedingly in these respects, as well as the same kind of birds at different times. As general rules, however (which, indeed, common sense will indicate,) he must shoot before birds crossing; above birds rising, and especially when rising perpendicularly; below those

flying from him down hill, unless flying very low, when he must shoot a little over them; and, on ordinary occasions, he will seldom overshoot his game by aiming full high: but as to shooting point-blank, at all times, as some have recommended, it is a principle which carries its own refutation along with it.

PREMONITORY MISCELLANEOUS CAUTIONS.

1. Never purchase or shoot with a gun that is not perfectly sound in all its parts, and especially in the inside of the barrels, and in the construction of the locks; and, whether new or second-hand, be assured of its having been manufactured (*bonâ fide*) by a respectable gunmaker, and not merely got up for sale, with a deceptive exterior, and a pirated name upon it.

2. "Never suffer a gun, at any time, to be held for a moment, or even carried, so as to be likely to come in the direction of either man or beast."—*Hawker*.

3. Never put your hand or arm upon the muzzle of a gun; nor lean over it.

4. Never blow into the barrel of a gun whether loaded or unloaded.

A fatal instance of this common but dangerous habit is recorded by Major Bevan. "It appears," says the Major, "that he [a shooting companion] had snapped at a bird, but the piece hung fire; he took it from his shoulder to examine it, and, as was his custom, blew into the muzzle of his gun. The agitation of the air ignited the dormant spark, and he received the whole charge in his mouth."—*Thirty Years in India*, vol. ii. p. 261-2.

In an ancient work, entitled—"The Complete Marksman; or, the Art of Shooting Flying," a poem, by the Hon. Robert Coot—this same caution is given in very definite terms, thus:—"Never blow at the mouth of your piece, after it has missed fire, lest some latent spark discharge it through your head."

5. Never use a gun for any other purpose than the *one* for which it is obviously intended; and especially as a hammer, or mallet, a walking or a bush-beating stick; as a hook to draw the boughs of a thorn or tree towards you; as a staff to "bang dog," to lean upon, or to support yourself; to assist your fat friend up a bank, over or out of a ditch, or as a prop or leaping-pole, to help yourself over hedge or ditch; nor is there any occasion to take flying leaps with it in your hand, however anxious you may be to display your agility.

6. Never take a loaded gun into a house, unless the caps, or primers, be first removed, and the tops of the nipples rubbed with a glove or handkerchief, the gun be kept in your own hands, or immediately placed under lock and key. But the safest plan, of course, is to make the first eight words of this caution a rule absolute.

Guns kept constantly loaded in a bed-chamber, for defence against nocturnal depredators, ought always to be placed under lock and key in the morning; especially where there are children. A very idle and inefficient substitute is sometimes resorted to—

viz., that of sticking a card, or a piece of foolscap, between the ramrod and the muzzle, with the cautionary word—*Loaded!* inscribed upon it. But, if a phial of prussic acid be left in the way of a child, or of a servant who cannot read, it is no security to write *Poison* on the label, how conspicuous soever the letters may be!

7. In firing, never rest your gun on a stone wall, or other hard or rugged substance.

8. Never flash off a copper-cap or primer, when a gun is empty, but always have gunpowder in the barrel at the time, with a tight-fitting wadding upon it; and never let the hammer be down upon the unexploded cap, or primer.

9. Never load your double gun in a hurry, lest you should forget to put wadding over the powder or shot; or should put two charges of either, or both, into one and the same barrel. You may, however, instantly detect the latter blunder by putting the ramrod down each barrel, and by then measuring with your hand (on edge), or your eye, how much of the rod appears above the muzzle. A shallow ring filed (with a fine-edged file) round the rod, shows at once the proper height of the charge.

10. Whenever a loaded gun has been cocked, but not fired, uncock it with the muzzles up; and if one barrel only have been fired, the other ought to be uncocked immediately, to avoid all danger, and especially that of loading with a barrel cocked.

11. "When uncocking a gun, never remove the thumb from the cock until, after having let it pass down by the half bent, and gently raised it again, the sound of the sear is heard catching the tumbler."—*Daniel*.

12. Never load a gun unless the cocks be down; and (whatever be the mode of ignition) never prime before you have loaded.

13. When loading with loose shot, always place the prepared, or some other stiff-punched wadding (fitting the calibre of the gun nicely) upon it; which will generally keep it from moving in the barrel, provided you be not guilty of carrying the gun muzzle downwards. And after having fired one barrel of a double, on reloading that barrel, ram the charge again in the other barrel, whilst you have the ramrod in hand, in order to make all compact.

14. Beware of the muzzle of the gun being kept hanging downwards; when so carried, the shot is apt to force its way from the powder, and thus to create a vacuum in the barrel; in which case there is danger of the gun bursting if fired with the muzzle at all inclined downwards, to say nothing of the danger (from a casual discharge) of shooting men, horses, or dogs, when the gun is carried in the before-mentioned pendant manner.

15. After having got through a thick covert, or a hedge, always examine whether a branch has accidentally pulled the cock to the full; and, if any one be about to follow you with gun in hand, step aside so as to be clear of the muzzle, or counsel him to carry it through stock foremost; but *you* will be the safest by always allowing your friend the honor of taking precedence of you on such occasions.

16. "In shooting with a stranger, who perhaps keeps his gun cocked, and muzzles usually pointed to the left, plead for the right hand station, and urge that you cannot hit a bird flying to the left; with a gamekeeper, take the right hand without ceremony."—*Daniel*.

17. "If you should have fired one barrel, and, while in the act of reloading it, other game should be sprung, beware of firing the other barrel until you have either put the flask in your pocket, or thrown it on the ground."—*Hawker*.

18. Beware of firing too near to the farmers' teams, when the corn is being led, in September, lest the horses should take fright, and run away with, and upset the load of corn, with the man on the top of it.

19. Beware of firing through, or near to the corners of, hedge-rows—especially when immediately contiguous to public roads and footpaths—for fear of shooting a casual passenger, or that shock-headed lad who is "tenting pheasants fra' th' corn," a not uncommon employment for such in *some* parts of England.

20. Beware of firing too near to rick-yards and out-buildings, as, by so doing, you may occasion an awful "flare-up;" which is bad policy, though the premises may be insured, and worse if they be not.

21. Beware when and where you fire, at *all* times. Never attempt to display skill by firing close to the head of either man or beast, whether a companion's or a favorite pointer's; and be particularly circumspect when a number of shooters are spread in various directions, and especially in covert.

22. 'Ware mad-brained shooters, such as beat bushes with their guns, and especially when cocked; who are utterly ignorant of many proper precautions; and who, if they were not so, would not adopt them; for—

"All *their* madness none can know!"

23. Beware of shooting at, or of shooting your dog, for the former is cruel, and the latter brutal; and never allow yourself to be overcome by the turbulent gusts of a fiery temper, because a man in a passion, is certain to commit himself in some way or other (*ira furor brevis!*) and nothing is more likely to unhinge your nerves, and spoil your shooting for the rest of the day.

24. Beware in what part of a house you keep gunpowder; where and how you dry it; and what sort of powder-flask you use; and never bring gunpowder near fire or candle.

25. Before getting into, or out of a boat, or vehicle of any sort, with a loaded gun, always take off the copper-caps, or remove the primers.

26. Unless on the sea-coast, or where the coast is clear for several hundreds of yards (as on a sterile or interminable heath), when loading with Eley's cartridges, never put a wadding of any kind upon them, for fear by this means they should "ball."

27. In shooting alone, when you come to a gate that is locked, first put your gun through the bars, and rest it firmly against the

wall, or post, with the muzzles inclining from you, and then get over it. On coming to a wall, especially if rather a high one, and built of loose stones, first place your gun longitudinally on the top, with the muzzles pointing from you, and then get over the wall, two or three yards from the stock of the gun, so that if the wall give way, as sometimes is the case, the gun may not be injured, or thrown down. Of course, if you have a follower with you, and he be "up" at the time, let him get over first, when you can hand the gun to him.

28. Beware of abusing your constitution by fagging too hard; for *nil violentum est perpetuum* (nothing violent is lasting). In short, beware of all excess; because that—not to invade provinces which belong to other and graver consuls—is ever injurious; whilst universally—"Moderation is the law of enjoyment."—*Knox*.

29. In travelling or touring "in whiskey, buggie, gig, dog-cart, curricule, or tandem," or, it may be, in your new "drag," never, by way of a lark, attempt to spoil the picturesque appearance of the conveyance, feeding within gunshot of the road-side, by raking them; or be tempted to molest other game; for such is not exactly a gentlemanly mode of proceeding; nor is it a very safe one, if the keeper on horseback should happen to be overlooking your movements.

30. In case of fresh or salt water, snow, mud, &c., having got into the barrel, never attempt to fire the gun; but, having first removed the caps, or other primers, and let the cocks down, draw the wadding which is on the shot, when, if it appear necessary, the whole charge must be taken out; and in strict accordance with rule No. 3, the palm of the hand must never be placed over the muzzle with a view to catch and save the shot; and least of all should the butt be inverted and struck against the top of a gate, or room—at all times a most dangerous plan.

31. Beware of "accidents by night in wild-fowl shooting, from random shots and opposite gunners." Recollect "the Suffolk farmer," mentioned by Scott, who accidentally, and "at one shot with a shore gun, shot both his father and mother stone dead!" In punt-shooting, and especially at night, beware how you fire your big gun, lest haply you should shoot your best friend whilst enjoying his night thoughts "*solo in littore*"—or your bitterest foe in the shape of a rival gunner.

32. Never put a ramrod down an empty barrel after it has once been fired; for by thus loosening the scales, or feculent matter, and forcing them into the chamber, the nipple becomes choked up, and hence a misfire.

33. In case of your ramrod head sticking fast in the gun, never attempt to pull it out by force, or allow any one else to aid you in so doing; but, having first removed the cap, or primer, invert the gun, and press the end of the ramrod home upon the charge, when, in all probability, it will be easily extracted, especially if it have been wedged there by means of a stray shot-corn. But, *observe*, this pressure must not be with the hand, but against a tree root, or otherwise.

34. Never drag a gun after you over a fence, especially by the muzzle.

35. In reaching a gun to a companion on the opposite side of a ditch, or drain, having poised it horizontally in both hands, pitch it to him in that position, when he, of course, makes a neat catch of it. But if he can easily reach the butt-end, as soon as he has got good hold of it, throw the muzzle up to the perpendicular, of course taking care that it at no time points towards yourself. But never allow your friend to assist you with his gun in crossing ditch or fence.

36. In public pigeon-shooting, a bird sometimes escapes suddenly from the basket, or from the trapper; on such occasions beware of firing precipitately, as bystanders may be in the way.

37. On returning from shooting, if any part of your apparel, and, above all, if your feet be wet, put on dry clothes, stockings, and shoes forthwith. But, wet or dry, the safest and best plan on coming home, is to make an immediate and thorough change an invariable rule.

38. When taking refreshment in the field, or on the moors, beware how you place your gun; not as one sometimes sees it, with the muzzle pointing directly towards the shooter's own sacred person, or that of his friend.

39. When shooting in covert, especially at rabbits or hares, it sometimes happens that your friend, or a marker, by stooping, or lying down, may enable you to take a shot over him, which otherwise could not have been safely taken. In this case the person crouching ought never to attempt to rise from his bended position until he either have heard the report of both barrels, or the word of command, "Up!" from the shooter himself: otherwise, in case of the gun hanging fire, or of the shooter being about to take a second shot, the rising individual may fall to rise no more. But remember, as this is a hazardous experiment at best, the safest plan is never to try it, and, least of all, if you do not know your man.

41. Persons unpacking grouse, or any other game, in a very high or putrid state, should be careful not to suffer the virus to touch any sore or wound they may have on their hands, or other parts of their persons, as serious consequences have resulted from such contacts.

42. When a summer party are enjoying a marine shooting excursion, and some of them are placed before, and others (as in a coble) behind the sail, the latter should be very careful in what direction they shoot, lest any one of the former should at the same time be popping his head forward on either side the sail. In fact, the greatest possible caution should be observed by the whole party, especially if there be any "sea on." Recollect, if an accident take place in a boat at sea, it might often prove fatal, where the same would not be attended with a similar disastrous result on land.

43. Never send any specimens of detonating caps, tubes, &c., when charged with powder, per post, in a loose state, as, in stamp-

ing the letters, explosion might take place, and mischief ensue ; but, if resolved to run all risks—having first wrapped them in cotton wool—enclose them in layers of best velvet cork, tied round with thread.

Neither let any one deem this or any other of these *Cautions* as needless, frivolous, or groundless ; for there is scarcely any one of them from a neglect of which the most formidable accidents have not occurred ; and the fatal consequences which have resulted from a neglect of some of them have been painfully numerous. I should shudder at the relation of no more than the catalogue of serious and fatal gun accidents, from various causes, which have come within the limited sphere of my own immediate knowledge, or ocular testimony ; and what are these compared with the hundreds which take place every year, and the thousands which have taken place ?

Towards the latter part of the season, and in a wild country, I always prefer hunting with one active staunch dog only, or if more accompany me, I would have all but one taken up where game was either pretty certain to be found, or was actually known to be ; for at such times, how staunch soever in company the dogs may be, the fewer down at a time the better, because the less show and noise. Nay, where a covey has been marked down to a yard, it is sometimes advisable to go up without a dog at all ; to take a shot or two, and make a silent signal to your follower to loose the dog when you want him ; and though some sportsmen may be disposed to smile at the assertion, I am confident that both the size of a dog, and the style of his ranging and going up to his game, when birds are wild, have often a good deal (more than his color, though there may be something, too, in that,) to do with his obtaining shots for his owner. A great big setter who gallops high, lashes his tail about like a lion, and walks upright to his game, will often raise the birds, when a low dog that gently steals away, and crouches close to the ground, the instant he touches on the scent, will “ have ” them !

Whenever a dog points, the shooter should endeavor to spring the birds so as to secure the fairest shots he can, and especially for the second barrel. From the dog's manner (and this his master should study, as equally good dogs vary in their modes of indicating their approach to game), and the direction of his head, he may generally form a good idea whereabouts the birds are, and will go directly up to them, will head them, or will walk across between the dog and them, according to circumstances ; generally facing the wind himself, and, therefore, flushing them against it, which causes them to rise with greater reluctance and difficulty, and therefore slower ; thus allowing him more time to perceive the probable direction of their flight, and to select his first shot accordingly. The caution observed by the most cognoscent of the gentlemen of the trap, when they have to deal with “ a pair of old blues,” and have to face the wind blowing across, is to shoot at that bird first which has the wind the most in its favor ; because the volume of smoke is blown clear away from, instead of across,

the shooter's vision, or into his eyes ; by which means, not only is his sight of the second bird unclouded, but the bird itself, meanwhile, has been "detained," more or less, "by contrary winds." And this plan is also well deserving a place in the memory of the game-shooter.

In still weather, as most shooters can hit a bird flying to the left, better than one crossing to the right, it will generally be found advisable to fire first at the latter, especially if a cross shot to the left be immediately afterwards likely to present itself; but, in nearly all cases where birds are wild, *quickness* (for if you hesitate you are lost) in firing the first barrel is the grand secret in killing double shots in brilliant style ; unquestionably, at once the most difficult, interesting, and beautiful feature in all shooting.

But the shooter should not only endeavor to spring the birds in a way the most likely to prove favorable to his getting present shots, but should also strive, by intercepting them, to divert the direction of their flight from covert to 'vantage ground*—such as turnips, small patches of gorse, young plantations, with long dry grass at the bottom, ling, fern on warrens, &c., where he may shortly afterwards have the pleasure of popping at them, again and again, as they get up singly ; and not improbably, at last, may be able to give a very satisfactory account of the whole covey.

At the same time, when birds are wild, the shooter ought, generally, to spring them as he considers best for the immediate shot, regardless of the course they may afterwards choose to take. For, "one bird in hand," &c. But as there are exceptions to all rules, so are there cases, even where birds are wild, when actual forbearance from shooting at all, or, in other words, letting the birds go quietly away, will prove the shooter's best policy.

In countries where birds are exceedingly scarce, and such are becoming more and more numerous every season, it is a good plan, whenever a single or "odd bird" rises within shot, or even as a long shot, to fire, without waiting for a nearer rise, or for the expected remainder of the covey springing at your feet ; because it frequently happens that the wild rising bird is an orphan, and, it may be, the sole survivor of a family of sixteen ; and, if more be left, you still have your second barrel in reserve. By attending to this rule, I have frequently bagged my brace or two of *oddlings* in a day, where many shooters, on coming home, would have declared they had not had the chance of a single shot. Two halves are equal to a whole, and a brace of birds is no bad morning's work for the latter end of the season, at least in countries where shots, at best, are "few and far between." These odd birds are as generally as erroneously considered old ones, which, after October, is rarely the case.

London Sporting Review for June, 1842.

* Although no advocate for a host of mobbing markers, yet when birds are wild, and game is much wanted, I see no harm in making your only attendant useful. You will often find your account in planting him on a gate, or eminence, as a marker ; and, when it is more convenient or advisable, to have him near to you, he may sometimes be placed as an auxiliary to turn the birds in the direction you wish them to go. Various little preconcerted signals, also, should be mutually understood betwixt you, so that you may telegraph to advantage at a distance.

REVIEW OF THE ASCOT MEETING.

BY JOHN MILLS, ESQ.

IT was a bright glorious morning as throng upon throng took their sultry way to Imperial Ascot, where the Queen of Hearts was to be a spectator with her truly loving and loyal subjects, in witnessing the contest of speed and power between the best horses living. Bee's-wing and Lanercost were again to be pitted, and the prize of honor was no less than the elegant piece of plate misnamed "the Cup." To give the details of this unsurpassable brilliant meeting would be to tell a thread-bare tale—one that has been told o'er and o'er again; still this principal feature of attraction must not be passed unnoticed. The following noble horses were entered:—Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, Mr. Combe's 'The Nob, Mr. Pettit na. St. Francis, Mr. Thornhill's Eringo, and Mr. Kirby's Lanercost. These are named as they came in; Marshal Sout, Bokhara, Little Wonder, and Potentia were drawn. Eager eyes surveyed the little lot from their quill-tipped ears to the silken fetlock, as they were stripped like harlequins from their clothes. For symmetry, beauty, and tried excellence, the globe might be searched in vain for their superiors, and difficult indeed would be the task to discover their equals.

The flower of the North, Bee's-wing, has started sixty-two times and won forty-eight races, including twenty-two Cups. Upon one occasion, at Kelso, she ran a dead heat with Lanercost, when he was drawn to permit her to take away the Roxburghe Cup in a walk. Success is certain to procure an abundance of friends; but

"As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away."

Never was the sage poet's effusion more veritably illustrated than in the present instance; but to anticipate a premature digestion. *Tintinnabulum sonat*; *id est*, "the bell tingles," and after the process of saddling had been gone through with, "the heroes of the cap and snaffle" were lifted into their respective spans of tanned hide, and away each went to become the focus of tens of thousands of eyes. Any one with sufficient powers of vision to guide his footsteps from striding under a bridge instead of over it, might perceive the utter inability of Lanercost to live an ordinary pace on such ground, compared to which the wood-pavement in Oxford Street is soft and pliant. The old horse put his feet on the brown sward like an exquisite would cross a newly Macadamised road with tight boots and a sprinkle of favorite corns. So careful was he in the preliminary canter, and so tender with his pins, that innumerable correct opinions were expressed as to his whereabouts

in the race. "Go behind I must, I cannot go before," was clearly pourtrayed in "the dot-and-go-one" style of this fine old fellow, and by the honest open avowal of his groggy condition added another green leaf to his wreath by not deceiving his friends.*

At a very slow pace Eringo led; but after a short distance Bee's-wing, who hates "fearful commenting, or dull delay," scorned the tug from the checking rein, and went off like a meteor, despite of Cartwright's strains and pulls. Eringo put his nose in the second position, and Lanercost, forgetting his pains and ills, strode into the third, while the other two were immediately behind him. At a great pace it was "follow me" with Bee's-wing, and no change occurred in their places until the bottom of the hill was gained, when The Nob took Lanercost's. A few lengths before the brick-yard, the old horse declined to the call, and, gradually dropping into the rear, was, at the last turn, beaten into a stand-still, but did not break down as was generally supposed. One of the most exciting and beautiful struggles now began. Into the straight running the four flew, The Nob and St. Francis closing with the "merry maid," and trying to head her. For two or three strides the young ambitious Nob's endeavors were not fruitless; but the blood of Syntax was reached by the reserved gaff just opposite the Stand, and then "Bee's-wing, Bee's-wing's the winner," loaded the air until it trembled with the joyous acclamations. St. Francis made a desperate effort, and was beaten by less than a length, while the mare wrested the palm of victory from The Nob by about half a one. Thus ended one of the most beautiful races for the Ascot Cup on record.

At its termination a crowd collected round the winner with admiring eyes and applauding tongues, and as she was taken away, cheers burst from countless lips, and many accompanied her some distance to expatiate on her symmetry and beauty. But where was Lanercost's former host of friends? Not one seemed to remember what he had done in days gone by. Times past were forgotten, and the beaten hero was led from the scene of his defeat "with their backs turned to his buried fortunes."

Her Majesty and suite quitted the ground soon after the Gold Cup was decided. The Royal *cortège* consisted of ten carriages and three phaetons. In the first with Her Majesty were His Royal Highness Prince Albert and Count Mensdorf; in the others were the Counts Alphonso, Hugo, Alexander, and Arthur Mensdorf, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Wellington, Duke of Beaufort, Duke of Sutherland, Count and Countess St. Aulaire, Marquis of Exeter, Marquis of Normanby, Earl of Liverpool, Earl Delawarr, Earl Jersey, Earl of Aberdeen, Lord and Lady Wharnclyffe, Lord and Lady Portman, Countess of Rosslyn, Earl of Morton, Lord C. Wellesley, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Anson, Hon. C. Murray, Sir E. Bowater, Sir H. Wheatley, and Captain Meynell.

From the quick succession of the eight races, which came off

* Mr. Kirby, the owner of Lanercost, has accused some unknown parties with having drugged his horse.

in the most approved manner, it was impossible for the Ladies to leave their carriages for a promenade on the course of any duration. This decreased much the brilliancy of the scene, and led many to imagine the company was not so *élite* as formerly; but I think more elegant or more numerous spectators have never yet visited Ascot Heath.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for July, 1842.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ASCOT GOLD CUP, 1842.

WON BY MR. ORDE'S BEE'S-WING.

From "Bell's Life in London" of June 10.

ACCORDING to our annual custom, we this month present to our readers an Engraving of THE GOLD CUP, or Piece of Plate, won at Ascot, on Thursday, June 9, by Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, beating The Nob, St. Francis, Eringo, and Lanercost. It is from the celebrated manufactory of Messrs. Garrard, the silversmiths, in the Haymarket, and for beauty of execution fully sustains the reputation of those gentlemen. It is cast in silver, from the design of Mr. Cotterill, to whose taste and talents we are indebted for those elegant groups which have, for several years past, taken the place of the less picturesque "Cup." The subject is the capture of John of Luxembourg's banner by Edward, the Black Prince, at the battle of Cressy, and may be said to be a sequel to the incident related in the following passage from Froissart:—"But the most remarkable victim was John de Luxembourg, King of Bohemia; he was old and blind, but on hearing that his son was dangerously wounded, and forced to abandon the field, and that nothing could resist the Black Prince, he resolved to charge himself, and placing himself between two knights, whose bridles were interlaced on either side with his, he charged and fell. His crest, three ostrich feathers, with the motto 'Ich Dien,' (I serve), was adopted by Prince Edward, and has ever since been borne by the Prince of Wales." The group is composed of three figures—the Prince, who is mounted, and a knight and page on foot. On the ground is the banner, to which the Prince's attention has been directed, and he is surveying it with manifest curiosity. The Prince is armed cap-a-pié, but the horse on which he is seated has no armor to conceal the beauty of its figure. In the elegant and finely proportioned form of the horse Mr. Cotterill displays a thorough knowledge of the anatomical structure of that noble animal. The composition of the group, though not so elaborate and imposing as on some former occasions, is, however, simple and graceful; and its effect is much increased by the gilding of the ornamental parts of the costume. This not only imparts richness and variety to the material of which the group is fashioned, but aids the composition by occasionally interrupting the continuous white contour of the silver. It has received the approbation of Her Majesty, and other individuals distinguished for their taste and judgment



ASCOT
1842.

The South vs. The West!

MISS FOOTE'S CHALLENGE TO ZENITH ACCEPTED!

Alabama vs. Kentucky!

The Challenge offered by Messrs. HEINSOHN and COCH, of Alabama, the owners of *Miss Foote*, to CHARLES BUFORD, Esq., of Kentucky, the owner of *Zenith*, has been accepted, and the Match closed! The Challenge was to run *Miss Foote* vs. *Zenith*, four mile heats, for \$5000 a side, half forfeit. Messrs. H. and C. offered to give or take \$250, and run the race at Louisville or Lexington. It will be seen by the following letter that Mr. B. pays the \$250, and names the Lexington Course. The Match is to come off on the 3d Monday of Sept., the 19th, the day previous to the regular Fall Meeting of the Kentucky Association:—

“LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 16, 1842.

“MR. CHARLES BUFORD—*Dear Sir*: Your acceptance of *Miss Foote's* banter to *Zenith* was received last evening, and your modifications relative to the forfeit we accept. We will place in the Northern Bank of Kentucky, at Lexington, Kentucky, twenty-five hundred dollars, the amount of *Miss Foote's* forfeit, to the credit of HENRY CLAY, Jr., as our stakeholder, on or before the 25th of this month, (June.) Trusting this will be agreeable to you, and close the match, we are

“Your obedient servants,

HEINSOHN & COCH.”

This race, next to that between *The North* and *The South*, is likely to be the great event of the season. It is a match between two rival “race horse regions”—Alabama and Kentucky—between The South and The West, and what adds to its interest is the fact that while the Alabama crack is by an imported horse out of an imported mare, the Kentucky champion is by a native horse out of a native mare! Here we shall have a fair contest between the Imported and Native bred Stock, at the good old fashioned distance of four mile heats. Both horses have greatly distinguished themselves, and are fair specimens of the Blood Stock of the respective States in which they were bred. From the confidence felt in each by their many friends, we may anticipate a most animated contest, heavy betting, and an immense throng of spectators. Under these circumstances we have thought a brief epitome of the performances, etc. of the rival champions, would be peculiarly interesting to our readers at this time, and especially to those who have a degree of “speculation in their eyes.”

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF MISS FOOTE.

Miss Foote was bred by E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq. of Huntsville, Ala., and foaled in 1838. She was got by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Gabrielle (bred by the Duke of Glatton, in 1820,) by Partisan, her dam Coquette by Dick Andrews, (son of Joe Andrews, a son of Eclipse,) Coquette's dam was Vanity by Buzzard, out of Dabchick by Pot-8-o's—Drab by Highflier—Hebe by Chrysolite, out of Proserpine, sister to Eclipse, etc. Gabrielle, the dam of *Miss Foote*, is the dam also of seven other horses, bred in England by MR. YATES, some of whom have distinguished themselves there.

Miss Foote is a blood bay, with black mane, tail, and legs, and not over fourteen hands two inches high, being one inch under *Trife's* height. A more game and bloodlike looking filly never looked through a bridle; her temper, too, is as fine as *Fashion's*, and like Joe Laird on that phenomenon, Monk can place her anywhere. She is described by a friend at our elbow, as having a straight clean head though somewhat large; clear and expressive eyes, a small muzzle with expansive nostrils, and a full throttle well placed between wide and roomy jaws; her ears are finely tapered and set on wide apart, and altogether the appearance of her head is indicative of good temper and animation. Her head is well set on to a rather long neck, which comes well out from shoul-

ders remarkably oblique, and admirably shapen. Low as she stands, few of the large horses on the Turf can measure with her "through the heart," as it is termed; her depth and expansion of chest is enormous, affording "scope and verge enough" for the complete action of her respiratory organs. Her barrel is unusually large and strongly ribbed out, almost back to her stifle, so that her flank reminds one of the pictures of the famous little Gimcrack. She rises very high on the withers, and though her back is of good length, she is very strong under the saddle, having arched loins supported by broad filets. Her quarters are long, capitally shaped, and her hocks are models of strength and beauty. She stands with her feet well under her, and in walking or galloping, her tracks are placed like those of a fox; she goes in a direct line, gathers quickly, and with the ease of Monarch, and covers about twenty-one feet in her stride. Her limbs are remarkably clean, and the articulation of her joints, with the tendons and sinews standing out in broad relief, is superb. Her fore arms are long and muscular, while her cannon bones are very short; her pasterns are oblique and flexible, and she stands clear and even upon diminutive but tough black feet, with good width at the heels. She is a long, dry, clean muscled mare, with nothing superfluous about her form; her strength being well placed and her symmetry perfect in an eminent degree. To a turn of speed the most remarkable, she unites indomitable game, so that when in condition, she has proved too stout for the strong and too fleet for the fast.

Miss Foote's Performances.

1841.	May 6—Columbia, Tenn.	Sweepstakes	Mile heats	won	\$1100
—	Oct. 26—Holly Spr'gs, Miss.	Sweepstakes	"	"	400
—	" 30—Holly Spr'gs, Miss.	Purse	"	"	150
—	Dec. 10—New Orleans	Sweepstakes	"	"	150
—	" 12—New Orleans	Purse	"	"	400
1842.	March 8—Mobile, Ala.	Sweepstakes	Two mile heats	"	1500
—	" 10—Mobile, Ala.	Purse and Stake	Three "	"	800
—	" 26—New Orleans	Purse	Four "	"	800
—	June 3—Louisville, Ky.	Purse	Four "	"	1000
—	" 4—Louisville, Ky.	Purse	Mile	"	lost
Miss Foote has thus started ten times, and won nine races, in thirteen months, winning					\$6,300

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF ZENITH.

Zenith was bred by CHARLES BUFORD, Esq., of Georgetown, Scott County, Ky., and foaled in 1838. He is by Eclipse, out of Belle Anderson, (the dam of Mr. B.'s celebrated Ripple) by Sir William of Transport, her dam by Sumter, etc. The pedigree of Belle Anderson is not given at length in the "Am. Turf Register," though we understand she is very highly bred. She ran at Louisville so late as September, 1834, when she was 4 years old, in the name of Capt. WILLA VILEY. [See "Turf Register vol. vi., p. 307.] Mr. B. will doubtless furnish a copy of her pedigree, and a list of her distinguished progeny, for publication. Ripple (by Medoc) was one of the most superior race mares ever bred in the State. On the 8th of October, 1840, at 4 years old, she won the J. C. purse for three mile heats, at Louisville, in 5:51—5:47—5:44—5:52, beating Lucy Fuller (who won the 2d heat,) Maria Collier (who won the 1st heat,) Laura Webster and Maffitt. Ripple ran a close 2d in the 2d heat and won the 3d and 4th after a prodigious fine race.

Zenith in the Spring of his three years old form, measured about fifteen hands and an inch under the standard, but we hear that he has since grown tall and has spread very much. He is a bay, with a star and a white hind foot, and at the time referred to, except that he was more round in the barrel and flank, he closely resembled Mingo. Unfortunately for us he was sent home after his first race (the day previous to our arrival at Lexington,) so that we did not have the pleasure of seeing him.

Zenith's Performances.

1841.	May 18—Lexington, Ky.	Sweepstakes	Mile heats	won	\$1050
—	Oct. 1—Lexington, Ky.	Sweepstakes	Two mile heats	won	1200
—	" 13—Louisville, Ky.	Poststake	Two mile heats	won	4000
1842.	May 20—Lexington, Ky.	Purse	Three mile heats	won	500

Zenith, without losing a race, has won in twelve months, including his ownstakes

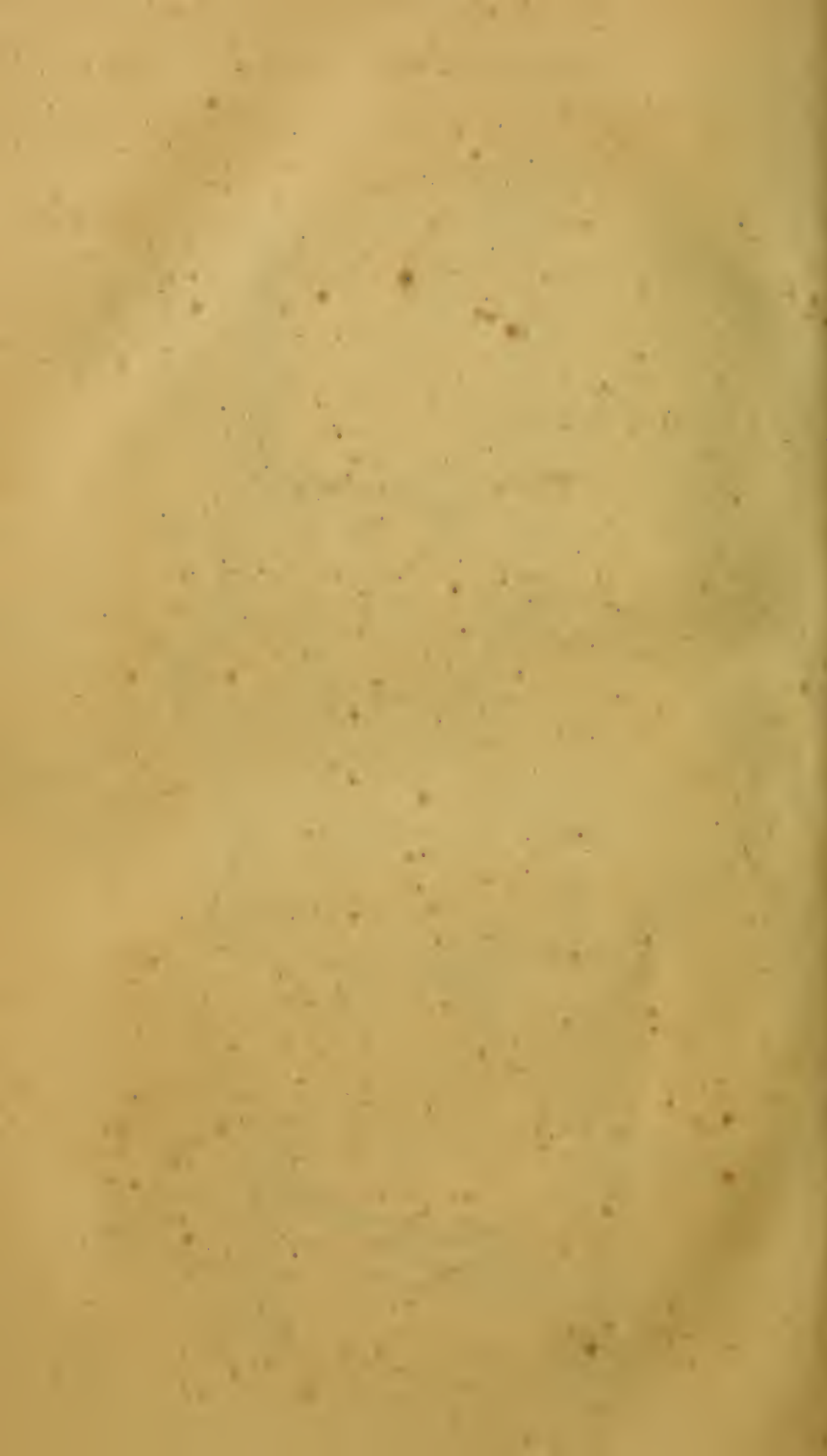
\$6,750

Miss Foote's challenge to *Zenith* was made on the 4th June. It was immediately accepted by him on her acceding to a suggestion that the forfeit be de-









posited in bank notes in lieu of notes of hand. The money was deposited, we learn, on the 25th, in the Northern Bank of Kentucky, HENRY CLAY, Jr., Esq., of Lexington, being the stake holder. We hear that Zenith is to be trained under the eye of his high spirited owner by Mr. BUDD; he is now walking, with Letcher and some other good ones, as stable companions. Miss Foote, to be trained by Mr. Coch, was daily expected at Lexington on the 23d with an own brother. We fervently hope the rival champions may come to the post on the 19th September in condition to run for a man's life—that the course and weather may be fine, and, more than all, that we “may be there to see!”

ATTILA, WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1842.

With an Etching from Bell's Life in London.

DESCRIPTION.—*Attila* has a peculiar Arab-looking head, rather long neck, oblique and good shoulder, long withers, excellent loins and middle-piece, very fine quarters, large hocks, but rather small knees; he is a small sized horse; in color a rich bay, and remarkably good tempered.

PEDIGREE.—*Attila* was bred in 1839; got by Colwick, out of Progress (bred in 1833 by Colonel Hancox) by Langar, her dam by Blacklock, grandam by Knowsley, out of Surveyor's dam. Progress is also the dam of Evelyn, now the property of Lord Henry Seymour. Colwick was bred by the late Mr. Beardsworth in 1828, and was got by Filho da Puta, out of Stella by Sir Oliver, her dam Scotilla by Anvil, out of Scota by Eclipse—Herod, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—Has started six times and won all his races.

ENGAGEMENTS.—Is in the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood; and in the St. Leger, Gascoigne, and Scarborough Stakes at Doncaster.

“OUR NELL,” WINNER OF THE OAKS, 1842.

With an Etching from Bell's Life in London.

PEDIGREE—OUR NELL was got by Bran, out of Fury (bred by Mr Ridsdale in 1832), by Tramp, out of Lunacy by Blacklock—Maniac by Shuttle—Beningbrough—Expectation by Herod. This filly belongs to Mr. Dawson, the trainer, who purchased her from Mr. Marshall, for £60, with a contingency of £200 should she win the Oaks. Besides the stakes, Mr. Dawson nets about £3,000, and Tommy Lye £1,100 (that is, if they get it). The animal has rather a coarse head, but is remarkably wiry and muscular in her general developments, and has been long regarded by the *cognoscenti* in the north as likely to “do the trick.” She is of a bright bay colour.

ENGAGEMENTS—Is in the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes at Hampton, the Horsley Stakes and Cup at Dudley and Tipton, the Produce Stakes at Wolverhampton, and the Avon Stakes and Cup at Warwick.

Notes of the Month.

AUGUST.

Long Island Races.—The Fall Meeting of the N. Y. Jockey Club will commence on the 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct. The purses are \$300, \$500, and \$1000, for Two, Three, and Four mile heats, of which \$50, \$100, and \$200, respectively out of each purse, is to go to the second best horse, thereby inducing more numerous fields.

Suggestion anent another good Race.—As there is small likelihood of a second match being made up between *Fashion* and *Boston*, the still rival champions of The North and The South, would it not be worth the consideration of some Northern proprietor to offer such inducements as would *ensure* their coming together here during the Fall campaign? Suppose the proprietors should offer a purse of \$2,000 for Four mile heats, to be run for on the Monday preceding the Club meeting, and exclusive of the regular four mile purse, on the express condition that *Fashion* and *Boston* should start? The friends of the rival champions might, on this, make up an inside stake of \$5,000, less or more, on the race, and thus give every one an opportunity of "standing in" for a slice of "a good thing." A race this Fall between *Fashion* and *Boston*, if arranged in season to allow of persons coming on from a distance, would attract as many, if not more spectators than did their great match in May, when the proprietors are said to have realized a profit of near \$10,000! Every turfman throughout the country would be glad to hear that another race had been made up, and would make a point of attending it. If one can be made up, therefore, in this, or any other way, it will be a source of immense profit to the proprietor of the course over which it comes off, and very possibly result in "*decidedly*" "the best race ever run in America!" What do you think of it, gentlemen?

Northern Stables.—The New Jersey stables, a friend writes, are likely to be well filled with "the raw material" for the Fall campaign. Young James Van Mater, Mr. Hellings, Sam Taylor and others, are expecting to bring out pretty long strings.

LAIRD has not taken his horses up yet. Mr. GIBBONS sent *Fashion* to him on last Thursday week, to join *Mariner*. Mr. G.'s fine colt *Yamacraw*, own brother to *Mariner*, he yet retains at home. Laird has a Mingo colt of Mr. KELLY's, of considerable promise. It is uncertain, we believe, whether CHARLES LLOYD is to train a stable in Jersey, or open a public stable on the Island, at the Union Course. In either event he will have a fine lot.

On Long Island several important changes are likely to take place. ALFRED CONOVER, the popular trainer of Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS, has leased from that gentleman his fine establishment, and is to open a *public* stable, offering great inducements to owners of horses. [Mr. Stevens is so entirely engaged upon his steam-vessel for Harbor Defence, which he is building for Government, that he has been obliged to give up his training establishment for a limited period. Capt. STOCKTON is likewise occupied with a steam-frigate for Government.] Conover is to have Mr. LIVINGSTON's fine mare *Columbia*, added to his string. The stables of Maj. JONES, Capt. SUTTON, and other gentlemen, will probably be divided between Conover and Lloyd. Both are favorably known as at the head of their profession; give them the *raw material* and *the tools*, and they can make pretty much anything a race horse.

Boston in the Breeding Stud.—We have it "from the very highest authority known" to the *Sporting World*, that *Boston* has covered but *Andrewetta* and

Ironette this season. We wish the number had been *two less*, but still this is better than "Andrewetta and a few other choice mares." The gallant old champion is now as fat as a saddle horse, in fine health, and with legs as fine as a 3 yr. old. Fashion, too, is looking well; the mark of her miscalled "curb" she yet retains, but it is now fully believed that the unsightly mark on her leg is the result of a bruise. A mare that can run four mile heats in 7:32½—7:45, "can take our hat," whether she has got a curb or not.

Exhibition of Fashion—A few weeks since, at the general desire of the citizens of Morristown, N. J., who have taken the greatest interest in her success, Mr. GIBBONS was induced to allow *Fashion*, the pride of New Jersey, to be exhibited on the public square of that beautiful town. The "Jerseyman" newspaper announced that on a named day *Fashion* would be in town and prepared to receive the calls of her admirers. Quite a multitude assembled, and it was a grand affair. *Fashion*, accompanied by Edith, her half sister, gaily bedecked with appropriate blue rosettes and fanciful streamers, and resplendent in new blue liveries, were punctually in attendance, and excited the liveliest enthusiasm. "Huzza for the Bonnets o' Blue," was in every one's mouth, and "*Fashion*" was the reigning toast. After being walked round the square and examined by the admiring throng of spectators, these distinguished guests of the town proceeded to the residence of Dr. CANFIELD, who has been most assiduous in his attention to *Fashion* since her great race, and has nearly removed, by his prescriptions, all appearance of a curb. At Dr. C.'s they were greeted with the smiles and attentions of a brilliant assemblage of belles, comprising all the beauty and fashion of the town. The whole affair was well arranged and went off with great spirit. The appearance of Fanny Elssler would not be hailed with so much enthusiasm anywhere in New Jersey, nor attract half the attention of *Fashion*. Now that Mr. Van Buren has returned to Albany, and "Boz" gone home to London, *Fashion* is, emphatically, the "lion" of the day.

Stud of Wm. J. MINOR, Esq., of Natchez, Miss.—A complete list of the stud of this spirited breeder and turfman is given in the June No. of the "Am. Turf Register." An esteemed Louisiana correspondent writes, since that publication, that Mr. M.'s colt foal by Grey Medoc out of his imported mare Orleans, "is the best he ever saw except only and always, the great Harkforward of his friend Judge PORTER." This is the first of Grey Medoc's get of which we have heard. May he turn out many more such. BERRY WILLIAMS, the distinguished Tennessee trainer, also writes of the foals of two of Mr. Minor's brood mares kept in that "race horse region," that Imp. Britannia has a bay filly by Pacific, and Telie Doe a bay filly by Imp. Belshazzar, that are equal to any in the State.

Dr. JOHN B. IRVING, of Charleston, S. C., one of the most ornate and elegant of American Sporting writers, proposes to publish by subscription "*A History of the South Carolina Turf.*" The work, handsomely bound, will be delivered at one dollar and a half. Its contents will include "the Importations of Blood Stock into the province of South Carolina, prior to the Revolution, and Anecdotes of the distinguished gentlemen on the South Carolina Turf from its commencement to the present day—with other original Sporting pieces." No gentleman of our acquaintance is better calculated to do justice to a work of this kind than Dr. Irving. He brings to the task an enthusiastic fondness for the Turf and is alike familiar with the distinguished men and horses that have figured on it. For very many years he has been the Secretary of the South Carolina Jockey Club, and in his researches among the early records of the Carolina Turf he has succeeded in collecting a fund of information, and thus rescued from oblivion many facts of peculiar interest which are fast passing away. Again expressing our gratification that the History of the South Carolina Turf has fallen into such hands, we shall be gratified to forward the names of any gentlemen in this section of the country, who may be desirous of obtaining a copy of the work.

Cock Shooting.—Two gentlemen of this city, Messrs. G. A. W., and R. S., bagged one day last week in Orange County, near the Hudson river, no less than one hundred and twenty-four Woodcock in eleven hours.

Another Present, and not the least interesting of the curiosities in our collection, has been sent us lately by JOSEPH LAIRD, the capital jockey of *Fashion* in all her races, for which he will accept our acknowledgments, and also our best wishes that he may ride the winner of the *next* "best race ever run in America," whenever it comes off! Young Laird has presented us with the *Spurs* he wore when riding *Fashion* in the match with Boston—spurs with which he has ridden eighteen miles, in races, in a single day, and which have tapped the claret of some of the finest horses in the Union. They are of polished steel, of the finest temper, and the rowels of one of them shows marks of service, as *Mariner* and *Clarion* probably remember. The pair, with the straps complete and ready for use, weigh exactly *an ounce and a half!*

We acknowledged the receipt last month from Boston of what is termed, about the office, "*The Oaks Plate.*" Some wag incited by a sight of it, has left with us "*A Derby Saddle*" to match it, we presume. There is a *Bridle*, too, said to have been worn by the winner of the *Ass-yrrian Stakes* in Ireland, in which each man rides his neighbor's donkey, the last one in being the winner! We only lack now, "a *toasting iron*" to be able to fit out "*A Bold Dragoon*" for Texas, with a "*long sword, saddle, bridle,*" but he must go *there* for his "*whack, row de dow, dow!*"

An error occurred in the list of Moose shot by the Brigade in Canada, lately, copied from the Quebec "*Mercury,*" and a "*rather*" serious one. An Officer of the Guards desires us to place the number 4, instead of 46, opposite the names of Lord F. PAULET and Lieut. Col. GREENWOOD. The paragraph reached us through the Toronto "*Herald,*" and the error was not made in this office. The "*total*" number of Moose killed was stated at 93, but if we are to deduct *forty* (as "*among the missing!*") should not some of the gentlemen of the party be credited with a larger number than is stated?

More Blood Stock gone to Canada.—The Toronto "*Herald*" chronicles the recent arrival there of Mr. Barnes Baird, from Long Island, with the following thorough-bred cattle for sale:—

Oliver, aged, by *Mayday*, out of *Betsey Richards*.

Darlington, 6 yrs. by *Imp. Barefoot*.

A 4 yr. old colt by *Imp. Trustee*, out of *Gulnare*.

A 4 yr. old filly by *Imp. Trustee*, dam by *Imp. Expedition*.

Amanda, 5 yrs., own sister to *Prince Albert*.

One or two trotting horses.

Horses and Horse Shoes.—The "*American*" states, that "according to the late United States Census, there are in the United States *four million horses!* It is said that they require *twenty five thousand* tons of iron annually for shoes!

"*A propos* of Horse Shoes—it is stated in the Troy papers that *Mr. Burden*, the ingenious worker in iron, of that city, has invented and successfully applied machinery to the fabrication of these articles. A bar of iron is put into the machinery which converts it rapidly into well fashioned horse shoes, punched with nail-holes, and ready to be put on."

Of the "*Four Million Horses*" alluded to above, how many, probably, are thorough-bred? A friend at our elbow thinks as many as One Hundred Thousand, which we doubt. If the number of stallions is set down at 1000, the brood mares at 8000, and the horses on the Turf at 1000, there is still left the enormous number of 90,000 thorough-breds to be accounted for.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

BOSTON, June 21st, 1842.

Dear Sir.—My only object in coming before the public as a prize shooter, is to give what I consider a deserved currency to my improvement in the construction of the Rifle.

It was stated in your publication, but without my authority, that the "*sample targets*" alluded to by Mr. Lumas, were off-hand shooting.* They were made in testing new guns, and that we always do at rest. Here Mr. Lumas is probably under a false impression. If Mr. Lumas will visit me with credentials

satisfying me that I can rely on his behaving with strict propriety in a match, I am willing to make the following proposals:—For the sum of \$500 at 50 yards, I will shoot thirty shots against the thirty on the engraved targets. The shooting shall be performed in exactly the same manner as it was in that, viz.: from a rest, five shots each trial, for six successive trials, selecting the centres in each, after shooting. If he can better his case by selecting new centres in the sample targets, he can have that privilege. It was stated in my communication that I had shifted the centres in some of the targets in the sample.

In this I must have choice of weather, and consider my chance just equal to win or lose. This offer is made on conditions only, that Mr. Lumas will shoot against me at rest, ten string shots at 100 yards, for \$500, using an old fashioned rifle against my improvement. This I know I can win. I shall be pleased to receive a visit from Mr. Lumas—I will not ask him to shoot against me, but hold myself sacredly bound to fulfil the above proposals. I shall disguise nothing for the sake of obtaining a match—I will go into the field and show him what I can do; he may then decline or accept, as he prefers.

Respectfully yours, ALVAN CLARK.

P S.—I am intending to visit your city in the course of a few weeks.

* Mr. C. is in error here, Mr. LUMAS does not allude to the Targets made by Mr. STARR, of Philadelphia, of which we spoke, but to Mr. Clark's fac-similes of the "fair samples of the shooting of Mr. Wesson's rifles."—*Editor.*

QUERIES BY "VETERAN."

To the Editor of the "Am. Turf Register."

No. 1. Mr. A. buys a horse for the purpose of running him as a race horse, and for £50 allows Mr. B. to buy half of him, giving over the horse to B. to be trained and taken care of. A written agreement is made between them, that if either party wished to dispose of his share, he must first offer it to his partner for £100, and in case his partner should not buy, he might sell it to whomsoever he pleased. A. offers his share to B, who declines buying; thereupon A. sells his share of the horse for £50 to Mr. C., and gives over the written agreement previously made between him and B. Does C. stand in exactly the same position with regard to B. as did A. ? *Answer*—Precisely.

No. 2. Many weeks elapse, and the horse, remaining in B.'s stable, is trained by him. On the 5th of June, the day of entry for the Merchant's Plate (a race decided by heats), B. nominates the horse early in the morning, and sends £5 (half the entrance money) with his nomination. On the same day, four hours later, Mr. C. sends £5, and nominates a horse, upon which the Stewards warn him that he can only start one horse, although he may nominate as many as he pleases, as it is contrary to rule to allow any gentleman to start more than one horse, partly or entirely his property, for a race decided by heats. Upon this C. sends a protest, stating he does not wish the horse entered by B., of which he is part proprietor, to run. B., on the other hand, claims priority of entry, possession of the horse, and having trained him solely and *exclusively* for racing, (C. not having allowed him to let the horse to mares, and having no part or concern in the horse proposed by C.) begs the Stewards will reject the nomination made by C. How are the Stewards to act? *Answer*—The nomination made by B. must be received. His claim of "priority" cannot be disputed.

No. 3. Has C. the right to preclude B. from starting the horse their joint property, or has B. a right to request C. should draw the horse entered four hours after his (B.'s) nomination? *Answer*—C. has no right, under the circumstances, to preclude Mr. B. from starting the horse (their joint property) first nominated. Mr. B. might insist that Mr. C. should withdraw his nomination, as prejudicial to his interest, the more especially as he (Mr. B.), in making his nomination, was promoting the interest of Mr. C. equally with his own.

GEORGE W. SMITH, Esq., of Missouri, is about establishing an extensive breeding stud in that State. Among his recent purchases in Kentucky, is Directress, the dam of Gazan, with a colt by Grey Eagle at her foot, and a 2 yr. old filly out of her by Zingane. These were purchased of A. L. SHOTWELL, Esq. Mr. Smith also takes with him Mary Porter and her half sister.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

At the Newcastle Races, Maj. YARBURGH's Heslington, a "dark colt," carried off the Northumberland Plate, to the great surprise of every one interested in his success. The distance was two miles; Heslington, a 4 yr. old, carrying 102lbs. won it in 3:28!—at the rate of 1:44 each mile!

The following day Mr. ORDE's celebrated mare *Bee's-wing*, now nine years old, won the Gold Cup,—two miles—beating the renowned Charles XII., winner of the St. Leger in 1839. *Bee's wing* carrying 126lbs., won by four lengths, in 3:40! Bell's Life remarks that "To describe the manifestations of delight exhibited by the numerous spectators on the course would be next to impossible. As soon as even the horses had passed the Morpeth turn the crowd closed after them all the way up to the winning post; and, when the number of the mare was telegraphed as the winner, three hearty cheers rent the air, and the people gathered round her as if they would actually have carried her back to weigh. Mr. Orde was congratulated on his success by the gentlemen in the Grand Stand, who loudly cheered him; and when he made his appearance in the yard he was as warmly greeted by the party assembled there. The health of *Bee's-wing* was drunk in a flowing bumper, and Mr. Orde, in his usual felicitous manner, returned thanks for the compliment paid, as he observed, to the most superior animal that perhaps, ever was seen; she had done her duty, he continued, and he hoped her friends had won money, whilst those who had placed their confidence in her antagonist on this occasion would be satisfied that they had lost fairly. Three cheers were then given for "t'ould mare," and success to her respected owner.

Sale of Racing Stock, &c.—The following yearlings, &c, the property of GEORGE WALKER, Esq., were sold at Tattersall's on Monday:—

Bay colt by Voltaire, out of Pauline (Gladiator's dam).....	80
Bay colt by Voltaire, out of Francesca (Kremlin's dam).....	51
Brown colt by Emilius, out of Velocity (sister to Velocipede).....	94
Chesnut colt by Velocipede, out of Guerdon, by Tramp, out of Pauline...	165
Dark bay filly, by Voltaire, out of Velocipede's dam.....	205
Bay filly by Voltaire, out of Emineh, by Sultan, out of Velocipede's dam..	35
Chesnut colt, two years old, by Emilius, out of Velocipede's dam, engaged in the Two years-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each at Doncaster, 1842, and Derby and St. Leger, 1843.....	440

Scott's Lot in the Derby of 1843.

Col. Anson's b. c. Armytage, by Velocipede, out of Louisa.
 Mr. Bowes's b. c. Cotherstone, by Touchstone, out of Emma, dam of Mundig and Trustee.
 Mr. Bowes's br. c. Auld Lang Syne, by Bretby, out of Oblivion.
 Mr. Bowea's ch. c. Baldersdale, by Bretby, out of Maid of Lune.
 Mr. Bowes's ch. c. The Goblin of Gozeley, by Bretby, out of Streatlam Sprite.
 Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Parthian, by Jereed, out of Cyprian.
 Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Prizefighter, by Gladiator, out of Barbara.
 Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Napier, by Gladiator, out of Marion.
 Lord Chesterfield's b. c. New Brighton, by Liverpool, out of Arachne.
 Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Ainsworth, by Jereed, out of Vacura.
 Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Beadsman, by Jereed, out of Charity.
 Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. by Gladiator, out of Anchorite's dam.
 Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Gamecock, by Jereed, out of Game Lass.
 Mr. Clark's ch. c. Philip, by Jereed, dam by Catton.
 Mr. Clark's b. c. Abernethy, by Physician, dam by Muley.
 Mr. Eddison's b. c. Chesterfield, by Langar or Jereed, out of Lyndhurst's dam.
 Mr. J. Scott's (now Lord Chesterfield's) ch. c. by Jereed, out of Progress.
 Major Yarburgh's br. c. Dumpling, by Muley Moloch, out of Easter.
 Major Yarburgh's br. c. Mahomet, by Muley Moloch or Voltaire, out of Belinda.
 Mr. Stanborough's (now Lord Maidstone's) b. c. Larry McHale, by Slane—Rosary.

John Day's lot, we believe, is confined to Mr. Wreford's nomination.

A new race and trotting course is about to be opened at Camden Town, within a mile of London, "on the American plan," being a mile round, and

shaped like our courses. In the sweepstakes opened, we see that *American* trotting horses are to carry a stone (14lbs.) extra! Trotting is beginning to attract great attention in England, and this new course is designed more especially for its exhibition and encouragement.

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock belonging to BENJ. OGLE TAYLOR, Esq., of Washington, D. C., and of Nanjemoy, in Maryland.

No. 1. ANNA BLOODGOOD, by John Richards, out of Chloe by Windflower (son of Florizel), grandam (bred by Isaac Ducket, Esq.) by Imp. Gabriel, g. g. dam by Lindsay's Arabian, g. g. dam the famous race mare Thistle (own sister to the famed Primrose) by Imp. Dove—Stella (sister to Selim) by Imp. Othello—Tasker's Selima by the Godolphin Arabian.

Her Produce.

1840. June. Ch. f. *Madame Lafarge*, by Corsair.

No. 2. MARCIA, by Sir Charles, out of Lady Johnson by Trafalgar, grandam Sally Slouch (sister to Star) by Virginian, g. g. dam Roxana by Imp. Sir Harry, out of Timoleon's dam by Imp. Saltram—Vildair, &c.

Her Produce.

1839. Ch. c. *Baron Stackelberg*, by St. Leger. Sent to Alabama.

1840. June. Ch. f. *Madame De Barry*, by ———.

No. 3. CONSTANCE, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Black Sal by Am. Eclipse, grandam by Hambletonian—Imp. mare by Cottager—Henricus—Regulus, &c.

Her Produce.

1840. June. Ch. f. *Medora*, by Corsair.

No. 4. CERULIA, by Marksman, out of Chloe [see No. 1].

Her Produce.

1838. Ch. f. *Eglantine*, by Imp. Cetus. [Half owned by Charles Taylor, of Virginia.]

No. 5. CONRAD, ch. c., foaled June, 1840, was got by Corsair, out of Chloe. [See No. 1.]

The above stock for sale; enquire of the Editor.

BENJ. OGLE TAYLOR.

Blood Stock of Dr. J. McDowell, of Rutherfordton, N. C.

No. 1. LAURA BILLINGS, b. m., foaled 20th May, 1836; got by Gov. Burton, out of a bay mare (owned by E. Reese, of Ala.) by Rapley, out of a Gallatin mare, dam by Director. *Rapley* was got by Bassino, out of Clío by Imp. Whip, she out of Sultana by Imp. Spread Eagle. *Whip* was got by Saltram, his dam by King Herod, grandam by Oronoko—Cartouch, &c. *Gallatin* was got by Imp. Bedford, dam by Mambrino, out of the Sister to Nailor's Sally. *Gov. Burton* was got by Mons. Tonson, out of Lady Burton, &c. Certified to by A. F. Lewis.

No. 2. ANDREW GOVAN, b. c., by Riot (by Sir Archy), out of No. 1;—foaled 22d March, 1832.

No. 3. *Brown Filly*, by S. S. Prentiss (by Imp. Fylde, dam by Washington), out of Industria; foaled April 16, 1842.

No. 4. *Bay Filly*, by S. S. Prentiss, out of Multiflora; foaled 18th May, 1842.

No. 5. *Chesnut Filly* by John Ross, out of Eliza Nelson by Imp. Whale; foaled May, 1841.

The pedigrees of the dams of No. 3, 4, and 5 are recorded in the May No. of the "Turf Register," 1838.

John Ross was got by Reform, out of One-eyed Peggy. He died 12 months since, from having his shoulder broken while in training for a three mile race at Quaker Meadows, Burke County, N. C.

No. 6. *Chesnut Gelding*, 3 yrs. old, got by Gov. Burton, out of Industria.

S. S. PRENTISS, b. h., foaled in January, 1832, bred by Peter R. Davis, of Warrenton, N. C.; he was got by Imp. Fylde, his dam by Washington (by Timoleon), grandam by Haxall's Imp. Sir Harry, g. g. dam own sister to Sir Ar-

chy, by Diomed. Certified to by Peter R. Davis, 26th Nov., 1840. The property of J. McDowell

W. H. WILKINS.

SARAH BARBOUR, foaled Spring of 1835, the property of Mr. John E. Lewis, deceased, formerly of Pendleton, S. C., was got by Imp. Truffle, out of a Medley mare. The pedigree of the dam of Sarah was unfortunately lost.

Will some of your numerous readers be so kind as to furnish the pedigree of the dam of Sarah Barbour? She was said to be got by Medley, and was raised and run about Nashville, Tenn. She was a small brown mare, 14½ hands high, with very small white spots over her body; was owned by Arch'd M'Laughlin, of Georgia, better known as "honest Archy the swindler;" I think he decamped for Texas in 1834. He, or a Mr. Leander Smith, sent the mare to Imp. Truffle, and after that she was ridden from Milledgeville to Delmege, Ga., in one day. She was then sold by

the sheriff, and Mr. Lewis became the purchaser, who sold her in Mississippi in 1836. She would be now about 12 years old.

J. McDOWELL.

Rutherfordton, June 13, 1842.

Pedigree of FRANKLIN, the property of JOHN J. AMBLER, Esq., of Jaquelin Hall, Va.

FRANKLIN, a bay colt, with a star, and the two hinder feet white, was foaled at Glenambler, Amherst County, Va., on the 9th of May, 1842. He was got by Rocker, out of Multiflora by Sir Archy—Shylock—Imp. Dare Devil—Wildair—Batte & Maclin's Fearnought—Godolphin—Imp. Hob or Nob—Jolly Roger—Imp. Valiant—Tryall, &c. See preceding volumes of "Turf Register."

Rocker was got by American Eclipse, his dam by Virginian, &c.

JOHN JAQUELIN AMBLER.

Jaquelin Hall, May 18, 1842.

GREY MEDOC.

Thorough bred on the dam's side.

The writer has been gratified at discovering that Grey Medoc is so high bred, of the right sort, running back maternally to the Mount Airy stock, and that part of it from which such distinguished horses as Bel-Air and Oscar, are in part descended—from Col. TAYLOR'S Yorick, the celebrated Virginia race horse, years before the American Revolution. Col. Tayloe died 1779. The writer has had access to Col. Tayloe's papers, but merely finds—"Sally Wright by Yorick, out of a thorough bred mare of Col. Tayloe's." T.

We are pleased to learn that Cora, the own sister to Medoc, has dropped a very superb colt to Imp. Glencoe. Cora was presented last season to Hon. BALIE PEYTON, of New Orleans, by our distinguished fellow-citizen, JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq. Mr. Peyton may well be proud of his breeding stud. Since the death of Black Maria, he has added to it Trifle, Atalanta, and several other celebrated mares.

Grasshopper, the half sister to Post Boy, and the dam of John R. and other good ones, dropped a fine bay filly out of Priam in May. She is the property of J. W. WARE, Esq., of Berryville, Va.

Skylark has had some capital mares this season, including Imp. Bustle, Catherine Davis, the Luzborough filly out of Old Crop, the dam of Jemima, Virginia Taylor, Virginia Johnson, and others.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

Embellishment:

STUDIES OF CELEBRATED JOCKIES:

Copied by GIMBREDE from an Engraving by Cook after the late Mr. MARSHALL.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

- ALEXANDRIA, D. C. Mount Vernon Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
 BALTIMORE, Md. - - Kendal' Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday 18th Oct.
 CAMDEN & PHILA. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 26th Oct.
 FAYETTE, Mo. - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept.
 FRANKFORT, Ky. - - Capital Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 7th Sept.
 HINDS Co., Miss. - Oakland Course, Colts' Stake, six subs., 1st Tuesday, 1st Nov.
 " " " Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Thursday, 3d Nov.
 HOLLY SPR'GS, Miss Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th Oct.
 KNOXVILLE, Tenn.- Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
 LEXINGTON, Ky. - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
 " " - - Match, Miss Foote vs. Zenith, \$5000 a side, h. ft., 4 m. h., 19th Sept.
 LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - Oakland Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
 LYNCHBURG, Va. - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Sept.
 MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
 NEW GLASGOW, Va. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
 NEW YORK - - - - Union Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
 RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 5th Oct.
 ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - St. Louis Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 10th Oct.
 TRENTON, N. J. - - Eagle Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Sept.
 WASHINGTON, D.C. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.

STUDIES OF CELEBRATED JOCKEYS



STUDIES OF CELEBRATED JOCKIES.

ROBINSON, CHIFNEY AND WHEATLEY.

Copied by GIMBREDE from an Engraving by Cook after MARSHALL.

THE engraving presented in this number of the "Turf Register" originally appeared in the London "Sporting Review" for June last, the editor of which, in the few words annexed, informs us of the history of these characteristic sketches. He states that the late Mr. Marshall, the artist, "found it no easy matter to get a sitting from such of the fraternity as he might have occasion to introduce into his equestrian pictures. As the best means, therefore, to obtain one, a friend of his invited a party of the most distinguished Jockies at Newmarket to dinner, and when they were thus brought to an anchor, Mr. Marshall transferred them to his canvass 'at one fell swoop.'"

We regard these sketches as of peculiar interest, not more on account of the likenesses—which are said to be excellent—than that they portray, with great fidelity, the peculiar seat and style in the saddle, of men so renowned in their "line of life." Chifney was, and Robinson is, at this moment, at the head of his profession; indeed many consider Jem Robinson *seven pounds* better than any of his contemporaries! We wish our best animal painters—Messrs. Troye, Burford, and Owings—would familiarize themselves more with the leading Jockies of the American Turf, and in their portraits of the "Cracks of the Day" introduce them

"All booted, all spurred, all equip'd for the race!"

If we have no Robinsons nor Chifneys, we have those worthy of the highest consideration, for their skill, coolness, and good character. Gilbert Partick or "Gil. Patrick," as he is called, John Ford, Joseph Laird, Stephen Welch, and Craig, are among the most celebrated Jockies of the United States; among the colored riders, there are several of high repute: Cato, Fayette, Abram, Commodore, Nathan, Andrew, and Monk, are the most distinguished.

Some years since (in 1837) there was republished in the "Spirit of the Times," from the London "Sporting Magazine," several "Characteristic Sketches of Celebrated English Jockies," from which we quote the paragraphs subjoined relative to Jem Robinson, one of the subjects of the sketch in the present number of the "Register":—

In no country but England has riding ever been treated as a science. On the continent of Europe it is taught mechanically, and the *manege* supplies rules by which a firm seat may be ac-

quired. This, probably, was the style adopted upon the earliest use of the stirrup, and, in fact, goes to annihilate the advantages which horsemanship derives from that vital auxiliary. All foreigners ride with the body quite erect, the knee straight, the leg stretched to its utmost extent, and the toe merely touching the stirrup-iron. This is the style, too, which is taught in our Military Riding Schools, the early lessons being given without the stirrup at all. Than the military seat nothing can be less graceful: a dragoon upon a high trotting horse being as ill at ease as a felon on a tread-mill; and the benefits resulting from it are, that in dragoon regiments you will find five cases of rupture for one among a similar number of men in any other condition of life. It is an axiom in mechanics, that where two powers are brought into opposition, one must give way.

I have thought it necessary to make these brief remarks, apparently wide of my present subject, because, without a contrast, the perfect grace exhibited by many of our jockies would run the chance of being unnoticed. Observe, for instance, him whom I have chosen to commence these Sketches with. He is mounted, and is riding to the starting-post. In his bearing are concentrated ease, power, and grace, so harmoniously combined, that though you see in them the counterfeits of Nature, you believe them her actual offspring. This is the triumph of art.

James Robinson is unanimously admitted to be *far* the best jockey of his day; at Newmarket they say he is half a stone better than his contemporaries. Now as in a mile race a stone is considered equivalent to a distance, he is understood to go to saddle for such an event with one hundred and twenty yards odds in his favor. His style of riding is one of entire elegance; his system is the spirit of the maxim conveyed in the couplet of Dibdin; he is a "piece of his horse," he has about him none of the mathematical subtleties for which his rival, Chifney, was so distinguished. In one particular, these masters of their art were very similar—imperturbability of countenance. In whatever difficulties they might chance to fall, their faces were no indexes to their troubles. Speaking of Talleyrand, I think it is Madame Guizot who says, "A kick on the hinder part of his person would produce no change whatever in the expression of his face;" the old Diplomatist would find his match in either of the heroes of the B. C.

Gentleness is the prominent feature in Robinson's method of bringing his horse through his race; you never see him punish unless he feels there is a chance left, and this his skill makes intuitive to him; still a more resolute rider cannot be. The most desperate thing I ever saw upon the Turf was his set-to on Bay Middleton for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes in 1836. No doubt he had left it too fine—probably he rode to orders—but he won it by the most accomplished severity I ever witnessed. Nothing can exceed the grace and consummate science which he displays in these "sets-to." It is well known that many races are lost on the post in consequence of a horse changing the leg with which he is leading. This is the result of his being overpaced or

thrown off his equilibrium. For the final struggle, the jockey gets into his saddle to ease his horse by shifting the weight; taking then a steady hold of his head with the left hand, he threatens or administers punishment with his right. This is a great error, and almost of necessity throws a horse off his equipoise, and consequently his stride. When he is at his top speed, the least adverse movement breaks his stroke, and injures his pace. Now to illustrate the effect of this action of *one* side, let the reader place himself upon a chair, lift his feet from the ground, and keeping the left arm perfectly still, wind the right forcibly as if flourishing a whip: he will find the *jar* that will be given to his whole frame; but let him, in such a position, work *both* arms *simultaneously*, and his body will be perfectly still. Thus, when he sees Robinson set to work for the struggle, he will understand why his bridle-hand and whip-hand are going together.

The natural disposition of this admirable rider shews itself the same in his professional as in his domestic character. In both it is remarkable for its mildness; in the latter great self-possession being joined with it. Nature has done all in her power for him—his frame is moulded for his calling. I hardly know a jockey now on the Turf, with the exception of Connelly, whose personal fitness for the saddle can bear comparison with his. That he is the first of his profession, we have the testimony of every member of it. Both by his superiors and those in his own sphere, it is his rare fortune to be universally respected; and, moreover, he is one of those in whose career we read that happiest of morals—"success has waited on desert."

SIR CHARLES AND WAGNER.

"A." IN REPLY TO "OBSERVER" AND THE EDITOR.

DEAR P.: I had hoped the subject of Wagner's pedigree was dismissed from the pages of the "Turf Register," unless some one could take him out of the position in which he was placed by tracing through Sir Charles, Marion, and Huntsman, to a nameless mare on the side of his dam.

It was matter of deep regret with me to see the pages of your valuable periodical lumbered with the defence of a horse with no claims to the title of *thoroughbred*, in the legitimate use of that term, unless you yourself derived personal gratification in the happy manner in which you evaded the true question (the purity of Wagner's pedigree), by leading off on the brilliant fame of Sir Charles, his daughters and sons, and grand-sons and grand-daughters.

"A." expressly stated that Sir Charles was a truly splendid

specimen of the American racer, and a most successful stallion, only denying that any one could furnish an authenticated pedigree of him—the number and variety of the pedigrees given of him is conclusive on this subject.

Marion traces to a New Jersey pacing mare, brought to North Carolina before the Revolution; from that period well bred, and for the last two generations a racing family—can any one call this *thoroughbred*?

Of Huntsman, grandsire of Maria West, little is known of his blood. He was by Imp. Mousetrap. I believe no one can trace the blood of his dam. I once owned a Citizen colt from Huntsman's sister; she had no pedigree. If the Huntsman mare had descended without stain from one of the blessed mares of the Prophet would you call her *thoroughbred*?

I do not mean to enter into a discussion of the racing merits of Sir Charles, Wagner, Trifle, or any of the Bell family; even should they run in 7:30, and repeat in less time, it would not change the blood of Wagner.

It has long been my *theory* that no horse could succeed in the Stud with a scrub cross in him, and that however distant, this will show in his stock. This was an opinion advanced by me many years since, and Wagner will be added to the list for the establishment of its truth. He had some fine mares put to him the season he stood in Kentucky, such as could scarcely fail to bring racers from any fair performer, and I learn, too, from a source on which I can rely, that in appearance they are equal to any he has seen this season, but he saw among them some coal blacks. This induces a belief that all the swans of the family were not *white*, the true color of the bird at this day.

I should not have deemed any reply necessary had not your concluding Note, in allusion to the letter of "Observer," seemed to require it. He in the true spirit of chivalry comes uncalled to the rescue, with a short comment on *prejudice* (some mistake in the printer). *Truth* may be prejudicial, not *prejudice*. "Observer" commences a string of queries, some of which I shall notice, although having no connection with the subject of "A.'s letter, as they do not contradict his statements. "If Sir Charles is not *thoroughbred*, what is the use of Stud Books or Racing Calendars?" asks "Observer." A Stud Book would have been necessary if Sir Charles had never been, and no Stud Book can make *him thoroughbred*. He has various pedigrees published in the "Turf Register," which only goes to show he had no certain pedigree. What may be said of him in EDGAR'S second volume (which is not published yet) I cannot say—well I know, Maughon gave no pedigree, nor has any gentleman yet stated he knew certainly who bred his grandam. After this question, "Observer" starts off with a long list of the racers gotten by Sir Charles, and winds up with the splendid race of Fashion and Boston. What does this prove, but that Sir Charles *may* have had a *pure pedigree*, although it is *impossible* for any one to show it? In the next place he comments on the assertion of Mr. Moody, that the dam of Sir

Charles was purchased out of a fish-cart. He asks "was not the dam of Sussex bought out of a cart? I have heard so." This proves nothing. I have seen many thoroughbreds on Roanoke ploughing in fields alongside of *Kentucky scrubs*. On one occasion Gen. DAVIE travelled one hundred and ten miles in a sulky, in one day—a part of the way he drove an imported mare called Betsey Mountfort, and the remainder a horse bought out of a Pennsylvania waggon. Does it follow that as both drew the sulky, both were equally well bred? yet this is as just an inference as that in regard to the dams of Sir Charles and Sussex.

The *South Carolina letter* alluded to, from which he quotes, was written some years since by Mr. DAVIE, in answer to enquiries addressed to him by Maj. ANDREWS, of Washington City. In this he says "Mr. Bradley gave him a pedigree for the dam of Sir Charles and that he believed it." This traces his pedigree for four generations. Is there one reader or correspondent of the "Register" would call this *thorough*? This is better understood now.

As we have alluded to three pedigrees given to Sir Charles, let me add a fourth on the assertion of W. M. WEST, before Sir Charles left the Turf. Mr. West asserted that his grandam was an Opelousas mare, and that the Pied cross would show in his stock. I am not in possession of the authority on which he made the assertion, but Mr. Colquhoun, of Danville, showed me a chestnut Sir Charles mare with white legs and a large white splotch on one side, and all who saw Flag, by Sir Charles, will admit he was a real Chickasaw in color; and many others had white legs and faces. I incline to the belief his dam was bred by J. REEVES, with a *truly fine* but not *thorough pedigree*.

I am not willing you should devote your valuable time to the defence of a defective pedigree. Your multifarious duties as Editor of our only sporting papers would occupy the whole time of one less endowed for the task; and I, for one, am not willing to add to your labors, or detract from your enjoyments. Your "Profit and Loss Account" shows a heavy balance sheet, which no one more than myself can deplore should be placed on the wrong page.

Nashville, Tenn., July 12, 1842.

Yours, A.

Note by the Editor.—Inasmuch as "A." persists that "no gentleman has yet stated that he knew certainly who bred the grandam of Sir Charles," after having *himself* said that she was bred by Mr. Reeves, and that he "knew all the horses" in his pedigree "as far back as the Flimnap mare," we think it idle to pursue the subject further.

We must beg our correspondent not to make himself miserable about the employment of our "valuable time." In the twelve years or more that we have devoted our humble talents to what we conceived to be the best interests of the Turf, we are not aware of having wasted one moment in "the defence of a defective pedigree," and we challenge "A." to show any ground for an insinuation so gross and so gratuitous.

ENGLISH SPORTING MISCELLANY.

Sporting Obituary, etc.—The French Turf has received a fatal blow in the death of the Duke of Orleans, which occurred on the 13th of July, through a fall from his carriage. His Royal Highness was not only a munificent Patron and spirited supporter of Racing, which, by his improvement in the breed of horses, he raised to its present eminence, but was also a Sportsman, delighting in the Chase, and maintaining packs of hounds at St. Germain, Fontainebleau, and Chantilly. On the very day of his death, Mr. Hancock, of the British Tavern, Rue Favart, arrived in Paris with a splendid pack of hounds purchased in Yorkshire for His Royal Highness. Of the Prince's success on the Turf, our pages have given ample testimony. His stud was under the superintendance of Count Cambis, who had appointed George Edwards, the jockey, head-trainer to the Prince Royal. Beggarman won the Goodwood Cup in 1840, and Nautilus was entered for the same Stakes this year, and it was hinted that His Royal Highness intended to come over to see his horse run. Nautilus was brought over for that purpose, and, since the death of the Prince, has returned home. It is believed that the fine stud will be sold, as none of his illustrious Brothers partook of His Royal Highness's passion for the Turf and Chase.

Mr. Simpson's celebrated stallion *Humphrey Clinker*, by Mr. Allen's *Humphrey Clinker*, died on the 19th of July at Burton Agnes very suddenly, supposed by the bursting of a blood vessel in the heart.

Mr. Orde's *Tomboy* died a few days since at Middleham.

The Duke of Grafton's three-year-old filly *The Æra*, by Bizarre, engaged in the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood, is dead.

Mr. Pryse's *Dr. Eady* died to-day, aged 23 years.

The Turf.—Colonel Anson has sold *The Duke of Wellington* to Mr. Markwell, Market Deeping.

Lord Lynedoch's Stud was sold by Messrs. Tattersall, in the July Meeting, at Newmarket, and fetched the following prices:—

<i>Mandane</i> , by Sultan, out of Maria by Waterloo, out of Belvorina, &c. ; covered by Slane	115 gs.
<i>Jeffy</i> , 5 yrs. old, by Jerry, out of Mandane by Sultan, &c.	89
<i>Bay Yearling Filly</i> , by Liverpool, out of Esperance	72
<i>Ghuznee</i> , 3 yrs. old, by Glaucus, out of Zipporah by Moses	71
<i>Bay Yearling Filly</i> , by Liverpool, out of Mandane by Sultan, &c.	66
<i>Bay Filly</i> , 2 yrs. old, Sister to Jeffy—engaged in the Chesterfield Stakes, 1842; in a Stakes for fillies at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, and Oaks, 1843	65
<i>Syntaxiana</i> , 4 yrs. old, by Dr. Syntax, out of Mandane by Sultan, &c. : covered by The Saddler	50

A bay two-year-old colt by Bay Middleton, out of Silvertail, the property of the late Christopher Wilson, Esq., fetched 76 guineas.

The sale of the Duke of Grafton's Yearlings is postponed till October.

THE SPORTING LIFE OF ENGLAND.

BY JOHN MILLS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN."

IN former chapters I have given a few remarkable instances of the rational powers in animals as opposed to the undefined qualities called "instinct." All that I have hitherto related have been the assertions of others—in whom, by the way, as much confidence may be placed as any I may make—but the following I *saw*, and am therefore sponsor for its strict correctness.

There was a man who drove an errand-cart daily between Ipswich and Woodbridge, and for aught I know he still may be at his honest calling. I learned that his horse, although *quite blind*, would stop, without any signal being given, at the various public houses and places along the road where his master was in the habit of either taking his horn of nut-brown ale, or transacting his business. Wishing to know whether his statement was true, I upon one occasion met him on the road for the purpose of ascertaining, and asked him whether it was so.

"Yes, Sir," he replied: "Old Jack knows as well as I do when he comes to a stopping-place; he never forgets one."

"And how many are there?" I inquired.

"Nine regular places," returned he, "and there's one now in sight;" pointing to a small road-side public house, called the Kesgrove Bell.

Following with the carrier at the distance of about a dozen or fifteen yards, I watched with much interest for the optical proof of this extraordinary incident.

"I'd bet all I got in the world to a brass farthing that he don't pass the door by a yard," said his owner, with pride and admiration; and just as the wheels came opposite the faded old sign, which appeared to have creaked on its rusty hinges for nearly a century, the horse came to a full stop as if his jaws had been suddenly pulled by a strong rein. "There," continued his master, "I told you so, and he *never misses one!*"

To support the weak, to succour the distressed, to cheer the desponding, and to exult in the success of merit, have ever been the proud and national characteristics of Englishmen. In the street-brawl and scratching encounters of itinerant vendors of live soles and wretched eels, doomed to lose their skins ere their hearts have ceased to palpitate, the cry from the excited and delighted circle of spectators is, "Go it, little 'un!" In the pugilistic exhibitions of pigmy candidates for fistic honors, the lesser combatant is certain to hear the inspiring enthusiastic burst of "Go it, little 'un!" On the hustings, when rival and expectant Members of St. Stevens are lauding themselves with no mean capacities of egotism, and traducing in no measured terms their unhappy opponents,

what is the ringing shout from the patriotic band congregated to hear projects for their country's good?—"Go it, little 'un!" In the loud growling quarrels of unclaimed wandering curs, who contend for the bare bone picked from the slimy kennel, the combatant of weaker powers is saluted with "Go it, little 'un!" In the pit, where spurred cocks exhibit their pugnacious abilities to the death, the generous cry is still "Go it, little 'un!" Things of upright gait, those walking on four limbs, of earth, sea, and air, meet with the like backing in their quarrels and rivalships—"Go it, little 'un!"

This liberal feeling to cheer the weak was manifested in the late aquatic contest between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge in a limited degree. The former had been defeated four consecutive Matches, and therefore the inclination and fervent wishes of the directly disinterested were in favor of the gallant Oxonians.

It is a task of far less difficulty to play a winning game than a losing one. The successful think of their former pulls from favorable Fortune, while the defeated cannot but think of the unprosperous precedents. How many owe the climbing of life's slippery ladder to the first few steps bearing the imposed weight, and how many fall never to rise again from the opposite result! To *feel* that the prize will be gained, the goal reached, and the fight won, is to lead with well-planted advantage; and should success not follow in the wake, still the difficulties of defeat will be increased ten-fold. But the truly brave may be repulsed, but never beaten. Again and again will they rally and breast the storm, and although prismatic Hope may sink within them as they struggle on, no shrinking from the danger is ever exhibited.

Ambition took the helm—the Stake was honor! The noble and manly contest was to be disputed between the picked men of the two great Universities—no weak and puny ill-begotten weeds, but men from heel to head, with youth's hot blood gushing through their hearts, and spirits bold as the eagle's in her cloud-capped aëria. The selected champions for Oxford's reputation were, Macdougall, Menzies, sen., Breedon, Brewster, Bourne, Coxe, Hughes, Menzies, jun. (stroke), and Shadwell, coxswain.

Her rival Sister in classic lore had Tower, Hon. L. Denman, Watson, Penrose, Cobbold, Royds, Hon. G. Denman, Ridley (stroke), and Pollock, coxswain.

That an equal period might be had by the respective crews in becoming acquainted with the various wrinkles of the watery course, it was arranged that three days only should be allowed for this purpose. After a number of preliminary skimmings in the pale moonlight and sweltering sun, the measured strokes became as even as though one man dipped every oar, and, in the opinion of competent judges in aquatic performances, none could possibly excel them, even from the most experienced watermen.

At length the eventful day arrived: the shore was lined with anxious spectators; the bridges almost groaned under the weight of the thickly-packed crowds; steamers and boats of all descrip-

tions and sizes were studded over the surface of the river, and scarcely a corner from which an uninterrupted view could be had but what was fully occupied. At half-past three the crews took their seats in the two beautiful cutters built expressly for this purpose. The Oxford boat was white, with purple lining, and purple blades to the oars. This splendid craft was built by King, of Oxford, whose fame for turning out bits of perfection is of long standing. The Cambridge cutter was laid down by the well-known Searle, and was tricked out in light blue. The length of the former was 53, that of the latter 52 feet. In a few minutes all was arranged for the start; the Oxonians, having the choice, judiciously took the Middlesex side of the centre arch, and none being left for the Cantabs, they of course had the Surrey. The signal was given. The oars swept forward and bent like willow wands. For an instant the boats staggered under the mighty force given to them, and then, like untrapped birds that cleave the air with sudden and ecstatic freedom, away they sprang at one and the same moment. The boats flew through the water without an inch of advantage on either side. Side by side, pull by pull, they passed Horseferry and up to the Beacon, but just as they neared the Penitentiary the Oxford crept ahead by two or three feet. "Bravo, Oxford! Bravo, Cambridge! give it her, pick her up!" resounded from all quarters as the friends of each stimulated their exertions. The Cantabs laid down at their oars, and made desperate speed; still the Oxonians met them with a will, and maintained a lead of four seconds through Vauxhall Bridge. Off the Eagle, there was another tremendous push made by the Cams, and they drew upon their opponents so as nearly to bump them, but pass they could not; their head was within an inch of their quarter; but the Oxonians drew away, leading up the Reach at an incredible rate. Through Battersea Bridge they darted full two lengths in advance, and continued at a powerful speed to make the distance longer between them and their adversaries. At the Wandsworth meadows, however, the Cambridge crew again put the steam at high pressure, but made little alteration in the aspect of affairs. Cheer after cheer rang from their friends as they saw them coming up again to the Oxford's quarter: but more they could not do. The Oxonians redoubled their efforts, and went in winners by thirteen seconds. Thus terminated one of the best aquatic races ever pulled, the time being thirty minutes forty-five seconds.

At the termination of all such generous contests adversaries become linked in the chain of good fellowship, and, from being opponents in hand and heart, turn both to a friendly reckoning. Gay hours attended "the feast of reason and the flow of soul;" friends were all, and foes were none; the Match was rowed o'er and o'er again, and jest and song echoed from wall to roof.

Is there a prettier Meeting in the wide world than Hampton? Having no one present to answer the question, I will reply to it myself, and affirm in the negative. There are no anxious looks from heavy books, neither are there priceless horses to contend

for weighty prizes ; but people go to Hampton as they would to a fair, a dance, or a frolic—for the *fun* of the thing. As I endeavor to select but the cream of the various sports I enter into or narrate, I therefore shall give the grand day only at Hampton, which was appointed for the coming-off of the Hurst Cup.

Happier faces never shone to mingle with the sunshine. Here and there were merry parties squatting on the turf, rifling large and deep baskets of their substantial contents, and thinking about as much of praying as racing. The loud “ha! ha!” rattled from hearts lighter than floating gossamer, and if the tight-laced forms of etiquette were forgotten, there was more true buoyant happiness in the breach than ever can be gained from their observance. Jugglers, pedlars, tellers of the future plied their arts and mysteries ; donkey-masters urged their unhappy quadrupeds with powerful stimulants, to carry animals but one degree removed from their proverbial stupidity ; proprietors of thimble-rigging establishments challenged the greenest and most confiding to find a pea that the least acute of vision might discover, provided it had not been previously stuck in the dingy nail of the facetious possessor, or one of his pleasant associates—gentlemen that may be recognised by whips in their hands, umbrellas, and other little respectable decoys ; coiled garters, impossible to be securely pricked, were offered as certain means of gain to the fortunate attempters ; rings so easily to be thrown on the board of irons that an infant could scarcely fail to win a fortune, if the arrangement of the board permitted one out of a dozen to be spiked. Tents were there tricked in dazzling colors of gaudy hue, with heaps of money to be gained from the tempting games proceeding in their respective interiors, had the chances been a shade less than 2 to 1 in favor of the owners of the pandemonium banks. Little skittles, balls, tables, every description of play that the ingenuity of subtle man can devise for the obtaining of others’ rightful wages by apparent fairness, but not less dishonest than the more direct mode of the pickpocket’s, were in full force and profitable swing.

“Ting-a-ring-ting ; “There’s the bell—now we shall have a race.”

“D——n the race ! Give us a cut o’ that weal an’ ’am.”

“There they go.”

“Ah ! so they do ; Blue’s fust. Go it, you cripples ! A taste more fat :” and the speaker plied his fork with a relish, careless even to cast a look towards the fleet horses as they swept along.

For the Hurst Cup nineteen were entered, but the following six were the only starters :—Mr. C. Hornsby’s Revoke (Hornsby) ; Mr. Scott’s Ellen (late Michaelmas Day) ; Mr. Tollett’s Fiery Oaks ; Mr. Payne’s Rapture ; Mr. E. R. Clarke’s Sister to Glencoe ; and Mr. Kingsley’s Fama. The very trifling betting which took place may be quoted thus : 2 to 1 agst. Rapture, 3 to 1 agst. Revoke, 4 to 1 agst. Fiery Oaks, 5 to 1 agst. Sister to Glencoe, and the same odds agst. Fama. With the first heat Fiery Oaks commenced the game at a capital pace. In getting near home, however, Ellen, Rapture, and Fama had the joke to themselves,

the result being, after a capital struggle, in favor of Ellen. In the second heat, Fiery Oaks recommenced, and won after a spirited race with Sister to Glencoe, Rapture being a good third. The third and fourth heats—oh, these tedious, stale, and wretched heats!—were won cleverly by Revoke, whose strength and substance enabled her to wear her rivals out.

For Her Majesty's Plate the following appeared at the post:—Sir W. M. Stanley's Vakeel (Flatman), Mr. Nightingale's Ajax, Mr. Dawson's The Bidly, and Mr. Robins's Miss Eliza. Betting, 3 to 2 on Ajax, and 6 to 4 agst. Vakeel. Ajax made all the running in the first heat; Eliza, doing her best, stuck close to the hero; but Vakeel flung the gauntlet to the pair, and beat them cool and comfortably. Nothing daunted, Ajax again started at a splitting pace, shewing the way to go and time to keep, when Vakeel, troubled with nothing like the motions of a snail, flashed by him, and won just as he pleased.

At the conclusion of the sport, highly amusing scenes took place, and among others the following. An itinerant auctioneer had placed his peddling-cart, loaded with wares and merchandise, in a conspicuous part of the ground, and to a select circle of both sexes was extolling their qualities for excellence and cheapness.

"Here's a lot," cried he, "o' hankerchers; they're neither silk nor satin, but a mixture o' both, and better than either. They was made to give away; who'll buy 'em?"

"When did you go to school, I'd like to know?" inquired a tall male biped, in a cracked and squeaky voice.

"A long time ago, Miss," replied the vendor of chattels. "I never could get further than m-u-d mud, and then I had to go six miles for a spade to dig myself out. But come, what do you say for the hankerchers? Five bob for the lot? four, three, two, one? say somethin'."

"I'll give sixpence," said a bidder.

"They're yourn, Sir," returned the auctioneer, folding up the handkerchiefs and handing them to his customer.

"Now," said the buyer, "I'll trouble you to produce your licence."

"Ho, ho! ha, ha! That's what ye are, eh?" exclaimed the auctioneer, producing a scroll from a snug tin case. "Ho, ho! He, he! Ha, ha! Is it satisfactory to your promiscus feelings, Sir?"

"That'll do," growled the informer, backing himself from the cart; but he was not doomed to an easy retreat. Round him pressed the crowd, groaning, hooting, and making the welkin ring with many a reproachful epithet. One pulled him here, another tugged him there; then a weighty fist fell like an avalanche on his four-an'-ninepenny thatch, and down it went on the extreme tip of his nasal organ. Two imps of mischief, seeing the victim's blind and helpless condition, clutched the skirts of his Sunday coat, and split them to the collar. To and fro, round and round, the hapless being was dragged, spat at, and kicked, until the auctioneer's heart was touched by melting pity.

“That’s enough,” he cried : lift that cracked and damaged tile from off his nose.”

Pale fear had blanched the wretch, and he trembled in every limb as the extinguisher was raised from his supplicating features. “I crave your mercy,” he would have uttered, but terror tied his tongue.

“Ho, ho ! Ha, ha ! What you put your foot in it, Mr. Informer, eh ?” said the auctioneer. “Now listen to my advice ; never bake your bread in such a oven again ; and having said this much,” continued he, throwing himself into an attitude worthy of a second Kean,

“Hence creeping thing with lantern jaw,
Thou carrion worm, and magot of the law !”

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for July, 1842.

DEATH OF CHRISTOPHER WILSON, ESQ.,

THE FATHER OF THE ENGLISH TURF.

WE regret to announce the death of this highly respected and venerable gentleman, who breathed his last at Christie’s Hotel, St. James’s Street, on the 25th of May, in his 79th year. The infirmities of age had gradually weakened his frame, and, at his own desire, he was a week previously removed from his residence, Oxton House, near Tadcaster, to the metropolis, in a bed placed inside a railway carriage. Mr. Christopher Wilson was not only a striking example of the good old English Gentleman, but a true Sportsman in the fullest acceptation of the term. For a long series of years he occupied a conspicuous position in all racing transactions, and bore the title of the “Father of the Turf,” evincing on all occasions—and the appeals to his decisions were numerous—a correctness of judgment, as well as a spirit of forbearance, which can find few, if any, parallels. He was a regular attendant at Newmarket, Epsom, Doncaster, York in her palmiest days, as well as at other places. In all the relations of life, he sustained a reputation which no circumstances ever dimmed, and no calumny could ever blight ; while he kept up all the good old hospitalities and customs of the true English Gentleman of the Old School, worthy of all imitation, however much they have fallen into desuetude, diffusing around, by the cheerfulness of his manner and the placidity of his behaviour, a charm which increased from year to year the high estimation in which he was held. His death will be the subject of deep regret amongst a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances ; and his memory will be long held in the highest veneration by every lover of the Turf. Mr. Wilson was the only gentleman who won the Derby and the St. Leger the same year—in 1800—with his celebrated horse Champion ; and it is a remarkable circumstance that the Father of the Turf breathed his last on the Derby Day.

BREEDING FOR THE TURF.

BY CHIRON.

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

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

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

if carried to excess, are prejudicial to any considerable evolution of muscular power, or the latter by exercise obtains the pre-eminence; and that portion of the brain which, if cultivated, would have made its possessor a learned man, becomes, in process of time, less disproportioned to that which is termed the animal portion in the person whom chance has placed in a station of life calculated to call forth his corporeal, more than his mental faculties. In the brute creation, nature has probably shown, in most instances, a bias towards perfecting physical organization; and, therefore, I repeat, breed when you can from animals that have a large share of brain, and not from such as are defective in that portion of the animal economy.

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

seen the peculiarity referred to noticed by any one ; and, if true, it demonstrates on what trifling bases a correct opinion of a horse's constitution may be formed, and how minute should be the scrutiny of those who purchase stallions or mares for the purpose of procreating a healthy and a hardy progeny.

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

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

Both horses and mares should always be what is called “well let down in the hocks,” an expression that many people use without understanding its real meaning, which is, that the point, or cap, of the hock, should extend considerably downwards, until it be, at least, perpendicular to the lower part of the leg. Where this is not the case, and the whole of the hock slopes gradually downwards and backwards, the action of the hind legs is seldom strengthly, and frequently contracted. Below the hock to the fetlock, and below the knee to the pastern, the legs should be short, clean, wiry, and flattish, which latter appearance should depend more upon the position of the back sinews and ligaments, and the space between them and the bone, than upon the formation of the bone itself. Large, starting muscles should cover the leg from the

shoulder to the knee, gradually diminishing from above downwards, and having that well-marked and whipcord-like appearance which denotes the possession of power to a remarkable degree. The knees, pasterns, hocks, and fetlocks, should be large; a small-jointed horse is ever a weak one, as the ligamentous expansions which cover those parts, and the sinews which play over, or are inserted into them, or the parts in their immediate vicinity, should be of considerable size, or the parts in their immediate vicinity, should be of considerable size, if proportioned to the muscles of the limbs of large horses. Below the knees and hocks, the bone should be of considerable circumference, and at the back and lower part of the former there should be no contraction, otherwise the sinews of the leg will be crippled in their motions. The pasterns should neither be upright nor very long, but sloping forwards with a gentle curve, and expanding in width to meet the hoof.

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

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

It is almost superfluous to add, that, in breeding, it is absolutely necessary that both sire and dam be perfectly sound. The greater number of the diseases of the horse are hereditary, and although I do not purpose to give instructions for ascertaining whether a

horse be entirely free from disease, I should never recommend any one to breed from either a horse or mare that was known to be unsound, except from accident, in the expectation that a similar infirmity may not be propagated to the offspring. A horse that has broken down on the Turf, and whose racing career has thus been put a stop to, through accident, will not, of course, beget foals with rupture of the back sinews of the leg, or of the sheaths of these tendons; but it may be a question whether he did not himself break down through a natural weakness of those parts, and whether his offspring may not inherit from him a similar defect. In many cases of this description, however, the accident arises not from any unnatural debility of the ruptured part, but is caused by the majority of our blood-horses being put in training and raced before nature has had time to perfect her work, and the various parts of the frame have acquired that degree of strength which increases with age up to a certain period. A horse, then, that has broken down at two or three years old, from the undue exertion he is compelled to undergo at that tender age, may, nevertheless, become firmly knit in all his parts at seven or eight, and be perfectly adapted for begetting strong and healthy stock. Again, a one-eyed horse that has lost his eye from the prick of a thorn, or any other similar accident, must not be supposed likely to beget one-eyed foals. The case, however, would be different, had he lost the eye from natural disease of that organ; such a disease, and likely to terminate similarly, would then probably appear in his stock. Where accident, however, produces disease of any part, and it be not arrested and cured, but slowly assumes a chronic state—say, for instance, pricks of the feet in shoeing, inducing inflammation—which is allowed to run on until actual “fever of the foot,” as it is termed, ensue; or constant bad shoeing, which may terminate in chronic inflammation of the internal structure of the hoof, resulting in gradual contraction of the quarters, and pumiced feet—the disease, after it has existed for a certain time, may be propagated to the foal. But even in this case the foot at birth may be perfectly well formed, and subsequently manifest a disposition to contraction, in the same manner that the one-eyed stallion, who has lost his eye from disease, will beget foals with two eyes, in either or both of which some one of the different disorders to which they are subject, may, at a future period, become apparent.

At first it may appear difficult to reconcile the fact of an abnormal state of the back sinews, produced by accident, not becoming visible in the stock of a horse or mare whose legs are unsound from having broken down, while an accident happening to the foot, not of a graver character than rupture of a tendon, should lead to results which may re-appear in the next generation. In the first place, however, it may be remarked that the efforts of nature have been directed towards *repairing* the evil, and they have succeeded, the horse becoming after a time sound; while, in the second, the result of the accident is actual disease, which destroys the organization of the part it attacks, and leaves it ever after in a crippled and defective state. There is much, however, to be said upon this

point ; and as a stallion that has broken down may beget stock with relaxed sinews, it were better, if possible, to select such horses and mares for the purposes of breeding as have never met with any accidents which have destroyed, or at all altered the natural functions of any portion of the body ; and, perhaps, the number of second-rate blood horses that we see in every part of the kingdom, arises from inattention to this important point, and from putting both stallions and mares to the stud only because they are not in a fit state to run, and are consequently erroneously deemed fit to breed from.

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

Inexplicable as this may appear, it is not more so than many other well-authenticated facts relating to the subject of generation. It is well known that men who, while actively employed in business, have had families who have, through life, manifested no tendency to disease ; having amassed a fortune, retired from active occupation, and given themselves up to an indolent and luxurious course of life, have become the victims to gout and rheumatism, to which the offspring born to them, while in this state, have subsequently become martyrs. I would beg the reader to take notice of this fact, as it is one to which I may have occasion to refer, when noticing the mode in which brood mares and stallions are generally kept, while retained solely for the purposes of breeding.

While speaking of the propagation of most of the diseases of horses from the parents to their offspring, I cannot refrain from noticing one in particular, which most veterinary surgeons concur in affirming to be hereditary, but of the accuracy of which opinion, I confess I am, to a certain extent, sceptical ;—I allude to roaring. If I am not mistaken, Taurus and Humphrey Clinker are roarers, but I have, as yet, met with but one horse—a son of the latter stallion—that inherited the disease. Neither am I aware that their stock descendants have propagated this disease, for I have seen several of Rockingham's stock, and have not discovered a roarer among them, neither have I, to my recollection, heard of any of his get on the Turf that inherit this malady ; and it seems but rational to conclude that no one at all conversant with the common principles of breeding, would have continued to send mares to any of these horses, had they been found to beget roarers. I may be in error to doubt the probability of roaring descending from generation to generation, and therefore merely venture to express uncertainty upon this point, in order that it may be confirmed or disproved by those who have had better opportunities of ascertaining its more or less frequent occurrence. I confess, at the same time, that I should hesitate to breed from a roarer, inasmuch as though his or her stock may not inherit the actual disease itself, they may still

possess that predisposition to such maladies as may eventually terminate in its production. Equally necessary is the precaution to select, for the purposes of breeding, those horses and mares whose progenitors have been free from this, or, indeed, any other disease, as the predisposition of certain parts of the body to become morbidly affected may lie dormant in one generation, or be successfully combated by remedial means, but may, nevertheless, be apparent even at birth, or soon after, in the next, and that, probably, to a degree greater than was manifested in the grandsire or grandam, inasmuch as the vice may be considered to have increased during two generations. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that some diseases and many imperfections may be totally eradicated by a happy admixture of blood; but where this is expected, it is necessary that the best specimens of the descendants of any horse or mare be selected for the stud, and such as show, at all events, in a minor degree, a tendency to those maladies or defects for which the sire or dam may have been noted. And as it is a well known fact that many diseases are particularly prone to reappear in the second generation, it is particularly desirable that the sire selected be entirely free from all taint of the disease apprehended, and *vice versâ*.

London Sporting Review for July, 1842.

LAST MOMENTS OF A HORSE DEALER.

IN a small room situated above the stables of a certain yard which shall be nameless, lay stretched upon the bed of death the scarcely animate corpus of Mr. Jonathan Ginger, horse dealer, livery-stable-keeper, and hackneyman. The pallid and bloated countenance, the eyes deeply sunk in their orbits, and which erst sparkled with so lively an expression of cunning, but in which there was now, alas! "no speculation," and the short and gasping respiration betokening the too-oft-repeated imbibition of Barclay's double-stout and Hodges' treble distilled, indicated but too truly that if Mr. Jonathan Ginger had not discovered "Death in the pot," he had succeeded in finding him in the bottle, and that he was now lying at the mercy of the grim monster, whose claw was already outstretched to seize upon that prey with whose period of mortal agony he seemed playfully to dally, even as the wanton young grimalkin is wont to whet her appetite for slaughter by the exhibition of certain fugitive efforts of the crippled victim of her talons.

The uncertain light admitted into the bed-room, which was situated under the covered ride of the yard, scarcely sufficed, in conjunction with the feeble rays emitted by a mutton-dip, to display the ornaments with which the walls were decorated. After the eye had become somewhat habituated, however, to the sort of

clair-obscur which reigned in the apartment, the difficulty of discerning surrounding objects became sensibly diminished, and it was then apparent that the taste of the proprietor had furnished his sleeping-room principally with certain implements connected with his business—as divers neat crops and thongs, arranged in special order one over the other; sundry pairs of spurs, some straight and stout, others bent upwards at a trifling angle, and others again whose shafts declined in a slight degree in the opposite direction; curious bits of almost every imaginable form; and stirrups of every description—slight and finely-tempered for the jockey; stout and serviceable for the road or the field; opening with a spring for such as deemed their powers of horsemanship scarcely capable of securing them from a tumble; rough-bottomed and smooth-bottomed; squarish, semicircular, and elliptical.

Above these choice specimens of our dealer's fancy hung colored prints in oaken frames, whose subjects were wonderfully typical of the spirit of their possessor. Here might be seen two fighting-cocks, each with spur on leg and outstretched neck anxiously watching for an opening to commence the attack, and scientifically on the look-out for any false move on the part of his adversary, whereby he might leave unguarded some vital spot wherein to drive the shining steel—"arcades ambo"—rum-'uns both. Annexed to this was a rare picture of a Greenwich pensioner *minus* a leg and an arm, and who seemed to retain scarcely sufficient strength in his remaining fin to support a huge tankard of Charington's XXX; the wooden leg cocked in the air as though it were playing at see-saw with the body, which looked prepared to sway backwards and forwards upon the hip-joint of the unmutated member, and the countenance strikingly characteristic of the happy *insouciance* of a votary of Bacchus. Representations were there likewise without number of venturous sons of St. Hubert, who, mounted on modern Pegasi, were flying across what to a Dutchman would appear to be a tolerable correct delineation of the Zuyder Zee, but which the explanatory letter-press underneath satisfactorily proved to be nothing more than the Whissendine Brook or the New River. Some of the companions of these choice spirits, less fortunate than their competitors for fame, might be discerned emerging from a dip over head and ears in the "world of waters," but still most miraculously sitting their horses with unexampled grace, and forcing them to swim "for the bare life;" while others again might be distinguished (in a plate representing the future career of these worthies towards the goal of their aspirations) coming neck and crop over a hedge, bank, two ditches, and as many rows of posts and rails, their horses' heels uppermost, and their heads doubled completely under their bodies, throwing a summerset that would excite the envy of Old Joe Grimaldi's ghost, while their riders are taking a flying leap, head foremost, into a deep chalk or gravel-pit. To make amends, however, for the harrowing sights here exhibited to the spectator, another marvellously executed plate occupied the next couple of square feet of the wall, wherein all apprehension of the ultimate fate of the gallant steeds

and their riders is fully relieved by their all happily appearing making full sail for the winning post, which is in view, without any intervening impediment, and (which is worthy of observation) exhibiting no trace of their mishaps by flood and field, but, on the contrary, looking as clean and fresh as at the moment of starting.

Nor were there lacking those splendid illustrations of Mr. Osbaldeston performing his two-hundred-mile Match against time, in which the extraordinary rate of travelling has so far altered the features of the Squire as to give him anything but a gentlemanlike appearance; and the wonderful performance of the celebrated American trotter Tom Thumb, who seems so disgusted with the soil of his ancestors that he scorns to touch it, while indignation at being exported from his native country swells out his neck till it has far exceeded the dimensions of his body—a trick of producing a double or triple neck, which he seems when excited to have acquired *à la* Widow Barnaby. An inquisitive inspector of the remaining pictures which decorated the dormitory of Mr. Jonathan Ginger would doubtless not have passed over the well-known prints of the rat-destroying Billy of Westminster pit notoriety; of several of the sturdy pugilistic champions of England; the Norfolk Phenomenon; some prime portraits of a few Chairmen of some noted Free-and-easy Clubs; and—we blush to say it—three or four very alluring representations of females, whose loose scale of morality has handed their names and persons down to posterity in a manner far more durable than the strictest adherence to virtue and principle could have secured for them. Among these figured conspicuously “A portraiture of the celebrated Nell Gwynne,” in which the lady was depicted in a rakish sort of undress, and leering most significantly from behind a huge pile of oranges at “His Most Sacred Majesty of blessed memory,” whose mouth appeared to water at the luscious heap presented to his admiring gaze. The room was hot and close, and the strong mixed effluvium of physic and Geneva which pervaded it, under other circumstances would doubtless have driven from it those whose sense of smell had not been impaired by disease or a long habit of enduring similar odours; but at present the scent was inhaled unheeded by the occupants of the apartment, whose feelings of anxiety precluded the chance of too-delicate discrimination of so trifling an inconvenience.

The Doctor had not long taken his leave, after recommending his patient to settle any mundane concerns which might disturb his last hours; and, in accordance with this last intimation, Mr. Jonathan Ginger had caused his family to be assembled around his bed, and had likewise desired the attendance of his foreman and factotum, Bill Spavin (so nick-named from a slight lameness in one knee), in order that he might bear witness to the valedictory admonitions which he was about to bestow upon the offspring of his loins, and receive his parting injunctions respecting certain matters of business which hung heavy on his soul. Behold him then propped up with sundry pillows, his night-cap hanging nearly over his eyes, a glass of hot brandy-and-water in one hand and a pill-box in the

other, and flanked on one side by his better half, a fat and burly dame, whose physiognomy was radiant with dram-begotten blotches, which shone the more fiercely from being moistened by her tears; and on the other by a lanky red-headed youth, with phiz elongated and mouth half open as though he stood on the brink of bellowing forth his grief; while his sister, Miss Jemima Ginger, a prettyish and very plump specimen of female frailty, blocked up the opening between the curtains at the foot of the bed, and silently wiped with alternate care the corner of either eye with a very smart black silk apron, whose dimensions, were it not for the purpose to which it was at present applied, would have argued it to have been made more for show than utility.

A few short coughs from the departing dealer, which elicited from Bill Spavin the pathetic ejaculation, "Poor feller, quite broken-vinded, an' *no* mistake," ushered in the parting advice of the honest man to his hopeful heir.

"Samyul, I've always been a father to you, and I hopes you'll pay attention to the last vords as you'll ever hear from my lips. The Doctor says as how as there's no hope for me in this vorld, vich I partly thinks is my own fault for employing him and not sending at vonce for our Weterinary Mr. Drench, who'd ha' cured me in no time at all I've verry little doubt, same as he did that ere grey 'oss a short time ago as we all thought vas booked for the kennel.....Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!.....You remember that ere grey, Bill, as I sold arterwards for a hundred an' fifty to Lord Softsoap?"

"Sure I do, master; you means the vun as vas so bad vith the flenzy, vot made him sich a roarer, poor critter!"

"The same Bill. Vell, God help me, I shall varrant no more roarers in this vorld, for"—

"Don't say so, master, don't now," interposed Bill, who felt deeply grieved at the bare thought of such a lamentable fact.

"It's true, Bill; I'm afeard it's too true. Not that I vouldn't if I could, but it's God's vill that I sha'nt ha' the chance. I feels myself a-getting weak; so"—(here followed a long pull at the brandy-and-water, with a glance at the pill-box)—"I'll purceed at vonce vith the few remarks I ha' got to make to you, Samyul, and vich if you follows I've no doubt of your being a man respected an' vell to do in the vorld, as your poor father's been afore you.

"In the first place, then, never pay ready money for a 'oss ven you can get him for a bill; for a bill arn't recoverable without a haction at law, an' it's quite 'stonishin' how verry few people likes to get into the hands o' them lawyer chaps, 'cos they're sure to get plucked by 'em in the long run. Vonce money's paid, it's gone; vereas ven a bill comes due, if so be as you means to take it up, you can always make out a story o' the 'oss havin' turned out badly, an' so get somethin' taken off, but nobody thinks o' returnin' money vonce they've put it in their pocket.

"Always, if you can, buy a 'oss of a genleman in preference to a dealer; for they knows little or nothin' of 'osses, an' its the easiest thing in the vorld to persuade 'em as the soundest 'oss alive has got all sorts o' defects, an' arn't worth above half vot they ask

for him ; vereas a dealer's up to that dodge, an' arn't to be done by no sich gammon.

"Ven you can manage to make a swap, always do so rayther than pay money, for you'll be a werry poor sort of a dealer, an' I shall consider all the pains an' trouble I ha' taken to teach you the straightfor'ard principles o' your purfession as so much labor lost, if by that means you don't get preciously the best o' the bargain.

"Varrant everything, sound or unsound, for, as I said afore, there's wery few people as don't prefer an unsound 'oss to a lawyer's bill. Besides, 'osses is living hanimals, an' as sich is liable at all times to diseases, vich in course *may* occur arter you ha' sold 'em. A varranty's the werry marrow an' wirtue o' dealing. Many a gentleman von't buy the best 'oss as ever vent upon four legs without vun, an' so if they're so easily satisfied, poor things, it's a pity to spile a good bargain for the vant o' vun.

"If you varrant a kicker quiet in 'arness, an' he kicks a gentleman's shay to pieces, you may take him back provided he's a good customer, but not without fust sellin' him another for the same price as isn't vorth more nor half the money. An 'exchange is no robbery' all the vorld over."

Here Mrs. Ginger, seeing her husband drew his breath with considerable difficulty, replenished his glass of brandy-and-water, and begged him not to fatigue himself with talking, as Bill perfectly understood his master's mode of doing business, and would not fail to give Samyul the benefit of his instructions and experience.

"It's no use talking to me, Mrs. Ginger," replied the dying man ; "a vord from my mouth at sich a time must be vorth all the sermons as Bill Spavin can spin arter I'm dead an' gone."

At this declaration Samyul suffered his grief to find a vent at the port-hole of his phiz, and sent forth so dismal a yell that the soul of the departing Ginger had infallibly been frightened from its earthly tenement for ever, had not a seasonable sup of grog recalled it yet to animate for a short season its habitation of clay.

And here, had we space, would we, of a surety, dilate upon the extraordinary virtues of *cau-de-vie*—rightly so named—in extending the span of our mortal existence ; nor should we indeed hesitate to inflict an extra page on so interesting a topic upon our well-beloved Editor, were we not painfully alive to the cruel incisions of his extirpating scissors, well knowing him to be a sort of male Atropos, who docks us of our fair proportions with as much *nonchalance* as any vile tonsor robs a beauteous maiden of her enchanting tresses for the purpose of working them up into a wig for some bald and antiquated dandy, upon whose cranium Macassar and Balm of Columbia are alike expended in vain.

But to return to our story. The brandy having produced its usual exhilarating effect—"mounted into the brain, and dried me there all the crude and watery vapors which environed it," &c. &c.—Mr. Jonathan Ginger shortly after recovered sufficient wind and

strength to pursue the thread of his admonitions in the following words :—

“ Ven a gentleman comes into the yard and vants to look at a ’oss, Samyul, take care an’ never shew him vun till you have learnt vot price he means to give. Then tell him you’ll shew him the best you’ve got, an’ always be sure to begin with the vorst, by vich means you’ll soon see if he knows vot he’s about. If possible, always sell him a ’oss as you knows von’t suit him, an’ say, ‘ if he’s not to your mind, Sir, I’ll change him for you with pleasure’—laying a great stress on the *pleasure*, mind. This looks purlite, an’ gentlemen calls it handsome treatment. Ven the ’oss is sent back, it ’ll be your own fault if you don’t draw a little more money, an’ chop for vun as arn’t quite so good—an’ so on as long as the flat ’ll bite, you see !”

“ I will,” sobbed Samyul, “ *that* I will ”—a resolution which an approving nod of the head over the right shoulder from Bill Spavin shewed that most honest factotum to commend as extremely praiseworthy.

“ I’m a gettin’ onkimmon faint-like,” pursued Mr. Ginger, after a considerable dause, “ an’ the brandy-an’-vater somehow doesn’t seem to do me so much good as it always used to do. Howsoever, I’ve wery little more to say to you, Samyul, ’cept that if you does the best for yourself, an’ the vorst for your customers, you should always do so purlately. It’s vonderful vot a difference it makes in a man that you’ve got a trifle the best of, if, instead o’ tellin’ him ‘ you ha’ got no remedy, and you may do your vorst,’ you say, ‘ I’m wery sorry indeed, Sir, wery sorry—couldn’t ha’ thought it—’oss fresh up from country—knowed very little on him—take the pick o’ my stables, Sir ; or I’ll buy you another,’ an’ so on. A gentleman as is a gentleman then says to hissself, ‘ this ere’s an honest man, an’ *no* mistake—must ha’ been taken in hissself—can behave handsome at any rate—I’ll recommend him’—an’ so you, instead perhaps o’ gettin’ a copy of a writ, or summut o’ the kind, vy you sells another ’oss, an’ has a chance of another swap afore long.—Always *recollect* then, Samyul, as ‘ *civility costs nothing*,’ vich is about the best thing you can say of anything, an’ much more than is to be said for most things in this world.

“ Bill, you’ll take care an’ see as Samyul larns all about Bishopin’ an’ Diamondin’, an’ makin’ a ’oss as is lame o’ vun leg go even on both—an’ make him understand, Bill—oh ! dear, I feels wery faint—as all his ’osses is to be no more nor five or six years old at the outside—an’ that no lame ’oss has ever been so longer nor the last twice he vas shod—an’ that—(oh, dear !)—all roarers, an’ vistlers, an’ broken-vinded uns is in course short o’ work, or too fat, or summut o’ that kind—just had pail a’ vater—oh ! dear !—you understand, Bill ”—

“ Course, master, I do.”

“ An’ as all purblind ’osses has been kept in a dark stable—an’ crib-biters is all sure to be good uns—hot-tempered uns is quiet as lambs—and slugs get over more ground nor they seems to do, an’ never vants no vip—Oh, dear !—oh ! Lord—oh ! oh !”

Here the footstep of some one mounting the stairs became distinctly audible, and the dying man motioned to Bill Spavin, who was standing near the door, to see who was coming.

Bill did as he was bid, and presently ushered in the Curate of the parish, who, having heard that Mr. Jonathan Ginger was *in extremis*, had come to render him that ghostly consolation of which he feared that he stood terribly in need. No sooner, however, had he made known the object of his visit, than Mr. Ginger shook his head in a manner that clearly indicated his opinion that all spiritual aid came too late to be of service to him; but shortly after, appearing animated with a new idea, he took the Clergyman's hand, and faltered forth:—

“Tell me, if you can, vether there's any 'osses in the next vorld, an' vether I shall forget ven I gets there all as I knows about 'em now, or be as up to trap as I am at this present moment?”

Having received an assurance that it was totally beyond the power of any person to answer his question, he exclaimed—

“Then God knows, if there ain't none, vot 'll become o' me—howsomever, we all lives in hope, an' I may say dies in hope—an' it's a great consolation to me for to think I've employed my last moments for the benefit o' my family, in tryin' to drive into Samyul there a notion o' the vay in vich he's to get an honest livelihood for hissself an' his mother an' sister, an' likewise become a hornament to his purfession.

“God bless you all!—I feels I'm goin' fast—my legs is cold as Death, an' my eyes grow dim.—Bill, take care o' the kickin' mare—she's a right good un, though a leetle vilful like.—You'll find my last will an' testament, Mrs. Ginger, at the bottom o' the corn-bin in No. 5 stable, wropped up in a piece of a old 'oss-cloth—the key o' the padlock 's in the seat o' the break, an' that again 's in vun o' my old top boots—I don't know vich—let Bill have 'em ven I'm gone, an' also my leather breeches as I vore on Easter Monday.—God bless you all again!—vere are you?—I don't see you.—Samyul, Samyul, take care o' your poor mother an' sister—an' remember to lead a sober life.....not more than a pint o' gin an two pots o' stout or so a-day.....an' above all things, vonce more, don't part vith money ven you can help it.....nor be fond o' buyin' sound 'osses ven rum-uns 'll do.....for take my vord.....to make money.....in this vorld.....there's.....nothing.....like a.....good screw.”

Saying which words, the great Mr. Jonathan Ginger fell gently back on his pillow, and, to use the word of the Poet,

“Vitaque cum gemitu fuget indignata sub umbras.”

We are truly happy to add, that since his demise, his son Samuel, under the able tuition of his foreman, Bill Spavin, bids fair to rival his defunct father in a knowledge of all the mysteries of horse-craft; and, as we hear that he is paying his addresses to the daughter of a certain publican in his neighborhood—in whose bar he spends a considerable portion of his time—it is to be hoped that the race of Ginger will be perpetuated *ad infinitum*, and that the

“straight-forward principles of horse-dealing”—to use Mr. Ginger senior’s words—may be handed down from father to son in as praiseworthy and manly a manner as that we have had the honor of recording.

FOR W. SPAVIN,

ROBERT BIRCH, Schoolmaster, Parish Clerk,
Registrar of Births, &c.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for July, 1842.

ALPHABETICAL LIST
OF
AMERICAN WINNING HORSES IN 1841,
AT ALL DISTANCES.

☞ The figure before the name denotes the age of the horse in January—that after it the number of prizes won.

By ACTÆON.

3 Denizen, E. H. Boardman’s, \$500P, Two mile heats, and 300P, Mile heats, at Mobile, Ala. 2

ANDREW.

6 Andrewetta, O. P. Hare’s, 400P, Three mile heats, at Belfield, Va., and 200P, Two mile heats, at Baltimore, Md. 2

4 Mary Elizabeth, James Lamkin’s, 400P at Savannah, Ga., and 300P at Augusta, Ga., Two mile heats 2

5 Miss Andrew, John M. Guerry’s, 250P, Three mile heats, at Fayetteville, Ga. 1

5 Maria Shelton, Col. J. Cockerell’s, —P at Limestone Springs, and —P at Laurens, S. C., Mile heats 2

4 Winfield, Col. A. H. Kenan’s, 600P, Four mile heats, at Augusta, Ga., and 400P, Three mile heats, at Milledgeville, Ga. 2

4 Winfield Scott, T. Varlandingham’s, 350P, Three mile heats, at Madison, Ga. 1

3 Chesnut Filly, Wm. McCargo’s, —S, Mile heats, at Warrenton, N. C. .. 1

ARAB.

3 Arab, Dr. E. N. Calhoun’s, 50S at De Kalb, Ga., and 150S at Fayetteville, Ga., Mile heats 2

ARGYLE.

4 Lord of Lorn, Brevard and Huger’s, 700P at Montgomery, Ala., 600P at Selma, Ala., and 800P at Mobile, Ala., Four mile heats 3

AUTOCRAT (Imp).

4 Jane Splane, Taylor & Garland’s, 734S, Three mile heats, at Opelousas, La., and 4000S, Two mile heats, at New Orleans, La. 2

6 Reliance, B. G. Harris’s, 400P at Baltimore, Md., and 300P at Warrenton, N. C., Three mile heats. 2

5 Rienzi, Gen. T. Brown’s, 200P, Mile heats, at St. Joseph, Flo. 1

BAREFOOT (Imp).

4 File-leader, Daniel Abbott’s, 100S, Mile heats, at the Union Course, L. I. . . 1

4 Iowa, Lewis Beach’s, 150P at Pekin, Ill., 100P at Springfield, Ill., Two mile heats, and 200M, Mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo. 3

3 Medina, Col. Thos. Watson’s, 100P, Mile heats, at Cincinnati, Ohio 1

2 Motto, F. G. Murphy’s, 75S, Mile heats, at Bardstown, Ky. 1

BELSHAZZAR (Imp).

- 3 Esper Sykes, Imp., Col. J. Averitt's, 700P and 700P, Three mile heats, at Mobile, Ala., and 1250S at Mobile, Ala., Two mile heats..... 3

BEN SUTTON.

- 2 Grey Mary, Jos. Shawhan's, 75S, Mile heats, at Cynthiana, Ky. 1

BERTRAND.

- 4 Arabella, W. Buford Jr.'s, 300P, Three mile heats, at Bardstown, Ky..... 1
 4 Bubba, T. Vanlandingham's, 100P, Mile heats, at Milledgeville, Ga..... 1
 4 Crichton, Williams & Eddins's, 200P, Two mile heats, at Milledgeville, Ga. 1
 3 Hannah Harris, Col. John Crowell's, 300P, Two mile heats, at Montgomery, Ala. 1
 4 John B. Jones, Andrew Webster's, 200P, Two mile heats, and 300P, Mile heats, at Little Rock, Arks. 2
 4 Lady Cava, Wm. Sinkler's, —P, Three mile heats, at Pineville, S. C. .. 1
 4 Martha Carter, Geo. Vanetta's, 600P, Three mile heats, at Mobile, Ala. .. 1
 3 Martha Carter, R. H. Long's, 200P, Mile heats, at Montgomery, Ala. 1
 4 Nancy Clarke, Col. John Crowell's, 600P, Three mile heats, at Savannah, Ga..... 1
 3 Nat Bradford, Col. John Crowell's, 1000P, Four mile heats, at Montgomery, Ala., 400P, Three mile heats, at Selma, Ala., and 300P, Two mile heats, at Hayneville, Ala..... 3
 a Red Tom, Wilson & Dillon's, 200P, Two mile heats, at Hinds County, Miss. 1
 3 Sally Hardin, Capt. W. Viley's, 200P, Two mile heats, at Lexington, Ky. 1
 4 Tom Day, John P. Brown's, 500P, Three mile heats, at Montgomery, Ala.; 150P at Hayneville, Ala., and 1000M at Mobile, Ala., Mile heats..... 3
 4 Bay Filly, Thos. Vanlandingham's, 200P and 150P, Mile heats, at Madison, Ga. 2

BERTRAND JUNIOR.

- 4 Henry Crowell, G. B. Robinson's, 600P, Three mile heats, at St. Joseph, Flo. 1
 3 Grey Colt, Jas. Lamkin's, 250S, Mile heats, at Madison, Ga..... 1

BLACK HAWK.

- 3 Grey Filly, John Hally's, 80P, Mile heats, at Pulaski, Tenn. 1

BLUSTER.

- 2 Amelia, John B. Richardson's, 75S, Mile heats, at Terre Haute, Ind..... 1

BOXER.

- a Achilles, Mr. Habersham's, 25P, Mile heats, at Savannah, Ga..... 1

BYRON.

- a Rip Rap, Hugh Rogers's, 700M, Two mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va. 1

CETUS (Imp).

- 3 Nobleman, John S. Corbin's, 2300S, Mile heats, at Fairfield, Va. 1

CHARLES KEMBLE.

- 3 Grey Filly, D. Tom's, 60P, Mile heats, at Camden, N. J..... 1

CHATEAU MARGAUX (Imp).

- 4 Eutaw, Col. Wm. McCargo's, 400P, Four mile heats, at Cross Keys, Va. . 1
 4 Harry Hill, Hon. Balie Peyton's, 240P, Two mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn. 1
 4 Seven-up, Maj. Thos. Doswell's, 150S at Washington, D. C., and 200P at Winchester, Va., Two mile heats..... 2
 2 Snowbird, Col. V. Johnson's, 500S and 200M, Mile heats, at Mobile, Ala. . 2
 4 Westwind, Gen. Thos. B. Scott's, 3750S and 4000S, Four mile heats, at Mobile, Ala. 2
 4 Bay Colt, Isham Puckett's, 200M, Two mile heats, at Broad Rock, Va..... 1

CHEROKEE.

- 6 Ben Buster, J. E. Pitcher's, 100P at Kaskaskia, Ill., and 500M at St. Louis, Mo., Mile heats..... 2
 6 Captain Buster, Col. D. White's, —M, Mile heats, at Little Rock, Arks. 1
 4 Melissa Byron, Samuel Robinson's, 1000M, Two mile heats, at Louisville, Ky..... 1

CHILDERS.

- 4 Bay Colt, Charles Sewell's, 250S, Mile heats, at Baltimore, Md..... 1

CLIFTON.

- 3 Winchester, R. R. Farris's, 450S, Mile heats, at Winchester, Va. 1

CLINTON.

- 5 Robert Bruce, James Shy's, 400P, Four mile heats, at Bardstown, Ky. 1

COCK OF THE ROCK.

- 5 Ann Barrow, John McGhee's, 300S at Athens, Tenn., and 300P at Montgomery, Ala., Mile heats 2
 2 Henry Clay, Cox & Morison's, 1100S, Mile heats, at Red Bridge, Tenn. ... 1
 2 Orleana, John McGhee's, 250S. Mile heats, at Athens, Tenn. 1

COLLIER.

- 5 Maria Collier, W. Thurston's, 500P at Louisville, Ky., and 300P at Cincinnati, Ohio, Three mile heats; (Col. Thos. Watson's) 200P at St. Louis, Mo., and —P at Mobile, Ala., Two mile heats 4

COLUMBUS.

- 4 Columbus Jr., S. Davenport's, 200P, Two mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky. 1

CONSOL (Imp).

- 4 De Lattre, Capt. Nich. Davis's, 1200S, Two mile heats, at Huntsville, Ala., and 200P, Mile heats, at Tuscumbia, Ala. 2
 5 General Result, J. Safford's, 300P, Three mile heats, at Fort Smith, Arks. 1
 4 Mary, Boardman & McLaren's, 250S, Two mile heats, at Columbia, Tenn. 1
 4 Mary Thomas, Ragland & Davis's, 500P at Huntsville, Ala., and 500P at Florence, Ala., Three mile heats 2
 3 Miss Foote, E. H. Boardman's, 1100S at Columbia, Tenn., (L. Coch's) 450S and 150P at Holly Springs, Miss., (Wm. Baird's) 150S and 400P at New Orleans, La., all Mile heats 5
 4 Mobile, M. J. McRae's, 1200S, Three mile heats, at Mobile, Ala. 1
 4 Postmaster, The, Camp & Acklin's, 1200S, Two mile heats, at Columbia, Tenn. 1

COUNT BADGER.

- 6 Old Mistress, Col. Robt. Smith's, 200P, Two mile heats, at Fort Smith, Arks.; 200P at Fort Smith, Arks., (Head & Smith's) 130P and 300P at Mobile, Ala., Mile heats 4

COWPER.

- 4 Tamerlane, Williams & Eddins's, 80P, Mile heats, at Newberry, S. C. 1

CRITIC.

- 6 Buck-Eye, Col. Thos. Watson's, 500P at St. Louis, Mo., and 700P at Cincinnati, Ohio, Four mile heats; (I. Campbell's) 185S at Mobile, Ala., and (C. W. S. Dorsey's) 400P at New Orleans, La., Two mile heats 4

CYMON.

- 3 Eliza Calvert, Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's, 400P at Camden, N. J., and 350P at the Union Course, L. I., Three mile heats; 900S at Petersburg, Va., and (Col. W. L. White's) 1300S at Baltimore, Md., Two mile heats 4
 3 Black Colt, Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's, 1000S, Mile heats, at Belfield, Va. 1
 3 Bay Colt, Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's, 200S, Mile heats, at Broad Rock, Va. 1

DIRECTOR.

- 6 Alice Ann, A. L. Brown's, 300P, Two mile heats, and 300P, Mile heats, at Savannah, Ga. 2

DRONE.

- 2 Tommy Wakefield, Jas. B. Kendall's, 350S, Mile heats, at Baltimore, Md. 1

DR. SYNTAX.

- 3 Diana Syntax, Capt. R. F. Stockton's, 1200S, Mile heats, at Trenton, N. J. 1

ECLIPSE.

- 3 Ann Innis, Wm. Harris's, 300P, Two mile heats, at Louisville, Ky. 1
 3 Ann Stewart, Edmund Bacon's, 150P, Mile heats, at Bardstown, Ky. 1
 4 Bois d'Arc, Col. Robt. Smith's, 200P, Two mile heats, at Little Rock, Arks. 1
 3 Ecliptic, Mr. Barbour's, —S, Mile heats, at Louisville, Ky. 1
 4 Fanny, Col. Wade Hampton's, 700P and 760P, Three mile heats, at Charleston, S. C. 2
 3 Joe Daviess, Salmon Wright's, 225S, Mile heats, at Terre Haute, Ind. 1

2 Kate Aubrey, D. F. Kenner & Brother's, 400P, Two mile heats, at Donaldsonville, La.; 300P at Donaldsonville, La., and 1700S at New Orleans, La., Mile heats.....	3
5 Laneville, Isham Puckett's, 800P, Four mile heats, at Washington, D. C.; (George Walden's) 400P, Three mile heats, at Fredericksburg, Va.; 200P at Norfolk, Va., and 250P at Fairfield, Va., Two mile heats.....	4
6 Lucy Fuller, John C. Beasley's, 400P, Two mile heats, at New Orleans, La.	1
5 Margaret Blunt, Edward C. Moore's, 150P, Two mile heats, at Pittsylvania C. H., Va.....	1
3 Ten Broeck, Hunt & Downing's, 300P, Two mile heats, at Lexington, Ky.	1
4 Veto, N. Harrison's, 100P, Two mile heats, at Warrenton Springs, Va....	1
4 Warsaw, Townes & Williamson's, 150P and 150P, Two mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va.....	2
3 Zenith, Chas. Buford's, 1200S at Louisville, Ky., and 6000S at Lexington, Ky., Two mile heats, and 1050S, Mile heats, at Lexington, Ky.....	3
2 Bay Colt, Le Roy Hill's, 150S, Mile heats, at Springfield, Ill.....	1
5 Chesnut Horse, Starke & Perry's, —P, Mile heats, at Camden, S. C....	1

ECLIPSE LIGHTFOOT.

6 Trenton, Joseph H. Van Mater's, 300P and 300P, Two mile heats, at the Union Course, L. I., and —P, Mile heats, at the Beacon Course, N. J.	3
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EDITOR.

4 Baywood, Camp & Blevins's, 500P at Mobile, Ala., and 10,000M at New Orleans, La., Two mile heats.....	2
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EMANCIPATION (Imp).

3 Octave, Bat. Smith's, 300P, Two mile heats, at Selma, Ala.....	1
4 Woodcock, Townes & Williamson's, 400P, Three mile heats, at New Glasgow, Va., 150P and 150P, Two mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va.....	3
3 Bay Colt, James Williamson's, 400M, Mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va.....	1
3 Chesnut Colt, Isham Puckett's, 400S, Mile heats, at Broad Rock, Va.....	1
4 Bay Filly, Col. J. Cockerell's, —S at Limestone Springs, S. C., and 80P at Newberry, S. C., Mile heats.....	2

EMILIUS.

3 North Star, Robt. L. Stevens's, 5000M, Two mile heats, at the Union Course, L. I.....	1
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FELT (Imp.)

3 Mary Chase, T. Marshall's, 1000M, Mile heats, at Maysville, Ky.....	1
3 Bay Colt, Col. Wm. Duvall's, 140P, Mile heats, at Alexandria, D. C.....	1

FLAGG.

3 Nancy O., W. C. C. C. Martin's, 600P, Mile heats, at Alexandria, La.....	1
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FRANK.

5 Catalpa, Capt. T. T. Tunstall's, 200P at Fort Smith, Arks., and 200M at Little Rock, Arks., Mile heats.....	2
3 Grey Frank, A. Walden's, 400S, Mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky.....	1
3 Jim Bell, Joseph G. Boswell's, 3800S, Two mile heats, at New Orleans, La.; (Farris & Boswell's) 900S at Crab Orchard, Ky., 2000S at Lexington, Ky., 200P at Louisville, Ky., 500S at Natchez, Miss., and 4000S at New Orleans, La., Mile heats.....	6

FYLDE (Imp.)

6 Altorf, Col. Thos. Watson's, 300P, Three mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo., and (J. Campbell's) 700S, Two mile heats, at Mobile, Ala.....	2
5 Bassinger, Hon. Judge Iverson's, 1000P, Four mile heats, at St. Joseph, Florida.....	1
5 Norfolk, Col. Wm. R. Johnson's, 200P at Baltimore, Md., and 200P at New Glasgow, Va., Two mile heats.....	2
6 Texas, Isham Puckett's, 500P, Four mile heats, at Fairfield, Va.; 400P at Broad Rock, Va., and 400P at Norfolk, Va., Three mile heats.....	3

GILES SCROGGINS.

3 Ailsey Scroggins, S. T. Drane's, 350S and 200P at Louisville, Ky., and 200P at Bardstown, Ky., Two mile heats, and 50P at Carroll County, Ky., Mile heats.....	4
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GLAUCUS.

- 4 Phil. Brown, Imp., John D. Kirby's, 700P, Four mile heats, at Petersburg, Va. 1
 3 Bay Filly, Imp., Col. M. R. Singleton's, —P, Three mile heats, at Camden, S. C. 1

GLENCOE (Imp.)

- 3 Glenara, Capt. Nich. Davis's, 2800S at Huntsville, Ala., and 300P at Tusculumbia, Ala., Two mile heats 2
 3 Petway, Ragland & Davis's, 1300S, Two mile heats, at Tusculumbia, Ala., and 200P, Mile heats, at Florence, Ala. 2
 3 Reel. M. & T. J. Wells's, 1000P, Four mile heats, at New Orleans, La.; 400P at New Orleans, La., and 550S at Opelousas, La., Two mile heats. 3
 3 Thornhill, Col. Thos. Watson's, 150S at St. Louis, Mo., and 200P at Cincinnati, Ohio, Mile heats 2
 3 Torchlight, M. & T. J. Wells's, 400P at New Orleans, La., and 150P at Opelousas, La., Mile heats 2
 3 Brown Colt, S. Ragland's, 1200S, Two mile heats, at Columbia, Tenn. ... 1

GOHANNA.

- 4 Rebel, Geo. G. Walden's, 100P, Mile heats, at Norfolk, Va. 1

GOLIAH.

- 6 Betsey White, James Talley's, 250P, Two mile heats, at Broad Rock, Va. 1
 3 Bay Colt, Edmund C. Moore's, 500S, Mile heats, at New Glasgow, Va. 1

HEDGFORD (Imp.)

- 3 Billy Gay, M. R. Smith's, 600S, Two mile heats, at Newberry, S. C. 1
 2 Lucretia Noland, J. E. Farris's, 175S, Mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky. 1
 3 Transit, Col. J. H. Irby's, 1400S, Mile heats, at Newberry, S. C. 1

HYAZIM.

- Roan Gelding, W. T. Cobb's, 45S, Mile heats, at De Kalb, Ga. 1

INDUSTRY.

- 3 Humming Bird, D. F. Kenner & Brothers', 400P at New Orleans, La., and 300P at Donaldsonville, La., Two mile heats 2

IVANHOE.

- 5 Astor, John D. Kirby's, 500P, Three mile heats, at Washington, D. C. ... 1
 3 Lizzy Hewitt, Jas. S. Garrison's, 200S, Mile heats, at Mobile, Ala. 1

JEFFERSONIAN.

- a Eudora, John Safford's, 150P, Mile heats, at Fort Smith, Arks. 1

JERRY.

- a Jerry, John Hally's, 100P, Two mile heats, at Pulaski, Tenn. 1

JIM CROPPER.

- a Sailor Boy, Hazel & Sandford's, 300P, Three mile heats, at Cincinnati, Ohio, and (J. N. Menifee's) 100P, Two mile heats, at Cynthiana, Ky. ... 2

JOHN DAWSON.

- 4 Jane Smith, A. P. Yourie's, 300P and 200P, Three mile heats, at Franklin, Mo.; 100M and —M, Mile heats, at Carrollton, Mo. 4
 5 Mississippi, D. Burrass's, 200P, Mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn. 1

JOHN RICHARDS.

- 4 John Young, J. W. Kennedy's, 100P, Mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky. 1

LAPLANDER.

- 2 Coronation, Wm. H. Edgar's, 100P, Mile heats, at Fayette, Mo. 1

LAUDERDALE.

- 2 Grey Filly, Fergus Duplantier's, 600S, Mile heats, at Plaquemine, La. 1

LEVIATHAN (Imp.)

- 4 Arsenic, A. P. Yourie's, 600S at Carrollton, Mo., and —P at Dover, Mo., Mile heats 2
 4 Beta, Clay & Harding's, 200P, Mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn. 1
 3 Cordelia, D. F. Kenner & Brothers', 1400S, Two mile heats, at Alexandria, La. 1
 2 Crucifix, D. F. Kenner & Brothers', 1900S, Mile heats, at New Orleans, La. 1
 4 Cumberland, P. M. Nightingale's, 100P, Mile heats, at Tallahassee, Flo. . 1

5 Devil Jack, M. D. Simmons's, 800P, Two mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn.	1
3 Eli Odom, Col. A. L. Bingaman's, 950S, Two mile heats, at New Orleans, La.	1
4 Emerald, Thomas Kirkman's, 2000S, Four mile heats, at Hunstville, Ala.	1
5 Emily Speed, C. Lewis's, —P at Columbia, Tenn., Four mile heats; —P at Clarksville, Tenn., and 500P at Nashville, Tenn., Three mile heats	3
4 Flight, Parker & Hamilton's, 1310S, Three mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn.	1
3 Glenara, Dr. Thos. Payne's, 400M, Mile heats, at Petersburg, Va.	1
2 James Allen, D. F. Kenner & Brothers', 450S, Mile heats, at New Orleans, La.	1
3 Jane Mitchell, Wm. E. Douglass's, 400S, Mile heats, at Columbia, Tenn.	1
— John Banton, A. P. Yourie's, —P, Two mile heats, at Dover, Mo.	1
3 John R. Grymes, Col. A. L. Bingaman's, 700P, 500P, and 600P, at New Orleans, La., and 600P at Natchez, Miss., Three mile heats	4
5 Maria Williams, C. Lewis's, 250P, Two mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn., and 180P, Mile heats, at Selma, Ala.	2
3 Mary Walton, Col. A. L. Bingaman's, 400P at Natchez, Miss., and 300S at New Orleans, La., Two mile heats	2
4 Nancy House, C. Lewis's, 250P, Two mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn.	1
5 Preston, Ragland & Davis's, 400P, Two mile heats, at Huntsville, Ala.	1
3 Priscilla Martin, H. Dickenson's, 75S, Mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn.	1
6 Sarah Bladen, Col. A. L. Bingaman's, 5000S, Four mile heats, at New Orleans, La.	1
4 Sissy, Thos. Kirkman's, 8000S, Four mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn.	1
3 Tom Marshall, Col. A. L. Bingaman's, 100P at Natchez, Miss., and 950S at New Orleans, La., Mile heats	2
3 Chesnut Filly, C. H. Puryear's, 1400S, Two mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn.	1
2 Chesnut Colt, Dillon & Edwards's, 900S, Mile heats, at Hinds County, Miss.	1
2 Bay Colt, Mr. House's, 100S, Mile heats, at Holly Springs, Miss.	1
2 Bay Colt, H. Wilson's, 45S, Mile heats, at Minden, La.	1

LORD BYRON.

4 Lawyer McCampbell, A. Lecompte's, 150 P, Mile heats, at Natchitoches, La.	1
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LUCKLESS.

4 Acalia, Leston Prudhomme's, —S and 225S, Mile heats, at Natchitoches, La.	2
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LUZBOROUGH (Imp.)

3 Donna Viola, H. Robinson's, 200P, Two mile heats, at Holly Springs, Miss.	1
6 Eloise, B. Smith's, 800S, Two mile heats, at Mobile, Ala.	1
5 Free Jack, Ragland & Davis's, 800P, Four mile heats, at Huntsville, Ala., 400P, Three mile heats, at Tuscombua, Ala., and 300P, Two mile heats, at Florence, Ala.	3
2 James K. Polk, Jernagan & Holland's, 300S, Mile heats, at Holly Springs, Miss.	1
— John Anderson, Bromley & Park's, 600S, Two mile heats, at Dover, Mo.	1
6 John Marshall, E. P. Daves's, 180P, Mile heats, at New Orleans, La.	1
— Moselle, E. P. Daves's, 300P, Three mile heats, at Holly Springs, Miss.	1
3 Star of the West, R. B. Harrison's, 150P, Mile heats, at Mobile, Ala.	1
5 Troubadour, T. Vanlandingham's, 250P, Two mile heats, at Madison, Ga.	1
6 Virginia Robinson, J. M. Henderson's, 215P, Mile heats, at Newberry, S. C.	1
6 Will-go, J. M. Henderson's, 120P, Two mile heats, at Newberry, S. C., and (Samuel Shelton's) —P, Mile heats, at Laurens, S. C.	2
— — Horse, Mr. Leake's, 400P, Two mile heats, at Holly Springs, Miss.	1

MARGRAVE (Imp.)

4 Blue Dick, Col. John L. White's, 400P and 400P at Lynchburg, Va., and 400P at Pittsylvania C.H., Va., Three mile heats	3
4 Landscape, Col. John W. Trotter's, —P, Three mile heats, at De Kalb, Ga.	1

MARION.

4 John Blount, Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's, 600P at Baltimore, Md., and (Col. Wm.	
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- R. Johnson's) 1000P at Camden, N. J., Four mile heats; (Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's) 400P at Broad Rock, Va., Three mile heats; (Dr. Thomas Payne's) 10,000M, Two mile heats, at Petersburg, Va..... 4
 4 Mary Luckett, Col. J. J. Pittman's, 500P, Three mile heats, at Tallahassee, Flo..... 1

MARSHAL NEY.

- Razor, Wm. Aynesworth's, 1000M, Mile heats, at Athens, Tenn..... 1

MAZEPPA.

- 2 Bay Filly. H. Linthicum's, 1300S, Mile heats, at Baltimore, Md..... 1
 3 Chesnut Filly, John K. Simpson's, 300S, Mile heats, at Baltimore, Md. ... 1

MEDOC.

- 4 Bendigo, John C. Beasley's, 300P, 400P, and (W. W. Bacon & Co.'s) 400P, Mile heats, at New Orleans, La. 3
 5 Blacknose, Jas. K. Duke's, 1000P at Louisville, Ky., and 700P at Lexington, Ky., Four mile heats; (Oliver & Greer's) 600M at Louisville, Ky., Three mile heats; (Jas. K. Duke's) 200P at Georgetown, Ky., Two mile heats 4
 5 Bpb Bush, J. M. Pindell's, 100P, Mile heats, at Georgetown, Ky. 1
 3 Cowboy, S. Parrott's, 100P at Mobile, Ala., (W. H. Parrott's) 150P at Mobile, Ala., (Col. Thos. Watson's) 1000M, 100P, and 150P, at St. Louis, Mo., Mile heats 5
 3 Geneva, R. S. Wooding's, 600P, Four mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo. 1
 4 Geo. W. Kendall, Wm. R. Barrow's, 400P, Two mile heats, at New Orleans, La. 1
 5 Grey Medoc, D. F. Kenner & Brothers', 1000P and 1000P, Four mile heats, at New Orleans, La., and 800P, Three mile heats, at Alexandria, La. ... 3
 5 James F. Robinson, Jas. Shy's, 1000P, Four mile heats, at Louisville, Ky., 500P, Three mile heats, at Lexington, Ky., and 200P, Two mile heats, at Georgetown, Ky. 3
 6 John C. Stevens, Kerr & Gaines's, —P at De Kalb, Ga., and 150P at Fayetteville, Ga., Two mile heats; 200M at De Kalb, Ga., Mile heats . 3
 4 Leg Treasurer, Jas Simpson's, 500P, Four mile heats, at Cincinnati, Ohio; (A. D. Oliver's) 125P, Three mile heats, at Cynthiana, Ky.; 300P, and (James Simpson's) 200P, at Cincinnati, Ohio, Two mile heats 4
 4 Luda, D. F. Kenner & Brother's, 1000P and 1000P, Four mile heats, at New Orleans, La.; 600P at Donaldsonville, La., and 3300S at New Orleans, La., Three mile heats; 500P at Alexandria, La., Two mile heats; and 500P, Mile heats, at Alexandria, La. 6
 2 Mary Wickliffe, F. G. Murphy's, 250S, Mile heats, at Bardstown, Ky. 1
 4 Melody, W. S. Buford's, 150P, Mile heats, at Terre Haute, Ind. 1
 4 Minister, W. W. Bacon's, 100P, Mile heats, at Georgetown, Ky. 1
 5 Mongrelia (late Red Morocco), Thos. G. Moore's, 400P at Fort Smith, Arks., 400P and 400P at Fayette, Mo., and 300P at Little Rock, Arks., Three mile heats 4
 4 Nancy Buford, T. B. Scruggs's, 100P, Mile heats, at Pekin, Ill. 1
 4 Oglenah, Capt. W. Viley's, 150P, Mile heats, at Lexington, Ky. 1
 5 Powell, Col. Wm. Buford's, 100P at Georgetown, Ky., and (Jos. G. Boswell's) 100P at Crab Orchard, Ky., Mile heats 2
 6 Suwarrow, A. P. Chorley's, 200P, Three mile heats, at Terre Haute, Ind., and 100P, Mile heats, at Springfield, Ill. 2
 5 Vidocq, R. W. Sinclair's, 200P at Palmyra, Mo., 250P and 250P at Fayette, Mo., Two mile heats 3
 4 Young Medoc, Daniel Sharp's, 90P, Mile heats, at Batesville, Arks. 1

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE.

- 5 Alwilda, Mr. Lloyd's, 100P, Mile heats, at the Union Course, L. I. 1
 6 Clarion, John Longstreet's, 800P and 600P, Four mile heats, and 500P, Three mile heats, at the Union Course, L. I., and 200P, Two mile heats, at Trenton, N. J. 4
 4 Fifer, F. P. Gerow's, 200P at Tallahassee, Flo., and 400P at St. Joseph, Flo., Two mile heats; (Thos. Brown's) 200P at Tallahassee, Flo., and (F. P. Gerow's) 300P at St. Joseph, Flo., Mile heats 4

- 6 Prospect, Jos. H. Van Mater's, —P, Two mile heats, at the Beacon Course, N. J.; 100P at Camden, N. J., and 100P at Trenton, N. J., Mile heats 3

MONSIEUR TONSON.

- 4 Bay Colt, H. Blankinship's, 100P, Mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va. 1
4 Bay Filly, Col. John L. White's, 150P, Two mile heats, at Pittsylvania C. H., Va. 1

MOSCOW.

- 3 Chesnut Filly, Gibson Mallory's, 700S, Mile heats, at Louisville, Ky. 1
— Filly, S. S. Barr's, 2000M, Mile heats, at Franklin, Mo. 1

MUCKLEJOHN.

- Black Hawk, Mr. Mason's, —P, Mile heats, at Camden, S. C. 1
— Blue Jim, Mr. Mason's, —P, Mile heats, at Camden, S. C. 1
3 Lasso, H. Daniel's, 25P, Mile heats, at Cynthiana, Ky. 1

MULEY MOLOCH.

- 3 Moloch, Imp., Charles McLaren's, 1050S, Two mile heats, at Huntsville, Ala.; (Boardman & McLaren's) 1200S, Mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn. . 2

NONPLUS (Imp)

- 3 Kate Converse, Maj. Wm. Sinkler's, 400P at Charleston, S. C., and —P at Pineville, S. C., Two mile heats 2
3 Bay Colt, Col. J. B. Richardson's, —P, Mile heats, at Camden, S. C. . 1

O'KELLY.

- 5 Lafitte, James Clark's, —P, Two mile heats, at Red Bridge, Tenn. 1
3 Grey Filly, Col. Pillow's, 150S, Mile heats, at Columbia, Tenn. 1
2 Chesnut Filly, Hall & Cargill's, 130P and 130P, Mile heats, at Hinds County, Miss. 2

PACIFIC.

- 5 Gamma, Clay & Harding's, 800P, Four mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn. 1
— Little Wagner, Thos. M. Anderson's, —M, Mile heats, at Athens, Tenn. 1
5 Nicon, Mr. Kellogg's, 300P, Three mile heats, at Fayetteville, Ga., and 200P, Two mile heats, at Natchitoches, La. 2
4 Pickwick, H. L. French's, 100P and 100P at Palmyra, Mo., and 100P at Franklin, Mo., Mile heats 3
4 Rhynodino, Norbin Cook's, 400M at Mobly, Ky., and 50P at Carroll County, Ky., Mile heats 2
5 Roscoe, D. Kunkle's, 200M, Mile heats, at Fayette, Mo. 1

PAMUNKY.

- 4 St. Pierre, A. S. Grigsby's, 125P, Two mile heats, at Centreville, Va.; 100P at Orange C. H., Va., 50P at Centreville, Va., and 100P at Washington, D. C., Mile heats 4
— Bay Mare, Mr. McDaniel's, a Saddle, Mile heats, at Winchester, Va. 1

PLATOFF.

- 4 Ellesiff, Dr. J. W. Moore's, 1000M, Two mile heats, and 300P, Mile heats, at Mobile, Ala. 2

PRIAM (Imp.)

- 3 Belfield, W. H. E. Merritt's, 1400S, Mile heats, at Belfield, Va. 1
3 Cassandra, James Long's, 1300S at Washington, D. C., 1000M at Baltimore, Md., and 200P at the Union Course, L. I., Two mile heats; 1400S at Washington, D. C., and 100P at Camden, N. J., Mile heats 5
3 Cedric, John S. Corbin's, 850S, Mile heats, at Petersburg, Va. 1
3 Milton Brown, Col. F. Stonestreet's, 4500S, Mile heats, at Baltimore, Md. 1
3 Paris, Edmund F. Wickham's, 1400S, Mile heats, at Fairfield, Va. 1
3 Prima Donna, Capt. Geo. Sutton's, —M, Mile heats, at the Union Course, L. I. 1
3 Zampa, Robt. L. Stevens's, 7000S, Mile heats, at the Union Course, L. I. . 1
3 Brown Colt, John Allcock's, 450S, Mile heats, at Broad Rock, Va. 1
3 Chesnut Colt, Col. Wm. L. White's, 1200S, Mile heats, at Baltimore, Md. 1
3 Chesnut Colt, O. P. Hare's, 3900S, mile heats, at Petersburg, Va. 1
3 Chesnut Colt, N. Rives's, 650S, Mile heats, at Petersburg, Va. 1
3 Bay Filly, Isham Puckett's, 250S, Mile heats, at Fairfield, Va. 1

- 3 Bay Filly, Edmund C. Moore's, 75P, Mile heats, at New Glasgow, Va. . . . 1
 3 Brown Filly, Maj. Thos. Doswell's, 300S at Alexandria, D. C., and 150P at
 Winchester, Va., Mile heats. 2

PUSH PIN.

- 4 Ben Barclay, T. B. Scruggs's, 200P, Two mile heats, and 150P, Mile heats,
 at St. Louis, Mo. 2

REDGAUNTLET.

- 3 Morgiana, John McGhee's, 250S at Athens, Tenn., and —P at Red Bridge,
 Tenn., Mile heats. 2

RED ROVER.

- a Betsey Red, Chas. P. Lee's, 1000M, Two mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va. . . 1
 a Leesburg, O. A. Staley's, 180P, Two mile heats, and 100P, Mile heats, at
 Minden, La. 2

ROBIN HOOD.

- 4 Mary Watson, Col. John Crowell's, 200P, Mile heats, at Hayne ville, Ala. . 1

ROWTON (Imp.)

- 4 Broker, John C. O'Hanlon's, 200P, Mile heats, at Augusta, Ga. 1
 3 Julia Davy, Col. J. Cockerell's, —P at Laurens, S. C., and —P at Lime-
 stone Springs, S. C., Two mile heats. 2
 4 Letty Floyd, Col. W. S. Campbell's, 200P, Mile heats, at Montgomery,
 Ala. 1
 4 Martha Rowton, W. R. Smith's, —P at Laurens, S. C., and 400P at Au-
 gusta, Ga., Three mile heats. 2
 3 Rowtonella, Wm. Washington's, 150P at Charleston, S. C., and (Maj. Wm.
 Sinkler's) Cup at Pineville, S. C., Two mile heats; (Wm. Washington's)
 100P, Mile heats, at Charleston, S. C. 3
 3 Ruby, Col. W. Hampton's, —S, Two mile heats, at Camden, S. C. 1
 4 Victoria Rowton, Williams & Eddins's, 150P, Three mile heats, at New-
 berry, S. C. 1
 3 Chesnut Filly, Col. J. B. Richardson's, —P, Two mile heats, at Cam-
 den, S. C. 1
 2 Chesnut Filly, P. R. Davis's, —S, Mile heats, at Warrenton, N. C. 1
 3 Bay Filly, Col. J. D. Williams's, —S, Mile heats, at Laurens, S. C. 1

SALADIN.

- 4 Susau Vance, James Shy's, 200P, Mile heats, at Cincinnati, Ohio 1

SARPEDON (Imp.)

- 5 Alice, Dr. E. Warfield's, 200P, Two mile heats, at Georgetown, Ky. 1
 4 Banjo Bill, Dr. E. Warfield's, 200P at Crab Orchard, Ky., and 200P at
 Lexington, Ky., Two mile heats. 2
 3 Duanna, Col. Wm. McCargo's, 500P, Four mile heats, at Fairfield, Va.;
 3800S at Baltimore, Md., and 600S at Fairfield, Va., Two mile heats;
 1200S at Broad Rock, Va., and 1000S at Fairfield, Va., Mile heats. 5
 4 Mary Ann Firman, R. Coffeen's, 150P, Mile heats, at Cincinnati, Ohio. . . 1
 5 Sleeper, The, John B. Richardson's, 150P, Two mile heats, at Terre
 Haute, Ind. 1
 3 Wellington, Townes & Williamson's, 1200S at Broad Rock, Va., and (Dr.
 Geo. Goodwyn's) 300P at Camden, N. J., Two mile heats; (Townes &
 Williamson's) 7300S, Mile heats, at Fredericksburg, Va. 3

SEAGULL.

- 3 Mary Bell, L. Holton's, 100P, Mile heats, at Bardstown, Ky. 1

SHAKSPEARE (Imp.)

- 6 Belle of Winchester, M. Fanning's, 100P, Mile heats, at Fort Smith, Arks. 1
 4 Rosabel, G. W. Cheatham's, 100P, Mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo. 1
 4 Rosabella, Col. D. White's, 200M, Mile heats, at Little Rock, Arks. 1

SHARK.

- 5 Mariner, Wm. Gibbons's, 800P. and 650P, Four mile heats, at the Union
 Course, L. I.; 500P at Camden, N. J., 400P at Trenton, N. J., and 400P
 at the Union Course, L. I., Three mile heats. 5
 5 Camden, John D. Kirby's, 300P, Two mile heats, at Petersburg, Va. 1

SIDI HAMET.

- 4 Bethune, Dr. E. Warfield's, 200P, Two mile heats, at Georgetown, Ky... 1
 2 Fanny, J. Guildersleeve's, 75P, Mile heats, at Pekin, Ill..... 1
 3 Sarah Morton, F. Duplantier's, 600P, Three mile heats, and 400P, Two
 mile heats, at New Orleans, La..... 2

SIR ARCHY MONTORIO.

- 5 Burleigh, Col. T. J. Robinson's, 300P, Three mile heats, at Crab Orchard,
 Ky..... 1
 5 Captain, The, Leonard & Duvall's, 100P, Two mile heats, at Carroll
 County, Ky..... 1
 5 Jenny-are-you-there, M. Fanning's, 200P, Two mile heats, and 125P, Mile
 heats, at Fort Smith, Arks..... 2

SIR HENRY.

- 3 Lady Harrison, E. M. Mallory & Co.'s, 100S, Mile heats, at Springfield, Ill. 1

SIR LESLIE.

- 6 Rosa Vertner, T. B. Scrogg's, 200P at Pekin, Ill., 200P at Springfield, Ill.,
 and 300P at St. Louis, Mo., Three mile heats 3

SKYLARK (Imp.)

- 3 Cornelia, Mr. Edwards's, 500S, Mile heats, at Holly Springs, Miss. 1
 3 Lehigh, Col. John L. White's, 300S, Mile heats, at Pittsylvania C. H., Va. 1
 2 Rapide, B. Davidson's, 425S, Mile heats, at Opelousas, La..... 1

STAR.

- 5 Johnson, Maj. W. C. Seldon's, 125P, Mile heats, at Centreville, Va. 1

STOCKHOLDER.

- 4 Allen Brown, R. H. Long's, 500P, Three mile heats, at Montgomery, Ala. 1
 3 Sally Carr, Capt. T. T. Tunstall's, 100P, 200M, and 150P, Mile heats, at
 Little Rock, Arks. 3

SUMPTER.

- Lady Jackson, Daniel Sharp's, 80P, Mile heats, at Batesville, Arks. 1

TAURUS.

- 4 Mango, Imp., Col. Thos. Watson's, 1000P at Mobile, Ala., and —P at
 Columbus, Ga., Four mile heats; (Judge J. S. Hunter's) 500P, Three
 mile heats, at Hayneville, Ala. 3

TENNESSEE CITIZEN.

- 3 Wm. H. Harrison, Squire Hunter's, 300P, Two mile heats, at Montgo-
 mery, Ala..... 1

TERROR.

- 4 Fury, A. Erskine's, 250P, Three mile heats, at Warrenton Springs, Va. .. 1

TIGER.

- 4 Leda, Jas. K. Duke's, 200P, Two mile heats, at Louisville, Ky., and 275P,
 Mile heats, at Lexington, Ky. 2

TIMOLEON.

- a Boston, Col. Wm. R. Johnson's, 700P at Petersburg, Va., 800P at Alexan-
 dria, D. C., 600P at Baltimore, Md., and 800P at Washington, D. C.,
 Four mile heats 4
 6 Omega, Calhoun and Colclough's, 500P at Savannah, Ga., and 1000P at
 Charleston, S. C., Four mile heats..... 2

TORMENTOR.

- 4 Dayton, Wm. Sinkler, Jr.'s, —S and —S at Pineville, S. C., Mile
 heats 2

TRAMP.

- 6 Miss Accident, Imp., Eddins & Williams's, —P, Three mile heats, at
 Limestone Springs, S. C. 1

TRANBY (Imp.)

- 3 Creath, Sidney Burbridge's, 400P at Lexington, Ky., and 500P at Louisville,
 Ky., Three mile heats 2
 3 Dolly Dixon, Jenkins and Shy's, 200S, mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky. ... 1

- 3 Fortune, H. L. French's, 500P at St. Louis, Mo., and 150P at Franklin, Mo., Two mile heats; 100P, —P, 100P, and 150P, at Fayette, Mo., and (Col. D. White's) 200M at Little Rock, Arks., Mile heats 7
 3 Thomas R. Roots, R. Chiles's, 900S, Two mile heats, at Lexington, Ky... 1
 3 Bay Filly, H. L. French's, 125P, Two mile heats, at Kaskaskia, Ill. 1
 5 Brown Gelding, Jas. Talley's, 150S, Two mile heats, at Fairfield, Va..... 1

TRAVELLER.

- 4 Billy Aynesworth, John McGhee's, 400S, Mile heats, at Athens, Tenn. ... 1

TRUMPATOR.

- a King Lear, Maj. Lear's, 100P, Mile heats, at Fort Smith, Arks..... 1

TRUSTEE (Imp.)

- 4 Fanny Green, Hugh Rogers's, 150P at Warrenton, N. C., and (John C. Rogers's) 300P at Petersburg, Va., Two mile heats..... 2
 4 Fashion, Wm. Gibbons's, 800P, Four mile heats, at Camden, N. J.; 500P at the Union Course, L. I., and 400P at Baltimore, Md., Three mile heats; and 200P at the Union Course, L. I., Two mile heats 4
 3 Head'em, Samuel Bradhurst's, 225S, Mile heats, at the Union Course, L. I. 1
 3 Heiress, The, Robt. L. Stevens's, 300S, Two mile heats, at the Union Course, L. I. 1
 4 Smike, Capt. R. F. Stockton's, 100P, Mile heats, at the Union Course, L. I. 1
 3 Tammany, A. P. Hamlin's, 1700S, Mile heats, at the Union Course, L. I. ... 1
 4 Tyler, J. H. Hellings's, 300P, Two mile heats, at Camden, N. J. 1
 3 Young Dove, Maj. Wm. Jones's, 1700S, Two mile heats, at the Union Course, L. I. 1
 4 Bay Filly, Col. Wm. McCargo's, 200P at Washington, D. C., and 250P at Fredericksburg, Va., Two mile heats..... 2

TUSCAHOMA.

- 4 Chicopa, Maj. Jas. Surget's, 350P, Mile heats, at Natchez, Miss..... 1

TYCHICUS.

- 6 Wonder, E. H. Pendleton's, 500P, Three mile heats, at Alexandria, D. C., and 1000M, Two mile heats, at Petersburg, Va..... 2

UNCAS.

- 3 John Lemon, Col. Wm. C. Boon's, 500S, Two mile heats, and 200S, Mile heats, at Fayette, Mo. 2
 5 Scarlet, O. P. Hare's, —P, Mile heats, at Dover, Mo..... 1

VAN TROMP.

- 6 Van Tromp, Beaks & Williams's, —P, Mile heats, at Fayetteville, Ga.. 1

VERTUMNUS.

- 4 Salkahatchie, Capt. D. Rowe's, 100P, Mile heats, at Charleston, S. C. ... 1

VOLCANO.

- 4 Billy Black, A. M. Carpenter's, 100P, Two mile heats, at Batesville, Arks. 1

WHALEBONE.

- 6 Bustamente, Chas. Lewis's, 200P, Mile heats, at Selma, Ala. 1

WILD BILL.

- 2 Evergreen, Wm. S. Greer's, —P, Mile heats, at Red Bridge, Tenn..... 1
 4 Pilot, C. D. Kavanagh's, 300P at Huntsville, Ala., 100P at Tuscumbia, Ala., and (Ragland & Davis's) —P at Florence, Ala, Mile heats..... 3

ZINGANEE (Garrison's.)

- 6 Dandridge, J. C. Gibson's, 300P, Four mile heats, at Alexandria, D. C., and 150S, Two mile heats, at Orange C. H., Va..... 2
 4 George Martin, Jas. S. Garrison's, 250P, Mile heats, at Louisville, Ky..... 1
 4 Sarah Washington, Maj. Thos. Doswell's, 300P, Three mile heats, at Winchester, Va.; 300P at Washington, D. C., 250P at Fairfield, Va., (L. S. Pritchart's) 300P at Alexandria, D. C., and 150P at Orange C. H., Va., Two mile heats 5

ZINGANEE (Imp.)

- 3 John Causin, E. J. Hamilton's, 1300S, Two mile heats, and 180S, Mile heats, at Washington, D. C..... 2

- 3 Miss Wills, E. J. Hamilton's, 300S, Two mile heats, and 200S, Mile heats, at Washington, D. C. 2
 CAIN or ACTÆON.
- 4 Albion, Imp., Col. Wm. McCargo's, 500P, Three mile heats, at Washington, D. C.; 250P at Belfield, Va., 200P at Cross Keys, Va., 300P at Washington, D. C., and 250P at Broad Rock, Va., Two mile heats..... 5
 SIRE UNKNOWN.
- 4 Cherokee Bob, Eli Lewis's, 100P, Mile heats, at Little Rock, Arks. 1
 2 Notaway, Boatwright & Swaizé's, 250S, Mile heats, at Opelousas, La. 1
 - Swager, M. W. Mathews's, 195P, Mile heats, at Minden, La. 1
 6 Wild Cat, S. McLeod's, 150P, Mile heats, at Natchitoches, La. 1

THE LATE DERBY.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

WHEN a favorite wins such a race as the Derby there is sure to be a havoc made amongst the "rotten sheep" of the betting ring. Coronation last year proved himself a tolerable good weeder, but Attila sifted the *dross* from the *gold* to a far greater extent. That there are still a host of speculators, mere men of *straw*, hovering about Tattersall's, no one at all acquainted with the mystery of betting can deny, and until the ring is thoroughly purged of this ragged lot, no great confidence in turf speculations can be secured. Much praise is due to Lord George Bentinck for his indefatigable industry in all things appertaining to turf matters, and it is to be regretted that no other influential nobleman, such for instance, as the Marquis of Exeter, is to be found to follow the glorious example of my Lord George Bentinck. The reckless state of several of the Derby books, clearly proves that a radical reform is absolutely necessary. Can anything be nearer to premeditated robbery, than for a man to lay against a certain favorite to any amount, knowing, at the same time, that if the animal wins, he cannot meet his loss?

That many do this yearly, there is not the shadow of a doubt. Suppose, for instance, that a party had commenced betting against Attila after his Newmarket race at 10 to 1, and kept up the *game* during the winter; why he, if known at all in the ring, might with great ease have got against the horse, to at least £20,000. I have every reason to know that the leviathan defaulter from Cambridge took this mode of speculating. It will be clearly seen that by "potting" a horse (as the term goes) the whole of the field remain winners; and taking the average odds betted against Attila during the winter and spring it will be found that six to one is not far from the mark: thus we find that the speculator stood to win on any other horse in the race at least £3,000. I am not prepared to say whether he took any trouble about any of the other horses, but to pay the £20,000 he is stated to have won £1,500! Another gent.

with a £10,000 book got bit to the tune of £13,000; and four or five others "threw out" to the extent of about £20,000—indeed altogether the money kept out of the market amounted to at least £60,000. This is really an awful state of things. One gentleman of my acquaintance took 1000 to 100 about Attila from one of the Levanters, and when the horse reached five to one he laid off the stake, i. e. he betted five hundred to one hundred against the horse. At the settling he was a winner of £500 but having to *pay* and not *receive*, he was minus £500. I know of many similar cases, one of a gentleman, who is fond of dabbling a little in turf affairs, and who is content with a very moderate profit. This gentleman took the odds to a *pony* about Attila's winning the Clearwell and the Derby. After Attila had got "well through" the Clearwell he became, as every racing man knows, the leading favorite for the great race, and the taker of the odds hedged his money at eight to one; what was the consequence? why he had to pay the £200 without getting one shilling of the long bet, viz. £750. It was truly surprising to witness the reckless manner in which the "*standers-out*" against Attila bore up to the last moment; they actually drove the horse from three to one to six to one, and they would have laid ten to one; it signified nought to them, they stood "the hazard of the die," and were sorely discomfited. One gentleman, *nominally* a great winner, left the yard some thousands out of pocket, indeed a more deplorable settling (?) was never known. In Mundig's year a gentleman of high standing stood the shot to about £30,000 against the winner; this we took for *granted* would be a warning to the "potters," but we were wrong. The backers of Canadian were thunderstruck when the declaration of his not starting met their ears; the fact is, the horse had a leg last autumn, and although he managed to get through his races at the Newmarket spring meeting, yet it was evident from his appearance that Stephenson was afraid to give him strong work. The animals beaten by him were but of a secondary character, yet if he had remained "all right" I should not have been surprised to have seen him run well up at the finish. Alas! the last preparative bowled out his chance—he fell lame. The backers of Auckland had a race for their money. The "*sayings and doings*" about this fine son of Touchstone, and the annoyance given to the Marquis of Westminster, by some underhanded rascals, will be long remembered by sporting gentlemen. If Auckland had caught the *judge's* eye first there would indeed have been *heavy sessions*.

That Chatham would have been there or thereabouts, if he had not broken down, is the opinion of one of the best judges of racing—here again the settling would have been "awful," for several stood most mightily against him, and refused to hedge at any terms. And now a word or two respecting Coldrenick, "the flyer," the "best Derby colt that John Day had ever tried," the "certainty," &c. &c. &c. I have always held John Day to be more correct in his trials than any of his contemporaries, for I well remember Venison, Grey Momus, Crucifix, *cum multis aliis*, yet with Coldrenick, "Oh, what a falling off was there!" The horse positively

could not live either the pace or the distance, and was completely beaten off. Some went so far as to say that "honest John" knew the colt *not* to be the *flyer* represented; yet the public were positively mad to back him to the last, taking as little as six to four in a field of twenty-four horses! That there was an immense deal of money made by the professionals about this horse there is no doubt, but as to John Day and his party being losers to the amount named, I have my serious *misgivings*. The blood of that fine animal, Sir Hercules, was once more in the ascendant, his son Robert de Gorham, astonishing his few admirers by running a capital second: at least as far as the beaten ones were concerned. Robert got a bad start, otherwise he would have been nearer Attila at the finish. I quite expect to see him win the Gratwicke stakes at Goodwood for his noble owner. Jack, and the Lord of Holderness, amply repaid those who were *fortunate* enough to have been in the secret; and Meteor sent a little *siller* to the north. No prudent man will ever stand a *pot* against the Scotts, they have such advantages over other trainers. The principal winners were Lords Chesterfield and Maidstone, Col. Anson, Messrs. Greatrex, Robinson, Hill, and Clark.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for July, 1842.

FRENCH HUNTING—ROMAN AND MALTESE RACING.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

EACH country has its national sport: England her racing, steeple-chasing, hunting, coursing, shooting, fishing, and a few *et cetera* of fighting. Spain has her bull-fights—sanguinary, but noble spectacles, bequeathed by the Moors. In Russia, the arena of sporting exhibitions is the frozen surface of the lakes and rivers, where splendid sledging and graceful skating are seen in their perfection. In Germany they waltz and sledge. In Africa they hunt the lion. In Bengal, the tiger. In Northern India, particularly at Cabool, according to Sir Alexander Burnes, horse-racing is a favorite amusement, and the horses for the purpose are generally trained for a fortnight or three weeks preceding; and they require this, for a race there is not a matter of one or two mile heats, but a continued run for twenty or thirty kos (forty or fifty miles) across the country, sometimes through morasses and rivers. The scene on those occasions is highly animated, as not only the racers (generally about twenty in number), set off, but the whole of the sporting assembly, perhaps one hundred or five hundred, accompany them at least for the first three or four miles. A judge has been sent on in advance, and the competitors seldom return until the next day. The prizes are, certainly, worth some exer-

tions; and in one case, when the donor was a man of good substance, they were as follow:—The first and most classical was a *young maiden* (generally a Haryarah, or Chitralsi, both prized for their personal attractions); the second, fifty sheep; the third, a boy; the fourth, a horse; the fifth, a camel; the sixth, a cow; and the seventh, a water-mellon, the winner of which becomes an object of ridicule and banter for the rest of the meeting.

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

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

These three months of rest for the "antlered monarch of the woods," were most scrupulously observed by all the Royal family. The stag and buckhounds never crossed the threshold of their kennel except for exercise.

The present hunting establishment of His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans is that of a thorough sportsman; there is none of the "pomp and circumstance" of foreign royalty about it. Leaving Paris at half-past nine, one morning, by the Corbeil railway, accompanied alone by the Count de Cambis, and General Marbeau, *aide-de-camp* to the Duke of Orleans, their Highnesses the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, found themselves, at half-past eleven, at the rendezvous, or "meet," *à la Croix-du-Grand-Veneur*. There the Princes met a small field; Monsieur Ampère, Monsieur D'Este, and the Baron de la Rochette, being among the number. Understanding from Lombardin, the huntsman, that a stag of ten years old (*cerf dix cors*) was harbored in the wood *Des Seigneurs*, on the Orleans road, about two leagues from the rendezvous, they proceeded to the seat of action. The hounds were now laid on, and a favorite of the pack, Venus, was heard to challenge in the cover, and, in a moment after, a noble stag was seen to enter a small thicket of larch, crossing an open plain in the presence of the field. The welcome "tally-ho!" echoed through the woods, and away we went, men, hounds, and horses, at a tremendous pace, through a beautiful open country in the *Valley de la Sole*. The red coats now poured in on all sides, and were pressing too close to the hounds, who had hardly settled on their scent. "Hold

hard, gentlemen," exclaimed a right good English Sportsman: "give them room, and they will soon return you the compliment;" and so it turned out, for the deer put his head straight for the forest of Villefermoy, the best country the hunt has, with the river Seine to cross. The "ould" ones predicted a run and a clipper to boot. Passing the farm of Courbisson, we had a fine gallop over the plain of Sermaye. Here tailing was visible enough, and, in the words of the city article, "settling day was at hand," when suddenly the whole affair was at a stand-still. It was in vain the hounds were cast, circle after circle, and we were about to "give in," when a sporting farmer whispered to the huntsman that he had viewed the deer into a small wood. Without losing a moment, bidding him show the way, we followed closely on his horse's heels, and the secret was explained by his telling us that a sheep-dog had coursed the deer into the place he had mentioned.

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

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

"And there he goes for Villefermoy, fresh as ever," cried the Duke of Orleans, half mad with excitement. And now we must clap on, or we shall be behind ourselves. Down the Rabbit Mount, a short but steep declivity, full of holes, and covered with brushwood—up a rise of deep ground—then down the hill, on which there were several stumps of felled trees, to cross the river, with its deep and steep banks closely studded with willows, we rushed; and then came a scene worthy of the pen of Boz and the pencil of Cruikshank—the rush at the river. The royal Dukes and their staff got well over, while the rest were plunging and wading through it, looking like water-rats, and delivering themselves of sundry oaths and execrations at this *impracticable* river. No sooner had we crossed it, than "Tally-ho! he's dead beat!" was echoed around; from scent to view was beautiful, and there the deer was to be seen, looking for water to plunge into. On the nearer approach of his pursuers, he again took a small cover, and, as if to show what blood can do, he came rushing through it, thickly matted as it was, with the pack at his heels, and flung himself amongst twenty horsemen. After insinuating his horns into one dog's bowels, and nearly knocking one of the *piqueurs* off his horse, he was, with some danger, secured. The run was five hours and a quarter; and all, with the exception of one right good sportsman, who was trying a young horse, were well up throughout.

It was now seven o'clock, and the royal party found themselves more than six leagues from Fontainebleau, somewhat tired and hungry (both man and horse), for in every respect it had been a

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

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

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

The *barberi* (barbs), when brought to the starting-post, are gaily ornamented in the front of the head and down the neck with gaudy ribands and plumes of peacock and other feathers. To a girth, which goes round the body of each, are attached several loose straps, which have at their ends small balls of lead, from which issue sharp steel rowels; the motion imparted to these straps, by the animals running, keeps up a continued spurring. Small pieces of tin and stiff paper are also fastened to the horse's back, which keep up a rattling and rustling noise. The rearing, picking, pawing, and snorting they make, when brought to the post, may be easily conceived. A very strong rope, secured on each side, is drawn across the street of the Corso, and up to this each man brings his horse, holding him fast by the head. The Trasteverini, and many of the peasantry in the neighborhood of Rome, are fine muscular men, and are employed to manage these fiery steeds. Though there are no riders, human life is often endangered. Sometimes the Pegasus masters his groom, and breaks away before the course (or rather Corso) is cleared, in which, and in several other cases, serious accidents are almost sure to happen. When all is

ready, a troop of dragoons set off from the extreme end of the Corso, and go at full gallop towards the starting-post, clearing the way ; and woe to the luckless wight who comes within the reach of their swords : the soldiers then retire, and soon after the signal is given for the start, by an officer blowing a trumpet from a balcony erected near the spot where the race is to begin. At the sound of the trumpet the rope across the street drops—the grooms let go their holds, and off start the horses like arrows from a bow. No false start, so fatal to our English sport, can occur. Away, and by a meteor's strange contrariety, the harder they run the more they are goaded. Some horses have been known to have been wise enough to stop, when the motion of the weighted rowels would cease ; but few have showed that discretion is the better part of valor, for they generally run on at a mad career, occasionally showing spite by catching and biting at each other. The Mr. Lockwood, of Rome, is no less a personage than the Governor, who stands at a window of his palace, at which building is the winning-post, or, as the Romans call it, "*la ripresa de barberi*." A little beyond the goal, the street is shut in with a screen of strong canvass, through which the horses occasionally dash, though to their eyes it looks like a wall. The prize given to the owner of the winning horse is merely an ornamental flag—a trophy highly prized.

- During the first six days of the carnival, which at Rome is limited to eight, matches are run between barbs, mares, &c. ; but, during the last two days, the classes all run together, and appear more like a charge of cavalry.

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

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

The Maltese have a curious mode of horse-racing. The horses are, indeed, mounted, but they are not furnished with saddle or bridle ; the jockies sit on the bare back, and have no reins in their hands. Each is armed with a small pointed instrument, not unlike a cobbler's awl. These races are held, in the month of June, at Cetta Vechia, in the interior of the island. The horses are generally barbs, imported from the neighboring coast of Africa—small, good-tempered, but awfully slow. With an animal of anything like the springy action and velocity of the English race-horse, it would be impossible to do without the bridle or stirrup : and nothing but the run being up hill would stop the Maltese flyers. It is a curious contrast to the Epsom and Newmarket doings—to the hand, seat, and judgment of a Robinson—the steadiness of a Day

—the wonderful talent of Howlett—to see a naked-legged, naked-armed, slovenly set of fellows, rolling about on their steeds like peas on a parchment, flourishing their awls, and bellowing out sounds as wild as the war-whoop of the Cherokee Indians. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the Maltese races certainly offer a novel and amusing scene ; and the inhabitants talk of their Turf with as much pride as we do of ours.

London Sporting Review for July, 1842.

THE AMERICAN WILD CAT.

BY T. B. THORP, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "TOM OWEN, THE BEE HUNTER," "WILD TURKEY SHOOTING," ETC.

IN the southern portions of the United States, but especially in Louisiana, the Wild Cat is found in abundance. The dense swamps that border on the Mississippi, protect this vicious species of game from extermination, and foster their increase ; and although every year vast numbers are killed, they remain seemingly as plentiful as they ever were "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant." The Wild Cat seeks the most solitary retreats, in which to rear its young, where, in some natural hole in the ground, or some hollow tree, it finds protection for itself and its kittens, from the destructive hand of man. At night, or at early morn, it comes abroad, stealing over the dried leaves, in search of prey, as quietly as a zephyr, or ascending the forest tree with almost the ease of a bird. The nest on the tree, and the burrow in the ground, are alike invaded ; while the poultry yard of the farmer, and his sheep fold, are drawn liberally upon to supply the Cat with food. It hunts down the rabbit, coon, and possum, springing from some elevated bough upon the bird perched beneath, catching in its mouth its victim, and doing this while descending like an arrow in speed, and with the softness of a feather to the ground. Nothing can exceed its beauty of motion when in pursuit of game, or sporting in play. No leap seems too formidable, no attitude is ungraceful. It runs, flies, leaps, skips, and is at ease in an instant of time ; every hair of its body seems redolent with life. Its disposition is untameable, it seems insensible to kindness, a mere mass of ill nature, having no sympathies with any, not even of its own kind. It is for this reason, no doubt, that it is so recklessly pursued, its paw being, like the Ishmaelites, against every man ; and it most indubitably follows that every man's dogs, sticks, and guns, are against it. The hounds themselves, that hunt equally well the cat and fox, pursue the former with a clamorous joy, and kill it with a zest, that they do not display when finishing off a fine run after Reynard. In fact, as an animal of sport, the cat, in many respects

is preferable to the fox, its trail is always warmer, and it shows more sagacity in eluding its enemies.

In Louisiana, the sportsman starts out in the morning professedly for a fox-chase, and it turns "cat," and often both cat and fox are killed, after a short but hard morning's work. The chase is varied and is often full of amusing incident, for the cat, as might be expected, takes often to the "tree" to avoid pursuit, and this habit of the animal allows the sportsman to meet it on quite familiar terms; if the tree is a tall one, the exciteable creature manages to have its face obscured by the distance, but if it takes to a dead limbless trunk, where the height will permit its head to be fairly seen, as it looks down upon the pack that are yelling at its feet, with such open mouths, that they

"Fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth,"

You will see a rare exhibition of rage and fury, eyes that seem living balls of fire, poisonous claws that clutch the insensible wood with deep indentations—the foam trembles on its jaws, hair standing up like porcupine quills, ears pressed down to the head, forming as perfect a picture of vicious, ungovernable destructiveness as can be imagined. A charge of mustard seed shot, or a poke with a stick when at bay, will cause it to desert its airy abode, when it no sooner touches the ground, than it breaks off at a killing pace, the pack, like mad fiends, on its trail.

Beside "treecing," the cat will take advantage of some hole in the ground, and disappear when it meets with these hiding places, as suddenly as ghosts at cock crowing. The hounds come up to the hiding-place, and a fight ensues. The first head intruded into the cat's hole is sure to meet with a warm reception. Claws and teeth do their work. Still the staunch hound heeds it not, and either he gets a hold himself, or acts as a bait to draw the cat from his burrow: thus fastened, the dog, being the most powerful in strength, backs out, dragging his enemy along with him, and no sooner is the cat's head seen by the rest of the pack, than they pounce upon him, and in a few moments the "nine lives" of the "varmint" are literally *chewed up*. At one of these burrowings, a huge cat intruded into a hole so small, that an ordinarily large hound could not follow. A little stunted but excellent hound, rejoicing in the name of Ringwood, from his diminutiveness, succeeded in forcing his way in the hole after the cat; in an instant a faint scream was heard, and the little fellow showed symptoms of having caught a tartar. One of the party present stooped down, and running his arm under the dog's body, pressed it forward, until he could feel that the cat had the dog firmly clawed by each shoulder, with its nose in the cat's mouth; in this situation, by pressing the dog firmly under the chest, the two were drawn from the hole. The cat hung on until he discovered that his victim was surrounded by numerous friends, when he let go his cruel hold; the more vigorously to defend himself. Ringwood, though covered with jetting blood, jumped upon the cat and shook away as if unharmed in the contest.

Sportsmen in hunting the cat, provide themselves generally with pistols, not for the purpose of killing the cat, but to annoy it, so that it will desert from the tree, when it has taken to one; sometimes these infantile shooting irons are left at home, and the cat gets safely lodged out of the reach of sticks, or whatever other missile may be convenient. This is a most provoking affair, dogs and sportsmen lose all patience, and as no expedient suggests itself, the cat escapes for the time. I once knew of a cat thus perched out of reach, that was brought to terms in a very singular manner. The tree on which the animal was lodged being a very high one, secure from interruption, it looked down upon its pursuers with the most provoking complacency; every effort to dislodge it had failed, and the hunt was about to be abandoned in despair, when one of the sportsmen discovered a grape vine that passed directly over the cat's body, and by running his eye along its circumvolutions, traced it down to the ground; a judicious jerk at the vine touched the cat on the rump; this was most unexpected, and it instantly leaped to the ground, from a height of over forty feet, striking on its forepaws, throwing a sort of rough somerset, and then starting off as sound in limb and wind as if he had leaped off of a "huckleberry" bush.

The hunter of the wild turkey, while "calling," in imitation of the hen, to allure the gobbler within reach of the rifle, will sometimes be annoyed by the appearance of the wild cat, stealing up to the place from whence the sounds proceed. The greatest caution on such occasions is visible, the cat advancing by the slowest possible movements, stealing along like a serpent. The hunter knows that the intruder has spoiled his turkey sport for the morning, and his only revenge is to wait patiently and give the cat the contents of his gun, then, minus all game, he goes home, anathematizing the whole race of cats, for thus interfering with his sport, and his dinner.

Of all the peculiarities of the cat, its untameable and quarrelsome disposition is its most marked characteristic. The western hunter, when he wishes to cap the climax of braggadocio, with respect to his own prowess, says, "he can whip his weight in wild cats." This is saying all that can be said, for it would seem, considering its size, that the cat in a fight can bite fiercer, scratch harder, and live longer, than any other animal whatever. "I am a roaring earthquake in a fight," sung out one of the half-horse and half-alligator species of fellows, "a real snorter of the universe—I can strike as hard as fourth proof lightning, and keep it up, rough and tumble, as long as a wild cat." These high encomiums on the character of the pugnacity of the cat are beyond question. "A singed cat" is an excellent proverb, illustrating that a person may be smarter than he looks. *A singed wild cat*, as such an illustration, would be sublime. There is no half way mark, no exception, no occasional moment of good nature; starvation and a surfeit, blows and kind words, kicks, cuffs, and fresh meat, reach not the sympathies of the wild cat. He has the greediness of a pawnbroker, the ill nature of an old usurer, the meanness of a petty-

fogging lawyer, the blind rage of the hog, and the apparent insensibility to pain of the turtle; like a woman, the wild cat is incomparable with anything but itself. In expression of face, the wild cat singularly resembles the rattlesnake. The skulls of these two "varmints" have the same venomous expression, the same demonstration of fangs, and probably no two creatures living attack each other with more deadly ferocity and hate. They will stare at each other with eyes filled with defiance, and burning with fire; one hissing and the other snarling, presenting a most terrible picture of the malevolence of passion. The serpent in its attitudes is all grace, the cat all activity; the serpent moves with the quickness of lightning, while making the attack; the cat defends itself with motions equally quick, bounding from side to side, striking with its paws; both are often victors, for they seldom separate until death blows have been inflicted on either side. The Indians, who, in their notions and traditions, are always picturesque and beautiful, imagine that the rattlesnake, to live, must breathe the poisonous air of the swamps and the exhalations of decayed animal matter, while the cat has the attribute of gloating over the meaner displays of evil passions of a quarrelsome person, or speaking of a quarrelsome family, they say, "the lodge containing them fattens the wild cat."

St. Francisville, La., April, 1842.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for July, 1842.

SHOING HORSES.*

No better reason could be given for the republication of this old work On Shoing than Mr. Cherry's declaration, that in the works of Osmer, La Fosse, James C. Clark, and Solleysell, he had found all the supposed discoveries, principles, and practices of later years as regard the shoing of horses. Mr. Cherry has, we suppose, some reservation on behalf of those who have turned almost the whole of their attention to the foot of the horse; for, granting a great deal to the close observation of an acute mind, a better knowledge of the limb must certainly in some respects have led to a better method of shoing it. It is usual, and not without reason, to look with more than suspicion upon the practice and materia medica of the earlier Veterinarians, for we know the science was then disgraced by quackery, and that the physiology of the horse was imperfectly known by a few, and not at all to all the rest. Mr. Cherry, however, defends the knowledge of by-gone times from too sweeping an assertion; maintaining that, from the mass of Professors of the Art Veterinary denounced as ignorant and presuming, some

* The Art of Shoeing Horses, by the Sieur de SOLLEYSSELL. To which are added Notes on his Practice, by FREDERICK CLIFFORD CHERRY, Principal Veterinary Surgeon, late V. S. to the Second Life Guards, &c. &c.

Mr. Cherry preserves the Sieur's spelling of the word "Shoing," and we retain it in deference to his judgment.

stood aloof, and that there existed men of superior minds and acquirements. In support of this he quotes the *Sieur Solleysell*, and on reading his little work on Shoing, we are certainly happy to agree with him that it may be deemed corn among the chaff of his day at least. The remarks are characterised by sound sense, unaccompanied by mysterious and frivolous instructions well enough suited to the age that had just preceded him, and of whose weakness he might well have been affected, as magnifying the importance of the empiric, and concealing his ignorance, but adding nothing to the chance of recovery or improvement. Mr. Cherry observes, that the erroneous physiology of his author gives in many instances a value to his facts, since it materially tends to shew the latter are really the result of his observation, and not repeated from others. We quite agree with him here; and in all cases where no great knowledge of structure is required, we are more inclined to pay respect to those who have gone before us, as it was their ignorance of physiology and their consequent assumption that betrayed them into so great a labyrinth of error and misconception. Through close observation more might be done for a horse's foot by a man ignorant of its anatomy, than for a vital organ wholly concealed from his view. The treatment of the one is mechanical compared with the other, as it is dependant a great deal upon the shape of the shoe or the driving of the nails; and as the real skill of the farrier was more in the way of a smith than a Veterinarian if he were worth anything, or turned his mind at all to the advancement of his professional knowledge, the result of his improvement would be most in character with his daily occupation. Mr. Cherry has, therefore, good ground for saying these old works on Shoing contain the improvements of the present day, perhaps abandoned through want of the knowledge requisite to apply them properly. In support of our opinion we quote the note on the nailing of shoes:—

“It is supposed by many persons, that the doctrine of carefully fitting the shoe to the foot is a modern improvement; but it is evident, from a perusal of *Solleysell*, and also from the writings of many other old authors, that the best modern practice of shoing was also the practice of the best farriers of former times. So in regard to the manner of nailing the shoe to the foot, we have here a mode described which was brought forward, a few years back, as a newly discovered improvement; as regarded the practice of nailing then most common, it undoubtedly was an improvement; still it was merely a recurrence to much older practice. The custom of piercing the nail-holes very near the edge of the shoe had grown into general use at the time alluded to, and was by many persons supposed to be essential to good shoing: to accomplish this fine nailing, skilful expertness is requisite, and often much mischief is done; for the nail has to be driven first in a direction towards the sensible parts of the foot, but by a bevil at the point it receives a direction outwards, so that it becomes curved instead of remaining straight, and its course is dependant upon conjecture, which, however, by practice becomes very accurate.”

It is observed, that Solleysell was a Frenchman, and treated of French horses and customs more than 180 years ago; but, it will be found, his remarks and the directions he gives are applicable to horses generally in this country and of modern times, and form leading points in the practice of the best farriers of the day. We can only say, with Mr. Cherry's remarks, the work is valuable, and as useful, from brevity and perspicuity, to the gentleman as the shoing smith.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1842.

The Sportsman's Lawyer.

BY A BARRISTER.

LIABILITY FOR FURIOUS DRIVING—EPSOM RACES.

SINCE we alluded to this subject, the Court of Common Pleas has given judgment in "M'Laughlin v. Pryor." In this case, the Jury having found for the plaintiff, with £600 damages, and a Rule *Nisi* to enter a nonsuit having been obtained, the plaintiff shewed cause against it. The Judges gave their judgment *seriatim*; and, although they all gave it as their opinion, that *in the events which happened*, Mr. Pryor was liable for the damage done, we think there was nothing in their judgments which militates against the position we adopted, although by some of their Lordships we admit it is extended further than we had ventured to carry it, and we should say, with great deference, almost to a dangerous length. In the first place, a clear distinction is taken between an action on the *case* and an action in *trespass*; and it seems to be admitted, that had this been an action on the case, the defence of Mr. Pryor would have been a good one. The law is most fully laid down as to this by Mr. Baron Parke in "Quarman v. Burnett," and that is a much stronger case than the one now before us; for there two ladies were in *the habit* of hiring a pair of horses to draw *their own carriage*, and the coachman (who was employed and paid by the Job-mistress, the owner of the horses,) actually *wore a livery coat and hat belonging to the ladies whom he drove*; and yet those ladies were held not to be liable in an action brought against them for damage done by the negligence of the coachman. But in "M'Laughlin v. Pryor," the question was not so much whether the postboys were or were not at the time his servants, but whether he was not a *co-trespasser*. Chief Justice Tindal says, "the general rule is, that all persons who are acting together in a trespass are trespassers;" and he then goes on to say that the defendant, being on the box, could see everything that was going on, and that he ought to have remonstrated. This cer-

tainly seems rather hard, because of course *the object* of the post-boys was, not to do the injury, but to get on as fast as they could; and although they did it in this instance by "cutting in," which, notwithstanding Mr. Pryor's authority, appears not to be the law of the road, or at least of the *land*, still a case may be easily supposed in which the original intention of the driver may be quite justifiable, and yet an accident may in the result occur through his negligence.

We are much inclined to think that the sole fact of the defendant's being *on the box*, and not interfering, would not have induced the Learned Judges to come to the decision they did in this case, but that Mr. Pryor, by his conduct *after* the transaction, made himself personally liable;—he refuses to give the name of the owner of the carriage and horses, but produces his own card, saying, "I will pay all;" and when the plaintiff's friend called on him, he again took the responsibility on himself, and justified it by saying "it was the law of the road to cut in and out." However, *ex abundanti cautela*, we advised some friends of ours who were going down to Epsom this year with four posters, all to go *inside*; or if any were obliged to go on the box, that their safest course was to *go to sleep!*

"DAINTREE v. HUTCHINSON."

OUR Readers will no doubt remember this case, which has excited considerable interest in the Sporting World.—The facts are shortly these:—In 1840 the plaintiff and the defendant entered into a written agreement to the effect, that Mr. Daintree's dog "King Cob" should run three courses against "Grasper," the property of Mr. Hutchinson, for £100. The Match was to be P.P.; and to come off *on the Wednesday during the Newmarket February Meeting of 1841*. The February Meeting for that year was fixed by the Coursing Club to commence on the 3d of the month, weather permitting: however, the weather not being propitious for the sport (it being a hard frost), the Members of the Club, assembled at Newmarket on the 2d, resolved that the Meeting should be postponed for a week, or until the first open Wednesday.

The defendant, Mr. Hutchinson, was at the "trysting place" with his dog, which he had brought upwards of one hundred miles, on Wednesday the 3d of February, and he was also at Newmarket when the Meeting was put off. Mr. Daintree refused to let his dog run except *at the Meeting*. Probably the very same cause that adjourned the Meeting also influenced Mr. Daintree on this occasion; namely the weather. The defendant said he would not wait for the adjournment-day, and left Newmarket. The first coursing-day was Wednesday the 17th of February, and on that day "the Newmarket February Meeting of 1841" took place. The plaintiff was there as well as His Majesty King Cob: Grasper, however, was *non est*; and, after having been three times called for, was proclaimed a defaulter, and Mr. Daintree was declared to be entitled to the stakes. Mr. Hutchinson, however, insisted that the

Match ought to have come off on the 3d of February, and refused to pay them.

Upon this Mr. Daintree brought this action, which was tried at the last summer assizes, when he was nonsuited. The nonsuit was set aside by the Court of Exchequer; and the case again came on at the assizes for the county of Cambridge on the 23d of March last, when the plaintiff got a verdict for £100, the amount of the Stakes; but this was subject to the opinion of the Court *on the legality of the agreement*; it being contended on behalf of the defendant, that the contract was illegal and void by the Statute of Anne against gaming, &c. (9 Anne, c. 14.)

The point has since been determined by the Court in Banco. A Rule *Nisi* for a motion in arrest of judgment had been obtained on the ground that the agreement on which the action was founded was illegal, as coming within the prohibition of the Statutes relative to gaming.—The plaintiff shewed cause against the Rule, but the Court made it absolute; thereby deciding that a *Coursing Match* is one of the Matches or Games prohibited by the Statutes of Anne and of Charles II., and that it is not protected by the Acts of George II. and of Victoria.

It will be recollected that we ventured to give an opinion on this case in our Number for last May, and we put it in the shape of this question—“Were not the Acts of the 13th and 18th Geo. II., as well as the 3d and 4th Vict. c. 5, intended for the improvement of the breed of *horses* and the encouragement of *horse-racing*?”

Mr. Hutchinson has recently published in *Bell's Life* the following letter on this subject:—

“Having seen in the Daily Journals of the 3d inst. a short report of this case, I take the liberty of sending you a full statement of the facts in justification of my character as a public courser, lest it should be thought I had not acted in a sportsmanlike manner, and I trust you will not think me taking too great a liberty in requesting you to insert this letter in your valuable paper. At the Meeting at Louth, in Lincolnshire, in November 1840, a Match was made between myself and Captain Daintree, of Drayton, near Newmarket, to run a brace of greyhound dogs, for £100 a side, the best of three courses. I named Grasper, and Captain Daintree named King Cob. An agreement in writing was then entered into between us. The Captain also promised (verbally only) to pay me £10 towards my expenses on coming to Newmarket, a distance of upwards 100 miles, if I would run the Match at the next Newmarket Meeting, on the 3d of February following; each party to appoint a judge, who were to appoint a referee if necessary. I arrived at Newmarket on Tuesday the 2d of February, with Mr. Hodgkinson as judge on my part, with my dog Grasper, and upon arriving there the frost had set in after I left home, so that the Newmarket Meeting was postponed by the Members of that Club until the weather permitted. Having travelled upwards of 100 miles, I was anxious of course to run the Match at once, which I proposed to do, but he declined the offer. I then proposed

that a single course should decide the Match, which he also declined. I then told the Captain I considered the Match off altogether, at the same time not fearing the defeat of my dog. I then offered to run it over Barton-upon-Humber or Altcar, both of which Meetings were approaching, and offered to give the Captain £20 towards expenses in coming to run at the latter place, which he also declined. He also refused to give me the £10 which he had promised to do towards my expenses in coming to Newmarket. The Newmarket Coursing Meeting took place on the 17th of February 1841, and in consequence of my not attending a second time to run the Match, and the Captain considering the £100 forfeited, brought an action against me in the Court of Exchequer of Pleas to recover the amount, which was tried at the Cambridge summer assizes 1841, before Mr. Baron Alderson, who addressed the Jury as follows:—

“ ‘That as I was ready on the 3d (the day first fixed), I was not bound to attend again, and the frost having prevented the coursing, the contract must be considered off.’

“ A nonsuit was therefore entered for me. An application for a new trial was made by Captain Daintree in the following term, which was granted by the Court, on the ground that no day was fixed in the agreement to run the Match, as the agreement stated the Match to be run on Wednesday during the Newmarket February Meeting 1841.

“The cause was again tried at Cambridge assizes in March last, and a verdict was then given for the plaintiff, subject to several points of law; since which I caused an application to be made to the Court Above for a Rule *Nisi* in arrest of judgment, which Rule has been made absolute, the Court deciding that coursing is an illegal game within the meaning of the Statutes 16th Charles II. and 7th and 9th Anne; therefore the plaintiff will not recover the £100, and each party will have to pay his own costs. I therefore trust that my coursing friends will not blame me, after having attended at Newmarket to have run the Match, and being refused £10 for my expenses, for my taking advantage of the points of law, that the Match for £100 was not recoverable on the ground that coursing is an illegal game (for I considered the Match to be off), in consequence of my attendance along with my judge at Newmarket to have run the Match, when, on my arrival there, the frost had set in. I remain yours obediently,

“ J. HUTCHINSON.

“ *Norwood, near Southwell, Nottinghamshire, June 8, 1842.*”
London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for July, 1842.

LENGTH OF ENGLISH RACE-COURSES.

	NEWMARKET.		
	M.	F.	Y.
B. C. The Beacon Course.....	4	1	138
Last three miles of ditto.....	3	0	45
T. M. M. Two middle miles of ditto.....	1	7	125
Last mile and distance of ditto.....	1	1	156
R. C. Round Course.....	3	4	187
D. I. Ditch in.....	2	0	97
A. F. Across the Flat.....	1	2	24
An. M. Ancaster Mile.....	1	0	18
Ab. M. Abingdon Mile.....	0	7	211
R. M. Rowley Mile.....	1	0	1
D. M. Ditch Mile.....	0	7	178
B. M. Bunbury Mile.....	0	7	208
Audley End Course (from the Starting Post of the T. Y. C. to the end of the B. C.).....	1	6	0
Clermont Course (from the Ditch to the Duke's Stand).....	1	5	217
From the Turn of the Lands in (Criterion Course).....	0	5	184
T. Y. C., Two Year old Course (on the Flat).....	0	5	136
New T. Y. C. (part of B. M.).....	0	5	136
Y. C., Yearling Course.....	0	2	47
Cesarewitch Course (from the starting post of T. M. M. to the end of the Flat).....	2	1	215
Cambridgeshire Course (last mile and a distance of B. C.).....	1	1	156

Ascot Heath.—The two-mile course is circular, of which the last half is called the old mile. The new mile is straight and up hill all the way. The two-year-old course is 5 furlongs and 136 yards.

Bath is nearly an oval, of one mile and a half, with a straight run in of half a mile.

Bedford is a flat circle of 1 mile 4 furlongs and 44 yards.

Buxton—A round course of 1 mile.

Catterick Bridge is an oval flat, of 1 mile and 60 yards.

Canterbury is shaped like a cricket-bat, being 2 miles out and in, with a severe hill from the distance home.

Chester.—A flat course of 1 mile and 46 yards round. The Trade Cup Course is 2 miles 1 furlong and 22 yards, starting at the Dee Stand. For the 2 mile course the start is 46 yards past the winning post. The Grosvenor Course is 1 mile 1 furlong 216 yards. From the Castle pole and twice round, is 2 miles 3 furlongs 67 yards.

Chelmsford is a round, or oval course, short of 2 miles by about 30 yards, but made up 2 miles by starting between the distance post and the winning chair.

Cheltenham.—The two-mile course is considered severe, is shaped like the figure 9, and is up and down. The Cup course is about two miles and a half, in form resembling a figure of 8. The T. Y. C. is flat and straight, rather over the half mile. The mile course is straight, the first half mile being rise and fall.

Doncaster is a round course of about 1 mile 7 furlongs and 70 yards. The other courses are portions of this circle, viz.—Red House in, 5 furlongs 164 yards. T. Y. C. 7 furlongs 189 yards. Fitzwilliam Course, 1 mile 4 furlongs 10 yards. St. Leger Course 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards. Two-mile course, 2 miles 15 yards. Four-mile Course (twice round) 3 miles 7 furlongs 219 yards. Cup Course, from the Red House and once round, 2 miles 5 furlongs 14 yards.

Epsom.—The Old or Cup Course, is 2 miles of an irregular circular form, the first mile up hill. The New Derby course is exactly a mile and a half, and somewhat in the form of a horse-shoe, the last half mile being straight. The first half mile is in the ascent, the next third of a mile level, the bend into the

straight run home, and until within the distance, on the descent and the remainder on the rise. The New T. Y. C. is 6 furlongs, the Old T. Y. C., or Woodcot Course, something less than 4, and the Craven Course is one mile and a quarter.

Egham.—A flat course, exactly 2 miles from the winning post out and in, and in shape resembling the figure 9. The new mile is nearly straight.

Eglinton Park is nearly oval, 180 yards short of 2 miles, with a straight run in of half a mile.

Exeter.—The Old Course is an oval of 2 miles, two thirds of which are nearly flat, and the remainder rather hilly. The last half mile is straight, with a slight ascent and good coming in. The New Course is round and nearly level, of 1 mile, and the Three-mile Course is formed out of the new and old courses.

Gloucester.—An oblong of about a mile and a half, with a straight run in of 400 yards.

Goodwood.—The Cup Course is 2 mile and 3 quarters, the horses running out to the west of the Clump, and returning to the east. The Drawing Stake Course (D.S.C.) is once round to the west of the Clump, about 2 miles and one quarter. T.Y.C. is straight three quarters of a mile. For the Queen's Plate Course, the horses start to the north-west of the Stand, run over to the east of the Clump, go to the outside circle of the hill, and return by the east of the Clump into the straight course, making three miles five furlongs.

Gorhambury—The Verulam Course is 3 miles; the Fir Clump is about two miles; the Lime-kiln in, about a mile and a half; the Cherry-tree in, a mile and a yard straight to the winning-post; the T. Y. C. 5 furlongs 136 yards, and the Stand Course about 2 miles from the winning-post out and in.

Hampton.—A flat oval course; the old course a mile and a quarter; the new one about a mile and a half.

Hertford.—A flat oval course of a mile and 40 yards, with a straight run in of a quarter of a mile.

Hippodrome.—In shape, somewhat resembles a figure of 9, and from the starting-post near the judge's chair to the extreme turn and in, is two miles—the mile and half and mile lengths being portions of it; also starting from the winning-chair. The T.Y.C. is a straight half mile. The course is a level, except a rise to the distance-post of 17 feet in 320 yards.

Knutsford.—A round course of one mile only, and nearly flat.

Lancaster is in shape similar to the letter D, the straight line in the letter being to run in, and the head a rise; the length is one mile and 60 yards.

Liverpool.—The New Course is oval and flat, a mile and a half round, with a straight run in of nearly three-quarters of a mile, and a very gradual rise. The T. Y. C. is 1000 yards, straight, and the Magnum Bonum a mile and a half.

Lincoln.—A circular course of 1 mile 6 furlongs 23 yards, with a straight run in of half a mile.

Lewes.—A horse-shoe of about 2 miles (with a straight run in of three quarters of a mile, wanting 100 yards), the mile and mile and a half lengths being portions of it. The New Course is within 100 yards of two miles and a half, starting at the winning chair to a turn below the milepost.

Manchester is an oval course of 7 furlongs 184 yards. The Cup Course is 2 miles 168 yards. T.Y.C. 5 furlongs 184 yards.

Newcastle is a square course of 1 mile 6 furlongs 133 yards. The T.Y.C. 5 furlongs 105 yards. Mile Course from the Newcastle Turn, 6 furlongs 184 yards, Two-mile Course, 2 miles. Three-mile Course, 2 miles 7 furlongs 85 yards. Four-mile Course, 3 miles 7 furlongs 153 yards.

Newton.—A triangular course of about 1 mile and a quarter, with a strong hill and a straight flat run in of nearly half a mile. The Golborne Course is the last half mile.

Northampton.—An oval course of 1 mile and a half and 82 yards, with a strong hill about half way from home, and a run in of half a mile.

Nottingham.—A round course of 1 mile 2 furlongs, 11 yards.

- Oswestry*.—In form resembles an ill-shaped figure of 8, and only a few yards short of two miles, ending in a straight run in of nearly half a mile on a gentle ascent.
- Oxford*.—A round or rather oval course of 2 miles all but a distance and quite flat, the last half mile straight.
- Plymouth*.—About 1 mile and a half round, quite flat, and nearly oval, with a straight run in of a third of a mile.
- Richmond*.—Oval, 1 mile 4 furlongs 146 yards, with a long straight run in, rising to the distance post.
- Rochester and Chatham*.—Oval, 1 mile and 1 furlong, with a run in of 2 furlongs 24 rods.
- Shiffnall*.—A triangular course of about 1 mile.
- Shrewsbury*.—An oval course of 1 mile 178 yards, with a rise of 6 feet in a straight run in of 608 yards.
- Stafford*.—A mile course, which would be a complete oval, but for a straight run of about a quarter of a mile.
- Stockbridge* is nearly a round course, somewhat hilly, with a straight run in of three-quarters of a mile. There is also a straight mile.
- Stockton*.—An oblong of about 1 mile and 100 yards, with a run in, nearly straight, of half a mile, having a slight rise from below the distance to within 100 yards of the chair. The Cleveland Course about half a mile. The T. Y. C. 6 furlongs. Blue post is 7 furlongs, and from the Red post to the Winning-post and once round, 1 mile and a half.
- Tavistock*.—Round, or rather oval, 2 miles, a little hilly, the last three-quarters of a mile nearly straight.
- Wolverhampton*.—An oval of 1 mile and a quarter, having a hollow at the north-western extremity. The T. Y. C. is a curve of three-quarters of a mile, and the straight run is one third of a mile.
- Wenlock*.—An oval course of about a mile.
- Worcester*.—Flat and oval. The T. Y. C., half a mile, and two and three-year old length, 5 furlongs straight; but for the mile and longer distances, the course is crossed in the middle, making a figure of 8, and being, once over, about 1 mile and three-quarters.
- York*.—T. Y. C., 5 furlongs 50 yards. Mile Course, 1 mile 8 yards. Last mile and quarter, 1 mile 2 furlongs 15 yards. Last mile and a half, 1 mile 4 furlongs 18 yards. Last mile and three-quarters, 1 mile 5 furlongs 160 yards. Two-mile Course, 1 mile 7 furlongs 85 yards. Four-mile Course, 3 miles 7 furlongs 24 yards.

Tom Spring's Life in London.

THE ENGLISH HORSE PRECIPITATE.

VIRGINIA, August 1, 1842.

Mr. Editor,—In looking into WEATHERBY'S Stud Book a few days ago, I found it stated in the obituary notice of stallions, in the first volume of that work, that *Precipitate* died before landing in America. This horse was bred by Lord Egremont in 1787, and was full brother to the celebrated Gohanna. In 4th vol. and 9th number of the "Turf Register," it is also stated that he died before landing, which statement, I presume, is copied from Weatherby, and in two pages afterwards there is a communication signed "J. M.," in which a mare called *Hurry'em* is mentioned as having been gotten by this identical horse, out of Dr. DIXON'S famous race mare *Pillbox*. Is Weatherby correct, or is he in error? I have always believed that this horse was imported by WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT, of Charles City, Va., and covered mares in that county. The object of this note is to elicit the truth; some one of your able and interesting correspondents can, no doubt, furnish some authentic information of the importation of this stallion. I respectfully call upon "Senex," "Observer," "B.," or "J. S. S." to favor the public with any information which they may possess in relation to this horse. They will doubtless oblige some others besides myself, who are interested in the stock of *Precipitate*.

I am respectfully,

C.

Notes of the Month.

SEPTEMBER.

FASHION AND BOSTON.

The Proprietor of the Union Course, Long Island, offers an Extra Purse of FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS, for Four Mile Heats, to ensure a race between Fashion and Boston. The purse is open to all, but is given solely on condition that the rival champions start. Entries are to be made by the 15th Sept., in order that due notice may be given of the race, which, if made up, will come off on Monday, the 3d of October, the day previous to the regular Jockey Club Meeting, which commences on the 1st Tuesday of Oct. It may not be improper to state here that the entire management of the Union Course will hereafter devolve upon Mr. TOLER, the Secretary of the Club, who "takes the responsibility" upon his own shoulders.

We have received from Mr. MERSHON, the proprietor of the new Mount Vernon Course, in the District of Columbia, the following proposition to the owners of the rival Champions of the North and the South:—

ALEXANDRIA, D. C., Aug. 8, 1842.

My Dear Sir.—The citizens of Maryland and Virginia are extremely anxious to have a sight at "Fashion," the ensuing Fall, and but a small portion of them can have that pleasure, unless she will consent to come South. Under these circumstances, I will put up a purse of TWENTY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, free for all horses, Four mile heats, provided Fashion and Boston both start, and *Fifteen Hundred Dollars* if she starts without him.

Besides this inducement to pay us a visit, I imagine Messrs. HOLMEAD and KENDALL, of the National and Kendall Courses, would also give something handsome for a sight of her ladyship, at their Fall Meetings.

Should the owner of Fashion and her Northern Friends be induced to pay us a visit at the Fall Meeting of the Mt. Vernon Jockey Club, they will receive a hearty welcome.

Yours truly,

WM. MERSHON.

We have received from Mr. BROWN, the spirited proprietor of the Eagle Course, at Trenton, N. J., the following handsome offer to Boston or Blue Dick and Fashion. The parties will now have an opportunity of running for \$5,000 in public purses, at four mile heats alone, within two weeks. The Eagle Course is the most popular one in New Jersey and is as safe and as fast as any one North of the Savannah River. It is situated on the line of the New York and Philadelphia Rail Road, and the citizens of both can attend the races and return home each day. Subjoined is Mr. Brown's offer:—

Sir:—As the earliest Race Meeting at the North will be at the Eagle Course, on the 27th Sept., and there seems to be such an universal desire to see the Northern and Southern Rivals together, I am induced to offer an *Additional Purse* of FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS, Four mile heats, provided either Boston and Fashion, or Blue Dick and Fashion will become competitors on the occasion. The race to come off the Monday preceding the regular purses which will be of the usual amount, and hung up at the Stand.

In case the owners of the respective horses should determine to run them for the above purse they will please notify the subscriber by the 10th of September.

Trenton, Aug. 17th, 1842.

JAMES BROWN,

Proprietor.

Mr. KENDALL of Baltimore, has not returned from Canada, probably, or we

should have heard from him. We should like to hear what the Camden Course folks have to say in the premises. In order to give the owners and trainers of horses time to prepare for the forthcoming "events," the two proprietors referred to should shew their hands at once. They must not be backward in coming forward or they will assuredly "be too late for the boat!"

If MESSRS. KENDALL or HOLMEAD offer similar inducements, the good people of Maryland and Virginia will doubtless have an opportunity of seeing the *Pride of the North*. They have a host of formidable cracks, comprising Blue Dick, Sarah Washington, Pryor, Duanna, Eutaw, Æsop, Regent, and others, and it cannot be doubted that

"They'll rally again; 'tis the fashion,
And surely bring out something new,
To out-shine the New Jersey Fashion,
The Fashion of Bonnets o' Blue!"

But the earnest desire of the Sporting World is to see Fashion and *Boston* meet again, "solitary and alone," on a good course, in tip top condition, on a fine day. Their respective friends ask "a clear field and no favor." The Fall Meetings here and at Alexandria commence the same day—on the 1st Tuesday 4th October. The Washington Meeting commences on the 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.; the Baltimore, on the 3d Tuesday, the 18th Oct.; the Philadelphia, on the 4th Wednesday, the 26th October. A previous meeting is held at Trenton, commencing on the 4th Tuesday, the 27th Sept., so that Fashion has the option of running there and on Long Island, and subsequently going to Baltimore, or of starting at once for Alexandria, and running each week in October, finishing the campaign at Camden. In such an event a Second Fall Meeting might be given on Long Island. It behooves the proprietors of the Washington and Kendall Courses, therefore, to announce at once what they are willing to do in the premises, as the proprietors of the Union and Eagle Courses have each offered an extra purse of \$1500 to bring Boston and Fashion together. As "the longest pole knocks down the persimmons" we look to see the proprietor of the Camden Course (opposite Philadelphia), "show his hand." If *he*, also, makes a liberal offer to Boston, to come on, it will be likely to "make it a wedding!"

"Then hurra! for Boston and Fashion!
The Fashion of Bonnets o' Blue—
The best in the world's estimation—
The tip of the MODE are these two!"

Zenith and Miss Foote.—Zenith is the favorite for the Match, in Kentucky, at 100 to 75! Here Miss Foote is the favorite, as she is also in the South. Both are in fine health, and have gone into training. Miss Foote has to take up fourteen pounds more in this match, than she carried in March last, at New Orleans, when she won in 8:02—7:35. From the descriptions given of her, however, it appears to us she is as able to pack her weight as ever Trifle was. Zenith, however, has a great many decided advantages over her; we refer especially to the change of water and climate she must experience. Those who recollect how Billy Townes cramped and thumped, in his first races in Kentucky, as also the cases of Missouri, Elizabeth Smith, Thornhill, and others, will be at no loss to understand our meaning. Zenith, too, is not by any means "a chance horse;" his half sister Ripple, (by Medoc,) was perhaps as fine a race mare as was ever bred in the State, and his dam, Belle Anderson, (by Sumter, out of Mr. CHARLES BUFORD's celebrated Buzzard mare,) was a performer of high character herself. The race promises to be one of great interest. Our correspondent, referred to before, thinks that if the course is fine there will be two heats run under 7:45. Though no two consecutive heats have ever been run in Kentucky in that time (Wagner and Grey Eagle's 7:48—7:44, being the best time ever made in the State), we are inclined to agree with "S." that Miss Foote and Zenith will, if the circumstances are favorable, make the best time ever made West of the Alleghanies!

The Lexington "Intelligencer," of the 9th ult., gives us the following item relative to the two cracks near that city:—

Miss Foote and Zenith.—We are gratified to state to our friends at a distance, that these two animals, as the period of their trial approaches, continue

in fine order and condition, and that a better prospect for an interesting and exciting race has never been presented. Miss Foote is at the stables near the Course under the care of Mr. Beard, one of her owners. Zenith is at the stables of Mr. Wm. S. Buford, a few miles from the city. The reputation of Kentucky stock, we feel assured, will be sustained in the race, but we are satisfied that the representative of that stock on this occasion will have to run for it.

The North Alabama Cracks.—A private letter from Florence, Ala., to a friend of ours here, gives us some interesting information with regard to the stable of THOMAS KIRKMAN, Esq., now in training by VAN LEER. The string comprises seven, among which is a sister to Reel, that this correspondent esteems "the finest filly he ever saw." We have heard the same opinion expressed by others. He proceeds—

"Van Leer has seven up; Emerald, who ran Mary Thomas up to 5:48—5:48, at Florence, last season, is moving finely; she formerly complained in her left fore leg, but if it stands, she will make anything that tries it on come low down in the forties. Sissy, who won the great stake at Nashville, has been fired, but her legs are now fine. The sister to Reel is not only the finest filly that ever came under my eye, but she is in fine health, and appears to get over the ground just as fast as she pleases. She is more bloodlike than Reel, nearly the same color, and about fifteen hands and an inch, under the standard. The Glencoe filly out of Giantess has been temporarily thrown out of training, in consequence of an accident; she capped her left hock, which is fast yielding to the proper remedies. The Glencoe colt out of Emerald's dam is a large and powerful horse, and is deemed of high promise. Tom Watson (that ran Creath up to 5:43 in a 2d heat of three miles, at Louisville, last Oct.), has lately recovered from a severe illness, and is now going as well, if not better, than ever. A Leviathan and a St. Giles colt complete the string."

We wish the writer of the foregoing letter would send us an epistle occasionally.

American Blood Stock going abroad—We have been informed that P. N. EDGAR, Esq., the compiler of the "General American Stud Book," residing in North Carolina, is about presenting a friend of his in the city of Dublin with his fine mare *Elpinice*. She will probably be shipped from this port for Liverpool in the course of the summer or autumn. *Elpinice* is nearly 16 hands high, and a better bred mare is not in the State. He lately refused \$1000 and another mare for her. *Elpinice*, he says, "can run by the side of any horse or mare in America, from four mile heats to six mile heats, and carry from 240lbs. to 260lbs. on each!" Her owner is no turfman, however, and never bets.

Mr. E., we learn, is prepared to go on with the publication of the *second* volume of his "Stud Book," as soon as breeders and others will purchase the *first*. The 2d vol. he will issue by the 1st of May next, provided "the public do not longer delay in attending to their true interests"—that is, we suppose, the purchase of his 1st volume.

Mr. E. states that he has "the true pedigree of Wagner—no one else living has it." We may err, but our impression is that \$5000 has been demanded for the pedigree of Sir Charles, and \$1500 for that of Wagner.

A variety of information, as rich as it is original, is furnished by a recent letter from Mr. E. that we have read, relative to the pedigrees of Timoleon, Boston, Grey Eagle, Priam, Riddlesworth, Margrave, Doncaster, etc. etc., but we are not at liberty to publish it. Several imported horses of the highest character have from three to six *blind* crosses in their pedigrees! We really wish Mr. E. would publish the 2d volume of his Stud Book. If he would do so at once, and not sell a copy of vol. 2 in any instance, unless the purchaser either owned, or would buy vol. 1, he would accomplish his wishes beyond a doubt. Until he *docs* publish the 2d volume, he may rely upon it he will never dispose of the 1st, and, moreover, if he does not immediately take the necessary steps to complete his work, some other individual will issue a Stud Book independent of him, and thereby leave the whole edition of his 1st vol. on his hands. Let him look to it. The public want a Stud Book immensely, and will have it, too, ere long.

POOR HENRY ELLIOTT, so well known in sporting and theatrical circles, is no more. He died lately in Baltimore, after a protracted illness. He was able, a

few days previous to his death, to write us a letter of considerable length; it was his intention, if the state of his health permitted, to write out for us his Turf Reminiscences. He made his debut with Betsey Ransom, then a crack of high reputation, in 1827. At Norfolk, in Oct. of this year, Betsey Ransom beat Pirate, Sarah Bell, and Columbia, in 7:50—7:45—7:50, Pirate winning the 1st heat. Since that period Mr. E. has owned several other race and trotting horses. His marriage with Mademoiselle KEPLAR—better known as CELESTE, the *danseuse*—if it was the source of his large fortune, was no less the fruitful source of his many and great misfortunes. Mr. E. leaves behind him an only child, about ten years of age,

“Sole daughter of his house and heart.”

For more than two years Mr. E. has been prostrated by illness, but he bore up manfully against “a sea of troubles,” until at length he sunk under an accumulation of misfortunes. It does not become us to

—————“seek his merits to disclose
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,”

but we may be permitted to state that many of the insinuations respecting him, that have appeared in the columns of some of the city papers, are as groundless as they are ill-timed.

—————
The Great Annual Fair of the American Institute.—The Managers of the 15th Annual Fair have been elected—have met twice, issued their circular, and are actively engaged in preparing for a grand display of the specimens of American productions. Exhibitors are notified that their contributions must be left at Niblo's Garden, on the 7th or 8th of October next, and that visitors will be admitted on the Monday following, viz.: the tenth of October.

—————
We alluded last month to the projected establishment of a new course within a mile of London, “on the American plan.” It is thus spoken of in Bell's Life:—

A new race course is about to be opened at the Brecknock Arms, Camden Town, under the direction of Mr. Stone. It is to be a mile in extent, and will open with a trotting sweepstakes of £10 each, in saddle, of two miles and a distance, heats; 14 hands to carry 8st. 7lb., and all above to carry 7lbs. for each inch; American horses to carry a stone extra. The course will be prepared upon the American plan, and will be particularly suited to trotting. There will also be a flat race for galloways, 8st. 7lbs., 5 sovs. each, heats, open to all galloways, and all under 14 hands to carry weight in proportion. There will likewise be a hurdle race, the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, full particulars of which will be advertised in time for entries. No expense has been spared in making the ground in all respects suited to public convenience.

—————
Clarion is in training again, by Mr. LAIRD, and in the same stable with Fashion and Mariner. If his leg stands he will be able to give *Blue Dick* a turn during the campaign. Up to the time of Fashion's great race, a majority of Northern betting men considered *Clarion* quite equal to the mare at any distance. He is one of the most superior horses ever bred at the North.

—————
The colts and fillies in the great Peyton Stake are now at work. The subscription—\$5000 each—is a figure that will prevent many from starting. The nominations of Col. HAMPTON of South Carolina, (trained by Stuart) and those of THOMAS KIRKMAN, Esq. of Alabama, (trained by Van Leer,) will be backed vs. the field in this city.

—————
Mr. Robt. Sterling Wooding, of Frankfort, Ky., has up in training Geneva and Lavolta, each 4 yrs., by Medoc, and a long string of young things, including the get of Mingo, Eclipse, Medoc, and Tranby.

—————
“A Captain” of South Carolina offers to lay us a twist of tobacco that Zenith beats Miss Foote in their match at Lexington, on the 19th Sept. We will do better; we will lay him “a slab” of LEVERITCH's “best” Lynchburg against a twist of James River that he “pops her!”

J. B. RICHARDSON, Esq. of York, Illinois, claims the name of *Galway* for his b. c. by Imp. Valparaiso out of Fairie Queen by Gascoigne, foaled March 16th, 1842. Also that of *Sting* for his ch. r. filly by Emancipat, (by Imp. Emancipation) out of Queen, by Cooper's Messenger, foaled March 7th, 1842. Also that of *Made. Rachel*, by Emancipat, out of Zuela by Zilcaadi, foaled March 14th, 1842.

WILLIAM PICKETT, of Yazoo county, Miss. claims the name of *Bondpayer*, for his ch. colt, by Longwaist, out of Peggy Hartford by Pirate. S. HENDRICKS, of Benton, Miss. that of *Sally Bluff* for a ch. f. by Longwaist, out of Crazy Jane by Sumpter.

THE LARGEST COLT YET.

Equator by Imp. Leviathan, out of Zuela by Zilcaadi, is probably the largest thoroughbred colt of his age in the Union. He is the property of J. B. RICHARDSON, Esq., of York, Illinois.

The size of this colt is the more remarkable, as his dam is a small mare, as are also his grandam and great grandam, none of them being quite fifteen hands high. All of the foals of his dam have been very large, all from different horses. And I am inclined to attribute their large size to the Zilcaadi cross, as there has not been heretofore anything bred from this family of horses above the medium size.

Equator was foaled March 21st, 1841, and on the 21st July, 1842 he then being sixteen months old, his dimensions were as follows: Height fifteen hands, around the girth (*the heart*), sixty-nine inches, around the belly seventy-five, the hock, sixteen and a quarter, the knee twelve and a half, and every way stout, muscular, and heavy.

I have noted heretofore in the 9th vol. Turf Register, the measurement of Robin Hood, Post Boy, and Decatur, while colts, and growing, and lately Harkforward is mentioned as a remarkably large and fine colt, but in point of size, for age, *Equator* excels them all.

Harkforward one year older, measured fifteen and three quarter hands high. The growth of *Equator* has been, since he was foaled, at the average rate of one inch and a quarter a month! His growth hereafter will probably not be so rapid. Should he grow, however, but half an inch in height a month, he will exceed Harkforward's measurement by the time he becomes two years old.

That *Equator* will make a race horse is a problem yet to be solved. His grandam and great grandam have both produced winners, and *Equator* is in a fair way for having his powers tested, as he is nominated in the most important stake ever got up in Illinois, \$500 entrance, mile heats, to come off at Mount Vernon, Illinois, Oct. 1843, to which there are nine or ten subscribers.

July 26, 1842.

R.

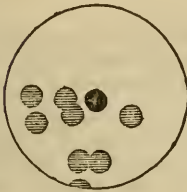
THE "ROBIN HOOD CLUB" AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

This Club has been in existence many years; since its organization, it has held its meetings regularly, during the summer months, on every *Thursday*, at the Race-ground. Having had the honor of an invitation to participate in the enjoyments of that Club, we attended, and passed a most delightful time in social converse and in *pistol* shooting. *Pistol* shooting being the avowed object for which this Club convenes, a reason may at once be perceived for the *epistolary* information we purpose giving presently.

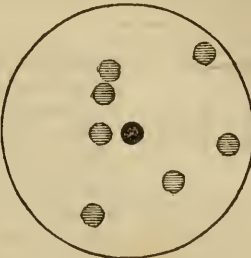
There are twenty members of the Robin Hood Club, each of whom finds a dinner in rotation; but every gentleman contributes a bottle of his choicest wine. As the Club is a very select one, composed of the descendants of some of the families "of the olden time," it is very common to taste at their festive board Madeira wines of forty and fifty years of age. We had a display yesterday which "would be hard to beat" in any country. As soon as dinner is over, the pistol shooting commences, and the afternoon is passed in that recreation. Some of the members have carried the *art* so far, that their precision of aim is almost incredible. The rule of the Club, at the commencement of its afternoon practice, is, for every member to fire one round with deliberate aim—that is, *taking one slow shot*: after which, reversing the common order of

things, they get quicker and quicker on trigger, and repeat their shots with the most surprising rapidity. I have preserved a few of the cards shot at yesterday (July 28), at twelve and fourteen paces, which I send you.

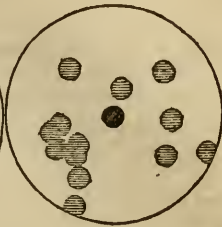
No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



$3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter.

$4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter.

4 inches in diameter.

No. 1 was fired at by three members of the Club, at twelve paces, four shots each, making in all twelve shots. The word of command was given as follows, and rather quickly. "Are you ready? Fire—one—two—three." Not one of the shots was after the utterance of the word two. You will perceive that out of the twelve shots eight took effect.

No. 2 was fired at by three members, at twelve paces, three shots each, making nine shots. The word was given as before. In this target there are seven out of nine shots.

No. 3 was fired at at fourteen paces, 13 successive shots. The word was given as in No. 1; it will be seen that every ball struck the target. As the paper was much cut in one place by the balls doubling upon one another, I have numbered the holes made by the different balls.

No. 4.



$1\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

No. 5.



$1\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

No. 6.



$1\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

No. 7.



$1\frac{1}{8}$ inches.

Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 were single shots, *at the word*, taken in the course of the afternoon, by different members.

In addition to the above, I may state that on a former occasion one of the members of the Robin Hood Club, at seventeen yards, fired at a target (twelve inches diameter) 45 shots; out of the 45, he struck the wafer 26 times—the other shots did not average over *one inch and a half from the centre!* At another time, the same gentleman killed six bee birds at fifty yards; a bee bird is about the size of a swallow; and then broke 14 bottles out of 20 shots, at sixty yards.

We need make no comment on the above—it is a specimen of pistol shooting, we presume, seldom equalled—never surpassed.

Mr. JOSEPH R. MEGOWAN, the Secretary of the Kentucky Association, at Lexington, desires subscribers to the Gold Stake to address him with the information whether their nominations are alive, and to give him a description of them. This is the richest stake ever got up in Kentucky. It was proposed in June, 1839, and in a few days there were no less than *Seventy Nominations* made. The stake is for colts and fillies foaled in the Spring of 1840, subscription \$500 each, \$100 ft., to which the Association adds a Gold Cup of the value of \$500. The race is to come off at Lexington in the Fall of 1843; the distance is two mile heats.

TURF REGISTER.

Stud of CHARLES BUFORD, Esq., of Georgetown, Kentucky.

[At the request of the Editor, Mr. Buford has furnished for publication the subjoined list of his stud, which is peculiarly interesting at this time as it throws a flood of light on the pedigree of Zenith.]

No. 1. MOSES MARE, dark brown, bred by CHARLES BUFORD in 1824; got by Haxall's Moses, her dam by Cook's or Blackburn's Whip, grandam Hart's Maria by Craig's Alfred, g. g. dam by Tayloe's Bel-Air, brought from Virginia by Saml. Pryor, and certified by T. D. Owings (who once owned her) to be thoroughbred. I have also the statement of W. Dailey, who trained and ran the Bel-Air mare successfully.

Her Produce.

- 1828. B. f. by Saxe Weimar—died of distemper.
- 1829. B. c. by do.
- 1830. B. f. by do. (dam of Rashleigh, &c.)
- 1831. B. c. *Rodolph*, by Sir Archie Montorio.
- 1832. Missed to Cadmus.
- 1833. B. c. *Transit*, by Bertrand.
- 1834. B. c. by Buck Elk—died of distemper.
- 1835. B. f. *Current*, by Bertrand, broke her leg in training.
- 1836. Ch. f. *Leopardess*, by Medoc.
- 1837. Ch. f. *Melody*, by Medoc—W. S. Buford's.
- 1838. Ch. c. *Ecliptic*, by Am. Eclipse.
- 1839. Missed to Woodpecker.
- 1840. Ch. f. by Imp. Belshazzar.
- 1841. Missed to Monmouth Eclipse.
- 1842. Slipped foal to Decatur, and died 27th April.

No. 2. LEOPARDESS, a ch. m. bred by C. Buford in 1836; got by Medoc, her dam (No. 1.) by Moses, &c.

Her Produce.

- 1841. B. f. by Woodpecker.
- 1842. Ch. c. by Decatur—*dead*.
Stinted to Grey Eagle.

No. 3. BUTTERFLY, a ch. m. bred by

C. Buford, in 1825, and got by Sumpster, her dam by Imp. Buzzard, grandam by Dandridge's Fearnought, g. g. dam by Imp. Janus. The Dandridge Fearnought mare was run in Virginia about 50 years since—was brought to Kentucky by Simeon Buford, and sold to his brother Col. A. Buford, who trained and ran her. The stock has remained in the family ever since.

Her Produce.

- 1830. B. f. *Belle Anderson*, by Sir William of Transport.
- 1831. Ch. c. by Buford's Childers—gelded.
- 1832. Missed to Trumpator.
- 1833. B. f. by Trumpator—died at 2 yrs. old.
- 1834. Missed to Bertrand.
- 1835. Ch. f. *Curculia*, by Medoc.
- 1836. Missed to Richard Singleton.
- 1837. B. f. by Rodolph—sold and put to the stud.
- 1838. B. c. by John Richards—gelded.
- 1839. Missed to Am. Eclipse.
- 1840. Missed to Imp. Belshazzar.
- 1841. Ch. f. by Monmouth Eclipse.
- 1842. Ch. f. by Wagner, and stinted to American Eclipse.

No. 4. BELLE ANDERSON, b. m. bred by C. Buford in 1830; got by William of Transport, out of Butterfly (No. 3.) by Sumpter, &c.

Her Produce.

- 1836. B. f. *Ripple*, by Medoc.
- 1837. Missed to Richard Singleton.
- 1838. B. c. *Zenith*, by Am. Eclipse.
- 1839. B. f. *Chloe*, by Rodolph.

Belle Anderson died 5th of April, 1839, when Chloe was 8 days old. Chloe is stinted to Am. Eclipse.

Above I give you a list of my stud, from which you can extract all I *know* of the pedigree of Zenith. You have probably been misled as to his height; he is not over 15 hands 1½ inches.

Yours,
CHARLES BUFORD.

July 27th, 1842.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1842.

Embellishment:

GIN AND BITTERS:

Engraved by HALBERT from one by BECKWITH after BATEMAN.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Observer" will please understand that the reason of the non-appearance of his article on "The Last Campaign," is owing to our not having received a copy of the *Statistics of Time* furnished from this office to J. S. S. As soon as a duplicate can be obtained it will be published with pleasure. The statistics referred to are fuller than any that have ever appeared, ten days having been employed in the compilation.

C. R. F.—Much obliged for the elegant India-ink drawings of your Deer's Horns.

Zenith has Paid Forfeit to Miss Foote!

The mail of the 24th ult. brought us a letter from our Special Correspondent at Lexington, Ky., written on the afternoon of the 19th ult., containing the intelligence that Zenith had paid \$2500 forfeit to Miss Foote, in their match for \$5000, four mile heats, which was to have been run on that day. Zenith was incapacitated from starting, owing to his having sprung the tendon of his left fore leg. It is stated that the injury is so serious that it is doubtful if he will ever show on the Turf again. We indulge the hope, however, that the fears of his friends have magnified the extent of his injury, and that he may yet demonstrate his worthiness to be considered "one of 'em" among the best horses ever bred West of the Alleghanies.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C. Mount Vernon Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday 4th Oct.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - Kendal Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday 18th Oct.
BATESVILLE, Arks. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Thursday, 27th Oct.
CAMDEN & PHILA. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 26th Oct.
COLUMBIA, Tenn. - Ashland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 10th Oct.
HAYNEVILLE, Ala. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Oct.
HINDS Co., Miss. - Oakland Course, Colts' Stake, six subs., 1st Tuesday, 1st Nov.
" " " Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Thursday, 3d Nov.
HOLLY SPR'GS, Miss. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th Oct.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - Oakland Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting 2d week in Dec.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, 1st Nov.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday 23d Nov.
NEW ORLEANS, La. Metarie Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 14th Dec.
" " " Louisiana Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Dec.
NEW YORK - - - - Union Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
" " " - - - Beacon Course, N. J., Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.
PITTSYLVANIA C. H. Va. Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 5th Oct.
RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 5th Oct.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - St. Louis Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 10th Oct.
WASHINGTON, D. C. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.

A DAY'S SHOOTING IN "PURGATORY SWAMP,"

ORANGE COUNTY, NEW YORK.

THE following adventures in a day's sport on the first of September fell to my lot just three years ago, and although to a traveller in the United States they would be as common as blackberries in autumn, they may not be quite uninteresting to those who have not yet burnt powder on the other side of the Atlantic.

The moon shone bright, and the stars were unveiled by a cloud, as myself and a companion started from New York in a steamer on our way to Hamptonburgh for a day's sport in Purgatory Swamp. The unruffled Hudson reflected the clear rays, and the refreshing filmy mist rolled along the sides of the Highlands in graceful folds, nothing breaking the silence reigning over the gorgeous scenery, save the melancholy note of the whip-poor-will. Proceeding up the river till within a short distance of the Catskill mountains, we stopped at the Orange County House, and procured a light wagon for our dogs and equipments. For some distance our road was on the extreme verge of the river, and, smoking best Havanas, we rattled along right merrily, dividing our admiration between the excellent flavor of the cigars and the magnificence of the view.

Our horse trotted, as most American horses do, very fast, and the seventeen miles to the destined spot for the night's rest, were soon accomplished. It was about one o'clock that I knocked at the door of the Inn whose sign advertised its title of the Bull, and loudly summoned the attendance of any one who would usher our steed to the stall and ourselves to bed. After bruising my knuckles with divers and countless raps, a grunt of dissatisfaction, the creaking of an opening casement, and a round face emerging in the pale light of the fickle moon, followed.

"What do you want?" was the laconic inquiry from the evidently chagrined and disturbed proprietor of the countenance.

"To lodge here to-night," I replied.

"Then you can't, and there's no two ways about that," was the rejoinder.

"Why not?" inquired I.

"Travel in the day-time," added the host of the Bull. "I won't get up to let you in."

"But where are we to go?" said I, beginning to entertain serious solicitude for our helpless condition.

"You may go to——," a place paved with good intentions.

"Where broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs."

The reply was far more briefly couched: but such was the true intent and meaning.

"What is to be done with our horse?" inquired my friend.

"Leave him where he is for what I care," replied the free citizen and independent landlord of the Bull.

"But where *are* we to go?" persisted I.

"To the devil if it suits your humor," rejoined the host. "That's none o' my business," continued he.

"Nor our pleasure," added my companion.

"A cordial reception this," observed I. "A pretty day's shooting we shall have."

"What, have you come a-gunning?" inquired our inhospitable host.

Both of us answered in a loud affirmative. There was something in the interrogatory that gave hope for a consummation of our ardent wishes for a snooze.

"That alters the complexion of the thing," rejoined the now changed voice. "I took ye for Downeast peddlers."

Although this explanation was any thing but flattering as a personal reference, it sounded like a herald of glad tidings, and our wearied frames were already luxuriating in bland anticipation of mint juleps, brandy-cocktails, gin-slings, or any other of the multifarious mixtures so readily to be procured in an American Inn, however humble it may be.

It subsequently appeared that the host of the Bull had frequently been disturbed from slumber sweet by those gentlemen who shave dollars out of wooden nutmegs, following the equivocal trade of peddling, and whose custom is to force tin kettles, or any description of ware they may have at a discount value, in lieu of good and lawful money for board and lodging. Not finding their society either profitable or improving, mine host was careless of their patronage by day, and invariably declined to administer to their comforts at night for any offers of reward or threats of punishment.

After our admission we laughed heartily at the mistake of our host, in which he vociferously joined, and by his attentions endeavored to make up for the error. The larder was rifled of its best contents, and leaving us to refresh ourselves with their kindly influence, he quitted the room to attend to our horse, impatient for oats and hay.

In about a quarter of an hour he returned from fulfilling the important duties of the stable. I had scarcely looked at the figure of our host before, but as he entered I thought I had never seen a finer specimen of a healthy, athletic, and good-natured fellow. Upon his round red face happiness and contentment were blended. Time had frosted his hair, but not a furrow was indented in his forehead, and not a wrinkle was screwed in his rubicund cheek. A corporation of which an Alderman might have been proud proved his living to be of no mean order, and altogether, a more satisfied, happy being, cannot be imagined.

"You must have thought me a beauty," said he, putting down his stable-lamp upon the bar, "to speak in that manner as I did; but I thought ye peddling Downeasters, and that's a fact:" and then he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

It appeared as if scarcely ten minutes had elapsed after we had

retired to bed before the summons of "Now, Gentlemen, breakfast is ready; it's time to be stirring."

The morning was beautiful. Under my bed-room window crept a honey-suckle thickly covered with blossoms, from which numbers of humming-birds were sipping the sweet dew, and buzzing their rapid wings from flower to flower. The fresh-mown grass in an adjacent field sent its delicious odor upon a soft, refreshing air, and upon hill and dale, forest, wood, and copse, the sun streamed his bright rays glittering in all his transcendent beauty. The fire-fly was succeeded by the bee and ant, the robin for the whip-poor-will. It was the birth of a glorious summer's day, a life in itself. As I rested upon the window-frame looking at the landscape before me, I thought of the countless numbers who exist and pass away without once feeling the influence of such a morning, and the exquisite enjoyment of gazing at Nature decked in all her early loveliness—the myriads who toil in crowded cities from year to year for wealth which they know not how to enjoy when procured, for power only productive of care and sorrow. Thus generations have swept into oblivion, and millions are passing with the like fate, to live in self-created misery, to die and be forgotten.

A halloo from below reminded me of the necessity of gaitering instead of thinking. "I guess you take a considerable time to fix off," said my host, as I descended to the breakfast-room. "It's now time that you should begin," continued he; "for it'll be terrible hot at noon."

Upon completing a breakfast which can be eaten only with a proper appetite at sunrise, we started for *Purgatory Swamp*, proverbial for the plenitude of its woodcocks. The ground was about half a mile from the Inn, and upon entering a small thicket, one of our setters, "Don," at once came to a stanch point, and was immediately backed by his companion, Carlo. I was behind a tree when the flap of a cock's wing made me spring forward for a clear place. I just saw him between the leaves, and pulled the first barrel, saw him top a bough, and fruitlessly snapped the other. A roar from my friend's gun succeeded, and down came a plump and half-grown cock. We had not proceeded many yards when a fox ran through the long grass before me. I covered sly Reynard with a correct and deadly aim, but the killing of a Charley thus appeared so unnatural to an Englishman that I withdrew the gun from my shoulder, and gave him a loud hearty "Tally-ho" instead. The view-halloo had scarcely ceased when a cock's swift wing whistled past me. He dodged among the branches and was out of sight when I pressed the trigger at him. Carlo, with his propensity to retrieve, sprang forwards, followed by Don. A loud angry growl told me that the bird had fallen, and was the subject of dispute which should have the honor of depositing it at my feet. Carlo succeeded in his claim of priority, and hastened with the trophy in his mouth towards me. As we continued to advance, the thicket became more dense and the ground more marshy. Clouds of musquitoes hovered in the air offensive to the olfactory nerves from the rotten and decaying vegetable matter which for ages had continued to increase with every fall of the leaf. Occasionally a

sharp bite informed me of the whereabouts of a trespasser upon my skin, and a smart slap caused either destruction to the foe or his evacuation.

I was treading upon some tall coarse rushes under a low bush, when a couple of woodcocks rose at the same time within a few feet of me. I pulled at them right and left, and down they toppled almost simultaneously to swell the contents of my now increasing pockets. Not hearing my friend's usual brief question of "Kill?" I looked round for him, and to my infinite surprise saw him occupied in cutting a large stick.

"What are you about?" inquired I.

"Don't make a noise," replied he; "here's a copperhead."

Upon going nearer to him, he pointed to a brown snake coiled upon a heap of dried leaves. "There's a chap that could send you into the long sleep as effectually as a dose of prussic acid," observed my companion, as he cautiously approached the reptile in the rear.

I told him to wait that I might have a good look at it. As if aware of danger, the snake coiled itself up, and, rearing its head and neck, threatened, with hissing tongue distended, our hostile advances.

"I'll shoot him," said I, "if you have no objection."

"Certainly not, if you choose to waste a charge," replied my friend, retiring from the snake's vicinity.

Standing within a few yards I aimed at the creature's head, and, pulling the trigger, decapitated him. He measured three feet, and, as I was informed, the more rare rattle-snake was not a whit more to be avoided.

We were now among a number of fine large willows, with a small rapid stream gurgling through them. The ground at every step sunk from under our tread, and was thickly covered with green moss, high and broad weeds. It was the spot of all others for a woodcock haunt. We continued to plod through the Swamp, every now and then bringing down a bird, until the heat became almost insupportable. Large drops of perspiration rolled from our melting bodies, thirst parched our throats and lips, and we began to wish ourselves in any other vicinity than that of Purgatory Swamp. Not a breath of air fanned even a leaf, sucking mosquitoes revelled on our blood, and altogether the position was any thing but a pleasurable one. At length a little log hut was visible in an opening cut among the high trees, and sloping to a wide, clear stream, about fifty yards distant. A large barn was close by, and the yard contiguous well stocked with its denizens of various kinds of poultry. We hailed the haven with delight, and proceeded towards the open door. A large fat dog bounded from the threshold, and announced our approach by a noisy but not angry bark, for all the time he wagged his bushy tail, and wore any thing but an expression of displeasure. "Down, Wash, down," said a voice authoritatively, as a young woman came out of the house to learn the cause of the unusual sounds from Wash, who obeyed the order with alacrity, and commenced a game of reciprocal and minute inspection with Don and Carlo.

Immediately followed from the entrance an old man, whose long time-bleached locks swept upon his shoulders. Both acknowledged our salutations courteously, and invited us into the house. The best of cider was produced, with bread, cheese, butter, and fruit; and permitting us to pay due attention to the delicacies without interruption, save the too pressing wish for further demolition of discarded dainties, the old man rubbed his hands, and inquired what sport we had met with.

"Tolerably good," I replied.

"Fifty year ago," rejoined he, "and the hatching season over, a step could not be put upon this Swamp without driving up a woodcock."

"Have you been here that time?" inquired my friend.

"Eighty-six years I have been here, Sir," returned he. "I was born in this house. My parents were the first settlers here," continued he, "and that stone house you may see through the thicket was built by my father and mother. They were seven years building it, my father laying the stones and mixing the mortar, while my mother picked them up and carried them in her apron to him. They used to trade with the Indians for fur, and saved a considerable property, but always dealing fairly by them, and this saved their lives in the end: for during the war the house was surrounded by more than three hundred warriors, and as they were about bursting in the door, one stepped forward and said, 'Peace to our white brother! he has always been honest with us.' So you see, gentlemen, even with savages, honesty's the best policy."

"Does this Swamp belong to you?" inquired I.

"A great deal of it did," returned the old man, "and all that high land you see there full of corn and grain. There's not better in the county of Orange," continued he. "But many years ago, as my children and grandchildren were working in the harvest-field, a thought came over me that it would be better to portion out the land to them, and see them well doing in the world before I died. After planning out the ground without their knowledge, I summoned them as the sun was setting under that large tree, and there gave up all that I possessed, excepting only this house and garden. It was the happiest evening of my life. My children and their families, fourteen in number, there received with tears of gratitude, their possessions from me, and I now have the pleasure of seeing them surrounding me happy and contented."

"What is your name?" asked my companion, interested in the relation.

"The President of Purgatory Swamp, I am called," replied the old man, laughing; "but my real name is Peter Bull."

The heat of the day passed, we left our entertaining friend, Peter Bull, and recommenced the sport. Just as we departed, a large bald-headed eagle, pursued by two king-birds, flew towards us. It was strange to see these tantalizing pigmies hover over, and dart at the monarch of the air. Down he stooped almost to the earth to avoid his persecutors, and then, soaring again, became a mere speck in the firmament. Quick as arrows the king-birds darted

after him, and, as far as I could see, the attack continued unabated. Not unfrequently the eagle is at length exhausted, and finally killed by these diminutive creatures, which are not bigger than our common starlings.

We continued bagging the woodcock till dusk, and counted twenty-eight couples. At an appointed place our host of the Bull was waiting with horse and wagon, and hailed our appearance with "That's right, I like punctuality. I was afeard you'd meet with the President."

"We did," replied my companion.

"What, and managed to get away from him before sun-down!" was the exclamation. "Well, that's a strange thing anyhow."

"How so?" inquired I.

"He's a first-rate whole sowl fellow," returned our host; "there's no two ways about that, but a phenomenon to talk, and that's a fact," continued he, rattling us towards the Inn.

"I have a jug of milk-punch all ready for ye to sharpen up with," resumed our host, "and as good a dinner as I could get."

Our friend's preparations were unobjectionable, and but few pleasanter evenings have I passed than in the unpolished society of the honest host of the Bull at Hamptonburgh.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for September, 1842.

GIN AND BITTERS.

ENGRAVED BY HALBERT FROM ONE BY BECKWITH AFTER BATEMAN.

OUR illustration this month is copied from one in the London (Old) "Sporting Magazine," for January last. It is thus introduced by our trans-atlantic contemporary:

EXTRACT OF A LETTER.

We had just got to the outside of the copse when we heard something between a yelp and a growl, and, turning back to ascertain the cause, discovered a fine dog fox caught in a true vulpecidal implement. Our first impulse was to rescue him, despite the wound that most probably would have lamed him for life; but, before we could make the attempt, the branches cracked to our right, and out stepped one of those "velveteen destructives," who had received his orders to "slay and destroy," and who, by his eye, would have done anything for his wages. Our representations to save Reynard's life were in vain: he had probably perceived our inclination, and had steeled himself against any reprieve, though we would have bought him off. After an animated and useless parley, therefore, we turned away, unwilling to see him breathe out his last, although the fellow had not the decency to let us get out of hearing ere he knocked him on the head. I shall never forget pug's appearance when we first caught sight of him shewing his teeth and writhing in the iron grasp that held him. Poor devil! he was a famous fellow, and would have stood well before hounds. We chatted it over after dinner, and Tom, who is a bit of a brush, made a sketch of it, which, if your artist can trick out in colors of his trade, you are welcome to for M^AG^A. It is rather making light of the varmint's sufferings, and I don't much like it myself, but you must, if you engrave it, call it "Gin and Bitters."



J. Hensman Inv.

R. Dalrymple Sc.

THE FOX AND THE GARDEN

Illustration of the Fox and the Garden from the fable of the Fox and the Garden.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the August Number of the "Turf Register," page 442.

ON CLOTHING, ETC.

VARIOUS are the sorts of clothes, and various are the purposes for which they are used, about a race-horse; but one very principal use of them in the training of horses, is to lighten those of strong constitutions of their flesh, without injuring their legs; and this they do most effectually, if they are sufficiently and properly applied on their sweating days. To shew that they are not to be dispensed with, let us, for example, suppose a craving, lusty horse, to be put into training, and that he is to work without clothes. The groom, with a view to have the horse light, must get what is commonly called the waste and spare off him, or the horse cannot possibly run his length at a racing pace; therefore, to attain the point of getting such a horse clean in his muscle without the application of clothes, the groom must give him not only very strong gallops, but he would be obliged to sweat him often at very long lengths; at least twice the distance he would have to go in clothes; and even then, should the morning be cool, the horse would most likely sweat but little. He would, consequently, be but triflingly lightened of his flesh. This is not the only inconvenience; the length and pace being so often got into him, perhaps on hard ground, his legs and feet, from the weight of his body, together with that of his rider, would soon become so seriously injured as to occasion his work being stopped. Nor could physic be given to such a horse often enough, to assist in lightening him of his flesh, without too much debilitating his constitution. In short, such a horse as I have here described, could not be brought into racing form without the use of clothes. There are some very slight delicate horses which may be trained without either physic or clothes. These are such as are naturally light in themselves, are of good speed, and seldom engaged but in short distances.

As well as describing the clothes which are used for the purpose of training race horses, I shall also give a brief description how every other article in the saddlery line, which may be in use either in the stables or about the horses, should be made. For unless a saddler is constantly in the habit of working for a race-horse stable, he would not know how to make many of the things which training grooms have to make use of in the practice of their profession.

The clothes used for race-horses, when in training, are in different suits. They are made of different kinds of stuff, are divided into different parts, and are called by the following names:—hood,

sheet, quarter-piece, breast-cloth, pad-cloth, and fillet-cloth, with rollers to secure them; these form a complete suit of clothes. They are bound round the edges with any sort of fancy-colored binding the owner may make choice of. But the last mentioned cloth, which is made of white swan's skin, I believe is now out of use in most stables, the hood answering every purpose of this cloth, which was formerly used to throw over the horse's loins while feeding, after his being dressed; and it was sometimes used next to the horse's skin, under other clothes, after sweating. But I shall describe a cloth much better adapted for this purpose.

Of the different sorts of clothes, those which are used on the most common occasions should be made of rather a thin light sort of kersey check. The check which is made use of for gentlemen's hunters and saddle horses, is much too thick and too heavy. Clothes made of this check are not long in use with race-horses before they become stiff and hard from the sweat getting into them; and if in this state they should be used next the horse's skin, they would (unless kept soft by being often washed) be very apt to chafe a thin-skinned horse, when in work. A race-horse's clothes should be soft and light; and to obtain the necessary warmth, they should be increased in number as occasion may require. The hoods, breast-cloths, and sheets, are made for race-horses as for most others, but the quarter-pieces should not be made so deep as for hunters; for when it is necessary to cover the belly of a race-horse, either when he is sweating or in physic, a body-sweater or sheet may be used for the purpose. But these quarter-pieces should be longer than those used for horses in common. They should reach back within a hand's breadth of the top of the horse's tail, and come well forward over his withers and shoulders. And it would be well to substitute a softer material for the leather, which is mostly placed on this part of the quarter-piece, to give a firm hold to the straps which secure the breast-cloth; or if it be of leather, I think that of which the seats of saddles are made is to be preferred: boys' knuckles would then be less liable to be chafed when riding hard-pulling horses. Inside of the sheets and quarter-pieces, there should be loops to attach the quarter-strings to, to prevent the clothes from blowing up at exercise when the wind is high; but when the horses are in the stable, and working off their physic, they should be taken off; and so they should also with mares. Or, instead of these quarter-strings to keep the clothes down when the horses are out on a windy day, I think that loops on each side of the centre and back part of the quarter-piece and sheet would be more convenient, so that a piece of binding might be attached to these loops, in the way of cruppers, with such horses as would bear it.

The clothes next to be described are those which are termed the sweaters. They are made of white woollen stuff, called swan's skin. The hood is to be made without ears, and this for the convenience of putting on other hoods over it. And it is to be observed, whenever there is occasion to use more hoods than one, that the last is the only one that should have ears to it.

The next cloth used for a horse to sweat in is called a body sweater. It should be made sufficiently long, so as to reach from the top of the horse's tail up to very near his ears; and it should be sufficiently deep at this part so as to lap round the neck, and cover the shoulders. That part of the cloth which comes sloping off from the horse's flanks must be made long enough to lap well over under the horse's belly; for this purpose, the centre part of it should be nearly two yards and a half long. This cloth, properly made, resembles in form a common sheet, only that it is much fuller in every part, so as to cover the horse all over, his head, ears, and legs excepted.

The next cloth used in sweating is called a breast-sweater. It should be made full three yards in length, and three-quarters of a yard in breadth. In the middle part of it, there should be a mark made by sewing on a piece of stuff of a different color, that its centre may be easily perceived. This saves time and trouble in putting it on.

This is the last cloth put on the horse when he is going to sweat, and it is a very useful one. Indeed it cannot well be done without, as it keeps all the other clothes down and in place, and prevents the admission of air to the surface of the horse's body when he is going rapidly along.

In addition to these sweating clothes, there are others used with them, such as lengthy, blanket-like, sort of quarter-pieces, or thick woollen blankets, with a common checkered quarter-piece on the top. But when a horse has to sweat four, five, or six times, doubly clothed, the additional clothes then made use of are the old checkered clothes which have become so much worn as not to be thought good enough for the horse to wear in the stables by day, or to go out in to the morning or evening exercise. These old clothes are put in repair in the winter, before the horses go into regular training, and the leather and straps should be taken off the withers of the clothes. There is no occasion for leather about any part of the clothes a horse has to sweat in; and whenever they become stiff and hard from repeated use, they should be washed and perfectly dried; they may then be rolled up with the scrapers* in them, and put in a dry cupboard, in the common saddle-room.

There are other suits of woollen clothes, which are made of white serge. They are for the horses to wear in summer, when it may be too hot for them to wear the thick clothes. On such occasions, these white serge clothes are very useful. There are also suits of white linen or calico clothes; these are mostly used in the hot months of July and August, for the horses to go to exercise in the evening. They are very proper for light, delicate, flighty horses, which are easily alarmed and are often breaking out in sweats, and, in some measure, they prevent the flies from annoying

* Scrapers are wooden instruments, used for the purpose of scraping the horse after sweating. They are from eighteen to twenty inches in length, in breadth from two and a half to three inches, and made round at the ends. The back part of them is about three-eighths of an inch in thickness, and rounded. From this back part they are sloped off to the front edge, which should be smoothly rounded, of a substance to give sufficient strength to the edge to stand the scraping of the sweat off the horse's body. Scrapers are made of elder, box, oak, ash, or beech.

the horses ; they are convenient on running days for some horses to walk to the course in. There should be with each suit of clothes a linen and a flannel rubber.

It sometimes happens that a horse bites and tears his clothes in the stables ; any horse doing this sort of thing should have a quarter-piece made of horse-hair, to stand in the stable with. It should be lined inside so as to prevent the hair from irritating his skin. It should be made to answer the purpose of a breast-cloth, by its being allowed to come well forward ; there should be a buckle and strap in front, to keep it in its proper situation round the chest. When this does not answer the purpose, a cradle, properly made, is sometimes used, or what may answer the purpose as well, a strong stick secured at one end of the horse's collar, at the other end to the roller.

These are all the clothes which are necessary to be used in the training of race-horses ; and how they are to be made use of, for different horses, either in or out of the stables, I shall fully explain when on the subject of training race-horses.

Whether boots are considered as a part of a race-horse's clothing is quite immaterial. As they cannot be trained safely without them, I shall here speak of their use, and describe how they are to be made. They are to be worn at all times when the horses are at exercise, and are, of course, for the purpose of preventing them from injuring their legs ; but more particularly when in strong work, by warding off the blows they are apt to give themselves with their feet in changing their legs, from being sometimes over exerted in their sweats. Some horses strike the fetlock joint ; others strike between the fetlock joint and the knee ; and there are some few which will at times strike very close under the knee, which is termed "speedy cutting." The consequence of this would be, if they had not boots on, that their legs would become swollen, and highly inflamed ; and as they would thence become lame, their work must necessarily be stopped. However good and true a goer a horse may be, it is highly improper that he should go into strong work without boots, or indeed to any sort of exercise, until his action is well known ; not even to walk to the course to run, if it is a long distance, should a horse go without boots. In fact, there can be no objection to their wearing them at all times when out, unless it is when they are immediately coming up to the post to start ; they are then to be taken off. Boots are on some occasions useful on horses' legs, when they are in the stable ; but this is with such of them only as are apt, when being dressed, to throw their legs very much about in the stall ; and from this habit, they will sometimes give themselves blows on their legs. With horses which do this sort of thing, and which may not have been accustomed to fetters, it may be the safer way to let their boots remain on after they come in from exercise, until they are dressed and clothed up. A trainer cannot be too careful of his horses' legs, but more particularly of the legs of such horses as require strong work.

Now, accordingly as horses strike themselves from the fetlock

joint to the knee, so should the length of the boots be regulated, and their size must be according to the size of the horse's leg. They should be made of the same stuff as their woollen clothes. Some boots may be made so short that two buckles are sufficient to secure them on; others require three buckles, and some few may require four. This must naturally depend on how high up different horses may strike themselves;—at the bottom and front part they should be hollowed out, to give freedom to the action of the fetlock joint, and also to prevent friction in that part. The edges of the boots on the outside of the leg should be made to lap over about an inch, to relieve the pressure of the buckles. Some boots are made to tie with strings; this is a matter of choice; I think the first mentioned security by far the best. They should be lined inside with white serge or linen; and that part of the boot which goes up the inside of the leg, should be padded, and the outside of the same part should be covered with leather, such as the seats of saddles are made of. Horses that are tolerably even goers, and are not much in the habit of changing their legs, or striking themselves, may not require the boots to be made so very thick on the inside. The edge of the boot may be bound with the same sort of binding as the horse's clothes. That part of a long boot, which is placed on the inside of the horse's leg, should be shaped from its buckling part on the outside, to a sort of oval at the top and bottom on the inside; that is, it should be made to protect the inside of the leg, if necessary, from the fetlock to the knee, but with as little incumbrance on the outside as possible. There will be but few instances in which a boot will require more than three buckles. But there is one thing which all boots require, and that is care. As the boots of race-horses are so constantly in use, too much attention cannot be paid to their being kept clean and soft; if wet when taken off, they should be well dried, rubbed and brushed.

It is far the safest to travel race-horses in knee-caps, which have low action, going carelessly and near the ground; and although knee-caps have been so long in use, I have seldom seen any which were well made. If they are properly made, there is no occasion for the long strap which is sometimes placed over the horse's withers, so as to reach sufficiently low down on each side of the horse's leg to be attached to each knee-cap, for the purpose of keeping them up. If they are made and put on as I shall here direct, they will not only keep well up, but horses may travel very comfortably in them. The size of the piece of check kersey of which a knee-cap is made, should be seventeen inches by twelve, and the longer length is that which is to go round the bottom part of the fore-arm, immediately above the knee. There should be two pieces of about two inches, and of a triangular shape, cut out of the centre of the top and bottom edge, and those edges from which the pieces were cut are to be sewn together, so as to make the centre of the knee-cap perfectly hollow, which will give all the liberty necessary to the action of the horse's knee when on. This hollow part on the inside of the knee-cap should be lined with a

piece of white serge, and between the lining and the knee-cap, there should be a little stuffing; but I see no necessity for covering the outside of this part of the knee-cap with leather. The edge at the top part of the knee-cap should be turned down outside, for the breadth of an inch, and either before or after it is sewn, there should be a little stuffing put in here, to form a pad round the top, and the surface of this pad should be lined with a strip of soft shammy or doe-skin. The upper strap and buckle, used for securing the knee-cap, should be placed outside at each end, a little below the centre of the padding. The strap and buckle is sometimes sewn on all round the padding. This should not be, as by its pressure it would do away with the little elasticity the padding might otherwise possess. A buckle and strap, must, of course be attached to the lower part of the knee-cap. When knee-caps are to be used, such as I have here given a description of, will, I think, be found to answer the purpose. In putting them on, the upper buckle and strap should be sufficiently tightened to keep the boot from passing over the joint of the knee, nor does it require to be drawn very tight to answer this purpose, if the buckle and strap below be left quite slack, so that the horse's action does not produce any strain whatever on the upper knee-cap. Knee-caps being used for travelling, are, like boots, exposed to wet and dirt; therefore, after they are taken off, they should be dried, brushed, and made soft.

The things which are next made use of about the fore legs of such horses as may require them, are fetters. They are made similar to couples which are used for the coupling of dogs together; the chain should be from ten to twelve inches in length, with an inch and a quarter triangular link at each end. The straps which are to go round the pastern of the horse's leg is to be seventeen inches in length, and an inch and a quarter in breadth. Along the inside, from where the buckle is put on, those straps should be lined for the space of eleven inches with check kersey, or soft leather. Whichever lining may be used, should be of a sufficient width to turn down over the edges of the strap, to prevent friction.

Their use is to prevent horses from knocking their beds about, and also to prevent them from throwing their legs about at the time of their being dressed. With such horses as have contracted this habit, they should be worn at all times in the stable. They should also be put on such young ones as are inclined to those habits on their first being brought from their paddocks to the stables.

The common Dutch collars used for tying up the horses in the stables are as convenient as any others; but for a horse which is in the habit of getting himself loose by rubbing his collar off, it is necessary to have a neck strap. There should be a loop or runner on each cheek or side of the collar, for the strap of the setting muzzle to pass through, to keep the muzzle on, and more firmly fixed in its situation. It is safer, and much more convenient, than tying a piece of string or tape round these parts of the muzzle

and collar, as was formerly the practice with training grooms on such occasions. The rein of the collar should be made to buckle on to it, and not to be sewed. A dressing muzzle should be made of stout neat's leather; the bars or broad straps of this muzzle ought to be in length from seventeen to eighteen inches; in breadth, they should be from two and a half to three inches. These straps should be lined with sheet iron, crossed in the centre, and there rivetted together. The strap which goes round and forms the top part of the muzzle should be of the breadth of the two first mentioned, but in length it should be two feet four. The strap for securing the muzzle when on the horse's head should be in length three feet six, and the strap for the buckle on the opposite side, should not be more than two inches in length.

This is a stout and weighty muzzle, but it is a useful one to keep in the home stables. A muzzle on this principle may be made lighter, for the purpose of being taken with a horse when he is travelling, and if it were lined throughout with tin, (and the sheet iron omitted,) and holes punched in the tin, it might serve as a setting muzzle; in which case there would be no occasion to take more than the one muzzle, unless with a very troublesome and vicious horse.

This muzzle should be put on all race-horses at the time of their being dressed. One principal use of it, is to prevent any horse which may be so inclined, from biting the boy when cleaning him. But unless the groom orders it to be done, boys who look after quiet horses, merely chain up their heads, and are apt to neglect putting on the dressing muzzle. This neglect should never be countenanced; for a dressing muzzle is very useful for all horses, either quiet or otherwise, as thorough-bred horses are more or less inclined, when being dressed, to gnaw and bite at the cribbing board. When they come in from morning or evening exercise, most of them have to stand for some time after being dressed, before they are fed, and whenever they have to stand in this way, they should stand with their head up and with their muzzles on, those excepted which are very delicate.

Thorough-bred horses, when standing without any thing before them to eat, are very apt to lick the stall and manger rails. If they get much into the habit of doing the latter, some of them become crib-biters; now, if they have dressing muzzles on, they cannot do this sort of thing. Another advantage attending their being on at proper times, is, that horses generally become more reconciled to that in which they have to stand when they are being set.

A setting muzzle should be of stout leather. From within about three inches of the upper part, there are rows of holes about three quarters of an inch in diameter, and two inches apart. As well as these holes being continued to the lower edge of the muzzle, others are similarly punched in the bottom part of it. The strap for securing the muzzle on the horse's head should be three feet six inches in length. Being of this length, it can readily be passed through the runners or loops which I have advised being

placed on each side of a race-horse's collar, so that the horse cannot possibly get the muzzle off. The nearer the buckle on the opposite side is to the edge of the muzzle, the better.

ANECDOTES OF AMERICAN HORSES.

I AM not about to draw a distinction between English and American horses, since they are, for the most part, derived from the same stock. There are, to be sure, in the extensive prairies of the "Far West," a native breed of horses found in a wild state, as they are also in South, as well as North America; but these are as yet a perfectly distinct race, since those that have been reclaimed so far, remain among the various tribes of Indians, and are employed in buffalo hunting, and sometimes in excursions against hostile tribes in the Indian territories.

Thus far the breed of horses in America may certainly be considered inferior to what it is in England; they have a few smart nags connected with the turf of that country, but they have nothing to be compared with the stock which we denominate hunters. This is not at all surprising, when we consider the relative situation of the two countries. In England there is scarcely a county where there are not one or more, frequently several, packs of fox-hounds or harriers kept, and regularly hunted during the season; whereas, in America, there are no hares, nor is there a regular pack of fox-hounds kept from one extremity of the Union to the other.

They have on record, however, some smart doings on their Long Island race-course, as well as in Maryland and Virginia; and if we are to credit all that Jonathan asserts about the speed of some of their favorite nags, we must believe *that their three and four mile heats have been performed in less time than they have ever been done in England, and all the rest of the world to boot*; but it must be admitted, that our friends across the water are so tarnationally addicted to boasting, that, like the boy in the fable, who was, by way of a lark, continually vociferating, "wolf!" "wolf!" when they actually give utterance to the plain unvarnished truth, one is scarcely inclined to believe them. Nevertheless, we must not forget that there are one or two little things (and Tom Thumb's performance might be instanced), which we cannot close our eyes against, where their nags have performed wonders; but, since "one swallow does not make a summer," it would scarcely be reasonable to infer from this, that the American breed of horses surpasses all others. In general, where they are not deficient in symmetry, they very much lack bone and muscle, and those points which denote endurance in an English hunter, or a first-rate roadster; and yet some of them are as tough as whalebone, and, from

being early accustomed to hard commons, will manage to subsist, and perform their work too, where many of our own superior animals would starve.

I once owned a pair of ponies, about fourteen hands or thereabouts, that I was accustomed to make long journies with, harnessed to a rude phaeton, yclept a wagon. When the roads were at all tolerable, I considered sixty miles an easy day's journey, and this for two or three days in succession. They were both what is termed *rackers*, and to see them swinging along, at the rate of eight miles an hour, as steadily as the perpetual motion, was highly satisfactory to their owner. I once undertook to travel across the Alleghany Mountains, in company with the stage-coach; but after keeping fellowship with it for something over twenty miles, to where the coach passengers breakfasted, I got weary of the delay, and so pushed ahead and saw no more of it. In a journey of twelve or thirteen hundred miles, performed in the depth of winter with the same ponies, they were never once off their feed, although they frequently fared badly enough; nor, except on one occasion, when I allowed them two or three hours' rest, did they ever fail to perform a respectable day's work.

Though the horse by no means has the appearance of an aquatic animal, yet he has a considerable capacity for swimming, and most horses that are accustomed to it early, swim well. In the interior of America, while the country continues *new*, the rivers being large, it is very commonly necessary, when travelling through the country on horseback, to swim your horse across the river, it being too expensive to build bridges until there is some prospect of the tolls paying a moderate, if not a good interest for the money so invested. In summer it is all well enough to be mounted on a capable brute, where you fall in with two or three rivers in the day, one or two hundred yards over, for it acts as a cooler to your lower extremities, and the evaporation which afterwards takes place, in some measure moistens the air that envelopes the upper part of one's person; but when the water has been cooled down to the freezing point, and the atmosphere is probably many degrees colder, it is past a joke, when you descrie a broad river ahead of you that you have no means of crossing save that of making your horse act as a ferry-boat, and your own legs as a supernumerary pair of oars.

Among the many specimens which I have witnessed of the swimming powers of American horses, I do not remember a more perfect one than that I was witness to at "The Ferry," near Fort Erie, in Upper Canada, where the Niagara river is from 700 to 800 yards over, and the current peculiarly rapid, owing to a ledge of shelving rocks over which the water is forced in its escape from Lake Erie. Until the period I allude to, there had been nothing of greater power than a couple of rowers to propel the ferry-boats across this rapid and deep current; but owing to the increase of population, on both sides the river, the parties renting the ferry found it advisable to improve the means of crossing, and consequently had a *horse-ferry-boat* constructed. This new machine

had paddles on either side like those of a steam-boat, which were propelled by the power of a couple of horses constantly moving forward (tread-mill fashion) upon a horizontal moveable platform.

I remember at the time the boat in question first began to ply, that it was considered quite a curiosity, and many persons were induced to examine the manner in which it worked. The horses that were employed upon it were of course quite ignorant of the tread-mill business, and from what took place, they were apparently not enamored of their new employment. One of them, a grey cob, that had seen some dozen winters, had a singularly knowing look; and, like his companion, belonged to the American, or New York State side of the river, and apparently was strongly attached to that "Land of Liberty and Equality." It seems that it suited the convenience of the owners of the ferry-boat to stable their horses during the night on the Canada side of the river, which arrangement was by no means satisfactory to the republican feelings of the grey cob. This was clearly manifest the very first time that he was inducted into his new quarters, for when the lad who had the care of them brought them from the stable to the river, for the purpose of drinking, and who was mounted upon the back of the grey cob's comrade, the grey cast a wistful look across the broad stream, where his wandering eye was no doubt attempting to single out from among the numerous buildings, his wonted domicile; and instead of quenching his thirst with a hearty pull at the clear current into which he had entered, he but just dipped his lips into the liquid, heaved a deep sigh—for horses can sigh, and deeply too—and then moved into deep water, and "sighed and looked again." A friend of mine who was in company with me, and standing close by on the river shore, anticipated what was going to happen, and he scarcely had made the observation before the "faithful grey" had waded mid-rib deep, when he pushed off and commenced swimming to the opposite shore. For a considerable distance he breasted the rapid current bravely, but, in spite of his efforts to make directly across, he was forced downward to an extent fully equal to the breadth of the river. For a while his back and arched neck were visible above the surging water, but before he had gained the farther side, little more than his head was in sight, which had the appearance at a distance of a white goose floating on the surface. But he gained his own side of the river in safety, and when he had attained the lofty bank, and halted a moment to shake the water from his dripping mane, a shout of exultation was heard from those who happened to be on the bank, and who had anxiously witnessed his progress.

But this daring exploit did not immediately release him from his place on the circular and unstable wheel; for the next day he was fastened to the old post, and again the unsteady platform was for ever moving from beneath his feet. For a day or two his groom took care in the evenings, after the toils of the day were over, that he should not have an opportunity of trying the same experiment of swimming across the river; until at length, imagining that he had become perfectly reconciled to a Canada lodging, he again

permitted him to go at large to quench his thirst at the stream. But the faithful brute, it appeared, still remembered the "home of his youth," and he again plunged into the eddying waters, and succeeded in reaching the opposite shore in safety. This apparent attachment to his own country, or his long-accustomed stable, was viewed in so favorable a light by his owner, that he declared the grey cob should never more be put on the wheel, or compelled to seek a lodging in a *foreign* state.

Few quadrupeds exhibit stronger powers of instinct than the horse, and a very few (if any) appear to be gifted with more retentive memories.—I owned a very useful animal, during my residence in Canada, which exhibited this character in a remarkable degree; and among several incidents which occurred to mark it, I will refer to one which I have often thought of since I parted with this my faithful servant, Brown Billy. It is usual, in many parts of the country, at the time of cutting down the forests, to leave standing here and there a tree or two, which are called shade trees. It is a plan by no means to be recommended, since in the wild forests the trees protect each other from the effects of the raging tempest, and consequently do not take sufficiently secure hold of the ground to withstand the ruthless storm when they come to be exposed singly to its influence. In one of my fields, where Billy occasionally had the privilege of pasturing, were two or three trees of this sort left standing, which served as a shade from the scorching mid-day sun, as well as a shelter from the occasional storms that visit this portion of the country during the summer. I one day happened to be looking on when a violent storm of wind and rain—so violent, indeed, that the pealing thunder which accompanied it could scarcely be heard—came rushing over the adjoining woods, when Brown Billy was not slow in seeking shelter under the largest tree in the field, and with his hinder parts in actual contact with the thick body of the tree, and his head in a line with the course of the wind—for instinct taught him the best position to place himself in under such circumstances—he stood completely sheltered from the pelting storm.

He had not, however, been many minutes in this his wonted retreat, when the gigantic tree began to give way, and in a few seconds more it was prostrated with a tremendous crash. Billy no doubt felt the pressure of the ball of the tree against his rump, and he must also have heard the rending of the numerous and large roots; at any rate he discovered that a catastrophe was at hand, and out he flew from his standing-place as if propelled by a thunder-bolt. He *did* escape; but I am of opinion that he was so near being caught under the mighty wreck that some of the smaller branches struck him in his flight. During the time the storm continued he kept galloping about the field, first in one direction and then in another, and when the tempest ceased, Billy's alarm was far from having subsided, and for the remainder of the day he never attempted to pasture; but when his fears had somewhat abated, he stood at a very respectful distance, gazing in apparent bewilderment upon the prostrate monarch of the forest.

During the years that Billy was afterwards occasionally turned into the same field to pasture, he never under any circumstances came near the few remaining shade-trees; and what was still more remarkable, if he found any farm-stock—cattle or sheep—seeking shelter from the passing storm beneath one of these same trees, he might be seen chasing them away in no very gentle manner; and if his looks and actions might be taken as an indication of his feelings, had he possessed the power of speech would have been, “What fools you must be to run the risk of being crushed as flat as pancakes!”

* London (New) Sporting Magazine for August, 1842.

THE GURNEY AFFAIR.

IN our April Number, we stated, that the day after the trial in which Mr. Thornton obtained a verdict of £1250 against the Managers of the “Gurney affair,” the Stewards of the Jockey Club, through Mr. Weatherby, declared that Gentleman a defaulter, in consequence of his refusing to pay £100, an order for which he had given on a person indebted to him, but which was not honored. The announcement appeared in *The Times*, *Morning Herald* and *Bell's Life*. Mr. Thornton, in consequence, brought an action in the Court of Exchequer on the second of July against the Right Hon. G. S. Byng, the Duke of Bedford, and Colonel Anson, the Stewards of the Club, to recover compensation for the libellous aspersion of his character, and laid his damages at £50,000, not, as stated by the Solicitor General, for the purpose of recovering any sum of money by way of damages, but for the imputation cast on his character. It appeared in the course of the proceedings also that Mr. Thornton had been excluded from Messrs. Tattersall's Subscription-Room in consequence of the declaration of the Stewards. The case excited great interest in the Sporting World, and the Court was excessively crowded. On the bench were, the Dukes of Portland and Richmond, Lords Titchfield, Stradbroke, and Maidstone, Colonel Peel, Capt. Rous, and Mr. Greville, whilst in other parts of the Court were Lord George Bentinck, Messrs. Crommelin, Irby, Greatrex, Gully, &c.—The cause was tried before Lord Abinger and a Special Jury, Sir William Follett, Mr. Richards, and Mr. Crompton appearing for the plaintiff, and Sir T. Wilde, Mr. B. Waddington, and Mr. Butt for the defendants, who pleaded a justification.—The publication of the libel in the papers named was proved by Mr. Weatherby as having been authorised by the Stewards. It was contended, that although the Jockey Club might have the right to decide upon questions referred to them, they had no jurisdiction where the parties did not agree to submit any points in dispute to their adjudication, and that

in the present instance, the plaintiff not having agreed to any arbitration, they had exceeded their power by declaring him a defaulter.—For the defence it was urged, that when any question touching bets on horse-races had arisen, the decision of the Jockey Club was binding on the parties, and had never been questioned : that the Stewards had not exceeded their power, and were justified in pronouncing the plaintiff a defaulter ; and that men who lost money by betting on horse-racing could not be excused from payment under any circumstances, *whether they received their winnings or not.*

Lord Abinger, in summing up, said, the Stewards had no right to publish any statement which was of a nature to lead to an injury to any man's character. They might, in their position of arbitrators on turf matters, possess a right of declaring their decision to certain persons in the society of which they were the peculiar tribunal. They might probably have been justified in informing the Duke of Portland or Mr. Tattersall of the decision they had come to ; but most unquestionably they exceeded the limits of their authority when they had taken upon themselves to publish to the whole world the step they had adopted in declaring the plaintiff to be a defaulter. He should, however, leave the case to the Jury, to say whether the publication was a libel ; and next whether the defendants had made out their plea of justification.—The Jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £200. They also said that they did not consider that there had been any justification made out.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for August, 1842.

JOHN DAY AND HIS TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT.

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

IT has often struck me that a series of articles touching the principal Racing Establishments of this sporting country might prove interesting, not only to the lovers of the sport here, but also to our continental neighbors, who seem determined to carry out with spirit the fine old English pastime of horse-racing. We find, by the very liberal sums given for our fashionable stallions, that no stone is to be left unturned : and the engagements entered into by Foreign Noblemen and Gentlemen with some of our best New-market trainers and jockies, augur well for their success. One lamentable drawback has, alas ! caused a most melancholy gloom in the racing affairs of France : I need not say I allude to the dreadful and fatal accident of the Duke of Orleans, whose popularity and kind-heartedness were only equalled by his ardent love of the sport. I need not say a word about his general character

—he was indeed a favorite with all ranks.—But to commence my article.

The residence of John Day at Danebury, about two miles from Stockbridge, is perfect, as are also the stables, paddocks, &c. The stables form a sort of square, with the house in the centre, and “honest John” can, as he says, “take his rounds,” by means of a door leading from his sitting-room, without “damping his feet.” The downs are admirably adapted for training, being on a bed of chalk, with a beautiful springing turf, so that it is never *too hard* in the driest summer, nor *too heavy* after rain. The course is nearly a round one, somewhat hilly, with a straight run in of three quarters of a mile (a capital course to try two-year-olds): there is also a straight mile—indeed “honest John,” without difficulty, could form a course of any description. Last year Mr. Day’s stable was what is called “very strong in horses,” Lord George Bentinck’s *lot* then being there; but from some misunderstanding, on which probably both parties were a little to blame, the horses of Lord George were removed in the autumn of last year to Goodwood, where they now stand under the management of Mr. Kent. It must be acknowledged that John Day was eminently successful for Lord George. The performances of Grey Momus, D’Egville, The Drummer, Chapeau-d’Espagne, Crucifix, *cum multis aliis*, cannot have been already forgotten. Some gentlemen do not approve of the severe exercise adopted by John Day; but it must be owned that if a horse can stand the Stockbridge preparation “right well,” he is safe to be there or thereabouts. Among many other instances, I will name the race for the Goodwood Stakes in 1833, when Mr. Biggs’s Little Red Rover carried off the Stakes so gallantly from a large and capital field. Mr. Biggs had another horse in the race called Pounce, which many bettors thought the best in, but John Day knew better, and said, if the Rover stands his work “kindly,” he will win to a certainty; *and he did win*. I shall never forget the race; the bookmakers would not offer a fraction more than 2 to 1 at the start. Perhaps no horse was ever brought to the post in *finer* condition, and this was not lost sight of, for John Day went off at a pace seldom witnessed, and won without being headed. The distance was two miles and three quarters, and the game little animal was certainly the least distressed in the race. With Venison, in 1836, John Day swept away most of the good things in all parts of the country, and managed to win the Portland Handicap and the King’s Plate in the First Spring Meeting 1837.

As a trainer of two-year-olds, John Day certainly stands unrivalled; “he,” as a certain admirer of honest John says, “always gets his youngsters *so well to the post*.” Let any one take the trouble to trace through the last eight or ten Calendars, and see what John Day has done for Mr. Wreford with two-year-olds. The names of the following youngsters will clearly prove that my assertion is a correct one—viz., that John Day *can* and *has done* more with his two-year-olds than any of his contemporaries:—

In 1836, he won with Chapeau-d’Espagne the Criterion Stakes,

value £750, and £175 at the Houghton Meeting;—with a Brother to Marpessa, a Match at the Bibury Club Meeting:—with a Sister to Waresti, £195 at Brighton:—with Westminster, £290 at Winchester, £450 at Goodwood, and £50 in the Second October Meeting.

In 1837, he was still more successful, as we find him the winner of the following important races:—Clara, £150 at the Bibury Club, and £90 at Salisbury;—Cuirass, £250 at Bath Spring Meeting, and £140 at the Bath July Meeting;—D'Egville, the Prendergast Stakes of £900 at the Second October Meeting, the Criterion Stakes of £850 and the Gunton Stakes of £500 at the Houghton Meeting;—a filly by Camel, dam by Rubens, £100 at Salisbury:—Grey Momus, the Lavant Stakes of £860 and the Molecomb Stakes of £750 at Goodwood; also a Sweepstakes of £450 at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting; Volunteer, £170 at the Bibury Club Meeting, 250*l.* at Stockbridge, and 160*l.* at Winchester.

In 1838, John Day was in great force with his two-year-olds, as the names of the following good runners can testify:—Arrian, Bulwark (winner of the July Stakes), Wapiti, and Westonian. I cannot pass over the capital exploits of Wapiti. At Goodwood, she won the Lavant Stakes of 730*l.*, beating Deception and several others; at the same place, she received 100*l.*, also won 350*l.*, and finished by winning the Molecomb Stakes of 575*l.*, again beating Deception; in the subsequent year, ran second for the Derby (she ought to have won), and won the Oaks in famous style from a large and good field. Wapiti was naturally infirm on the legs, and the wonder is how John Day managed to keep her on her legs so long as he did. She did not go for any of her three-year-old engagements.

In 1839, John Day carried everything before him with the *flying* Crucifix, whose deeds are so well known to the *Fielders*, many of whom she completely ruined, that any lengthened remarks might be deemed superfluous; suffice it to say, that after winning all her two-year-old engagements—save one, in which she, giving *nine pounds*, ran a dead heat with Gibraltar—she came out at three years old, and won in glorious style the Two Thousand Guineas and the One Thousand Guineas Stakes in the First Spring Meeting, and the Oaks at Epsom. In 1839 the following other two-year-olds did credit to “honest John:”—Wardan, Grey Milton, and Capote.

In 1840, Thistlewhipper and Wahab picked up some valuable Stakes:—the former, unfortunately for Mr. Etwall, met with an accident which prevented his running at three years old.

In 1841, Wiseacre proved himself a very good performer, by picking up for Mr. Wreford 2450*l.* at Goodwood, and the Prendergast Stakes in the Second October Meeting, value 500*l.* The hopes, however, of “the family”—I mean of course the “Day family”—were centered in Coldrenick. “The Derby *was over*, and it was to be regretted that the horse was not in the Leger!” I never remember such a glorious “certainty” come off so “un-

towardly." I, after the race, could scarcely believe that such a thing had been—Coldrenick beaten off three quarters of a mile from home!! My visit to Stockbridge told me everything. The fact is, in one of the false starts, in which the horse ran nearly half the distance, Coldrenick fell lame, and during my visit to the Stockbridge races, I, with many others, had an opportunity of seeing the horse that had done so much mischief in the Ring, and I can safely say that I never saw an animal with such an awful hind leg—the off-one. It seems very doubtful whether he will ever show again.

John Day trains for Lord Palmerston, Messrs. Biggs, Etwall, Wreford, W. Wyndham, and Trelawny. The following were in the stables when I was last at Danebury:—

MR. WREFORD'S.

Wardan, by Glencoe, out of Margellina, 5 yrs.
 Wahab, by Sultan, out of Margellina, 4 yrs.
 Franchise, by Taurus, out of Escape, 3 yrs.
 Wiseacre, by Taurus, out of Victoria, 3 yrs.
 Filly by Camel, out of Wadrasta, 2 yrs.; engaged in the Oaks.
 Colt by Bay Middleton, out of Margellina, 2 yrs.; engaged in the Derby.
 Colt by Bay Middleton, out of Mouche, 2 yrs.; engaged in the Derby.
 Colt by Sultan Junior, out of Victoria, 2 yrs.; engaged in the Derby.
 Colt by Camel, out of Westeria, 2 yrs.; engaged in the Derby.
 Colt by Camel, out of Monimia, 2 yrs.; engaged in the Derby.

MR. R. ETWALL'S.

Horse by Mulatto, out of Melody, 5 yrs.
 Thistlewhipper, by Beagle, out of Miss Maltby, 4 yrs.
 Pelerine, by Tomboy, out of Mantilla, 4 yrs.
 Palladium, by Defence, out of Mantilla, 3 yrs.; engaged in the St. Leger.
 Passion, by Elis, out of Pet, 3 yrs.; engaged in the St. Leger.
 Colt by Defence, out of Soldier's Joy, 2 yrs.
 Venatrix, by Venison, out of Mopsa, 2 yrs.

MR. BIGGS'S.

Eleus, by Elis, out of Miss Badsley, 3 yrs.
 Elissa, by Elis, out of Whisk, 3 yrs.

LORD PALMERSTON'S.

Ilione, by Priam, out of Gallopade's dam, 5 yrs.
 Filly by Defence, dam by Laurel, 3 yrs.

MR. TRELAWNY'S.

Coldrenick, by Plenipo, out of Frederica, 3 yrs.

The Monimia colt is very promising for the next Derby; indeed his party have already backed him at 25 to 1 to some amount. I am of opinion that John Day, now that his establishment has been *pared* down by the withdrawal of Lord George Bentinck's horses, will show in flying colors next season—certainly I have never seen a more racing-like list of two-year-olds than Mr. Wreford now possesses. Few gentlemen can boast of such a capital continuance of sporting fortune as Mr. Wreford; but it is not *all luck*, for no one crosses the blood more judiciously, or is more attentive to his young stock than Samuel Wreford, Esq.

Mr. Biggs is a very old master, and on "balance of accounts" I feel certain that the worthy and respected master of Stockton

House has the pull. I remember, in the year 1831, Mr. Biggs gave John Day a commission to buy him "a good useful horse for country races"—one thousand guineas was the limit! At the First Spring Meeting "honest John" wrote to Mr. Biggs, telling him he had bought what he thought a good little horse, but that he had exceeded the figure a little. The horse was little Red Rover, who turned out a very profitable speculation.

Mr. Etwall has had horses at John Day's these dozen years, during which period he has been recorded the winner of several sporting events. Amongst many others that have appeared in Mr. Etwall's colors—"white, green sleeves and cap"—may be named Revenge, Maid of Underley, Alumnus, horse out of Melody (a prime favorite for the Derby in Little Wonder's year), Palladium, Pelerine, and Passion.

Lord Palmerston used to have rather a long string of horses at John Dilly's; amongst them the celebrated Luzborough (one of the *gamest* horses ever known), Grey-leg, and Conquest. Since John Dilly's retirement, the Noble Lord has contented himself with keeping two or three horses only in training, and these under the able management of John Day, who last year did the Noble Ex-Secretary two or three good turns; one in particular, namely, winning the Cæsarewitch Stakes at Newmarket with Ilione—worth 1245*l.*

I believe Mr. Trelawny's racing establishment at home-quarters to be very limited, and only occasionally does he send anything to a professional trainer.

Of John Day's style of riding I am by no means a great admirer; his seat to me appears slovenly, and his *forte* seems to lie in making the play. This system of going away at score may do with the Stockbridge preparation; but I unhesitatingly assert that the Duke of Grafton has not been a gainer by it. Once or twice I have noticed "honest John" *coming it fine*—on Revenge he admitted that he lost the race for the King's Guineas at Ascot in 1834 or 1835 (I forget which). The race was won by a horse out of Sir Gilbert Heathcote's stable, decidedly inferior to Revenge, who lost solely by waiting too long—the Chifney and Robinson "rush" cannot be attempted with impunity. Young John Day has, in my opinion, a much more graceful seat than his father, and, with a capital eye to pace, is in every respect a first-rate jockey. His riding Vulcan in the Liverpool Cup race was a masterpiece of the art.

Before I conclude, I must say that I never walked through a racing establishment wherein there was less to find fault with than Mr. John Day's at Danebury.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for August, 1842.

BREEDING FOR THE TURF.*

BY CHIRON.

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

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

The first point for consideration, in consulting the pedigrees of sire and dam, is to ascertain whether they came from the same stock, and, if so, how many generations have intervened since they had a common ancestor. There are few facts relative to breeding more completely proved than that the system of breeding *in and in*, as it is termed, or, in other words, from sire and dam of the same family, is very generally productive of a weakly, under-

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

The next consideration with reference to pedigree is that both sire and dam should come of a stock noted for speed and endurance. These two qualities, although sometimes united, are not to be found combined in the majority of race-horses. By far the larger portion of them is either slow, but lasting, or remarkably fast for a mile over the flat, and after running that distance, show symptoms of distress and weakness. Of these two species of racers I would infinitely prefer breeding the former to the latter, for two especial reasons. In the first place, a game and good-bottomed horse, not particularly remarkable for fleetness at short distances, but possessed, nevertheless, of a fair share of speed, which he can keep up, has opportunities of winning considerable sums for his master up to a good old age; whereas the mile courses, or less, are confined, for the most part, to two and three-year-old colts and fillies, and consequently after that age a horse that cannot run on is comparatively useless; and in the second, I am somewhat of a patriot in respect of horse-flesh, and should grieve to see the palm borne away from us by any nation under the sun. I therefore should always prefer being the possessor of a horse of such physical powers as to render his utility for more purposes than one unquestionable, than the owner of a slight, speedy animal, whose constitution will not suffer him to stand a rattling gallop of a mile and a half or two miles. I am of opinion, indeed, that one of the principal drawbacks to improvement in our breed of horses will be found in the large stakes that may be won by horses at a very early age. If there were no money to be gained at any race-meeting by two-year-old colts and fillies, it is probable that most race horses in the kingdom would be allowed to grow for a twelve-month longer than is at present allotted to them before they are broken in and put to work, and it is scarcely necessary to state how detrimental to the full development of the powers of any animal must be any species of *labor* before it has attained more than a third or fourth part of that age in which it may be considered to arrive at its greatest state of perfection. A remedy for this evil might be found by instituting prizes to be run for only by four-year-

old colts and fillies which have never before run either race or match, and these prizes should be of sufficient value to remunerate those contending for them for the additional expense they must incur by reserving their horses until of an age to be entered for them.

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

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

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

Having thus taken a hasty glance at the most material points to

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

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

The life of a brood mare at pasture is certainly preferable to this ; but even there she gets fat, sluggish and indolent, and such a state can certainly never be favorable to the production of a superior progeny. I remember, about five years ago, taking a peep at Banter, the dam of Touchstone ; and about the same time had an opportunity of seeing Camel, his sire. Both were as fat as Sir John Falstaff ; and no second Touchstone has proceeded from the loins of either, although the mare has several times been put to the same horse. Age can hardly be said to have occasioned this failing. What I have said respecting those men who, after retiring from business, have led indolent and inactive lives, have become dyspeptic, gouty, and rheumatic, and in that state have begotten unhealthy children, may, in all probability, be perfectly applicable to the breeds of animals ; and if laziness in them do not induce absolute disease, it must, in all likelihood, render them dull, dispirited, and unexcitable, in which state they can scarcely be considered fit for the purposes of breeding stock that shall be remarkable for spirit, energy, and endurance.

“ Est in juvenis, est in equis, patrūm
Virtus ; nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.”

London Sporting Review for August, 1842.

RODWAY'S PATENT CONCAVE SHOE.

WE have been shown the pattern of Rodway's new horse-shoe, that bids fair in a very short time to supersede the model now in general use. The difference is exceedingly simple, so much so, that like Columbus's experiment with the egg, every one considers the invention might have been his own. Instead of the flat surface of the present shoe, nearly the whole of that surface is channelled out to the depth of half a circle, forming a concave having an outside edge about the thickness of the crust of the hoof, and the inside about half that thickness. The advantages of this construction are obvious. The heads of the nails are completely removed from hard contact with the ground ; the necessity for calkins is superseded ; and the frog naturally comes into a better and beneficial action. The main recommendation, however, is this—by presenting two edges to the ground like the grooved scate, the horse is enabled to take a firmer grip, thus prompting a bolder step and action, his own weight alone being sufficient to give the shoe its full effect. It need not be said how incalculably this must add to the security of the rider by giving confidence to the horse, besides securing the full benefit of his muscular action in obviating the tendency to trip, that, like the recoil of the gun, is so much power wasted. It would occupy more room than we can spare

fully to describe the merits of this concave shoe, and to extend our notice to its use through every class of horses—in another number we may revert to it. *En passant*, it will, we think, secure for the citizens the universal introduction of wood pavement, as it obviates the only objection of the horse slipping upon it. Each Company ought to vote Mr. Rodway a premium for the value he is giving their patents.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for August, 1842.

A FEW REMARKS ON SOME OF THE EVENTS OF THE PRESENT RACING SEASON.

BY CAMBRIAN.

TRIUMPHANT over other nations in her breed of horses as England has long been, it is gratifying to observe by the fruits of the present year that she indicates every intention of maintaining that proud distinction. The three-year-olds are not above the usual average. Though there are several very promising ones amongst them, no very extraordinary "clipper" has yet shone forth from among their ranks, unless Attila is entitled to that appellation. That this little nag has proved himself a stout and honest runner, is indisputable, from the number of races he has won without ever having been beaten, or amiss. But when we look into the animals that have run against him, there is ample room to justify the assertion that his pace remains to be proved. His winnings when two years old, crowned by his Derby victory, after running away from Palladium and Devil-amongst-the-Tailors at the First Newmarket Spring Meeting, denotes that his mettle and substance are of no ordinary quality; combined with which is an excellent form, and a head that would do justice to the Arab tribe. His winnings at two years old are, £190 at the Pottery, beating Combermere and four others; the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, value £750, beating Cabrera and three others; also at the same meeting he won the Two-year-old Stakes of £580, beating Skipton, Belcœur, and seven others; and at Newmarket he won the Clearwell Stakes of £600, beating Chatham and three others. Neither these, nor the bare fact of his winning the Derby with Robert de Gorham second, and Belcœur third, can fairly be looked upon as any just criterion of very extraordinary speed; indeed, with the exception of Auckland, who appeared a very dangerous competitor, it would have been difficult to look out for the winner from any other quarter than Scott's stables, could it have been previously ascertained of what soft composition Coldrenick was made, unless a dark horse had come forward, of which class there were very few

likely to be selected, with the exception of Seahorse, who beat Robert de Gorham's head off at Newmarket, and whose mould is decidedly of a superior caste, and one or two more. Meteor did not start, and it has been surmised that he is reserved for the St. Leger. He is a large plain but powerful horse, and won the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting in a canter; he is very well bred, being got by Velocipede, out of Dido by Whisker. Should Scott make him his horse he will stand a very good chance of winning the St. Leger, but as to his trainer's intentions few are able to arrive at any satisfactory clue. One thing is certain, that should he throw Attila on the shelf, the settling is likely to prove very heavy, at the same time the great caution that has lately been observed, and was created by the number of Derby defaulters, has caused some stagnation in the betting ring.

Expectation was raised to a very high pitch about Coldrenick, who was cried up as far superior to any of Plenipo's productions yet exhibited. It cannot be supposed by any who know him, that John Day would have connived at any foul play; he rather appeared himself to have been taken in, for after the race, he said that Coldrenick was the most deceitful horse he ever crossed.* Before the race, there was no rumor whatever that the horse was otherwise than what J. Day desired—his legs are good and he galloped well: but alas, the fatal secret—which some attributed to his trainer's excessive fine mode of training, was quickly discernible; there was an evident lack of furniture in the "middle story," a fault which I apprehend is not uncommon with the Plenipo'-stock. It must be regarded as very singular, that magnificent an animal as Plenipo was, far superior to anything of his day in speed, and allowed to be the best horse that had come out for years (before the shameful exhibition in which he was made to figure at Doncaster,) none of his stock, although fine and racing-like looking animals, have as yet been able to make any figure. Potentia, Metternich, Huon, William de Fortibus, Nuncio, and Barbara are the best of his stock, and they cannot be said to have added much glory to their sire's well earned laurels. His blood cannot be surpassed by any in the kingdom, but his offspring are fine in the bone, and as speed is concentrated in him from both sides, I should deem it advisable to send strong and powerful mares to him, whose great "forte" is substance.

The Colonel is another of those very fleet horses in whose stock the community have been grossly disappointed; and I look upon it that the Turf has suffered no great loss from his transportation.

Chatham is as respectable as any son of that once royal horse, and as a two-year-old held a high place in my estimation. His exploits were as follows:—At Newmarket he won the July Stakes of 790*l.* after a dead heat with Rostrum, beating four others. At Goodwood he ran second to Wiseacre, for the Ham Stakes, and at

* It may not be generally known that Coldrenick's leg gave way in the race for the Derby, and has since required firing.—ED. N. S. M.

the same meeting won 300*l.*, beating Lucy Banks and two others, He won the Buckenham Stakes, value 600*l.*, at Newmarket First O. M., and ran third to Attila in the Second O. M., carrying 7*lb.* extra. At the Houghton Meeting, he carried away the Criterion Stakes of 830*l.* and also divided a stake with Wiseacre. There is a sad falling off in him this year—probably want of strength of constitution is the main *deficit*, which he certainly did not inherit from his dam Esther, who is one of the finest mares ever foaled, combining great strength and good blood, which are the main requisites in a race horse. She takes much after her sire in shape, especially in the back and hind quarters, and was the very mare to send to the Colonel. Camel—her sire is one of the most magnificent and powerful animals in existence, and is still looking remarkably well, and in excellent health; he has not had above half his usual compliment of mares sent to him this year, which appears rather unaccountable, and does not redound to the good judgment of the "*cognoscenti*," as his stock continue to be very promising. Some of them may be seen at Stockwell, where he stands with Muley Moloch, and several other stallions.

Touchstone, his son, promises to be as noted a stallion as his father was; his stock have had wonderful success considering the short time they have been out; at one time he looked likely to be the sire of the Derby or Oaks winner this year, if not of both. Auckland seemed a very superior horse by the side of most of the Derby nags, but he did not look in good health or spirits, and as I understood, was heard to cough; he is a large horse, with great power, and I entertain a strong presentiment that a better day awaits him, notwithstanding his being beaten by Barrier, at Ascot, though had Robinson been on him instead of the other, I apprehend the result would have been the reverse; as it was he was only beat by a head; he won his two races on Tuesday and Thursday in the same meeting in style, but, to be sure, nothing very good ran against him. Jack, who is also by Touchstone, is a powerful horse, and looks as if he could last.

As regards the Oaks fillies, I never place any great confidence in the certainty of the sex, and, therefore, am always inclined to prefer the field, in which theory I was justified by the result of the race this year, though the Adela filly and Dilbar were as neat a looking pair as any in the field, and are likewise the offspring of Touchstone, as are also Rosalind and the Amima filly, who have been winning. I look upon Touchstone as one of the most valuable acquisitions that has been made to any stud for a length of time; he is domiciled at Eaton Hall, near Chester, where his brother, Launcelot, has also been covering this season, though of the two, I greatly prefer the first. Their noble owner has had great success in winning the St. Leger with both of them, and with Satirist last year; but whether his flow of luck will continue now that his horses are in another trainer's hands seems very questionable. He has shown good taste in his selection of mares, and the result has proved that his pains have not been without their reward. To be the owner of the winner of the Oaks and

St. Leger in the same year, is almost without a precedent, except in the case of Mr. Mostyn, when Queen of Trumps won both for him. Pantaloon, the sire of both Ghuznee and Satirist, is likewise the property of Lord Westminster, and Sleight of Hand, Lord Mayor, and Ralph, are likewise amongst the number of his produce.

I was much surprised at the appearance of Bran's stock this year; they have a very racing-like appearance. The Fury filly, and Meal, running first and second for the Oaks, show that they are made of no ordinary "*compos*." Combermere, another of his stock, is a remarkably fine horse, and looked well for the Derby as an "outsider," but I should say that the Derby course was not suited to him. He ran well at Chester, and carried away the Dee Stakes, beating, amongst others, William de Fortibus. This is only the second year of Bran's stock making their appearance, very few showed last year; he is likely now to become a popular stallion, but as yet has not had any very large allowance of thorough-bred mares, and, consequently, no great number of his stock are to be found in the Racing Calendar.

CAMBRIAN.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for August, 1842.

THE INSTINCT OF SPORTING.*

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

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

Foremost among the subjects which modern puritanism loveth to revile and dishonor, sporting is an abomination to him who weareth his hair straight, and field sports inventions of Satan in his eyes who maketh melody through his nose. This vice, at the present

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

hour, is found especially to pervade the compilations of the northern manufacturers of cheap knowledge. These men pander to the literary impotence of old women of both sexes; and they have their reward, for this is both the seed-time and harvest of hypocrisy. What scurvy pimping for the Mawworms of the hour is this; and how opportune and welcome the antidote supplied by this volume of volumes, wherein are recorded scenes and sentiments such as befit a man—aye, such as are every inch a man's. Are the "Recreations of Christopher North" other than those suited to the christian, the philosopher, or the gentleman? Go to his book and judge for yourselves. Our business it shall be to set down for your delight two episodes, wherein, with all the enthusiasm of the poet, and the skill of the professor, the author details the instinct of sporting in the child and in the man.

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

"Now, seeing that such pastimes are in number almost infinite, and infinite the varieties of human character, pray what is there at all surprising in your being madly fond of shooting—and your brother Tom just as foolish about fishing—and cousin Jack perfectly insane on fox-hunting—while the old gentleman, your father, in spite of wind and weather, perennial gout, and annual apoplexy, goes a-coursing of the white-hipped hare on the bleak Yorkshire

wolds—and uncle Ben, as if just escaped from Bedlam or St. Luke's, with Dr. Haslam at his heels, or with a few hundred yards' start of Dr. Warburton, is seen galloping, in a Welsh wig, and strange apparel, in the rear of a pack of Lilliputian beagles, all barking as if they were as mad as their master, supposed to be in chase of an invisible animal that keeps eternally doubling in field and forest—'still hoped for, never seen,' and well christened by the name of *Escape*?

"Phrenology sets the question for ever at rest. All people have thirty-three faculties. Now there are but twenty-four letters in the alphabet; yet how many languages—some six thousand, we believe, each of which is susceptible of many dialects! No wonder, then, that you might as well try to count all the sands on the seashore as all the species of sportsmen.

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

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

"From that hour angling is no more a mere delightful day-dream, haunted by the dim hopes of imaginary minnows, but a reality—

an art—a science—of which the flaxen-headed schoolboy feels himself to be master—a mystery in which he has been initiated ; and off he goes now, all alone, in the power of successful passion, to the distant brook—brook a mile off—with fields, and hedges, and single trees, and little groves, and a huge forest of six acres, between it and the house in which he is boarded or was born ! There flows on the slender music of the shadowy shallows—there pours the deeper din of the birch-tree'd waterfall. The sacred water-pyot flits away from stone to stone, and, dipping, disappears among the airy bubbles, to him a new sight of joy and wonder. And, oh ! how sweet the scent of the broom or furze, yellowing along the braes, where leap the lambs, less happy than he, on the knolls of sunshine ! His grandfather has given him a half-crown rod in two pieces—yes, his line is of hair twisted—plaited by his own soon-instructed little fingers. By heavens ! he is fishing with the fly ! And the Fates, who, grim and grisly as they are painted to be by full-grown, ungrateful, lying poets, smile like angels upon the paidler in the brook, winnowing the air with their wings into western breezes, while, at the very first throw, the yellow trout forsakes his fastness beneath the bog-wood, and with a lazy wallop, and then a sudden plunge, and then a race like lightning, changes at once the child into the boy, and shoots through his thrilling and aching heart the ecstasy of a new life expanding in that glorious pastime, even as a rainbow on a sudden brightens up the sky. *Fortuna favet fortibus*—and with one long pull, and strong pull, and pull altogether, Johnny lands a twelve-incher on the soft, smooth, silvery sand of the only bay in all the burn where such an exploit was possible, and dashing upon him like an osprey, soars up with him in his talons to the bank, breaking his line as he hurries off to a spot of safety, twenty yards from the pool, and then flinging him down on a heath-surrounded plat of sheep-nibbled verdure, lets him bounce about till he is tired, and lies gasping with unfrequent and feeble motions, bright and beautiful, and glorious with all his yellow, light, and crimson lustre, spotted, speckled, and starred in his scaly splendor, beneath a sun that never shone before so dazzlingly ; but now the radiance of the captive creature is dimmer and obscured, for the eye of day winks and seems almost shut behind that slow-sailing mass of clouds, composed in equal parts of air, rain, and sunshine.”

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

“ The passion for this pastime is the very strongest that can possess the heart—nor, of all the heroes of antiquity, is there one to our imagination more poetical than Nimrod. His whole character is given, and his whole history, in two words—Mighty Hunter. That he hunted the fox is not probable ; for the sole aim and end of his existence was not to exterminate—that would have been cutting his own throat—but to thin man-devouring wild beasts—the Pard—with Leo at their head. But in a land like this, where not even a wolf has existed for centuries—nor a wild boar—the same spirit that would have driven the British youth on the tusk and paw of the lion and the tiger, mounts them in scarlet on such

steeds as never neighed before the flood, nor 'summered high in bliss' on the sloping pastures of undeluged Ararat—and gathers them together in gallant array on the edge of the cover,

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

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

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

'Gives the world assurance of a horse!'

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

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it; and where, we ask, were the British cavalry ever overthrown? And how could the great north-country horse-coupers perform their contracts,

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

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

“ Cruelty! Is there cruelty in laying the rein on their necks, and delivering them up to the transport of their high condition—for every throbbing vein is visible—at the first full burst of that maddening cry, and letting loose to their delight the living thunderbolts? Danger! what danger but of breaking their own legs, necks, or backs, and those of their riders? And what right have you to complain of that, lying all your length, a huge hulking fellow, snoring and snorting half-asleep on a sofa sufficient to sicken a whole street? What though it be but a smallish, reddish-brown, sharp-nosed animal, with pricked-up ears, and passionately fond of poultry, that they pursue? After the first tally-ho, reynard is rarely seen till he is run in upon—once perhaps, in the whole run, skirting a wood, or crossing a common. It is an idea that is pursued, on a whirlwind of horses, to a storm of canine music—worthy, both, of the largest lion that ever leaped among a band of Moors, sleeping at midnight by an extinguished fire on the African sands. There is, we verily believe it, nothing foxy in the fancy of one man in all that glorious field of 300. Once off and away—while wood and welkin rings—and nothing is felt—nothing is imaged in that hurricane flight, but scorn of all obstructions, dikes, ditches, drains, brooks, palings, canals, rivers, and all the impediments reared in the way of so many rejoicing madmen, by nature, art, and science, in an enclosed, cultivated, civilized, and christian country. There they go—prince and peer, baronet and squire—the nobility and gentry of England, the flower of the men of the earth, each on such a steed as Pollux never reined, nor Philip's warlike son—for could we imagine Bucephalus here, ridden by his own tamer, Alexander would be thrown out during the very

first burst, and glad to find his way, dismounted, to a village ale-house for a pail of meal and water. Hedges, trees, groves, gardens, orchards, woods, farmhouses, huts, halls, mansions, palaces, spires, steeples, towers, and temples, all go wavering by, each demigod seeing, or seeing them not, as his winged steed skims or labours along, to the swelling or sinking music, now loud as a near regimental band, now faint as an echo. Far and wide over the country are dispersed the scarlet runners—and a hundred villages pour forth their admiring swarms, as the main current of the chase roars by, or disparted runlets float wearied and all astray, lost at last in the perplexing woods. Crash goes the top-timber of the five-barred gate—away over the ears flies the ex-rough-rider in a surprising summerset—after a succession of stumbles, down is the gallant grey on knees and nose, making sad work among the fallow: friendship is a fine thing, and the story of Damon and Pythias most affecting indeed—but Pylades eyes Orestes on his back, sorely drowned in sludge, and, tenderly leaping over him as he lies, claps his hands to his ear, and, with a ‘hark forward, tantivy!’ leaves him to remount, lame, and at leisure—and ere the fallen has risen and shaken himself, is round the corner of the white village-church, down the dell, over the brook, and close on the heels of the straining pack, all a-yell up the hill crowned by the Squire’s Folly. ‘Every man for himself, and God for us all,’ is the devout and ruling apothegm of the day. If death befall, what wonder? since man and horse are mortal; but death loves better a wide soft bed, with quiet curtains and darkened windows, in a still room, the clergyman in the one corner with his prayers, and the physician in another with his pills, making assurance doubly sure, and preventing all possibility of the dying christian’s escape. Let oak branch smite the too slowly stooping skull, or rider’s back not timely levelled with his steed’s; let faithless bank give way, and bury in the brook; let hidden drain yield to fore feet, and work a sudden wreck; let old coal pit, with briery mouth, betray; and roaring river bear down man and horse, to cliffs unscalable by the very Welsh goat; let duke’s or earl’s son go sheer over a quarry twenty feet deep, and as many high; yet, ‘without stop or stay, down the rocky way,’ the hunter train flows on; for the music grows fiercer and more savage—lo! all that remains together of the pack, in far more dreadful madness than hydrophobia, leaping out of their skins, under insanity from the scent, for vultures can hardly now make a crawl of it; and ere he, they, whipper-in, or any one of the other three demoniacs, have time to look in one another’s splashed faces, he is torn into a thousand pieces, gobbled up in the general growl; and smug, and smooth, and dry, and warm, and cozy, as he was, an hour and twenty-five minutes ago exactly, in his furze-bush in the cover—he is now piecemeal in about thirty distinct stomachs; and is he not, pray, well off for sepulture?”

THE RACE FOR THE LIVERPOOL CUP.

BY JOHN MILLS, ESQ.

THE best race of the season was for the Liverpool Cup, and this leading feature in the Meeting being the only one worthy of mention here, I shall leave the remainder of the *divertissement* for other chroniclers and your Racing Calendar to tell.

Bright and beautiful was the day (July 14th, 1842,) as thousands of "right merrie folk" wended their way to the course, bounded by wood and water, to see the exciting contest between an even score of thorough-breds for a prize worth having.

Stripped, weighed, and mounted, the gentlemen of the caps and boots cantered their sleek-skinned nags before the admiring gaze of countless bright eyes sparkling from innumerable and opposite causes. Some shone from potions strong and fiery distillations, others from their own natural beauty. Not a few had fire in the glance from thoughts of the difference between "paying and receiving;" and here and there might be seen an ogle in appearance bright from the *dulness* of its fellow, perchance made so from an inimical impression from another's fist. Pleasing anticipations from champagne and pigeon-pie rendered many a beam of electrical hue—such is the close affinity between the affections of the abdominal regions and those of the prism of the brain. Beauty adorned, and occasionally almost undressed, was around, about and everywhere visible. But, as M. de Voltaire says, "What is beauty? Ask a toad, and he will answer you that it is his female, with two large round eyes projecting out of her little head, a broad flat neck, yellow-spotted belly, and dark brown back. Ask a Guinea Negro, and with him beauty is a greasy black skin, hollow eyes and a flat nose. Put the question to the Devil, and he will tell you that beauty is a pair of horns, four claws, and a tail. Consult the philosophers likewise, and they will give you some unintelligible jargon for answer: they must have something correspondent to beauty in the abstract, to the *To-Kalon*." The conception of beauty is therefore merely natural or acquired taste, applicable only to those things which give pleasure *per se*, accompanied with admiration. And as my ideas of the image of the Cytherean Goddess may not correspond with my reader's, I shall not dwell upon the subject longer, but proceed with a far more interesting matter—the sport.

The sun had been dipping about three hours from his altitude when the lot of twenty got together for the start. What a moment for the heart to throb and pulse to beat!

"Now mind me," said Lord George Bentinck, the acting Steward, with an admonitory shake of a fore finger, "if there be any getting away before I lower the flag, I'll not only forfeit the jockey five pounds that does it, but all those who go with him."

This piece of information was received with commendable calmness on the part of the addressed, and more than one of the diminutive gentlemen in silk resolved very suddenly to change his previously fixed determination.

Just as Lord George began to get satisfied with the evenness of the rank and file, Retriever's impatience could brook delay no longer. High upon his haunches he reared, and very seriously discommoded his fellow-competitors by a series of decided kicks and plunges.

"Who is that upon Retriever that can't hold his horse?" inquired His Lordship.

"It's Wynne, My Lord," was the reply.

"You must get behind; I won't have all these horses kicked," returned His Lordship.

In the earnest desire to obey the mandate, the unhappy Wynne dragged his horse nearly into the depths where the green rush grows, but managed to prevent an immersion into the canal.

At length the lot was in tip-top order to go, and at the moment they were so the start was effected. Even as arrows from the same bow the horses flew forwards as the flag was dropped, Prince Caradoc making the running. After a few strides, the settled positions were, Retriever second, Thirsk third, Forester fourth, Champagne fifth, and Una sixth, the others well up. In this style they went round, excepting The Lord Mayor, who broke down. At the turn, Rhodanthe and Vulcan stole up, and, on coming into the straight, made the pace a rattling one, the mare leading, and pulling like a female only can when she has got her will between her teeth. Vulcan kept close behind, with Pagan, Collina, Champagne, and Miss Stilton just at his hocks. When a little less than half a distance from the winning-post, Rhodanthe had a decided lead, and, with the deity of the forge and anvil, one of the most splendid races now ensued. Stride by stride Vulcan lessened the distance between him and Rhodanthe, and at the post got to her head, making a dead heat. Perhaps there never was a more unquestionable one on record—as certain a dead heat as ever was run. Pagan was next, but not placed, and then came Champagne, Miss Stilton, Collina, and Thirsk. Bellona broke down, and Satorist was in a *tenth* position!

According to Newmarket rules it was decided that the concluding heat should come off after the last race of the day; and after the Derby Handicap and Her Majesty's Plate, the rivals again appeared ready for the struggle, the betting being 2 to 1 and 7 to 4 on Vulcan. On starting, the blacksmith took the lead by about a length, and maintained this place until the distance, where the mare challenged, and a glorious contest followed. Head and head they kept together as if linked by perfect equality, Vulcan at last being the declared winner by a bare half neck. Loud and general were the expressions of satisfaction at the result of this concluding part of the day's sport, and "a better race was never seen" was the enthusiastic shout from many a score of gratified loyal subjects of the realm.

The drawing of The Knight-of-the-Whistle was commented on in very strong terms. At the moderate weight of 7st. 7lb. he was considered by many capable of winning, and freely backed at 7 to 1. The horse was taken to Liverpool, and the impression kept up to the last hour that it was the intention of starting him. Now who will for one moment doubt but there was a select few who *knew* the horse would *not* go a long time before he was scratched, and consequently all their money was a booked certainty? In such cases as these, parties do not bet *openly* against a horse, but I should like to know whether it is ever done on *commission*?

If such mischievous practices are to continue, racing must inevitably be ruined. Men will no longer submit to be cheated, and those who attempt the unprincipled game cannot hope to escape censure, be they who they may. The Press, that mighty power, the admiration of fair honesty, and the abhorrence of fearful, ill-conditioned villany, has said "that it shall not be so," and those who endeavor to swim against the strong running stream must sink with their fruitless struggles.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for August, 1842.

ELK HUNTING IN CEYLON.

BY A JUNGLE RANGER.

THE morning of the — of May rose as bright as the heart of a sportsman could desire, as we traced the beaten track up the mountain pass, from the Ramboodee Rest House, a place so called, I presume, on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, from its being a foe rather than friend to Morpheus and his votaries. Each stunted tree and broken crag added fresh beauty to this scene of nature. The situation of the field of action where we were to commence our operations against that species of the deer tribe called the elk, was about midway between the Bungalow of Ramboodee (famed chiefly as the resort of "young couples" during that period when the epithet of "honey" is applied to the "parish lantern") and Newera Elia, the Neilgherries of Ceylon; where, whilst I and my friend are partaking of a frugal repast, I will introduce you to the "pack."

Nine rather emaciated fox-hounds, and one polygar (a species of gigantic greyhound), afforded sport this day that a Meltonian would covet. The "field" consisted of W—, myself, and a coolie boy to carry a small but efficacious rifle, and "the bugle," for even in these wilds, old Gloster (the father of the canines) ceased not to recollect the well-known call.

Having concluded our meal, and set the pack to work, the deep tongue of Gloster roused us from our crumbs, and away we bounded

into the thick jungle. The track, unbeaten, probably, from creation, lay through the most splendid country that fancy could imagine, or eye desire. The gentle undulations of nature grew, by degrees, into deep and fertile ravines; crystal springs issued from the cleft rocks on high, and dashed their refreshing spray over the parched ground; while the full body of water, which rolled, with resistless force, down the mountain side, seemed to form the hollow chasm, on the brink of which we now stood.

"Hark!" cries my friend, with ecstasy;—old Gloster proclaims the chase at bay!"

The elk of Ceylon differs widely from that described by most naturalists; in height and size it has about the same dimensions as a buffalo calf, with legs which, although possessing great bone and muscle, might vie, for fineness, with those of the fleetest stag. The color is a dark slate, with the exception of the limbs and head, which resemble the hue (to use a singular comparison) of a camel's-hair pencil; while the hair on the head is much longer than on any other part of the body, except, perhaps, the tail. His antlers are the most conspicuous part of his anatomy for elegance and beauty; they are about two feet high, with two branches on each antler, one shooting forth from the trunk, round which is the knotted circlet denoting age, and the other from within three or four inches of the top. The main branch and the shoots are of a very dark color, deeply indented, particularly the circlet at the root, and gradually fine off to the top into a point, to which neither dogs nor hunters covet too near approach.

The first bay was of short duration, and did not give us sufficient time to contemplate his noble beauties, or even to regain our breath; but as the dogs had done so, and we were too excited to feel our fatigues, the bound of the elk into the dark thicket was an almost unnecessary signal to renew the sport.

Long was the chase this day, and doubtful the result; for it often happens that the elk, in his native forests, proves more than a match for dogs brought from a distant and more salubrious land, and enervated by the effects of a climate which has thinned nobler ranks than theirs.

Hills rose in succession, and were passed in eager chase; and ravines, deep, rocky, and oftentimes so flooded by the mountain torrent as to threaten a check to our farther advance, followed each other with such increased rapidity, that the flood-gates of nature seemed to have conspired together to free the natives of their soil. But when several of these apparently endless obstructions had been surmounted, and we were plodding our course up the steep ascent of tangled brushwood, again the reassuring sound of Gloster's deep tongue gave a joyful signal of our approach to the object of our pursuit.

After attentively listening for a few seconds, we could faintly hear the deep sound re-echoed on the opposite bank. A short but "killing run" brought us again in sight.

From the giddy pinnacle on which we stood, to the bottom of the chasm, was one mass of rocks, scattered by the hand of nature with

careless elegance and profusion. One broad sheet that extended its waters on the whole flat beneath, became at once the loadstone of our attraction. There proudly stood in conscious security our noble game; around him (all splashing in the stream) were ranged the panting hounds, but still none ventured to charge the elk, except the polygar, who once or twice gathered courage to approach within sufficient distance to receive a severe admonition from his wary combatant.

W— and I had at length scrambled from crag to crag over this dangerous descent, and managed, unlike the gallant buck, who bravely faced his foe, to ensconce ourselves behind a favoring rock. Seeing that the elk was still comparatively fresh, while the dogs were jaded, W— prepared the fatal weapon. The piece was carefully examined—fresh priming driven into the nipple—a new cap replaced its predecessor, and a deadly rest made against the side of the rock.

One instant of breathless excitement succeeded these preparations:—another, served the unerring marksman to take aim; and the sharp crack of the rifle was echoed back from a dozen hollow caves, as the noble elk gave one bound, and was again lost in the deep recesses of the jungle.

As the elk left his position, I observed a slight stagger in his generally faultless bound. In an instant I led the way into the jungle, at the same spot where he had disappeared, followed by W— constantly urging the uselessness of pursuit, and deprecating his own unsteadiness. Regardless, however, of his complaints, I redoubled my efforts, and after following the indistinct track for about ten minutes, we came suddenly in front of a broad pool of blood; “who was right?” was all I could utter ere my friend again took the lead with reassured spirits.

About twenty minutes after the shot was fired, we heard the dogs again at bay, but we could only reach the point of sound by a circuitous route. Arrived at the spot, no elk was visible; the dogs alone were there, baying before a large unwieldy rock: this rock was nearly surrounded by water; and on looking into the mouth of a large cave, of which it formed one side, we beheld our noble elk suspended by his antlers from the roof, in the last struggles of ebbing life. W— ran to the outside to try and discover from the summit of the rock the cause of this singular sight; and while he was gone, I entered the mouth of the cavern. A chill crept over me when I first found that my own entrance had shaded all light from the interior, and nothing was visible save the distended eyeballs of the poor creature glaring in all the fury of expiring revenge upon his destroyer.

Humanity at once prompted me to put an end to his sufferings; and taking from my pocket a small blade (the only one at hand, our hunting knives having been lost in the chase), by the stealth of the few remaining life-drops in his frame, I closed his career.

W— had, by this time, discovered that, hard pressed by the hounds, the elk must have entered this cavern, and, seeing an opening at the top, intended in that way to elude his pursuers. The

fissure proved too small to admit his splendid antlers, and having made a desperate bound to escape the jaws of death he became ensnared as we found him. The rifle ball I took out of his neck when we had extricated him from his situation.

The dogs (I might with truth add the hunters) were thoroughly *beaten*, and scarcely seemed to care to partake of their share of the booty, when we distributed the dainty bits of the still reeking victim among them.

The head and antlers we bore in triumph back, and they now hang above me as I trace this record of the proud bearing of their owner.

London Sporting Review, for September, 1842.

EFFECTS OF TRAINING ON ANIMALS.

IN the latter part of the last century, one Bisset, a native of Perth, by trade a shoemaker, having applied himself with great perseverance to the teaching of animals, succeeded in making a set of cats play in harmony on the dulcimer, uniting their voices to the tones of the instrument, and this singular orchestra was exhibited, to the perfect satisfaction of the public, for a succession of nights, in the Haymarket Theatre. He it was who trained that "learned pig," of which our fathers used to speak so highly, the animal having been exhibited in every part of the empire. At a somewhat earlier period, a Saxon peasant boy trained a dog to the pronunciation of words. The boy had observed in the dog's voice an indistinct resemblance to certain sounds of the human voice, and was prompted to endeavour to teach him to speak. The animal was three years old at the beginning of his instructions—a circumstance which must have been unfavourable to the object: yet, by dint of great labour and perseverance, in three years the boy had taught it to articulate thirty words. It used to astonish its visitors by calling for tea, coffee, chocolate, &c.; but it is proper to remark, that it required the words to be pronounced by its master beforehand, and it never appeared to become quite reconciled to the exhibitions which it was forced to make. The learned Leibnitz reported on this wonderful animal to the French Academy, attesting that he had seen the dog and heard it speak; so that there does not appear the slightest ground for doubting the fact, such as it was. All doubt on the question of possibility may, indeed, be considered as set at rest by the last exhibition of the educated dogs in London—animals which could play at dominoes and chess, and even indicate when their adversaries made false moves. These creatures were visited and played with by thousands, and we never heard that a deception of any kind, as to the reality of their acquired powers, was detected.

Laying aside such extraordinary examples as these, the ordinary

training conferred on horses, dogs, and other domesticated animals, seems to be sufficient to establish the general fact of animal educability. We have no more forcible illustrations of the principle than in the uses which are now made of certain of the canine tribe in rural sports. The pointer, setter, springing spaniel, and all that class of dogs, are understood to be descended from one stock, the Spanish spaniel, with a slight crossing from the fox hound, for the sake of improving the speed. The original animal may be considered as a record of the original powers, to which every thing else must be regarded as an addition made by human training. Now, the original animal is only gifted by nature with a fine scent for game, and a disposition to make a momentary pause on seeing it, for the purpose of springing upon it. Man has converted this inclination to a temporary pause into a habit of making a full stop, and the animal, instead of gratifying his destructive tendency by flying upon the game, has been trained to be contented with witnessing a vicarious execution by the gun of his master.

It is a mistake to suppose that only the spaniel tribe is capable of serving sportsmen in the capacity of pointers and setters. There are other classes of dogs which perseverance would enable to a certain extent, to act in the same way. Gervase Markham, who wrote on sports in the sixteenth century, speaks of having seen dogs of the bastard tumbler kind adapted to act as setters, though not so well as those of the spaniel kind. Mr. Blaine is of opinion that this power can be cultivated in most dogs. It has even been elicited in another and very different class of animals—the hog. Some years ago, Mr. Toomer, gamekeeper to Sir Henry Mildmay, bethought him of teaching a pig to act as a pointer, having been struck by the scenting powers of the animal in its search for palatable roots under ground. He began by allowing a young female pig to accompany his pointers, in their breaking lessons, to the field. Within a fortnight, to his own surprise, she was able to hunt and point partridges and rabbits. There being an abundance of these creatures near the keeper's lodge, her education advanced rapidly by frequent exercise, and in a few weeks she was able to retrieve game as well as the best pointer. Slut, as this extraordinary animal was called, was considered to have a more acute scent than any pointer in the charge of the keeper: and it was a kennel of the highest character. They hunted her principally on moors and heaths; and it often happened, that when left behind, she would come of her own accord and join the pointers. "She has often stood a jack snipe when all the pointers had passed it; she would back the dogs when they pointed, but the dogs refused to back her until spoke to—Toomer's dogs being all trained to make a general halt when the word was given, whether any dog pointed or not, so that she has been frequently standing in the midst of a field of pointers. In consequence of the dogs being not much inclined to hunt when she was with them (for they dropped their sterns, and showed symptoms of jealousy), she did not very often accompany them, except for the novelty. Her pace was mostly a trot; she was seldom known to gallop, except when

called to go out shooting: she would then come home off the forest at full stretch and be as much elated as a dog at being shown the gun. She always expressed great pleasure when game, either dead or living, was placed before her. She has frequently stood a single partridge at forty yards' distance, her nose in a direct line to the bird; after standing some considerable time, she would drop like a setter, still keeping her nose in an exact line, and would continue in that position until the game moved; if it took wing, she would come up to the place, and draw slowly after it; and when the bird dropped she would stand it as before.

These facts, together with what common observation presents to us in domesticated parrots, blackbirds, ravens, magpies, monkeys, &c, place the educability of animals upon a basis, in our opinion, not to be shaken. But the most wonderful thing, and the most convincing part of the proof, remains, in the fact of the transmission of acquired qualities by animals to progeny. The habit which education has conferred upon the pointer appears in his puppy, who may be seen earnestly standing at swallows and pigeons in a farm-yard, before he has ever once seen such a thing done by his seniors, or received the least instruction. Here only the object is amiss—the act in itself is perfect. As may be readily supposed, the puppy of a race of English pointers can be trained to the whole business of the field in one-tenth of the time which the most experienced breaker would require to effect any improvement upon the simple instinct of *the pause* in the original Spanish spaniel.

ENGLISH SPORTING MISCELLANY.

Rapid Travelling.—A remarkable proof of the wonders of steam travelling occurred last month. Lord Palmerston's mare Iliona ran third for the Northumberland Plate at Newcastle, on Wednesday, started per van at four o'clock on the following morning for Darlington, was put on the Great North of England Railway, and reached the Euston station, London, at half-past eleven the same night; slept in town, left the Nine Elms station of the South Western Railway at nine on Friday morning, posted from the Winchester terminus, and was on the race-course by half-past twelve, ready to start for any race in which she might have been engaged. Howlett and Day, the jockies, were with her, and the former rode in two races. The distance thus traversed was nearly four hundred miles, and was done in thirty-two hours and a half, of which between nine and ten were spent in London.

The Cottesmere Hunt.—Our readers will be glad to learn that this country, hunted in splendid style by the noble Earl of Lonsdale (now in his 83d year) for so many years, without a farthing

subscription, has been taken by Sir R. Sutton, and his beautiful pack are now solely domiciled at Cottesmere. Sir Richard has taken the Oak Inn, with the extensive stabling. To those who have travelled on the north road, it is more commonly known as the Greeteam Inn, and it is now undergoing a thorough repair, and will be ready in a short time to receive himself and family. A more excellent sportsman, or one more calculated to tempt those who cannot exist without the noble sport, could not have been found in the kingdom. We wish him every success.

Monkey Trotting Match.—On Tuesday a numerous assemblage took place at the enclosure attached to the Rosemary Branch Tavern, Peckham, to witness the performance of an extraordinary match. A grey pony, of twelve hands and a half high, the property of Burke, of trotting celebrity, having been backed for twenty-five pounds, to trot fourteen miles within an hour, with a monkey for its rider. The monkey, of course, was the "lion" of the day, and according to the conditions of the match, was booted, spurred, and otherwise attired after the fashion of the jockeys at Epsom or Newmarket, and rode the pony in the usual style, with saddle and bridle. That selected for the undertaking belongs to Mr. Batty, the celebrated equestrian manager, well known as "Signor Jocko," who has already earned considerable reputation by his performances in the circle at the Surrey and other metropolitan and provincial theatres. At the appointed time the signor made his appearance, attended by one of the rough riders belonging to Mr. Batty's establishment. He was dressed in jockey costume, his jacket and buckskins being built by a first-rate west-end Schneider, and his top-boots would have done honor even to the renowned Hoby. The colors he sported were red and white, and in his right paw he carried a handsome riding whip, and also wore a small pair of spurs buckled round his boots. The pony was "The Doctor," who is a very fast trotter, but, notwithstanding his performances, time was in this instance backed at odds. After the arrangement of the usual preliminaries, the start took place, Burke and one of Mr. Batty's men cantering on each side of the pony, with one or two others galloping in the rear. He performed the distance, having to go twenty times round, in fifty-six minutes and fifty-three seconds of the given time, consequently having three minutes and seven seconds to spare, and was not at all distressed. The Signor rode in first-rate style, came in with his whip in his mouth, and appeared quite conscious of his own merits as an equestrian, and not less delighted when his task was completed. He grinned most alarmingly at his conductor, and evidently felt that any want of regularity would lead to his disgrace. The pony broke three times and was turned.

Mr. Elmore's Steeple-Chasers.—Mr. Elmore's steeple-chase stud were put up for sale at Tattersall's in the course of the past month. Sam Weller was sold for two hundred guineas, and Jerry for ninety-four guineas, less by many hundreds than was given for him a few

years since. Lottery was bought in for nine hundred guineas, and Gaylad for nine hundred and sixty guineas. There was a *bona fide* bidding of nine hundred and fifty for the latter.

Tyne Salmon Fisheries.—Already has the good effect of the recent act manifested itself in the river Tyne. There has been upwards of five hundred salmon, beside grilse and trout, taken at the Benwell, Lemington, and Newburn fisheries, and sold in the market at the moderate price of 6d. to 7d. per pound. This is by far the greatest take since those destructive and pernicious engines, the stake and bag nets, were allowed to remain at the mouth of the river, and we hope, ere long, when the bill gets fully into operation, that Newcastle will again be as famous for salmon as it was in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Fishing Extraordinary.—One day this week as Mr. Hardaker was fishing in the river Aire, near to Riddlesden Hall, near Keighley, and having his hook baited with a small fish, he drew his line out of the water and threw it at a distance on the grass, still retaining his hold of the rod. He felt something give the line a jerk, and on looking towards the hook he discovered, to his no small astonishment, that a magpie had swallowed the fish. The bird then flew away, and the line having broke, one part remained fast to the rod, and the other part floated in the air, suspended from the magpie's beak. Next morning Mr. Hardaker was fishing again in the same neighborhood and discovered the magpie dead. He took the fish out of the magpie with which he had formerly baited his hook, and again used it as a bait, with which he was successful in taking a trout weighing nearly four pounds.—The "Bradford Herald" is our authority for this "fish story."

RULES AND REGULATIONS

APPROVED AND ADOPTED BY

The New York Jockey Club,

ON THE 13th SEPTEMBER, 1842;

*To continue in full force and effect until the close of the last Fall Meeting in the year 1844,
Subject to such alterations as may be made from time to time,
according to the discretion of the Club.*

Rule 1st.—There shall be two regular meetings held by the New York Jockey Club at the Union Course, on Long Island, to be called and known as the Spring and Fall Meeting. The Spring Meeting shall commence on the second Tuesday of May, and the Fall Meeting shall commence on the first Tuesday of October, in each year.

Rule 2d.—There shall be a President, four Vice Presidents, a Secretary and Treasurer, to be appointed annually by ballot.

Rule 3d.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Club; to act as presiding Judge at each day's race; appoint his Assistant

Judges on the evening preceding each day's race, report and publish the results of each day's race, and act as Judge in all Sweepstakes, with such other persons as the parties may appoint.

Rule 4th.—It shall be the duty of the Vice Presidents to attend all meetings of the Club, and assist the President in the discharge of his duties. In the absence of the President, the first Vice President, and in his absence, the 2d, 3d, or 4th Vice President shall act as President *pro tem*.

Rule 5th.—It shall be the duty of the Secretary to attend at all meetings of the Club, also to attend the Judges of each day's race, assist them with his counsel, and furnish them with all the requisite information connected with each day's race; keep a book, in which he shall record the Members' names, the Rules and Orders of the Club, and add to them any Resolutions or Amendments which may change the character of either; also record the proceedings at each meeting of the Club, whether a special or a regular meeting; he shall also record all the entries of horses, Matches, and Sweepstakes, in which shall be set forth the names of the respective owners, the color, name, age, sex, and name of sire and dam of each horse; record an account of each day's race, including the time of running each heat, and after the races are over for a meeting, report the same to the President of the Club for his official publication. He shall also put up, and keep up during every Meeting, at some convenient place, at or near the Judges' Stand, a copy of the Rules and Regulations of the Club then in force.

Rule 6th.—It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect all the money due the Club, whether from subscriptions of members, entries of horses, or from any other source, pay the same over from time to time upon the order of the President of the Club, and in case of his absence, upon the order of the acting Vice President; and within thirty days after the closing of every regular meeting, he shall furnish the President, or in his absence, the acting Vice President, a full statement of the receipts and disbursements of the funds of the Club, from the date of the last statement up to the date of that which he then renders, shewing the balance of money in hand, subject to the order of the President, or acting Vice President, which statement shall be deposited with the Secretary of the Club, as one of the records of the Club, and so be entered by him.

Rule 7th.—At each regular meeting there shall be appointed four Stewards, who shall serve for one meeting succeeding their appointment. They shall wear some appropriate badge of distinction, to be determined upon by themselves. It shall be the duty of the Stewards to attend on the Course, to preserve order, clear the track, keep it clear, keep off the crowd of persons from the horses coming to the stand after the close of each heat, and they may employ in their discretion, at the expense of the Club, a sufficient number of able bodied men to assist them in the effectual discharge of their duties.

Rule 8th.—There shall be three Judges in the starting stand, consisting of the President and two Assistant Judges, assisted by the Secretary, and in case of the absence of the President of the Club, then the first Vice President, and in his absence, the second Vice President. The Judges shall keep the stand clear of any intrusion during the pendency of a heat, see that the Riders are dressed in Jockey style, weigh the riders before starting in the race, and after each heat, instruct the riders as to their duty under the rules before starting in the race, and proclaim from the stand the time and result of each heat, and also the result of the race.

Rule 9th.—There shall be two Distance Judges, and three Patrol Judges, appointed by the Judges in the starting stand, who shall repair to the Judges' stand immediately after each heat, and report to the Judges the horses that are distanced, and foul riding, if there be any.

Rule 10th.—All the disputes shall be decided by the Judges of the day, from whose decision there shall be no appeal, unless at the discretion of the Judges, and no evidence of foul riding shall be received except from the Judges and Patrols.

Rule 11th.—When in the opinion of a majority of the Officers of the Club, any good cause may require the postponement of a race, they may postpone any Purse race, but in case of a postponement of a race, no new entries shall be received for that race. A postponement of a Purse race shall give no authority to postpone any Sweepstake or Match made or advertised to be run on

that day; and in the event of the Club postponing a regular Meeting, it shall give them no power to postpone any Matches or Sweepstakes made to be run at that Meeting.

Rule 12th—All Sweepstakes and Matches advertised to be run on the Course on any day of a regular meeting of the Club, shall be under the cognizance and control of the Club, and no change of entries once made shall be allowed after closing, unless by consent of all parties. Sweepstakes and matches made to be run at a particular meeting, without the parties specifying the day, the Secretary must give ten days notice of what days they will be run during the meeting, in case he is informed of it in time. And no Sweepstake or Match shall be run on the Course during a regular meeting without being first reported to the Secretary, to bring it under the cognizance and control of the Club.

Rule 13th.—The age of horses shall be computed from the first day of January next, preceding their being foaled; that is, a colt or filly foaled on any day in the year 1841, will be considered one year old on the first day of January, 1842

Rule 14th.—No person shall start or enter a horse for any purse offered by, or under the control of, the Club, other than a Member of the Club, and producing, if required, satisfactory evidence or proof of his horse's age; nor shall any Member start a horse if his entrance money, subscription money, and all forfeits incurred on the Union Course, are not paid before starting. Nor shall any person start a horse, during a regular meeting of the Club, who is in arrears to any member of the Club for a forfeit incurred on the Union Course.

Rule 15th—All entries of horses for a purse shall be made in writing under seal, addressed to the Secretary of the Club, and deposited in a box, kept for the purpose, at the usual place of Meeting of the Club, before five o'clock in the afternoon of the day of the race, for which the entry is made. Each entry shall contain the entrance money, and state the name, age, color, sex, and pedigree, of the horse entered, and describe the dress of the rider of such horse. After five o'clock of the afternoon of the day preceding a Purse Race, no other or additional entry shall be allowed to be made for that race, and no entry shall be received or recorded, that does not contain the entrance money. The entries so received, shall be drawn from the box by the Secretary, and declared at five o'clock of the afternoon of the day preceding the day of the race, in the presence of at least three Members of the Club, and the horses so entered shall be entitled to the track in the order in which their names are drawn; in Sweepstakes and Matches, the Judges shall draw for the track at the stand.

Rule 16th.—Any person desirous of becoming a member only for the purpose of entering a horse, may do so, he being approved by the Club, and paying double entrance.

Rule 17th.—The distance to be run shall be Two mile heats, Three mile heats, and Four mile heats, and a Purse shall be put up to be run for, during each regular meeting, for each of the named distances. Not more than five per cent shall be charged as entrance upon any amount that may be put up for a Purse.

Rule 18th.—Every horse shall carry weight according to age, as follows:—

A horse Two years old,	A feather.
“ Three years old,	90 Pounds.
“ Four years old,	104 “
“ Five years old,	114 “
“ Six years old,	121 “
“ Seven years old and upwards,	126 “

An allowance of three pounds to mares, fillies, and geldings. The Judges shall see that each rider has his proper weight before he starts, and that each rider has within one pound, after each heat.

Rule 19th—*Catch weights* are, where each person appoints a rider without weighing. *Feather weights* signifies the same. A *Post Stake* is to name at the starting post. *Handicap weights* are weights according to the supposed ability of the horses. An *Untried* stallion, or mare, is one whose get or produce has never run in public. A maiden horse or mare is one that never won.

Rule 20th.—No horse shall carry more than five pounds over his stipulated

weight without the Judges being informed of it, which shall be publicly declared by them, whereupon all bets shall be void, except those made between the parties who enter the horses. Every rider shall declare to the Judges who weighs him, when and how his extra weights, if any, are carried. The member of the Club who enters the horse shall be responsible for putting up, and bringing out the proper weight. He shall be bound to weigh the rider of his horse in the presence of the Judges before starting, and if he refuses or neglects to do so, he shall be prevented from starting his horse.

Rule 21st.—When in running a race, a distance is

In one mile,	45 yards.
In two miles,	70 “
In three miles,	90 “
In four miles,	120 “

Rule 22d.—In a Match Race of heats, there shall be a distance, but none in a single heat.

Rule 23d.—The time between heats shall be

For one mile heats,	20 minutes.
For two mile heats,	25 “
For three mile heats,	30 “
For four mile heats,	35 “

Rule 24th.—Some signal shall be given from the starting stand, five minutes before the period of starting, after the lapse of which time, the Judges shall give the word start to such riders as are then ready, but should any horse prove restive in being brought up to the stand, or in starting, the Judges may delay the word a short interval, at their own discretion.

Rule 25th.—Any horse winning a purse of this Club, shall not be allowed to start for any other purse during the same meeting.

Rule 26th.—If a horse be entered without being properly identified, he shall not be allowed to start, but be liable to forfeit, or the whole, if play or pay, and all bets on a horse so disqualified, shall be declared void.

Rule 27th.—Where more than one nomination has been made by the same individual, in any Sweepstake to be run on the Union Course, and it shall be made to appear to the satisfaction of the Club, that all interest in such nomination has been bona fide disposed of before the time of starting, and the horses have not been trained in the same stable, all may start although standing in the same name in the list of nominators.

Rule 28th.—No conditional nomination or entry shall be received.

Rule 29th.—Should any person who has entered a horse formally, declare to the Judges that his horse is drawn, he shall not be permitted to start his horse.

Rule 30th.—Any person entering a horse younger than he really is shall forfeit his entrance money, and if the horse wins a heat or race, the heat or race shall be given to the next best horse if the objection be made to the age of the horse after the heat or race is run. The disqualification must be proved by the person making the objection.

Rule 31st.—If an entered horse die, or a subscriber entering him, die, before the race, no forfeit shall be required.

Rule 32d.—No compromise or agreement between any two persons entering horses, or by their agents and grooms not to oppose each other upon a promised division of the purse or stake, or for any other purpose, shall be permitted or allowed, and no persons shall run their horses in conjunction, that is with a determination to oppose jointly any other horse that may run against them. In either case upon satisfactory evidence produced before the Judges, the purse or stake shall be awarded to the next best horse—and the persons so offending shall never again be permitted to enter a horse to run on the Union Course.

Rule 33rd.—When the tap of the drum is once given by the Starting Judge, there shall be no calling back, unless the signal flag shall be hoisted for that purpose, and when so hoisted it shall be no start. To remedy the inconvenience of false starts, there shall be a signal flag placed at a point which can be readily seen by the riders at from one to three hundred yards from the Judges' stand. When a start is given and recalled, a flag from the Judges' stand shall be displayed, and the person having in charge the signal flag shall hoist the same as

a notice to pull up. It shall be the duty of the Starting Judge to give this rule in charge to the riders.

Rule 34th.—No two riders from the same stable shall be allowed to ride in the same race. No two horses trained in the same stable, or owned in whole or in part by the same person, shall be allowed to enter or start in the same race, and in the event of such entry of two horses being made for the same race, both the entries shall be void and the entrance money forfeited to the Club.

Rule 35th.—No rider shall be permitted to ride unless well dressed in Jockey style. To wit, Jockey cap, colored jacket, pantaloons, and boots. Liveries to be recorded in the Secretary's Book, and not permitted to be assumed by others.

Rule 36th.—Every rider after a heat is ended must repair to the Judges' stand, and not dismount from his horse until so ordered by the Judges, and then themselves carry their saddles to the scales to be weighed, nor shall any groom or other person, approach or touch any horse until after his rider shall have dismounted and removed his saddle from the horse by order of the Judges. A rider dismounting without such permission, or wanting more than one pound of his proper weight, shall be declared distanced.

Rule 37th.—The horse who has won a heat shall be entitled to the track in the next heat, and the foremost be entitled to any part of the track, he leaving sufficient space for a horse to pass him on the *outside*. But he shall not when locked by another horse leave the track he may be running in to press him to the inside or outside, and having selected his position in a straight stretch, he shall not leave it so as to press his adversary to either side, the doing of either of which shall be deemed foul riding. Should any rider cross, jostle or strike an adversary or horse, or run on his heels intentionally, or do any thing else that may impede the progress of his adversary, he will be deemed distanced although he may come out ahead, and the race awarded to the next best horse. Any rider offending against this rule, shall never be permitted to ride over or attend any horse on this Course again.

Rule 38th.—Every horse that shall fail to run outside of every pole, shall be deemed distanced, although he may come out ahead, and the race shall be awarded to the next best horse.

Rule 39th.—If a rider fall from his horse, and another person of sufficient weight rides the horse in to the Judges' stand, he shall be considered as though the rider had not fallen—provided he returns to the place where the rider fell.

Rule 40th.—A horse that does not win one heat out of three heats, shall not be allowed to start for the fourth heat, although he may have saved his distance, but shall be considered better than a horse that is distanced in the third heat.

Rule 41st.—A distanced horse in a dead heat shall not be allowed to start again in the race.

Rule 42d.—When a dead heat is made, all the horses not distanced in the dead heat, may start again, unless the dead heat be made by two horses, that, if either had been winner of the heat the race would have been decided; in which case the two only must start to decide which shall be entitled to the purse or stake. Such horses as are prevented from starting by this Rule shall be considered drawn, and all bets made on them against each other shall be drawn, excepting those that are distanced.

Rule 43d.—A horse receiving forfeit, or walking over, shall not be deemed a winner.

Rule 44th.—A bet made after the heat is over, if the horse betted on does not start again, is no bet.

Rule 45th.—A confirmed bet cannot be off without mutual consent.

Rule 46th.—If either party be absent on the day of a race, and the money be not staked, the party present may declare the bet void in the presence of the Judges, before the race commences; but if any person present offer to stake for an absentee, it is a confirmed bet.

Rule 47th.—A bet made on a heat to come, is no bet, unless all the horses qualified to start shall run, and unless the bet be between such named horses as do start.

Rule 48th.—The person who bets the odds may choose the horse or the field : when he has chosen his horse, the field is what starts against him, but there is no field unless one starts against him.

Rule 49th.—If odds are bet without naming the horses before the race is over, it must be determined as the odds were at the time of naming it.

Rule 50th.—Bets made in running, are not determined till the purse is won, if the heat is not specified at the time of betting.

Rule 51st.—Bets made on particular horses are void, if neither of them be the winner of the race, unless specified to the contrary.

Rule 52d.—Horses that forfeit are beaten horses, where it is play or pay, and not otherwise.

Rule 53d.—All bets, matches, and engagements are void on the decease of either party before determined.

Rule 54th.—Horses drawn before the purse is won are distanced.

Rule 55th.—A bet made on a horse is void if the horse betted on does not start.

Rule 56th.—When a bet is made on a heat, the horse that comes first to the ending post is best, provided no circumstance shall cause him to be deemed distanced.

Rule 57th.—All bets are understood to relate to the purse or stake, if nothing is said to the contrary.

Rule 58th.—When a bet is made upon two horses against each other for the purse, if each win a heat, and neither are distanced, they are equal—if neither win a heat, and neither distanced, they are equal. But if one wins a heat, and the other does not, the winner of the heat is best unless he shall be distanced, in which case the other, if he saves his distance, shall be considered best. If a horse wins a heat and is distanced, he shall be better than a horse that does not win a heat and is distanced, so too if one be distanced the second heat, he shall be better than one distanced the first heat.

Rule 59th.—The words “absolutely,” or “play or pay,” are necessary to be used to make a bet play or pay. “Done” and “Done” are also necessary to confirm a bet. If a bet be made, using the expression “play or pay,” and the horse die, the bet shall stand. But if the person entering the horse, or making the engagement on him dies, then the bet is void.

Rule 60th.—All members, and such of their families as reside with them, shall pass the gates free ; and the members themselves shall have free admission to the members' stand.

Rule 61st.—New members can only be admitted on recommendation. Any person wishing to become a member, must be so for the unexpired term of the Club, and must be balloted for. Three black balls shall reject. A non-resident of New York introduced by a member, can have the privilege of the enclosed space and members' stand by paying *three dollars* for the meeting.

Rule 62d.—Ten members of the Club shall be deemed a quorum for the transaction of ordinary business and admission of members, but not less than twenty to alter a fundamental rule, unless public notice shall have been given ten days of such contemplated meeting. The President or Secretary may call a meeting, and the President and Vice President failing to attend, a Chairman may be selected. Members of the Club privileged to invite their friends to the Jockey Club Dinners, by paying for the same. No ladies admitted to the Ladies' Pavilion unless introduced by a member. No citizen of the State of New York can be admitted to the privileges of the enclosed space, Members' Stand, or Ladies' Pavilion, unless he be a member.

Rule 63d.—No person shall be permitted to pass into the enclosed space, on the Union Course, without shewing his ticket at the gate, nor shall any person be permitted to remain within the enclosure, or Members' Stand, unless he wears a badge, that the officers on duty may be enabled to distinguish those privileged. Officers who shall permit the infraction of this rule shall forfeit all claim to compensation, and must be employed on this express condition.

Rule 64th.—Membership of the New York Jockey Club, shall be for three years, commencing Spring 1842—subscription Ten Dollars per annum, payable each Spring—subscription to be paid whether present or absent. Members joining at any time, whether by original signature, or on nomination, will be bound for the unexpired term of the Club from the period of joining.

The following gentlemen comprised the Executive Officers of the New York Jockey Club, at the period (Sept. 13th, 1842,) when the foregoing Rules and Regulations were adopted:—

J. PRESCOTT HALL, Esq., President.
 JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq., 1st Vice-President.
 JOHN A. KING, Esq., 2d “ “
 J HAMILTON WILKES, Esq., 3d “ “
 GERARD H. COSTER, Esq., 4th “ “
 HENRY K. TOLER, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer.

Notes of the Month.

OCTOBER.

“ Will FASHION and BOSTON come together this Fall?” is a question that is asked us at every turn. We reply “ YES—there’s no sort of doubt of it, if neither gives way in training.” But *where*? As yet no one knows—not even their owners. Mr. GIBBONS is undetermined whether to take Fashion South, or to retain her home for the three Northern meetings—at Trenton, Long Island, and Camden.

At this present writing we incline to the belief that Fashion will go South—at any rate to Baltimore, where KENDALL’s meeting comes off during the third week in October. Should she do so, she would still be able to attend the Trenton meeting (the last week in Sept.), if not that on Long Island.

There are various reasons why we deem it entirely proper to hold out unusual inducements for the purpose of bringing together two such celebrated horses as Fashion and Boston. Every one acquainted with the matter knows that if they should meet here, on a fine day, the receipts at the gates and stands would exceed \$6000—in this view of the subject proprietors of courses display no remarkable degree of liberality nor spirit in offering an extra purse of \$1500. Several have done so, and the fact has given rise to much remark prejudicial to the friends of the mare. But we take great pleasure in assuring those who have addressed us on the subject of these Extra Purses, that, so far as *Fashion* is concerned, “ *the money is no inducement nor attraction,*” whatever! Indeed Mr. GIBBONS advised the Proprietor of the Union Course (who was the first to offer an Extra Purse) not to do so, and we have his authority for stating that in no event will Fashion run for any one of those offered by the Proprietors of the Eagle, Union, or Mount Vernon Courses. Fashion if she runs at all, over either of the Courses named, will only run for the Club Purses usually given. Even if she goes to Alexandria she will not accept the \$1500 Extra offered to *her*, by Mr. MERSHON. Consequently she will not be entered in advance for any one of the different Extra Purses offered; her owner will not consent that she be “ tied up” by such an entry for one moment.

Fashion is for sale at \$12,000—the same sum that was demanded for her *before* she ran against Boston. If her friends had purchased her last Spring they would have made “ a good thing ” of it. Her owner is opposed to establishing such a precedent as that of giving an extra purse to bring particular horses together, and so long as he is held responsible by the Sporting World for the management of his mare, he certainly is entitled to the free exercise of his own judgment in the premises.

It is currently reported about town that Col. WHITE, the owner of *Blue Dick*,

has taken him out of Col. JOHNSON'S stable, for the purpose of making a campaign with him in Western Virginia, but we do not vouch for the truth of the rumor.

On the whole, with the lights now before us, we repeat the expression of our conviction, that Fashion will go South!

P.S The matter appears to be settled that FASHION and BOSTON will meet at Baltimore! Kendall's meeting commences on the 3d Tuesday, 18th of Oct., so that it may be confidently anticipated that on Friday, the 21st, Boston and Fashion, with some others, likely enough, will start for the regular Jockey Club purse for Four mile heats.

The Northern Stables are all doing well, and if none of the cracks give way in their trials—which have not yet commenced—we shall have fine sport. Mr. LAIRD has Fashion, Mariner, Clarion, Cæsar, and two others going. Young VAN MATER has four young things up for Capt. STOCKTON, two of which are of high promise. Mr. LLOYD has the own brother to Hornblower and three others. Mr. TOMS has up a string of six, with Charlotte Cushman at its head. Mr. HELLINGS, also, and several other trainers, have stables up.

From Long Island, too, the reports are equally favorable. Maj. JONES' lot, comprising Treasurer, Young Dove, and two more, are in the hands of "Billy" Baxter, and going finely. ALFRED CONOVER has up Mr. LIVINGSTON'S Columbia, a very superb mare, who is filled out and vastly improved, Mr. R. L. STEVENS' Heiress, and several others. The two Priam fillies of Capt. S. are in training "at home." There are several "singed cats" in exercise on the different "sand tracks" about the Island, and "any quantity" of "sucker horses."

Death of General Emory, of Maryland.—It is with the deepest regret that we announce the death of Gen. THOMAS EMORY, of Centreville, Eastern Shore, Md., of pulmonary consumption. Gen. E. for several years has been one of the leading breeders and turfmen of the country, and was one of the brightest ornaments of the American Turf. He was the breeder, and at the time of his death, the owner, of Lady Chfden, Grecian Princess, and other celebrated horses. The National Intelligencer, speaking of him, remarks to the following effect:—

"He was a highly esteemed citizen of Maryland, and had frequently represented his native county in the House of Delegates, and had also served in the Senate of the State, and as one of the Executive Council of the Governor under the old Constitution, besides filling many other important public stations, the duties of which were performed with the strictest integrity."

Eclipse in the Market!—Mr. WM. DODD, of Georgetown, Ky., the "Agent of Col. WM. R. JOHNSON, of Virginia," advertises for sale, Eclipse, Mons. Tonson, Sidi Hamet, and some fine Brood Mares tinted to Eclipse and Job. If not previously disposed of at private sale, they were to have been sold at auction at Lexington, on the four mile day of the races—that is, on Saturday, the 24:h Sept. Mr. D. in his advertisement remarks of Eclipse, who was *twenty-eight years old* on the 24th of May last, that,

"He is in fine health and vigor, having the appearance of his youthful days. Perhaps a horse of the same constitution never was seen or heard of before, as he is now as capable of doing as good work as any horse in the country. That Eclipse has been the most successful and profitable stallion that was ever offered to the public, few will doubt, having every year, with one exception only, met with unprecedented success. The great reputation of his stock, down to the third generation; the brilliant performance of his colts last spring, and the high confidence that is placed upon them, shows there is every prospect that he will meet with the same patronage he has always received."

Mons. Tonson is twenty-one years old, and Sidi Hamet thirteen; the Brood Mares are not described nor named. Mr. D. concludes in the following terms:—

"The above Stock are offered for sale, although a part of them are a source of great profit, because Col. Johnson has a large investment in the same kind of property, and being unable from the great distance that separates them to give that undivided attention which they naturally require."

The Cracks of South Alabama.—A letter from Hayneville, Ala., under date of the 30th Aug., informs us that the Produce Stakes there have filled remarkably well. The writer goes on to say that

“The ensuing campaign bids fair to be a very brilliant one, as there are more horses in training this season than usual, and among them cracks of no ordinary pretensions. Herewith I give you a list of the principal stables now in training, and that will be at these races.

M. L. HAMMOND has nine in his string, viz. : *Nat Bradford*, by Bertrand, out of Morocco Slipper; *Hannah Harris*, own sister to John Bascombe; *Nancy Clarke*, own sister to Nat Bradford—a good one, you know—*Hammond*, by Wild Bill, out of Bascombe's dam; *Dr. Wilson*, by Bascombe, out of Bolivia; *Little Prince*, own brother to Dr. Wilson; *Madelin Lester*, b. f., by Tarquin, out of Imp. Sarah by Sarpedon; *Yankee doodle*, b. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux; *Lowndes*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Leviathan.

Judge HUNTER has seven up, and at their head *Mary Thomas*, by Imp. Consul, dam by Randolph's Roanoke; *Thornhill*, by Imp. Glencoe out of Imp. Pickle by Emilius; *Minett*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Polly Kennedy; *Glenara*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Kitty Clover; *Tattersall*, by Imp. Emancipation, out of Volney's dam; *Graton*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux out of Eastern Mary; Bay Colt, by Imp. Luzborough.

Gen. SCOTT has six, among them are Olympus, Cherry Bounce, and some, young things.

Mary Thomas and Nat Bradford will likely come together here, (Hayneville,) and at Montgomery, on the following week.

Col. CROWELL and MYERS' stables will go on to the Augusta and Charleston races, and it is the intention of Judge Hunter to give — a taste of Mary Thomas' quality.

S. and H.

Trustee.—This fine stallion, the sire of Fashion and other good ones, has covered fifty-two “pay mares” this season in Virginia. His owner (WALTER LIVINGSTON, Esq., of Richmond, Staten Island,) has determined to send him to Kentucky this Fall, in compliance with the general and urgent request of the breeders and turfmen of that State. He will probably stand in the immediate vicinity of Lexington next year. We have before us a list of the mares bred to him this season, among which are the following favorites:—

Col. F. Thompson's Ninon de l'Enclos, the dam of Kitty Harris, Maria Louisa, the dam of Register; also Rowena, Lilly, and two others; Wm. F. Wickham's dams of Eutaw, Buccaneer, Bandit, etc.; Nicholas Biddle's Kate Kearney; Robt. L. Stevens' Polly Hopkins; Dr. J. McClellan's Mary Blunt, half sister to John Blount; Mr. Marshall's Betsey Andrew; James Long's Flirtilla, jr., the dam of Cassandra, etc.; Col. Noland's Lily, and Mr. Berkeley's Hardinia; R. B. White's dam of Moscow, Philip, Jack Pendleton, etc.; Col. C. G. Hunter's Ariel, and four others; Col. P. M. Bryan's Vashti; Col. R. W. Carter's Ariadne; Col. Robt. B. Corbin's My Lady, the dam of Passenger, etc.; Maj. J. P. Corbin's dam of Laneville; Col. W. L. White's Sally Harris, and 3 others.

Cadmus gone to Canada.—The breeders and turfmen on the other side of “the Line” will be glad to hear that Mr. COSTER's fine horse Cadmus, has left here for Toronto, under the charge of Mr. A. DE GRASSE, recently connected with this office. Cadmus will stand at Carrisbrooke Mills, on the river Don, four miles from the city of Toronto—the residence of Capt. DE GRASSE. He is the best horse on the score of blood, of form, and of performance, that has crossed “the line” from “the States.” He is by the renowned Eclipse out of Di Vernon, by Ball's Florizel, the sire of Boston's dam, and was a distinguished winner on our most fashionable courses.

Rifle Shooting.—A match has lately come off in Georgia, between the Rifle Club of Savannah, and the Leather Stocking Club of Macon. Each Club selected eight members to make twelve shots each, on their respective shooting grounds under the superintendence of two judges, the aggregate measurement from the centres of each 96 shots, to decide the prize. The following is the official report:—

To the Editors of the Savannah Republican.—Gentlemen.—As requested, I

hand you the result of the shooting match, between the "Leather Stocking Rifle Club," of Macon, and the "Savannah Rifle Club." The shooting by the first named took place on the 21st July, and by the latter on the 23d

Respectfully yours, WM. P. BOWEN, Pres Sav. R. Club.

Match with the Rifles between the Leather Stocking Club of Macon and Savannah Club. Distance 120 yards—shooting off hand. Eight members a side, fired 12 balls each.

Leather Stocking Club—96 balls fired—94 hits. Aggregate of the 94 hits, 508 7 16 inches. Nearest 12 shots by one member 46 3 16 inches.

Savannah Club—96 balls fired—96 hits. Aggregate of the 96 hits, 514 inches and 1-16. Nearest 12 shots—by one member—40 13-16 inches.

The Savannah Club has beaten the match. The prize contended for, a silver Goblet or Rifle, (value \$75,) at the option of the winning Club.

Mr. Editor.—We had rare Sport and excellent Shooting at Hoboken last Thursday, (Sept. 8.) Ten prizes were shot for, consisting of Goblets, Watches, Breastpins, &c. &c. &c.

The shooting was with the rifle, off-hand, at a distance of 140 measured yards, 50 chances, 3 shots to a chance, string or aggregate measure.

The best 3 shots measured 5 5 8 inches, the 2d best 3 shots measured 7 7 8 inches, the 3d best 9 inches, the 4th best 9 1-2, the 5th, 10, the 6th 10 3-4, the 7th 11 1-2, the 8th 14, the 9th 14 5-8, the 10th 15 3-4 inches.

By giving this a place in your very valuable and interesting Journal, you will oblige many Rifle Shooters.

LEATHER STOCKING, JUN.

New York, Sept. 12, 1842.

ROBT. L. STEVENS, Esq., of this city, in consequence of his numerous engagements, offers for sale his entire Racing Stud, comprising some of the best blood of this country and of England. Mr. S., it is well known, is at this time engaged upon an immense Steam Battery which he is building for Government for the defence of the harbor of this city.

Sale of Racing Stock in Canada.—The recent Treaty concluded between this Government and Great Britain will "not set" the Canadian Turf "forward any," as the crack regiments are to be immediately ordered home. Many of the Officers, since they have been stationed in Canada, have collected stables, which they are now obliged to dispose of. Among others, Capt. SHIRLEY, of the 7th Hussars, has particularly distinguished himself as a leading turfman, and we see by the papers, that in consequence of his immediate return to England, his establishment was to be sold, without reserve, on Saturday, the 24th ult., at the Montreal Tattersalls. It comprises the following horses:—

The Queen, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Maid of Oaks by Hickory, 8 yrs.

Emigrant, Imported (late Hopeful), by Souvenir, 7 yrs.

Tempest, by Imp. Trustee, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles, and the dam of Fordham, &c. &c., 4 yrs.

Midas, by Eclipse, dam by Bussorah, 9 yrs.

Balloon, by Timoleon, 6 yrs.

Saint Rose, (the celebrated trotting mare,) aged.

Josette and *Lisette*, grey ponies, well matched, fast trotters, 4 yrs.

Proposed Importation of CAMELS.—After having imported every variety of the breed of horses, cattle, and sheep, indeed, almost every useful animal among the "beasts of the field," in Europe or Asia, it is now suggested to our countrymen to make a trial of the *Camel*. A correspondent of the "Genessee (N. Y.) Farmer," a native of Russia, who has passed many years of his life in that portion of the Empire bordering on the Ural and Volga rivers, suggests that the Camel would prove a most valuable animal for burden in those prairies, and especially for traversing the country in the Far West, where water is sometimes not found for days. He says that camels, in the unsettled country, would be found good to carry mails and convey intelligence. Their speed is great, 120 miles being a common day's travel for speedy animals, and that the breeding of camels would not be more expensive than horses. They may be obtained on the Black Sea, and the writer suggests if Agricultural Societies would import

a few pairs, they would confer a great advantage on this country. From 600 to 1000 pounds, with a rider, is a common load for the camel; and the commonest herbage, even weeds and twigs, will suffice for their sustenance while enduring the severest labors. Mr. COLMAN, the editor of the "Farmer," is disposed to think the foregoing statements worthy of consideration. He says:—

"The facts given in respect to the speed of the camel, their strength and capacity for burden, their endurance of fatigue, and the cheapness of their support, are well established. They are as susceptible of training as the horse. They are of a mild and peaceable disposition, and live to a great age. We had supposed that they could not endure our climate, but the statement of the writer of this letter shows that it is otherwise. That they would be useful on the prairies and in the long journeys now constantly undertaken in the vast and unsettled plains towards the Rocky Mountains, into Mexico, and other territories, now and likely to remain impenetrable by carriages, it would seem but reasonable to believe."

A gentleman from Carolina informs us that Col. HAMPTON has *Monarch* in training again, with every prospect of success. If his leg stands the Charleston Jockey Club will repeat their invitation to Fashion, Boston, Reel, and other rival Champions. *Monarch* never lost a heat while on the Turf, and South Carolinians have more confidence in him than in any horse ever owned in that State.

A Chance to obtain Fine Stock.—Among the stock that will be offered at Public Sale, at the American Institute, we are authorized to say will be that of DR. JOHN A. POOL, of New Jersey, one of the most eminent of our breeders. Among them are some very choice Imported Durham Bulls, Cows, and Heifers, that have taken prizes at a number of different Fairs. He has also some very fine Jacks and Jennets for sale.

T. VAN SWEARINGEN, Esq., of Lexington, Ky., has sold to Mr. W. M. P. GREER, his b. f. *Ida*, by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam, 3 years old, for \$1,500.

TIME OF THE RACES AT GOODWOOD.

BY J. PRESCOTT HALL, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

RACE.	WINNER.	DISTANCE.	TIME.
Craven Stakes.....	Discord	1 mile and a quarter	2m.19 secs.
Drawing Room Stakes..	Envoy	2 miles and a qr....	3 51½
Gratwicke Stakes	Robt. De Gorham	1 mile and a half..	2 52
Goodwood Club	The Tiger	1 mile and a quarter	2 27
Match,1000.....	Charles XII.....	2 miles and three qrs	5 4
Queen's Plate.....	Vibration	3 miles and five furls	7 13½
Stewards' Cup.....	Lady Adela ...	3 quarters of a mile.	1 17
Stand Plate.....	The Currier ...	1 mile (1st heat)....	2 3½
.....	(2d heat)	1 47½
.....	(3d heat)	1 56½
Goodwood Stakes.....	Retriever.....	2 miles and three qrs	4 54
Cowdray Stakes	Cecil	3 quarters of a mile.	1 23½
Members' Plate	The Young-un...	once round.....	5 44
Sweepstakes of 25 each.	Dead heat.....	3 quarters of a mile.	1 19½
Molecomb Stakes.....	The Caster	ditto	1 23½
D of Richmond's Plate	Camelino	1 mile	1 49½
Goodwood Cup.....	Charles XII	2 miles and three qrs	4 57
March Stakes (1st class)	African	3 quarters of a mile.	1 21½
Ditto (2d class)	Tiptoe	ditto	1 23
Nassau Stakes.....	Dil-bar.....	1 mile.....	1 49
Chesterfield Cup.....	Retriever.....	1 mile and a quarter.	2 20½

Taking the rate throughout Retriever ran the first two miles in 3 min. 34 secs, which is quicker by 7 secs. than the fastest two miles (Grey Eagle's) ever ran in America. The Chesterfield Cup, although a shorter length, was much slower. We suspect that many of the Goodwood courses are either above or under the nominal distance—would it not be as well to have them measured?

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1842.

Embellishment:

A LOUISIANA DEER:

Engraved by A. HALBERT from an original painting, by T. B. THORP, of Louisiana,
In the collection of WM. R. BARROW, Esq., of St. Francisville, La.

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RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

- AUGUSTA, Ga. - - Hampton Course J. C. Fall Races, last Wednesday in Nov.
HINDS CO., Miss. - Oakland Course, Colts' Stake, six subs., 1st Tuesday, 1st Nov.
" " " Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Thursday, 3d Nov.
LITTLE ROCK, Arks. Far West Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Nov.
MEMPHIS, Tenn. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Nov.
MOBILE, Ala. - - Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d week in Dec.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, 1st Nov.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 23d Nov.
NEW ORLEANS, La. Metarie Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 14th Dec.
" " " Louisiana Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Dec.
TRENTON, N.J. - - Eagle Course, Second Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, Nov. 1st.



A. LOUISIANA DEER.

From an Original Picture in the Collection of Wm. R. Barron Esq. of Louisiana

DONCASTER RACES, 1842.

BY RIDDLESWORTH.

To those, who, like myself, make it their business to observe by-gone events, and form a judgment thereupon, the present rage for racing prophecy must afford great fun. The easy self-possession, and complete security with which folks promulgate the oracle, as if infallibility were their prerogative, is of itself sufficiently amusing,—but the cool confidence with which they twist events, and torture facts which disappoint their expectations so as to claim great credit for their foresight, out-herods Herod.

“Vates,” first brought this fashion into vogue in the distressing columns (small print don’t suit weak eyes) of that best of sporting sheets “Bell’s Life,” by a truly happy prediction, realised by the event of Phosphorus and Caravan running first and second for the Derby. Since this event, with various success, “Vates” has regularly issued forth his prophecy,—a document which always shows superior judgment, clouded in a metaphorical mass of rhyme, which clogs the understanding without pleasing the ear, and adds to the mystery without increasing the merit of his performance. On the whole, “Vates” has had fair luck, and in foretelling the success of Attila for the Derby, 1842, is still ahead of his competitors.

The defection of “Vates” from the columns of “Bell” induced our tall friend with the specs to take unto himself two other prophets, yclept “Pegasus” and “Agrippa,” but their performances have not been very successful; in the instance of this St. Leger, just past, however, I must praise the candor of one, who very successfully burlesqued the custom of vaticination by ending his rigmarole with—

“Which is the winner,—hang me if I know.”

Last on the list, but first in judgment, tact, and observation, comes the prophet of the Morning Post, “Judex,” and his chief merit consists in the fair and candid manner in which he gives his reasons for arriving at conclusions which are generally founded in sound sense, and told in a straightforward and unaffected manner, which, to use a very commercial phrase, “looks like business.”

“Vates” for the late Leger, foretold success to Attila, at which I cannot but much wonder, after his Goodwood exhibition. Pegasus and Judex patronised Rosalind, wherefore, it would be very hard to say if we are to judge from public performances, which, after all, are the best data in the long run. Agrippa having frequently burnt his fingers, and *never* got any chesnuts, wisely abstained, saying with great truth, as the event proved—

Thus it appears
That modern seers
Know nought for *sartain* ;
And Prophecy
Is all my eye
And Betty *Martin*.

Now, friend reader, I'll give you a couple of conundra thereupon, and, if you cover up the answers, I PROPHECY that you won't guess them.

First then,—“Why are ‘Vates,’ ‘Judex,’ ‘Agrippa,’ and ‘Pegasus,’ like bad debts ?”

D'ye give it up ?

Because they are not *true profits*.—

And again—“Why are ‘Vates,’ ‘Judex,’ ‘Agrippa,’ and ‘Pegasus,’ true prophets ?”

D'ye give that up too ?

Why, because they are *four seers*.—to be sure.

There is, however, one more dabbler in the art, who should not be passed over altogether without notice. This is he who “does the unknown” for the “Morning Herald,” and who excels all the others in ingenuity in asserting his reverses to be successes, if he does not always command success itself at first hand. Joking apart, this writer is the “very blind leading the blind,” and how many he has tumbled into the ditch, can only be ascertained by counting those whom he led,—not many I should think. For the Derby, in this year, he named Attila, and five others, and afterwards took credit to himself for having picked out the winner. At Doncaster, whither he went avowedly to pick up the crumbs of knowledge on the spot, he was doubly unfortunate, for he said—“that Attila *must* win was every one's avowed conviction—my impression is now to the same effect.”—And then he adds, “Two new outsiders have just appeared, viz. :—Lord Eglinton's Blue Bonnet, and Mr. Owsley's Happy-go-Lucky. *They will at all events strengthen the field numerically !*” One of them did “*strengthen the field*” with a vengeance.

But enough of this *profitless* talk—well may we paraphrase the poet—

“Dip deep, or taste not *Turfiana's* spring—”

on seeing such “authority” as this put forward to be followed by those who plead guilty of ignorance in sporting matters.

Doncaster never saw a meeting more promising in its appearances, nor, as it proved, more important in its results, than that which opened with a beautiful morning on Monday the 12th of September, A. D. 1842. On that morning the heath had its customary assemblage of early birds, looking out to pick up the late bird's breakfast, by speculating on the galloping of the various strings ; but alas ! many found to their cost in the evening that they had not risen early enough *on that morning* to learn *the secret*.

The Champagne Stakes, the first race of the day, was a most interesting one, bringing together, as it did, The British Yeoman, a first favorite for the Derby, 1843, Maria Day, a first favorite for

the Oaks, of the same year, and The Caster, a very promising two year old, who by his running at Goodwood had made many friends ; Winter, and Lady Skipsey made up the field. The British Yeoman being comparatively unknown, The Caster was the favorite at even betting, but the Yeoman made a sad example of them all, going in by himself in a canter, and leaving the others to tussle for the subordinate places, which they did worthily, The Caster beating Maria Day by half a length, and she in turn beating Winter by a neck. Shortly after the race Mr. Bond bid 1500 guineas for the winner, which was refused, and on an advance being subsequently tendered, he was given to understand that money would not buy him. This shows a right spirit.

The Great Yorkshire Handicap brought out a field capital as to numbers, and of no despicable merit ; the favourites were Charles XII., Disclosure, Iliona, and Retriever ; Charles, being the first favorite at 4 to 1, and brother to Garland, the winner, standing at 10 to 1.

The field and weights were as follows :—

Sir C. Monck's b. c. Brother to Garland, by Langar, 3 yrs., 5st. 12lb.....	W. Hebdale
Mr. Powlett's br. f. Disclosure, by Muley Moloch, 4 yrs., 7st.....	T. Lye.....
Mr. Robertson's b. h. Little Wonder, by Muley, 5 yrs., 9st.....	Robinson..
Mr. Johnstone's br. h. Charles XII., by Voltaire, 9 yrs., 9st. 12lbs.....	J. Marson ..
Mr. Crawford's br. f. by Langar, out of Mermaid, 3 yrs., 5st. 8lb.....	Arthur.....
Mr. Vansittart's b. c. Galaor, by Muley Moloch, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.....	Cartwright..
Major Hay's ch. h. Retriever, by Recovery, 6 yrs., 7st. 9lb.....	Murphy.....
Colonel Cradock's b. c. Pagan, by Muley Moloch, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb.....	W. Oates ..
Mr. Clark's b. c. William le-Gros, by Veloc pede, 3 yrs., 6st. 3lb.....	J. Howlett..
Mr. Peck's b. c. Paragon, by Muley Moloch, 3 yrs. 6st. 3lb.....	Bell.....
Mr. Osbaldeston's br. c. Devil among the Tailors, by The Saddler, 3 yrs. 5st. 12lb.....	Simpson.....
Mr. Bell's b. c. Thirsk, by Voltaire, 4 yrs., 7st.....	Bumby.....
Lord Palmerston's b. m. Iliona, by Priam, 5 yrs., 8st.....	W. Day.....
Mr. Jones' b. g. Tubalcain, by Cain, 6 yrs., 7st. 6lb.....	Copeland..

Neither Retriever nor Charles were in the best trim, and Retriever, who made the running as at Goodwood, was soon run to a stand still. The race was won by a length ; Little Wonder, who broke down, ran a capital horse, outweighed as he was, and saved his stake ; Galaor was fourth.

Her Majesty's Plate was carried off by Moss Trooper from Jack Shepherd, Woldsman, and Yorkshire Lady ; and a walk over by Lama for the Four Year Old Produce Stakes, concluded a happy day for the fielders.

The evening was marked by the appearance of Blue Bonnet as a "pet" for the St. Leger, and as she rapidly rose from 46 to 1 to 12 to 1 many people opened their eyes, until they wisely shut their mouths.

Tuesday dawned with all the rumors of pro and con every thing and every body, usual on such a day. The first astonishment was the non-starting of Mr. Meiklan's Colt, who has proved himself altogether very "Agreeable" to his backers ! The second was the steady advance of Blue Bonnet from 12,—to 8 to 1.

After a walk over by Amiene for the Two Year Old Produce Stakes, and a burlesque upon racing between the Lady of Silverkeld Well and Mr. Mostyn's Colt by Bay Middleton, the former winning by half a mile (more or less) ; the following seventeen nags came to the post for the Great St. Leger Stakes, 1842.

THE GREAT ST. LEGER, 1842

Lord Eglinton's b. f. <i>Blue Bonnet</i> , by Touchstone, out of Maid of Melrose.....	T. Lye.....
General Yates' br. c. Seahorse, by Camel, out of Seabreeze.....	Chapple.....
Mr. Kuching's or. f. Priscilla Tomboy, by Tomboy, out of Catalini.....	Oates.....
Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. Fireaway, by Freney, out of Taglion.....	Jaques.....
Mr. Maher's c. Ballinkeelee, by Birdcatcher, out of Perdita.....	J. Robinson.....
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Cabrera, by Tomboy, out of Dimid's dam.....	Noble.....
Col. Anson's b. c. Attila, by Colwick, out of Progress.....	W. Scott.....
Mr. Thompson's br. f. Pharmacopœia, by Physician, dam by Muley, out of Mussulman's dam.....	Nat Flatman.....
Mr. Dixon's b. c. Policy, by Bustard, out of Lacerta.....	J. Butler.....
Mr. Bell's b. c. Eboracum, by St. Nicolas, out of Vermillion's dam.....	R. Hesseltime.....
Mr. G. Clark's b. g. Master Thomas, by Tomboy, out of Mamzel Otz.....	Holmes.....
Mr. Tombe's br. f. Rosalind, by Touchstone, out of Harm ny.....	Rogers.....
Mr. S. King's b. c. Cattonite, by Muley Molech, out of Jubilee.....	J. Day.....
Mr. Meiklam's b. c. Aristotle, by Physician, out of Solace.....	T. Mpleman.....
Mr. Owsley's b. c. Happy-go-Lucky, by Young Emilius, out of Catherine.....	Bradley.....
Mr. Price's b. f. Marian, by The Mole, out of Agnes.....	Cartwright.....
Lord Miltown's ch. c. Scalteen, by Philio the First, out of Brandy Bet.....	Calloway.....

The closing odds were—

11 to 8 agst Attila	15 to 1 agst Policy
7 to 1 — Ballinkeelee	20 to 1 — Seahorse
8 to 1 — Blue Bonnet	25 to 1 — Master Thomas
10 to 1 — Cabrera	25 to 1 — Scalteen
12 to 1 — Rosalind	500 to 5 — Cattonite (taken)
13 to 1 — Eboracum	1000 to 10 — Priscilla Tomboy (taken)
14 to 1 — Fireaway	1000 to 5 — Happy-go-Lucky (taken)

The race may be described in very few words—Attila took the lead at a pace by which he intended to cut down all his adversaries, but by some mistake he was himself the first to give way, when Eboracum forced the running. Having disposed of Attila, Eboracum in turn gave way to Cabrera, Fireaway, and Rosalind, Blue Bonnet being in their rear; to these came up Priscilla, Tomboy, and Seahorse, who had throughout laid far—too far—in my opinion, out of his ground; Cabrera and Rosalind having declined, the race remained amongst the others. Blue Bonnet passed each in succession, and went in a clever winner by a length,—Seahorse beating Tomboy by half a length for second place, and Fireaway repeating his Goodwood exhibition of kicking opposite to the Stand. Ballinkeelee was fifth, Cabrera sixth, then Eboracum—after him Attila, Pharmacopœia, and Policy. Cattonite having the exclusive honor of being first at the wrong end.

The ladies seem fond of Tommy Lye, at least the quadruped ladies, for I do not suppose that any biped could admire a man, even in winning the St. Leger, with his knees tucked up to his nose. A very awkward seat has "Toomy," but withal, that which stands him in good stead, a most clear noddle. But Tommy's chief successes have been with the ladies. He guided that good mare, the Queen of Trumps, through her best victories. 'Tis seven years since last a filly won the great St. Leger, and Tommy's glory has slept just as long, at least as far as this race is concerned, whilst Lilius, Queen of Trumps, and Our Nell, record his only Epsom triumphs.

The hubbub over, came the Cleveland Handicap, won by Bilingham Lass, beating Knight of the Whistle, colt by Retainer, Idolatry, Compensation, and Frea; the winner being the favorite at 2 to 1 against her. The race was interesting only to the principals concerned, and the day's sport concluded with another bonus for the fielders in the defeat of Jack Shepherd (backed at 5 to 4 on him) by Pagan.

Wednesday brought out three cripples for the Foal Stakes, Cabrera, notoriously unfit, beating Auckland and Rover, who was lame at starting, and broke down in the race. The Selling Stakes brought four to run for a buyer at 200 sovs., and Lara gained the day, although I did not hear that any body gave the price in consequence of the performance.

For the Municipal Stakes came out Napier, a fine striding colt, Aristides, a Goodwood winner, and fast for a short distance, and Mr. Wreford's Monimia colt, of which "the stable" had a great idea. Napier made sad examples of them both, and the Monimia colt cut up very badly, but he is too big to be in form as a two-year-old.

The Shadow carried off the Corporation Plate in two heats, beating Beeswax, Welfare (who ran very badly) and Baronet, with ease.

Thursday put the seal on The British Yeoman's first performance, in the event of the Two Year Old Stakes, which came off thus, The Yeoman being, of course, first favorite;—

The TWO YEAR OLD STAKES of 20 sovs. each; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; the second horse to save his stake.—T.Y.C.—Thirty-six subs.

Mr. Blakelock's br. c. <i>A British Yeoman</i> , by Liverpool, out of Fancy.....	<i>S. Templeman</i>	1
Lord Westminster's b. f. Maria Day, by Physician. out of Young Lady Erne.....	2
Mr. Clark's br. c. The Era, by Plenipo, out of Sister to Memnon.....	3

Eight others also started, but were not placed.

To this succeeded the Cup, which, as a matter of course, went to add to the trophies of old Beeswing, the other starters being Charles XII. (second), The Shadow (third), and Attila (last). Attila, I presume, ran on the chance of all the others tumbling down, as he was last from end to end.

Friday brought an interesting fact in the defeat of the Leger winner by Col. Cradock's Sally for

The PARK HILL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three year olds; fillies 8st. 7lb. each; the second to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes.—St. Leger Course.—Twenty-nine subs.

Colonel Cradock's b. f. <i>Sally</i> , by Sleet Anchor.....	<i>S. Templeman</i>	1
Lord Eglington's b. f. Blue Bonnet, by Touchstone.....	2
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Dilbar, by Touchstone.....	3
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. f. Firebrand, sister to Phosphorus.....	4
Sir R. Bulkeley's ch. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Adriana.....	5

The betting was 5 to 4 on Blue Bonnet, 2 to 1 agst. Sally, 5 to 1 agst. Dilbar, and 10 to 1 agst. each of the others. Firebrand took the lead at a moderate pace, followed by Blue Bonnet, Sally, the Adriana filly, and Dilbar last. The speed increased at the hill, but was never good until they reached the Red House, where Firebrand gave up, and Blue Bonnet went on with the running, Sally waiting on her; at the distance the latter challenged, got her head in front at the Stand and after a long set-to, won by a neck. Dilbar was a bad third.

The other events, as is usual on "last days," were of little interest, viz,—the Scarborough Stakes, won by Brother to Garland, beating Moss Trooper and Master Thomas: the Innkeeper's Plate, won by Edmond, beating Billingham Lass, Our Nell, (!) and six others, and the Town Plate, won by The Shadow, beating Lara, and Arnagill.

This meeting was altogether a gold mine to the fielders, and its

results were most important in the running of the two year olds, although there is, in my humble opinion, nothing to justify the odds at which The British Yeoman stands for the Derby, 1843. The Caster (said to have beaten Napier in a trial) came out badly; but the best two year olds at Doncaster, 1842, were certainly The Yeoman, Maria Day, and Napier.

That the winner of the Leger has seen her best day is my decided opinion; that she was "a flyer" was known to *some*, far back as at Epsom, when she would have won the Oaks had she been *fit*. At Goodwood she was *not fit*, and at Doncaster she was *fit on the day*, and *not fit* two days afterwards. I think she must be classed with Phosphorus, Satirist, "*et hoc genus omne*," in the HERO OF A DAY list.

I think that I cannot better conclude this somewhat lengthy account, than by adopting my Goodwood fashion of summing up the results of the meeting. This summary, however, will not stand comparison with that of Goodwood, whether we look to the number or value of the stakes—the quantity, or the quality.

STATISTICS OF THE DONCASTER MEETING, 1842.

STAKES.	Winner.	Amount including Winners' Stakes.	started	Distance.			Time.
				m.	f.	y.	
Champagne	British Yeoman	£ 925	5	0	5	164	1 13
Gt. Yorkshire Handicap.	Brother to Garland	1,335	14	1	6	132	3 27
Queen's Plate	Moss Trooper	105	4	3	7	219	
Produce Stake	Lara	200	1	2	0	15	
Produce Stake	Amiene	250	1	0	5	164	
Sweepstakes	Lady of Silverkeld Well.	250	2	1	4	0	
St. Leger	Blue Bonnet	3,650	17	1	6	132	3 20
Cleveland Handicap	Biltingham Lass	305	6	1	0	0	
Chesterfield	Pagan	110	2	1	4	0	
Doncaster	Master Thomas	80	1	2	0	15	
Foal	Cabrera	600	3	1	4	0	
Selling	Lara	90	4	1	6	132	
Municipal	Napier	2,100	3	0	5	164	
Corporation Plate	Shadow	63	4	2	0	15	
Three-Year-Old-Stakes	Artful Dodger	1,200	1	1	6	132	
Two-Year-Old-Stakes	British Yeoman	700	11	0	7	189	1 46
The Cup	Bee's-wing	300	4	2	5	14	4 44
Gascoigne	Attila	190	1	1	6	132	
Scarborough	Brother to Garland	210	3	1	0	0	
Park Hill	Sally	850	5	1	6	132	3 27
Innkeepers' Plate	Edmond	265	9	0	5	164	
Town Plate	Shadow	100	3	2	0	15	heats

SUMMARY :

No. of Stakes 22.—Gross value £13,268.—Horses started 104

24th September, 1842.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for September, 1842.



OF Y^o RUNNING HORSE.

THE following pages are extracts from a torn portion of a curious old work on racing and training, which was accidentally found a short time ago on rummaging over an old book-case; and as they tend to shew the system pursued by our ancestors of sporting celebrity, and contain moreover divers hints which may not altogether prove useless to the crack trainers of the present day, it is presumed that they may not prove unacceptable to the readers of the "Sporting Magazine."

Unfortunately that portion which treats of the diet, management, and training of the racer during the first fortnight has been lost; but, as in each succeeding fortnight the quality of the horse's food is improved and his labor increased, it will not be a difficult matter for any person to supply from imagination the treatment that was probably recommended in the lost leaves of the work, if we except, in all likelihood, some curious old medicinal prescriptions, the omission of which will probably not be very severely felt either by veterinarians or amateur horse-doctors.

The writer concludes his observations on the treatment of "the running horse" during the first fortnight with the following pithy remark:—

Fourthly and lastly, observe to give your heats (the weather being seasonable) as early in the morning as you can, that is, by the spring of the day: but by no means in the dark, for it is to the horse unwholesom and unpleasant, to the man a great testimony of folly, and to both an act of danger and precipitation.

THE SECOND FORTNIGHT'S KEEPING.

Now to descend to your second fortnight's keeping touching your first approach to the stable, and all other by-respects, as cleansing, shaking up of litter, and the like, you should do all things as in the first fortnight. Onely before you put on his bridle, you shall give him a quart or better of clean sifted oats, which as soon as he hath eaten, you shall then bridle him up, and dress him in all points, as was declared in the first fortnight: you shall clothe him, saddle him, air, water, and bring him home in all points as in the first fortnight; onely you shall not put any hay in his rack to tear out; but onely draw with your hand as much fine sweet hay (which you shall toss and dust well) as you can well grip, and let him as he standeth on the bridle tear it out of your hand, which if he do greedily and earnestly, then you may give him another and another, and so let him stand on the bridle an hour or more after. Then come to him, and, after rubbing and other ceremonies before declared performed, sift and dust up the quantity of a quart of oats, and set them by; then take a loaf of bread that is at least three days old, made after this manner:—

The first Bread.—Take three pecks of clean beans, and one peck of fine wheat, and mix them together and grind it to pure meal.

Then searse and bolt through a reasonable fine range, and knead it up with great store of barm and lightning, but with as little water as may be; labour it in the trough with all painfulness; tread it, break it, and after cover it warm, and let it lie a pretty space in the trough to swell; then after knead it over again and mould it into big loaves, and so bake them well and let them soak soundly: after they are drawn from the oven, turn the bottoms upward and so let them cool.

At three days old you may adventure to give this bread, but hardly sooner, for nothing doth occasion surfeit or is more dangerous than new bread; yet, if necessity compel you that you must sooner give this bread, or that the bread be dank and clammy, so as the horse taketh distaste thereat, then cut the loaf into thin shives, and lay it abroad in a sieve to dry, and then, crumbling it small amongst his oats, you may give it without danger.

But to return to my purpose where I left: when you have taken a loaf of this bread of three days old, you shall chip it very well, then cut it into thin shives, and break three or four shives thereof (which may countervail the quantity of the oats) very small, and mix it with the oats you had before sifted, and so give them to the horse.

About eleven of the clock you shall come to the horse, and having performed your by-ceremonies before spoken of,* you shall give him the same quantity of bread and oats as you did in the morning, and so let him rest till the afternoon.

At one of the clock in the afternoon (or after, if you intend not to give him an heat the next day) you shall feed him with bread and oats as you did in the forenoon, and so consequently every meal following for that day, observing every action and motion as hath been before declared.

But if you intend the next day to give him an heat (to which I now bend mine arm), you shall then onely give him a quart of sweet oats, and as soon as they are eaten, put on his bridle, and tie up his head, not forgetting all by-ceremonies before declared. Then dress him, clothe him, saddle him, air and water him, as before shewed; also bring him home, and order him as before shewed, onely give him no hay at all.

After he hath stood an hour on the bridle, give him, as before, a quart of clean sifted oats: when he hath eaten them, you shall then put on his head a sweet clean washt muzzle, and so let him rest till nine of the clock at night.

Now touching the use of the muzzle, and which is the best, you shall understand, that as they are most useful being good and rightly made, so they are dangerous and hurtful, being abused and falsly made.

The true use of them is to keep the horse from eating up his litter, from gnawing upon boards and mud-walls, and indeed to keep him from eating any thing but what he receiveth from your hand.

These muzzles are sometimes made of leather, and stampt full

Probably grōoming, and dressing, setting the stable fair, &c.

of holes, or else close, but they are unsavory and unwholesome ; for if it be allom'd leather, the allom is offensive ; if it be liquor'd, the grease and ouze are full as unpleasant ; besides they are too close and hot, and both make a horse sick, cause him to forbear rest, and retain his dung longer in his body than he otherwise would do.

The best summer-muzzle is the net-muzzle, made of strong pack-thread, and knit, exceeding thick, and with small meshes at the bottom, and so enlarged wider and wider up to the middle of the horse's head, and then bound about the top with strong tape—upon the near-side a loop, and on the far-side a long tape to be fastened unto the horse's head.

The best winter-muzzle is that which is made of strong double canvas, with a round bottom, and a square lattice-window of small tape, before both his nostrils down to the very bottom of the muzzle ; this must also have a loop and a string to fasten it about the horse's head.

At nine of the clock at night coming to the horse again, after your by-ceremonies, before taught, are performed, give him a quart of clean-sifted oats ; and as soon as he hath eaten them, put on his muzzle, toss up his litter, and leave him to his rest.

The next day, early in the morning before day, come to the horse (if he be standing on his feet), but if he be laid, by no means disturb him.

Now whilst he is lying, or if he be standing, take a quart of clean oats well sifted, and rub between your hands, and wash them in a little strong ale or beer, and so give them to the horse.

As soon as he has eaten them, bridle him up, and hang by his muzzle in some sweet place ; then unclothe him and dress him as hath been before shewed ; after, put on his body-cloth and breast-cloth, and saddle him ; then being ready to go forth with him, take his bridle-rein and draw it over the top of the rack so as you may draw his head aloft. Then take a new-laid egg, washt clean, and break it in his mouth, make him to swallow it down ; then wash his tongue and mouth with a little beer, and so lead him forth of the stable.

When you are come within a mile, or thereabouts, of the starting-post, you shall alight from the horse's back, and take off his body-cloth and breast-cloth, and then girt on the saddle again : then sending away your groom both with those clothes and the clean dry rubbing-clothes, let him stay at the last end of the race till you come. Then yourself rack your horse gently up to the starting-post, and beyond ; make your horse smell to that post, as you shall also do at the first post, which we call the weighing post, that he may thereby take notice of the beginning and ending of his course. And there start your horse roundly and sharply at near a three-quarters speed ; and according to his strength of body, ability of mind, and cheerfulness of spirit, run him the whole course through. But by no means do any thing in extremity, and above his wind and strength ; but when you find him a little yield, then give him a little ease, so that all he doth may be done with plea-

sure, and not with anguish: for this manner of training will make him take delight in his labor, and so increase it; the contrary will breed discomfort, and make exercise irksome.

Also, during the time that you thus course your horse, you shall with all carefulness note upon what ground he runneth best; as whether upon the hill, whether on the smooth earth or on the rough, whether on the wet or on the dry, or whether on the level or the earth that is somewhat rising; and, according as you find his nature and disposition, so maintain him for your own advantage.

When you have thus coursed the course over strongly and swiftly, and after a little slightly gallopt him up and down the field, to rake his wind and cheer his spirit, you shall then (your groom being ready with your clothes and other necessaries) ride to some warm place, as under the cover of some hedge, bushes, or trees, into some hollow dry ditch, pit, or other defence from the air, and there alight from his back, and first with a grasing-knife, or scraping-knife as some call it, made either of some broken sword-blade, some old broken scythe, or, for want of them, a thin piece of old hard oaken wood, fashioned like a broad long knife with a sharp edge: and using this with both your hands, scrape off all the sweat from your horse in every part of him wheresoever you find any wet: and thus do till you find there will not more sweat arise; and ever and anon move and stir the horse up and down, and then with dry cloths rub the horse all over exceedingly. Then take off the saddle, and having glazed, scraped, and rubbed his back, put on his body-cloth and his breast-cloth, and then set on the saddle again and girt it: then gallop the horse gently forth, and again a little space, ever and anon rubbing his head, neck, and body, as you sit on his back; then walk him about the fields and downs to cool him, and when you find that he drieth apace, then rack him gently homewards, sometimes racking, and sometimes galloping. But by no means bring him to the stable till you find he have not one wet hair about him. When you have brought him to the stable-door dry, there dismount, then lead him into his stall, and there tie his head gently up to the rack with his bridle; which done, presently, as having prepared it before, give the horse this scowring following, and made in this manner.

THE FIRST SCOWRING.

Take a pint of the best sweet sack, and put thereto better than an ounce of the clearest and purest rosin bruised to a very fine dust, and brew them together exceeding much; then when the sack and it is incorporated together, put thereto half a pint of the best sallet-oyl, and brew them also well together; then lastly, take a full ounce and an half of brown sugar-candy beaten to powder, and put it in also; then mull also upon the fire, and being lukewarm, and the horse newly come in from his heat, as before I shewed you, draw his head up to the rack, and with an horn give him this scowring, for it is a strong one, and this taketh away and avoideth all manner of molten grease and foulness whatsoever.

THE ORDERING OF THE HORSE AFTER TH'S SCOWRING.

As soon as you have given the horse this scowring, presently

let your groom fall to rubbing of his legs, and do yourself take off his saddle and clothes, and finding his body dry, run slightly over it with your currycomb, after with the brush. Then dust well, and lastly rub all his body over exceedingly well with dry cloths, especially his head, nape of the neck, and about his heart; then clothe him up warm, as at his other ordinary times, and wisp him round with great warm wisps; and if you throw over him a little loose blanket it will not be amiss in these extraordinary times, especially if the season be cold.

Your horse must fast full two hours after the receipt of this scowring; but yet depart not yourself, or your groom out of the stable, but stay and keep the horse stirring and waking; partly by extraordinary noise and clamour, and partly by action about him, or making him move up and down as he standeth. There is nothing more hurtful to the horse, or working of the medicine, than sleep, stilness, and rest, and nothing better or more available to the working of the medicine than action and motion; for they make the spirits lively, and stir up those humours which should be removed when rest keeps the spirits dull, and the humours so enclosed and reserved that Nature hath nothing to work upon.

After your horse hath fasted upon his bridle two hours or more, then you shall take a handful of wheat-ears, being your pollard, that is, without rough beards, and coming to the horse, first handle the roots of his ears, then put your hands under his clothes, against his heart, upon his filets, flanks, and on the nether parts of his thighs; and if you find any new sweat to arise, or any coldness of sweat, or if you see his body beat, or his breath move fast, then forbear to give him any thing; for it is a pregnant sign that there is much foulness stirred up, on which the medicine working with a conquering quality, the horse is brought to a little heart-sickness. Therefore in this case you shall onely take off his bridle, and put on his collar, then toss up his litter that he may lie down, and then absent yourself (having made the stable dark and still) for two hours more at the least, which is the utmost end of that sickness.

But if you find no such offence, then you shall proffer him the ears of wheat by three or four together; and if he eats this handful, then give him another.

After he hath eaten the wheat-ears, you shall then give him a little bundle of hay, such as hath been before declared, and draw his bridle, rubbing his head well.

An hour or better after he hath had his hay, you shall sift him a quart of the best oats, and to them you shall put two or three handfuls of spelted beans, which you shall cause to be ree'd and dressed as clean as possible from all manner of hulls, dust, and filth whatsoever, so as there may be nothing but the clean spelted beans themselves. To these oats and beans you shall break two or three good thick shives of bread, clean chipt, and give all unto the horse, and so leave him to his rest for near three hours, or thereabouts.

At evening before you dress your horse, give him the like quantity of oats, spelted beans, and bread, and when he hath eaten them,

then bridle him up and dress him, as before shewed ; after he is drest, clothe him up, for you shall neither saddle him nor ride him forth ; for you shall understand that this evening after his heat, the horse being inwardly foul, and the scowring yet working in his body, he may not receive any water at all.

After the horse is drest, and hath stood an hour and a half upon his bridle, you shall then take three pints of clean-sifted oats, and wash them in strong ale or beer, and so give them to the horse ; for this will inwardly cool and refresh him as if he had drunk water.

After he hath eaten all his washt meat, and rested upon it a little space, you shall then at his feeding times, which have been spoken of before, with oats and spelt beans, or oats and bread, or all together, or each several and simple of itself (as you shall find the stomach of the horse best addicted to receive it), feed him that night in a plentiful manner, and leave a knop of hay in the rack when you go to your bed.

The next day, very early as may be, first feed, then dress, after clothe, saddle, then air him abroad, and water him, as hath been before shewed ; after, bring him home, and feed him with oats, spelt beans, and bread, as was last of all declared ; onely very little hay, and keep your heating days and the preparation the day before in such wise as hath been also formerly declared, without any omission or addition. Thus you shall spend the second fortnight, in which your horse, having received four heats soundly given unto him, and four scowrings, there is no doubt but that his body will be inwardly clean. You shall then the third fortnight order him according to these rules which hereafter follow :—

THE THIRD FORTNIGHT'S KEEPING.

The third fortnight you shall make his bread finer than it was formerly ; as thus :—

The second Bread.—You shall take two pecks of clean beans, and two pecks of fine wheat, grind them on the black stones, searce them through a fine range, and knead it up with barm and great store of lightning, working it in all points, and baking it in the same sort as was shewed you in the former bread.

With this bread, having the crust cut clean away, and being old (as was before shewed), with clean-sifted oats, and with clean drest spelt beans, you shall feed your horse this fortnight as you did in the fortnight before : you shall observe his dressing, airing, and hours of feeding, as in the former fortnight ; also you shall observe his heating-days, and the day before his heat, as in the former fortnight, onely with these differences :—

First, you shall not give his heats so violently as before, but with a little more pleasure ; that is to say, if the first heat be of force and violence, the second heat shall be of pleasure and ease, and indeed none at all to overstrain the horse or to make his body sore.

Next, you shall not after his heats, when he cometh home, give him any more of the former scowring, but instead thereof you shall instantly upon the end of your heat, after the horse is a little cool'd

and clothed up, and in the same place where you rub him, by drawing his head up aloft as you sit in the saddle, or raising it up otherwise, give him a ball somewhat bigger than a French wall-nut, hull and all, of that confection which is mentioned before, of the true manner of making of cordial-balls.

THE FOURTH AND LAST FORTNIGHT'S KEEPING.

Now to return again to my purpose. Having spent the three first fortnights, you shall, the fourth and the last fortnight, make your horse's bread much finer than either of the former.

The last Bread.—Take three pecks of fine wheat, and put in one peck of clean beans; grind them to powder on the black stones, and bolt them through the finest bolter you can get; then knead them up with very sweet ale-barm, and new strong ale and the barm beaten together, and also the whites of at least twenty eggs; in anywise no water at all, but instead thereof some small quantity of new milk. Then work it up and labor it with all painfulness that may be, as was shewed in the first bread; then bake it and order it as was declared in the other.

With this bread (having the crust cut clean away, and with oats well sunned, beaten, and rubbed over with your hands, then new winnowed and sifted, and most finely drest, that there may be neither light ones nor foul ones, nor any false grain amongst them; and with the purest spelted beans that can be tryed out) feed your horse at his ordinary feeding times, in such wise as you did in the fortnight last mentioned before.

You shall keep his heating-days the first week of this last fortnight in such wise as you did in the former fortnight: but in the last week you shall forbear one heat, and not give him any heat five days before his Match at the least, only you shall give him long and strong airings to keep him in wind.

You shall not need this fortnight to give him any scowring at all.

If this fortnight, morning and evening, you burn upon a chafing-dish of coals in your stable of the purest olibanum or frankincense mixt with storax and Benjamin, to perfume and sweeten the room, you shall find it exceeding wholesome for the horse, and he will take delight therein.

In this fortnight when you give your horse any washt meat, wash it not in ale or beer, but in the whites of eggs or Muscadine, for that is more wholesome and less pursie.

This fortnight give your horse no hay at all, but what he taketh out of your hand after his heats, and that must be in little quantity and clean dusted and drest, unless he be an exceeding evil feeder, and marvellous tender, and a great belly-looser.

The last week of this fortnight, if your horse be a foul feeder, you must use the muzzle continually; but if he be a clean feeder, and will touch no litter, then three days before your Match is a convenient time for the use of the muzzle.

The morning the day before your Match, feed well both before and after airing, and water, as at other times, before noon; and after noon, scant his proportion of meat a little.

Before and after evening airing, feed as at noon, and water as at other times, but be sure to come home before sunset.

This day you shall cool the horse, shoe the horse, and do all extraordinary things of ornament about him, provided there be nothing to give him offence, or to hinder him in feeding or any other material or beneficial action; for I have heard some horsemen say, that when they have shooed their horse with light shoes, and done other actions of ornament about them the night before the course, their horse hath taken such special notice thereof that he has refused both to eat and lie down. But you must understand that those horses must be old and long experienced in this exercise, or they cannot reach at these subtle apprehensions.

For my part, touching the nice and strait plating up of horse's tails in the manner of sackers or docks (which is now in general use), howsoever the ornament may appear great to the eye, yet I do not much affect it, because I know if an ignorant hand have the workmanship thereof, he may many ways give offence to the horse, and, in avoiding cumbersomness, breed a great deal of more cumber; therefore I wish every one rather to avoid curiosity, which they call ornament, than by those false graces to do injury to the horse.

Now for the necessary and indifferent things that are to be done unto the horse, I would rather have them done the day before than on the morning of the course, because I would have the horse that morning to find no trouble or vexation.

The next morning, which is the Match day, come to your horse before day, take off his muzzle, rub his head well, and give him a pretty quantity of oats masht in Muscadine, if he will eat them, or else in the whites of eggs; or if he refuse both, then try him with fine drest oats, dry, and mixt with a little wheat, or with your lightest bread: as for beans, forbear them. Of any of these foods give him such a quantity as may keep life and soul together: then, if he be an horse that is an evil emptier, and will retain meat long, you may walk him abroad and in the places where he used to empty; there entice him to empty; which as soon as he hath done, bring him home, put on his muzzle, and let him rest till you have warning to make ready and lead forth: but if he be a good and free emptying horse, then you need not stir him, but let him lie quiet.

When you have warning to prepare for leading out, then come to your horse, and having washt his snaffle in a little muscadine, take off his muzzle, and bridle him up: but before you bridle, if you think the horse too empty, you may give him three or four mouthfuls of the washt meat last spoken of, then bridle up, then dress: after having pitcht your saddle and girths with shoemakers wax, set it on his back, and girt it as gently as may be, so as he may have a feeling, but no straitness. Then lay a very white sheet over the saddle next his skin, and over it his ordinary clothes, then his body-cloth and breast-cloth, and wisp them round about with soft wisps; then if you have a counterpane, or cloth of state for braveries sake, let it be fastened above all. When this is done,

and you are ready to draw out, then take half a pint of the best muskadine, and give it him with a horn, and so lead him away.

And in your leading, if any white or thick foam or froth arise about the horse's mouth, you shall with a clean handkerchief wipe it away : carrying a small bottle of clean water about you, wash your horse's mouth now and then herewith.

When you come to the place of starting, before you unclothe the horse, rub and chafe his legs with hard wisps ; then pick his feet and wash his mouth with water ; then unclothe him, mount his rider, start fair, and then refer all the rest to God's good will and pleasure.

In spite of the quaint and formal rules here laid down by the Author for the most minute operations to be observed in training a racer, it must be admitted that there is a great deal of sound good sense in much that he has written. With respect to the "scow-rings" recommended for a foul horse, although they have been almost superseded in the present day by purgatives ; the propriety of constantly acting upon the bowels may be very fairly questioned, especially when we consider that the kidneys are one of the chief emunctories for carrying off impurities engendered in the system of the horse. An occasional dose of our Author's "sack and rosin" might therefore be administered now and then for the purpose of amending a gross habit of body, and might *possibly* be found of somewhat greater efficacy than the diuretic balls in general use, inasmuch as the wine which is made the menstruum of the medicine, when given warm and assisted by additional clothes, would probably cause the skin to assist the kidneys in removing from the system some of those impurities of the blood for which the prescription is recommended.

But the point most worthy of consideration by modern trainers is the very small quantity of food that our ancestors were in the habit of giving their horses at one meal—a quart of oats with a few slices of bread and scarcely any hay was, it appears, all that they got at a time, even when their powers were brought to the greatest state of perfection. The trainers of the "olden time" thus adhered to the golden maxim of giving the best and most substantial food in as small a compass as possible—a sure way to keep the digestive tube in the highest possible state of vigor. As to the eggs recommended to be used in making the horse's bread, although as animal food they may be considered unfit for a horse, yet it is not impossible that, when he is accustomed to them, they may prove extremely invigorating. Our Author, it must be presumed, had a high opinion of their efficacy, since he recommends that a raw new-laid egg be given to a racer prior to his being taken out to gallop.

This practice, and indeed that of giving any other species of food to race-horses except oats, beans, and hay, has entirely gone out of use ; and yet wheat, although too stimulating to be given except occasionally, is known to be most generous food, and probably when well baked and stale, may be given in small quantity with advantage, not only from its high nutritious qualities, but like-

wise from its affording a change of diet which cannot but be grateful to every animal. We must not forget that upon the system of training recommended by the Author of the mode from which we have made the above extracts, an Eclipse, a Flying Childers, and many another racer of celebrity, were brought to a state of perfection as regards animal power that has never yet been surpassed.

Lo don (Old) Sporting Magazine, for September, 1842.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the October Number of the "Turf Register," page 552.

ON CLOTHING, ETC.

I WILL now make some few remarks on the different reins, which are at times used for various purposes.

A leading rein is made similar to that which a post-boy, when driving, makes use for the off-side horse, and is buckled on a race-horse's bit in the same manner. The use of this rein is to lead a horse to the course, I mean, such a one as, when he is in his best form, is inclined to be riotous there, and he will more particularly require to have this rein on if he has to cross the downs alone for a long distance before he comes to the course; and it is also advisable with such a horse, to put the boy up who looks after him to ride him to the course, as well as to have a boy with some power to lead him to it; and if there be more than one road to the race-ground, he should be taken by that on which he is likely to meet the least annoyance.

A martingal rein is made with buckles and billets at each end, but it does not require to be so broad as the snaffle rein which is sewn to the bit, under which this martingal rein is attached; and close up to each buckle and billet there should be sewn across the rein a piece of stout narrow leather. It must be of sufficient substance, breadth, and length, to prevent the martingal-reins from passing over those pieces of leather, and thereby becoming fixed or entangled in the buckles of the rings, which would so confine the horse's head in his exercise or running, as to be very likely productive of very serious consequences both to the horse and the jockey. The martingal to be used with this rein is made as all common martingals are, only that it should be made light in proportion to the rein with which it is to be used for such horses as get their heads a little out of place either in exercise or running. The martingal rein is usually knotted and left on the horse's neck

until the rider finds he has occasion to take it up, when by a gentle pull with it, he brings the horse's head in place. There is another description of running martingal, or martingal-reins, which are made in the following manner, the leather at the bottom part, or end, must be an inch and a half in breadth. When used, the end, like that of the common martingal, is attached to the girths of the saddle. From the girths, this part of the martingal passes forward between the horse's fore legs to about the centre of his chest, where the leather of the breadth above-mentioned terminates. To this point should be attached the two running reins, and these being sufficiently long, are passed through each eye of the bit, into the rider's hand. The ends are here secured together by a small buckle.

There are other running-reins, some of which are attached to the girths under the flaps of the saddle. This will depend on the different positions that colts, in breaking, or horses in training or running, may be inclined to get their heads into, or according as they may be more or less disposed to pull at the rider.

The top or head part of a gag-rein is flat for about eighteen inches. The edges of the rein should after this space be sewn together, and made perfectly round for nearly a foot on each side, so as to admit of this working freely through the ring of the gag bit or snaffle. From the round part, the rein is left flat for the length of a common snaffle or bridle rein. These reins are generally used by the boys when they are riding young ones in their exercise, to keep up the heads of such as are apt to pull and bore with their heads too low or too close to the ground.

The reins I have here described, when applied to such horses as may require them, are of infinite service. They are to enable the rider to get up a horse's head, and to keep it in its proper place, which empowers him more easily to hold a horse as he may be going along in either his gallop, sweat, or race, as well as to pull him up at the conclusion of either of them.

And such reins are found very useful to the very small boys, when riding young ones in their exercise, or when those light weights are put up to ride horses which may have delicate fore legs, (which is not a very uncommon occurrence,) and which may require pretty strong work. Although some such horses may pull fair, and with their heads in a good place, yet they may pull much too strong for small light boys to hold them in their gallops and sweats. To have a horse of this sort break away, and make too free with himself in his work, would not be well, nor would it perhaps answer to put a curb or a Pelham bridle on, to hold such a horse with. Being rode in either of these, he may get to bend his knees too much, go high and clamber in his work, which would be a loss of time, and an inexperienced groom would be very loth, on account of his delicacy of the horse's legs, to put up a lad of a size and power that could hold such a horse in a plain snaffle, which is the sort of bridle he should be rode in. The groom, therefore, in order to have as little weight as possible on the horse's legs, puts up a small light boy to ride him, and to give this little boy sufficient

power to hold the horse, the groom orders one of the reins above described to be put on ; which he thinks will answer the purpose ; at the same time, giving the boy orders how he is to use the rein so as to be enabled to hold or pull the horse up. The bits generally used for race-horses to run in, vary according to circumstances. Those which are the most frequently used, are snaffles. These as well as other bits for racing purposes, should be made of steel, and as light as possible, that is, they should not be of more substance than is absolutely necessary to prevent them from breaking when holding a hard pulling horse in his exercise or race. It is adviseable to have the cheeks of these bits made larger than those of bits in common use. They should be six inches and three quarters in length. For in riding a hard pulling horse, on a small round course, more particularly should he be inclined to hang at his turns, the rider, by persevering with a horse of this description at the turn, so as not to lay out of his ground in making it, may pull the bit, should the cheek of it be short, into the horse's mouth, from which circumstance the horse would have the power of laying a long way out of his ground, and would perhaps run out of the course. A horse which is known to be very difficult at his turns, or which is likely to bolt, should be rode in a bit, the inside of the cheek of which should be armed with prickers.

The eye of a racing snaffle should be made large. It should be an inch and three quarters in the clear ; for when a horse has to run in a martingal, it is necessary to have two reins.

The next bit to be noticed is the Pelham. It should be made equally light with the snaffle, except the cheeks of it which are to be sufficiently stout in proportion to their length, and the eyes of this bit should be made of the same size as those of the snaffle, for it is at times necessary to use a martingal with this bit.

With the exception of the eyes to the cheek and the joint in the mouth-piece, it is made as a curb bit. The Pelham is a useful bit, and it answers the purposes both of a curb and a snaffle, with the advantage of the horse's having only one bit in his mouth. It is much lighter than curb bits in general use ; and this is another advantage, for care should be taken not to have more weight about the head or feet of a race-horse when running, than can possibly be avoided. The curb rein of this bit, as with the martingal-rein of the snaffle, remains knotted on the horse's neck until the rider has occasion to use it when the horse is making too free with the pace.

The next bit to be mentioned is the Chiffney bit. This bit was invented by the celebrated jockey, Mr. Samuel Chiffney, of Newmarket, who, in my juvenile days, was principal rider to his present Majesty. I am not aware of any improvement having been made in this bit since it was first invented. It is made as any other curb, with the exception of the top part of the cheeks. Instead of an eye to each cheek for the head part of the bridle to be fixed to, there are two curb hooks working on a pivot on the inside, for each end of the curb chain to be attached. There are also two pieces of steel about two inches long, the lower end of

each piece is attached to the outside of the cheek of the bit, a little above the mouth-piece, also working on a pivot, in the same manner as the curb hooks, but rivetted on the outside. The top part of these pieces has each an eye to which the head part of the bridle is attached. These pieces, thus placed, act upon the principle of a lever, and with little strength it becomes a very severe bit.

Chiffney, in his book, observes that this bridle is to enable the light weights to hold their horses from running away, and to run to order in, and that is best for all horses to run in. He particularly recommends the use of it to ladies who ride and drive, as they not only excel in holding horses from running away, but make horses "stop with more safety, ride more pleasantly, and carriage handsomer."

I think it is a good bit for these last mentioned purposes, and with a patient rider it is a good bridle to hold horses that pull hard either in hunting or on the road; for in pulling at horses of this description, if you balk them of their stride, there is no great stake lost by it. But I must observe, that the principal purpose for which Chiffney intended this bit, was to enable light weights, the most of whom are boys, to hold horses in their running, and to ride to order. But I think it a dangerous bridle for boys to be entrusted with, to ride a race in. It is a sort of bridle, which to be properly used with the advantages pointed out by Chiffney, requires an experienced jockey, as he was himself, who has a cool, clear head, and a very light hand; two things which boys are seldom possessed of.

If a horse should make very free with himself in running, a boy would be likely to use all his strength, and by pulling too rashly at the horse with this bridle, would most likely pull him out of his stride. The disadvantage that would arise from this, will be described by and bye. The different bridles and martingals which best answer the purpose for different horses to run in, are ascertained from the observations the groom makes in the working of his horses, together with the account the boys give of the manner in which each horse may go in his exercise.

As the weights vary for different horses to run under, so must racing-saddles vary in their sizes and weights for horses to run in, to enable the different jockeys to get themselves down to the weights for which they are engaged to ride, without debilitating themselves too much by wasting.

Racing-saddles are therefore made to weigh from two pounds to two stone; but these weights may be said to be the two extremes, as they are more frequently from three pounds to twenty-one. A two-pound saddle is seldom used unless when a horse is engaged to run under a very light weight. All saddles should be made of the very best materials; but this being a very light saddle, it is necessary that every part of it should be strictly attended to.

A three-pound saddle is in more frequent use than the two-pound saddle, and if well made, it is sufficiently strong for a jockey of from nine stone to nine stone seven to ride in; unless, from

frequent use, it is allowed to get out of repair, in which case, a stirrup leather, or stirrup, or even the tree of the saddle, may break, if the jockey from necessity (as when riding a hard-pulling horse) should have to depend more on his stirrups than is his usual custom.

A four-pound saddle is to be preferred to either of the above when it can be used, as it can be made stronger and larger, and gives more room to the rider. The flaps of this saddle may have a little stuffing in them before the knee.

A seven-pound saddle is also used for horses to run in, and if well made, it is as convenient to ride in as a stone saddle. Saddles of this weight are also the proper ones for boys to ride in when exercising. The stone saddle is the common sized saddle, and is also occasionally used for horses to run in.

Racing men endeavour, and I think very properly, to keep the secrets of their stables as much to themselves as they possibly can, as weight impedes the action of a race-horse in running.

One way to enable them to do this in the trying of their horses, is by the manner in which they have their saddles made, for the weight of saddles is commonly judged of by their size.

The saddles kept in a racing establishment are made to vary in weight from those in common use. In making saddles to run and try in, the trees of them are occasionally leaded by the tree maker or saddler, agreeably to the directions either may receive from his employer; and a four-pound saddle in this way is made to weigh seven pounds. A seven-pound saddle is made to weigh a stone, and a stone saddle is made to weigh twenty-one pounds, or sometimes two stone. If these saddles are properly made, it is impossible to discover by the eye what weight they are.

These are mostly used for the horse to be tried in, and they are also used for the King's plate weights for horses to run in; and the number of them necessary to be kept, will depend on the extent of a racing establishment.

The web-girths, circingles, and stirrup-leathers for racing saddles, should be made in breadth, size, and substance, according to the weight of the saddle.

There is another way of making up the weights for horses to run and try in, when the jockeys are too light. This is done by fixing trusses on the seats of the saddles, and also on the thighs of the jockey, and they are sometimes made to go round his body; but when jockeys want but little to make up their weight, small bags of shot, weighing a pound each, or a piece of lead of the same weight, and bent to the form of the thigh, are carried in the jockey's breeches pocket.

Trusses are made by the saddlers, of blue and white striped bed-tick, (leather, I think, is preferable.) From that part of the truss which covers the pommel of the saddle, along the seat part which covers the cantle of the saddle, it is sewn in straight lines, leaving a sufficient space between the lines of about an inch and three quarters, or two inches at farthest. These spaces form what is usually called the pipes or truss into which the shot is put, that

is, when shot is made use of to load them with. The under or back part of the truss is generally made of leather, and fits over the cantle of the saddle. The upper edge of the tick is bound with leather; there are holes to be made in this and the lower part, which holes should be punched small and close. At this cantle part of the truss the shot is put in, and to prevent its escaping, these two edges are brought together by a strong leather lace. I do not approve of this plan, as, from a truss which has been long in use, and which has no other security than this lace, the shot may partly escape, from the pressure of the jockey and the concussion produced by the stride of the horse in running; the consequence of which would be that the jockey would come in short of weight, which should not be allowed to happen. I think the better and more secure way would be to put the shot in at the pommel; or perhaps, that which may be preferable to either, would be to have some canvass bags made, rather smaller than the pipes of the truss; fill these bags with the shot, and sew up the ends. They may then be put into the pipe of the truss, and the truss at the cantle part may then be sufficiently secured by the lace in the usual way.

This plan of making canvass bags will, I think, be found to be the most convenient way of loading the truss, as the training groom may now and then have occasion to make use of this same truss, for a purpose rather the reverse of that for which it was originally intended. But of this matter, I shall speak more fully when on the subject of trying the horses. To secure the truss to the saddle, there should be firmly attached to the former, four pieces of stout leather, with two holes punched in each piece. These pieces of leather should be placed one on each side of the broad part of the seat of the truss, and one on each side in front of the pommel part of it. These pieces meet similar ones which are attached to the saddle, and by the cantle part of the truss being made to fit over this part of the saddle, the truss is perfectly steady if secured with leather laces.

The weight of this sort of truss varies, as much depends on the size of the saddle with which it is to be used. It may be made to weigh from fourteen to twenty-one pounds.

There are also thigh trusses; these are for the purpose of jockeys making up their weight, when the weights they are going to ride do not run very high. But that these trusses may not inconvenience the jockey, they should not weigh more than six or eight pounds, three or four pounds on each thigh. They are made of the same materials, and upon much the same principles, as those used on the saddles. They should be made to fit round or bend to the front part of the jockey's thighs. If they are well made, and have straps properly attached to them, to go round the thighs and body of the rider, so as to keep each truss secure to the thigh, they are to be preferred to a saddle truss of the same weight, or even to the seat of the saddle being covered with lead; as the weight, being so carried, is not so dead on the horse's back, as it would be were it placed on the seat of the saddle. There are

also body trusses; they are of the same materials, and made in the form of a double shooting belt, and are buckled on round the waist. These latter are not often used, unless to make up with saddle and thigh trusses, the weight of a light jockey who may be going to ride for any of His Majesty's plates, or perhaps for a Welter stakes. The articles mentioned in this chapter, are generally made to the order of the training groom, by the saddler who lives in the neighbourhood of a racing establishment, and who is in the habit of working for race-horse stables—as at Newmarket, York, Doncaster, or Epsom. But when such things are made in London, I believe the saddler principally employed is Mr. Tate, in Upper Grosvenor-street; and bits and stirrups are generally procured from Mr. Latchford, in Piccadilly.

MANGE AND DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

MANGE is a cutaneous disease in dogs, very closely resembling itch in the human species, but more inveterate, and is hereditary as well as contagious. Mr. Blaine, in his "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports," thus speaks of this nauseous complaint:—"Of all the causes which beget mange, and they are not few, the acrid effluvium from their own secretions is the most common; when it is generated by numbers, particularly when it is confined within a limited space, it is sure to appear. Close confinement of any dog will commonly produce it, and most certainly so if it be at the same time fed on salt provisions; thus there are few dogs on ship-board that do not contract it, except such as are allowed full liberty of the deck. Food too nutritive in quality, and too considerable in quantity, is productive of mange; and, on the contrary food in a great measure withheld, or being very poor in quality, is equally a parent of the disease." The same authority gives several receipts of medicine to be employed: the leading are—powdered sulphur four ounces; muriate of ammonia (sal-ammoniac) powdered, half an ounce; aloes powdered, one drachm; Venice turpentine, half an ounce; lard or other fatty matter, six ounces; the whole to be mixed and administered in boluses. In all bad cases, however, we should recommend no one to attempt doctoring his dog, but to apply to a regular practitioner.

The disease called the "distemper" is most common among dogs which are much kept in the house, and subjected to artificial treatment. The disorder is epidemical, affects the constitution, and is very difficult of removal. W. H. Scott, in his work on "British Field Sports," thus describes the symptoms of distemper in a young dog:—"Sudden loss of usual spirit, activity, and appetite; drowsiness, dulness of the eyes, and lying at length with the nose to the ground; coldness of the extremities, ears, and legs,

and heat of the head and body; sudden emaciation, and excessive weakness, particularly in the hinder quarters, which begin to sink and drag after the animal; an apparent tendency to evacuate from the bowels, a little at a time; sometimes vomiting; eyes and nose often, but not always, affected with a catarrhal discharge. In an advanced stage of the distemper, such symptoms will occur as spasmodic and convulsive twitchings, the nervous and muscular systems being materially affected; giddiness and turning round, foaming at the mouth, and fits. The disease is then often taken for incipient madness, into which it might not improbably degenerate." The same authority adds—"I have found daily mild doses of from two to three grains of calomel alone, lapped by the animal in milk, continued for four or five days, with intermissions when necessary, fully sufficient to carry it safely through the disease, even when the fever has been very high. James's Powder has, however, always proved the most certain remedy." To aid recovery nourishing diet should be given. In cases of severity consult the veterinary surgeon.

TURF SCENES.

BY WILDRAKE.

THE TURF—who does not love it?—Take the word in whatever sense you will, it is a monosyllable redolent of all things fresh and green.

Look first to nature's turf—I do not mean that *lackadaisical* stunt, by citizens termed "grass," but country TURF, with its soft carpeting of green, blooming with scattered posies of sweet wild flowers perfuming the passing breeze with odours which might make the choicest "essences" of Hendrie or Delcroix "hide their diminished bottles."—Who does not look with pleasure on its dewy diamonds sparkling and glistening in the bright rays of the rising sun? Who does not joyfully inhale the sweet incense which forms its grateful offering to the refreshing shower? As for myself—the gambols of my childhood have been ever merriest in nature's purest scenes. No flowers of the *parterre* ever pleased my eye as does the bank whereon the wild thyme blows—and when our mother earth shall clasp me in her last embrace, a grassy mound shall mark my resting-place,—and blessings wait upon the hand that plants a flower there.

But, hold hard! I must ride sentiment with a double-rein, or I shall never reach the subject matter of my present purpose,—far different in meaning from its introduction, although in many points synonymous. Here, on our other turf do we see "greenness" in perfection;—mushrooms spring up, and go by with the rapidity of

the real "moonshine vegetable."—How often does one heat fade many of the *freshest* flowers?—How often do fungi spring in the shadow of "the oaks"—and having loaded the air with teeming odors, burst before our eyes, and vanish for ever from our view?

The Turf scenes of England are sufficiently well-known to most of my readers, who must have seen them all at some time, from the all engrossing Derby on Epsom Downs, to the donkey-race upon the village green, where the last wins, and every man bestrides his neighbor's "Neddy." It is therefore to the Turf scenes of foreign lands, that I would turn their eyes, whilst I endeavor to sketch off their leading features.

Britain, taking a strong lead in the European Turf, is followed at a very respectful distance by all the other nations of her quarter of the globe. First comes lively France, who burlesques all our customs and then dubs them English, just as a Parisian cook will habitually make a short-eared pussy do duty for a long-eared one, until he really thinks that there can be no difference. Your correspondent "Master Harry" has given a very lively and truthful picture of Parisian racing in a late No. of the N.S.M., and not the least amusing item in the day's account was the number of glasses of *eau de vie* supplied to the police.

The best day's racing that I ever saw in "la belle France," was in the Champ de Mars, at Paris, on the occasion of the Fetes of July. Here, after an exhibition of racing, "A l'Anglaise," by great fat fellows in silk jackets, tights, and tops, with fronts to their caps as long as a pelican's bill,—ten or twelve horses were started without riders, after the Italian fashion, and it was a truly noble sight to see the jealous animals striving to outstrip each other with right good will, and a capital race they made of it. To this succeeded a Chariot Race of ancient "bijugæ"—the drivers being dressed in the old Roman costume, and standing up in their chariots; this was also a most exciting race, and only won "by a wheel."

Germany has its racing, and very good races are those of Gûstroe and Hamburg. Hungary, too, finds patrons for the turf, and truly national, as well in costume as in kind, are the Annual "Native" Stakes at Pesth. Russia is beginning to follow suit, and promises right well.

Asia is far too celebrated for its horses, to admit of a suspicion of laxity in turf pursuits. In the Anglo Indian domains, however, there is an original mixture (if such a term can be allowed) of British customs baked beneath an Eastern sun until they have assumed a hue peculiarly their own, and worthy of a more detailed description.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolitan cities, things are managed in an orderly manner, the only striking peculiarity being the early hour at which the sports begin—viz., 6 a. m.; but in the Mofussil, namely, that part of Bengal, without the Ditch that surrounds the City of Palaces, and corresponding with what we term the "provinces," matters are managed differently, and though there is less observance of the "etiquette" of racing, there is, nevertheless, plenty of fun to be met with at an "up country" sta-

tion, that may perhaps boast a Queen's regiment, one or two of John Company's ditto, a judge, a clergyman, a European shop-keeper, and niggers, and Paria dogs *ad infinitum*.

There are few, if any, out-stations in India that do not keep up their annual race meeting—the propensity for going the pace becoming doubly apparent in the “rising generation,” on their putting their foot on India's shore. Youngsters who have seen the sort of thing at home, but whose purse or inclination kept them from pursuing the sport, no sooner find themselves out of parents' or pedagogues' control, than they are seized with an insatiable desire of distinguishing themselves in the pig's-skin, and every facility is afforded them for so doing. I know no feeling so delightful as possessing a horse of one's own for the first time, to say nothing of being master of some dozen niggers whom you may kick from the top of the house to the bottom, without the slightest chance of their even taken into their heads the slightest idea of putting a stop to such a proceeding. There is a pleasure in the latter that only those who have tried it can know. A month's bile is dispelled in each kick, and if it did not throw one into a rather disagreeable perspiration (with the thermometer at 100) it would have been worthy of the patronage of Sardanapalus himself. But to the horses. As soon as the youngster (griffins we call them in India until the first year and a day of their habitation in that “sweet spot” is out) finds he is possessed of a 250 rupee nag, he naturally reflects on the best way of making the said nag pay its expenses. Doseetgee Spavingee, the seller, having sworn by Koran's holy waters, and everything else swearable by, that he will beat anything in India with four legs.

For 250 rupees or £25, a man who has anything of an eye for a horse, can get a very decent piece of horse-flesh, either to carry him with the hounds or as a hack, of course,—country bred. An imported English hack, costing from £70 to £200, and an Arab £70 to £100; but the griffin, in his hurry to possess *something alive*, gets terribly taken in if he relies on his own judgment. However bad his Rosinante may be, the first thing he does is to match it for a mile or so for 100 rupees, or two six dozen chests of Hodgson's pale ale, which of course he loses (unless some other griffin has taken up the gauntlet, when the chances are even), and then he sends his horse to “Moore and Hickey's” (the Calcutta Tattersall's) to be knocked down to the highest bidder;—and so he goes on until the coin that he has been started with from an affectionate home, has found its way into the pockets of his “*knowing*” friends, and he commences life on a par with all around him—i. e. on tick. Calcutta is a far different place now, however, for getting either credit or money than it was formerly, some of the very obliging money lending niggers having been pretty severely bitten within the last few years. Bad luck to them! Horses are easily got on credit, however, particularly by the griffin, who has not had time to accumulate very heavy debts since his arrival, and by his giving an I. O. U. for double the value of his purchase. Having provided himself in this manner, and having bought a little experi-

ence at the metropolis, off he goes to join his regiment in the Mofussil.

Such is a specimen of the gents who keep up our national pastime in the *out-stations* of India, except in the more considerable ones, as Cawnpore, Rishnagar, &c., where the races are first-rate.

Some two months previous to a meeting in the Mofussil, you may see some dozen or twenty animals having their legs galloped off every morning, buried in no end of blankets and "koprae," and bestridden by their owners, for his racing jacket, has heard that the commandant's daughter has who endeavour to look as much like grooms as a nigger tailor can make them. This is called the training. A fine time is this for the aforesaid European shop-keeper; the ensign, who has chosen light blue silk whispered her admiration of pink and white, and has changed accordingly. Another who has ordered a yellow velvet, with black foxes' heads on it to look "sporting," having been called to his face a d—d fool for his pains, challenges the "caller," gets drunk, and takes his advice. Whips are at an awful premium; any money offered for spurs; top-boots hung up in the most conspicuous place in the bungalow; all the sporting periodicals that can be collected thrown significantly on the table—nothing talked of but Newmarket, Jem Robinson, and the colour of his jacket. Such are the prognostications of a genuine up-country race meeting. Various lotteries, moreover, are made, and various dozens of pale ale drank—various cheroots smoked—and various opinions as to So and So's *hoss* (it would be highly out of fashion to say *horse* at present) winning the Ladies' Plate. The lotteries are filled—the stakes made up—the riders happy and sanguine—the horses half galloped off all the legs they ever had—and the day dawns bright on the deeds it is to witness. The evening before everybody gave a party—everybody talked loud and big—and everybody was so brave and—tipsy. Alas! alas! the morning sees a man putting on his silk jacket as uncomfortably as if it was a strait-waistcoat, and stepping into his top-boots with as seeming unhappiness as if they were his coffin. One might suppose a slight degree of "funk" was suddenly instilled into our hero's hearts; but no—away with the idea! no one could suppose such a thing who heard them talk six hours ago.

However, "slowly and sadly" apparently, they wend their way to the race-course, where the sight of a multitude of niggers assembled to witness their performances, does not add to their comfort. All the "beauty and fashion" of the station are in the stand; alas! they smile in vain on those in silk and satin. Oh! Griff! Griff! why wilt and must thou ever be making thyself unhappy, uncomfortable, and often ridiculous, for the mere sake of endeavouring to do what thou never canst do as well as a livery stable keeper's under groom? Consider this, Oh, Griff! and ask thyself if it be not true.

After some hours' delay, perhaps, the first lot are got off, and after a most amusing scene of crossing, jostling and bolting, and

after we have begun to imagine that they have started never to return, the first animal comes floundering in, twenty lengths ahead, all having started at speed, and kept it up as long as it would last. Happy, happy youth is he that is borne on the back of the winner—his fame is made for ever! Smiles and bravoes are for him alone! Of course it was *he* who won; what could the *horse* have to do with winning? What envy he excites in the beaten ones! but, singularly enough, all *their* horses had something the matter with them on this particular morning, or they *must* have won. However, he is monarch of all he surveys, and heaven knows when we should hear the end of his praises sung by himself, did not some dry old sporting Qui Hi, disinterestedly ask him for a “lock of his hair,” which silences the chap-fallen conqueror in an instant.

The next race on the list is the Cheroot Stakes, which signifies that each rider is to light a cheroot or cigar, at starting, and unless it still holds a light when he passes the winning post, he is declared distanced. The weighing being finished, the cheroots are duly lighted, the more knowing ones having steeped their cheroots in a solution of saltpetre for two or three days previously, to better hold the fire. It presents rather a ludicrous spectacle to see some dozen fellows mounted in silks and tops, puffing away like so many miniature steam-boilers previous to the start, looking for the most part as if they enjoyed it, and no doubt they do, until put into motion by that very important little word in the racing vocabulary, “Off!” when it becomes a very different business. Half-choking, before he has gone a hundred yards, you see a rider’s hand leave the reins, or drop the whip, and seize the cigar with desperation—two seconds more, and it will be out, pop it goes into the mouth again—to revive at the expense of the fumigator’s feelings—and at the half mile his cigar is out—his horse has done all it had in it to do, and the rider does not return to the stand (perhaps he has his reasons). The remainder go along puffing desperately, and regardless of consequences, one more experienced than the rest, keeps the lead, thereby sending his smoke into the faces of those behind him, independently of their own. At last, in they come, in a cloud, amid the deafening hurrahs of the wonder-stricken niggers, who seem to say, and no doubt would say, if they had ever heard it,—

“Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer’s ‘cloud,’
Without our special wonder?”

But, blood and *turf*! what ails the youth whose gallant steed first bore him past the goal of victory? Alas! he is the picture of death on his pale horse, white and shivering he dismounts, and gulps down a glass of proffered pale ale, then complains of fatigue, and of the last night’s “keeping it up.” It is every thing but the real thing, the very natural cause having been the swallowing some fifty mouthfuls of tobacco smoke, during the winning of the said cheroot stakes—To him congratulations are unheard—bright smiles lose their charms—even the stakes he has won are for a moment

forgotten, and as soon as possible, he "leaves the gay and festive scene," with a *fixed* determination never to smoke again, and with a very *unfixed* state of "internal" arrangement.

I never could understand the reason why people will take the utmost pains to put themselves to every inconvenience and discomfort, to suffer, and be laughed at, without one single advantage to recompense them in return, unless it is that perversity of human nature, so peculiar and becoming to the swine genus. Forgive my digression, kind reader! I'm a bit of a philosopher, or rather moralist. The last race of the day is the Cocked Hat Stakes, which is another fancy of our Eastern sportsmen. This race consists in each jockey being furnished with a cocked hat in lieu of a racing cap, which, if dropped, or blown off in the race, causes its owner to be distanced. The appearance of a large field of these cocked hats is grotesque in the extreme, and as they are not allowed to be tied under the chin, one hand finds occupation in keeping them on the head. It affords much fun, and, after all, that is what is more sought after than real legitimate sport in India.

In such manner our "*youths*" manage to amuse themselves in the provinces of India, despite a burning sun, and the chances of a puckah fever; and fortunate it is that such amusements are still within their reach, as they, for a moment, wean the mind from longing after dearer objects in their father-land, and enable them to feel, though for a time, happiness even in their banishment. During the races—dinners, balls, and bachelors' parties occupy the later hours of the day. Here the lucky winner again rides his race over to his fair partner of the dance, and receives her approving smiles with as much delight as he pocketed the sweepstakes, or he hears his health drank, and his future success, at the hospitable board of the "Great Man" of the station; and hours of happiness glide on—hours that he never forgets through years of toil and vicissitudes—not even when he returns to his native land, "a browner and a better man."

REMARKS ON THE MERITS OF THE YOUNG ENGLISH RACING STALLIONS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

THERE seldom appeared on the Turf three animals more worthy of renown than Touchstone, Bay Middleton, and Elis. The first of these, as all the world knows, combined great speed and stoutness; two faculties exhibited in his winning the Ascot and Doncaster Cups; the other two have scarcely less fame as being most speedy three year olds, and every sportsman must well remember their tremendous race for the 2000 guineas, which Bay Middleton won; after which, the one carried off the Derby and the other the Leger.

This year first introduces to our notice their produce as three year olds, and it is seldom that the same year brings to the notice and choice of breeders the stock of three equally valuable and highly-bred nags. From Touchstone we get the stoutest blood, combining as he does the Whalebone, and Master Henry stoutness; and from each of the others the Selim blood, generally considered speedy.

Auckland and Jack were the two first who appeared of Touchstone's stock as two year olds and winners; Bay Middleton's bad-legged son, Johnny Faa, by great luck carried off the rich Stake, at Goodwood; and Elis's daughter, Passion, by carrying off the Chesterfield and a stake at Goodwood, gave great promise of future excellence, which has entirely ceased in her three year old form.

As three year olds, however, we have a greater variety on the green sward, and a few words with respect to them may not be out of place. Of all the young ones, the Touchstone's hitherto bear away the bell, and if any one inspected the three fillies, Lady Adela, Celia, and Dilbar, when stripped for the Oaks, he must indeed be particular, who did not consider them very superior in form and general racing-like qualities. The former of these was dead amiss for the Oaks, but her winning the Steward's Cup, at Goodwood, giving three pounds to Misdeal, who ran very well there, showed her to be not a bad one. Celia, too, won her two races at Ascot, and Dilbar won the Nassau Stakes, at Goodwood, besides two at the Spring Newmarket Meetings. Between these two, however, the game has been up and down, as at Ascot Celia beats Dilbar, and at Goodwood *vice versa*.

Besides these fillies I must not omit to mention that Auckland and Jack did not disgrace their sire when stripped for the Derby. Auckland though a lazy goer is a fine powerful horse, and has, when extended, a very great stride. He ran very gamely for the Derby, when he was far from up to the mark, and won two races and ought to have won a third* at Ascot. It is seldom that a three year old likes hard racing on three consecutive days, and it is to be feared that from that cause Auckland has for this season taken leave of the green sward. Jack has not yet shown well, but ought from his stoutness to improve and make a cup horse. Rosalind is another neat mare of Touchstone's get, and a winner. Take him all in all, Touchstone may well be considered as an acquisition to the turf in the greatest degree.

I now come to the rivals—Bay Middleton and Elis, and of these at present it is difficult to say which will prove the best. Bay Middleton has had the greatest chances of any young stallion, as no less than fifty-two of his stock are deeply engaged, which is double those of Elis's and treble those of Touchstone's.

The unfortunate result of his stock at present to Lord G. Bentinck is a terrible thing; what with deaths and the utter worthlessness of the animals deeply engaged; among whom Farintosh, a remarkably fine colt, but a roarer ought not to be omitted. Bay Middleton is himself a large lengthy horse, with splendid quarters,

indifferent middle-piece and fore legs and a head like a battering-ram. It is singular how his stock take after him, especially Gunter, The Puncher, Fly-trap, and Tedworth; three of which were winners early in the year, but have since turned out most wretchedly, as have also Tiptoe, Ballet, Deerslayer, Don't-say-No; in fact, all but Aristides, who may be a good one, and is out of a good mare, Dr. Caius's dam.

Elis's crack daughter, Passion, having left her running with her two-year-old form, we have nothing of his out this year, worthy of much notice, except Lucy Banks, who managed, by mistake, to beat Satirist.

To go a step back in the racing world to those stallions of fame, who a little preceded these three cracks; we find this year's Oaks carried off by the daughter of a very speedy horse, Bran (who ran second to Touchstone for the St. Leger), and Meal, another daughter of his, running second.

Bran's stock have shown a good deal of running, and won several stakes; among them, Combermere ought not to be forgotten.

I think that Glaucus and Muley Moloch, have but little answered the expectation of the many who favoured them with their patronage.

Colwick, from the success of Attila, is most deservedly on the ascendant. He is particularly suited for the Newmarket courses, and will, I think, be a bijou to my Lord of Exeter.

Among our this year's Two Year-olds, there is a fresh lot of stallions brought to our notice. Of these, the best are Jereed, Slane, Bretby, Gladiator, Inheritor, and Hornsea. The first two have the chief claims, the one from his blood, the other for his stoutness. Bretby is one of the few remains we have of the matchless Priam; Gladiator is much thought of, and his yearlings, last year, at Doncaster, brought high prices. Inheritor, from his Lottery blood, and his own stoutness, is worthy of regard, and Hornsea has a considerable chance from his want of power and good form, to be the lag of the party. Can any breeder complain that we have no good horses left in England? RED ROVER.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for September, 1842.

THE HORSE AND THE HOUND.

BY NIMROD.

“A HORSE! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!” Prolific is the word horse! “The Horse, in all his varieties,” by John Lawrence, “The Horse,” by the Society for the confusion of “Useful Knowledge,” “Adventures of a Jack-ass in search of a Horse,” “Treatise on the Horse,” by Richard Lawrence, “Nimrod on the

Condition of the Horse," "Percival on the Lameness of the Horse," "Stewart's Hints to the Purchaser of a Horse," "The Horse and the Dog," by John Scott, and now the "Horse and the Hound," by Nimrod. Like the parson's grace to the oft repeated rabbit dinner.

" For rabbits hot, rabbits cold,
Rabbits young, rabbits old,
Rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
We thank the Lord we've had enough."

The work before us is a comprehensive sweep of all that Nimrod has ever read, or written, or heard, or thought, on this very fruitful subject—of much useful matter, with a great deal of mere filling up.

Chapter I., contains a treatise on the valuable properties of the horse,—properties that no one disputes—and then the author gives us the reasons for the use of the horse being prescribed to the Israelites, (we see D'Israeli on one every day,) interspersed with Greek and Latin quotations—then he discourses on the difficulty of determining what country we are indebted to for our native horse, and winds up with an essay on the superiority of the British breed.

Chapter II. is devoted to the Race Horse, of which Nimrod knows little, and he concludes it by a fling at John Lawrence, who he thinks knows less—our author is not at home on the Turf.

In Chapter III. he gets more at home. It is headed "The Hunter," and is illustrated with a portrait of a grey horse, called "Chance," the property of "Howland Errington, Esq." a gentleman we do not remember to have heard of before. In this chapter, Nimrod amusingly quotes Nimrod—"In a work," says he, "called 'Nimrod on the Condition of Hunters,' is the following passage, &c."—surely the work of revision should have been adopted here. Under this head of "The Hunter," we have some of the best matter in the book.

We cannot say we admire Mr. Cooper's portrait of "The Hackney," which follows. "A Cob" would have been a better title to the plate. "A cob fit to carry a castle" as we sometimes see philanthropically advertised in the papers.—Stable management of course holds a prominent place in the work—summering, the hunter in particular. Of the summering, little need be said, Nimrod having repeated the same opinion so often as to render the indoor plan familiar to all. "The cold water cure" seems to have found its way into stables, as at p. 213, we find three or four applications per diem recommended to the legs.

We now trot past the chapter on race riding, and arrive at one in the undoubted province of Nimrod—"the hound." Here Nimrod is at home, and discourses learnedly and well on symmetry, size, distemper, kennel management, colour, the tongue or cry of hounds, age, separation of sexes, naming of hounds, and the value of a pack, making Lord Suffield, however, give four thousand guineas for Mr. Ralph Lambton's, being a cool thousand more than the fact.

The rest is chiefly compilation, some from Beckford, some from Col. Cook, some from Nimrod, some from a Mr. Hawkes (magnified into an authority), some from other writers in this Magazine, some from Davis's Hunters' Annual, some from the Oxford Journal, some from the venerable "Gentleman's Recreation," some from Mr. Daniel's Rural Sports, some from Mr. Chafu's anecdotes respecting Cranbourne Chase; and the whole is wound up with a long essay on the law of warranty, a thing which nobody knows anything about

On the whole, we do not think this work worth resuscitation.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for September, 1842.

THE WRITINGS OF "J. CYPRESS, JR."

SPORTING SCENES AND SUNDRY SKETCHES, being the Miscellaneous Writings of the late Wm. P. Hawes, Esq., known as "J. Cypress, Jr." Edited by Frank Forester. *New York, Gould, Banks, & Co. ; 2 vols. 12mo.*

UNDER the above title is comprised a selection from the writings of the late Mr. HAWES, of this city, one of the most popular correspondents of this magazine, whose papers have been arranged for the press by his friend FRANK FORESTER, another gifted correspondent of the "Register." The following notice of the work—in itself one of the most readable books of the season—is from the pen of a third correspondent of ours,—a gentleman of high literary taste and discernment, who furnished it originally for the "Daily Plebeian," of this city. Our readers will be gratified to learn that among the papers of the late Mr. Hawes, were found several original articles written for this magazine—among others a continuation of "*A Week at the Fire Islands on Long Island.*" The publication of the series has therefore been resumed from the work, the title of which has just been quoted, and which is critically noticed in the following felicitous terms:—

These are no mere sportsman's books, any more than the complete angler of old Walton, or the "Salmonia" of Sir Humphrey Davy are mere encyclopædias for the fisherman. It is the charm of those delightful works, that they are imbued with a calm, though deep philosophy. The still soft music of humanity breathes through their every page. Their authors literally "see books in the running brooks"—books teeming with living and delightful lessons. The quaint simplicity of old Izaak, makes us long to hug the hale old man to our hearts; and in our rambles with Davy, the philosopher in his fishing-jacket inspires us with a more kindly admiration than the same philosopher in his professor's chair. So, of glorious old Kit North, when his feet are beautiful on the mountains—his spirits exalted by their heather-scented airs—all book-begot cobwebs brushed from his brain—and the stalwart sexagenarian stands erect, the personification of true-hearted sportsmanship.

Oh, for a week among the hills and glens, in companionship with the mighty Christopher! It were worth a life's lease to enjoy, and another life's lease to batten on its recollections.

If there ever was a man worthy of being linked with this glorious brotherhood, that man was poor Cypress. He had a touch of the qualities of each—the unaffected quaintness of Walton, the scholarship of Davy, and the poetry of Wilson—and in humor surpassing them all, while in no respect the imitator or copyist of either. It sometimes strikes us as if he and Charles Lamb had pored over old books together, and transfused each other's thick coming fancies. But the gentle Elia's thoughts seemed to be circumscribed by certain geographical limits. They went not beyond the sound of Bow-bells. He reversed the oft-quoted rule, and considered the town as created first and best, and the country as a sort of after-thought, manufactured merely for the recreation of the city. Wooded hills and trout streams belonged not to his poetical paradise. It was remarked by the lady of Sir Walter Scott, in reply to her husband, who had indulged in a poetic rapture on the innocence, gentleness, and grace of a flock of frolicking lambkins, that "they were excellent with mint sauce." So with Elia. Albeit a poet, and alive to poetic influences, the very water-fowl which Bryant has wrapped in solemn and glorious verse, would have been to him nothing more nor less than a fat goose, created for no possible purpose but to be eaten. Could we imagine the mental constitution of Elia to be so changed as to be in the country what he was in the city, alive to all the impulses of soul or sense from objects around him, enduing them with human thoughts and instincts, communing with them as if they were sentient beings, and mixing himself with their way of life, their cares, and their pleasures—and with a more expanded benevolence than the Roman poet, thinking not only nothing human, but nothing *living*, was foreign to him, to what new intellectual feasts would he not have invited us?

It is here that Cypress, whose spirit was in other respects akin to that of Lamb, shows himself endowed with capabilities to which Lamb was a stranger. The "Observations concerning Quail" could never have been written by Lamb, though he might have written a very similar article upon a subject of a very different nature. But such a subject would never have awakened his inspiration. In relation to the article alluded to, there is nothing within the sphere of our reading at all comparable to it, and we question whether its parallel can be found written in the range of English literature.

We cannot but think that the able editor of these volumes, than whom none more truly knew and appreciated the peculiar merits of Hawes' writings, has selected a title which—to the mass—may be uninviting. Let us repeat, that they are far, very far, from being mere sportsman's volumes, and that many of the most charming sketches have nothing in common with sporting scenes. While to the educated sportsman they will be a source of pleasure, not unmingled with instruction, and an additional incentive to the pursuit of his pure and manly amusements, to the general reader, the scho-

lar, the appreciator of rich and racy humor, the admirers of a style singularly original, and yet unaffected in its originality; in a word, to the lover of good things, they present a fund of amusement such as is rarely to be found. Even the politician will not go unrewarded, for there are good-humored and piquant satires upon men and things familiar to politicians, that will awaken many pleasant recollections of by-gone political struggles. The book-learned will find a man of their own kin, one whose learning was drawn from an early and deeply filled reservoir, a learning which brightened and illustrated all that it shone on. His humor welled out of its own will, from fresh and never failing springs, and his pathos came all warmly from a heart that overflowed with kindness. Each and all will find an American book in the strictest sense, a work so indigenous, so native to the soil, so faithfully descriptive of American scenes and peculiarities, that we can hardly conceive that any but an American could by possibility have been its author. At all events, any man but an American must have required the training of long, long years to have accomplished it.

Here we find the only true portrait of a regular Long Island South Side Bay man, that has yet been produced, and the likeness is so perfect, that future limners can add nothing to its fidelity. This subject Hawes has made his own, peculiarly his own. We marvel that neither Cooper nor Irving has made the attempt. The latter has slightly sketched, but by no means with his usual happiness and grace, some of the characteristics of the Long Island negro. But it is after all, merely the *genus* negro, not the Long Island species, and about as much like the real animal as the Jim-along-Joseys, Zip Coons, Jim Crows, and similar caricatures of the circus and the menagerie. But Leather-Stocking is not more a peculiar and characteristic being, than the South Side Bay man. Right glad are we that no bungler has disfigured his strongly and strangely marked lineaments, and that the first hand that has made his counterfeit presentment has done it so effectually, that all attempts to improve it must of necessity be failures. He knew his men. He was much among them, and while among them, was of them, an enjoyer of their sports, a fellow feeler of their cares and pleasures, a fellow traveller over their odd trains of thought, a manly endurer not only, but a hearty sharer in their little privations, and a counsellor when counsel was wanting in matters beyond their simple learning. How could he fail? Their looks, their gesticulations, their queer phrases, their superstitions had become his as well as theirs, and in describing them he had only "to speak right on" and be sure of being true to them and to nature. He stands forth as the laureate of the Bay-man, and any attempt to tear that laurel from his brow, will be as vain as it will be ruthless.

Mr. Hawes was—as the very manner of publishing these articles proves—careless of literary notoriety. Deeply imbued with the spirit of literature, a ripe and good scholar, a daily communer with the master-intellec[t]s—"the mighty minds of old," the cares of a laborious profession left him but little leisure for literary re-

and authenticity, I devoured ; from Sinbad the Sailor, down to the modernest, pert, self-sufficient affectations of our own expressly deputed readers of guide-books, and retailers of family gossip. Still, however, I was unsatisfied. I longed to be an actor, not a mere looker on ; a doer, not a reader of exploits. In this particular taste, my revered father chose to differ from me, by the distance of several continents. While I sighed for locomotion, and the transmutation of the precious metals into foreign novelties, the dearest care of that respected person was,

“ ‘ T’ increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.’

“ If, in the glow of my imagination, I spoke of Columbia river, Central Africa, Chinese Tartary, Ultima Thule, or any other reasonable, and desirable region for exploration, the old man would shake his head, and tell me that he was responsible for my future standing in society ; and that he could not permit me to go abroad until my habits were formed. ‘ Besides, my son,’ he would add, ‘ travelling costs money, and your education is not yet complete, and exchange is up, and stocks are down, and you’re rather irregular, and—and you had better wait.’ Wait, therefore, I had to, until I had finished my collegiate experiences, and pocketed my alma mater’s certificate, that my habits *were* formed, and that I was a youth distinguished for my learning, brains, and good behaviour, and all that : or, as Cypress would say, until the ‘ *hoc tibi trado*’ of jubilee commencement-day was poured into my ear, and with all becoming and appropriate solemnity, I was consecrated an A. B. My passion for cosinopolitism burned, now, fiercer than ever. I petitioned, and sulked, and flattered, and fretted, and moved earth and heaven, or tried to,

“ ‘ And Heaven,—at last,—granted what my sire denied.’

For it pleased heaven to put it into the heads of the navy department to appoint my uncle, Captain Marinus Locus, Commodore of a relief-squadron that was to go out to the Mediterranean ; and about a year after my graduation, the flag-ship Winnipissiago dropped her anchor at the place of rendezvous off the Battery, having on board my excellent, excellent uncle :—

“ ‘ My uncle,
My father’s brother ; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules.’

He was a jolly old cock, liberal, free-hearted, hated trade, and grace before meals, and though he was a strict disciplinarian aboard ship, he liked an adventure on shore as well as any body, provided only he was sure of not being found out. He was a great admirer of the morality of Lycurgus, inculcated in his precepts for the education of boys, and his darling maxim was, that there was no such thing as abstract sin, and that the iniquity of iniquity consisted in the bad example.

“ During the time of his waiting for the rest of the squadron,

he was often at my father's house, and I had frequent opportunities for the enjoyment of his conversation. It is not to be wondered that my heart grew to him, and that I became unhappy with desire of a situation aboard his frigate. As propitious fortune would have it, he took an equal fancy for me, and noting the violence of my marine propensity, he interceded with my father, and offered to give me a berth, and a share at mess, during his cruise, and offered me all possible facilities for seeing the country, without putting me or mine to any expense, except for the necessary outfit. As this course of travel would not require much disbursement, and as my habits were by this time quite confirmed, the kind old gentleman was persuaded to let me go.

“ ‘Well, Ned,’ said he, one morning, after breakfast, and a tear stood in his eye, ‘I’ve traded you off. You may go with your uncle. He has been begging, and hammering me, for a fortnight, and last night he offered me a quarter cask of Juno, and said he would take good care of you, and watch over your behavior and so forth, and so I told him he might have you. There, the secret is broken.’

“ ‘So is my heart,’ said my mother, sobbing.

“ ‘So is his coffee-cup,’ chuckled the old gentleman, pointing to the fragments, which my surprise and delight had strewn upon the floor.

“ ‘Remember, now, my son,’ continued the old gentleman, and then he read me a lecture containing the essence of all that Solomon ever said to Rehoboam, with the addition of a digest of the more modern maxims of parental wisdom, down to the date of the discourse. It was a precious mixture. I took it with all becoming meekness, and in the agitation and affliction produced by the notification that I ‘soon should be on the boundless ocean, far, far from the tender watchfulness of parental kindness,’ I stuck my fingers into my mouth, and then applied their watery ends to my eyes;—not anticipating the dialogue, I was unprovided with an onion. The old gentleman at last got through, finishing with an injunction that really made me cry, because I did not dare to laugh.

“ ‘Not least of all,’ said he, ‘be thankful for being born in a country, where you, though only a private citizen, and one possessed of no peculiar merit, may accomplish your travels as a passenger on board a public ship. *It doesn't cost any thing.* Uncle Sam pays the whole shot; and you can go to Dan, and Beersheba, and all the other cities up the Mediterranean, and write your travels, and I shall not be out of pocket a penny. I shan't have to advance you a cent. That's what I look at.’

“Sponge! thought I, a little startled, but I prudently kept my peace.

“The rest of the discourse,—the parting,—the sailing,—the deep, deep sea,—whales,—water-spouts,—Cape St. Vincent,—hurricane,—chicken-coop, and two men overboard,—Gibraltar,—duel between two midshipmen,—monks of Palermo,—Mount Ætna,—earthquake of Catania,—Dromio of Syracuse,—Cape Matapan,—Bozzaris,—

Greek pirates,—Colossus of Rhodes,—Smyrna,—and so forth, I pass over. Suffice it to say, that we finally arrived in the Levant, and cast our cable in the neighborhood of Cyprus.”

“Cyprus? Cyprus?” asked Venus Raynor. “What, any relation to our Mr. Cyprus here?”

“No, no; near the island of Cyprus. Cyprus! beautiful isle! In what glorious Majesty stood thy old Olympus. How fragrantly from thy hill came down the odor of thy orange-groves and grape-vines, mingling with the wind-borne scent of thy hyacinths, and anemonies! Land of generous wine, and glowing beauty! Birth-place of Venus!”—

“Hullo, Ned! hullo! what’s thee up to now?” cried Oliver.

“It’s lie,” pronounced master Peter. “Venus was born at Raynor South. I knowed his father. Have my doubts it’s a lie.”

“That’s what the family Bible says,” muttered the name-sake of the goddess, getting a little angry.

“Don’t bother me, you fool,” said Ned, snappishly, and putting his hand over Peter’s mouth. “I did not mean this *he* Venus; no, but her, the queen of beauty, the mother of love, Paphia,—Cythera,—Aphrodite,—emerging from old ocean’s wave—”

“‘*Emersam ex undis Venerem,*’ as Stephanus Forcatulus hath it, Ned,” I took the liberty of suggesting: fearing that he would tire out the boys with his raptures. “I thought it was Cythera, where the zephyrs carried the foam-born goddess. You had better go on with the story. How far is it to the Lanjan Empire?”

“Pardon, pardon, boys, for rearing up, and caracoling, in this irregular fashion. No, Cyprus, Cyprus. Only Hesiod says Cythera. And you, certainly, won’t put nis ‘theogony’ in competition with the judicious Tully’s ‘*de natura Deorum,*’—I will try, now, to be less episodical. But whenever I think of Cyprus, my bosom swells with the same feelings that half overwhelmed me when first I breathed the air from its beautiful shore; and my heart jumps within my body just as my legs did upon the upper deck of the Winnipissago, when young Bob Shelley, a midshipman, for whom I had formed the fondest friendship, was relieved from his watch, and came up where I was listlessly lounging.

“‘We’ll go ashore to-night, Bob,’ said I, rubbing my hands between my knees, ‘and taste some Cyprian—’

“‘No; nor wine nor women,’ interrupted Bob, despondingly. ‘The old man has given orders that not a soul quit ship to-night. All shore-boats are to be prohibited from approaching within thirty yards.’

“‘Why, the d——d old tyrant! what’s in the wind now?’

“‘Can’t say;—should’nt be surprised if we were off to the coast of Africa before morning: you know his way.’

“‘Well, well; I’ll go ashore;—yes,’ said I, at that moment catching the eye of a Greek fisherman who was sculling upon the edge of the tabooed distance, and who seemed to understand our conversation and wishes; ‘I’ll be cursed if I don’t go ashore. Dare you go along? When is your next watch? Can’t you steal two or three hours?’

"I may. I—may. But we must wait until night; we would be observed now. It will soon be dark."

"As Bob spoke, we observed the skiff of the fisherman glide swiftly towards the ship, and her minute figure was soon lost under the shade of our giant stem. 'The tongue is not the only maker of assignations. My eyes met those of Palinurus once more, and we had a perfect understanding upon the subject of our wished-for visit to the shore.

"Night came, and we found our wily Cypriot under the fore-chains; and we were soon at a miniature little city, built upon a promontory, that jutted out towards the ship, and which seemed to welcome our approach by the louder swelling strains of various music, and happy-hearted laughter. That night—that night!—I cannot tell the incidents of that night now.—No—never—never. We got back safely, however, and, as good fortune would have it, undiscovered, and unsuspected. Not having been found out, I went to my hammock with a quiet conscience, as indeed, with such a consolation, after what had happened, I was bound to do, aboard the commodore's ship. The next morning, however, changed the face of affairs; the non-intercourse regulation was repealed, and free trade and sailors' rights let the crew ashore, and a dark-browed Frank, the keeper of the cassino, where we danced the night before, aboard. The old man was in his cabin. Bob ran up into the main-top, and I turned into my nest. Bob was on the sick-list at his next watch. I myself was exceedingly disposed to be under the weather, and out of the way of recognition, and identification by the sorrowful host of '*the three spears*.' But the next morning the ship stood away for the opposite coast of Africa, and we happily recovered. I got well just in time to see the devil in the old man's eyes, as I walked up towards him, in obedience to his summons.

"'Sick! nephew, ha?' he began, half frowning, half sneering. I felt sick at heart, indeed. But when he asked me what had made me sick, and I replied that I attributed it to eating too many Cyprian oranges, he shut his eyes half up, and glimmering at me, sidewise, he turned slowly upon his heel, rapped the rattan in his hand hard upon his leg, and walked away. I saw it was all over.

"About six bells A.M., the officers, with myself, were all called aft.

"'Gentlemen,' said the old man, looking black and dignified as an incipient thunder-squall, "I regret that any individual under my command should disgrace the national flag, by riot, and violence in a foreign port; but much more do I regret that any officer of the Winnipissiago should so far forget his duty to his country, and his commander, as to break the order of the day." Then he ripped out a few appropriate *juramenta-juramentorum*—that is, *whoppers*, boys. After letting off steam, he went ahead again.

"'My good friend, Kapitanos Antistratikos, the American consul for Famagusta, and keeper of a highly respectable cassino there, informs me that two persons from the Winnipissiago——

but no matter; that will be for charges and specifications. Here; who'—pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket—'owns this piece of documentary evidence? Mr. Shelley, will you do me the favor to read the name of the happy proprietor?'

"With what a savage sneer the old man put the question! I quailed and trembled, I knew that Bob had lost his handkerchief in the scuffle, and faint, very faint was the hope that his ingenuity could excuse us. As to the offence itself, that was nothing, in reality, in the old man's judgment, compared with the sin of our leaving our tracks behind us, so that we were sure of being detected.

"'Guilty sir,' said Bob, touching his hat. He knew that there was no humbugging the old man. 'The document is my own.'

"'Enough. A court-martial will no doubt give due honor to your unofficer-like conduct. Consider yourself arrested—that is all, gentlemen. Pipe down.'

"'Mr. Locust,'—and the old man bowed to me with an ineffably increased *suaviter in modo*,—'your tongue need not confess that you were Mr. Shelley's companion. Your buttermilk face has saved that member the trouble. You will quit the ship at the first land we make. That ought, in my opinion, to be *the rule in Shelley's case*. So much for your comfort.—I promised your father to take good care of you; I shall keep my word, for I shall shortly leave you in *Grand Cairo*.—D—n you, sir, do you laugh?—that's no pun. I never made a pun in my life.'

"'Is our friendship, then, sir,' said I, 'forever annihilated?'

"'Exactly, nephew. It ends at the mouth of the Nile, where we shall shortly drop both you and our anchor. I have only one word of advice to give you; it is, look out for the crocodiles, and don't eat too many oranges. Good morning.'

"I could have burst into tears, but Bob came running up to me, and grasping my hand, cried, 'Bear it like a man. They'll cashier me, and I'll get permission to quit the ship with you; we'll travel together and seek our fortunes.' Generous fellow!

"Bob was correct in his anticipations; he was found guilty, and sentenced to be cashiered. His petition to the old man to be allowed to accompany me was readily granted, and about dusk, that evening, we were landed on the coast of Africa, near the western mouth of the Nile, a few miles from Rosetta, and about eighty miles north-west from Grand Cairo. We slept that night at the hovel of a Jew, and early in the morning started upon our journey. We had nothing to encumber us but the clothes upon our backs, our fowling-pieces, and Bob's favorite fiddle. The last article we brought along, as the means of earning our livelihood until we could get into some regular employment. Our pistols and dirks we had of course secured, together with a few pieces of gold. With these appointments we started for the great city of the Nile.

"Not being much used to walking, we progressed only thirty miles the first day, and at the setting of the sun, rested under a sycamore tree, to dispose of our frugal meal of dates. Our repast was here suddenly interrupted by the appearance of three maraud-

ing Bedouins, who dashed in upon us on their beautiful Arabs, cutting and slashing at us with their sparkling cimeters. We very coolly cut two of them down in a flash, with the first shot from our pistols. The third fellow turned his horse and dashed his rowels into his bloody flanks. But we gave him, each, the other barrel, and tumbled him off, with one bullet in the elbow of his sword-arm, and the other in the small of his back. We then helped ourselves to a few miscellaneous articles, that could have been of no further service to them, and buried their bodies in the sand. After this we had no further interruption until we arrived at Cairo, which we reached, on the second following night.

“ Our appearance here did not excite any very especial wonder. There were people of all colors, and countries, and religions, and habits, crowding along the narrow, dirty streets, seeking their business or their pleasures. The dogs seemed to be the most numerous and important part of the population, and we had little trouble from any of the rest of the inhabitants. So having sought out a caravansary, or boarding-house, we sallied out and commenced our vocation of street-minstrelsy. It was the most taking and profitable occupation that we could have chosen. I led the air, and Bob warbled bass, accompanying the melody with his cremona. ‘ Cease rude Boreas,’ ‘ Begone dull care,’ ‘ Ye sons of freedom,’ ‘ Barbara Allen,’ and several others of the most distinguished Christian pieces of profane music we absolutely coined into gold. The Cairoites were delighted with the novelty of the entertainment, and we became most decided favorites. Turks, Copts, Mamelukes, Jews, and Syrian Christians, voted us stars, invited us to their entertainments, and vied with each other in their unbounded hospitality.

“ Wake up Peter, Cypress. Dan, take this tumbler.

“ Well, boys, to be brief, in the course of three months we made money enough to buy fifty camels, one hundred Guinea slaves, a few Mograbian dancing-girls, and a goodly quantity of cotton, coffee, and other merchandize of the country, and joining another caravan, off we started across the desert, to the seaport of Suez, at the north end of the Red Sea. By-the-bye, what a pity it is that the Egyptians do not cut a canal from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. It is a dead level all the way;—not a lock necessary. Bob and I sent in proposals to the governor, to construct one within two years; but his highness shook his head, and said that if Allah had intended that there should be a water-communication from Suez to the Levant, he would have made it himself. But of that in another place. I intend to apply to our legislature for an act of incorporation for a railroad. Keep it quiet, boys. Say nothing.

“ Our arrival at Suez created no little excitement. Our fame had preceded us across the desert, and the swarthy disciples of the Prophet of the east, grinned upon us, and fed us and felt us, just as would the very Christian populace of New York grin at, and feed, and feel King Blackhawk, and the Prophet of the West. It was soon, however, our fortune to be monopolized by good society. The sister of the governor, Julia Kleokatrinka, a widow,

got us. She was the Lady B—— of the place, and a most magnificent woman she was. She was decidedly the best-dressed lady that I have seen in all my travels. Beautiful, witty, learned, accomplished, and, above all, so generous in every respect. It was on account of her peculiar excellences, that she had obtained a special license to be different in deportment and behavior, from all the other ladies of rank in Suez, and to expose herself to the gaze of men, and give entertainments, and all that sort of thing. All the other women of Suez are strictly guarded in their seraglios, as they should be. I took to her exceedingly. She loved and petted me so, I couldn't help it. She used to call me her '*hi ghi giaour*,' which means, boys, pet infidel poet. Her *conversazioni* were delightful. She had around her, constantly, a brilliant *coterie*, of poets and romancers. One day, I met at her palace, at dinner, a *cordon* composed of Almanzor, the geometrician; Allittle, the poet; Ali Kroker, the satirist; Ali Gator, the magnificent son of Julia—the Suez Pelham; Selim Israel, a writer of books which no body would read; a Mr. Smith, an Englishman; a Persian mufti; an Iceland count; a Patagonian priest, and several other persons of distinguished merit and virtue. The divine Julia never looked so well. She was dressed in Turkish pantaletts, made of the ever-changing plumage of the throat feathers of the African nightingale, woven and embroidered into a thin cloth of silver. Over these she wore a chemise of pea-green Persian silk, which hung loosely from the extreme tip of her alabaster shoulders, and fell just below her knees. The rest of her simple drapery consisted of a Tibetan shawl, which she gracefully disposed about her person, so as to answer the purpose of robe, or stole, or cloak, as her coquettish caprice might desire. Around her neck sported a young tame boa-constrictor, and in her lap slumbered a Siberian puppy-dog, which was presented to her by the emperor of Russia. Her conversation was unusually piquant. I was in capital spirits.

“Will you be so generously disinterested,” said the charming Julia, “as to eschew chewing until you can hand me that salt?”

“Most unequivocally, bright moon of my soul,” I readily replied; “Allah forbid, that through my neglect, a lady's meat should go unsalted.”

“Then we all had a hearty laugh. I turned to Ali Gator, who was leaning against a pile of scarlet satin ottomans, while the rays of the setting sun fell full upon his beautifully embroidered waistcoat—”

“Stop, Ned, stop,” said I, looking around, and listening to the chorus of heavy breathings that had, for some time past, been swelling upon my ear. “Raynor—*softly*—Dan—*louder*—Peter—*with vehemence*—Smith—Oliver—Zoph:—You have, by gad; you've put them all to sleep. I'm glad of it. It serves you right. Of what interest is it to these people to know what twaddle was talked at Julia Kleokatrinka's dinner-table? And what right have you to betray the privacies of a hospitable board, into which you may have been, perhaps unworthily, adopted. Shame! shame! It is a just judgment upon you.”

“It only shows their want of taste,” replied Ned, coolly.

"Bring up your camels!" sung out Venus, as he turned over on his side in an uneasy dream about the last thing he heard before he went to sleep. "Bring up your camels!"

"So I say," I continued. "Get out of the city, Ned, some how or other. If you can't do better, take a balloon. Let's wake the boys up, and then do you travel on. Bring up your camels! Bring up your camels!"

I roared this out so loud, as to bring every man upon his feet.

"I was asleep," said Raynor, looking as though he wanted to make an apology.

"Some pork will boil that way," philosophized the Hicksite.

"I was dreaming of the my-grab—someten—dancen-gals. What did you do with 'em, Mr. Locus," asked Venus, rubbing his eyes. "Were they pretty? I should like to try 'em on the double-shuffle, heel-and-toe, a small touch. Go it! Hey!"

"I'm done," said Ned, sulkily, crossing his arms.

"No, no; not by some thousands of miles," cried I. "We've got to get to the Lanjan Empire yet."—I knew Ned wanted to spin it out.

"It's my 'pinion he'll never reach there to-night," yawned Long John. "The wind don't seem to suit, no haaw. What's your sentiments, Peter?"

"I have my doubts."

EXTRAORDINARY PEDESTRIAN MATCH!

1000 Miles in 1000 Successive Hours!

THE Sporting World has been much excited of late by the achievement near Boston, of one of the most extraordinary Pedestrian Matches on record—a performance that eclipses on many accounts, that of the celebrated Capt. Barclay.

Mr. THOMAS ELWORTH, the pedestrian, commenced the arduous task of walking One Thousand Miles in One Thousand consecutive Hours, on Wednesday, August 24th, 1842, at 12 o'clock, noon, over the Cambridge Park Trotting Course, near the city of Boston, and concluded it at 3 o'clock, on Wednesday morning, the 5th of October. The match occupied, therefore, exactly *Forty-one Days and Sixteen Hours!*

Elworth was born in the town of Ferry, Washington County, State of Maine, on the 22d day of December, 1816. His height is exactly 5 feet 9 inches; his weight 150lbs.

He has been inured to hardship from the age of 12 years, at which time he "left *his* father's house" to seek his fortune, and as he himself expresses it, "has been continually on the go."

At 18 years of age, he took to farming, fifty miles from home,—

to visit them he travelled on foot about twice a month. It was his custom to start on Saturday morning about sunrise, and reach his home about sundown, remain at home during Sunday, and make the return trip on Sunday night. He was able to attend to his work the whole of the next day, and completely recruit himself at night by "one long round sleep."

He at one time accompanied, on foot, the same distance, two gentlemen who were riding in a buggy. They were so much pleased with the performance, that they offered him a good situation in Kingston, Jamaica, where they resided. From that period to the present, he has been sailor and landsman. He has made several voyages to Liverpool, West Indies, and coastwise. He has travelled on foot over nearly the whole province of Nova Scotia, where he carried a pedlar's pack. At St. Louis, Mo., for the last three years, he was a city night watchman, and day police-officer—carrier for two daily newspapers, runner for one of the Insurance Offices—and general bill-poster and collector. His knowledge of his power of rapid walking was obtained accidentally last winter at New Orleans, where he walked so rapidly that he astonished alike himself, and those who witnessed it, and is yet in the dark as to how fast he *can go*.

His mode of living has always been plain and temperate, having great partiality for salt food, which was his main dependence during the performance of his late unparalleled feat.

His manner of walking differs very much from that of the celebrated Capt. Barclay (whose performance will be found in the 1st Vol. of the "Turf Register," page 460.) His style of walking is to bend the body forward, and throw its weight on the knees and hips. He leans so much as to form a perpendicular line from the nose to the toe. His step is very long and elastic, and when in rapid motion, he swings his arms across his body. He wears in dry weather very thin-soled shoes, which he prefers on account of their yielding to the motion of the feet. He does not carry a pound of superfluous flesh.

At the close of the match, he felt as well, if not better, than at its commencement, and continued walking 14 hours after its termination, walking the last mile in 7 minutes 15 seconds.

Official Record of Time in Elworth's Pedestrian Match,

Over the Cambridge Trotting Course, near Boston, Mass.

		Time of starting.	min.	sec.			Time of starting.	min.	sec.
Aug. 24	12 o'clock	M.	10	Aug. 24	20m 12	13 30
	20m of 2	10 30		12	11 45
	2	9	Aug. 25	20m 2	12 45
	20m 4	9 30		2	12 10
	4	9 30		20m 4	14
	20m 6	10 12		4	13
	6	9 46		20m 6	12
	20m 8	12 30		6	11 30
	8	12 30		20m 8	10 30
	20m 10	12		8	12
	10	12 30		20m 10	10

	Time of starting.	min.	sec.
Aug. 25	10	11	15
20m	12	12	17
	12	11	15
20m	2	11	18
	2	12	10
20m	4	11	40
	4	13	
20m	6	10	27
	6	12	
20m	8	13	45
	8	13	45
20m	10	15	
	10	14	15
20m	12	15	30
	12	14	
Aug. 26	20m	2	13 30
	2	13	45
20m	4	14	
	4	12	
20m	6	13	
	6	13	
20m	8	11	30
	8	12	35
20m	10	13	
	10	12	30
20m	12	9	30
	12	10	30
20m	2	10	33
	2	10	54
20m	4	9	37
	4	10	55
20m	6	9	50
	6	9	53
20m	8	12	45
	8	12	5
20m	10	14	3*
	10	14	15
20m	12	15	
	12	14	
Aug. 27	20m	2	13 45
	2	13	50
20m	4	14	10
	4	14	45
20m	6	14	43
	6	14	15
20m	8	12	15
	8	12	15
20m	10	11	15
	10	11	30
20m	12	11	
	12	10	47
20m	2	11	40
	2	11	5
20m	4	11	8
	4	10	45
20m	6	11	45
	6	11	10
20m	8	12	20
	8	12	10

	Time of starting.	min.	sec.
Aug. 27	20m	10	13 30
	10	14	
	20m	12	14 10
	12	14	30*
Aug. 28	20m	2	14 30
	2	14	30
	20m	4	14
	4	14	15
	20m	6	14 15
	6	13	45
	20m	8	15 15†
	8	14	18
	20m	10	14 5
	10	11	40
	20m	12	13 15
	12	13	
	20m	2	13 20
	2	13	50
	20m	4	12 30
	4	14	35
	20m	6	13 15
	6	13	
	20m	8	13 49
	8	13	30
	20m	10	12 15
	10	13 30 ‡	
	20m	12	13 45
	12	13	10
Aug. 29	20m	2	14 30
	2	13	50
	20m	4	14 25
	4	14	15
	20m	6	14
	6	13	30
	20m	8	13
	8	12	35
	20m	10	11 10
	10	10	40
	20m	12	11 15
	20m	1	11 40‡
	1	10	40
	20m	3	9 50
	3	10	
	20m	5	8 48
	5	9	25
	20m	7	9 10
	7	10	28
	20m	9	13
	9	13	10
	20m	11	14 30
	11	13	40
Aug. 30	20m	1	14
	1	14	4
	20m	3	15 18

* Rains fast, and track very heavy and slippery.

* All well at 12 o'clock at night.
 † Carried an umbrella, and rains fast.
 ‡ Track very heavy, and raining two days and nights.
 § Time of starting altered Aug. 29th to odd hours.
 || First pleasant night since Mr. Elworth commenced his walk.

	Time of starting.	min.	sec.		Time of starting.	min.	sec.	
Aug. 30	3	13	30	}	Sept. 1	1	14 40	
20m	5	14	45		20	3	11 8	
	5	14	12			3	12 44	
20m	7	14	15		20	5	10 41	
	7	12	20			5	10 43	
20m	9	12	25		20	7	11 32	
	9	12	50			7	11 55*	
20m	11	9	45		20	9	15 43	
	11	11	17			9	14 34†	
20m	1	12	30		20	11	16 57	
	1	11				11	16 17‡	
20m	3	11	25		Sept. 2	20	1	16 15
	3	11	15			1	15 36	
20m	5	10	15		20	3	15 33	
	5	10	26			3	14 45	
20m	7	10	26		20	5	15	
	7	8	43			5	14 25	
20m	9	14	47		20	7	13 45	
	9	11	44			7	13 10§	
20m	11	14	24		20	9	13 33	
	11	15	3*			9	11 52	
Aug. 31	20m	1	14 42†		20	11	11 54	
	1	14	28			11	10 13	
20m	3	15	9		20	1	12	
	3	14	15			1	13 20	
20m	5	14	30		20	3	14 45	
	5	14				3	10 55	
20m	7	14			20	5	9 36	
	7	13	20			5	10 5¶	
20m	9	9	42		20	7	9 50	
	9	10	42			7	12 46	
20m	11	11	40		20	9	14 30	
	11	10	11			9	14 7	
20m	1	11	40		20	11	16 15	
	1	11	25			11	15 48	
20m	3	11	3		Sept. 3	20	1	1656**
	3	11	20		1	15 6		
20m	5	8	50	20	3	16 25		
	5	11	10		3	16 27		
20m	7	11	25	20	5	15 23		
	7	10	45		5	15 22		
20m	9	14	25	20	7	15 27		
	9	12	43		7	14 3		
20m	11	13	52	20	9	14 45		
	11	14	†		9	12 38		
Sept. 1	20m	1	14 14	20	11	12 36		
	1	15	10					
20m	3	15	24					
	3	14	47					
20m	5	15	15					
	5	14	40					
20m	7	12	15					
	7	14	15					
20m	9	11	13					
	9	12	6					
20m	11	10	42					
	11	11	25					
20m	1	P. M.	14 15					

* All well 12 o'clock at night.

† Very pleasant—track good.

‡ All well, 12 o'clock at night—very pleasant—track good.

* Perfectly well—appetite good, and limbs in good order—200 miles accomplished in 41 hours 43 min.—average time of each mile, 12 min. 40 sec.

† Very pleasant.

‡ Beautiful night to walk.

§ Weight, 147 lbs.—contusion on left instep—in good health and spirits.

|| Very pleasant through the night, and wind south—blister on each foot—appetite good.

¶ Dreams of domestic happiness.

** Saturday, Sept. 3 A. M., commenced wearing thick soled shoes, and finds them much easier—Feet improving, courage good—sure of succeeding in accomplishing the feat—Southern winds—appearance of showers—thermometer at 85 deg.—no sleep during the day.

	Time of starting.	min.	sec.
Sept. 3	11	14	46
.....	20	1	9 12
.....	1	10	4
.....	20	3	9 29
.....	3	11	51*
.....	20	5	10 17
.....	5	9	24
.....	20	7	11 37
.....	7	10	12
.....	20	9	15 2
.....	9	15	49
.....	20	11	15 15
.....	11	16	50
Sept. 4	20	1	16 15†
.....	1	16	37
.....	20	3	18 10
.....	3	15	47
.....	20	5	16 40
.....	5	16	15
.....	20	7	14 3
.....	7	14	4
.....	20	9	12 18
.....	9	13	5
.....	20	11	10 26‡
.....	11	11	44
.....	20	1	8 50
.....	1	13	10
.....	20	3	10 43
.....	3	10	8
.....	20	5	10 35
.....	5	11	46
.....	20	7	11 41
.....	7	12	57
.....	20	9	16 25
.....	9	16	25
.....	20	11	15 6
.....	11	12	56
Sept. 5	20	1	16 9
.....	1	16	20
.....	20	3	16 50
.....	3	17	9
.....	20	5	16 36
.....	5	15	50
.....	20	7	15
.....	7	13	56¶
.....	20	9	13 36
.....	9	14	18

	Time of starting.	min.	sec.
Sept. 5	20	11	13 30*
.....	11	14	47
.....	20	1	13 10
.....	1	14	20
.....	20	3	11 13
.....	3	12	2
.....	20	5	9 19
.....	5	7	58†
.....	20	7	10 16
.....	7	10	35
.....	20	9	16 33
.....	9	16	37
.....	20	11	15 31
.....	11	15	5‡
Sept. 6.	20	1	17 55
.....	1	14	36
.....	20	3	11 50§
.....	3	16	53
.....	20	5	16
.....	5	14	15
.....	20	7	13 16
.....	7	12	
.....	20	9	10 15
.....	9	11	46
.....	20	11	12 43
.....	11	12	30
.....	20	1	11 40
.....	1	12	15
.....	20	3	9 7
.....	3	9	35
.....	20	5	10 10
.....	5	8	17
.....	20	7	10 16
.....	7	9	30
.....	20	9	16 14
.....	9	14	43
.....	20	11	15 4
.....	11	16	
Sept. 7	20	1	14 59
.....	1	14	15
.....	20	3	16 15
.....	3	15	45¶
.....	20	5	15 50
.....	5	13	40
.....	20	7	10 35
.....	7	9	40
.....	20	9	12 14
.....	9	12	53
.....	20	11	12 5
.....	11	11	35
.....	20	1	10 52**
.....	1	11	2

* Discontinued using alcohol for bathing limbs, and thinks it injurious, and has not drank any spirits or wine from the commencement.

† It rains, and *always will*—(Signed)—Thomas Elworth.—Heavy showers, with thunder and very sharp lightning—carried umbrellas—track very heavy.

‡ Complains of slight cramp in the stomach, caused by eating a peach Good health and spirits—wind south—signs of rain—limbs in perfect order.

§ His dog is tired, and won't follow—accompanied by one of the watch.

|| Track very heavy and slippery.

¶ Wore the water proof suit for the first time—It rained from 6 o'clock till this hour.

* Fastest time made yet—Track heavy from rains in the morning.

† 300 miles accomplished—Wind N. W.—Thermometer 70 deg. in the house.

‡ Track improving—appearance of fine weather.

§ Thermometer 61 deg.

|| Thermometer 43 deg—very thick fog.

¶ Was presented with some "cling-stone" peaches, but dare not eat.

** New moon—track first rate

	Time of starting.	min. sec.		Time of starting.	min. sec.		
Sept. 7	20	3	9 52	Sept. 9	20 5	9 14	
		3	11 47			5	9 45
	20	5	8 27		20	7	15
		5	9 30			7	16 3
	20	7	12 a		20	9	17 53
		7	12 14			9	16 3
	20	9	13 38 ^b		20	11	17 33
		9	14 9			11	16 33
	20	11	16 31	Sept. 10	20	1	17 55
		11	16 31			1	17 17
Sept. 8	20	1	16 40		20	3	17 10
		1	16 53			3	17 25 ^a
	20	3	15 30		20	5	15 10 ^b
		3	15 30			5	14 35 ^c
	20	5	15		20	7	13 20
		5	14 26			7	11 47
	20	7	8 45		20	9	11 26
		7	9 17			9	9 50
	20	9	12 16		20	11	10 4
		9	12 35			11	9 35
	20	11	8 8		20	1	10 34 ^d
		11	10 26			1	12 40
	20	1	8 22 ^e		20	3	11 50
		1	9 30			3	8 20
	20	3	9 59 ^d		20	5	8 55
		3	11 5			5	8 35 ^e
	20	5	8 48		20	7	9 40
		5	8 38			7	13 59
	20	7	11 23		20	9	16
		7	12 22			9	16 37
	20	9	15 58		20	11	15
		9	14 27			11	13 15
	20	11	11 15	Sept. 11	20	1	15 52
		11	14 40			1	16 14
Sept. 9	20	1	16 8		20	3	16 30
		1	15 ^e			3	16 16 ^f
	20	3	15 5 ^f		20	5	16 ^g
		3	15 35 ^g			5	15 54 ^h
	20	5	15 34 ^h		20	7	14 17
		5	13 8			7	14 27
	20	7	12 28		20	9	13 12
		7	11 38			9	8
	20	9	11 8 ⁱ		20	11	10 13
		9	12 27			11	11 ⁱ
	20	11	11 30		20	1	13 15
		11	10 29			1	13 30
	20	1	13 20		20	3	9 36
		1	14 45 ^j			3	9 31
	20	3	13 20		20	5	9 11
		3	12 3			5	10 24
					20	7	10 22
						7	13 16 ^j

a Thermometer 60 deg.—pleasant morning, and enjoying perfect health—never felt better!

b Feels, as he says, like walking a mile close in to 7 minutes!

c Up to one o'clock, on the 8th of September.

d In good health.

e Rains very fast—track growing heavy.

f Wind S. W.

g Very dark

h Wind S. W.—thermometer 61 deg.

i Track very bad—carried umbrella.

j Muster day—encamped in the Park—rained all day.

a 400 miles accomplished—clear and pleasant.

b Track bad—wind N. W.

c Thermometer 49 deg.

d Track improving—wind N. W.

e Pleasant through the day.

f Track very rough—wind S. W.

g Thermometer 44 deg.

h Mr. E. in perfect health.

i Appearance of rain.

j Wind South—clear and pleasant at sunset.

	Time of starting.	min.	sec.		Time of starting.	min.	sec.
Sept. 11	20	9	12 50	Sept. 14	20	1	17 17
		9	13 29			1	15
	20	11	16 25		20	3	15 47
		11	16 11			3	15
Sept. 12	20	1	16 3		20	5	16 30
		1	16 30			5	15 22 ^a
	20	3	17 25		20	7	9 23
		3	17 16 ^a			7	8 35 ^b
	20	5	16 31 ^b		20	9	14 20 ^c
		5	16 21			9	13 6
	20	7	10 53		20	11	11 22
		7	14			11	10 51
	20	9	13 3		20	1	9 4 ^d
		9	13 5			1	8 34
	20	11	9 52		20	3	9 14
		11	11 37			3	9 38
	20	1	12 34		20	5	8 36
		1	9 32			5	9 29 ^e
	20	3	8 25		20	7	11 15
		3	11 21 ^c			7	12 30
	20	5	8 10		20	9	16 24
		5	8 25			9	16 55
	20	7	8 43		20	11	16 32
		7	12 17			11	17 53
	20	9	13 37	Sept. 15	20	1	17 53
		9	10 28			1	17 16
	20	11	16 39		20	3	16 20
		11	16 23			3	16 54 ^f
Sept. 13	20	1	16 15		20	5	17 54
		1	15 30			5	17 25
	20	3	16 51		20	7	16 47
		3	17 48 ^d			7	16 54 ^g
	20	5	15 17		20	9	15 54
		5	15 18			9	16 11
	20	7	14 11		20	11	8 30
		7	14			11	14 28 ^h
	20	9	9 9		20	1	14 19 ⁱ
		9	11 43			1	15 28 ^j
	20	11	12 40		20	3	15 24
		11	13 ^e			3	17 4
	20	1	13 33		20	5	16 3
		1	14 20 ^f			5	15 27
	20	3	14 21		20	7	17 10
		3	13 5			7	17 40
	20	5	11 51		20	9	15 10
		5	9 58			9	16 46
	20	7	14 3		20	11	16 37
		7	14 35			11	15 33
	20	9	17 51				
		9	16 18				
	20	11	17 23				
		11	15 34 ^g				

a Very dark—wind S., and raining.

b Thermometer 61 deg.

c Wind S.—thermometer 83—track very rough.

d Clear and pleasant—thermometer 60 deg.—wind S.

e Raining very fast.

f Track bad—still raining, and always will—wind N.

g Dark and thick fog—track still bad.

a Thermometer 65 deg.—clear and pleasant—wind N. W.

b 500 miles accomplished.

c Track improving.

d Complains of pains in his limbs and joints, occasioned by colds taken during bad weather.

e Pains continue.

f Rain—wind N.—thermometer 51 deg.

g Appetite not good—still raining.

h Thermometer 58 deg.

i Raining—carried umbrella.

j Thermometer 54 deg.—carried umbrella.

	Time of starting.	min.	sec.		Time of starting.	min.	sec.
Sept. 16	20	1	13 15 ^a	Sept. 18	1	15 50 ^a	
		1	17 9		20	3	15 40
	20	3	18 40			3	17 29
		3	18		20	5	17 44
	20	5	17 42			5	17 21
		5	17 29		20	7	16 12
	20	7	14 30			7	16 30
		7	15 36		20	9	15 39
	20	9	14 50 ^b			9	15 23
		9	14 54		20	11	10 ^b
	20	11	14 44			11	10 25
		11	13 11		20	1	11 52
	20	1	15 4			1	11 11 ^c
		1	15 14		20	3	10 4
	20	3	13 10			3	11 36
		3	13 34		20	5	9 5
	20	5	11 15			5	9 55
		5	11 46		20	7	11 56
	20	7	14 16			7	14 55
		7	14 36		20	9	16 25
	20	9	15 54			9	14 43
		9	15 49		20	11	16 39
	20	11	17 43			11	16 28
		11	16 4	Sept. 19	20	1	17 34
Sept. 17	20	1	17 51			1	17 41 ^d
		1	16 34 ^c		20	3	19 55
	20	3	17 2			3	18 40
		3	16 3		20	5	18 20
	20	5	14			5	15 40
		5	15 17		20	7	15 2
	20	7	15 30			7	14 16
		7	15 35		20	9	13 5
	20	9	14 13 ^d			9	13 4
		9	14 20		20	11	11 9
	20	11	11 42			11	12 51
		11	13 5		20	1	10 44
	20	1	13 50			1	14 42
		1	12 50		20	3	14 12
	20	3	10 29			3	13
		3	10 36		20	5	11 8
	20	5	8 36			5	11 10
		5	9 19		20	7	15 21
	20	7	12 26			7	13 12
		7	14 20		20	9	11 2
	20	9	13 10			9	15 5
		9	12 45		20	11	17 2
	20	11	15				
		11	15 51				
Sept. 18	20	1	15 41				

^a 6 o'clock A. M.—lower limbs rubbed with a decoction of wormwood and alcohol diluted, and hop baths for the body throughout the night—legs bandaged with flannel—7 A. M.—pains much easier—the last 24 hours cold storm from N. E.

^b Thermometer 52 deg.—walked under cover 20 miles, ending 3 o'clock P. M.

^c Cloudy and dull—complaints of soreness, and slight pain at pit of stomach—applied hot hop baths—7 A. M. warm and pleasant—thermometer 70 deg.—wind S. W.

^d Commenced walking on the track.

^a 5 A. M.—Thermometer 43 deg.—very pleasant during the night—wind S.—health improving—7 A. M.—weight 146 lbs.—9 A. M.—complaints of slight lameness in hips and knees—10 min. 25 sec. past 11 o'clock 600 miles accomplished.

^b 5 o'clock P. M.—light pains in the head—6 P. M.—commenced raining.

^c Wind S. W.—thermometer 58 deg.—11 P. M.—Fair.

^d 1 o'clock A. M.—thick fog—7 o'clock, rested well through the night—appetite good—3 P. M.—showers from the N.—5 P. M.—Rainbow—9 P. M.—complaints of pains and weakness in the knees—b. thed in wormwood and balm of Gilead buds steeped in alcohol diluted, and well rubbed in.

	Time of starting	min. sec.		Time of starting	min. sec.
Sept. 19	11	17 14	Sept. 22	1	15 40 ^a
Sept. 20	20 1	16 55 ^a	20 3	16 22	
	1	17 45	20 5	16 15	
	20 3	15 40	20 7	16 24	
	3	16 38	20 9	16 20	
	20 5	16 10	20 11	14 51	
	5	17 33	20 13	14 30	
	20 7	18 3	20 15	14 15	
	7	15 43	20 17	14 28	
	20 9	14 37	20 19	14 15	
	9	13 15	20 21	13 50 ^b	
	20 11	13 40	20 23	13 25	
	11	9 18	20 25	12 48	
	20 13	12 4	20 27	11 9	
	13	10 20	20 29	15 52	
	20 15	10 14	20 31	8 54	
	15	13 45	20 33	10 42	
	20 17	9	20 35	16 22	
	17	8	20 37	16 36	
	20 19	14 25	20 39	14 20	
	19	15 15	20 41	15 50	
	20 21	14 28	20 43	16 12	
	21	12 50	20 45	17 21	
	20 23	15 55	Sept. 23	20 1	16 25
	23	15 43	20 3	16 40 ^c	
Sept. 21	20 1	17 33	20 5	16 50	
	1	16 40 ^b	20 7	17 20	
	20 3	16 20	20 9	17 15	
	3	17 15	20 11	17 5	
	20 5	16 30	20 13	14 50	
	5	16 55	20 15	14 22	
	20 7	14 37	20 17	12 10	
	7	14 50	20 19	12 16	
	20 9	16 7	20 21	11 22	
	9	15 3	20 23	12 39	
	20 11	9 29	20 25	9 19	
	11	12 48	20 27	13	
	20 13	14 30	20 29	12 33	
	13	15	20 31	12 28	
	20 15	12 14	20 33	8 10	
	15	11 24	20 35	8 3	
	20 17	9 45	20 37	11 30	
	17	8 55	20 39	15 35	
	20 19	15 30	20 41	16 17	
	19	16 35	20 43	14 11	
	20 21	15 12	20 45	16 33	
	21	13 50	20 47	16 36	
	20 23	15 30	Sept. 24	20 1	16 10 ^d
	23	16 35	20 3	17 17	
Sept. 22	20 1	16 15	20 5	13	
	1	16 15	20 7	16 55 ^e	

^a 5 o'clock A. M.—Fair and cool through the night—wind N. W.—thermometer 43 deg.—walked under cover rom 3 P. M. yesterday until 9 this morning—track heavy and wet from last evening's showers.

^b Track in good order—5 o'clock A. M.—cold, with frost—thermometer 37 deg.—pains in the limbs, and soreness at the pit of the stomach—no sleep through the night until 5 A. M.—4 P. M.—heavy showers—track heavy—walked under cover—appetite good.

^a 7 A. M.—commenced walking on the track—track very heavy and wet—pains in knees and hips—clear and cool through the night—thermometer varying from 37 to 43 deg.

^b 696 miles accomplished this day at 13 m 50s. past 11 A. M.

^c Thermometer 38 deg—high wind from N. W.—pains much easier—track in good order.

^d Clear and cold—thermometer 36 deg

^e Thermometer 30 deg.—accompanied by Eaton.

	Time of starting.	min.	sec.		Time of starting.	min.	sec.	
Sept. 24	20	5	15 5	Sept. 26	9	15	11	
		5	15 30		20	11	10	54
	20	7	13 23			11	12	15 ^a
		7	15 13		20	1	12	39
	20	9	14 10			1	13	22
		9	14 33		20	3	12	23
	20	11	13 30			3	9	3
		11	13		20	5	9	
	20	1	9 36			5	8	1
		1	9 37 ^a		20	7	13	15
	20	3	13			7	8	37 ^b
		3	14		20	9	11	25
	20	5	8 14			9	14	46
		5	8 50		20	11	16	52
	20	7	11 57			11	16	28
	7	8 35	Sept. 27	20	1	15	10	
20	9	16 30			1	17	34	
	9	16 58		20	3	16	28	
20	11	17 20			3	16	22 ^c	
	11	16 50		20	5	16	32	
Sept. 25	20	1		17 29		5	17	40
		1		15 37	20	7	14	20
	20	3		16 30		7	15	^d
		3		17 30	20	9	16	38
	20	5		16 23		9	15	23
		5		15 26 ^b	20	11	14	3
	20	7		15 15		11	15	
		7		16 24 ^c	20	1	12	33
	20	9		15 10		1	11	6
		9		16	20	3	11	36
	20	11	13 35		3	13		
		11	14 30	20	5	8	8	
	20	1	15 56		5	9	5	
		1	14 59	20	7	12	58	
	20	3	13 12		7	16	27	
	3	14 46	20	9	17			
20	5	10 59		9	16	16		
	5	11 32	20	11	16	11		
20	7	10 20 ^d		11	16	10		
	7	14 27 ^e	Sept. 28	20	1	16	6	
20	9	16 5			1	15	8 ^c	
	9	17 19		20	3	17	15	
20	11	16 56			3	17	34 ^f	
	11	16 38		20	5	16	20	
Sept. 26	20	1		17 15		5	17	50
		1		17 10 ^f	20	7	15	10
	20	3		16 23		7	14	20
		3		17 10	20	9	16	10
	20	5		17 40		9	11	36
		5		14 15	20	11	9	5
	20	7		15 23		11	12	57 ^g
		7		14 30				
	20	9		10 7				

^a Feels better than for the last ten days—wind N. W.

^b Thermometer 36 deg.—Calm and pleasant through the night, with hard frost last two nights.

^c Weight 146lbs.

^d Walked last four miles under cover.

^e Walked on the track.

^f Very pleasant—wind N. W.—thermometer 40 deg.

^a In good health—limbs in good order—awakes and dresses as readily as at the commencement of the feat.

^b 800 miles now accomplished.

^c Cool, with frost.

^d Rested well through the night—appetite good.

^e Pains in abdomen, caused by colds—applied hot baths of rum and wormwood.

^f Warm and cloudy—wind S. W.—thermometer 55 deg.

^g Pains continue—applied dry heat.

	Time of starting.	min.	sec.
Sept. 28	20	1	14 20
		1	15 11
	20	3	14 10 <i>a</i>
		3	12 56
	20	5	10 6
		5	11 15
	20	7	14 17
		7	14 20
	20	9	16 20
		9	15 30
	20	11	16 20
		11	16 3 <i>b</i>
Sept. 29	20	1	16 15
		1	16 30
	20	3	18 12
		3	17 23
	20	5	17 58
		5	17 10
	20	7	15 41
		7	16 3
	20	9	13
		9	13 30
	20	11	11 22 <i>c</i>
		11	11 52 <i>d</i>
	20	1	9 24
		1	12 12
	20	3	13 35
		3	15
	20	5	8 9
		5	8 40
	20	7	16 38
		7	16 38
	20	9	17 10
		9	16 15
	20	11	17 10
		11	17 10
Sept. 30	20	1	16 20 <i>e</i>
		1	17 10
	20	3	18 58
		3	18 52
	20	5	16
		5	15 55
	20	7	15 38
		7	13 36

a Warm and pleasant—wind N. W.—thermometer 74 deg.

b Northern lights, very brilliant—wind N.—thermometer 56 deg.

c Pains continue—appetite good—spirits buoyant.

d Thermometer 66 deg.—864 miles accomplished.

Sure to win.

e 28 minutes before 1 o'clock, the precise time for being called, Mr. E. awoke of his own accord, inquired the time of night, turned out, dressed himself, and was all in readiness at the word "Go."—3 A. M. thermometer 42 deg.—10 A. M. wind S. E.—thermometer 64 deg.—Pains in abdomen continue—bathed in alcohol diluted and worn wood—applied dry heat—1 o'clock P. M. showers—carried umbrella—11 P. M. thermometer 48 deg.—blister on left foot—pains increase—receives medical advice.

	Time of starting.	min.	sec.
Sept. 30	20	9	13 34
		9	14 38
	20	11	14 32
		11	14 40
	20	1	12 52
		1	14 6
	20	3	14 2
		3	12 6
	20	5	9 43
		5	8 25
	20	7	14 5
		7	16 40
	20	9	16 48
		9	15 28
	20	11	17 30
		11	16 29 <i>a</i>
Oct. 1	20	1	16 23
		1	17 47
	20	3	16 40
		3	17 30
	20	5	17 25 <i>b</i>
		5	18 34
	20	7	16 10
		7	16 15
	20	9	13 55
		9	14 35
	20	11	16 51
		11	14 25
	20	1	17 6
		1	16 25 <i>c</i>
	20	3	16 51
		3	15 49
	20	5	14
		5	17 24
	20	7	16 56
		7	19 30 <i>d</i>
	20	9	16 14
		9	17 24
	20	11	17 45
		11	17 3
Oct. 2	20	1	16 20 <i>e</i>
		1	18 12
	20	3	16 5
		3	16 10
	20	5	18 5
		5	18 15
	20	7	18 5
		7	17 7
	20	9	16 22
		9	16 31
	20	11	15 31 <i>f</i>

a 900 miles accomplished.

b Thick fog all night—track in good order—Mr. E. restless through the night—no sleep from 3 to 5 A. M.—complains of severe pains in chest and limbs—thermometer 40 deg.

c Thermometer 71 deg.—very pleasant—wind S. W.

d Debility and depression of spirits.

e Pains continue—applied dry heat.

f Weight 143½ lbs.—loss of 4½ lbs. since the commencement.

	Time of starting.	min.	sec.		Time of starting.	min.	sec.
Oct. 2	11	14	57	Oct. 3	7	16	19
	20	1	13 50 ^a		20	9	16 30
		1	12 48			9	16 30
	20	3	13 27		20	11	18 6
		3	15 55 ^b			11	16 25
	20	5	13 28	Oct. 4	20	1	16 25 ^a
		5	11 4 ^c			1	16 15
	20	7	16 58 ^d		20	3	17 30
		7	15 36			3	17 10
	20	9	15 25		20	5	17 54
		9	16 47			5	17 16
	20	11	17 15 ^e		20	7	13 25
		11	18 21 ^f			7	15 30
Oct. 3	20	1	17 10		20	9	15 23
		1	18 30			9	14 40
	20	3	19		20	11	12 8
		3	18 20			11	12 50
	20	5	18		20	1	11 15
		5	18 7			1	11 26
	20	7	16 10		20	3	11 57
		7	15 45			3	8 5
	20	9	14 53		20	5	7 45
		9	13 58			5	8 7
	20	11	14 5		20	7	10 40
		11	12 40			7	16 30
	20	1	10 46 ^g		20	9	15 18
		1	13 10			9	18 12
	20	3	12 50		20	11	17 23
		3	12 24 ^h			11	16 53
	20	5	11 3 ⁱ	Oct. 5	20	1	15 34
		5	15 15			1	15 54
	20	7	15 17		20	3	13 15 ^b
						3	16 42 ^c

- ^a Thermometer 72 deg.
^b Walked under cover this mile.
^c Walked under cover this mile.
^d Pains much easier—feet improving.
^e Very pleasant—wind S. W.
^f Thermometer 42 deg.
^g Pleasant breeze from the W.—track good.
^h Thermometer 62 deg.
ⁱ Mr. E. in good spirits.

- ^a Clear and pleasant—wind S.—Mr. E. in good health and spirits—free from pains, &c.
^b Thermometer ranging through the night from 40 deg to 55 deg.—wind N. W.
^c No sleep to-night—somewhat excited, but perfectly well!

At 3 o'clock and 16 minutes 42 seconds, Mr. E. finished his *One Thousandth* mile, at which time ten guns were fired by his friends, one for every hundred miles. He, however, continued walking one mile every hour until 5 o'clock, P.M., the same day, for the purpose of giving the public an opportunity to judge of his health, spirit, and condition. After walking *one thousand and fourteen miles*, in one thousand and fourteen successive hours, (besides the distance to the course, which is seven rods,) he appeared in as good condition as on the day he commenced.

There was an immense concourse of spectators to witness his walking through the afternoon; he walked the last mile in *seven minutes and fifteen seconds!* and he came in amidst deafening shouts!

October 5 — *Memorandum of Elworth's time after the conclusion of his Thousand Miles!*

20 minutes to 5 A.M.	walked in	16 minutes 17 seconds.
5 "	" "	18 " 50 "
20 " " 7 "	" "	16 " 10 "
7 "	" "	15 " 20 "
20 " " 9 "	" "	14 " 12 "
9 "	" "	11 " 27 "
At 10* "	" "	8 " 36 "
" 11 "	" "	10 " 32 "
" 12 "	" "	12 " 24 "
" 1 P.M.	" "	13 " 52 "
" 2 "	" "	10 " 12 "
" 3 "	" "	7 " 50 "
" 4 "	" "	7 " 54 "
" 4 "	" "	7 " 15 "

* He commenced walking at even hours.

The last three miles would have been done in quicker time, had it not been for the spectators crowding on to the course; in fact, Mr. E. was compelled to *beg* his way through the crowd, as every body appeared anxious to take him by the hand and congratulate him. At the close of his labors he was "applauded to the echo" by a host of spectators; and, when the cheering subsided, he mounted a platform and delivered the following address:—

" *Ladies and Gentlemen*—On the 24th day of August last, at 12 o'clock, M. I commenced the arduous task of walking 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours. This morning, at 16 minutes and forty-two seconds after 3 o'clock, I completed the performance; and allow me to assure you that I have walked one mile every hour since I started, and that a journal of the time has been kept by those persons in whose charge I have been, who will testify to its correctness; and it is now open to the inspection of every one who wishes to examine it. I have continued to walk one mile every hour since the completion of my feat up to this time, making 14 miles over the 1000, for the purpose of giving an opportunity to the public of judging of my condition. The distance from my room to the course is seven rods, which is not in the walk of the 1000 miles. And I will here state to you that I have lost but three and a half pounds in weight since I started, and now feel in as good health and spirits as on the day I started. And permit me now to return my thanks to those gentlemen who have so kindly extended to me their aid and encouragement throughout my task, and beg you *all* to accept the thanks of a YANKEE PEDESTRIAN."

Notes of the Month.

N O V E M B E R .

The Races at Camden last Week!

The Philadelphia and Camden Races, over the Camden Course, were to commence on Wednesday last, with every prospect of a most exciting and interesting meeting. We are assured that *Fashion and Blue Dick* will positively meet. We are glad to hear that Boston is recovering, and that he was looking and going so well a few days since that it is not certain *he* will not start against the Northern champion. *Nous verrons.*

Col. JOHNSON will bring North, Boston, Blue Dick, Cassandra, and probably two others. Col. THOMPSON—a most formidable competitor—brings Wilton Brown, Pryor, Register and Kitty Harris. Mr. HARE, Mr. KENDALL, Maj. DOSWELL and Mr. WILSON, of Virginia and Maryland, are also expected to bring on drafts from their stables.

The North will turn out its whole strength. Mr. LAIRD has Fashion, Mariner, Clarion, and others. Maj. JONES has Treasurer and Emily. Mr. CONOVER has The Heiress and others. Mr. LLOYD has a string, with the Brother to Hornblower at its head, and there are some half dozen other strings; so that the fields at Camden will doubtless be large each day.

A *Second Meeting at Trenton* is advertised, to commence on the 1st Tuesday of November, being the week following the Camden races. Mr. BROWN, the spirited proprietor of the Eagle Course, has just returned from Baltimore and Washington, where he received an assurance from the principal Turfmen there assembled that they would bring on their stables to Trenton, after the Camden races. In consequence of this arrangement the Second Meeting on the Union Course, Long Island, must necessarily be postponed.

Blue Dick.—As it appears to be settled that this fine horse is to meet Fashion next week at Camden, the following singular description of his style of going, from a Virginia correspondent, may not be out of place. We do not endorse the writer's opinions, however, never having seen the horse, though we hope to do so next week:—

"If Fashion runs at Camden, she will have to run against Blue Dick, and not Boston. *She will beat Blue Dick*—but he is 'a buster!' I think he is the fastest horse I ever saw make tracks, but he is a perfect whirlwind—goes any where and every where—would just as soon run over a fence as on the track. I think him a dangerous horse for a man to bet his money on, for he cannot be controlled. When he takes the notion to run, 'all ——' could not stop his going anywhere. I know of no way to describe him, or no better way than to say he is a perfect *whirlwind*. I have seen Boston run two or three times in bursts faster than anything I ever saw, except Blue Dick. I saw him taking his exercise here, and the way he run down the straight stretch was a perfect curiosity! *It was just a blue streak!* I think the nag don't live that can begin to show with him for speed."

New Orleans Races.—The meeting on the Metarie Course is announced to commence on the 14th Dec., and the following official announcement has been made:—

"All horses contending for prizes over the Metarie and Louisiana Courses will carry weight, dating their ages from the *first of January*, instead of the *first of May*."

A very fine thorough-bred steeple chase horse has just arrived here from Ireland, in the ship "North America," Capt. LOWBER. He is called Waxy Pope after his sire, the celebrated winner of the Derby, and brother to Whalebone, Whisker, Woful, etc., and is out of a Swordsman mare. We shall hereafter publish his full pedigree. This fine horse—the first specimen of the British Steeple Chaser ever seen here—was bred by the Marquis of SLIGO, and is imported by FREDERICK W. BROWNE, Esq. of Brown Hall, County Mayo. The horse suffered considerably on the passage, but as every possible attention is paid him, he will doubtless soon recover. He is a chesnut, with little or no white, fifteen hands three inches, under the standard, and nine years old. He has covered two or three seasons, and last year was ridden to hounds. He has been a frequent steeple chase winner, and from his size, shape, power, and blood we esteem him a decided acquisition to the stock of the country. His owner is undecided where to locate him next season, but he will doubtless remain near this city if unsold.

"Mr B——, of Louisiana, claims the name of *Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter*, for a yellow tail pup, by Leader out of Coulless. Look out for tall running somewhere. Is *Harkforward* in good order?"—*Communicated.*

Imported Precipitate.—This horse stood one season *I believe* at T. GOODE'S, in Chesterfield, Va. He was imported the same season with Citizen, and one of his fillies bred by D. MINGE was named in a two year old cup race at Halifax, N.C., won by a Citizen Colt, bred by W. W. JONES. This filly was trained in the same stable with the famous Hickory; was cut down by him in a brush and never raced afterwards. Miss Muirroe by Precipitate, the same age, won the great sweepstake at Newmarket, beating Mr. WILKES' Madison, etc. At four years old she won all her races, 2 and 3 miles, in Mr. JOHNSON'S stables. If she lost I do not recollect it; she was afterwards the dam of Spring Hill by Sir Archy. Gen. WYNN'S Malvira was a fine performer at all distances; she was barely 14 hands 1 inch, but of great beauty and strength. I saw also a filly bred by Mr. Goode; she had ring bone, was never trained, and produced a colt by Citizen. These fillies were all the same age, and I incline to the belief that Precipitate lived but one season after his importation. We have had no better horse since; he was a short legged, strong horse, much on the model of Plenipo. Yours, B.

Nashville, Aug. 21, 1842.

It is somewhat strange I never saw a colt by Precipitate; all were fillies; I presume, however, he must have gotten some colts.

Precipitate again.—We make no doubt that Mr. EDGAR'S account of this English horse, as given in his Stud Book, [quoted by us last month] is incorrect. The following letter from JOHN MINGE, Esq., of Petersburg, Va. seems to settle the question most satisfactorily—a fault that will be highly gratifying to several correspondents interested in the stock of Precipitate:—

Dear Sir:—In the September No. of the "American Turf Register," "C." enquires if Weatherby's statement of the death of *Precipitate* is correct? I answer, *no*. He was imported by WM. LIGHTFOOT, Esq., of Charles City, Va. and covered a good many mares. He died *I believe*, before the season expired. Dr. DIXON'S Pillbox, the dam of (Hurry-'em) was among the number. The latter was the property of my father whom I have often heard speak of the appearance of Precipitate.

Petersburgh, Oct. 6, 1842.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN MINGE.

The GREAT FAIR of the *American Institute* has closed after a fine exhibition which has attracted thousands upon thousands. The award of Premiums on Stock, etc., will be published in this magazine as soon as furnished officially. It may not be improper to remark that the 1st premium "for the best stallion" was awarded to *Abdallah*, the celebrated trotter, (by Mambrino, out of Amazonia,) from Long Island, and the 2d to *Raritan*, (by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Indiana, by Sir Archy) from New Jersey. The 1st premium "for the best brood mare" was awarded to *Betsy Wilson*, the dam of the far-famed Lady Clifden (by Ratray, dam by Ogle's Oscar) from Connecticut [of all places!] and the 2d premium to *Iodine*, (by Eclipse, out of Romp) from Long Island. The premium "for the best colt, not exceeding 2 yrs. old," was awarded to *Logan*, (by Henry Clay, out of Croppy—trotting stock on both sides) from Brooklyn, L. I. The committee recommended the award of a Diploma to a Bay Filly, 14 months old, by Tippecanoe, out of a Mambrino mare, from Newark, N. J., and also one to a Bay Colt, 3 yrs. old, by Young Wildair, out of a Mambrino mare, from Orange Co., N. Y. The premium "for the best Jack," was awarded to *Don Juan*, (imported from Spain, and a prodigious fine animal,) from New Brunswick, N. J.

GREAT NATIONAL RIFLE MATCH.

AMERICA vs. SWITZERLAND.

Mr. Editor.—About six or seven months ago a controversy arose between a number of Swiss, German, and American gentlemen on the subject of Rifles and Rifle Shooters. It finally resulted in a match between Capt. LLOYD, of New York, and FREDERICK GEANNET and PIERRE HENRY MONTANDON, of the town of Locle, Switzerland, each to shoot in their own country, to come off before the 1st of Sept. ult. Each party was to shoot thirty shots, to be measured by aggregate or string measure, from the centre of the bull's eye to the centre of the ball hole,—distance 545 feet (181 yards 2 feet), off hand; Capt. Lloyd to beat both the Swiss shooters or lose the match.

New York shot on the 12th, Switzerland on the 27th of July. Each target was forwarded immediately by the first packets from Havre and New York. The Swiss target arrived here last week, by the *Oneida*, Capt. FUNK, and for the satisfaction of your numerous readers, and particularly Rifle Shooters, I will give both targets in the order they were shot.

I must premise that this match was strictly National, and that it caused great excitement, particularly in Switzerland, from the fact, that they were never beaten on a fair trial at a long shot. The Swiss shooters shot in a gallery; Capt. Lloyd shot on open ground. Montandon missed his target on the 19th shot, and gave up. His shooting up to this period was eight inches better than Geannet's. The shots were measured by a Swiss rule, which is half an inch shorter to the foot than an English rule—or, $11\frac{1}{2}$ English inches make one Swiss foot.

Mr. Geannet has stood champion of Switzerland for twenty years. He won the last Government prize, by making seven successive bull's eyes, 10 inches in diameter, off hand, distance 545 feet, or 181 yards 2 feet; this distance being prescribed by Government. Montandon was believed to be quite his equal.

THE TARGETS.

GEANNET.			LLOYD.		
No.	Inches.	Twelfths.	No.	Inches.	Twelfths.
1	10	8	1	1	3
2	14	6	2	7	6
3	2	4	3	5	11
4	10	2	4	3	2
5	7	11	5	7	8
6	3	7	6	7	9
7	2	5	7	9	10
8	3	6	8	8	1
9	10	5	9	3	10
10	7	10	10	6	1
11	12	1	11	8	6
12	8	8	12	2	3
13	7	0	13	8	2
14	4	4	14	4	9
15	2	3	15	9	5
16	3	11	16	4	7
17	13	9	17	3	5
18	3	9	18	8	0
19	7	4	19	2	1
20	7	5	20	5	10
21	7	0	21	6	9
22	5	2	22	4	11
23	2	4	23	7	11
24	4	5	24	4	4
25	2	5	25	2	5
26	14	1	26	4	3
27	6	7	27	8	6
28	4	7	28	3	11
29	3	3	29	5	6
30	1	6	30	9	8
	195	2		176	3
	176	3			

Lloyd won by . . . 18 11
From the centre of the bull's-eye to the nearest break of the ball, 177 3 4 inches (English measure); ball (round), 18 to the pound.

From the centre of the bull's-eye to the nearest break of the ball, 163 1-8 inches (English measure); ball (form of a sugar loaf, thus: \triangleright), 30 to the pound.
Wind varying the ball from five to nine inches.

If you consider this of sufficient interest, please give it a place in your very valuable and interesting paper, and oblige

New York, Sept. 27th, 1842.

AN OLD NEW YORK RIFLE SHOOTER.



Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1842.

Embellishments:

PORTRAIT OF BOSTON:

Engraved on Steel by DICK, after a painting by DE LATTRE.

OUTLINE OF BEE'S-WING:

Engraved on Wood by CHILDS, after a sketch in "Bell's Life in London."

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE present Number completes the Thirteenth Volume of the **AMERICAN TURF REGISTER**, and on examining the character of the letter-press, and the beauty and number of the embellishments comprised in the twelve numbers published since I became proprietor of the work, I think it will be acknowledged that they do not suffer by comparison with any that have preceded them. It pains me, however, to declare, that while an extra outlay on my part has been incurred to render this, the oldest Magazine in the United States, every way worthy of the immense interests now involved in rearing and training the Blood Horse, a corresponding liberality has not been evinced by the great body of its subscribers. Many, very many instances of prompt payment, and more of warm approval and encouragement, have occurred to lighten the task of publication, yet the present year has added largely to the indebtedness of my subscribers. This should not be—and as the domestic exchanges are now comparatively good throughout almost the entire Union, and the general business of the country has given undoubted symptoms of a returning prosperity, I trust that payments to the close of the present volume will be no longer withheld, and that a general disposition will be displayed to sustain the **TURF REGISTER** in the improved style of publication it has now assumed, and thus render the work permanently creditable to the American Sporting World, and a source of both pleasure and profit to the subscriber.

JOHN RICHARDS.

New York, December 1, 1842.

* * * The Mail is preferred as a medium through which to remit, and Postmasters are allowed by law, and are generally willing, to enclose money to periodicals postage free. To those of our subscribers who are far in arrears we would say, *send part now*, and the remainder as soon as circumstances will admit. Payments delayed in the expectation of improved exchanges, or the journey of some friend to New York, are about the most unpleasant obstacles we have to encounter. To all we would say, send your money through the Mail, and send at once—it will be more acceptable through that medium than any other.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

MOBILE, Ala. - - - Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting 2d week in Dec.
NEW ORLEANS, La. Metarie Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 14th Dec.
" " Louisiana Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Dec:
RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday in May.
TALLAHASSEE, Flo. - Marion Course, Jockey Club Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Jan.

The Hygiene of Horses:

OR

OBSERVATIONS ON THE BREEDING, TRAINING, AND FEEDING OF THESE ANIMALS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. HAMONT: WITH REMARKS BY ERINENSIS.

THE following is an abstract of a Memoir read before the French Academy of Sciences by M. Hamont, which we promised to lay before our readers on an early occasion. We regret to find, in a scientific paper of this kind, ostensibly put forth with the view of improving the breed of horses in France, much bickering and petty jealousy towards this country, which, to say the least of it, is in exceeding bad taste, and by no means increases our respect for the author. Indeed, if M. Hamont was to be believed, our plan of training and bringing up horses is neither more nor less than a system of unmitigated cruelty, founded in ignorance and in violation not only of the laws of the physiology of the horse, but of common reason and humanity; and, according to the same authority, the English aristocracy are a set of the most exclusive and selfish monopolists on the face of the earth, who profit much by the simplicity of their mercurial neighbors in horse-dealing and in the art of jockeyship! It is pleasing, however, to find that M. Hamont's auditors did not coincide with him as to the justness of his strictures on English Gentlemen and on English horses; and it affords us no small gratification to see so respectable a Member of the Academy as M. Bouley, stand forward to vindicate the characters of our aristocracy and cattle from the unfounded aspersions of the irritable and uncourteous M. Hamont.

There are (says Mr. H.) so many false notions prevalent regarding the Arabian horses, and the means of improving the breed of horses in France, that we shall be content to indicate a few of the most glaring errors. It has been asserted by respectable writers that the Arabian stallion is below the middle size. This is not correct. I have seen horses fully as high as the best of the English breed in the tribes of the Anezis and of the Nedsjed. There were several in the stables of Choubra in 1841. It is also stated that it has taken the English three hundred years to bring their breed of horses to their present condition, and that a century at least would be necessary to bring the French horses to the same state of perfection if we were to use Arabian stallions smaller than their English descendants. This is also erroneous. The breed could be regenerated in the course of twelve or fifteen years. The *height* of the foal depends on the *mother*, and on good nourishing food frequently varied, and not on the *stallion* by which it was begotten. The long period which it took the English to improve their breed of horses cannot be attributed to the Oriental stallions.

It was undoubtedly the result of the egotism and selfishness of the aristocracy of England, who have for a long period monopolised to themselves the swiftest and best breed of horses in that country! —*Proh pudor!*

It has been the fashion lately to say that the Arabian horses have degenerated; that they are meaner, less graceful, and less numerous than formerly. This assertion proves that the writer was wholly unacquainted, practically, with the subject he was discussing. It is not true. The existence of the Bedouins chiefly depends on the quality of their horses. They would never have preserved their nationality against the inroads upon their territory of the soldiers of Mehemet Ali if their chargers were of a low breed. The long, frequent, and precipitate flight of these Nomadic tribes seldom or never injures the health of the horse, provided he is supplied with the nourishing food pointed out in a former paper—camel's milk, &c. I am enabled to testify from actual observation that the Arabian horses are not degenerated. It is alleged by some that the English horses do not thrive in other than meridian climates. Others again assert that the mares of the West should be crossed with the stallions from the South. Singular contradiction! It is much more reasonable to say that the Arabian breed is necessary for all countries, and that it is always preferable to that of the native horses. Experience both in Europe and in Asia proves the correctness of this statement. By crossing the English with the French breed we cannot possibly obtain as good horses even as the English, for we are still removing from the parent stock—the Arabian. In all other European countries *that* is the animal used; but in France there seems to be an opinion prevalent that his descendants will produce a better breed than himself.

Two remedies have been proposed to improve the breed of horses in France; namely, to increase the prizes on the race-course, and to enlarge the stud houses and establishments for breeding. As I purpose devoting a separate work to the latter subject, I shall proceed at once to examine the merits of the former plan. Regular horse-racing commenced in England in 1603, and nearly at the same period the Arabian horses were first imported. Our neighbours derived great advantage from both these events. They produced between the Arabian stallion and the Western mares a splendid animal, remarkable for vigor, energy, and swiftness. They continued to import the Eastern horses, and to improve the breed of their own until the English horse was the finest in Europe.

The French, astonished at this success, soon began to imitate their neighbours, and purchased at a large price English stallions of the improved breed. But the English jockies, as a return for the large sums we paid them, have always endeavored to keep their method of training for the race-ground an *occult science!*—M. Hamont here enters into an elaborate criticism of the English method of breaking-in horses, the tricks played by the jockies on their masters, the useless and unnecessary expense, as he is pleased

to call it, and the barbarity of the system taken as a whole; and winds up his philippic with the following conclusions, which he avows are the only results to be derived from adopting our horrible system of horse education!

1st. That the owner of the horse will be deprived of his service for one or two years, during which he must be fed and supported at considerable expense.

2d. That mares cannot be allowed to breed while taking lessons in the training ground!

3rd. That the growth of the animals is arrested from their long and severe course of study à l'Anglaise, just as that of dogs may be prevented by the constant use of *eau-de-vie*!

4th. That half of these four-footed students are returned to their masters in a most lamentable state.

5th. The expenditure of enormous sums in keeping up horses for no earthly use but that of breaking their wind, and performing an "official" race of four minutes' duration once in 365 days.

6th. Death of a great number of horses from consumption and other diseases of the chest, the result of cruel over-exertion.

Can it for a moment be credited that M. Hamont quotes our own "Magazine" in support of these *outré* and sapient conclusions? But such is the case. We could not help smiling at the following passage:—"Consult," says M. Hamont in a tone of triumph—"consult the English themselves with regard to the customs sanctioned by the majority of their countrymen: for example, Monsieur CRAVEN, an *illustrious farrier*, writes thus in the "Sporting Magazine" for August, 1836: 'The limbs of our race-horses are now constantly ailing even before they run, and very few of them are capable of running more than two or three races without some accident occurring to their feet, which prevents them from ever doing so again.'—The author next cites NIMROD, whom he characterises as a *jockey* of the first water, in favor of his arguments against the English system of initiating blood-horses into the mysteries of the race-ground. He protests against the *effeminacy* of our plan of bringing up horses, and the habit of clothing and protecting them both in-doors and out-of-doors from the slightest inclemency of weather; and would substitute the more natural and healthy plan of teaching them to endure the vicissitudes and privations of the seasons and of the climate in which they live, in like manner as the Arabian horses do. The Nubians (says M. Hamont), mounted on their superb horses, called *dongolahs*, chase the gazelle, the ostrich, and the giraffe over the African Desert for six or eight successive days, only eating a small quantity of maize and grass, and drinking a little camel's milk. On their return, the horses rest for forty-eight hours, live on milk-food during that time, and return to the sandy Desert again for the same length of time. Yet the Nubians do not train their horses after the English fashion. The horses of Central Arabia are capable of performing extraordinary feats, and during long and harassing journeys live on cakes composed of flour and meat pulverised, which they get at long intervals of time. The Arab carries with him a supply of this

kind of food for his horse sufficient to last the time required to perform the journey. The Arabian mares are always used while in foal. Every one knows that the Bedouins prefer riding mares to stallions, and it is a maxim with them not to lay them by up to the ninth month of gestation, on the principle that in order to produce good foals the mares should be freely exercised to the last. To imagine that the system of racing now adopted in this country as well as in England will improve the breed of horses is a gross mistake. Racing in England is now nothing but an unfortunate gambling speculation. Temporary speed is no proof whatever of the vigor, stamina, or capabilities of a horse.

The author here takes the opportunity of ridiculing the custom of purging and sweating the jockies to reduce them to the standard weight. He warns the French Government of the impossibility of producing a good and efficient race of cavalry horses from crossing with the English stallion; strongly urges the necessity of, and the advantages to be derived from, the introduction of *virgin* blood through the stallions of Araby amongst the French cavalry horses; and suggests that the money now given by the Government towards the encouragement of racing might be advantageously laid out for that purpose. He also suggests that the plan of feeding these cattle adopted by the Arabs might, if properly practised, counteract many of the evils and disasters arising from the want of fodder during the transport of armies through barren or desolated countries. The cakes composed of flour and meat reduced to powder are extremely nourishing and equally portable. A single wagon would contain a large quantity; and in the event of the ordinary food failing, the cavalry would have in this an invaluable resource.

M. Hamont sums up with the following conclusions addressed to the Government:—

1. The mode of training and bringing up horses that has been imported from England is monstrous!
2. The institution of hippodromes à l'Anglaise is a useless and empty show!
3. Before establishing races, it is necessary to regenerate the breed of horses with the blood of the Arabian.
4. The money spent by Government in supporting races would be more useful expended in the purchase of Arabian stallions.
5. The food of the horses of this country is sadly in need of improvement.

DISCUSSION.

M. Londe wished to know if it was a well-established fact that the height of a horse depended on its mother, and on the food or nourishment on which it was brought up? He then begged leave to propose that this, the second communication of M. Hamont, be also laid before the Government.

M. Bouley rose, and said, that the French Academy could not receive the statements of M. Hamont, with regard to the alleged pernicious method of training and bringing up horses adopted by the English, unless they were founded on some better data than

the author brought forward. Therefore he protested against the present Memoir being sent in the name of the Academy for the consideration of the Minister of the Interior. The universally admitted superiority of the English horses was a flat contradiction to all that had been said against their mode of *education*. It was ridiculous to dogmatise on a question so serious, in the hasty manner in which M. Hamont had done.

M. Hamont replied to M. Londe's query, that long experience had enabled him to conclude that large or tall mares covered by small-sized stallions always produced an offspring which attained a greater height than the sire, provided the animal was well fed from its birth.

Sagacious philosopher! Surely you should be allowed breathing time after such a profound discovery! Why every fool knows that little men often beget big children: we knew a very *abortion* to have as large and fine children as the tallest and stoutest men; but the mother was full grown. The same with regard to horses; and it requires no deep research into the ponderous tomes of Aristotle *De Generatione* to learn that the offspring of healthy parents, whether brute or human, below the standard size, always have a tendency to exceed the height of their parents. Besides, it is natural to suppose that the offspring would at least be of an intermediate size between the unequal heights of its parents.

M. Royer Collard said, that M. Hamont's Memoir was open to serious objections. The assertions contained in that paper were by no means founded on fact. Many of them were often contrary to the received laws of physiology, and should not be adopted without careful scrutiny. In the first place, it was not correct to say that the common result of training according to the English method was to injure the health of the horse, to render him useless for any other employment than that of racing, and to diminish his reproductive powers. When judiciously employed, the physical education of the horse develops the muscular power, gives tone to the organs of nutrition, and improves the health and general condition of the animal. The generative faculties are not destroyed; and after five or six years running, the stallions may then be kept for covering mares, and may live to the age of twenty or five-and-twenty years. Who has not heard of Eclipse, Eyclau, and their numerous offspring?

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for November, 1842.

BOSTON,

WITH A PORTRAIT ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICE, AFTER DE LATTE.

THE first number of the present volume of the "Register," contained a portrait of Fashion, the Champion of the Northern Turf; at the close of the same volume we can think of no better subject for an illustration than her most renowned competitor—the unrivalled Boston.

The gallant veteran has lately been—for the *thirty-seventh time*—a winner. He pulled up, we regret to add, slightly lame, and was immediately sent home to Virginia. It is still uncertain, however, whether he is to be withdrawn from the Turf—a matter which will not be decided before the first of January, when he will have attained the age of ten years! Whenever that event takes place, be it sooner or later, Boston will leave the Turf covered with glory! No horse ever had a higher reputation or sustained it longer or more nobly. His career has been brilliant beyond all comparison; for years he had no equal, and he leaves behind him no superior. He has started in over forty races and has *won about Thirty at Four Mile Heats* alone! He has won in stakes and purses for his owners nearly Sixty Thousand Dollars; while the amount he has won for his different backers would probably exceed Half a Million!

The reader is referred to the previous volume of the "Register" for his performances, characteristics, etc. [*vide* vol. XII. p. 682-5.] The Racing Calendar of the present volume furnishes his performances during the year past.

When Col. JOHNSON and Mr. LONG finally determine to take the *Hero of Fifty Battles* from the Turf, it will afford us the highest gratification to do justice to his blood, his form and his surpassing abilities as a High Mettled Racer. In the meantime we hope he may live to "fight his battles o'er again," and long remain, what he has ever been—an honor to our native stock of horses, and an ornament to the American Turf.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the November Number of the "Turf Register," page 620.

ON TRAINING GROUNDS.

The ground requisite for the purpose of training race-horses, should, of course, be large open downs. They can scarcely be too extensive; for, as I shall by and bye shew, there are horses of a certain description which will require a great variety of ground to exercise upon. Indeed, the greater the extent of ground for all horses to work upon in training, the better, as it becomes necessary when a certain portion of ground has been repeatedly galloped over by the horses, to change them to other parts, with a view to keep the surface of the turf level and free from holes and small sudden rises, more particularly so on a red clayey soil; otherwise in wet weather, the horse would get too much foot-hold on such ground. This induces many of them to go high, and clamber in their work, which is a loss of time to them. When it can be conveniently done, it is a good plan (at proper time) to roll ground that has been much worked, so as to make the surface of it perfectly flat. Hard ground has certainly its inconveniences, I allow; but as far as my own observations have gone on this subject, it is not the hardness of the ground which so frequently injures the horse's LEGS, but it is the uneven surface of it, that so often occasions horses to break down, as it is termed, on their fore legs,—I mean the sideland uneven parts of ground, such as small mole hills, or in crossing small cart ruts, which scarcely appear of any consequence. Should a craving strong horse, going along in his sweat, loaded with sweaters, and perhaps a pretty big boy up to get him along at the pace, having a long way to come in his sweat, and being a little weary—should such a horse under these circumstances, put his foot on any such uneven surface as I have described, he suddenly and unavoidably throws a very unequal portion of his weight on the main tendon, or on some of the ligaments of the leg or joint. This might so injure the leg of a horse of a strong constitution, as to render him incapable of undergoing the training necessary to bring him to post in his proper form.

I remember some years ago a mare being ordered to go over the sweating ground, merely to keep the length in her. She had a light boy up, and nothing upon her but a quarter-piece and hood: the ground at the time was in good order, that is to say, it was rather soft than otherwise. The mare was easily held, and went over the ground in her usual stride, at a fair and even pace; on pulling up, she was lame, both her hind legs being badly strained. She was never trained afterwards. All men conversant with

horses, know that it is no uncommon occurrence for them to break down *before*, but this is the only instance I ever knew of a horse breaking in both hind legs at one time. Horses sometimes break their legs in running—I have seen two or three instances of this, and on one occasion I had an opportunity of ascertaining the cause. The horses having come to the post to run, they were started, and had not gone more than a quarter of a mile before one fell and broke his leg. The ground was in good order, but on examining that part of it where the horse had fallen, it was clearly to be seen, that the horse's toe had come in contact with a small mole-hill, which had occasioned the accident. Most training and running grounds with which I am acquainted in the southern parts of England are very hard. In the hot dry months of July and August, such grounds produce great concussion and heat in the feet of craving horses, which are mostly in strong work; and in proportion to the length and pace they are obliged to go on such ground in their gallops and sweats, many of them become more or less feeling in their feet; so much so, that at last the pace and length cannot be got sufficiently well into them, so as to bring them into their proper form. They are then sold or put out of training; and if their feet are much injured from this sort of work, they are of little use except for slow draught. The more training grounds vary, as to hill and vale, the greater will be the variety of hills for the horses occasionally to work upon, and the greater also will be the variety of soft and cool bottoms for them to walk or gallop on in the evenings during the heat of the summer.

The downs adjacent to the town of Newmarket, still afford a variety of training and running ground, and in my juvenile days, when an exercise boy here, they were much more extensive; but a great portion of the downs on the left and right of the road, leading to Bournbridge, has been enclosed for some years past. On the west side of the town, to the right of the Cambridge road are the different courses, which are kept in excellent order. There is also good ground here for the horses that stand at this end of the town to take their gallops on, along the flat by the side of the ditch, and home up the Cambridge hill; and over the flat the whole of the horses can sweat, without injuring the courses; coming home round the turn of the lands on the lower side of the B. C. to the King's rubbing house to scrape. On the east side of the town is the Warren hill. This is the principal training ground for the horses that stand at this part of the town to take their gallops on. In the valley at the bottom of this hill, round the gorse, there was some good walking exercise ground; and there is also some adapted for a similar purpose, on what is called the cricket ground, on the left of the high road leading to Bury. From the valley up the Warren hill, there is every description of gallop to be had for the horses that is requisite, as the severity of each can be regulated by the length and pace.

The first gallop which I shall notice, I will, from its situation, and by way of distinction, call the outside gallop; it passes up by the side of the road leading to Bury. As the horses are approaching the top, they are turned to the right towards the plantation, and

here they have tolerably good ground to pull up on. The second gallop is similar to the first, but not quite so long; it passes up from the valley in about the centre part of the ground, between the first-mentioned gallop and where the little stone building called the King's chair, used to stand. A certain portion of this ground answers very well for the purpose of what is called setting the horses on their legs, previous to their taking the longer gallops. In the centre of the ground, or what may be called King's-chair hill, are some very good gallops up to the front of the plantation. Here, after the horses are pulled up, is some tolerably good ground for them to be at walking exercise, sheltered by the fir trees from the easterly winds. There is another good long gallop which can be had, commencing in the valley by the gorse, and going on a short distance towards the south, and turning to the left, proceeding to the top of the hill, and leaving the plantation on the left. There is afterwards a good run home. The surface of the whole of the downs, here being on a chalky soil, may be said to be rather hard in the hot summer months, which produces great concussion and heat in the feet of such horses as are in strong work: but for the convenience of training, and running so great a number of horses as are at all times standing in and adjacent to Newmarket, these downs, from their extent and variety, may perhaps be said to be more convenient than any we have in the south of England.

The principal public training grounds in the north of England (in Yorkshire) are four, each of which I shall here separately describe, as the advantages in favor of the feet of horses that are in strong work, when working over the soft and elastic surface of these training grounds, must, I think, be very considerable, when compared with the hard, unyielding surface of the grounds in the south.

BLACK HAMILTON is the most extensive ground of the four; its surface is on a red clayey soil, in consequence of which it becomes very hard in dry weather, and would very much injure the feet of horses, if it were not that the turf is intermixed with a great deal of moss, which gives to it great elasticity, and prevents the concussion that would otherwise take place in the feet of such horses as have long lengths to go in their gallops and sweats. A small portion of this ground is situated in front of Hamilton House stables, Low Hamilton House, and the Blucher Inn stables. This space of ground is walled in on the west, north, and east, the south part lying open to the high road leading from Thirsk to Helmsley. It is a very convenient piece of ground for the horses to go to walking exercise in winter, when the weather may be uncertain; or for them to walk or canter on in the hot summer evenings, or at any time when strong work may not be necessary for them.

The most extensive part of these mossy downs, which forms the principal ground for the horses to train upon, lays open to the west. Its limits in the east are terminated by the walls of different enclosures. The horses in going to this ground, have to pass through a wicket (a large gate here would be preferable, and much safer); the groom may then make choice of his ground; but immediately

on the horses passing through the wicket, if they turn to the left, and walk for a quarter of a mile, they arrive at an angle formed by other wall enclosures; here, turning again to the left, a good gallop can be had, finishing with a gradual ascent to the Botley or round hills, which is the extent of the ground in this direction. This is a good gallop, and the pace being regulated accordingly, a horse's pipes can be well opened here. These downs are also sufficiently extensive to allow plenty of room for long striding horses to sweat over, without their experiencing any inconvenience, in turning, to put them out of their stride.

LANGTON WOLDS is the next ground to notice. These wolds are divided by the high road leading from the town of Malton. On the left of the road is the training ground, and on the right of it is the race-course. The distance from the training stables to the ground is a mile or better; if this space of ground were a level piece of turf, there could be no very great objection to the distance; but instead of this, the horses must mostly walk upon the high road in going from the stables on the left of Malton, to the ground, and from the stables on the right of the high road, there are three or four gates to be opened for the horses to pass through: besides which, they have to ascend a steep hill, previous to their getting on the training ground. When they do get to it, it is certainly good, being well diversified as to hill and vale. It is principally covered with short heather, intermixed with some moss, which gives to its surface great elasticity, so that there can be but little or no concussion in the feet of horses which are here in training. This ground is sufficiently extensive for training any reasonable number of horses. As the horses come to it, they walk from the high road down the vale, turning to the right, between Highfields and the Grimstone hills. There are some good short gallops up these hills, finishing at the top near the quickset hedge. These gallops answer very well to set the horses on their legs, before they take the long ones. As the horses walk back down the hills into the vale at the bottom, near to the gate leading to Settrington, they can, by commencing here, and keeping on the edge or side of the heather, leaving the Grimstone hills on the left, and high fields on the right, have a good long gallop up to the top of the hill near the road where they are pulled up. In this same direction is a good green gallop, which the horses can occasionally go on in winter, or at any time that it is in good order. There is also plenty of room on this ground for the horses to sweat, pulling up within a short distance of the rubbing house; or for any such horses as may be going to run at Malton, they can take the last sweat or two over it, with a view to give them a knowledge of the course, provided that the ground is not too hard. Stables and water upon these wolds would be of great advantage to them; for the want of both these, the horses, after taking their gallops, have to cross the road down the hill, going a short distance along the vale to water; they then return to the bottom of the hill leading up to the race-ground. The hill being very steep, they canter gently up it after their water, leaving the rubbing house to the left, and pull up by the side of the course.

All inconveniences of this kind would be avoided were there stables and water on the ground.

MIDDLEHAM MOORS (for there are two) is the third training ground. The lower moor lies adjacent to the town and stables; it is a convenient piece of ground for the horses to exercise on in winter; or indeed they may in summer take short gallops: but there is too much sideland ground, with too many ascents and descents on this lower moor for long striding horses to go here, either in their gallops or sweats, at a telling pace. The upper moor, although the smallest, affords by far the best, and indeed very good galloping ground, but the sweating ground here is rather too confined. Long striding horses, sweating here, are almost constantly turning, as it is not more than a mile, or at the farthest, a mile and a quarter round; yet this piece of ground might, with a little expense, be made sufficiently extensive for horses of every description to sweat over, at a good sweating pace. If this were done, these moors would be much more complete for the purpose of training horses; as on the surface of the upper moor there is a great deal of long bent sort of grass, intermixed with moss, which makes it very soft to the horses' feet.

The WHITCLIFF MOORS, on which the horses are trained, are about two miles from the town of Richmond. The high moor is the training ground; the lower moor is the race-ground, and is within a mile of the town. The former has been much more extensive than it is at present. That portion of it which now remains as a public training ground, is about a mile long, and not more than a quarter wide, fenced in by a wall. The surface of this moor is similar to that of others in the same county, which have been already described; that is, there is a great deal of long bent grass, short heather, and moss. This ground admits of a tolerably good hill gallop; and the horses may take gentle sweats here. But to get the length into horses at the pace which is sometimes necessary, this public part of the ground I consider much too confined. In the training of horses generally, it may answer pretty well for the purpose of forwarding them in the spring to a certain state of their condition. Another objection to this ground is, that as the training stables are situated, there is a steep bad sort of hill which the horses standing in the town have to ascend and descend, or come up the turnpike road, which is a distance of two miles, with a steep hill at the commencement of it. The stables at Belleisle are not at an unreasonable distance from the exercise ground, so that the horses standing there have some advantage over those standing in the town. The trainer who resides here has some fields through which the horses can walk, and by passing through two or three gates, reach the moor, and thereby avoid the above-mentioned hill in going to exercise. This trainer has, I believe, also a certain portion of the upper moor, which is his own property, and which is adjacent to the public part of the moor on which the horses train. This gives him a decided advantage, for by opening two large gates which are here situated, he has a communication from his own ground on to the public one, and by this means he

obtains a tolerable fair portion of ground for the horses which he trains to sweat over.

But that which greatly excited my astonishment, was, that there was no rubbing house on any part of these moors. Now that the trainer (and I may say jockey, for he has been both) who is living in Belleisle, is very competent, cannot for a moment be doubted; and, therefore, I cannot conceive why he should have neglected erecting so necessary a part of a racing establishment as a rubbing-house on his own ground. It is true that there is every convenience for horses coming into their own stables after sweating; and that all hands are at them until they are done and ready to go out again to take their gallop with the other horses, which are kept in to go up the gallop with them, so that the stables may be shut up all at one time. I allow, also, that taking up the dry cloths, wisps, scrapers, &c., would be giving the boys plenty to do; but as craving horses generally have to take their gallops after their sweats, a rubbing-house being on the ground would save the horses going twice up and down this steep hill: or even if they go through the fields of the above-mentioned trainer, they meet with some hills and gates to pass through. Under all these circumstances, I am of opinion that a rubbing-house on the moors would be very useful. The race-course at Richmond, when not too hard, is the most convenient for horses which stand in the town to sweat over. They may go along here in their sweats at a fair and even pace, and when pulled up, they may be taken into the saddling house to scrape, and afterwards take their gallop and go home.

The next ground I have to mention, and which is the best I have ever seen for the purpose of training horses upon, and, perhaps, the very best ground known in Europe, is the CURRAGH OF KILDARE, in Ireland, which may indeed be said to be quite perfect for the training of race-horses.

It is a fine large open heath, of nearly five thousand acres of the most beautiful and elastic turf I have ever been upon. It is so suitably diversified with hills, vales, and plains, as to present every description of exercise ground that can possibly be wanted. In the months of July and August, when it is often excessively hot, and when most training grounds are found to be very dry and hard, the mossy vales of these spacious downs, even at this season of the year, are moderately soft and cool, and every length of gallop necessary for horses to take, can be had in them; and by the boys being directed to lay a little out of their ground either to the right or left, they may finish the gallop with whatever rise the training groom may think proper. It would be unnecessary to point out the advantages of such bottoms as these, were it not that I am writing rather for the information of those of my readers who may be inexperienced on this subject, than for those who are in high practice of training horses.

Such bottoms as I have just mentioned are very desirable for working horses in the height of summer, as there is great risk of injuring the legs and feet of craving horses, in getting the pace and length into them on hard ground.

Too much care cannot be taken in the choice of ground for such horses to work upon. In the early part of spring, after much wet, the vales of these downs may be too soft; when this is the case, the horses may gradually ascend the sides of the hills, or if the wind is not too high, they may go along the tops of them, where the ground is found to be very firm and good, however wet the season of the year may be. From the great extent of these downs, there is a variety of excellent ground for horses to sweat over. They can sweat here any length, with every variety of ground a trainer can possibly desire. Long or short gradual rises to teach a horse how to stride in or get up a hill, can be had, as well as long ascending lengths for the horses to finish with in coming home in their sweats. I confess this is but a meagre description of the sweating ground; but by and bye, when I am on the subject of training the horses, this same sweating ground will be brought into use, and its advantages will be more fully developed.

The ground next to be noticed is GULLANE LINKS, in Scotland, situated to the east of Edinburgh, close to the sea. It is the best, and I believe, the only ground in Scotland which will sufficiently answer the purpose of training race-horses on. The surface of this ground is a sandy soil, plentifully covered with moss, which makes it very soft and elastic for the horses' feet. It is at all times (frost excepted) in good order for horses to work on, in the driest part of the season, as it also is in the wettest part of it; whatever quantity of rain may have fallen, is here completely absorbed in a few hours.

The extent of this ground cannot be said to be on a large scale. It is therefore better adapted for the training of country plate horses than for long striding horses, such as are principally engaged in the large stakes in the south of England.

The gallops to be taken on this ground may be occasionally varied; they can be extended from a mile and a half, to a mile and three quarters. The horses commencing their gallop at the lower side and south end of the sweating ground, can proceed along the flat for about three quarters of a mile, when they have to turn to the right, and here they find a good hill gallop, which may be continued about three quarters of a mile. On their arriving at the top, they are pulled up near a small summer-house, called "The Whim."

The flat surface under the hill may be said to be the sweating ground, on any part of which the horses may begin their sweats, continuing to go round until they have got in them whatever sweating length the groom thinks is necessary; after which, they may finish their sweats up any part of the above hill; but the sweating ground is not, in my opinion, sufficiently extensive for long striding horses.

Having now made mention of a sufficient number of training grounds, and described the advantages and disadvantages of each, I have but a few more remarks to make on this subject. I shall merely observe, that whatever exercise may be proper for horses in training, the main object to be attended to is the selection on dif-

ferent downs of such portions of ground as may best answer the purpose for the different sorts of exercise each horse, or each class of horses, may be ordered to have, whether to walk, to gallop, or to sweat.

Walking exercise for race-horses is principally had recourse to in the winter. As the vales of downs are somewhat sheltered by the hills from the cold winds, I should recommend them, at this season of the year, as being most eligibly situated for the horses to be in while at this sort of exercise ; but, should the ground become hard from frost, and the frost likely to continue for a length of time, as there may be horses in the stables which it would be absolutely necessary to walk out, it would not only be advisable, but more safe and convenient to lay (as is the custom) some long dung in the front yard, and let them walk there for the necessary period every day during the severity of the weather.

The ground the horses take their gallops on, is called the gallop ; that is to say, when horses in training are galloping on downs, they are said to be going up the gallop ; and as I have already mentioned, the greater the variety of ground such downs will afford for forming these different gallops, the greater will be the advantages in favor of the horses, if the training groom is a good judge, and knows well how to vary the working of his horses, as circumstances may require.

A groom, in selecting ground for horses to take their gallops on, should, as I have already noticed, endeavor to get it with as few sudden rises and falls in it as possible, particularly in going off in the gallop. For the first four or five hundred yards it should be level, but after this length, it should gradually rise the whole of the way home, or where the horses pull up should be a moderate sort of a hill.

The length of gallops for different horses varies occasionally. There are two lengths in general use ; but as these lengths are at times deviated from, I shall here give four, namely,—half a mile—three quarters of a mile—a mile and a quarter—and a mile and a half. Generally speaking, the two middle lengths are in most frequent use, as there are few horses so delicate but will exceed the former length ; and but few so craving but that the latter will be found sufficient for them, the pace being properly regulated.

Horses which are long comers, are such as are considered to come well over the course, as the B.C. at Newmarket (after much wet) ; but these horses are seldom fast enough to go into any of the great stakes, such as are run for at the present day, and at the present lengths. Horses of the above description, (most of them being of good constitution), are such as are generally selected for country running. The main object to be attended to in the training of such horses is to begin with them early in the spring, for, unless it has been very dry, most grounds, at this time of the year, are in tolerable good order ; that is, the surface is cool and moderately soft, so that, in working horses while the ground is in this state, there is not so much danger to be apprehended of their going amiss

on their legs or feet as some of them might do, if they were to begin their work later in the season, at which time the ground may have become hard; and from the pace strong horses would occasionally have to go over it, great concussion would be produced in their feet, which would be the cause of their becoming much heated. Horses being previously prepared in the spring, have their physic afterwards given them to take the little staleness out of their constitutions which their work may have occasioned, and also to cool and refresh their legs as well as to assist in keeping them light. If this preparation be sufficiently early and well attended to, according to the constitutions of the horses, and the time of their engagements, there will be the less to be done in the second preparation, at which time the weather may be hot and the ground hard. There are some few strong, craving, large-carcassed horses (I allude to some of them as may occasionally have to sweat as often, perhaps, as three times a fortnight) which are so frequently in strong work, that although the above necessary precautions are taken of working them early in the spring, yet they cannot be allowed to be kept so long in gentle work after their physic as those horses which I have just been speaking of; nor can they often be allowed to go over the sweating ground lightly clothed, and at such a pace as will just keep the length in them, as many of the more delicate ones may do. Such very craving horses have not only to go over the sweating ground at a tolerably good sweating pace, but most of them require to have a pretty good lot of sweaters on, or it will, I expect, be found rather difficult to keep what is called the waste and spare off them; and it is this sort of work on hard ground which is the occasion of great concussion taking place in the feet of many such horses, producing fever and inflammation in them, and which sometimes goes on progressively and imperceptibly until it terminates in what is now termed the naricular disease, but what was formerly called "being groggy." This is a description of disease which we do not find horses of slow movement (as cart horses), affected with, notwithstanding these last mentioned horses are daily working on turnpike and paved roads. It is certainly true, that many horses' feet are naturally so perfect and so well formed, as not only to require but very little care and attention to be paid to them, but the feet of many of them are so strong and well formed, as scarcely ever to be affected by hard ground, although kept in strong work. When race-horses have such very good feet, the harder the ground is, the better some of them have appeared to me to like it; for when fresh, they have seemed to enjoy shaking their toes in a gallop. It may be fancy in me, but I often used to think, when a boy, riding exercise, that many such horses like to hear their feet tell and rattle on the ground as they were going along; and I confess I rather like the sort of race-horse that can come a running pace over a hard ground. I have now described, in the best manner I am able, the different training grounds in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and have given my opinion of the advantages in favor of race-horses' feet, when they

are working over such training grounds as have a soft and elastic surface, as those in the different counties I have mentioned, and which are to be preferred to the hard surfaces (in summer) of many of our training grounds in the south of England.

A WEEK AT THE FIRE ISLANDS ON LONG ISLAND.

BY THE LATE "J. CYPRESS, JR."

Resumed from the last number of the "Register," page 641.

"If any man woulde blame me, eyther for takyng such a matter in hande, or els for writing it in the Englysh tongue, this answer I maye make hym, that what the best of the realme thinke it honeste for them to use, I, one of the meanest sorte, ought not to suppose it vile for me to write; and though to have written it in an other tonge, had bene both more profitable for my study, and also more honest for my name, yet I can thinke my labor wel bestowed, yf wt a litle hyn-derance of my profyt and name, may come any fourtherance to the pleasure or commoditie of the gentlemen and yeomen of England, for whose sake I took this matter in hande."

ROGER ASCHAM.

EVEN thus, apologised the venerable preceptor of England's virgin queen, when he gave to "all gentlemen and yeomen of England, pleasaunte for theyr pastyme to rede, and profitable for theyr use to folow," that precious birth of "Toxophilus, the schole of shootinge conteyned in two bookes." Glorious old Roger! my master—my father—my friend—my patron saint! Thy pupil and worshipper is redeemed from the guilt of "idleness and levitie," by the gracious authority of thy precept and example. Roger, be with me! *Rogere, ut mihi faveas, adjutorque sis, rogo, obsecro!*

On the evening succeeding the night when Ned's travels met with the ignominious punctuation which has been set forth in the foregoing chapter, we were all assembled around the cheerful fire, relating our sports and various adventures of the day. Ned was in good humor with himself and every body else, for his sport had been eminently triumphant. Oliver and I had killed only some twenty coot, and a beach fox, while he and one of the boys brought in fifty-four brant, seven geese, five widgeons, three oldwives, a cormorant, and a white owl. Ned gave us a full account of his captivity and sufferings among the Pawnee Picks, and Daniel rehearsed, with much grace and unction, his yarns about pirates Halstead, Conklin, and Jones. Fatigue and sleep at last succeeded in making us yawn, and as I had engaged Bill Luff to go with me to "the middle ground" next morning early, to lie in a battery, I proposed that we should "shut up shop," and go to bed.

"Won't the tide sarve for Mr. Locus to reach to the Lanjan Empire to-night?" asked Long John of me, stretching out his

immense is thmus of neck, and putting on a most ludicrously quizzical character of phiz. "I reckon 'ts high water naaw, and his ship can scratch over the bars, likely, 'bout this time."

"It's my 'pinion he rather smashed her last night," said Dan; "I shouldn't be 'sprised if Mr. Cypress was to say he see small piece o' th' wrack himself."

"Let him keel her up and get the water out o' her, and set her afloat agen."

"It's no use. She's got a smart hole into her, and she's pretty much water-logged, I sh'd say."

"Let 'im take out some th' cargo and she'll go. He'd only got too much freight into her, that's all; and she was loaded ruther bad, 'corden to my notion."

"You're right, John," said I. "Good. Ned, take out Julia Kleokatrinka and you'll float."

"Take out *all* the women, Neddy, and thee can steer thy vessel with better success," advised our model of modesty, Oliver.

"No, no. Leave in the dancen gals," cried Venus. "Gals never spiled a sailen party yet, I know it."

"Well boys, make up your minds," said Ned, "whether you want me to start or not. You don't, to be sure, deserve to have a single sentence more of that journey, and I declare to you I would not go on with the recital of my various and singular adventures upon the voyage, but that I want to tell you a short yarn about our minister for Africa and a certain American gentleman, that is, one who called himself such, but who was most unworthy of the name, — a great man in his own opinion, with whom I met at Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia."

"Julius Cæsar!" pleaded I; "Ned, where the devil are you travelling?"

"Travelling? Where I actually went; down the Red Sea, through the Straits of Babelmandel, and so around by Ceylon and the Straits of Malacca, to the Lanjan Empire, stopping on the road now and then to have a fight or a frolic."

"Prepare for grief, boys," said I, in deep despondence, tumbling back upon the straw. "You've got into a scrape by urging your last petition. He'll talk to the end of next week. Good night."

"No, my sweet boy, you don't escape in that way," replied Ned, pulling me up with a grip which I was fain to obey; "you have contributed more than any one else to fit out this expedition, and I swear you shall have your share of the proceeds."

"Don't trouble yourself about the returns now. I'll settle with you, as ship's husband and supercargo, when you get back. Good bye. A pleasant voyage to you."

"No, no. Come back, come back! A press-gang has got hold of you. You must go with me."

"Don't ship me, Ned; I'm not an able seaman. I can neither reef nor steer."

"Make him steward's mate, Mr. Locus," said Dan, with a malicious grin. "He can bile coffee and mix liquor for you, when your throat gets hoarse callen to th' crew."

"I'll do it, Dan. Cypress, you are hereby appointed steward's mate of the felucca 'Shiras Suez.' Look to your duty. There is your pay in advance, and here—filling my champagne glass—is money to furnish supplies to Mecca."

Resistance was in vain. I was duly installed. "Now, Ned, what do you want?"

"A very light duty, Cypress—your ears, and occasional tongue. I know my course, but I forget the name of the man whom I want to glorify. What is it?"

"How in the name of all the Mahometan saints should I know?"

"Repeat me those lines of Anacreon which we used to sing and mumble in school when we were 'making believe' study."

"How can that help you? Do you mean 'Θελω λεγειν'?"

"Yes, yes. That is it.

Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας
Θελω δε Καδμων αδειν'—

I wish to sing of Cadmus. I want to tell you, boys, about Mr. Agamemnon Hermanus Spinosus Cadmus. Did you ever know him, Cypress?"

"O, perfectly well," replied I, thinking to bother Ned. "He was a descendant of Longoboos, one of the sons of Atreus, whose name, by the by, I perceive, is omitted in Charles Anthon's last, otherwise unexceptionable, edition of Lempriere. He was a regularly born boy, nevertheless, and he possessed a decidedly more dignified disposition and deportment than his brothers Menelaus and Agamemnon."

"Many laws? d——n him," cried Venus. "He was in favor of plenty of banks, and legislaten, I'spose."

"Historians differ upon that point, Venus. He was a brave fellow, at all events. Lactantius records, in his 'de ira divina,' that Menelaus and Agamemnon, instead of being kings, were most distinct democrats; men who had rather eat a plain republican bowl of bread and milk with an honest farmer, than to be clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and sit within the blessed sound of the divine action of royal grinders. The other youth, on the contrary, he says, was against universal suffrage, and in favor of the doctrine that no man can love his country, or feel an interest in her welfare, unless he has got plenty of money."

"D——n him! then, 'stead o' t'other fellow," interposed the republican critic again.

"His practice," I continued, not taking notice of the interruption, "followed out his principles. He contrived to get appointed a Colonel in the militia, and then started to travel in foreign parts. He drove into Corinth a coach and six, with outriders, spending his money, all the way, with the profusion of a prince. Lais was at this time in the full blow of her glory. Cadmus bought off Alcibiades for a hundred thousand drachms, and set her up in the most magnificent style. It was in reference to him that Diogenes, the Cynic, perpetrated that jealous snarl, '*non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*'"

"Mr. Locus," said Dan, "I'm 'feard the steward's mate's taken command o' th' ship, and he's sarven out his darned Latin 'stead o' th' reglar ship's allowance."

"Cypress, I've been thinking you might as well tell the story yourself. You seem to know all about it."

"No, no. I beg pardon, Ned. Go on, go on. I was only helping hoist sail, and throw off."

"Well, boys, now stop this deviltry, and I'll start. Where did I leave off, last night?"

"You stopped when you got 'sleep in Julia Kle—cre—kle—cre—"

"Kleokatrinka's lap," finished I.

"No, that was the Siberian puppy dog," said Ned.

"What's the odds what country the puppy belonged to?" inquired Raynor, chuckling, and who knew that a fair hit was always welcome, come when, and come upon whom, it might.

"It must have been yourself, Ned," said I. "You like to take your comfort—"

*'αι γαλαει μαλακως κρησθοντι καθεδεν.'**

"Raynor," sung out Ned, getting a little vexed, "I wish you would fine that young gentleman. What was the punishment we determined to inflict upon him the next time he quoted Heathen languages wrongly, or inappositely?"

"A basket of Champagne. Shall I have to send one of the boys across to Islip, or Jim Smith's to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, either for him or me, for I make a complaint against him. Summon the Court of Dover, straight off. Crier! Peter! call the Court!"

"It will take too long, Ned," said I. "I'll leave it to Venus and Peter. They shall be the court with full powers. Each man state his case, and we'll be bound by their judgment."

"Done," answered Ned. "We'll waive the installation and ceremony of opening.—Gentlemen of the Court, we were talking of dogs; and I say that to make a quotation about cats, and apply it

* Theoc. In idyl. entit. "Syracusan ladies dressing to go to a blow out."—Proverbium est quo utitur Proxinoe de ancilla Eunoe, Gorgonem alloquens. [Eunoe was doubtless an Irish damsel. Spelt, more correctly, "You-know-her."—Noah Webster.] Doctissimus Toupius sic optime reddit: *the cat likes fish, but is afraid to wet her feet.* "Quod salsum!" inquit.—it was no joke for Ned, in this instance, and the translation is, in my opinion, absurd—et ad Eunoam referendum. hominem mollem, delicatulam, otio atque inertia deditam. [Epist. ad Warb. p. 33—plura vide in notas in Theoc.] Mihi quidem, Hercle, non fit verisimile. Ratione multo magis prædita Thomae Little explicatio videtur—

"Turn to me, love, the morning rays
Are beaming o'er thy beauteous face:"

Et, ut poetice illustrat scholiastes eximius Doctor Drake,

"The heart that riots in passion's dream
But feasts on his own decay,
As the snow wreath welcomes the sun's warm beam,
And smiles as it melts away."

[Fitzius Viridis Halleck comment.]

"These explications like us not," say the Committee "on Greek mysteries" of the Historical Society in their last semi-annual report, "we own, most experienced and judicious gentlemen, members component of our body, who are cognizant of the nature of cats, and likewise of the best places for taking comfort. The judgment of your committee after much practice and comparison of notes, is, that the poet simply intended to say that cats love to sleep 'in pleasant places,' and the most bucolical Syracusan had none other, covert or concealed phantasy." [N. Y. Hist. Soc. mem Cur. 1832].—"De hac re dubito." [Peter.] "Judge ye." [Excussoris diabolus.]

to the more noble canine tribe, is supremely inappropriate, not to say highly ridiculous."

"That stands to reason,—seems to me," said Venus.

"Now, your Honors, the culprit whom I have charged, has bored us with a pretended illustration of his weak wit, from a dissolute pagan named Theocritus—I remember him well, for I was compelled, once on a season, to be familiar with him;—and he has substituted the effeminacy of lazy cats, for the sensible drowsiness of high-spirited, hard-working pointers. 'Γαλαται' means 'cats.'"

"I should think it meant 'gals,'" cried out one of the boys. "Mr. Cypress, you're safe. You'll have Venus on your side."

"Order, order in the Court," cried the crier Judge.

"May it please your honors, that is the whole of my case, and I will conclude by expressing the most exalted confidence in the wisdom, discrimination, learning, and sense of justice of this most reverend and respectable tribunal."

Alexander Africanus Maximus, President of "the Universal Court of Dover of the whole world,"—surnamed Aleck Niger, from his successful exploration of the sources of that black-region river, as well as of divers other more mixed fluids—could not have made a better speech, even if he had had the immortal George, George the First in the republic, to prompt him. But I did not despair. I happened to know that it was not always rowing straight ahead that wins a race, or that talking sense and truth always gains a cause. Judges and Juries, in spite of their affectation of stern, solemn, unfluctuating purpose, are like the tides. They have their currents, and eddies, and under currents. There is a moon in law and morals, as well as a moon in physics. I blame not the tides, nor do I condemn the courts.—"I tax not you, ye elements, with injustice."—They are both, I trust, insensible to, and innocent of, the influence which makes them swell and fall. But, as Peter once said, in one of his happy moments, "the tides owns the moon, and men's judges, and judges is men, and they know who can give 'em a lift best." I had been told, moreover, that many a cause was determined upon some incidental or collateral point, that had nothing to do, in reality, with the merits of the case.

"May it please the Court," I began; "or may it displease the Court, just as their omnipotence pleases." There I was one point ahead of Ned, in the Court of Dover; for that court always respects an impudent compliment. "I am accused of making an irreverend abduction from the discourses of a most exemplary fisherman."

"Fisherman!" cried both the judges simultaneously. "Was he a fisherman?"

"Most distinctly may it please the Court," I replied.

"That alters the case; brother Venus, don't you think so?" said Judge Peter, turning to his learned coadjutor.

"It makes a smart deal o' difference, I sh'd say," responded the worthy associate. "But 'spose he only fished for flounders and eels, and sich; would'nt it make no odds?"

"Have my doubts, brother."

“It is false,” cried Ned, hard to be restrained. “Theocritus never——”

“Silence—silence,” thundered the Judges. “The court never doubts when it’s indifferent. Mr. Locus, you’re fined drinks all ’round, and a paper o’ tabacco, for disrespect to the joined-issued tribunals o’ your country. Proceed, Mr. Cypress.”

“Your honors will perceive that my accuser has other objects in view than the mere unjust persecution of my humble self. But I will not refer to them. The whole case may be thus succinctly and successfully defended. I am charged with making an in-apposite quotation, contrary to the statutes of the Beach. I spoke of cats. Now, your Honors, are not cats four-legged animals? I appeal to the Court’s own sense of justice and physical fitness——”

“He talks like a book, brother Peter.”

“Then here,”—holding up the fox I had shot, and who was my junior counsel on the argument,—“has not this fox four legs?”

“An’t one of them *fore* legs shot off?” asked Judge Peter, *du-bitans*.

“No, your Honor, it is only a little crippled. Now we all know, and there needs no argument to prove, that a dog runs on four feet; and so a cat is like a fox, and a dog is like a fox, and things that are equal to the same are equal to one another; and so a cat is a dog, and a dog is a cat; and so, your Honors, I trust I have established my defence, and that I have not misused words, and that Mr. Locus must pay for the champagne.”

“Them’s my sentiments, brother Venus. Things what’s like is sartenly like, and them what’s the same must be the same, nor they can’t be no otherwise, as I can fix it.”

“I coincide with the last speaker,” pronounced Venus. “Peter, who is chief Justice?”

“I am. No; you be. Go ahead. Stick it on.”

“Respected fellow-citizens, and criminals in general: the judgment o’ this expiscious court is that the fines agin Mr. Locus, already expounded, stands good, and he pays the champagne. As for th’ rest o’ th’ company—extracten the judges, who is not liable to human frailty,—they’ll pay a small glass to each o’ the judges a piece when they get ’shore, on ’count not making disturbance, so as to give the Court a chance to show the magnitude o’ its justice and the power thereof; and the defendant will stand over ’till the next meeten o’ th’ court. Zoph, be crier. Crier, ’journ the court.”

BREEDING FOR THE TURF.*

BY CHIRON.

HAVING now given such hints respecting breeding horses as have appeared to me requisite to guide the judgment of those who are engaged in this pursuit, and to lead their minds to the contemplation of those calculations which are essentially necessary to the production of first-rate stock, instead of trusting, as people too frequently do, to chance or good fortune, I shall proceed to make a few general remarks upon the mode of treatment that seems to me most likely to ensure the growth, health, and vigor, of the young colt or filly, and shall then notice the system of training best adapted to the evolution of the greatest degree of muscular power of which they are susceptible.

While suckling, the growth of the foal must, of course, be promoted through the medium of the dam; and, for this purpose, she must be kept on a generous diet, consisting, when they are to be obtained, of the most nutritious natural or artificial grasses, as clover, lucern, tares, rye-grass, &c., together with a small quantity of good oats: should the foal be dropped (as is frequently the case, and indeed generally so, with respect to blood stock,) so early in the season that these articles of diet are not obtainable, the best substitute for them will be found to be carrots, parsnips, Swede turnips, and other esculent roots of a similar nature; but some of these should not be given for any considerable time without a change, as they not unfrequently produce diuresis, the action of the kidneys in these instances diminishing the activity of the lacteal vessels, and, in some measure, impairing the secretion of milk. For some days after foaling the mare should be kept in a loose box, or under an open shed, according to the state of the weather, both in order that she may recover from the immediate effects of parturition, and that her offspring may acquire some little strength to accompany her when at grass. Here she should be suffered to remain in perfect quietude and repose, secured from interruption or excitement of any kind, as at this period she is peculiarly susceptible of outward impressions, and any unusual noise, the visits of many people, or the approach of dogs or cattle, render her irritable and uneasy, and create a continual watchfulness and feeling of apprehension which are prejudicial to the flow of milk into the udder, and may, in some irritable constitutions, be productive of more serious mischief.

When first turned out to grass, it is advisable to place her in a small paddock where she and her foal may be quite alone; as some mares, when turned into a park or large piece of pasture land, are given to roam about, unmindful of the foal's inability to

* Resumed from the October Number of the "Register," page 566.

keep by their side, and, if the herbage be scant, are continually on the move, and will not stand to be sucked; so that the foal, by continued attempts to seize the dug, at length renders it sore, the mare becomes fretful and impatient, and the offspring weaker and weaker from its fruitless pursuit of that nourishment which it cannot obtain in sufficient quantity to sustain the efforts required of it in following the dam. This is particularly the case where other horses are at large in the same park or pasture, as they are apt to tease the mare, and make her continually shift her quarters. It is surprising how soon a young foal acquires strength where the dam's milk is abundant and of good quality. I have more than once seen a poor weakly foal, that was quite unable to stand on its legs, and was forced while sucking to lean against the dam, begin to frisk and play after getting a good bellyful of milk; and lately noticed a very promising little blood colt-foal, only a few days old, that was staggering along the road from a paddock to a yard at a short distance, where it was kept at night with its dam, and which, getting under the wheel of a gig, was very nearly killed, so weak and helpless was the little animal; and yet, two days after, to my surprise, I saw it galloping round its paddock, and stretching itself out in a style that promised great future excellence—so quickly does a generous supply of that aliment provided for their sustenance increase the powers of animals in a state of nature.

The young colt should be early habituated to man, and, when in a shed, yard, or box, should be gently handled and caressed; care being taken that nothing be ever done to frighten or startle him. When a few months old he should be made to wear a head-stall, by which he may easily be held while he is patted and made much of, his legs handled, his feet taken up, and his body occasionally lightly wisped over or brushed with a soft brush, in order to accustom him early to the treatment which he will afterwards have to be subjected to. When able to pick up his own food, although still with the dam, he should be turned into a large piece of upland pasture, where the herbage is short and sweet, and where clumps of trees here and there may afford him shelter from the sun or rain. Hovels or sheds should be erected in convenient spots, but the shade they afford is not to be compared with that of trees, as they are hot and close, and seldom voluntarily entered by young stock, except in very wet weather, when it is injudicious to suffer them to lie out. Although averse from bringing up young animals in too tender a manner, I never can believe that they can be benefited by being made to rough it in all seasons, and to bear equally the heat of a glowing sun or the chill of a November night. While the nights are mild, clear and dry, young colts on sound upland pasture may with great propriety be left out day and night; but in low, marshy meadows, the mist that arises from the earth after the sun has set, entirely covers their bodies when they lie down, and by chilling the surface diminishes the quantity of blood circulating in the skin, and, consequently, causes either congestion, or absolute inflammation, of some internal part. This is more particularly the case where the grass is luxuriant,

and the young animal is induced to feed to repletion. He then lies down with his stomach distended, which, by pressing upon the diaphragm or midriff, diminishes the capacity of the chest, and consequently impedes the circulation of the blood through the lungs. Hence the quantity of blood arterialized, or, if I may so express myself, rendered vital, by its passage through these organs, is less than at other times; the action of the heart is impeded, and those parts most remote from it receiving but a limited supply of blood, the internal parts are distended by an undue proportion of this fluid, and their natural functions thereby either vitiated or for a time suppressed. These effects frequently repeated, cause, in the end, either total disorganization of some structure, chronic inflammation, or a general unhealthy state, evinced by a staring coat, a swollen belly, and divers symptoms of debility. Nor are these the only reasons why low meadows, abounding in succulent grasses, are injurious to young stock; for, in such situations, they are at all times capable of filling their bellies without exertion, and their lives are, therefore, passed alternately in gorging themselves and then lying down to recover from the effects of repletion. On the other hand, a colt turned out on dry, sound, upland pasture, where the herbage is short, not too succulent, and, if anything, rather scanty than abundant, is made to work for his living, and compelled to take considerable exercise before he can fill his stomach and satisfy his hunger; nor is his food of that rich and juicy description that so frequently, when easily obtained, occasioning too great a supply of blood, leads to staggers or megrims, diseases to which the high-fed colt at grass is peculiarly obnoxious, from the position of the head while grazing.

Thus, then, by a judicious choice of feeding ground, at one period, for the mare and foal, while the latter is too weakly to undergo much exertion, and his aliment depends upon the quantity and quality of milk he obtains: at another, for the latter principally, when he is capable of taking considerable exercise, is the muscular power, the growth, general health and vigour of the young colt promoted at a period when forcing him to anything like exertion by any other means is out of the question. It is advisable to leave the mare and foal together as long as possible, as both of them will pine and fret for some time when separated early, and the foal, moreover, generally thrives better while under the care of the dam; but if the latter be again in foal, the young colt should be taken from her so soon as she has quickened, which, I believe, will be about the end of the fourth month of gestation, as, after that period, the fœtus will be deprived of its proper nourishment by the mare continuing to suckle. When first separated, a companion should, if possible, be found for the colt, which will the more speedily cause him to forget the loss of the dam.

When the colt is a year old, a halter should occasionally be passed through his head-stall, and he should be led about and accustomed to behold objects with which it is desirable he should become familiar. At first he will, probably, plunge and throw his head about in the attempt to obtain his liberty, and while doing so

must not be coerced, but, on the contrary, treated with the utmost kindness, and coaxed into quietude and obedience. So soon as he will freely follow the man who leads him, he should gradually be taken from the field or park, first into by-lanes, and afterwards into more frequented places; so that he may not, at a future period, while being broken in and trained, start or shy at the usual sights that are to be encountered in the roads or streets.

These preliminary precautions being taken against the risk of future accidents, when the time arrives at which, according to the nature of his engagements, it is necessary to commence the operations of backing and breaking, he must be gradually accustomed more and more to the confinement of a stable or box, which should be extremely well ventilated; otherwise the sudden change from a life passed in the open air to one in a situation where but little is admitted, will, if it produce not absolute disease, at all events give rise to languor and debility, occasioned by an imperfect admission of atmospheric air into the lungs, by which the blood is rendered fit to carry on the different healthy secretions of the body. At every inspiration a large portion of atmospheric air is deprived of one of its principal constituents, oxygen, and becomes in that state unfitted for carrying on animal life; consequently, the necessity of a free admission of pure air into a stable must at once be evident to the least thinking person.

The mode of training a race-horse is by most people supposed to be an affair of as much mystery as were, in the olden time, the dark ceremonies of the temple of Eleusis, and known only to jockies and trainers—the high priests of the craft; but such is in fact far from being the case, as any one, well acquainted with the usual treatment of horses, may, with care and attention, bring any horse, whether a racer or not, to the highest pitch of physical power which he is capable of attaining. Grooming, clothing, diet, exercise, and physic, when requisite, are the points principally to be attended to in training any horse; and if taken proper advantage of, and used with just discrimination, will eventually bring any horse into the greatest possible state of health and vigour. But little need be said here on the subject of grooming, as every one who has been possessed of horses knows full well the degree of attention they require in this particular; but with respect to clothes, a very erroneous idea generally prevails that thorough-bred horses require not only to be kept warm but hot, and with this view they are generally covered with a multiplicity of rugs, blankets, quarter-cloths and hoods, their box is carefully closed to prevent the slightest admission of air, except in warm weather, when, perhaps, a revolving window over the door is partially opened, and they are thus compelled to live in a heated and unnatural atmosphere, while they are themselves constantly in a state approximating to perspiration, until by habit they become accustomed to bear a load of clothes, without which they would feel chilly and uncomfortable. But this sensation of cold, when but moderately clothed, is the result of debility engendered by being pampered and nursed with too great care; all which superabundant tenderness it is sup-

posed will enable them at some period to make one great effort, when, if successful, it matters not much whether they afterwards remain in good health or not. Such over-nurture is based upon the most erroneous principles, and the foundation of all errors of stable management is to be attributed to the want of a free circulation of pure air through loose boxes and stabling of every description. Those men who are most particular with respect to cleanliness, so that the air in a stable may not be contaminated by the effluvia arising from dung or urine, think that, by removing such impurities, they have done sufficient for the well-being of the animals under their care in the one particular of pure air; but in this, ignorant as they are of the action of the atmosphere upon the blood at every inspiration of any living being, they are most grossly mistaken. The blood, in its passage through the lungs, is presented to the action of the atmosphere, which, operating upon it through the thin structure of the air-cells, effects a chymical change, without which life could not be supported for any length of time. It is unnecessary here to give a more elaborate description of the nature of this change, which renders venous or dark-coloured blood, arterial or florid, and thus provides it with materials necessary to carry on the different functions of the animal economy. Suffice it to say that, were venous blood alone to circulate through the system for a very short time, apoplexy would be the immediate result; and, therefore, if at every inspiration the atmospheric air is, as I have said, deprived of one of its constituent parts, where the circulation of pure air is limited, a certain portion of the blood must, after a time, be but imperfectly arterialized. Now, since, were it to remain wholly venous, apoplexy would speedily ensue from the want of that proper stimulus to the brain which arterial blood can alone impart, it is not difficult to imagine how great a deficiency of nervous energy, which has its principal origin in the brain, must be induced by a partial deprivation of fresh air. Warmth, or caloric, is supposed to depend mainly upon the nervous system. Feel the leg or arm of a paralytic man, and you will find that they are some degrees colder than their fellows. What is the deduction to be made from this fact? Plainly this; that if you reduce nervous energy by an improper supply of fresh air, you produce a sensation of chilliness, the remedy for which, instead of being an extra supply of blankets and rugs, should be open windows, and good friction of the body with dry cloths, brushes, or wisps, and plenty of exercise in the open air.

Should any person, who has been in the habit of keeping his stables and boxes carefully closed, be induced by this explanation to alter his system, let him not, however, do so in a hurry; for blood horses, that have been rendered tender by too much care, are ticklish animals to treat in extremes; and though a free admission of fresh air into a stable can never do them harm, still they may require an extra cloth until, by proper treatment, they acquire additional vigour, as no animal can thrive so long as it feels cold or chilled.

It is perhaps, not going too far, to say that more than half the

loose boxes throughout England are, at this moment, unprovided with any internal aperture by means of which a current of fresh air may be constantly made to circulate through them. The revolving window over the door, of which I have spoken, is, generally, the only means by which the external air is admitted, and for that purpose is, probably, sufficient; but this is almost invariably closed at night, if allowed to remain open by day; and as a horse at every inspiration inhales several cubic inches of air, he cannot remain during the night in a close shut box, without being made to respire, over and over again, a certain portion of that air which has already been received into the lungs, and which, after a certain time, is very partially regenerated by coming in contact with what has not been breathed, or such as can make its way into the box through the key-hole, or any other such trifling aperture as may by chance exist. Every person must have experienced the languor and lassitude which almost invariably ensue upon passing the night in a very small bed-room, into which pure air cannot make its way; and if he be in the habit of constantly lying in such a room, will speedily find his health considerably deteriorated by it. How, then, can a horse that passes the greater portion of his existence, while in training, in a box, frequently much smaller than the smallest bed-room, be expected to thrive and retain his vigour, when we reflect that he consumes a quantity of the vital principle of the atmosphere so many times greater than that consumed by man? Shut a man up for several hours of the day and night in a small room, of dimensions, as to his size, proportioned to those of the generality of loose boxes to that of a horse: take him out to exercise twice a day, and let him be regularly fed, and every other attention paid to him, will he remain in good health and spirits and will his stamina be as perfect as though, with sufficient clothing, he were made to pass the greater portion of his time in the open air, and were never deprived of a liberal supply of it by night or by day? The question requires no answer; and yet, conscious as we all are of the injury inflicted on ourselves by breathing an impure atmosphere, there are few grooms, or masters of horses, who do not make a regular custom of carefully closing every aperture in a stable by night, and not a few of them who do so by day also.

Loose boxes, and stabling of every description, should invariably be supplied with a chimney, or some other internal aperture by which a free current of fresh air may be made to circulate at all times, without producing a draught in such a direction as may be injurious to a horse; and if, at certain periods of the year, the stable be rendered cold by its admission, extra clothes and flannel bandages, if requisite, are the means to be employed; but never, on any occasion, a total exclusion of fresh air, without which no animal whatever can remain in good health for any considerable length of time. Habituate a horse to breathe at all times pure air, and whether it be cold or not, provided his body and legs be kept warm, it will never do him harm; but a horse that has been tenderly reared, and made at all seasons to respire a warm and

adulterated atmosphere, will take cold if air at a low temperature be suddenly admitted into his stable for any considerable time; and the cause of this again is debility—that general debility of the nervous system by which a languid circulation of the blood, and a deficiency of animal heat, are engendered, incapable of repelling the effects of exposure to the air below a certain degree of temperature. If under these circumstances, clothing in quantity sufficient to keep up the heat of the body be used, the lungs must at all events, be exposed to the atmosphere, which, being their natural excitant, may produce, in horses too tenderly nursed, cough, or other disease of those organs; thereby showing that they are, from improper treatment, rendered incapable of supporting the effects of that stimulant which Nature provided for their health and well-being. Let it never be forgotten that, while a comfortable feeling of warmth is necessary to keep up a proper and equable circulation of the blood, the inhalation of pure air is no less so for the purpose of imbuing it with those qualities essential to animal life.

The preceding observations are applicable to horses of every age, while confined in a stable. Those which I have now to make, on the subject of feeding, are not equally so. The young racer, even while at grass, will be benefited by a daily allowance of corn, proportioned to his age and to the nature of the herbage on which he is pastured. At those seasons of the year when grass is plentiful and nutritious, if he be left out all day, there can be no necessity whatever for feeding him with corn while very young, as this would only be tempting him to eat when he was not hungry, and, by distending the stomach, would weaken that organ. But, if he be taken up from grass for some hours in the middle of the day, while the sun is hot and the flies are troublesome, then a quartern of good oats may, with advantage, be given him, once or twice, according to the time he is kept up. For very young stock half this quantity will be sufficient at a time, and, being more nutritious than grass, will naturally tend to increase their growth, and the perfect development of every part—a point of much importance, when we consider at how early an age a vast number of them are put in training, and called upon to make their *début* in public. Indeed, without corn when young, it is very questionable if they could ever be brought to undergo the trials of which they are expected to be capable when two years old, or a little later. If they be gradually accustomed to a larger proportion of oats, and are turned out for only a few hours in the day, there will seldom be any necessity, when they are taken up entirely, for the purpose of being broken in, for those physickings and bleedings of which so many people are advocates, and who imagine that without them no horse can be made to thrive. Except in certain cases of grossness, a few bran mashes will have the desired effect of getting rid of any offensive matter in the intestines, and the less physic young animals of every kind take the better.

While in constant work, the daily allowance of corn to any horse should not be less than from four to six quarterns of sound, clean oats, from nine to twelve months old, and weighing at least

forty pounds, or more, per bushel. With this may be given one truss of sweet, fragrant, well-made, and old hay, per week, in equal daily proportions of eight pounds, or thereabouts, which will be quite sufficient for any horse required to do fast work. The exact allowance of food to different horses must be regulated by the judgment and experience of the trainer, according to their condition and constitutional powers. It would be absurd to lay down any exact rule for the quantity of hay and corn to be given to every horse, as some are shy and bad feeders, others greedy and voracious; one will thrive upon an allowance that will half starve another, and not a few are required to be kept, to all appearance, in rather low condition, or fine-drawn, as it is termed, for the purpose of enabling them to undergo continued exertion, while many will not bear any very considerable loss of flesh without a proportionate loss of power. Hence the discrimination of the trainer must be constantly employed in justly balancing the food and exercise of every horse under his care, and in ascertaining, by unremitting observation, and trials of various kinds, the nature of the different constitutions, and the degree of exertion they are capable of enduring without fatigue and consequent loss of condition.

Regularity in the hours of feeding is almost as necessary to health as is the consideration of the quantity of food to be given at each meal. If a horse be fed four times in the day, which is a much better plan than to feed less often and more abundantly at each feed, then not less than four hours should be suffered to elapse between each meal, for the stomach will require at least this time to enable it to digest its contents, and during this period, if he be loose, he should be made to wear a muzzle, in order to prevent him from eating his litter, which many foul-feeding horses are extremely apt to do. The greater portion of his hay may be given him at his last meal, as he will then have the whole night to digest what he eats, and much hay in the day time would incapacitate him from going through quick work. Some horses of weak constitutions cannot be brought to the proper point of condition without a small allowance of beans occasionally. These are, principally, lengthy, herring-gutted horses, as they are called, that are apt to scour, and whose dung is generally loose and washy—an evil that may arise either from naturally weak stomach and bowels, or from some irritating substances in the intestines, which may frequently be removed by injections, such horses being but ill adapted to undergo the operation of strong purgatives. Other horses, again, of a trussy make, and hardy constitution, will require frequent bran-mashes, or dry bran mixed with their oats, in order to preserve their bowels in a healthy state, and prevent the accumulation of fat; but these matters are so generally known to those who have had much to do with horses, that it would be useless to dilate further upon them, as those who are incapable of forming a correct opinion upon a point so easily distinguished cannot be deemed proper persons to set up for trainers of race-horses. With respect to the administration of purgatives, for the purpose of reducing the quantity of fat in the body, and improving the condition, I shall have some remarks to make

presently, but they will not apply to the use to be made of them in actual disease. As my object is to point out the *principles* upon which a horse should be trained, and not the minutiae of the treatment he should be subjected to, I shall, perhaps, in a future paper, be able to show not only that the everlasting doses of physic that are by many deemed requisite to keep a race-horse up to the mark, are highly objectionable, but likewise that the necessity for their constant employment may be obviated by other means calculated to produce the same ends without injury to the constitution.

London Sporting Review for September, 1842.

SKETCHES OF SPORTING LIFE IN IRELAND.

BY MILESIUS BLAKE O'HARA, ESQ.

HARRY O'HARA ; OR HIS FIRST PAIR OF TOPS.

“ First he encased his nether man,
In boots which shone with Day's japan,
Of lustrous hue.”

“ My first pair of tops !” What magic in the words ? How many a bright and happy scene do they recal ! How many a loved and gallant friend with whom they are inseparably associated ! How many of the first gushings of youthful enthusiasm, when the heart was light and bounding, when the fancy was warm and susceptible, the affections unchilled by the cold realities of life ! We are strange beings ;—a compound of contradictions which we cannot ourselves reconcile, of mazes which we may not unravel even to our own hearts. Youth pines to be changed into manhood—manhood thirsts after the fancied solidity of the pleasures of maturer age—this in its turn looks back with repining upon the days which have run their course, and acknowledges that after all, there is but shallow philosophy in the lesson which youth is so often taught,—

“ Gather the rose-bud while you may,
Old Time is still a flying ;
And the flowers that bloom so fresh to-day,
To-morrow may be dying !”

“ Now what, in the name of common sense, has come over you this morning, Milesius ?” roared my rollicking cousin, Tom Blake, who had walked into my room unheard, and, choking with laughter, had all this time been following over my shoulder the course of my moralizing theme.

“ Pshaw, man,” continued he, “ this beats all our modern sentimentalists. ‘ First Loves ’ we have had often enough. ‘ First Friendships ’ are long out of fashion. Some of the sporting men

in Regent-street can fill whole pages with 'Their First Steeple Chases,' or 'The First Day of the Season.' But 'The First Pair of Tops!' Ha, ha! Egad, this flogs them all! I suppose your next will be 'My First Pair of Leather Breeches!'"

I could not help smiling; and Tom laughed long and loudly at his fancy.

"It is all very fine, no doubt," said he, "but the only 'First' I ever troubled myself about, is 'THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.'"

I would willingly have fallen in with his humor if I could, for Tom was always a good-natured fellow, but I was in an unusual mood, which I found it impossible to master. I forced myself, however, to listen with exemplary patience, to all his sporting intelligence; joined in his exultation at the success of our "Irish ones" at the late Liverpool: expressed considerable doubts how *Fire-away* had lost his race at Goodwood; and inquired, with great apparent solicitude, whether the Economist filly would come out for the "Kirwans." But it was all against my grain. Tom saw that my thoughts were not with him, and after coaxing me out of half my last twenty-pound note, he took his leave, with a recommendation that I should have myself installed with all possible speed in the society of Master Humphrey's Clock.

The reader may smile; but there was something deeper than sentimentality in the train which my thoughts had taken. We are all creatures of association; and, thoughtlessly as it was said, my rattling cousin had touched the precise chord, when he alluded to that old "Clock," which has made the thread whereon to hang some of the most exquisite delineations of character which our literature can furnish. 'Tis with a feeling somewhat analagous to the solitary adoration of that mild old man, for his ancient friend—the old-fashioned clock—that I, too, tenderly cherish a similar association. The hull of Commodore Anson's ship is not more carefully treasured, than I preserve the now fragile frame of my "First Pair of Tops." At regular and frequent intervals my old servant, who has come, from long habit, to love them like myself, takes them "down from their long habituate resting-place," removes every spot and stain which they may have contracted, prepares them with as much care as though they were to hunt to-morrow, and restores them to their allotted shelf once more. And in the solitary winter evenings, which even an Irish bachelor will sometimes have, I recall, in converse with them, scenes of which they and I are, perhaps, the only earthly witnesses—friends dear and unforgotten—companions of happy years, "when I, too, was young." But what has all this to do with our friend Master O'Hara?

Master Harry, at the time of my tale, was a youth of some eighteen years. He was a far off cousin of ours, and what could be said of but few in the "connection," well to do in the world. He was his own master, and by the death of his father, who had been known by the name of *Neddy the Nager*, and whose parsimonious habits had excluded him from all honorable Galway society, he had succeeded to a handsome property, and a larger sum in ready

money than had been heard of in Connaught since the days of *Shun-an-Argiot* himself.*

During the life-time of *the Nager*, the intercourse between the families was almost entirely suspended. But upon the event of his death, his representative, Master Henry O'Hara, had been formally restored to the good graces of his numerous relatives. He was reputed a "soft good-natured slob, with but little of the Nager blood in him." He had seen but little of life, however, (as in truth how could he have done?) and was now making his debüt at a grand family *reunion*, given by my uncle, Joe Blake, upon occasion of his son's attaining his majority.

We were as merry as Irish Princes. There was not a Blake nor an O'Hara in the province who had refused uncle Joe's hearty summons. Every barn, hay-loft, and granary in the establishment was in requisition for "shake-downs;" the servants had barely room to pass between the rows of tables, cross-tables, side-tables, and back-tables, which thronged the dining-room; and the stables and coach-houses were crammed to suffocation with every vehicle, from a carriage to a dog-cart, and every sort of steed, from a thorough bred to a conemara.

This was new life to Harry, who had never seen a visitor at his father's house, except the sheriff's man or the process server; and perhaps had never ridden in a carriage, save the mourning coach at his father's funeral.

It can hardly, therefore, be matter of surprise, that for a time he felt a little odd in his novel position. Every one was at home but himself. The youngest of the party was able to speak profoundly upon every branch of sporting science, of which he knew not even the first elements. His cousin, Tom Blake, a boy of eight years, would hardly believe that he had never shot a partridge; and his vanity was sorely wounded, when a blue-eyed little hoyden of fifteen ran laughing to tell her papa.

"Only think, papa, Harry O'Hara says he'd be afraid to ride Brown Bess with me to-morrow!"

It is hard to bear up against ridicule, and Harry was just at that age when it is, perhaps, more painful than at any other time of life. He was neither a man nor a boy. He had left the ranks of the latter in his own opinion, without being admitted into the former in that of any one else. He was tall, but ill, or rather, loosely made; and the consciousness of his unhappy training gave a degree of awkwardness to his air, which his own sensibility only made the more remarkable. He did his best, however, to conceal his inexperience, and to say and do what he saw said and done by all around him.

As it usually happens, the youngsters were the worst, and poor Harry found it hard at times to keep his temper among them. The youngest of them all knew himself to be his superior: and unluckily for Harry, few were disposed to conceal this consciousness. Many were the allusions to his "Miss Molly-ism," which he only

* "*Money Jack*"—a well known usurer, who at one time had most of the rentals of Galway in his Ledger.

provoked the more by the effort to rebut ; and there were even some who threw out hints about his "Nagur blood," which cut more deeply, and made a more painful impression.

By degrees, however, his diffidence began to wear off. He overcame his fears so far as to mount a quiet nag of uncle Joe's ; and notwithstanding the laughter with which his first attempt was greeted, persisted in his resolution of trying to learn. But what mercy was he to expect among a party who had all been trained to the saddle from infancy, and who could have no sympathy with the inexperience of a beginner. It was a sad mortification to ride to cover, and be obliged to turn back after the burst, whilst the youngest of his cousins would consider himself disgraced if he were not in the best part of the run.

Among the festivities by which the joyous occasion was to be celebrated, the most attractive was a grand stag hunt, to which all the leading sportsmen of the country were invited, and which was the constant theme of conversation amongst young and old at Blakestown. It was a trying thought to poor Harry, that he alone was excluded from the sport. A thousand times he regretted the misfortune of his early training, which had so unfitted him for his present prospects. His mortification was brought out even yet more strongly by the thoughtlessness of his young companions.

On the evening of the stag hunt an unusually large dinner party was assembled at my uncle's hospitable board. Martin Blake, the poet of the family, had prepared a new song for the occasion, and my uncle Joe hardly waited for the introduction of the "whiskey and hot water," in his impatience to bring it out. As a specimen of the convivial melodies of those merry times, I am tempted to transcribe it here.

THE LAND OF GALWAY.

I've heard at times
Of foreign climes,
And lands beyond the sea ;
And tourists tell
The praises well,
Of France and Italy ;
Let all who please
To follow these,
Seek pleasure in a small way ;
But give to me
The blythe, the free,
The sporting LAND OF GALWAY.

Let France and Spain
Our arts disdain,
And talk of "*chiaroscuro* ;"
Let Italy
The foremost be
In "*sonnet*" and "*bravura* :"
For trust to me,
Though proud they be,
They'd soon be "*in a tall way*,"
If match'd to ride
O'er a country side,
With the sporting boys of GALWAY.

The Scot may brag
 Of peak and crag,
 Of lake and mountain scenery ;
 And English pride
 Be gratified
 With "produce" and "machinery."
 Find ought for me
 By shore or sea.
 From Lard's End to the Solway,
 Like a cheering brush
 With old *Nel Rush*,
 And his sporting pick in GALWAY.

Then a fig for all,
 Both great and small,
 The coxcombs who despise us ;
 Fill up, *agrah !*
 The usquebaugh,
 Our happy land supplies us—
 "May sorrow here
 Ne'er dare appear,
 But mirth and pleasure alway,
 And fortune smile
 As once ere while,
 On the SPORTING LAND OF GALWAY !"

In the confusion which followed this inspiring toast, poor Harry forgot to rise and join in the tumultuous cheers with which it was enthusiastically received.

"Why don't you drink our toast, Harry?" said uncle Joe, who had noticed his forgetfulness.

"Pooh, Harry's hardly a Galway man at all," said one of the young Blakes, "I suppose he does not understand it; but Martin will give him a copy, and he can study it with the dictionary, while we are hunting to-morrow."

Poor Harry was deeply mortified at this contemptuous speech, and it was with a heavy heart he retired to his bedroom that night. He found it already occupied by his old companion and foster-brother, Johnny Malone, who had been his great friend and adviser in all cases of emergency.

"You must go to the hunt to-morrow, Master Harry," said Johnny, as soon as "young mæsther" entered the room.

"Is it I go to the hunt," asked Harry, in a tone of disconsolate surprise.

"By gonnies you must, your honour," replied his Mentor, with an air of determination. "There's no help for it now. If you don't, *you can never stand Galway.*"

In vain the youth remonstrated, Johnny was inflexible. In vain he urged that he should certainly be thrown at the very first fence.

"Leave all that to me," was the confident reply. "Only ax the master for the loan of Brown Bess, and if we don't show some of them the way, wid all their consate, *nabochish.*"

Harry resigned himself into the hands of his friend, who, in order to prevent mistakes, insisted upon his securing "the lend of Brown Bess" from uncle Joe before he went to bed.

He was awakened in the morning by a tap at his door, and before he had time to answer the summons, his friend Johnny had entered the room, and closing the door cautiously behind him, deposited on the floor a mysterious looking parcel which he carried under his arm.

"Never fear," said the youth, who had proceeded to undo the parcel, "never fear, your honor. They're honestly come by any how." And he held up between his finger and thumb a pair of flaming top-boots, already mounted with spurs, and gleaming in all the brilliancy which the maker's hand alone can impart.

"Ain't they a purty pair?" said he, twirling them round so as to display them in every possible light and position.

Harry could only gaze in silent wonder.

"Now don't be angry wid me, Master Harry," said the poor fellow, with a deprecating look; "I know you'd be all as one as nothing without them, so I slipped into Galway at daylight this morning, and here I am agin."

It would have required a worse temper than my hero's to be displeased with the good-natured zeal of his humble friend. But indeed, to say the truth, as he *was to go*, the appearance of the boots, I know not how, inspired him with a sort of confidence as to the result. They were tried, and although a thought too wide about the calves, yet were pronounced upon the whole admirable. Johnny had come provided against this contingency, and a *few wisps of hay** judiciously disposed, steadied Harry sufficiently in his novel costume.

Meanwhile the breakfast bell had twice rung, and there was no time to be lost. Harry sallied out, accoutred as he was. Unluckily, he neglected to allow for the usual appendages of spurs which dangled at his heels, and as he tripped hurriedly down stairs, he was precipitated head foremost down two flights, and did not cease rolling till he found himself in the centre of the astonished breakfast party!

Happily, he was more frightened than hurt; and with the exception of a sad rent in his new "tops," he had sustained no injury. He was very glad, notwithstanding, to escape as soon as possible from the merriment of the party in order to join his friend Johnny at the stables, where he had agreed to mount before the rest of the party should have assembled.

Now I may as well let the reader into the secret by which Johnny Malone hoped, in a moment, to metamorphose his inexperienced friend into an accomplished horseman, who was "to show some of them the way, wid all their consate." It was simply *by strapping the boots to the saddle*. The rider thus secured at the centre of motion, Johnny concluded, that as long as the boots held their place, it would be impossible to fall; and by an ingenious arrangement, he had concealed the fastening under the tops of the boots, so as to escape even the closest observation.

* The reader may remember the opening line of the well-known Connaught Epic.—"Billy O'Rowke."

"I cut my stick and foddhered my brogues."

All was arranged to his perfect satisfaction, and when our friend Harry himself got into the saddle, and had the straps secured at each knee, he felt a degree of confidence which he had by no means anticipated. His pride was touched by the contempt with which he had hitherto been treated, and he resolved, if possible, to alter the estimate which had been formed of his powers; nor was his disposition sweetened by the reception which he met, when, after passing muster at Johnny's hands, he joined the party on the road to the meet. Every portion of his equipment was severely criticised; from the head to the heel, nothing escaped his tormentors; and his rage and mortification were complete, when one of his urchin cousins so contrived it, that his poney (as great an imp as himself) should pull out through the rent which the spur had made in the unlucky boot, *a long mouthful of the hay*, which poor Johnny had used for the purpose of supplying the defect of a calf upon "Masther Harry's" leg!

It was fortunate for our poor hero that almost at the same moment the stag was turned out, and the attention of his persecutors diverted to another object. The ordinary law was given—the dogs laid on; and though Brown Bess at the first note gave every indication of excitement, poor Harry was so confused by this consummation of his misfortunes that he almost forgot the object for which they had met.

"Musha, tare-an-ages, Masther Harry, rouse yourself, and don't let them run away from you;" whispered a warning voice at his elbow. A significant glance, too, which he saw interchanged between two of his companions, ruffled his pride and recalled his recollection. He gathered up his reins, and reckless of consequences, let the gentle, but spirited mare take her own course.

They had a magnificent start, and Brown Bess held a capital place. I need not say that poor Harry was sadly pommelled about on his seat. Now flung forward—then driven back out of his saddle—at one moment on the point of swaying off to the right—the next, whirled back as suddenly to the left—yet he held his ground, notwithstanding all; and, to the amazement of every one, continued to keep the place into which, from the first, his mare had settled! He was himself not less amazed than the rest. But *he had great faith in the top boots!*

The first fields through which they passed were of grass, with few and small fences. As long as this lasted, he was in the midst of the party, who had been amusing themselves at his expense, and who could hardly believe their eyes as they saw him alight safely after each successive jump. By degrees, however, as the country became more stiff, the field began to thin; and Harry, though hardly able to see, much less to think of what was going on, was left almost alone; his only companions being Joe Blake, and a few other veterans of the field.

"Bravo, Harry!" shouted Joe, as they alighted together at the far side of a five foot wall, which Bess took in the true Roscommon style. Poor Harry was all but stunned in the process. He found himself first falling backwards as she rose to the leap, when

again suddenly he was shot forward, with all the force of an eighteen pounder. This violence began to tell. *The boots held their place well.* But Johnny had forgotten to calculate that perhaps *it might not be so easy to stick to the boots.* Poor Harry began to find his hold very insecure. In the right boot (thanks to the mischievous pony) his foot was rattling about (to use the illustration of Johnny Malone) "like the churn-dash in an empty churn;" and every moment added to his insecurity!

On they flew notwithstanding, and still our hero kept his place. At last, in crossing a tremendous double ditch, a sudden wrench dragged his right leg completely out of the boot in which it was encased; and he found himself now entirely dependant on his solitary remaining support. By some lucky chance he still held on, nevertheless, and he had already far distanced his "consated" cousins. The dogs were now running in view, and everything appeared as if they should soon run down their game.

"Well done, Harry, my boy!" shouted Joe, once more, as they came to another awful wall. "Mind yourself now, in earnest!"

But alas! it was too much for poor Harry! With one tremendous crash he was shot up in the saddle; out flew the left leg, which had still remained confined, and Harry, *leaving his boots still attached to the saddle,* was flung head-foremost six yards into the next field! The boots, however, held their place, and as the spurs still dangled at the heel, Bess did not for a moment abate her pace, till she was first up at the taken!

Uncle Joe stopped to pick up poor Harry, for they were far in advance of all the rest. I will only add that he kept the secret honorably. Harry's character was from that day fully established; and none but Uncle Joe and Johnny Malone ever knew how much of his fame he owed to

HIS FIRST PAIR OF TOPS.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for October, 1842.

BREEDING FOR THE TURF.

IN breeding for the Turf, above all things it is necessary, in order to secure success, to consider closely the old crosses of blood; and to cross judiciously the stout with the speedy. Not that I think that for the sake of blood, the form of an animal selected for stud purposes should be held a second-rate consideration; but each being well considered, the standard of excellence may better be attained. The fault of looking to blood alone is among many of our breeders the cause of such ill success; as they look too much to the horse throwing back in blood, as the term is, and not stamping his own form, which may be and very often is atrocious, but that of his sire, which might have been first-rate, on the stock. Many again stick too much to one strain

of blood, and prefer the speedy sort of Selim, Blacklock, and Smolensko, to the stouter, more lasting, and more wear-and-tear progeny of Tramp, Whalebone, and Catton.

A retrospective glance at the blood of our crack tried stallions, will show that a cross between the two sorts is productive of almost certain success.

Of our first-rate tried stallions the list is reduced to but ten which are worthy of the judicious breeder's notice. When I say this, I speak of the old horses, not the young tried ones; and out of these ten four possess the Whalebone blood, mixed with that of Alexander and his three well-known sons, Rubens, Selim, and Castrel. The following, despite the hand of Time, and the ravages of foreigners, still have their admirers and patrons in merry England. First and foremost I place Camel, by Whalebone, dam by Selim; Defence, by Whalebone, dam by Rubens; The Saddler, by Waverley (son of Whalebone), dam by Castrel; Sir Hercules, by Whalebone, grandam by Alexander. To these may be added, though not so closely connected, Liverpool, out of a Whisker mare, and Pantaloon, by Castrel, but lacking the Whalebone stain.

Besides these six, of whom it is my present intention to speak, the two sons of Blacklock, Velocipede and Voltaire; and Jerry, and Emilius, of Orville and Smolensko blood; complete the number for selection.

Lately we have indeed had proof enough of the excellence of the Whalebone blood in Camel, Touchstone, and Sir Hercules; to wit, Blue Bonnet and Seahorse, first and second for the St. Leger, Robert de Gorham second for the Derby. In 1841, Coronation and The Squire second and third for the St. Leger, and Coronation first for the Derby; and Miss Stilton (another cross of the Selim and (through Defence) Whalebone blood) second for the Oaks. In 1840, Launcelot first for the St. Leger, and second for the Derby. In 1839, Deception second for the Derby, and first for the Oaks. In 1833, Callisto second for the Oaks, and Don John (an undoubted son of Waverley), first for the St. Leger. In 1837, Caravan second for the Derby.

All these things prove pretty plainly the value of the blood, and render it without an equal in the present day.

In 1831, Chorister won the St. Leger, and he was about the first of Lottery's produce (at any rate, it was the first year of Lottery's three year old produce). He won, beating that honest horse and descendant of Whalebone, The Saddler, chiefly by the latter's being ridden by a lad. In 1842, we have the St. Leger won by Blue Bonnet, beating Seahorse, also a descendant of Whalebone, but not as Chorister's case, winning by mistake.

The analogy in these cases, is the Whalebone blood both times being second, and both the winners being the earliest produce of their respective sires.

It is no slight recommendation to a stallion when we see his early stock run well, and particularly when they carry off the first year one of our large stakes. This year I have not much doubt

but that Blue Bonnet won easily, and was the best in the race. She is like all Touchstone's stock, very lengthy and racing-like, but her curby hocks prevented her from coming out before. On the Friday, for the Park Hill Stakes, though stale, and half a stone worse than on Tuesday, she ran a very game race with the best filly of the year, viz. Sally, and though I suspect the Cesarewitch distance was too much for her, she ran forward. In her veins runs as good blood as any in England, her dam (of whom she was the third foal) being by that good old horse, though so despised, Brutandorf (lately sold for £100 to finish his days in Russia), grandam by Whisker, (Blue Bonnet thus possessing two stains of Waxy), great grandam by Golumpus, out of Otterington's dam. Surely this pedigree must suit the most fastidious.

Seahorse, second for the Leger, is as fine a looking horse as one need wish to see, possessing great length and power, and Rosalind, who was highly thought of for the race, is a most corky looking one, and won a plate at Newmarket afterwards.

Launcelot is gone to Ireland, and though far inferior to Touchstone, may prove a useful stallion there, and at the price, 500 gs., cannot be much of a loser to his new owner. Satirist, another of the family, and a very useful horse, unfortunate this year from a very common misfortune to tolerably good horses, viz. that of being too highly weighted (as in *re* Hyllus), is become the property of Mr. Litchwald, at the very cheap rate of 250 gs. and is gone abroad. I should not be surprised at his getting race-horses.

It is singular, and worthy of notice, that 1842 has not shown a single two year old by Touchstone, unless Cotherstone appears in the Criterion. Not one indeed has so much as started.

Old Emma, the dam of Cotherstone, has produced as large a progeny as any mare we have, and all, though moderate, it is true, have shown some running, as Trustee, Mündig, Micklefell, Jagger, The Irish King of Kelton, Black Beck, and the Ladye of Silverkelde Well. Cotherstone is another instance of a double stain of Waxy, Emma being by Whisker. He and the colt out of the Queen of Trumps are the present representatives of Touchstone in the next Derby.

There is one other horse of whom I am tempted to say a word. Inasmuch as few crosses have equalled in success, that of the Whalebone and Alexander blood, we may predicate, that such success may continue in that line, if it be united in an animal, who proved himself to be good, honest, and a racer. Such an one is Coronation, by Sir Hercules, out of Ruby, by Rubens; and he combines the Whalebone and the Rubens blood; he was a race-horse, as his race for the Derby showed, and an honest race-horse, as John Day affirmed, when riding him in distress for the St. Leger. What more can a breeder want? It is to be hoped that he may pass the term of his natural life in England, and not beyond the seas, and with Touchstone, may keep up that blood, which once under the scarlet Grafton jacket was generally in the first and never in the rear rank.

RED ROVER.

Notes of the Month.

—
D E C E M B E R .
—

ANOTHER GREAT MATCH ON THE TAPIS.

Now that the Autumn Campaign has terminated in the Northern, Middle and Western States, what shall we "start" to assist us in carrying on the war during the winter? Cannot another Great Match be got up? Let us see.

North of the Roanoke, we have Fashion, Cassandra, Blue Dick, Register, and several promising young things. South of it, they have Regent and others in North Carolina; Fanny—a host in her-elf—and several capital stables in South Carolina; Hannah Harris and Martha Carter in South Alabama, with half a dozen cracks in North Alabama and Tennessee; Earl of Margrave, Reel, Torchlight, and Crucifix in Louisiana; Miss Foote and others in Mississippi; Magnate, Argentile, and others in Kentucky, and throughout the great South-west, a host of promising candidates for the meed of honor and applause.

Cannot we get up a match or two? It would seem easy enough, if we may judge by the letters of our correspondents, and the confidence which Southern and Western Turfmen feel in the ability of the Cracks of their respective States. They write us daily, asking if we cannot contrive to get up a Post Match or two? They all agree that something of the kind seems requisite to give an impulse to racing and revive the hopes of breeders.

During the week past we have enjoyed the pleasure of daily intercourse with some of the "choice spirits of the time" from remote "race horse regions." Quite a gathering has taken place here of turfmen, breeders, proprietors of courses, trainers, jockies, and betting men. From the crowd of familiar faces at the Astor House, one would have supposed that a "great event" was on the eve of coming off over the Union Course.

The result of all the discussions, the conferences and the "horse talk" on the subject appears to be the conviction that, inasmuch as *Fashion*, the Northern Champion, has now no rival left to dispute her supremacy in this section of the country, it would not become her friends to offer a CHALLENGE. The respective friends of *Miss Foote*, of *Fanny*, of *Reel*, and other tried good ones claim for each the Championship of their several States. We must now have a Match or series of Matches, to decide which shall claim the proud title of

CHAMPION OF THE AMERICAN TURF!

Fashion, by her performances, not only claims the highest rank, but it is generally accorded to her. Under such circumstances she is satisfied to repose upon her laurels unless her claim to the title is disputed. She *makes* no challenge, though she is obliged to accept one.

In a match to come off over the Union Course, Long Island, the difference and expenses of travel, etc., would be arranged by giving odds or a specific amount—to the entire satisfaction of the gentlemen of the South or West.

The following Post Matches, we are duly authorized to announce, *can be had*—to come off over the Union Course:—

The North (including that portion of the Union situated north of the Roanoke) to name at the Post three horses bred and owned therein, against any three horses that may be also named from any other sections of the Union whatever, for the respective distances and sums annexed:—

FOUR MILE HEATS FOR TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS,
OR MORE!

THREE MILE HEATS FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, OR MORE!

TWO MILE HEATS FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, OR MORE!

Sarah Bladen.—We regret to learn from an esteemed correspondent at Natchez, that Col. BINGAMAN'S Sarah Bladen has been thrown out of training. She has long been at the head of the Turf in the South-west, and has made the best race at Four mile heats, ever run in that section of the Union. We fervently trust she may come round again. Maj. SURJET'S fine filly, *Chicopa*, in the same stable, has also been turned out.

Jim Bell Amiss.—A private letter from a gentleman at Natchez, Miss., informs us that it was currently reported there that the Brothers KENNER had thrown Jim Bell out of training. Our correspondent remarks to the following effect:—

"The deadly contest between him and Sarah Bladen has nearly ruined both of them. Sarah has let down badly. She has won many laurels and may yet be useful to her generous and spirited owner."

We indulge the hope that the fears of their Natchez friends have magnified the extent of the injuries sustained by these two celebrated cracks. Sarah Bladen, beyond doubt, is the best daughter of Leviathan that ever looked through a bridle. We have witnessed several of her finest performances; on one occasion saw her win a heat in 7:45, and repeat it with great comparative ease in 7:40, over the Louisiana Course. We saw Jim Bell, too, make his first great colt race at Lexington, Ky., where he won a second mile heat in 1:46—the best second heat ever run in the United States. He is a prodigious fine horse—among the best the country has produced. Of the accident to Sarah Bladen we have heard before, but no intimation of Jim Bell's injury has reached us until now. Our correspondent, though not "on the Turf," so to speak, is familiar with horses, and is intimately associated with the gentlemen to whom he alludes, so that we have no doubt of the general correctness of his statement. We still hope to hear a more favorable report of Jim Bell, though we almost despair of "Old Sarah," whose advanced age (now nearly nine years) and hard services through a long and brilliant career render it doubtful if she ever sufficiently recovers to be able to take her place again at the head of the South-western Turf.

The Sale of the late GEN EMORY'S Stock did not go off so well as might have been expected from the high character of the stock, owing mainly to the absence at the Northern races of the principal breeders and turfmen. *Juba*, the Mingo colt out of Betsey Wilson (Lady Clifden's dam), and the brood mare *Grecian Princess* were all that were sold. We learn that the following stock remaining on hand, the Executor (WM. HEMSLEY EMORY, Esq. of Centreville, Md) will sell on nine months credit at the following prices, or 10 per cent. off for cash:—

<i>Sambo</i> , by Mingo, out of Grecian Princess, 3 yrs.....	\$1,000
<i>Poplar Grove</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of the same, 1 yr.....	1,000
A very fine Brood mare by Maryland Eclipse, out of the same, with a Priam filly at her foot, both for	600

A correspondent writes us "without fear of contradiction, that there never were four more splendid animals offered in a lot. They combine size, figure, and health in perfection."

LEWIS BERKELEY, Esq., of Aldie, Va., has sold *Gwynneta* to Lieut. JOHN McLAUGHLIN, U S.N. She is by Imp. Cetus out of Nell Gwynne, by Rattler—a Chesnut filly, 4 yrs. old. *Gwynneta* is beautiful and bloodlike; she was Col. C. F. M. NOLAND'S nomination in the "Pete Whetstone" Stakes, at Baltimore, but owing to her having the distemper was not trained.

Americus, the celebrated trotting horse, has been sold, as we predicted, to Philadelphia, where they have Dutchman, Rippon, Edwin Forrest, Tompkins and others. He is to remain here, however, for a time, in the hands of Spicer. Rippon has been turned out since his match. We hear that \$2400 was paid for *Americus*.

Letter from Mr. Edgar.—The compiler of the "American Stud Book" has lately written us a long letter, not intended specially for publication, from which we make the extracts annexed. It will be seen that Mr. Edgar claims Wagner to be not only a thorough bred horse but as "one of the very few native horses justly entitled to a full share of the public patronage."

* * * "I beg further leave to add that the late C. R. COLDEN, Esq., of

New York, in 1833 procured me access to the Stud Book of the gentleman who bred the mare in Marion's pedigree. He lived in New Jersey, and sold her to the late Mr. Edward Crowell of Halifax, N. C. (N.B. the Stud Book spelled his name Coel or Cowell)—it stated that she was got by the Imp. horse [*I know the name*] and came out of an imported thorough bred mare. It is useless entirely to waste any more time or paper to state that Wagner is a thorough bred horse, and although said to be a plain horse, (he is one) among the very few native horses who is justly entitled to a full share of public patronage and is of the very best lineage.

The recent losses my last letter acquainted you with, have made me decline, in a short time, all public business; more especially upon the subject of blood horses. The irretrievable losses I have incurred thereby have obliged me to come to the positive determination of not lending my endeavors in future to promote their interests and save them from further impositions. As my last stated I will withhold my determination a while longer for the benefit of the public, and if they will without any further delay purchase up the whole Edition of the 1st Vol. of the Stud Book, and supply a subscription of 1000 names at \$12 each to the second Volume, payable in advance, I beg leave to add that myself and twelve other persons of the most competent talents in this country will prepare the manuscripts preparatory to these being taken to Ireland and arranged for the press, and published as speedily as possible, in this country thereafter.

Another Importation of Blood Stock—We learn through a New Orleans correspondent that the following stock is expected there immediately in the Rochelle [or Rockall], from England, consigned to H. C. Cammack & Co., who will dispose of it.

No. 1. *Chesnut Mare*, foaled in 1832, by Champion (son of Selim), out of Sir JOHN GREY EGERTON'S Cestrian mare (bred in 1822), her dam Paulina by Orville—Shuttle—Sir Peter—Herod. [See Weatherby's English Stud Book, Vol. IV., page 61. The Cestrian mare, dam of No. 1, was imported into the United States in 1833, in foal to Felt, also imported.] No. 1 is in foal to Phoenix; the following of her produce accompany her:—

No. 2. Ch. c. by Amurath, foaled in 1841.

No. 3. Ch. f. by Muley Moloch, foaled in 1842.

No. 4. Also a ch. f. by Amurath, foaled in 1841, her dam by Recovery, out of The Nun by Blacklock, her dam by Whisker—Orville—Otterington's dam.

The Fall Meeting on Mr. GARRISON'S Louisiana Course, New Orleans, commences on the 3rd Tuesday of December, and continues five days. A Stake for 3 yr. olds, three mile heats, has been opened at \$400 sub., \$100 ft. Also one for two yr. olds, mile heats, \$100 sub. h. ft. As all horses that run over the Louisiana or Metarie Courses are now to date their age from the 1st of January instead of the 1st of May, the colt stakes opened refer to those young things that were 3 or 2 yrs. old in the Spring of 1842. The stakes closed on the 30th ult. Mr. Garrison is now on his way to the Crescent City, doubtless.

Two permanent *Annual Stakes* have been opened, for the Union Course Long Island, to be run for Spring and Fall. The Spring stake is called the *Criterion*, and the Autumn stake the *Union*. It is expected that the same colts and fillies will be nominated in each; and from all we can learn the subscribers will be numerous.

We regret to hear that Col. A. H. KENAN'S fine Andrew colt *Winfield* broke down at Hayneville, Ala., on the 27th Oct., in a capital race at three mile heats with Hannah Harris (own sister to John Bascombe). *Winfield* had repeatedly distinguished himself, and was properly regarded as one of the very best sons of his gallant sire.

Extract of a letter dated

CHARLESTON, Nov. 1, 1842.

Dear P.,—I heard,—not officially, but from a good source,—sometime back, that *Monarch's* game leg gave way whilst in training for our winter's campaign, and that so badly, that all hopes of his ever coming on the Turf again are at an end. 'Tis a thousand pities, for he was a noble animal. Our other pet, *Fanny*, is alive and kicking, and will no doubt shew the field here on the four mile day, as clean a set of plates as ever twinkled under the legs of a race horse.

Another addition to our *Cabinet of Sporting Curiosities* has been received from a gallant Officer of the U. S. Army, in Louisiana. We quote a portion of the letter accompanying it:—

"I send you a *lock of hair* from the mane of Judge PORTER's imported colt *Harkforward*, own brother to the renowned Harkaway. If ever brought forward on the Turf he will assuredly distinguish himself; in such an event a lock of his hair will not be misplaced in your collection of *Sporting Curiosities*."

Much obliged. By the way, this same lock of hair is as fine, as black, and as glossy, as those composing the raven tresses of a Creole belle of Louisiana. If we were a poet and gifted like Pope, we would write another "Rape of the Lock" on the subject; but as we are merely a proser, we can do no more than acknowledge its receipt, and our appreciation of the good feeling which prompted it.

Dr. IRVING, of Charleston, has in press, we hear, his "*History of the South Carolina Turf*," the appearance of which is looked for with great interest. It will be ready for delivery at the Charleston races in February. Dr. Irving's contributions to *Sporting Literature* are acknowledged on both sides of the Atlantic, and we anticipate as much gratification from the perusal of his "History" as from THIERS' "History of the Consulate and the Empire," upon which, we are delighted to learn, he is now assiduously employed.

Challenge for \$500.—We find the annexed "banter" in the "Batesville (Arkansas) News:—"

I will run my colt *Daniel Boon*, Four mile heats against any 3 year old colt raised in the State of Arkansas, with 80lbs. on each, for \$500; to come off on the Batesville Course, according to the rules of the Jockey Club. To be closed by the 27th of September, 1842.

Batesville, Aug. 20th, 1842.

JOSHUA LEE.

Arab Horses.—During the late Camden Races we had the pleasure of seeing the two fine Arabians imported by Commodore Elliot, U. S. N. One, *Sheriff Pacha*, is a bay, about 15½ hands under the standard, and the other, *Ibrahim Pacha*, grey, a little rising 15 hands. We preferred the latter from his general symmetry, though the bay horse is very bloodlike in appearance. The Grey quite comes up to our notion of a high bred Arabian, as acquired from portraits and descriptions, while the Bay looks like an American thorough bred stallion in low flesh. Both are fine specimens of the Blood Horse of the Desert; they are intelligent, active and handsome in an eminent degree. Sheriff Pacha is nine, Ibrahim Pacha ten years old; both have got some fine looking stock and have proved themselves sure foal getters. Com. E. is anxious they should have a better chance than he has been able to give them, and would either dispose of them or place them in the hands of some trustworthy person to breed on shares. Proposals for one or both of them, may be made, *post paid*, to the editor of this paper, who is authorised to sell or make any arrangement, for them he may deem proper. At the recent Agricultural Fairs in Pennsylvania these two Arabians have received the first premiums "for the best thorough bred stallions." Upon large rooiny or weedy mares either of these fine horses would make a capital cross. If not sent South or West, one of them will probably stand on Long Island near the Union Course next season. For the description and pedigree of these horses, see certificates, etc., in this paper of Nov. 23, 1839.

Maj. MYERS, the proprietor of the Bertrand Course, Montgomery, Ala., intends holding his Spring Meeting late in April, or early in May, next season.

Mr. C. MYERS, of Montgomery, Ala., claims the name of *Lovie* for his b. f. two years old last Spring, by Bill Austin out of Minna Brinda. Also that of *Old Abe*, by Imp. Riddlesworth, dam by Sir Charles, dropped last Spring.

Mr. DAVID MYERS of Montgomery, Ala., claims the name of *Backgammon*, by Volney, dam by Wild Bill, dropped last Spring. Also that of *Carrier Pigeon*, for his yearling filly by Bill Austin, dam by Pacolet.

Mr. E. M. BLACKBURN, of Woodford County, claims the name of *Breeze* for a 2 year old br. f. by Mingo, out of Letitia. Also that of *Whirlwind* for a 3 year old br. f. by Eclipse, dam by Blackburn's Whip.

Dr. LUKE BLACKBURN claims the name of *Boz* for a 3 yr. old ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Blackburn's Whip. Also that of *Newlight* for a yearling filly by Shark, dam by Blackburn's Whip.

FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS.

DEATH OF WILLIAM ORDE, ESQ., OF NUNNYKIRK.

Northumberland now mourns over the grave of her favorite son of the turf—the venerable owner of "Bee's-wing," has reached his final goal, and within the town wherein he first beheld the light, have his eyes been closed for ever. The death of Mr. Orde was sudden; while walking in the garden of the Queen's Head, at Morpeth, on Saturday the 15th inst., he was seized by a palsy, and continued in a state of insensibility till 3 o'clock, p.m., of the following day, when he expired. It is not only the racing world which have cause to lament his loss—possessed of a heart which sympathised with suffering humanity, regardless of creed, color, or country—consistent in principle, with a mind free from narrow prejudices—with commanding talents, and a soul formed for social harmony—his presence in the private circle was ever the harbinger of unanimity of feeling. As a magistrate he was the friend of the unfortunate—his motto was mercy—as a man he was kind—and as a landlord liberal and indulgent, disdaining to take any undue advantage which his position might give him. His death is deeply deplored by all, and his memory will long be held in respectful remembrance by the men of Northumbria in particular. Mr. Orde was in his 60th year, and was never married; his large possessions are inherited by a nephew.

A meeting was held at the Town Hall, Morpeth, on Tuesday last, W. Clarke, Esq., Mayor, in the chair, when it was unanimously resolved, "that in order to testify the great esteem and high opinion entertained for the late William Orde, Esq., by the inhabitants of his native town and others, those gentlemen who pay the mark of respect to his departed worth by accompanying his remains to the grave, will meet at the Town Hall, on Saturday, the 22d inst., at a quarter before 12 o'clock."

Lanercost has closed his career as a racer; he will appear as a stallion next season.

It will be seen that CHARLES FREEMAN, "The American Giant," who visited England in company with CAUNT, the Champion, is matched for £100 in a fight with PERRY, "the Tipton Slasher."

Exportation of Blood Stock, &c.—Shipped, on the 5th October, per Mr. D. Bonsell, from the Black Horse Inn, Carrlane, Hull.

Black Beck, by Mulatto, out of Mundig's dam, for Prince A Leichenstein.

Rufus, a splendid half bred entire horse, for Prince George Karsly.

Perfume, a celebrated brood mare, sister to Mango, winner of the Doncaster St. Leger.

Three valuable brood mares, and three hunting mares, for Mr. Litchwald.

On the 8th inst., Mr. F. Beresford left Hull, per the *Tiger*, for Hamburg, with the following mares, to add to his Royal Highness the Duke of Brunswick's stud:—

Claw, by Partisan, out of sister to Scandal; covered by Sheet Anchor.

Corregio Bagh, by Glencoe, out of sister to Cobweb; covered by Sheet Anchor.

Cotillion, by Partisan; covered by Camel.

Puff, the dam of Cardinal Puff; in foal to Touchstone; besides several other half-bred ones.

Four hunters and a coaching stallion, for Mr. Litchwald. Also,

Satirist, the celebrated racer, by Pantaloon, out of Sarcasm. *Satirist* won the Gold Vase, &c. at Ascot; also the Doncaster St. Leger in 1841, beating Coronation.

The above were shipped from the stables of Mr. D. Bonsell, Black Horse Inn, Carrlane, Hull. Mr. D. Bonsell has "transported," this season, upwards of two hundred of the best blood in the country.

Sales of Racing Stock, &c.—Previous to the York Union Hunt Races, on Friday week, the following sales of stock took place:—By Messrs. Tilburn and Son: *Humphrey*, 41gs; *Rival*, 41gs; *Nan*, 80gs; *Paddy*, 37gs; *Brown mare*, 6 yrs, by *Voltaire*, 16gs; *Grey mare*, 5 yrs, by *Viator*, out of *Lady Fractious*, with a colt foal by *Stockport*, stinted to *Sambo*, 90gs; *Chesnut mare*, by *Magistrate*, out of *Mrs. Malhy*, with a colt foal by *Marciana*, stinted to *Phoenix*,

Colonel Cradock and the Turf—At the Barnard Castle Agricultural Meeting, held on Wednesday last, Colonel Cradock, in replying to the toast, "Colonel Cradock and the Turf," observed:—"The turf was generally considered an expensive amusement. He had not found it so. He was certainly not very successful at the onset of his career, nor was he, indeed, *very* successful even now, but, on balancing his books, he had no great reason to complain; every one, of course, must expect to pay for his amusement, but he was not much out of pocket by the turf; and this, he believed, could be truly said by gentlemen in general, who followed racing as an amusement—who followed it as *gentlemen*, and not as *gamblers*. His advice was, neither to train at public stables, nor to 'keep a book.' With these conditions he would recommend the turf to gentlemen as an amusement. He had totally abandoned 'keeping a book,' for when he had a 'book' it was always 'over the left shoulder' with him. He liked the sport, and would continue it—always running fair, and running to win. He kept clear of public stables—clear of betting—clear of a 'book'—and clear of breeding—and would advise others to follow his example. They would then be safe."

Portrait of the late Father of the Turf.—We have just been presented with a beautifully engraved portrait (from an admirable drawing by R. Woodman), of the late Christopher Wilson, Esq., "Father of the Turf," which is dedicated by permission to Mrs Wilson, whose entire approbation it has received—the best testimony to its truth. Mr. Wilson is represented seated on a favorite cob, and the intellectual and benevolent expression of his countenance and his general character are delightfully maintained.

SALES OF STOCK BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL.

MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER'S STUD.

Pursuant to advertisement, a draft of the above stud was put up for sale at Eaton Hall, by Messrs. Tattersall and Son, on Tuesday last, 20th Sept. The attendance was thin, and the competition anything but spirited, Launcelot, a St. Leger winner having been knocked down, to go to Ireland, for 500 guineas; Sotirist, also a St. Leger winner, for 255 guineas, for Germany; Auckland the flyer (in stakes!)—the horse that "did ought" to have won the Derby—for 60 guineas! the Morning Star for 32 guineas (the Chester folks will long remember him); and so on. To be sure there were some three-legged animals among them, and as their noble owner considers the prices to have been on the whole satisfactory, we may infer that several others would have been well sold on any terms. The catalogue contained 40 lots, of which one brood mare, three two-year-olds, one yearling, and six foals, were either bought in or not put up at all; the marquis, therefore, retains rather an extensive and valuable breeding and racing establishment, which, it is reported, will shortly be placed under the care of Horsley, who trained for the late Sir Thomas Stanley. Osborne, we understand, retires at the end of this month. The lots were knocked down as follows:—

	GUINEAS
STALLIONS.	
Launcelot (foaled in 1837), own brother to Touchstone, by Camel, out of Banter	500
Morning Star (foaled in 1838), by Glaucus, out of Bertha	32
BROOD MARES.	
Morea, (foaled in 1833), by Tenters, out of Larissa; covered by Touchstone	200
Brocade (foaled in 1834), by Pantaloon—Bombazine, by Thunderbolt, &c.; covered by Touchstone	130
Revival (foaled in 1839), by Pantaloon, out of Linda, by Waterloo; covered by Touchstone	115
Honoria (foaled in 1836), by Camel, out of Maid of Honor, &c.; covered by Pantaloon	91
Polyxena (foaled in 1837), by Priam, out of Theodore's dam; covered by Touchstone	65
Festival (foaled in 1836), by Camel—Michaelmas, &c.; covered by Pantaloon	30
Daphne (foaled in 1837), by Laurel, out of Maid of Honor (the dam of Auckland, &c.); covered by Touchstone	20

Puff (the dam of Cardinal Puff, &c.), by Waterloo; covered by Touchstone.....	27
Sultan mare; covered by Touchstone.....	27

HORSES IN TRAINING WITH THEIR ENGAGEMENTS.

Satirist, 4 yrs, by Pantaloon, out of Sarcasm, &c. Engaged in the Cup and Wynnstay Stakes at Wrexham, 1842.....	255
Sleight of-Hand, 6 yrs, by Pantaloon, out of Decoy.....	200
Candahar, 3 yrs, by Pantaloon, out of Medina, &c. Engaged in a Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., at Goodwood, 1843.....	155
William de Fortibus, 3 yrs, by Plenipotentiary, out of Laura.....	155
Sheffield 3 yrs, by Liverpool, out of Teresa, by Langar.....	120
Bona Fide, 3 yrs, by Pantaloon, out of Honoria, by Camel, &c.....	100
Van Amburgh, 4 yrs, by Pantaloon, out of Decoy.....	90
Auckland, 3 yrs, by Touchstone, &c. Engaged in a Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., at Goodwood, 1843.....	60
Irony, 3 yrs, by Pantaloon, out of Sarcasm, &c. Engaged in Produce stakes at Wrexham, and Holywell, 1842.....	33

YEARLINGS, WITH THEIR ENGAGEMENTS.

Chesnut colt, brother to Satirist. Engaged in the Derby, the Foal Stakes at Liverpool July, the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood, and in the Foal Stakes at 100 sovs. each, h. ft. at Doncaster, 1844.....	140
Chesnut filly, own sister to Cardinal Puff.....	110
Chesnut filly, by Pantaloon, out of Honoria.....	45
Colt, by Pantaloon, out of Festival, &c.....	31

FOALS.

Colt foal, own brother to Cardinal Puff, &c.....	81
Filly foal, by Touchstone, out of Brocade, by Pantaloon, out of Bombasine.....	56
Colt foal, by Pantaloon, out of Festival, by Camel, &c.....	35
Colt foal, by Pantaloon, out of Pasquinade, by Camel, out of Banter.....	32
Filly foal, by Pantaloon, out of Shiraz, by Camel, out of Medina, &c.....	25

THE PROPERTY OF MR VANSITTART.

A brown mare by Perion, dam by Abjer, out of Slight (foaled in 1837); with a colt by Sheet Anchor, and covered by The Bard.....	80
A black yearling filly by Sheet Anchor out of Smollett's dam.....	40
A bay gelding, 2 yrs by Tomboy, out of Elisena, by Whisker.....	30
A bay yearling filly by Sir Hildebrand, out of Deuce.....	20

THE PROPERTY OF MR. RAMSAY.

Middleham, 4 yrs, by Muley Moloch, out of Olive.....	310
Bridesmaid, a bay filly, 2 yrs, by Scarborough (son of Catton or Valparaiso) out of Honeymoon (the Lord Mayor's dam).....	27
Manurity, a brown mare, by St. Nicholas, out of Miss Wilkes; stunted to The Doctor.....	26

YEARLINGS, THE PROPERTY OF MR. H. THOMPSON.

A brown filly by Sheet Anchor, out of Valentia; in the Oaks 1844.....	165
A black colt by Sheet Anchor, out of Lady Fulford, &c.; in the Derby 1844.....	135
A brown filly by The Mole, out of Whirlwind.....	120
A bay filly by Sheet Anchor, out of Forget-me not; in the Oaks 1844.....	115
A black filly by Sheet Anchor, out of Mrs. Fry.....	95
A bay colt by Sheet Anchor, out of Erin Lass.....	72
A brown colt by The Mole, out of Ellen Percy; in the Derby 1844.....	66
A brown colt by Sheet Anchor, out of Lillah; in the Derby 1844.....	60
A brown colt by Sheet Anchor, out of Kitty Clover.....	85
A Brown filly by Sheet Anchor, out of Patty.....	54

Mr. J. Scott's Doctor Phillimore, brother to Meteor, a yearling, by Velocipede, out of Dido.....	401
Lord G. Beutinck's Simia.....	500

SALE OF THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S YEARLINGS.

	GS.
Colt, by Ratcatcher, out of Turquoise.....	140
Colt, by Ratcatcher, out of Nameless.....	105
Filly, by Ratcatcher, out of Dublin.....	70
Colt, by Ratcatcher, out of Problem.....	43
Filly, by Ratcatcher, out of Rhodope by Sultan, out of Prudence.....	40
Filly, by Ratcatcher, out of Balance.....	15
The following lots belonging to other parties, were also sold :—	
Menalippe.....	105
Bay filly, 2 yrs., by Bran, out of Nell Gwynne by Master Henry ; in the Oaks, 1843.....	70
Chestnut colt, 2 yrs., by Sir Hercules, out of Tarentella by Tramp, out of Rowton's dam.....	25
Chestnut mare, 3 yrs., by Emilius, out of Fortitude.....	18

WALKING MATCH OF TWENTY MILES,

BETWEEN CHARLES BEE AND MICHAEL TURNER, FOR £20 A SIDE.

This match, which was made some months since, and which created more than ordinary interest among the numerous friends of both men, came off on Thursday, over an excellent mile of the turnpike road at the Old Hat Inn, at Ealing. The forenoon being extremely propitious for a few miles' drive out of town, a great many vehicles were brought into requisition on the occasion, and a vast crowd of persons assembled at the above named inn long before the start. Turner had trained at Haynes, and although upwards of a dozen years the senior of Bee, so confident were himself and friends of the result, that the betting was about 5 and 6 to 4 on him. It was said that in a trial he had accomplished the 20 miles in 3 hours and 17 minutes, while Bee (who took up his quarters at Mr. Emmerson's, where every care was taken of him) had occupied an additional three minutes in walking the distance. These were, however, but rumors, but they had the effect of keeping Turner the favorite, despite the continued assertions of Bee that he knew he could beat the old'un. The umpire and referee to each man having been amicably agreed to, and the other preliminaries arranged, the men at a few minutes before two appeared at the milestone beyond the Old Hat Inn to walk a mile towards town and back, until the stipulated distance had been performed, in fair heel and toe order, Bee, who is only 21 years of age, sporting orange with blue border, and Turner a blue bird's eye, as their colors. At ten seconds to two, by our "ticker," away they went, Bee making strong play, which caused Turner to use his utmost exertions to keep pace with him, and from the inelegant style of Turner's walking, it was once or twice asserted by the umpire appointed to watch his progress that he was running, but the referee did not feel himself justified in calling upon him to turn, and he proceeded on his course. The first mile was performed in 8 minutes 3 seconds, Bee being about a yard in advance. Before another half-mile had been covered Turner began to feel the effects of the pace, especially as the wind blew freshly in his teeth, and he made a dead stop, looking extremely queer from "a stitch in the side." He, however, in a few seconds partially recovered, and followed his thin-faced, little, but well-built and apparently confident opponent, who finished the two miles in 17 minutes 35 seconds. At the end of three miles Bee was at least 200 yards ahead ; but at the finish of the fourth mile (20 min. 30 sec. to 3) Turner was walking much better and firmer, and had slightly decreased the distance between them. Both were continually cheered on to exertion, and on Bee completing the sixth mile (2 min. 30 sec. to 3), Turner was one minute in the rear. It will be seen that Bee did the first six miles in 57 minutes 40 seconds, and he continued to increase his advantage throughout, ultimately winning in the most gallant manner in 3 hours and 26 minutes, beating Turner by 5 minutes. In the twelfth mile Bee was much distressed, having a kind of spasmodic attack, caused by the wind, but he manfully continued at his work, and he shortly became comparatively all right. He was, however, much distressed at the finish, and, we hear, had a bad night at the Old Hat Inn, where he remained. By great attention, for which much credit is due to the Emmersons, he was enabled to reach town on the following day, and is now, we hear, going on well, and is in high spirits at the victory

which he so admirably gained. The young one is evidently too quick on his pins for Turner, and has more stuff in him than may be imagined. No man could have walked fairer or in better style than Bee, and he never gave the slightest ground for objection. He was trained by E. Smith, who was actively engaged in looking after him throughout. In fact, neither of the men was called upon to turn during the match. Turner, although a loser, deserves much credit. He evidently labored under difficulty several times in the course of the match, but he most pluckily kept on, and although during the last two miles his friends wished him to give up, as he stood no chance of success, he determined on completing the 20 miles, which he did in 3 hours 31 minutes. The road at Ealing is an excellent one, and as there is admirable accommodation for man and horse at the Old Hat Inn, no doubt many will be induced to have their matches come off there. The stakes are to be given to Bee at the Phoenix, Princes-street, Cavendish square, to-morrow (Monday) evening, between eight and ten o'clock.

PEDESTRIANISM.

"Paddy" of Windsor and the "Greenwich Cow Boy."—The ten miles race between these pedestrians came off on Monday, the ground selected being from the mile-stone at Harlington Corner to the one near the Maggie Inn, Hounslow. There was an excellent sprinkling of the lovers of pedestrian feats, and at three o'clock the start took place, Paddy (who we hear was backed by a noble lord) being the favorite; but when the Cow Boy doffed his "toggerly," his muscular appearance, and the evident good condition he was in, gained him many admirers, and 6 to 4 was freely betted upon him. The whole of the distance, ten miles, was done by the winner in 59 minutes exactly. The following is the time each of the two miles were done:—First: the Cow Boy leading a yard or two, 10½ minutes; the second, 12¼ minutes; the third, 11¾ minutes; the fourth, 11½ minutes; and the fifth and last, in 13 minutes; the Cow Boy, at the finish, being ahead of Paddy at least fifty yards, but almost "baked," while the Windsor Boy appeared as fresh as when he started. His losing was attributed (by several good judges of fast racing present) to his want of "pluck."

Match against Time.—The nine mile race under the hour, over a quarter of a mile of ground, by John Rhodes, of Brades New Village, near Oldbury, came off on Monday last. A vast multitude of persons assembled, and the backers of the man offered level bets, but there were but few takers. Exactly at 25 minutes to 3, all being in readiness, the word was given and the man started in prime style, accomplishing the first mile in 5 minutes and 9 seconds; the first four miles in 23 3-4 minutes, and ultimately the whole distance in 5 minutes under the hour. The betting kept increasing on the man throughout the race, but no takers. After the first two miles the offers on the seven miles were £2 to 10s., but no takers.

DESCRIPTION, PEDIGREE, AND PERFORMANCES OF BEE'S-WING.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION COPIED FROM BELL'S LIFE FOR THE TURF REGISTER.

BEE'S-WING is a bright bay, with black legs, and stands about fifteen hands two inches high; has a beautiful clean neck, very blood looking head, long pointed ears, and wide open nostril, good depth in the girth, the shoulder well thrown back, very deep in her ribs, with immensely powerful quarters, a little high in the rump; has good arms and gaskins, hocks clean and well shaped, with rather small bone; in walking, carries her head erect, forming, perhaps, one of the most splendid models of a race horse ever seen.

PEDIGREE.

BEE'S-WING was bred by, and was the property of the late WM. ORDE, Esq., of Nunnykirk, Morpeth, who purchased her dam at the sale of the late R. RIDDLE, Esq. She was got by Dr. Syntax, dam by Ardrossan; grandam Lady Eliza (the dam of Godfrey, Blandford, Calisthenes, and Iole), by Whitworth;



great grandam, X Y Z's dam, by Spadille; great great grandam, Sylvia, by Young Marske—Ferret, by brother to Sylvio—Regulus, &c.

Dr. SYNTAX, "the winner of twenty cups," was bred by the late Mr. Riddell, in 1811, and was got by Paynator (by Trumpator, out of a Mark Anthony mare), out of a Beningsbrough mare bred by Mr. Osbaldeston, her dam Jenny Mole, by Carbuncle—Prince T'Quassaw—Regulus—Partner.

Bee's-wing's dam was also bred by Mr. Riddell. She was foaled in 1817, and ran for and won the Filly Stakes at Doncaster, in 1820, and then retired from public life. At Mr. Riddell's decease she was sold in consequence (as they supposed) of her being barren, having proved so in the year 1828. She then became the property of William Orde, Esq., for a small sum—somewhere about £20. She luckily proved to be in foal to Jerry, and the produce was the celebrated horse *Tomboy*. This mare died in the year 1840, a few days after "The Orphan Boy" was foaled. The following was her produce:—

1824..Ch. c. <i>Hartpury</i> , by Abjer	1832..Ch. c. <i>Lord Collingwood</i> , by Shamrock
1825..B. c. <i>Rector</i> , by Dr. Syntax	1833..B. f. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Dr. Syntax
1826..Ch. c. <i>Lawnsleeves</i> , by Dr. Syntax	1834..Barren
1827..B. c. <i>Emancipation</i> , by Whisker	1835..Ch. c. <i>Charley Boy</i> , by Actæon
1828..Barren	1836..B. c. <i>Johnny Boy</i> , by Jerry
1829..Br. c. <i>Tomboy</i> , by Jerry	1837..B. f. <i>Queen Bee</i> , by Liverpool
1830..Ch. c. <i>The Dancing Master</i> , by Felton	1838..B. c. <i>Willie Boy</i> , by M. Moloch
1831..Ch. f. <i>Lily of the Valley</i> , by Dr. Syntax	1839..B. f. <i>Bee's-wax</i> , by Liverpool
	1840..B. c. <i>The Orphan Boy</i> , by Liverpool

PERFORMANCES.

Year.	Times started.	Won.	Cups.	Queen's Plates.
In 1835	3	2	0	0
1836	5	2	1	0
1837	8	7	4	1
1838	9	7	4	1
1839	12	11	5	3
1840	12	10	3	2
1841	10	3	5	1
1842	5	4	3	1
Total	64	51	25	9

BEE'S-WING has already eclipsed the fame of her sire (Dr. Syntax), not only in the number of Gold Cups won, but also in the number of races gained. Dr. Syntax, during his career on the Turf, won Twenty Gold Cups, besides sixteen other prizes; he started for forty nine races, but suffered defeat for thirteen.

CURE FOR FOUNDERED HORSES.

A gentleman has handed us the following "Cure for Founder'd Horses by a Surgical Operation," that he copied from a Philadelphia paper called "The Union," in which it was published more than twenty years since:—

Above 100 horses have been cured by Mr. Sewell of Edinburgh. The operation consists in cutting down upon the trunk of the nerves which enter the foot in contact with the arteries, on each side of either the large or small pastern joint, and then removing a piece of the nerve (say 1 to 2 inches). A few minutes after the operation, the animal walks and trots like a sound horse, which, just before could scarcely move at all, and then in extreme pain. The principle is obvious—it is that of removing the conductors of sensation from the seat of the disease to the brain. The division of the arteries accompanying the nerves is carefully avoided. Merely cutting the nerves will not do, as the parts may unite: but the excision of two inches in length, effectually prevents such a restoration of feeling.

N. B.—It is supposed that a like incision of the nerve in the human frame where affected (called by the French *Tic Douloureux*) would be serviceable.

The Union, of May 30, 1820.

TURF REGISTER.

THE PEDIGREE OF ATALANTA.

Since this celebrated performer was withdrawn from the Turf by Col. JOHNSON, she has passed into other hands, being now owned, we believe, by the Hon. BALIE PEYTON and Ex-Governor BUTLER, of S. C. Although no doubt has ever existed of the purity of her blood, yet her pedigree, owing to circumstances beyond her breeder's control, has been involved in comparative obscurity. It no doubt can be furnished by any one of the Messrs. MEADE, of Virginia, who has access to the papers of the owner of the renowned "Old Celer;" and information addressed to us on the subject will confer an obligation on several distinguished friends of the Turf, and will be published with pleasure.

The following letter on the subject from Gen. WALTER JONES, U.S.A., Washington, places the *authenticity* of Atalanta's pedigree beyond dispute, but it is desirable, as she and her fleet and beautiful half sister (Gov. SPRIGG's *Maid of Northampton*) are now in the stud, that it should be fully cleared up. Annexed is Gen. Jones' letter:—

"Atalanta's dam was got by THORNTON's (formerly WYNN's) Rattler, out of a mare purchased by me in 1816, of a young Mr. NORWOOD, of Maryland, son of old Col. NORWOOD, well known in his day on the Turf, and owner of one horse at least of some celebrity named Bonaparte, several of whose races I have witnessed. The mare was, when I bought her, a four year old filly—had been trained with others of Col. NORWOOD's stud, and I believe had run in a sweep-stake, certainly in some race. Mr. Norwood assured me she was of his father's most favorite thorough-bred stock, got by his horse Bonaparte, out of a fine thorough-bred mare purchased by him of one of the Mr. MEADES, south of James river, with the highest pedigree, regularly certified by Mr. Meade, and regularly entered in Col. Norwood's stud book.

"One thing he mentioned as remarkable in her pedigree, that in the particular stock to which she belonged there were more crosses of the Old Medley blood than in any other then existing in Virginia. Mr. Norwood promised to send me the regular pedigree from his father's books, but forgot it; and as I did not for some years think of breeding from the mare for the Turf, I neglected to write for it. At length, when I found an interest in obtaining it, I discovered that the Norwood estate had been sold, the family dispersed, the young man from whom I purchased the mare dead, and Col. Norwood's stud book destroyed or lost. Both Gov. SPRIGG and myself have endeavoured to discover what become of the book, but without effect, and we have therefore not been able to obtain a regular and detailed pedigree, but have been obliged to rely on the very satisfactory assurance I received from Mr. Norwood, corroborated by a very respectable gentleman, a Mr. DOUGLAS, formerly of Baltimore, himself quite curious and particular about blood stock, well acquainted with Colonel Norwood's stock generally, and with the mare purchased by me. All the gentlemen of the Turf and breeders with whom I have conversed, have expressed the opinion that this evidence of the genuineness of her stain was satisfactory, and might well dispense with a regular pedigree.

W. JONES.

Washington, Aug. 11, 1842.

PEDIGREE OF CATALANI.

Black filly, foaled 1838, imported by D. D. CAMPBELL, Esq., of Schenectady, N. Y.

Got by Muley Moloch, out of Catalani by Tiger (son of Sir Paul), out of Wilna by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander—Fairy by Highflyer. See Vol. V. page 52, Weatherby's English Stud Book.

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THE
AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR

FOR

1 8 4 2;

BEING

AN APPENDIX

TO

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine,

FOR THE CURRENT YEAR.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF THE TURF REGISTER AND THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES,

No. 1 Barclay Street, two doors from Broadway.

1842.

Date of Age.

In the following States, horses take their ages from the *1st of May*:—

Louisiana,	South Carolina,
Alabama,	Georgia,
Mississippi,	Florida.

In all the other States horses take their ages from the *1st of January*, and the racing season usually commences (in Virginia) the last week in April, and terminates about the middle of November.

Weights.

In New York and New Jersey:—3 yr. olds carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares, fillies and geldings.

In South Carolina and Georgia:—3 yr. olds carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs., with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares, fillies and geldings.

In all the other States:—3 yr. olds carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares, fillies and geldings.

Abbreviations used in the Racing Calendar.

yrs. for years old.	dist. for distanced.	b. for bay.
h. ft. for half forfeit.	Y. for Young.	bl. for black.
pd. for paid.	h. for horse.	br. for brown.
p.p. for play or pay.	g. for gelding.	gr. for grey.
rec'd for received.	m. for mare.	ch. for chesnut.
ft. for forfeit.	c. for colt.	ro. for roan.
agst. for against.	f. for filly.	d. for dun.
dr. for drawn.	p. for pony.	Imp. for Imported.

Take Notice that 1760 Yards are a Mile.

220 Yards are a Furlong.

240 Yards are a Distance.

14 Pounds are a Stone.

4 Inches are a Hand.

AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR:

1 8 4 2 .

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Jan. 10, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Eight subs at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's b. f. *Ruby*, by Imp. Rowton, out of Bay Maria (sister to Black Maria, Shark, etc.) by Eclipse rec. ft.

The following paid:—

Col. W. C. Beatty's ch. c. *Sultan Kleber*, by Imp. Rowton, out of Betsey Saunders by Stockholder.

Col. Wade Hampton Jr.'s gr. g. *Relieve*, by Imp. Rowton—Augusta by Crusader.

John S. Preston's b. f. *Luta*, by Bertrand Jr., out of Betsey Richards, Gano's dam.

James B. Richardson's ch. c. by Imp. Rowton, out of Santa Anna's dam by Kosciusko.

Lewis Lovell's ch. c. by Bertrand Jr., out of Patsey Wallace.

John C. Singleton's b. c. by Imp. Nonplus, out of Limber by Crusader.

Dr. John G. Guignard's ch. c. *O. K.*, by Imp. Rowton, out of Empress by Henry.

TUESDAY, Jan. 11—The *Hampton Plate*, value \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. W. Hampton's ch. f. *Fury*, by Imp. Priam, out of sister to Ainderby by Velocipede, 4 yrs..... 1 1

Col. N. Peay's ch. c. by Imp. Rowton, out of Lady Deerpond by Kosciusko, - yrs.. 2 2
Time not given.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Citizens' Purse \$250, entrance money added, weights as before. Mile heats.

A. M. Hunt's b. f. *Patsey Stuart*, by Bertrand, dam by Red Gauntlet, 3 yrs..... 1 1

Stark & Perry's b. f. by Bertrand, out of ———, 3 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 1:56½—1:57.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 12—Jockey Club Purse \$250, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Augustus H. Kenan's br. h. *Willgo*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse..... 1 1

Col. W. Hampton's b. f. *Ruby*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 4:04—4:00.

THURSDAY, Jan. 13—J. C. Purse \$350, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. W. Hampton's ch. h. *Santa Anna*, by Bertrand Jr., out of Daisey by Kosciusko, 6 yrs..... 2 1 1

Dr. J. G. Guignard's b. c. *Edisto*, by Imp. Rowton—Empress by Henry, 4 yrs... 1 2 dr
Time, 6:03—6:07.

FRIDAY, Jan. 14—J. C. Purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. W. Hampton's ch. m. *Fanny*, by Eclipse, out of Maria West (Wagner's dam) by Marion, 5 yrs..... 1 1

Col. A. H. Kenan's ch. c. *Winfield*, by Andrew—Eliza North by Eclipse, 4 yrs..... 2 2

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>	
Time of 1st mile	1:56	Time of 1st mile	1:55
“ “ 2d “	1:56	“ “ 2d “	2:00
“ “ 3d “	1:59	“ “ 3d “	2:06
“ “ 4th “	2:06	“ “ 4th “	2:15
Time of 1st heat		Time of 2d heat	
7:57		8:16	

SATURDAY, Jan. 15—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. A. H. Kenan's br. h. *Willgo*, pedigree above, 6 yrs..... 1 1 1

Stark & Perry's ch. h. *Surprise*, by Eclipse, dam by Medley, 5 yrs..... 2 2 2
Time, 1:57—1:58—2:05.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA.

TUESDAY, Jan. 18, 1842—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 115—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

B. Davidson's (E. W. Taylor & Co.'s) br. c. Earl of Margrave, by Imp. Margrave, out of Margaret May by Pacific, 3 yrs. John Davidson. 2 1 1
Col. R. Smith & J. B. Morris' ch. m. Old Mistress, by Count Badger, out of Timour by Timoleon, 6 yrs. 1 2 2
Time, 3:57—3:56—4:04. Track good.

WEDNESDAY, Jan 19—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free only for creoles bred in Rapides Parish, weights as before. Mile heats.

B. Davidson's (E. W. Taylor & Co.'s) ch. c. Rapide, by Imp. Skylark, dam by Pacific, 2 yrs. 4 1 1
F. Henderson's ch. g. Osceola, by Ulysses, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. 2 2 2
J. M. Wells' br. f. Kant-kome-it-Kwite, by Ulysses, dam by Tartar, 3 yrs. 3 4 3
W. Holt's ch. f. Sarah Chinn, by Dick Chinn, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs. 1 3 dr
Time, 1:55—1:59—2:03. Track slippery.

THURSDAY, Jan. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as on Tuesday. Three mile heats.

J. B. Morris' ch. c. Bois d'Arc, by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 3 yrs. 1 1
F. Henderson's ch. h. Zamour, by Ulysses, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs. 2 2
B. Davidson's (E. W. Taylor & Co.'s) gr. f. Jane Splane, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Mercury, 4 yrs. dist.
Time, 6:08—6:05.

FRIDAY, Jan. 21—Purse about \$400 (the entrance money of previous days), ent. \$25 each added, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

B. Davidson's (E. W. Taylor & Co.'s) br. c. Earl of Margrave, by Imp. Margrave, out of Margaret May, 3 yrs. John Davidson. 3 1 1 1
J. B. Morris' ch. c. Bois d'Arc, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 2 2 2 2
F. Henderson's ch. g. Osceola, by Ulysses, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. 1 3 3 dist.
Time, 1:58—1:54—1:57—1:57.

AUGUSTA, GA., HAMPTON COURSE.

TUESDAY, Feb. 1, 1842—Purse \$250, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

G. Edmonson's (J. Lamkin's) ch. m. Mary Elizabeth, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs. 3 1 1
Saml. W. Shelton's br. h. Willgo, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs. 1 2 2
Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. Fury, by Imp. Priam, out of Sister to Ainderby by Velocipede, 4 yrs. 2 3 3
Time, 3:53—3:49—3:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$40, added to a Sweepstakes of \$10 each, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Jas. Lomax's b. c. Abbeville, by Nullifier, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs. 1 1
W. R. Smith's b. f. Mary Hedgford, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Mary Frances, 4 yrs. 3 2
Gen. Thomas' ch. f. Lady Richmond, by Bertrand Jr., out of Lady Buck, 3 yrs. 2 3
Time, 1:56—1:56.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 2—Purse \$350, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. h. Santa Anna, by Bertrand Jr., out of Daisy by Kosciusko, 6 yrs. Stephen Welch. 1 1
Maj. W. Eddins' ch. c. Crichton, by Bertrand, dam by Phenomenon, 4 yrs. 2 2

First Heat. Second Heat.
Time of 1st mile 1:56 Time of 1st mile 1:57
" " 2d " 1:58 " " 2d " 2:00
" " 3d " 2:00 " " 3d " 2:00
Time of 1st heat 5:54 Time of 2d heat 5:57

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$60, added to a Sweepstakes of \$20 each, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

W. R. Smith's b. c. Billy Gay, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Mary Frances, 3 yrs. 2 1 1
Gen. Thomas' ch. c. Levi, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs. 1 3 2
Col. A. S. Jones' b. c. Richard Rowton, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Falstaff, 3 yrs. 3 2 dr
Time, 4:00—4:08—4:10.

THURSDAY, Feb. 3—Purse \$600, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. m. Fanny, by Eclipse, out of Maria West (Wagner's dam) by Marion, 5 yrs. Stephen Welsh. 1 1
Saml. W. Shelton's gr. m. Omega, by Timoleon, dam by Oscar, 6 yrs. 2 dr
Time, 8:05.

FRIDAY, Feb. 4—Purse \$200, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. A. S. Jones' b. c. Richard Rowton, by Imp. Rowton, d. by Falstaff, 3 yrs. 2 1 1 1
Saml. W. Shelton's b. m. Maria Shelton, by Andrew, out of Ajariah Harrison's dam, 5 yrs. 1 2 2 dr
G. Edmonson's (Jas Lamkin's) ch. m. Mary Elizabeth, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs. dist.
Time, 1:55—1:56—2:02.

SATURDAY, Feb. 5—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Saml. W. Shelton's br. h Willgo, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs. 1 1
E. L. Almond's ch. c. Robert Walker, by Brunswick, dam by Moses, 4 yrs. 2 2
Time, 2:10—1:56.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as above. Three subs. at \$10 each, with \$25 added by the Proprietors. Mile heats.
 Saml. W. Shelton's (Jas. Lomax's) b. c. *Abbeville*, by Nullifier, d. by Gallatin, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Col. A. S. Jones' ch. c. *Robert Rowton*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Yeaman, 3 yrs. 3 2
 G. Edmonson's (Lovell & Bell's) b. f. *Nancy Rowland*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Rob Roy, 3 yrs. 2 3

 Time, 1:54—1:54.

PINEVILLE, S. C., ST. STEPHENS COURSE.

TUESDAY, Feb. 1, 1842—For a Silver Cup, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90 lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126 lbs. ; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 Col. R. Singleton's ch. c. by Imp. Nonplus, out of Lamballe by Kosciusko, 3 yrs. 1
 R. Richardson's ch. f. *Virginia*, by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 1:51.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 2—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Wm. H. Sinkler's b. f. *Kate Converse*, by Imp. Nonplus, out of Daisy (Santa Anna's dam) by Kosciusko, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Col. R. Singleton's Imp. br. m. *Helen*, by Priam, out of Malbran by Rubens, 5 yrs. 2 dr

 Time, 5:55.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 R. Richardson's b. c. *Buck Rabbit*, by Imp. Nonplus, 3 yrs. 2 1 1
 Wm. H. Sinkler's ch. h. *Dayton*, by Tormentor, dam by Tuckahoe, 5 yrs. 1 2 2
 THURSDAY, Feb. 3—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 R. Richardson's ch. f. *Zoe*, by Imp. Rowton, out of the dam of Little Venus, 3 yrs. 1 1
 R. M. Deveaux's b. c. *Woodman*, by Imp. Nonplus, out of Imp. Mania, 3 yrs. 2 dr

 Time, 3:57.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 R. Richardson's b. c. *Charles*, by Imp. Rowton, out of Leocadia, 3 yrs. 3 2 1 1
 Dr. Henry Ravenel's ch. f. *Betsy Rowton*, by Imp. Rowton, 3 yrs. 2 1 2 2
 R. M. Deveaux's b. f. by Mucklejohn, 3 yrs. 1 3 dist.

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA.

TUESDAY, Feb. 8, 1842—Jockey Club Purse \$200, free for all ages, 2 yrs. to carry a feather—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124 lbs. ; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 Robt. Elliott's ch. c. *Arkaluka*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally McGhee, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Col. Jas. J. Pittman's b. m. *Arianna*, by Arab, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 2 2
 F. P. Gerow's b. f. *Janette*, by John Richards, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 3 yrs. 3 dist.

 Time, 1:54—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 F. P. Gerow's b. h. *Fifer*, by Monmouth Eclipse—Music by John Richards, 5 yrs. 1 1
 J. H. Bradfute's ch. m. *Piony*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir William of Transport, 5 yrs. 3 2
 Robt. Elliott's ch. h. *Santee*, by Wild Bill, out of Sally McGhee, 6 yrs. 2 3

 Time, 4:04—4:03.

THURSDAY, Feb. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 J. H. Bradfute's br. c. *Tarquin*, by Imp. Consol—Jenny Deans by Powhatan, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Col. Jas. J. Pittman's ch. m. *Mary Luckett*, by Marion, out of Charles Archie's dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs. 2 2
 F. P. Gerow's ch. m. *Clarissa*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Clarion's dam by Oscar, 5 yrs. 3 dist.

 Time, 6:11—6:07.

FRIDAY, Feb. 11—Proprietor's Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Robt. Elliott's ch. c. *Arkaluka*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
 F. P. Gerow's b. h. *Fifer*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 2 2 2

 Time, 1:55—1:56—1:58.

SATURDAY, Feb. 12—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Sub. \$50 each, with \$50 added by the proprietor. Mile heats.
 F. P. Gerow's ch. m. *Clarissa*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Robt. Elliott's ch. h. *Santee*, pedigree above, 6 yrs. 2 2
 J. H. Bradfute's b. g. *Buncomb* 3 3
 C. Sprowl's gr. c. *Arthur Bagbie*, 3 yrs. dist.

 Time, 1:57—1:58.

JEFFERSON, MISSISSIPPI.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 9, 1842—Purse \$100, ent. \$15 added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86 lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124 lbs. ; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 P. B. January's br. f. *Martin's Judy*, by Young's Mercury, (he by Mercury, out of an Oscar maro,) dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs. *John*. 1 1
 Snyder & Williams' ch. g. *Copperas*, by Snyder—Thomas, aged. 2 dist.
 P. Farley's (Saml. Laughman's) h. *Jim-the-Butcher*, by a Butcher, out of a Flatboat, aged. 3 dist.

 Time, 2:00—2:03.

THURSDAY, Feb. 10—Purse \$100, ent. \$15 added, restricted to Jefferson, Claiborne, Warren, and Cossiah Counties; conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Snyder & Williams' br. f. *Gulnare*, by Imp. Serpedon, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs..... 2 2 1 1 1
 P. B. January's br. f. *Martin's Judy*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1 1 2 dist.
 Time, 1:59½—1:59—2:03—2:04. Mud half leg deep.

FRIDAY, Feb. 11—Purse \$—, ent. \$15, free for the world, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Snyder & Williams' b. g. by Tranby..... 1 1
 P. Farley's (F. Cable's) b. h. *Crooked-legs*, by *Bow-legs*, out of a pacer..... dist.
 Time, 4:33.

SATURDAY, Feb. 12—Purse \$—, ent. \$—, for horses raised in Jefferson County.
 J. Hamberlain's (Mr. Bagnell's) gr. f. by Little Pacolet..... walked over
 P. B. JANUARY, Sec'y J. J. C.

CHARLESTON, S. C., WASHINGTON COURSE.

TUESDAY, Feb. 22, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. R. Singleton's ch. f. by Imp. Rowton, out of Phenomena by Sir Archy.... rec'd ft.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 23—Purse \$1000, ent. \$40, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs. —4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. W. Hampton's ch. m. *Fanny*, by Eclipse, out of Maria West (Wagner's dam) by Marion, 5 yrs..... *Sandy*. 1 1
 Wm. Sinkler, Jr.'s b. f. *Kate Converse*, by Imp. Nonplus, out of Daisy (Santa Anna's dam) by Kosciusko, 4 yrs..... 2 dr
 Time of 1st mile..... 2:00 | Time of 3d mile..... 1:58
 " " 2d "..... 2:02 | " " 4th "..... 1:57
 Time of the heat, 7:57.

THURSDAY, Feb. 24—Purse \$750, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. W. Hampton's ch. h. *Santa Anna*, by Bertrand Jr., out of Daisy by Kosciusko, 6 yrs..... *Stephen Welch*. 2 1 1
 Col. M. L. Singleton's Imp. b. m. *Helen*, by Priam—Malibrán by Rubens, 5 yrs. 1 2 dr
 Col. Jas. McPherson's Imp. b. m. *Adriana*, by Mulatto, out of Octavia, 5 yrs.... 3 dist.

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of 1st mile.....	2:00	Time of 1st mile.....	1:56
" " 2d ".....	2:02	" " 2d ".....	1:57
" " 3d ".....	1:56	" " 3d ".....	2:00
Time of 1st heat.....	5:58	Time of 2d heat.....	5:53

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. W. Hampton's (Dr. J. G. Guignard's) ch. f. *Fury*, by Imp. Priam, out of Sister to Ainderby, 4 yrs..... *Sandy*. 1 1
 R. C. Richardson's ch. f. *Valeria*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Roanoke, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 3:56—3:57.

FRIDAY, Feb. 25—Purse \$500, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. John S. Ashe's (S. W. Shelton's) b. h. *Willgo*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs..... 1 1
 Col. M. L. Singleton's b. f. *Kate Converse*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Dr. Guignard's b. c. *Edisto*, by Imp. Rowton, out of Empress by Henry, 4 yrs.... 3 dr
 Time, 3:53—3:57.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

R. C. Richardson's b. c. *Black Rabbit*, by Imp. Nonplus, out of Fair Ellen's dam by Virginus, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 K. Simms' ch. f. *Christina*, by Imp. Rowton, dam not given, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 3:59—4:05.

SATURDAY, Feb. 26—Handicap Purse \$— (amount of gate money). Three mile heats.

Col. W. Hampton's ch. m. *Fanny*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 109lbs..... 1 1
 Col. M. L. Singleton's Imp. b. m. *Helen*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 100lbs..... 2 2
 Col. J. McPherson's (Jno. Foster's) b. m. *Adriana*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 95lbs.... 3 dist.

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of 1st mile.....	2:05	Time of 1st mile.....	2:01
" " 2d ".....	1:59	" " 2d ".....	1:59
" " 3d ".....	2:00	" " 3d ".....	1:57
Time of 1st heat.....	6:04	Time of 2d heat.....	5:57

Ch. f. by Imp. Rowton was handicapped to carry 87lbs.

Fanny	"	"	"	109"
Kate Converse	"	"	"	87"
Santa Anna	"	"	"	120"
Helen	"	"	"	100"
Adriana	"	"	"	95"
Edisto	"	"	"	90"
Willgo	"	"	"	120"

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Col. W. Hampton's (Dr. J. G. Guignard's) ch. f. *Fury*, pedigree above, 4 yrs 1 1 1
 R. C. Richardson's ch. f. *Valeria*, pedigree above, 3 yrs 2 2 2
 Time, 1:55—1:54—1:56½.

NATCHEZ, Miss., PHARSALIA COURSE.

SATURDAY, Feb. 26, 1842—Match, \$100 a side, \$50 ft. One mile.
 Wm. J. Minor's br. f. by Longwaist, out of Imp. Orleans, 2 yrs. 72lbs. French. 1
 A. Mardis' b. c. by Scarlet, out of Eliza Jones by Mercury, 2 yrs. 75lbs. 0

TUESDAY, March 1—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, 74lbs. each. Two subs. at \$500 each, \$300 ft. Mile heats.
 Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty French. 1 1
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's (James Surget's) ch. g. *Dick Dashall*, by Scarlet—Fortuna. 2 2
 Time, 2:05—1:59. Won easy. Track heavy, and raining in torrents.

WEDNESDAY, March 2—Subscription Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three subs. at \$100 each, added. Two mile heats.
 Joseph G. Boswell's b. c. *Jim Bell*, by Frank, out of Jonquil by Little John, 3 yrs. Israel. 1 1
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Celerity*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 2 2
 James Shy's b. f. *Theatris*, by Mucklejohn, out of Lady Jackson, 3 yrs dist.
 Time, 4:00—4:06. Track very heavy.

THURSDAY, March 3—Citizens' Purse \$200, ent. \$20 added, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Casket*, by Imp. Priam, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs. Randle. 1 2 1 2 1
 Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. *Trumpet* (late Sarah Polk), by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Little Pacolet, 3 yrs. 2 1 2 1 2
 Time, 2:10—2:05—1:57—2:04—2:08.

SAVANNAH, GA., OGLETHORPE COURSE.

MONDAY, March 7, 1842—Match, for \$100. Mile heats.
 Dr. Burroughs' b. m. *Little Kate* 1 1
 Mr. Clayhorn's b. m. *Queen Elizabeth* fell.
SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each, to which the proprietor will add \$100. Mile heats.
 Col. G. Edmonson's b. f. *Nancy Rowland*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Rob Roy 1 1
 Col. S. W. Shelton's b. c. *Abbeville*, by Nullifier, dam by Gallatin 2 2
 Col. Jones' b. c. *Richard Rowton*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Falstaff 3 3
 Time, 1:50—1:49.

TUESDAY, March 8—Purse \$100, ent. \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
 Col. S. W. Shelton's br. h. *Willgo*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs. 1 1
 Col. Jones' ch. c. *Robert Rowton*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Yeaman, 3 yrs dist.
 Time, 3:50.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$20, for saddle horses, ent. \$10. One mile.
 Mr. Hackel's gr. m. *Maria Shelton* 1
 Mr. Henderson's gr. g. *Gosnoy* 2
 Mr. Lovell's gr. g. *Achilles* 3
 No time given.

WEDNESDAY, March 9—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Col. S. W. Shelton's br. h. *Willgo*, pedigree above, 6 yrs 1 1
 Col. G. Edmonson's ch. m. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 5:50—5:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$20, for saddle horses, ent. \$10. Mile heats.
 L. Lovell's b. h. *Hedford* 1 1
 Y. S. Pickard's b. h. *Jack of Diamonds* 2 2
 N. Balingall's ch. h. *Bob Walker* 3 3
 Col. S. W. Shelton's ch. h. *Buncomb* dr
 Time, 1:51—1:51.

THURSDAY, March 10—Purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Col. S. W. Shelton's gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs walked over

SAME DAY—Purse \$—, for saddle horses. Mile heats.
 Mr. Henderson's ch. h. *Timoleon* 2 1 1
 L. Lovell's b. f. *Ruby* 1 2 2
 Col. S. W. Shelton's b. f. *Kate* 4 4 3
 Y. S. Pickard's ch. g. *Wallace* 3 3 4
 Time, 1:53—1:54—1:54.

FRIDAY, March 11—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Col. S. W. Shelton's b. c. *Abbeville*, pedigree above, 3 yrs 1 1 1
 Col. G. Edmonson's ch. m. *Mary Elizabeth*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 2 2 2
 Time, 1:52—1:52—1:51.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$—, for saddle horses. One mile.

Col. S. W. Shelton's <i>Buncomb</i>	1
Y. S. Pickard's <i>Jack of Diamonds</i>	2
Mr. Henderson's <i>Gosnoy</i>	3
Mr. Haas' <i>Jenny Walker</i>	4

Time not given.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Purse \$—, for saddle horses. Mile heats.

Y. S. Pickard's <i>Little Kate</i>	1	4	1
Mr. McAlpin's <i>Crockett</i>	2	1	2
Mr. Fennall's <i>Van Buren</i>	3	2	3
L. Lovell's <i>Achilles</i>	4	3	dr

Time, 1:57—2:00—1:59.

SATURDAY, March 12—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Col. G. Edmonson's b. f. <i>Nancy Rowland</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1
L. Lovell's b. h. <i>Hedford</i>	2	2

Time, 1:53—1:58.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$—, for saddle horses. Mile heats.

Y. S. Pickard's ch. g. <i>Wallace</i>	1
Mr. Haas' <i>Jenny Walker</i>	2
Mr. ———'s <i>Seminole</i>	3
Mr. ———'s <i>Elizabeth</i>	4
Mr. ———'s <i>Touchstone</i>	5

Time not given.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Purse \$—, for saddle horses. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Y. S. Pickard's <i>Jack of Diamonds</i>	1	2	1	2	1
Mr. ———'s <i>Eliza Hunter</i>	2	1	2	1	2
Mr. Henderson's ch. h. <i>Timoleon</i>	3	dr			

Time not given.

APALACHICOLA, FLORIDA.

MONDAY, March 7, 1842—Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

F. P. Gerow's ch. m. <i>Clarissa</i> (own sister to <i>Clarion</i>), by <i>Monmouth Eclipse</i> , dam by <i>Oscar</i> , 5 yrs	1	1
Col. Sprowl's (Maj. Ward's) b. f. <i>Miss Jennette</i> , by <i>John Richards</i> , d. by <i>Diomed</i> , 3 y.	2	2
Col. J. H. Bradfute's gr. c. <i>Airy</i> , by <i>O'Kelly</i> , 4 yrs	3	dr

No time given.

TUESDAY, March 8—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

F. P. Gerow's b. h. <i>Fifer</i> , by <i>Monmouth Eclipse</i> —Music by <i>John Richards</i> , 5 yrs ..	1	1
J. H. Bradfute's (Col. Pittman's) ch. m. <i>Mary Luckett</i> , by <i>Marion</i> , d. by <i>Eclipse</i> , 5 y	2	dr

No time given.

WEDNESDAY, March 9—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. H. Bradfute's br. c. <i>Tarquin</i> , by <i>Imp. Consol</i> , dam by <i>Powhatan</i> , 4 yrs	1	1
Col. Robt. Elliott's ch. c. <i>Arkaluka</i> , by <i>Imp. Leviathan</i> , out of <i>Sally McGhee</i> , 4 y.	2	dist.

Time, 6:13—6:20.

THURSDAY, March 10—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

F. P. Gerow's b. h. <i>Fifer</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	0	1	1	1
Col. Sprowl's (Maj. Ward's) b. f. <i>Miss Jennette</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	3	3	3	2	2
J. H. Bradfute's ch. m. <i>Piony</i> , by <i>Imp. Leviathan</i> , dam by <i>Sir William of Transport</i> , 5 yrs	1	0	2	3	dr

Time, 1:57—1:56—1:59—2:03—2:01½.

FRIDAY, March 11—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Col. Elliott's ch. c. <i>Arkaluka</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1
J. H. Bradfute's gr. c. <i>Airy</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	dist.
Col. Sprowl's ch. h. <i>Osceola</i> , by <i>Wild Bill</i> , dam by <i>Timoleon</i> , yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:58—1:57.

MOBILE, ALA., BASCOMBE COURSE.

TUESDAY, March 8, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$500 each, \$200 ft. Two mile heats.

W. H. Baird's b. f. <i>Miss Foote</i> , by <i>Imp. Consol</i> , out of <i>Gabriella</i> by <i>Partisan</i>	2	1	1
D. Myers' b. f. <i>Hannah Harris</i> (sister to <i>John Bascombe</i>), by <i>Bertrand</i> , out of <i>Grey Goose</i> by <i>Pacolet</i>	1	2	2
Col. Thos. Watson's ch. f. <i>Glenara</i> , by <i>Imp. Glencoe</i> , out of <i>Kitty Clover</i> by <i>Sir Charles</i>	3	dist	

First Heat.			Second Heat.			Third Heat.		
Time of 1st mile	1:52	Time of 1st mile	1:51	Time of 1st mile	1:52			
“ “ 2d “	2:01	“ “ 2d “	1:56	“ “ 2d “	2:00			
Time of 1st heat	3:53	Time of 2d heat	3:47	Time of 3d heat	3:52			

Course heavy. Hannah carried 4lbs. over weight.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. Thos. Wats on's ch. g. *Hark-on*, by Imp. Berners' Comus, dam by Bertrand. rec. ft.
 W. L. Caldwell's cr. c. f. *Magnolia*, by Imp. Sidi Hamet, out of Mulatto Girl. pd. ft.
 Col. Vance Johnson's gr. g. *Bird*, sire unknown, out of Lucetta by Jerry. pd. ft.

WEDNESDAY, March 9—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 113—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

D. Myers' (John P. Brown's) b. c. *Tom Day*, by Bertrand, out of Sally Melville by Virginian, 4 yrs. Jack. 1 2 3 1
 Col. Thos. Watson's b. m. *Maria Collier*, by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs. 4 3 1 2
 Col. V. Johnson's (C. Kavanagh's) b. c. *Pilot*, by Wild Bill, d. by Oscar, 4 yrs 3 1 2 3
 Dr. J. W. Moore's b. f. *Ellesif*, by Platoff, dam by Mucklejohn, 4 yrs. 2 dist.

First Heat.		Second Heat.		Third Heat.		Fourth Heat.	
1st mile	1:55	1st mile	1:53	1st mile	1:55	1st mile	2:08
2d "	2:01	2d "	2:00	2d "	2:04	2d "	1:58
1st heat	3:56	2d heat	3:53	3d heat	3:59	4th heat	4:06

Course heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

D. Myers' (R. H. Harrison's) b. c. *Sleepy John*, by John Dawson, dam by Virginian. A. J. Richards. 3 1 1
 A. Robinson's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Veto's dam by Tom Tough. 1 2 2
 L. Coch's b. f. *Donna Viola*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Mons. Tonson. 2 3 dist.
 Time, 1:52—1:52—1:57. Won cleverly.

THURSDAY, March 10—Jockey Club Purse \$600, \$100 of which to go to 2d best horse. (with an inside stake of \$300, \$100 ft., two paid ft.; value of the stake \$800); conditions as before. Three mile heats.

D. Stephenson's (W. H. Baird's) b. f. *Miss Foote*, pedigree above, Pleasant Fowler. 1 1
 3 yrs. 4 2
 G. W. Vanetta's ch. f. *Martha Carter*, by Bertrand, out of Sally Naylor, 4 yrs. 5 3
 D. Myers' b. h. *Lord of Lorn*, by Argyle, out of the Duck filly by Virginian, 5 yrs. 2 4
 Col. Thos. Watson's b. c. *Arrostook*, by Wheeling Rodolph, dam by Moses, 4 yrs. 3 dist.
 H. Clarkson's ch. g. *W. H. Harrison*, by Tennessee Citizen, d. by Timoleon, 4 yrs.

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of 1st mile	2:01	Time of 1st mile	1:57
" " 2d "	2:02	" " 2d "	1:55
" " 3d "	1:56	" " 3d "	1:54
Time of 1st heat	5:59	Time of 2d heat	5:46

Track heavy.

FRIDAY, March 11—Jockey Club Purse \$800, \$100 of which goes to the 2d best horse, (with an inside stake of \$500, h. ft., one paid ft.; value of the stake \$1250); conditions as before. Four mile heats.

D. Myers' gr. c. *Nat Bradford* (own brother to Nancy Clark), by Bertrand, out of Morocco Slipper by Timoleon, 3 yrs. Jack. 1 1
 D. Stephenson's b. h. *Free Jack*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Napoleon, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Col. T. Watson's b. f. *Mary Thomas*,* by Imp. Consol—Paroquet by Roanoke, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 7:50—2d heat no time kept. * Came out 1st in 1st heat, but dist. for foul riding.

SATURDAY, March 12—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as on Wednesday. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

D. Myers' (J. Duncan's) b. h. *Cork*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Caledonia by Jerry, 5 yrs. Gul. Patrick. 4 1 1 1
 Dr. J. W. Moore's b. f. *Ellesif*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 2 2 2 dist.
 J. W. Vanetta's ch. f. *Imogene*, by Bascombe, out of Eliza Drake, 3 yrs. 3 4 dr
 A. Robinson's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs. 1 3 dr
 Time, 1:54—1:55—1:55—1:57. Won cleverly.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., LOUISIANA COURSE.

FRIDAY, March 11, 1842—Sweepstakes for all ages, weight for age, 3 yrs. 86lbs., 5, 110lbs Two subs. at \$500 each, \$250 ft.—One sub. (W. P. G.) at \$250 extra. Mile heats.

Wm. P. Greer's b. c. *Creath*, by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Archie Montorio (alias Archy of Transport), 3 yrs. 1 1
 Joseph G. Boswell's ch. g. *Powell*, by Medoc, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 1:54—1:56. Course heavy.

WEDNESDAY, March 16, 1842—Match \$2000 a side, weight for age. Mile heats.

W. P. Greer's b. c. *George Martin*, by Garrison's Zingane, out of Gabriella by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. rec. ft.
 From M. & T. J. Wells' ch. f. *Torchlight*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Waxlight by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs. lame.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingham's (Thomas Barry's) ch. f. *Velocity* (own sister to Angora and Celerity), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet. Monk. 2 1 1
 James Porter's b. c. *Chateau Lafitte*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, d. by Rattler. 1 3 2
 R. M. Johnson & Co.'s b. f. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of an own sister to Ohio 3 2 dis
 Time, 3:43—3:51—3:47.

THURSDAY, March 17—Plate race, free for all ages, 4 yr. olds and upwards to carry 100lbs.; 2 and 3 yr. olds to carry their appropriate weights.—Purse \$400 and \$500 by, between *Luda* and *Sarah Morton*. Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's (J. B. Pryer's) ch. m. <i>Sarah Bladen</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, aged.....	1	1
D. F. Kenner & Brothers' b. m. <i>Luda</i> , by Medoc, out of Duchess of Marlboro' by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	2	dr
Fergus Duplantier's b. m. <i>Sarah Morton</i> , by Sidi Hamet, out of Rowena by Sump-ter, 5 yrs.....		pd. ft.
Time, 3:46.		

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Six subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Messrs. Kenners' (Wm. R. Barrow's) gr. f. by Imp. Philip, out of Piano by Ber-trand.....			Dennis.	1	1
Joseph G. Boswell's b. c. by Imp. Hedgtord, out of Rattlesnake by Bertrand.....				2	2
Garland, Taylor & Co.'s ch. c. <i>Rapide</i> , by Skylark, out of Margaret May by Pacific.....				3	3
Col. Vance Johnson's gr. g. <i>Bird</i> , sire unknown, out of Lucetta by Jerry.....				4	4
Time, 1:50—1:48.					

FRIDAY, March 18—Jockey Club Purse \$600, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds to carry 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs, allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. c. <i>Tom Marshall</i> (own brother to John R. Grymes), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Fanny Jarman by Mercury, 3 yrs.....	3	1	1
Fergus Duplantier's b. f. <i>Sarah Morton</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	2	dr
D. F. Kenner & Brothers' gr. f. <i>Kate Aubrey</i> , by Eclipse, out of Grey Fanny (Grey Medoc's dam) by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	1		dist.
Garland, Taylor & Co.'s gr. f. <i>Jane Splanc</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Helen Mc-Gregor by Mercury, 4 yrs.....			dist.

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>	
Time of 1st mile.....	1:51	Time of 1st mile.....	1:55
“ “ 2d “.....	1:53	“ “ 2d “.....	1:52
“ “ 3d “.....	1:55	“ “ 3d “.....	2:04
Time of 1st heat.....	5:39	Time of 2d heat.....	5:51

SATURDAY, March 19—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions and weights as before. Four mile heats.

Jos. G. Boswell's b. c. <i>Jim Bell</i> , by Frank—Jenquil by Little John, 3 yrs....	Dennis.	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. <i>Sarah Bladen</i> , pedigree above, 7 yrs.....		2	2
L. Cochl's ch. f. <i>Martha Carter</i> , by Bertrand—Sally Nailor by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....		3	3

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>	
Time of 1st mile.....	1:55	Time of 1st mile.....	1:54
“ “ 2d “.....	1:53	“ “ 2d “.....	1:55
“ “ 3d “.....	1:53	“ “ 3d “.....	1:50
“ “ 4th “.....	1:56	“ “ 4th “.....	2:01
Time of 1st heat.....	7:37	Time of 2d heat.....	7:40

LAST DAY, March 20—J. C. Purse \$400, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Wm. P. Greer's b. c. <i>George Martin</i> , pedigree before, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1	2	2	1
Jas. S. Garrison's gr. c. <i>Cleveland</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs.....	3	3	3	1	1	2
Duncan F. Kenner's Imp. ch. f. <i>Houri</i> by Langar, out of Annet Lyle by Ashton, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2	3	3	dr
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. <i>Celerity</i> , own sister to Angora, 4 yrs.....						dist.
Time, 1:50—1:49—1:49—1:48½—1:52—1:52.						

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Creole Purse \$200, for Creole horses of all ages, and 2 yr. olds (to carry a feather) wherever bred. Mile heats.

Garland, Taylor, & Co.'s ch. c. <i>Rapide</i> , by Imp. Skylark, out of Margaret May by Pacific, 2 yrs.....	2	1	1
Col. Vance Johnson's gr. g. <i>Bird</i> , pedigree above, 2 yrs.....	1	2	2
Wm. P. Greer's br. f. by Trumpator, out of Nelle by Orphan, 2 yrs.....	3		dist.
J. W. Walsh's b. f. <i>Maid of Orleans</i> , by Imp. Stockport, 2 yrs.....	4		dist.
Time, 1:50—1:49—1:57.			

NEW ORLEANS, LA., METARIE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, March 23, 1842—The “St. Charles Plate,” being a splendid Silver Tea Service, presented by Messrs. MUDGE & WATRIS, proprietors of the St. Charles Exchange Hotel, to the Club, and free for all horses, mares, and geldings that have never won a race up to the 20th December, 1841; weight for age; entrance \$50, P. P. The second best horse to receive one half the entrance money, provided more than two start; the winner to receive the Plate and balance of the entrance money. Each subscriber who may decline running, will make his declaration on the 10th of March, enclosing \$25 to the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club. Entries to be named at 4 o'clock P. M., St. Charles Exchange Hotel, on the evening previous to the race. Eleven subscribers. Weights, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Garland, Taylor & Co.'s br. c. <i>Earl of Margrave</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Margaret May by Pacific, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. <i>Velocity</i> (own sister to Angora and Celerity), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	4	2

Thos. Watson's (James Porter's) b. c. <i>Chateau Lafitte</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs.....	6 3
R. B. Harrison's b. c. <i>Sleepy John</i> , by John Dawson, out of Sally Dillard by Serious, 3 yrs.....	3 4
D. F. Kenner's (Andrew Jackson's) ch. f. <i>Aduella</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantsess (siste to Gov. Poindexter) by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs.....	2 5
D. Adams' (J. H. Adams') br. h. <i>Dean Swift</i> , by John Dawson, out of Nell Sanders by Wilkes' Wonder, 4 yrs.....	5 dist
Time, 3:46—3:40½.	

THURSDAY, March 24—Plate Race; Purse \$400, free for all ages, horses 4 yrs. old or more to carry 100lbs., under that age their appropriate weights. Two mile heats.

Jas S. Garrison's (W P. Greer's) b. c. <i>Creath</i> , by Imp. Tranby, d by Big Archy, 3 y.	1 1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. <i>Mary Walton</i> (own sister to Capt. McHeath), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey by Imp. Hoaster, 3 yrs.....	2 2
D. F. Kenner & Brothers' gr. f. <i>Kate Aubrey</i> , by Eclipse, out of Grey Fanny (Grey Medoc's dam) by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	3 3
James Porter's br. f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs.....	dist.
Time, 3:41—3:41.	

FRIDAY, March 25—Jockey Club Purse \$500, weights as for the "St. Charles Plate," on Wednesday. Three mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's b. c. <i>George Martin</i> , by Garrison's Zinganee, out of Gabriella by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1 1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. c. <i>Tom Marshall</i> (own brother to John R. Grymes), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Fanny Jarman by Mercury, 3 yrs.....	2 2
James S. Garrison's b. f. <i>Liz Hewitt</i> , by Ivanhoe, out of Princess Anne by Mons. Tonson, 3 yrs.....	3 3
Duncan F. Kenner's b. f. <i>Humming Bird</i> , by Industry, out of Virginia by Thornton's Rattler, 4 yrs.....	4 dist.
Time, 5:40—5:46.	

SATURDAY, March 26—Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

L. Coch's (W. H. Baird's) b. f. <i>Miss Foote</i> , by Imp. Consul, out of Imp. Gabriella by Partisan, 3 yrs.....	1 1
Garland, Taylor & Co.'s br. c. <i>Earl of Margrave</i> , by Imp Margrave, out of Margaret May by Pacific, 3 yrs.....	2 4
D. Myers' b. f. <i>Hannah Harris</i> (own sister to John Bascombe), by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	4 2
D. F. Kenner & Brothers' b. m. <i>Luda</i> , by Medoc, out of the Duchess of Marlboro' by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	3 3

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>	
Time of 1st mile.....	2:04	Time of 1st mile.....	1:55
“ “ 2d “.....	2:03	“ “ 2d “.....	1:50
“ “ 3d “.....	2:08	“ “ 3d “.....	1:56
“ “ 4th “.....	1:47	“ “ 4th “.....	1:54
Time of 1st heat.....	8:02	Time of 2d heat.....	7:35

LAST DAY, March 27—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before, to which is added a handsome piece of Plate, the gift of Messrs. Ludlow & Smith, Proprietors of the American Theatre. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Fergus Duplantier's b. c. <i>Creath</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Big Archy, 3 yrs.....	1 1 1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. <i>Chicopa</i> , by Tuscahoma—Fortuna by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2 2 2
Time, 1:48—1:48—1:46.	

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietors' Purse \$200, for beaten horses and others that had not started during the meeting, weights as before. Mile heats.

D. F. Kenner & Brothers' (A. Jackson's) ch. f. <i>Aduella</i> , pedigree before, 3 yrs..	2 1 1
Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Little Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	3 2 2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. <i>Casket</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Contention, 3 yrs...	1 3 3
Time, 1:49½—1:50—1:52.	

BELFIELD, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, April 12, 1842—Sweepstakes. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft.

John W. Reese's bl. c. <i>Mink</i> , by Argyle, dam by Herod.....	rec. ft.
John Ivy's ch. f. <i>Ivy's Glory</i> , by Cymon, dam by Imp. Luzborough.....	pd. ft.
Thos. Payne's ch. f. by Philip, dam by Imp. Luzborough.....	pd. ft.
John D. Kirby's nomination.....	pd. ft.

WEDNESDAY, April 13—Proprietor's Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Maj. James Burney's b. c. <i>Velasco</i> , by Shark, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	3 1 1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Mons Tonson, 4 yrs.....	2 2 2
Otway P. Hare's b. f. <i>Otelia</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Pera by Sultan, 4 yrs..	1 3 3
Time, 4:05—3:56—4:04. Track in very good order.	

THURSDAY, April 14—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. McCargo's b. h. <i>Eutaw</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, d. by Sir Charles, 5 y	1 1
Capt. G. A. N. Newsom's b. f. by Cymon, out of Red Rover's dam, 4 yrs.....	2 2
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. <i>John Cymon</i> , by Cymon, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	4 3
Maj. James Burney's gr. c. <i>Herod</i> , by Sir James, dam by Constitution, 4 yrs.....	3 4
Time, 6:15—6:09. Track very heavy, from rain the previous night.	

BROAD ROCK, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, April 19, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's br. c. by Imp. Margrave, out of Corsette	3	1	1
Dr. Kennon's b. c. by Imp. Priam	1	2	2
John M. Bott's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Rosalie Sommers	2	dr	

Time, 1:57—2:0½—2:04. Course heavy.

WEDNESDAY, April 20—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as above. Five subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Tom Tough	1	1	
Col. Wm. L. White's b. f. by Imp. Margrave—Sally Harris' dam (Sister Sally) ..	2	2	
Townes & Williamson's b. f. by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy			bolt.
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. by Cymon, dam by Imp. Luzborough			pd. ft.
Isham Puckett's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Arietta			pd. ft.

Time, 1:54—2:00.

THURSDAY, April 21—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares at d geldings. Three mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. m. Sarah Washington, by Garrison's Zinganee, dam by Contention, 5 yrs	1	1	
W. H. Puckett's ch. h. Bengal, by Gohanna, dam by Duroc, 6 yrs	4	2	
Townes & Williamson's br. c. Brown Stout, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Mons. Tonsen, 4 yrs	6	3	
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. Nobleman, by Imp. Cetus, out of My Lady, 4 yrs	3	4	
Otway P. Hare's gr. m. Andrewetta, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, aged	2	5	
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. Camden, by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid, 6 yrs	5	dr	
James Talley's ch. m. Betsey White, by Gohah, aged			dist.

Time, 5:51—5:45. Track rather heavy.

FRIDAY, April 22—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. m. Seven-Up, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, d. by Arab, 5 y ..	1	2	1
Stubblefield & Catlett's br. c. Partner, by Imp. Priam, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs ..	5	1	2
Townes & Williamson's br. f. Duanna, by Imp. Sarpedon, d. by Washington, 4 y ..	2	4	3
James Talley's b. g. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs	3	3	4
D. Vaughan's b. c. Legs, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs ..	4	5	5
John Belcher's b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Lady Connor, 4 yrs			dist.

Time, 3:53—3:52½—3:58.

COLUMBUS, GA., WESTERN COURSE.

TUESDAY, April 19, 1842—Purse \$100, ent. \$10, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds to carry 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Col. A. Iverson's ch. c. Joe Sturges, by John Bascombe, dam by Thomas' Sir Andrew, 3 yrs	1	0	1
Jas. T. Jewell's (Capt. Jno. Duncan's) b. h. Cork, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Caledonia by Jerry, 5 yrs	6	0	2
Saml. C. Benton's ch. c. Dr. Robertson, by John Bascombe, d. by Brilliant, 3 y ..	3	3	3
J. H. Bradfute's gr. c. Tom Long, by O'Kelly, dam unknown, 4 yrs	5	4	4
Robt. Elliott's br. f. Sally Hart, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Clear-the-Kitchen by Shakspeare, 2 yrs	2	5	dist.
James Z. Lezenby's gr. c. Tom Huntley, by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Randolph's Roanoke, 4 yrs	4	dr	

Time, 1:55—1:57—1:56.

WEDNESDAY, April 20—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Jas. T. Jewell's (John P. Brown's) b. c. Tom Day, by Bertrand, out of Sally Melville by Virginian, 4 yrs	1	1	
Col. A. Iverson's (J. R. Stapler's) ch. m. Miss Andrew, by Andrew, dam by Diomed, 5 yrs	2	2	

Time, 3:56—4:02.

THURSDAY, April 21—Purse \$350, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. John Crowell's gr. f. Mary Watson, by Robin Hood, out of Bolivia by Bolivar, 4 yrs	3	1	1
James Z. Lezenby's b. h. Flyde, by Imp. Fyld, dam by Virginian, 6 yrs	1	2	2
Robt. Elliott's (Maj. N. Terry's) br. c. Veto, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Washington, by Washington, 2 yrs	2	3	dr
Jas. T. Jewell's b. h. Cork, pedigree above, 5 yrs			*

Time, 6:03—6:12—6:16. * Threw his rider.

FRIDAY, April 22—Purse \$500, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Jas. T. Jewell's (David Myers') br. h. Lord of Lorn, by Argyle, out of the Duck Filly by Virginian, 5 yrs	2	1	1
Col. T. B. Howard's b. f. Martha Raney, by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Sumpter, 4 y ..	1	2	dr
J. H. Bradfute's br. c. Tarquin, by Imp. Consul, out of Jeanie Deans by Powhattan, 4 yrs			dist.

Time, 7:55—8:45.

SATURDAY, April 23—Purse \$250, ent. \$15, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jas. T. Jewell's (John P. Brown's) b. c. Tom Day, pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	1	1	1
Col. A. Iverson's ch. c. Joe Sturges, pedigree above, 3 yrs	3	2	2	2
Jas. H. Bradfute's ch. m. Peony, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir William of Transport, 5 yrs	1	3	3	3

Time, 1:54—1:50—1:52—1:55.

PETERSBURG, VA., NEWMARKET COURSE.

TUESDAY, April 26, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eleven subs. at \$1000 each. \$300 ft. Mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's (Townes & Williamson's) b. c. <i>Regent</i> (late Troilus), by Imp. Priam, out of Fantail by Sir Archy	Charles	1	1
John S. Corbin's b. f. by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady by Comus		3	2
A. Robinson's & Isham Pucket's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Eclipse		2	dr
Time, 1:54—1:54. Won easy.			

WEDNESDAY, April 27—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Seven subs. at \$150 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's br. c. by Imp. Margrave, dam by Imp. Valentine		1	1
Nat. Raines' ch. c. by Cymon, dam by Imp. Luzborough		2	2
Alfred Wherry's ch. f. by Andrew, dam by Gohanna		3	3
Time, 1:52½—1:56.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Eleven subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Patty Burton		1	1
Arthur Taylor's gr. f. by Andrew, out of Ironette		2	2
John Gilliam's b. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Imp. Fyld			dist.
Time, 1:56—1:56.			

THURSDAY, April 28—Proprietor's Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 66lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. c. <i>Esop</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs	3	1	1
George Walden's ch. h. <i>Laneville</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 6 yrs	1	2	2
Townes & Williamson's br. h. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs	2	4	3
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. <i>Tammany</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 4 yrs	4	3	4
Nat. Rives' ch. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs			dist.
Time, 3:52½—3:53—3:54.			

FRIDAY, April 29—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Wm McCargo's b. h. <i>Eutaw</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's Imp. ch. h. <i>Phil Brown</i> , by Glaucus, out of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, 6 yrs	2	2
Mr. Birnie's gr. h. by Jerry, out of Sir Walter's dam, 4 yrs		dist.
George Walden's br. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs		dist.
Time, 7:58—8:02.		

GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, April 28, 1842—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 66lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Garland Webb's ch. c. <i>Dan McIntyre</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	Geo. Walker	2	1	1
C. W. Kennedy's b. f. <i>Mory Bell</i> , by Seagull, out of Vidocq's dam, 4 yrs		5	3	2
James K. Duke's ch. c. <i>Magnate</i> , by Eclipse, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 4 yrs		3	2	3
Blackburn & Harris' ch. c. <i>Ecliptic</i> , by Eclipse, out of Rodolph's dam, 4 yrs		4	5	4
Wm. S. Buford's (M. Farris') b. c. by Medoc, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs		1	4	dist.
L. L. Herndon's b. g. ———, pedigree unknown, 5 yrs		6		dist.
Time, 1:50—1:48—1:51.				

FRIDAY, April 29—Proprietor's Purse \$50, ent. \$10, to be added to the purse, confined to 3 yr. olds, weights as above. Mile heats.

Wm. S. Buford's ch. c. <i>Joe</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy Montorio	Aleck.	1	1
Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. c. <i>Frosty</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler		2	2
James Bradley's b. c. by Chorister, dam by Mucklejohn		4	3
Garland Webb's ch. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Director		6	4
Sidney Burbridge's br. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Doublehead		3	5
James K. Duke's (T. Hunt's) ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Orphan		5	dist.
Time, 1:53—1:49. Track heavy.			

SATURDAY, April 30—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as on Thursday. Two mile heats.

Garland Webb's ch. c. <i>John Archy</i> , by John Richards, dam by old Whip, 4 yrs	Geo. Walker	1	1
Dr. E. Warfield's b. f. <i>Argentile</i> , by Bertrand, out of Imp. Allegrant, 4 yrs		2	2
W. W. Bacon's b. f. <i>Lavolta</i> , by Medoc, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs		3	3
Time, 4:23—4:23. Track muddy and heavy.			

SECRETARY OF THE G. J. C.

FRANKFORT, KY., CAPITOL COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, May 4, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm S. Buford's br. f. by Imp. Hedgford, out of Picayune's dam	Aleck.	3	1	1
Ben. Luckett's b. c. <i>Oliver</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Jackson		2	3	2
J. Welch's br. f. <i>Susan Rain</i> , by Orange Boy, dam by Tiger		1	2	dist.
John Harris' b. c. <i>Isaac Shelby</i> , by Eclipse				pd. ft.
W. W. Bacon's c. <i>St. Julien</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter				pd. ft.
Time, 2:00—1:57—1:59. Track heavy.				

THURSDAY, May 5—Proprietor's Purse \$50, ent. \$10 add ed, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

C. W. Kennedy's br. f. <i>Mary Bell</i> , by Seagull—Vidocq's dam, 4 ys	<i>Geo. Walker</i>	3	1	1
Wm. S. Buford's ch. c. <i>Joe</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs		2	3	2
Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. c. <i>Partner</i> , by Medoc, out of Medoca's dam, 3 yrs		1	2	dist.
W. W. Bacon's ch. c. <i>Burgos</i> , by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs		4	4	dist.
Sidney Burbridge's (G. Keen's) b. f. by Eclipse, out of Camden's dam, 3 yrs		5		dist.

Time, 1:52—1:50—1:50

FRIDAY, May 6—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. S. Buford's b. c. <i>Bob Letcher</i> , by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	<i>Aleck</i>	1	1	
Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. c. <i>Echptic</i> , by Eclipse, out of Rodolph's dam, 4 yrs		2	2	
Sidney Burbridge's br. c. by Woodpecker, out of Papillon by Doublehead, 3 yrs		4	3	
S. T. Drane's ch. f. <i>Ailsy Scroggins</i> , by Giles Scroggins, dam by Pirate, 4 yrs		3		dist.
R. S. Wooding's ch. f. <i>Geneva</i> , by Medoc, dam by Goode's Arab, 4 yrs				dr
C. W. Kennedy's b. f. <i>Kate Holton</i> , by Eclipse, out of Sophy Wynn, - yrs				dr

Time, 3:55—3:49. Track good.

SATURDAY, May 7—Proprietor's Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Wm. Buford jr.'s ch. c. <i>Big Aleck</i> , by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs	<i>Tom</i>	1	1	
Edmund Bacon's ch. h. <i>Iowa</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Woodbine, 5 yrs		2	2	
C. W. Kennedy's b. f. <i>Kate Holton</i> , pedigree above, - yrs				4 dist.
John Harris' b. h. <i>Buckeye</i> , by Critic, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 7 yrs		3		dr
W. W. Bacon's b. c. <i>St. Julien</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs		5		dr

Time, 1:54—1:49. Won easy—Track good.

WASHINGTON, D. C , NATIONAL COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, May 4, 1842—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's gr. c. <i>Milton Brown</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler, 4 yrs		1	1	
Col. Edmund Townes' br. f. <i>Duanna</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Goodloe Washington (Duane's dam) by Washington, 4 yrs		3	2	
Maj. Thomas Doswell's ch. c. <i>Nobleman</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady by Comus, 4 yrs		2	3	
William Mershon's b. h. <i>St. Pierre</i> , by Pamunky, dam by Lafayette, 5 yrs		4		dist.
William Holmead's ch. m. by Industry, out of Wren by Rattler, 5 yrs				dist.

Time, 6:04—6:02.

THURSDAY, May 5—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's b. c. <i>Regent</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fantail by Sir Archy	1	1		
Col. Francis Thompson's f. <i>Kitty Harris</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler	2	2		

Time, 1:50—1:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$50, ent. \$15, added, conditions as on Wednesday. Mile heats.

Maj. Thomas Doswell's f. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Director, 4 yrs	3	1	1	
Isham Puckett's b. m. <i>Modersty</i> , by Mazeppa, dam by Standard, - yrs	1	2	2	
Mr Alcock's ch. c. <i>Percussion</i> , by Gohanna, out of Dairy Maid, 5 yrs	4			dist.
Col. E. J. Wilson's ch. c. by Zinganee, out of Lady Washington by Eclipse	2			dr

Time, 1:52—1:52—1:55.

FRIDAY, May 6—Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. McCargo's b. h. <i>Eutaw</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, d. by Sir Charles, 5 y	1	1		
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. m. <i>Sarah Washington</i> , by Garrison's Zinganee, dam by Contention, 5 yrs	0	0		
Col. Francis Thompson's b. c. <i>Pryor</i> , dam by Duroc, 4 yrs	0	0		
Isham Puckett's ch. h. <i>Bengal</i> , by Gohanna, out of Gulnare by Duroc, 6 yrs	0	0		
James B. Kendall's gr. c. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone, out of Mary Randolph, 4 yrs	0	0		
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. <i>Winchester</i> , by Clifton, out of Contention's dam, 4 yrs	0	0		

Time, 8:01—7:43.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

WEDNESDAY, May 4, 1842—Poststake for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.: 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.

Boon, Jackson & Co.'s br. c. <i>Grampus</i> , by Shark, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs	1	1		
Wm. McMullin's ch. g. <i>Wattlehock</i> , by Reveille, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs	3	2		
Thos. B. Scruggs' b. h. <i>Ben Barclay</i> , by Push Pin, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs	2	3		

Time, 1:52—1:51.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Poststake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$25 each, P. P. Mile heats.

Jackson & Kyle's ch. c. <i>Simon Gurty</i> , by Mark Moore, dam by Tiger	1	1		
Wm. McMullin's bl. c. <i>Kcinp</i> , by Imp. Envoy, dam by Sumpter	2	2		

Time, 1:57—1:57.

THURSDAY, May 5—Poststake for all ages, weights as before. Two subs. at \$150 each. Two mile heats.

Boon, Jackson & Co.'s ch. c. <i>Langhan</i> , by Medoc, dam by Cumberland, 4 yrs	1	1		
Thos. B. Scruggs' b. h. <i>Ben Barclay</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	2		

Time, 3:56—3:57.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Poststake for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. \$25 each, P. P. Two miles.

Jackson & Kyle's ch. c. <i>Simon Gurty</i> , pedigree above	1
Wm. McMullin's b. c. by Eclipse, dam by Bertrand	2

Time, 4:06.

FRIDAY, May 6—Purse \$75, ent. \$20 added, free for all ages, weights as before. Mile heats.

Wm. McMullin's ch. g. <i>Wattlehock</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Boon, Jackson & Co.'s ch. f. <i>Ann Stewart</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Thos. Stevenson's ch. h. <i>Henry Lance</i> , by Lance, dam by Saxe Weimar, 5 yrs.....	4	3
Edwin R. Embree's gr. g. <i>Grey Davy</i> , by Davy Crockett, dam by Keith's Bertrand, 6 yrs	2	dist

Time, 1:54—1:55.

COLUMBIA, TENN., ASHLAND COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, May 4, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Rufus K. Polk's ch. c. <i>John Blevins</i> , by The Colonel, out of Imp. Trinket.....	1	1
H. Smith's ch. c. <i>Ran Peyton</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Blacklegs by Stockholder	2	2
George W. Polk's b. f. by Glaucus, out of Primrose.....		pd. ft.
Rufus K. Polk's b. f. by Imp. Fop, out of Pledge.....		pd. ft.
Brown & Shegog's ch. c. by Philip, out of Lalla Rookh		pd. ft.
J. G. & E. Shegog's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan		pd. ft.
H. Smith's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Rosetta		pd. ft.

Time, 2:05—2:05. Track very heavy. Won with ease.

THURSDAY, May 5—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Ten subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Mile heats.

Lucius J. & Rufus K. Polk's b. f. <i>Adela</i> , by The Colonel, out of Imp. Variella (own sister to Voltaire) by Blacklock.....	1	1
Ragland & Davis' ch. c. <i>Jo. Bradley</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Design (Denizen's dam).....		2 2
L. J. & R. K. Polk's produce of Fop and Panola		pd. ft.
H. Smith's produce of Pacific and Anvelina		pd. ft.
L. P. Cheatham's produce of Imp. Skylark and Katy Ann.....		pd. ft.
Maj. S. Ragland's produce of Imp. Glencoe and Othello's dam		pd. ft.
W. H. Gee's produce of Imp. Luzborough and Kate Kennon		pd. ft.
W. H. Turner's produce of Imp. Luzborough and Sally Dancey		pd. ft.
Camp & Acklin's produce of Imp. Consol and Lady Huntsville		pd. ft.
Camp & Acklin's produce of Imp. Luzborough and Country Maid		pd. ft.

Time, 1:59—1:59. Won with ease.

FRIDAY, May 6—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. \$100 each, P. P. Mile heats.

J. S. Willis' (Col. Pillow's) gr. f. by Imp. Fop, out of Black Rose.....	rec'd ft.
W. H. Polk's produce of Fop and Black Maria	pd. ft.
Keeble & Webster's produce of Imp. Glencoe and a mare by Bertrand.....	pd. ft.
W. C. Newson's produce of Fop and Charity.....	pd. ft.
Cox & McCrary's produce of Imp. Leviathan and a mare by Stockholder	pd. ft.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and gettings. Sub. \$50 each, P. P., with gate money added. Mile heats.

Col. Pillow's gr. m. <i>Arilla</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Medley, 5 yrs. (108lbs).....	3	1	1
Davis & Ragland's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Julia Fisher's dam	1	2	2
N. Porter's b. g. by Jeff, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:53—1:56.

SATURDAY, May 7—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Six subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Mile heats.

L. J. & R. K. Polk's gr. c. by Imp. Fop, out of Lazinka.....	1	1
H. Smith's ch. c. <i>Ran Peyton</i> , pedigree above	2	2
L. P. Cheatham's produce of Imp. Skylark and Alice Riggs.....		pd. ft.
Maj. S. Ragland's produce of Imp. Glencoe and Queen of Diamonds.....		pd. ft.
John Blevin's produce of Wild Bill and Miss Medley		pd. ft.
A. W. Whitlock's produce of Imp. Luzborough and ———		pd. ft.

Time, 1:54—1:55.

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

WEDNESDAY, May 4, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.

R. F. G. Fleming's (England's) br. f. <i>Lucy Benton</i> , by Hugh Lawson White, dam by Monarch	1	1
George Roland's (T. B. Cox's) ch. c. <i>George Booker</i> , by Barney O'Lin, dam by Silver Heels	2	dist.
Wm. S. Geer's ch. f. <i>Evergreen</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Charles.....	3	dist.

Time, 1:59—2:03. Track new and very heavy.

THURSDAY, May 5—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Three subs. at 100 each. Mile heats.

James Clark's (A. Kyle's) br. f. <i>Ann Gillespie</i> , by McCarty's Henry Clay (by Imp. Leviathan), out of Susan by Sir William.....	1	1
Mr. Russell's ch. c. <i>Troy</i> , by Leviathan Jr., dam by Roanoke.....	3	2
Pryor Nance's (Bogle's) b. c. <i>James K. Polk</i> , by Traveller, dam by Buzzard	2	3

Time, 1:58—1:56. Track new and heavy.

NEW YORK, UNION COURSE, L. 1.

TUESDAY, May 10, 1842.—Match, THE NORTH vs. THE SOUTH, \$20,000 a side, \$5000 ft. Four mile heats.

Henry K. Toler's (William Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 5 yrs., 111 lbs. *Joseph Laird*. 1 1
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's & James Long's ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 9 yrs., 126 lbs. *Gil. Patrick*. 2 2

Time of First mile - -	1:53	Time of First mile -	1:59
“ “ Second mile - -	1:50 $\frac{1}{2}$	“ “ Second mile	1:57
“ “ Third mile - -	1:54	“ “ Third mile -	1:51 $\frac{1}{2}$
“ “ Fourth mile - -	1:55	“ “ Fourth mile -	1:57 $\frac{1}{2}$

Time of First Heat - - 7:32 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Time of Second Heat 7:45

The best race ever run in America!

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Charles S. Lloyd's b. c. Own Brother to Hornblower, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards. 1 1
 Samuel Laird's ch. c. *Cesar*, by Mingo, out of Jane Maria by Henry 2 2
 John Haggerty's ch. f. *Princess*, by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Hope by Sir Archy. 3 dist.
 Time, 1:54—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, April 11—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (R. Ten Broeck's) b. h. *Tyler*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Samuel Laird's (J. A. Hamilton's) ch. c. *Tempest*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Janette (own sister to Sir Charles), 4 yrs 4 2
 Robert L. Stevens' Imp. b. h. *Plenipo*, by Plenipotentiary, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, 5 yrs 3 3
 Chas. Lloyd's (Maj. Wm. Jones') b. h. *Truxton*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Princess by Defiance, 5 yrs 2 4
 J. Haggerty's (Capt. Sutton's) b. f. *Prima Donna*, by Imp. Priam, out of Lady Rowland by Tariff, 4 yrs dr
 Time, 4:02—3:49.

THURSDAY, May 12—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. *Cassandra*, by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, 4 yrs 1 1
 Maj. Wm. Jones' b. h. *Treasurer*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove (Zenobia's dam) by Duroc, 5 yrs 3 2
 Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. *Zampa*, by Imp. Priam, out of Celeste by Henry 2 3
 Time, 5:54—5:45.

FRIDAY, May 13—Sweepstakes, weights as before. Two subs. at \$25 each. Mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (J. A. Hamilton's) ch. c. *Tempest*, pedigree above, 4 yrs *Joe Laird*. 1 1
 John Haggerty's (Geo. Sutton's) b. f. *Prima Donna*, pedigree above, 4 yrs 2 2
 Time, 1:55—1:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as on Thursday. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's & James Long's ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 9 yrs. *Gil. Patrick*. 2 1 1
 Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. h. *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Fashion's dam) by Sir Charles, 6 yrs *Joe Laird*. 1 2 2
 Time, 8:13—7:46—7:58 $\frac{1}{2}$.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Purse \$100, ent. \$10 added, conditions as before. Mile heats.

John Haggerty's (Saml. Bradhurst's) b. c. *Head'em*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Itasca by Eclipse, 4 yrs 1 1
 Charles Lloyd's (Dr. A. V. Conover's) ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs 2 2
 Time, 3:56—3:56 $\frac{1}{2}$.

CRAB ORCHARD, Ky., SPRING HILL COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 10, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

B. Jenkins' b. f. by Imp. Hedgford, out of Picayune's dam by Sir William of Transport 1 1
 A. Walden's c. *Red Rover*, by Gallatin, dam by Stockholder 3 2
 H. W. Farris' b. f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Royalist 2 3
 Time, 1:54—1:55 $\frac{1}{2}$.

WEDNESDAY, May 11—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Maj. W. M. Snail's ch. h. *Ostrich*, by Collier, dam by Shakspeare 2 1 1
 H. W. Farris' br. c. by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Aratus 1 2 2
 R. B. Jennings' b. c. *Buck Rabbit*, by Bonner's William, dam by Whip dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:58. Track heavy.

TUSCUMBIA, ALABAMA.

SATURDAY, May 14, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub: \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

W. P. Rutledge's ro. c. <i>Tom Buck</i> , by Imp. Glencoe—Lady Sykes by Timoleon.....	1	1
J. Kirkman & J. Lane's b. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Lady Fly by Bertrand	3	2
Maj. Samuel Ragland's b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Othello's dam	2	3

Time, 2:06—2:11.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

SATURDAY, May 14, 1842—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Sub. \$20 each. One mile.

A. P. Yourie's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Columbia by Eclipse	1
M. D. Summer's br. c. by Malcolm, dam by Eclipse	2
R. Hall's b. c. by Imp. Margrave, dam by Bluster	3

Time, 1:55. Won cleverly.

MONDAY, May 16, 1842—Union Stakes for 3 yr. olds, to carry 100lbs. each. Sub. \$200 each, h. ft. One mile and a half.

Thos. K. Handy's b. f. <i>Flush</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Conqueror	1
Peyton & Yourie's ch. c. by Rattler, out of Anna Maria	2
Maj. Samuel Ragland's gr. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Pacolet	3

Time, 2:55½.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fourteen subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

H. & J. Kirkman's ch. c. <i>Harry Cargill</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker	1	1
Samuel J. Carter's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Nailor	5	2
Lucius J. Polk's ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Marshal Ney	2	3
T. A. Alderson's b. c. by Imp. Philip, out of Kinlock's dam	4	4
Henry Dickinson's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab	3	dist.
G. W. Cheatham's ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Arab		dist.

Time, 1:51½—1:53½.

TUESDAY, May 17—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86 lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Cage & Williams' ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	1	1
M. L. Pillow's gr. m. <i>Ariella</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Johnson's Medley, 5 yrs	2	2
Samuel J. Carter's (R. Hall's) b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 3 y	3	dist.
Thos. H. Bradley's b. f. <i>Sally Puryear</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Rachel Jackson by Conqueror, 5 yrs		4 dist.

Time, 3:51—3:52.

WEDNESDAY, May 18—The Hotel Cup, valued at \$100, given by the Association, for 3 yr. olds, weights as above. Members to pay \$10, non-subscribers \$25. Six subs. Mile heats.

Thomas R. Handy's b. f. <i>Flush</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1
J. C. Guild's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan—own sister to Caroline Malone by Richard	2	2

Time, 1:53—1:54.

THURSDAY, May 19—Association Purse \$200, ent. \$5 added, conditions as on Tuesday. Two mile heats.

Maj. Samuel Ragland's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs	1	1
Henry Dickinson's (Jas. Murrell's) ro. c. <i>Kentuck</i> , by John Richards d. by Whip 3 y	2	2
L. P. Cheatham's b. h. <i>Pickwick</i> , by Pacific, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs	4	3
Cage & Williams' b. c. Brother to The Poney, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs		3 4
G. W. Parker's (A. P. Yourie's) Imp. ch. f. by Actæon, out of an Imp. mare by Stumps, 4 yrs		dist.
Thos. Alderson's (M. D. Simmons') ch. c. by Malcolm, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs		dist.
H. Kirkman's (P. Smith's) b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs		dist.

Time, 4:03—4:01. Course heavy.

FRIDAY, May 20—Association Purse \$400, ent. \$5 added, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Cage & Williams' b. f. <i>Princess Ann</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Stockholder, 4 yrs	1	1
H. Dickinson's b. h. <i>Pharold</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs	2	2
B. Martin's (M. D. Simmons') ch. h. <i>Devil Jack</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs		3 dist.
H. M. Clay's gr. f. <i>Nancy Campbell</i> , by Imp. Merman dam by Sir William, 4 yrs		dist.
Parker & Hamilton's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan—Proserpine by Oscar, 4 yrs		dist.
Samuel J. Carter's b. f. by Bertrand, out of Martha Carter's dam, 4 yrs		dist.

Time, 6:06—6:20. Course heavy.

SATURDAY, May 21—The Plate Stake for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Nine subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Thos. Alderson's (J. H. Wilson's) b. c. <i>Petworth</i> , by Imp. Philip, out of Kinlock's dam by Shawnee	3	1	1
Rufus R. Polk's ch. c. <i>John Blewins</i> , by The Colonel, out of Imp. Trinket	1	2	dr
Hugh & J. Kirkman's b. c. <i>Sam Parks</i> , by The Saddler—Imp. Nancy Rilham	2	r.	o.
Morgan Vance's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson			dist.
S. J. Carter's b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Nailor			dist.

Time, 1:57—2:03—2:09.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for beaten horses, weights as before. Sub. \$50 each. Two mile heats.
 Samuel J. Carter's b. f. by Bertrand, out of Martha Carter's dam, 4 yrs 1 2 1
 Parker & Hamilton's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine, 4 yrs 2 1 2
 H. M. Clay's gr. f. *Nancy Campbell*, pedigree above, 4 yrs 3 3 dist.
 Time, 4:07—4:07—4:10.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

MONDAY, May 16, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.
 Mr. Chesley's b. c. by Eclipse 1 1
 Col. J. P. White's bl. f. by Sidi Hamet 2 2
 Thos. B. Scruggs' br. c. by Imp. Merman 3 dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:55½. Track very heavy from dust.

TUESDAY, May 17—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 J. B. Morrison's br. c. *Grampus*, by Shark, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs 1 1
 Col. Robt. Smith's ch. h. *Bois d'Arc*, by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 5 yrs 2 2
 Time, 1:52—1:52.

WEDNESDAY, May 18—Citizens' Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 J. B. Morrison's (Boon, Jackson & Co.'s) ch. c. *Langham*, by Medoc, dam by Cumberland, 4 yrs 1 1
 Bacon & Duval's ch. c. *Ecliptic*, by Eclipse, out of Rodolph's dam, 4 yrs 4 2
 Col. J. P. White's ch. m. *Nancy Buford*, by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs 3 3
 Col. Robt. Smith's ch. m. *Old Mistress*, by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 7 yrs 2 4
 W. E. Gheen's b. g. *Rip Rap*, by Byron, dam by Bedford, aged 5 dist.
 Time, 3:53—3:52.

THURSDAY, May 19—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Col. Robt. Smith's ch. h. *Bois d'Arc*, pedigree above, 5 yrs 1 1
 Thos. W. Lane's gr. c. *Cleveland*, by Emancipator, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs 2 2
 T. J. Payne's ch. c. by Imp. Trustee, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs 3 3
 James Willett's br. m. *Maria Collier*, by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 6 yrs 4 dist.
 Thos. B. Scruggs' b. m. *Rosa Vertner*, by Sir Leslie, dam by Director, yrs dist.
 Duval & Bacon's b. f. *Mary Bell*, by Seagull, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs dist.
 Time, 6:33—6:33.

TUESDAY, May 24—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Mr. ———'s (Col. Thos. Watson's)* b. h. *Aroostook*, by Wheeling Rodolph, dam by Moses, 5 yrs 1
 Mr. ———'s (James S. Garrison's)* b. f. *Liz Hewitt*, by Ivanhoe, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs dist.
 Bacon & Duval's ch. c. *Ecliptic*, by Eclipse, out of Rodolph's dam, 4 yrs dist.
 Time, 8:41. * The names of the gentlemen who started these two horses not being given, we have supplied those of their late owners.

WEDNESDAY, May 25—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Thos. W. Lane's gr. c. *Cleveland*, by Emancipator, d. by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs. 1 2 1 1
 Col. Robt. Smith's ch. h. *Bois d'Arc*, by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 5 yrs. 2 1 2 2
 Time, 2:00—1:59—2:01—2:02.

TRENTON, N. J., EAGLE COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 17, 1842—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 C. S. Lloyd's b. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, d. by John Richards, 4 yrs *C. McGuire*. 2 1
 A. Conover's ch. h. *Mr. Gammon*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Celeste by Henry, 5 y 1 dist.*
 W. Ricard's ch. h. *Tom Johnson*, by Marshal Ney, dam by Medley, 6 yrs 3 dist.
 A. Irvin's b. h. *Childers*, by Childers, out of Rosette by Oscar, 6 yrs dist.
 Time, 1:54—1:52. * Distanced in consequence of a bad start.

WEDNESDAY, May 18—Purse \$300, \$50 to go to 2d best horse, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 J. K. Van Mater's (Capt. R. F. Stockton's) b. f. *Diana Syntax*, by Dr. Syntax, out of Diana, 4 yrs *Joe Laird*. 1 4 1
 Chas. S. Lloyd's (Maj. Jones') b. h. *Truxton*, by Imp. Barefoot—Princess, 5 yrs. 2 1 2
 H. A. Conover's ch. c. *Zampa*, by Imp. Priam, out of Celeste by Henry, 4 yrs. 4 3 3
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. *Tyler*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy, 5 yrs 3 2 dr
 Time, 4:09—3:51—3:50. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, May 19—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. h. *Blue Dick*, by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 5 yrs *Gil. Patrick*. 1 1
 A. Conover's ch. f. *Heiress*, by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 4 yrs 2 dist.
 Chas. S. Lloyd's (Maj. Jones') gr. f. *Young Dove*, by Imp. Trustee, dam by Durroc, 4 yrs 3 dist.

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of 1st mile	1:51	Time of 1st mile	1:51
" " 2d "	1:54	" " 2d "	1:54
" " 3d "	1:59	" " 3d "	1:53½
Time of 1st heat	5:44	Time of 2d heat	5:38½

SATURDAY, May 21—Purse \$800, \$100 to go to the second best horse, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (James Long's) b. f. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	<i>George</i> .	1	1
Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. h. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Fashion's dam) by Sir Charles, 6 yrs		2	2
Time, 8:03—8:01.			

BALTIMORE, Md., KENDALL COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 17, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eleven subs. at \$200 each, h. ft., \$50 if declared. Mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's gr. f. <i>Kitt Harris</i> , by Imp. Priam—Ninon de l'Enclos	2	1	1
Isham Puckett's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Arietta	1	2	2
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. c. <i>Tommy Wakefield</i> , by Drone—Sarah Tickle by Eclipse	dist.		
Col. Wm. L. White's & R. B. Corbiu's b. f. by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady by Comus	dist.		
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. c. by Cymon, dam by Curtius	decl'd.		
T. F. Bowie's b. f. by John Bull, out of Bett Whitefoot	pd. ft.		
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (Nathaniel Blick's) c. by Imp. Priam	pd. ft.		
John Ridgely's b. c. by Mazeppa, out of Florence	pd. ft.		
John Gooding's (R. J. Worthington's) b. f. by Gold Boy, out of Araminta	pd. ft.		
Wm. McCargo's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Mr. Wickham's Eclipse mare	pd. ft.		
Wm. McCargo's b. c. by John Tyler, out of J. J. Coleman's Marion mare	pd. ft.		
Time, 1:48—1:51—2:02.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Nine subs. at \$100 each, h. it., \$25 if declared. Mile heats.

Wm. D. Bowie's b. c. by Drone, out of Agility by Sir James	3	2	1	1
Gen. Thos. Emory's b. c. by Mingo, out of Grecian Princess	2	1	*dist.	
H. Linthicum's br. c. by Mazeppa, out of Josephine	1	3	dist.	
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. f. by Drone, out of Betsey Goode	declared.			
J. K. Simpson's ch. f. by Mazeppa, out of Florida	declared.			
Gen. Thos. Emory's ch. c. by Mingo, out of Betsey Wilson	declared.			
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's bl. c. by Argyle, dam by Herod	pd. ft.			
Gen. Thos. Emory's gr. c. by Mingo, dam by John Richards	pd. ft.			
John K. Simpson's br. c. by Mazeppa, out of Lady Hall	pd. ft.			
Time, 1:52—1:53—1:53. * Distanced for foul riding.				

WEDNESDAY, May 18—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Six subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's & F. C. Green's gr. c. <i>Register</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Maria Louisa by Mons. Tonson	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. f. by Mingo, out of Trifle's dam by Cicero	2	2
Gov. Samuel Sprigg's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Camilla by Sussex	pd. ft.	
James B. Kendall's ch. f. by Drone, out of Ecarte	pd. ft.	
R. D. & H. Shepherd's f. by Imp. Nicholas, dam by Catton	pd. ft.	
J. H. Williamson's & F. T. Ridley's c. <i>Ascot</i> , by Imp. Priam—Screamer by Henry	pd. ft.	
Time, 1:51—1:54.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's b. c. <i>Regent</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fantail (Black Prince's dam) by Sir Archy	1	1
Wm. McCargo's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Will-go's dam by Eclipse	4	2
Col. Wm. L. White's br. c. by Imp. Margrave, out of Miss Valentine	3	3
John Allcock's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Rosalie Summers	2 dist.	
E. J. Wilson's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Patty Burton	pd. ft.	
Time, 1:53—1:47½.		

THURSDAY, May 19—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$30, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. f. <i>Sarah Washington</i> , by Garrison's Zinganee, dam by Contention, 4 yrs	1	1
John Campbell's b. c. by Hanslap, out of Sally Hornet, 4 yrs	3	2
James B. Kendall's gr. h. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone, out of Mary Randolph, 5 yrs	5	3
Col. Francis Thompson's gr. c. <i>Milton Brown</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	2	4
John K. Simpson's gr. c. by Mazeppa, out of own sister to Willis, 4 yrs	4	dr
Time, 5:40—5:45.		

FRIDAY, May 20—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$15, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's br. c. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs	4	1	1
Gen. Thos. Emory's ch. m. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, out of Betsey Wilson by Ratray, aged	5	4	2
James B. Kendall's gr. m. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby—Mary Randolph, 6 yrs	3	3	3
Col. F. Thompson's b. c. <i>John Causin</i> , by Imp. Zinganee, d. by Sir James, 4 yrs	1	2	4
R. J. Worthington's b. h. <i>Astor</i> , by Ivanhoe, out of Tripit by Mars, 6 yrs	2 dist.		
John K. Simpson's b. c. <i>Tasso</i> , by Mazeppa, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs	6 dist.		
Isham Puckett's b. f. <i>Modesty</i> , by Mazeppa, dam by Standard, 4 yrs	7 dist.		
Time, 4:03—3:54—4:02. Track heavy and raining.			

SATURDAY, May 21—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's c. <i>Pryor</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	1	3	1
Townes & Williamson's br. f. <i>Duanna</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Goodloe Washington (Duane's dam) by Washington, 4 yrs	3	1	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's Imp. ch. h. <i>Phil Brown</i> , by Glaucus, out of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, 5 yrs.....	5	2	3
Isham Puckett's ch. h. <i>Eugal</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Duroc, 6 yrs	4	4	4
Wm. McCargo's b. h. <i>Eutaw</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, d. by Sir Charles, 5 ys.	2	dr	

Time, 8:23—8:30—8:03. Track very heavy.

LEXINGTON, Ky., ASSOCIATION COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, May 18, 1842—The "*Brennan Stake*" for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fourteen subs. at \$100 each, h. ft., to which JOHN BRENNAN, Esq., the proprietor of the Phoenix Hotel, added his annual donation of a Silver Pitcher. Mile heats.

Dr. E. Warfield's b. c. <i>Rocket</i> , by Sir Leslie, out of Miss Lances by Lance.....	1	1
R. W. Downing's (Thos. H. Clay's) b. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Goldwire by Whalebone.....	3	2
Joseph G. Boswell's b. c. by Imp. Hedgford, out of Rattlesnake by Bertrand.....	2	3
Samuel & Gano's f. <i>Eagle</i> , by Grey Eagle, out of Mary Howe by Tiger.....	4	4

Time, 1:57—1:57½. Course heavy.

The following paid forfeit:—

Charles Buford's (Wm. Gaines') b. c. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy of Transport.
J. L. Downing's b. c. by Imp. Yorkshire, dam by Kosciusko.
Geo. W. Brand's b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Bertrand.
William S. Buford's ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Bob Letcher's dam.
H. W. Farris' br. f. by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Frank.
H. Daniel's (Mr. Sanford's) b. f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Mucklejohn.
George E. Blackburn's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Blackburn's Buzzard.
James K. Duke's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Caroline Scott.
Sidney Burbridge declared off.

THURSDAY, May 19—Association Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Wm. S. Buford's b. c. <i>Bob Letcher</i> , by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	4	1	1
Thos. H. Clay's b. f. <i>Argente</i> , by Bertrand, out of Imp. Allegrante.....	2	3	2
H. W. Farris' (J. W. Tisdale's) gr. c. <i>Grey Frank</i> , d. by Walden's Buzzard, 4 y ..	1	2	dist.
Capt. Willa Viley's ch. h. <i>Oglenah</i> , by Medoc—Maria by Hambletonian, 5 yrs.	3	5	dist.
James Shy's ch. c. <i>Ten Broeck</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	5	4	dr

Time, 4:15—4:12—4:21. Course very deep.

FRIDAY, May 20—Association Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Charles Buford's b. c. <i>Zenith</i> , by Eclipse, out of Belle Anderson (Ripple's dam) by Sir William of Transport, 4 yrs	1	1
G. Webb's ch. c. <i>John Archy</i> , by John Richards, dam by Whip	2	2

Time, 6:41—6:30. Course very heavy.

SATURDAY, May 21—The "*Ashton Stake*" for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eleven subs. at \$100 each, h. ft., to which Messrs. ASHTON, proprietors of the Dudley House, add a Silver Pitcher annually. Two mile heats.

Thos. Van Swearingen's b. f. <i>Ida</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam by Sir Richard.....	2	1	1
James Berry's ch. c. <i>Long Island</i> , by Medoc, out of President's dam.....	6	2	2
Jesse Gildersleeve's ch. f. by Imp. Trustee, dam [imported, or by Medley] ...	5	4	3
Sidney Burbridge's br. c. by Woodpecker, out of Wm. H. Harrison's dam.....	4	3	4
John F. Harris' ch. c. <i>Kenton</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler	1	5	5
H. Daniel's ch. c. by Imp. Envoy, dam by Moses	7	6	dist.
Geo. N. Smith's gr. f. by Medoc, dam by Whip	3	7	dr

Time, 4:04—4:05—4:03. Course heavy.

The following paid forfeit:—

Dr. E. Warfield's b. c. <i>Mareel</i> , by Sir Leslie, out of Rowena by Sumpter.
Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Whip.
Downing & Hunt's ch. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Hephestion.
Capt. Willa Viley's ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Lady Adams by Whipster.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA, CAMDEN COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 24, 1842—Match, \$2000 a side, P. P. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Jas. Long's) b. f. <i>Adele</i> , by Imp. Priam, 3 yrs.....	George.	1	1
Samuel Laird's (Walter Livingston's) ch. c. <i>Moustache</i> , by Imp. Trustee, 3 yrs		2	2

Time, 1:57—1:55½. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, the get of Mingo, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

John Horter's ch. c. <i>Billet</i> , dam by Mambrino.....	George.	3	1	1
D. Toms' ch. c. <i>Revenge</i> , out of Escape.....		2	3	2
Jas. Jennett's b. c. <i>Delaware</i> , dam by John Richards.....		1	2	dr
Mr. Hutchinson's b. c. <i>Dungannon</i> , dam by John Stanley.....		4	dist.	
Mr. Hutchinson's ch. c. <i>Boxer</i> , dam by Mambrino.....				pd. ft.

Time, 1:57—2:02½—2:04.

WEDNESDAY, May 25—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Jas. Long's) b. f. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	<i>George</i> .	1	1
W. A. Porter's br. c. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, d. by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....		4	2
James K. Van Mater's (Capt. R. F. Stockton's) b. m. <i>Nannie</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Miss Mattie, 5 yrs.....			2 dist.
Chas. H. Lloyd's (Maj. Wm. Jones') b. h. <i>Truxton</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Princess by Deafne, 5 yrs.....			3 dist.

Time, 4:13—3:56. Track heavy and slippery.

THURSDAY, May 26—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's & Jas. Long's ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 9 yrs.....	<i>Gil. Patrick</i> .	1	1
Chas. S. Lloyd's (Maj. Wm. Jones') b. h. <i>Treasurer</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc, 5 yrs.....		2	2

Time, 8:00½—8:05.

FRIDAY, May 27—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (Col. John L. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 5 yrs.....		1	1
David Tom's (Dr. McClellan's) gr. f. <i>Charlotte Cushman</i> , by Charles Kemble, out of Trifle's dam by Cicero, 4 yrs.....			2 dr

Time 6:28. Course heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (R. Ten Broeck's) b. h. <i>Tyler</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	<i>Craig</i>	1	1
Mr. Richards' b. g. <i>Buck Tom</i> , by Marshal Ney, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs.....		2	2
Mr. Cosgrove's gr. h. by Whalebone, dam by Eagle, 5 yrs.....			dist.

Time 2:01—2:01.

BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, May 26, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. f. <i>Motto</i> , by Imp. Barefoot—Lady Tompkins by Eclipse		1	1
G. Coffeen, Jr.'s ch. c. <i>Charley Anderson</i> , by Medoc, dam by Mercury.....		2	2
S. T. Drane's b. f. <i>Eliza Logan</i> , pedigree unknown.....			pd. ft.

Time, 1:52½—1:54½.

FRIDAY, May 27—Jockey Club Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

James Shy's ch. c. <i>Ten Brock</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....		1	1
S. T. Drane's b. c. <i>High Stepping John</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by Moses, 4 yrs.....		2	2
F. G. Murphy & Co.'s b. f. <i>Mary Wickliffe</i> , by Medoc, dam unknown, 3 yrs.....		5	3
Bacon & Morris' ch. f. <i>Mary Spotts</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Imp. Muley, 3 yrs.....		4	4
G. Coffeen, jr.'s br. m. <i>Mary Ann Firman</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, d. by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....		6	5
Wm. M. Suale' ch. c. <i>Ostrich</i> , by Collier, dam by Imp. Shakspeare, 4 yrs.....		3	dist.

Time, 4:07—4:00. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, May 28—Jockey Club Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

F. G. Murphy & Co.'s (Tarlton's) ch. h. <i>Cowboy</i> , by Medoc, d. by Virginian, 5 yrs.....		1	1
S. T. Drane's ch. f. <i>Arlsey Scroggins</i> , by Giles Scroggins, dam by Pirate, 4 yrs.....		2	2
G. Webb's (H. Brewet's) b. c. <i>Blinkey</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Alonzo, 4 yrs.....		3	3
G. Coffeen, jr.'s b. f. <i>Bell Taylor</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....		4	dist.

Time, 1:50—1:49.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE.

THURSDAY, May 26, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

James Jackson's b. c. by Anvil, dam by Partnership.....		1	1
Capt. Geo. Enerby's ch. f. <i>Robina</i> , by Robin Hood, dam by Napoleon.....		2	2
Briant H. Peedan's ch. c. <i>Short Bob</i> , by Robin Hood, dam by a son of Bertrand.....			dist.

Time, 2:00—2:07. Track good.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match for \$50, catch weights. One mile.

A. Harris' br. g. <i>Otho</i>		1	
Mr. _____'s _____.....			2

Time, 1:55.

FRIDAY, May 27—Poststake for all ages, sub. \$100 each, P. P., the 2d best horse to receive back half his stake, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. P. W. D. Carden's ch. h. <i>American Star</i> , by Cramp, d. by Pulaski, 5 yrs. (114lbs.)		1	1
Black & Ezel's b. h. <i>Native</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Pacolet.....			dist.
John Hally's gr. m. <i>Sookey Blueskin</i> , by Black Hawk, dam not given.....			dist

Time, 4:03. Track good. Won easy.

SATURDAY, May 28—Sweepstakes. Sub. \$50 each. Mile heats.

Wm. Webb's b. f. <i>Lady Susan</i> , by Cramp, dam by Pantaloon.....		1	1
Geo. W. Thompson's ch. h. <i>Zenith</i> ,* by Stockholder, d. by Constitution, 5 yrs. 110lbs		2	2

Time, 2:09—2:17. Track heavy, from rain. * Zenith is 8 yrs., but run as a 5 yr. old.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match for \$50. One mile.

George Enerby's ch. l. <i>Lavinia Viper</i> , by Levy, dam by Murphy's Pacolet, 3 yrs.....		1	
Wm. Sanders' b. m. <i>Corn-Cob</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Pacific, 5 yrs.....			2

Time, 2:09. Track wet and slippery. Won in hand.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., OAKLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 31, 1842—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 80lbs., fillies 83lbs. Twenty five subs. at \$500 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Geo E. Blackburn's (W. P. Greer's) ch. c. *Frosty*, by Eclipse—Martha Holloway rec. ft. The following paid forfeit:—

- Y. N. Oliver's produce of Mingo and Sally Hornet.
- L. P. Blackburn's produce of Eclipse and Anna Monroe.
- William T. Ward's produce of Waxy and Bertress.
- Geo. E. Blackburn's produce of Eclipse and Lucretia.
- D. Stockton's produce of Birmingham and Polly Hopkins.
- Thomas G. Moore's produce of St. Tammany and Imp. Glencoe.
- M. W. Dickey's produce of Imp. Hedgford and Caroline Scott.
- S. Davenport's produce of Imp. Luzborough and Betsey Harrison.
- Wm. S. Buford's produce of Medoc and Scarlet's dam.
- H. W. Farris' produce of Imp. Hedgford and Frances Ann.
- Jos. G. Boswell's produce of Frank and Agnes Goode.
- George N. Sanders' produce of Imp. Tranby and Tolevia.
- Wm. Buford, sen'r.'s produce of Medoc and Peggy Stewart
- M. W. Dickey's produce of Woodpecker and Ophelia.
- J. M. Pindell's produce of Eclipse and Fanny Wright.
- Also " " of Imp. Luzborough and Calanthe.
- D. Buchanan's produce of Imp. Tranby and Maria Theresa.
- James K. Duke's produce of Imp. Tranby and Keph's dam.
- Sidney Burbridge's produce of Tarlton and Mary Bertrand.
- Also " " of Tarlton and Betsey Brown.
- M. Beach's produce of Imp. Trustee and Imp. Woodbine.
- Also " " of Imp. Tranby and Maid of Miami.
- James Shy's produce of Imp. Tranby and Lady Jackson.
- Isaac H. Oliver's produce of Mons. Tonson and Jane Marble.

SAME DAY—The *Oakland Plate*, valued at \$50, added to a sweepstakes of \$50 each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Six subs. Two mile heats.

Ben. Maloney's ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Rattler.....	3	1	1
Frederick Herr's ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Arab.....	1	3	2
L. O. Willhite's b. f. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Bertrand.....	2	2	dist.
John Anderson's b. f. by Birmingham, dam by Tecumseh.....			pd. ft.
Jos. G. Boswell's ch. c. by Bagdad, dam by Hamiltonian.....			pd. ft.
J. H. Miller's Imp bl. f. by Rockingham, dam by Don Cossac.....			pd. ft.

Time, 4:00—4:00—4:01.

WEDNESDAY, June 1—Proprietor's Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's b. c. <i>Creath</i> , by Imp. Trauby, dam by Big Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	1
F. J. Bregman's b. c. <i>Tiberias</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fanny Wright (own sister to Zamer) by Silverheels, 3 yrs.....	4	2
Fred. Herr's ch. c. <i>Nick Davis</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Delight by Reveller, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.
Wm. Buford, Jr.'s ch. c. <i>Big Aleck</i> , by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs.....	2	dr

First Heat.

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile.....	1:48	Time of 1st mile.....	1:48
" " 2d ".....	1:58	" " 2d ".....	1:54
Time of 1st heat.....	3:46	Time of 2d heat.....	3:42

THURSDAY, June 2—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent, \$50, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Jas. Shy's (Downing & Hunt's) ch. c. <i>Ten Broeck</i> , by Eclipse, d. by Bertrand, 4 y	3	1	1
Fergus Duplantier's b. h. <i>George Martin</i> , by Garrison's Zingane, out of Gabriella by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2
Wm. S. Buford's b. c. <i>Bob Letcher</i> , by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.....	1	3	3
G. Coffeen's gr. c. <i>Tasso</i> , by Gohanna Jr., dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....			dr

First Heat.

Second Heat.

Third Heat.

1st mile.....	2:14	1st mile.....	1:54	1st mile.....	2:00
2d ".....	1:56	2d ".....	1:53	2d ".....	1:56
3d ".....	1:51	3d ".....	1:54	3d ".....	1:53
1st heat.....	6:01	2d heat.....	5:41	3d heat.....	5:49

FRIDAY, June 3—Purse \$1000, ent. \$100, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Heinsohn & Coch's br. f. <i>Miss Foote</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Gabriella by Partizan, 4 yrs.....	1	1
W. Reed & Co.'s ch. c. <i>Rapide</i> , by Imp. Skylark—Margaret May by Pacific, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Jas. K. Duke's ch. h. <i>Blacknose</i> , by Medoc, out of Lucy by Orphan, 6 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 6:09—6:49.

SATURDAY, June 4—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats, oest 3 in 5.

Wm. Buford, Jr.'s b. c. <i>Big Aleck</i> , by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs.....	2	3	1	1	1
F. G. Murphy's ch. h. <i>Cowboy</i> , by Medoc, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	1	1	2	4	2
G. Coffeen, Jr.'s br. m. <i>Mary Ann Firman</i> , by Imp. Saipedon, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....	3	4	4	3	3
Heinsohn & Cox's br. f. <i>Miss Foote</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	4	2	3	2	4

Time, 1:57—1:47½—1:50—1:51—1:53.

ALEXANDRIA (D.C.), MOUNT VERNON COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 31, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Green & Thompson's gr. c. <i>Register</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Maria Louisa by Mons. Tonson.....	1	1
T. W. Brook's b. c. <i>Felt</i> , by Imp. Felt, dam by Rob Roy.....	3	2
W. D. Bowie's b. c. <i>Fairview</i> , by Drone, out of Agility by Sir James.....	4	3
W. C. Selden's b. f. <i>Molly Lippett</i> , by Imp. Felt, dam by Potomac.....	2	4
W. W. Allen's (J. C. Gibson's) b. c. by Garrison's Zinganee—Dantridge's dam.....	5	dist

Time, 1:58—1:53.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's b. c. <i>John Cousin</i> , by Imp. Zinganee, out of Attaway by Sir James, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. h. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone—Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Maj. Thomas Doswell's ch. c. <i>Nobleman</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady by Comus, 4 yrs.....	7	3
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Paul Brown</i> , by Glaucus, out of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, 5 yrs.....	8	4
Col. Wm. Duval's bl. h. <i>St. Pierre</i> , by Pamunky, dam by Lafayette, 5 yrs.....	5	5
Wm. Holmead's (Gen. Hunter's) <i>Cavalier</i> , by Ilotspur—The Captain's dam, 5 yrs.....	4	6
R. R. Farr's ch. c. <i>Winchester</i> , by Clifton, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs.....	6	7
Col. Wm. McCargo's br. h. <i>Eutaw</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, d. by Sir Charles, 5 y.....	2	8

Time, 3:49—3:49.

WEDNESDAY, June 1—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. f. <i>Emly</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Tom Tough.....	rec. ft.
Col. Wm. Duval's b. c. by Imp. Felt, out of Mary Hutton.....	pd. ft.
A. M. Payne's ch. f. by Orman, dam by Sir Charles.....	pd. ft.
James B. Kendall's ch. c. by Mingo, out of Betsey Wilson (Lady Clifden's dam).....	pd. ft.

SAME DAY—Jockey Club Purse \$250, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's gr. c. <i>Milton Brown</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler, 4 yrs.....	3	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Firtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	*
Isham Puckett's b. h. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. m. <i>Lady Canton</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 6 yrs.....	dr	

Time, 3:52—3:45. * Distanced for foul riding.

THURSDAY, June 2—A Silver Plate, given by Messrs. Wise & Fleming, of Alexandria, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's gr. m. <i>Lady Canton</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	3	5	1	1
Col. John R. Simpson's b. c. <i>Tasso</i> , by Imp. Felt, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs.....	4	1	2	2
Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. f. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , br Imp. Priam, d. by Director, 4 y.....	0	4	3	dist.
Col. Francis Thompson's gr. f. <i>Kate Harris</i> , br Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler, 3 yrs.....	0	2	4	dr
Col. Geo. Forbe's b. m. <i>Ione</i> , by Imp. Apparition, dam by Vanguard, 4 yrs.....	5	3	5	r. o.
Maj. W. C. Selden's b. f. <i>Molly Lippett</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	dist.			

Time, 1:50—1:50—1:50—1:53.

FRIDAY, June 3—J. C. Purse \$450, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. m. <i>Sarah Washington</i> , by Garrison's Zinganee, dam by Contention, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Otway P. Hare's ch. c. <i>Esop</i> , by Imp. Priam—Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	2	3
Col. Francis Thompson's b. c. <i>Pryor</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	4	4
George Loudenslager's b. c. by Hanslap—Sally Hornet by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	5	dist.
Isham Puckett's ch. h. <i>Bengal</i> , by Gohanna, out of Gularne, 5 yrs.....	dr	

Time, 5:42—5:39½.

SATURDAY, June 4—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Tyler</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Arcny, 5 yrs.....	1	1	1
Maj. Thos. Doswell's ch. c. <i>Nobleman</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	4	2
Col. Wm. Duval's bl. h. <i>St. Pierre</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	3	2	3
Isham Puckett's b. h. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	4	3	4

Time, 1:53—1:52—1:50.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match for \$750. Three mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's gr. c. <i>Milton Brown</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Jas. Long's b. f. <i>Cassandra</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 5:45—6:05.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. \$25 each, to which the proprietor will add \$50. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. Duval's b. c. <i>Paizhan</i> , by Imp. Felt, out of Mary Hutton.....	3	1	1
Isham Puckett's b. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles.....	1	2	2
Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. c. by Imp. Margrave, dam by Sir Charles.....	4	dist.	
A. M. Payne's ch. f. by Orman, dam by Tariff.....	2	dr	

Time, 1:53—1:52—2:00.

SAME DAY—Fourth Race—A Saddle and Bridle, valued at \$30, conditions as before. One mile.

Mr. Zimmerman's b. h. —, 5 yrs	1
G. M. Millan's b. f. —, 4 yrs	2
George Sinclair's ch. g. —, aged	3
Col. Wm. J. Minor's b. m. —, aged	4
Time, 1:52.	

CARROLTON, MISSOURI.

THURSDAY, May 12, 1842—Purse \$25, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs. ; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

W. J. Herndon's b. f. <i>Eliza Hughes</i> , by Marmion, dam by Whip, 5 yrs	2	1	1
J. J. Brown's ch. f. <i>Lucy Long</i> , pedigree unknown, 4 yrs	3	3	2
T. H. Freeman's gr. g. <i>Tom Benton</i> , pedigree unknown, aged	1	2	dr
Time, 1:55—1:59—2:00.			

FRIDAY, May 13—Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

B. J. Brown's ch. h. <i>Daniel Breck</i> , by Collier, dam by Pacolet, 6 yrs	2	1
W. J. Herndon's b. g. <i>Dick Menifee</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam Dunn Cow, aged ...	1	dist.
Time, 1:59.		

SATURDAY, May 14—Purse \$75, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

B. J. Brown's ch. h. <i>Harry Whiteman</i> , by Orphan Boy, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	1	1
J. K. Harris' b. c. <i>Greenhorn</i> , by Master Burton, d. by McCormick's Little Jim, 4 ys	2	2
Time, 4:20—4:24.		

CRAB ORCHARD, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, Sept. 1, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$25 each, P. P., with \$50 added. Mile heats.

H. W. Farris' br. c. <i>Denmark</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Betsey Harrison by Aratus	0	1	2	1
J. L. Bradley's b. c. <i>Greyhead</i> , by Chorister, dam by Sumpter	0	2	1	2
B. R. Jenkins' br f. <i>Hedgana</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Stamboulina by Stamboul	3	3	3	r. o.
Samuel Davenport's b. f. by Eclipse, out of Eliza Bailey by Columbus	4	4	4	r. o.
Time, 1:51—1:53—1:53—1:53½.				

FRIDAY, Sept. 2—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs. ; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. L. Bradley's b. c. <i>Greyhead</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	3	0	1	1
B. R. Jenkins' b. f. <i>Dolly Dixon</i> , by Imp. Tranby—Picavune's dam, 4 yrs ..	1	0	2	2
J. W. Tisdale's gr. c. <i>Grey Frank</i> , by Frank, s. by Walden's Buzzard, 4 yrs	5	3	3	r. o.
Samuel Davenport's (Col. Snail's) ch. c. <i>Ostrich</i> , by Collier, dam by Shakspeare, 4 yrs	2	dist.		
Downing & Hunt's ch. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Hephestion, 3 yrs	4	dist.		
Time, 3:51—3:51—3:54—3:57.				

SATURDAY, Sept. 3—Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

W. P. Greer's b. f. <i>Sally Shannon</i> (alias Ida), by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs	walked over.
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FRANKFORT, KY., CAPITOL COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 6, 1842—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, carrying 72lbs. Five subs. at \$50 each, \$20 ft. Mile heats.

George E. Blackburn's b. f. <i>Chemisette</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Arab	1	1
R. S. Wooding's ch. c. by Medoc, out of Martinete by Sumpter	2	2
Sidney Burbridge's b. c. by Tom Benton, dam by Hamiltonian	3	dist
Time, 1:52—1:52.		

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 7—Poststake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$50 each, P. P. Two mile heats.

J. L. Bradley's (W. P. Greer's) b. f. <i>Sally Shannon</i> (late Ida), by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam by Sir Richard	1	1
Read & Davidson's ch. c. <i>Rapide</i> , by Imp. Skylark, out of Earl of Margrave's dam	3	2
George E. Blackburn's ch. c. <i>Kenton</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler	4	3
Wm. S. Buford's b. f. <i>Camilla</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Picavune's dam	5	4
John A. Holton & Co.'s ch. c. <i>Red Oak</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Rattler	2	5
Time, 3:50—3:43.		

THURSDAY, Sept. 8—Purse \$150, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs. ; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

James K. Duke's ch. c. <i>Mognate</i> , by Eclipse—Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 4 yrs	1	1
W. W. Bacon's b. l. <i>Lavolta</i> , by Medoc, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs	2	0
George E. Blackburn's ch. c. <i>Talula</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Whip, 3 yrs	4	0
C. W. Kennedy's b. f. <i>Kate Holton</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	3	4
F. G. Biengman's b. c. <i>Tiberias</i> , by Imp. Priam—Fanny Wright by Silverheels, 3 y.	5	5
W. B. Furman's b. h. <i>Earl of Marlborough</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Duchess of Marlborough, 5 yrs	6	6
Charles Buford's b. c. <i>Billy Budd</i> , by John Richards, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	8	7
A. & J. Edmonson's b. c. <i>Capt. Viley</i> , by Singleton, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	7	dr
Sidney Burbridge's (J. T. Berry's) b. m. by Bertrand, out of President's dam, 5 yrs	dist.	
Time, 3:48—3:49.		

FRIDAY, Sept. 9—Purse \$250, ent. \$25, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Read & Davidson's ch. c. <i>Rapide</i> , pedigree before, 3 yrs	2	1	1
W. S. Buford's b. c. <i>Bob Letcher</i> , by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	1	2	dr
Sidney Burbridge's (J. T. Berry's) ch. c. <i>Long Island</i> , by Medoc, out of President's dam, 3 yrs	3		dist.
R. S. Wooding's ch. f. <i>Geneva</i> , by Medoc, dam by Arab, 4 yrs			dist.

Time, 6:17—6:06. Course heavy.

SATURDAY, Sept. 10—Sweepstakes, free for any thing that never won a race, conditions as before. Sub. \$25 each, P. P., to which will be added a purse of \$25. Mile heats.

J. T. Harris's (T. Harper's) b. g. by Medoc, dam by Whip, 3 yrs	1	1
Read & Davidson's b. c. <i>Monkey Dick</i> , by Singleton, dam by Trumpator, 3 yrs	3	2
John A. Holton's br. f. <i>Sarah Macey</i> , by Seagull, out of Limber, 4 yrs	2	3
John Trimbell's ch. c. <i>Woodcock</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Doublehead, 3 yrs	4	dist.
Col. W. Buford's br. c. by Medoc, out of Cub's dam, 3 yrs	5	dist.

Time, 1:51—1:52. Won very handily.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Saddle and Bridle, value \$50, ent. \$5. One mile.

Col. W. Buford's b. c. <i>Tom Marshall</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	1
W. B. Furman's b. c. <i>Gray Hip</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Alonzo, 4 yrs	2
John A. Holton's bl. c. <i>Throckmorton</i> , by Birmingham, out of Limber, 3 yrs	3
F. G. Brengman's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of George Martin's dam, 3 yrs	4
C. W. Kennedy's (B. D. Henchman's) ch. f. <i>Kate Luckett</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Mucklejohn, 3 yrs	5

Time, 1:51.

MATCH RACE, FAYETTE, Mo.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 17, 1842—Match, \$200 a side. One mile.

Col. Wm. Boon's ch. f. <i>Ann Stewart</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs	1
Thos. G. Moore's gr. f. <i>Cherokee Maid</i> , by Marmion, dam by Tecumseh, 3 yrs	2

Time, 1:56—course heavy.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

MONDAY, Sept. 19, 1842—Match, \$5000 a side, h. ft. Four mile heats.

Heinsohn & Coch's b. f. *Miss Foote*, by Imp. Consul, out of Imp. Gabrielle by Partisan 4 yrs., received forfeit from Charles Buford's b. c. *Zenith*, by Eclipse, out of Belle An- derson by Sumpter, 4 yrs., the latter having partially given way in his left fore leg.

SAME DAY—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$5 added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86 lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

F. C. Bringman's b. c. <i>Tiberius</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fanny Wright by Silverheels, 3 yrs	1	5	1
W. P. Greer's ch. c. <i>Frosty</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs	2	4	2
Dr. E. Warfield's b. f. <i>Spinnet</i> , by Celestion, dam by Lawrence, 3 yrs	5	1	3
W. Baird's ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs	4	2	4
J. L. Blaine's ch. c. <i>Conflagration</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs	3		dist.

Time, 3:55—4:00—3:54½.

TUESDAY, Sept. 20—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86 lbs., fillies 83 lbs. Seven subs. at \$500 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

John Brennan's b. c. *Emmet*, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin

walked over

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for a Silver Pitcher, value \$50, ent. \$5 added, conditions as on Monday. Mile heats.

J. L. Bradley's b. c. <i>Little Trick</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Occident's dam, 3 yrs	6	1	1
W. S. Buford's br. f. <i>Camilla</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Picayune's dam, 3 yrs	4	3	2
W. P. Duval's ch. c. <i>Red Oak</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs	1	2	3
E. A. Hathaway's ch. c. <i>Lynn</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Mucklejohn, 3 yrs	2	4	4
Dr. E. Warfield's ch. c. <i>Hicks</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Bellifur by Taylor's Escape, 3 yrs			5 dist.
Jas K. Duke's (Capt. Moore's) b. c. <i>Trop Ball</i> , by Medoc, d. by Bertrand, 4 yrs	3		dr

Time, 1:51½—1:52—1:53

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Three mile heats

W. P. Greer's b. f. <i>Sally Shannon</i> (late Ida), by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam by Sir Richard 3 yrs	Jack	Minor	2	3	1	1
Reed & Davidson's ch. c. <i>Rapides</i> , by Imp. Skylark, out of Earl of Margrave's dam by Pacific, 3 yrs	1	2	2	2		
James Sny's b. h. <i>Robert Bruce</i> , by Clin'on, dam by Sir Archv, 6 yrs	3	1	3	3		
H. W. Farris' br. c. <i>Denmark</i> , by Imp. Hedgford—Betsey Harrison, 3 yrs ..	4	4	4	r. o.		

Time, 5:41½—5:50 5:57—6:01.

THURSDAY, Sept. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

W. S. Buford's b. c. <i>Bob Letcher</i> , by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	3	1	5	1
Dr. E. Warfield's b. f. <i>Isola</i> , by Bertrand, out of Susette by Aratus, 3 yrs ..	6	6	1	2
Richard Chiles' b. c. <i>Roots</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Eliza Jenkins by Sir William, 4 yrs	2	3	2	r. o.
George E. Blackburn's ch. c. <i>Kenton</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs	5	5	3	r. o.
J. L. Bradley's ch. c. <i>Greyhead</i> , by Chorister, dam by Mucklejohn, 3 yrs ..	4	4	4	r. o.
H. W. Farris' b. f. <i>Lucretia Nolond</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Frances Ann by Frank, 3 yrs	1	7		dr
Ed. W. Buford's b. c. <i>Tom Marshall</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	7	2	6	r. o.

Time, 3:54—3:46½—3:49—3:51.

FRIDAY, Sept. 23—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

B. Davidson's ch. f. <i>Telula</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.....	6	5	1	1	1
J. K. Holton's b. f. <i>Mary Bell</i> , by Seagull, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs ..	4	4	2	4	2
Downing & Hunt's ch. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Hephestion, 3 yrs ...	1	6	6	6	3
Wm. Burford's ch. c. <i>Big Aleck</i> , by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs	3	2	4	3	4
H. B. Furman's bi. h. <i>Earl of Marlborough</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, out of the Duchess of Marlborough, 5 yrs.....	5	3	5	2	5
Capt. Willa Viley's ch. h. <i>Oglenah</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs	2	1	3	5	dist.
C. Maloney's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Gabriella, 4 yrs.....	7	7	dist.		
B. Robinson's br. f. <i>Susan Rain</i> , by Orange Boy, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs.....					dist.
George E. Blackburn's br. c. <i>Little Trick</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs					dr

Time, 1:52—1:49½—1:52½—1:54—1:54.

SATURDAY, Sept. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$700, ent. \$70, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Wm. H. Baird's b. f. <i>Miss Foote</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Gabrielle by Partisan, 4 yrs.....	1	1
T. H. Clay's b. f. <i>Argentile</i> , by Bertrand, out of Allegrante by Imp. Truffie, 4 yrs	3	2
Dr. E. Warfield's b. m. <i>Alice Carneal</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Rowena by Sumpter, 6 yrs		2 dist.
James W. Fenwick's b. f. <i>Kate Holton</i> , by Eclipse, out of Sophy Wynn, 4 yrs...		dist.
George E. Blackburn's b. f. <i>Lavolta</i> , by Medoc, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs		dist.

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of 1st mile	1:58	Time of 1st mile	1:52
" " 2d " 	1:57	" " 2d " 	1:52
" " 3d " 	1:56	" " 3d " 	1:55
" " 4th " 	1:51	" " 4th " 	2:01
Time of 1st heat.....	7:42	Time of 2d heat.....	7:40

The best time ever made in Kentucky!

GALLATIN, TENNESSEE.

MONDAY, Sept. 12, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs at \$100 each, h. li. Mile heats.

Richard Hall's (Blackman & Barry's) b. f. <i>Kate Nickleby</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Imp. Leviathan	1	1
A. P. Yourie's gr. c. <i>O'Donnel</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific	2	2

Time, 1:57—1:59.

TUESDAY, Sept. 13—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Ten subs. at \$200 each, \$50 ft. Two mile heats.

C. Lewis' (J. C. Guild's) ch. f. <i>Betsy Lauderdale</i> (own sister to Caroline Malone), by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard	1	1
Jesse Cage's gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of own sister to Queen of Trumps by Pacolet	2	2
John E. Smith's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet	4	3
Robert H. Peyton's ch. c. by Rattler, out of Anna Maria	3	4
George Elliott's ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Imp. Leviathan		dist.

Time, 4:13—4:23. Track extremely heavy, from rain during the night and morning.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 14—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Seven subs. \$333 1-3, P. P. One mile.

C. Lewis' (J. C. Guild's) ch. f. <i>Mary Lewis</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine, own sister to John Malone	1
B. Peyton & G. B. Williams' ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder	2
John H. Malone's b. f. by Sir Charles Jr., dam by Bertrand	3
Thomas S. Watson's ch. f. by Sir Charles Jr., out of Osceola's dam	4

Time, 2:09. Track deep and muddy.

THURSDAY, Sept. 15—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 115—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Henry M. Clay's ch. f. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	1	1
D. Burford's ch. g. by Tennessee Citizen, dam by —, 4 yrs	2	2
Wm. Harvey's ch. c. <i>Whiskey</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wild Medley, 3 yrs ..	3	dist.
R. Hall's (A. W. Ruse's) ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs.....	4	dist.
R. Smith's (Garrot & Smith's) ch. h. <i>Bois d'Arc</i> , by Eclipse, d. by Contention, 5 y	5	dist.
A. P. Yourie's Imp. ch. f. by Acteon, out of —, 4 yrs.....	6	dist.
Lewis Wilkinson's b. c. <i>John Tyler</i> , by Cherokee, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs... dist.		

Time, 4:23—4:21. Track still heavy.

FRIDAY, Sept. 16—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as above. Three mile heats.

Henry M. Clay's gr. f. by Imp. Merman, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs.....	1	1
A. P. Yourie's Imp. b. f. by Stumps, out of Filho da Puta, 4 yrs	2	2
D. Burford's ch. c. by Tennessee Citizen, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	3	3
R. Smith's ch. c. <i>Bowrack</i> , by Pacific, dam by Bagdad, 3 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 6:31—6:23. Track still heavy.

SATURDAY, Sept. 17—Jockey Club Purse \$250, conditions as above. Mile heats.

Lewis Wilkinson's b. f. <i>Mar Bell</i> , by John Richards, dam by Top Gallant, 3 yrs.....	5	3	1	1
G. B. Williams' b. g. <i>Lopdog</i> , by Lapdog, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs	1	2	2	2
Wm. Branch's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	4	4	3	
A. P. Yourie's ch. c. <i>Proud Jo</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 3 yrs.....	3	1	4	dist.

Henry M. Clay's b. f. *Little Misery*, by Anvil, out of Anna Manah, 4 yrs... 2 6 5
 Allen Bridges' gr. c. *Watson Trainer*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Sir John, 3y 6 5 dist.
 Time, 1:58½—1:59½—2:06—2:10.

NEW GLASGOW, VA., SPRING HILL COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 20, 1842—Farmers' Purse of \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. o'ds to carry 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

John Loring's b. h. <i>Hog Driver</i> , 5 yrs	1	1
Daniel A. Cheatwood's ch. h. _____, 6 yrs.....	2	2
Hiram McGinness's b. f. _____, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.
Spottswood G. Loring's ch. h. _____, aged	4	dist.

Time, 2:03—2:05.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$25 each. Mile heats.

P. R. Johnson's b. c. <i>Whalebone</i> , by Imp. Cetus, dam by Gohanna	1	1
James Burney's ch. c. by Tenor	2	2
Edmund C. Moore's bl. c. <i>Midnight</i> , by Mops. Tonson, dam by Bolivar	dist.	
Henry Loring's br. f. by Hanslap	dist.	

Time, 1:56—2:03.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 21—Proprietor's Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

P. R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>Nobleman</i> , by Imp. Cetus—Imp. My Lady by Comus, 4 yrs	1	2	1
John L. White's ch. c. <i>Lehigh</i> , by Imp. Skylark, out of Nelly Webb, 4 yrs.....	3	1	2
Townes & Williamson's b. f. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Mons. Tokson, 4 ys	4	3	3
Edmund C. Moore's b. f. <i>Gazelle</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Upton Heath's dam, 4 y	5	dist.	
James Burney's b. c. <i>Galusco</i> , by Shark, 4 yrs.....	2	dr	

Time not given.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. \$50 each. Mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's ch. f. <i>Taghioni</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles	1	1
James Burney's ch. c. <i>D. S. Swane</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Union	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:57.

THURSDAY, Sept. 22—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

James Burney's b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	1	1
John L. White's b. c. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Jet, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Edmund C. Moore's b. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Truffle, 3 yrs.....	2	dr
John Wright's ch. c. by Gladiator, dam by Powhatan, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 4:07—4:05.

FRIDAY, Sept. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Edmund C. Moore's b. m. <i>Margaret Blunt</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 3 yrs	2	1	1
Townes & Williamson's br. c. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
P. R. Johnson's b. c. <i>Bay Prince</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Pirouette, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.	

Time, 7:18—6:06—6:15.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

TUESDAY, Sept. '6, 1842—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.

Benjamin Harrison's ch. c. <i>Jerry Lancaster</i> , by Mark Moore, dam by Gohanna.....	1	1
R. W. Sinclair's b. f. by Harrison, dam by Plato.....	3	2
A. W. Morrison's ch. c. <i>Dick Collier</i> , by Collier, dam by Whip.....	2	3

Time, 1:58—2:02. 2d heat run in a heavy shower of rain.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 7—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$10, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Thomas G. Moore's gr. f. <i>Cherokee Maid</i> , by Marmion, dam by Tecumseh, 3 yrs ...	1	1
Boon, Jackson & Co.'s br. c. <i>Grampus</i> , by Shark, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Benjamin Harrison's ch. g. <i>Wattlehook</i> , by Reveller, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs....	3	3

Time, 1:54—1:57. Track heavy from recent rains.

THURSDAY, Sept. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$250, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Boon, Jackson & Co.'s ch. f. <i>Ann Stewart</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs..	4	1	1
Benjamin Harrison's ch. f. <i>Selina</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs	3	2	2
R. W. Sinclair's b. h. <i>Vidocq</i> , by Medoc, dam by Stockholder, 6 yrs.....	5	3	3
Thomas Stevenson's ch. c. <i>Honest John</i> , by Keene's Woodpecker, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs	6	4	4
Thomas W. Lane's br. h. b. Garrison's Zinganee, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs ..	2	5	dr
Thomas Jackson's ch. c. <i>Simon Girty</i> , by Mark Moore, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs....	1	dist.	

Time, 3:57—3:55—4:01.

FRIDAY, Sept. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Boon, Jackson & Co.'s ch. c. <i>Echptic</i> , by Eclipse, out of Rodolph's dam by Moses, 4 yrs	1	2	1
Thos. G. Sanders' br. f. <i>Ann Harper</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs	2	3	2
Thos. W. Lane's gr. c. <i>Cleveland</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs	3	1	dist.

Time, 6:05—6:09—6:45.

SATURDAY, Sept. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thomas G. Moore's gr. f. <i>Cherokee Maid</i> , pedigree before, 3 yrs.....	1	1	1
Benjamin Harrison's ch. g. <i>Wattlecock</i> , pedigree before, 4 yrs.....	2	2	2
Time, 1:54—1:56—2:00.			

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse \$50, for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Mile heats.

A. W. Morrison's ch. c. <i>Dick Collier</i> , pedigree before.....	1
Benjamin Harrison's ch. f.* by Collier, dam by Hickory.....	dist.
No time kept. * Bolted.	

FAIRFIELD AND BROAD ROCK, VIRGINIA.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 21, 1842—Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

Maj. Thomas Doswell's b. m. <i>Sarah Washington</i> , by Garrison's Zinganee, dam by Contention, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. Jas. M. Seiden's ch. m. <i>Lady Clifden</i> , by Sussex, out of Betsey Wilson by Ratray, aged.....	2	2
Thos. Payne's ch. h. <i>Robin Cobb</i> , by Imp. Felt, out of Polly Cobb, 5 yrs.....	dr	
Time, 8:23—8:13.		

THURSDAY, Sept. 22—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's.....	0	0
Mr. Botts' br. c.	0	0
Thos. Payne's ch. c.	0	0
Time not given.		

FRIDAY, Sept. 23—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's ch. f. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Director, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Thos. Payne's ch. h. <i>Robin Cobb</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	3	2
L. Vaughan's ch. c. by Buccanier, dam by Contention, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.
Wm. Cobb's gr. m. by Gohanna, dam by Medley, 5 yrs.....	dist.	
Thos. Willey's br. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs.....	dist.	
Time, 3:56—3:53.		

SATURDAY, Sept. 24—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Puckett & Robinson's b. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Tom Tough.....	1	1
Cary Tally's bl. c. by Imp. Margrave, dam by Tariff.....	2	2
John Alcock's b. c. by Imp. Priam.....	dr	
Time, 1:53—1:53.		

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as above. Sub. \$50 each. Mile heats.

W. H. Puckett's b. f. by Andrew, dam by Gohanna.....	3	1	1
Dr. George T. Kennan's b. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Arab.....	2	3	2
John A. T. Martin's b. c. by Imp. Margrave, dam by Sir Charles.....	1	2	3
Time, 1:53—1:57—1:57.			

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 20, 1842—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats

H. L. French's b. b. <i>Harry Hill</i> , by Imp. Chat Margaux—Imp. Anna Maria, 5 yrs.....	3	1	1
James Clark's c. <i>Pilot</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Oscar.....	2	3	2
K. Dye's (Col. Bogles) c. <i>James K. Polk</i> , by Traveller, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dr
Time, 3:57—4:03—4:17.			

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 21—Purse \$—, entrance money of the week, added to a silver cup, for 2 yr olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. One Mile.

H. L. French's b. f. <i>Ann Hays</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific.....	1
K. Dye's c. <i>Yellow Jacket</i> , by Cock of the Rock—George Booker's dam.....	2
R. F. G. Fleming's (H. Grace's) <i>Hond Cap</i> , by Hugh Lawson, d. by Young's Pacolet.....	3
Daniel Carmichael's b. f. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Bertrand.....	4
J. H. Jenkins' ch. c. <i>Glenayre</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Polly Claiborne.....	5
John McGhee's ch. c. <i>James Williams</i> , by Lurcher, dam by Imp. Leviathan.....	6
G. S. McBee's b. f. <i>Pocahontas</i> , by Mabry's Timeleon, dam unknown.....	7
Time, 1:54.	

THURSDAY, Sept. 22—Purse \$—, conditions as on Tuesday. Mile heats.

R. F. G. Fleming's f. <i>Lucy Benton</i> , by Hugh Lawson, dam by Moloch, 3 yrs.....	1	2	1
K. Dye's (Col. Bogle's) <i>James K. Polk</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	1	2
J. H. Jenkins' h. <i>John Vesty</i> , by Arab, dam by Medley, 5 yrs.....	dist.		
H. F. French's (B. Lane's) c. <i>Feliz Grundy</i> , by Imp. Merman, dam by Arab.....	dist.		
Time, 1:51—1:52—1:55½.			

FRIDAY, Sept. 23—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

H. L. French's (Saml. J. Carter's) b. f. by Bertrand—Martha Carter's dam.....	1	1
K. Dye's (Cox & Morris's) c. <i>Henry Clay</i> , by Cock of the Rock, 3 yrs.....	2	2
J. H. Jenkins' b. c. by Imp. Merman—Polly Claiborne by Imp. Merman, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.
Time, 6:09—6:01.		

Omitted Race at FAIRFIELD AND BROAD ROCK, VA.

THURSDAY, Sept. 22—Purse \$ —, conditions as be ore. Three mile heats.

L. Vaughan's f. by Imp. Priam, 3 yrs	1	1
Mr. Butts' h. <i>Flint</i> , by May-day, 5 yrs	2	2
Dr. T. Payne's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 6:52—6:17. Won easily

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Sept. 20, 1842—Purse \$ — free for all ages, 3 ys. 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Eddins and Williams' ch. f. <i>Tabitha</i> , by Hualpa dam by Phenomenon, 4 yrs.....	1	1
James M. Henderson's b. f. <i>Jane Austin</i> , by Bill Austin, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs...	3	2
James H. Irby's b. c. <i>High Pressure</i> , by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Tecumseh, 4 yrs.	2	3

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 21—Purse \$ —, conditions as before. Mile heats.

J. H. Irby's b. c. <i>Transit</i> , by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	1	1
P. E. Duncan's ch. f. by Young Virginian, dam by Harwood, 4 yrs.....	2	dr

THURSDAY, Sept. 22—Purse \$ —, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Eddins and Williams' ch. h. <i>Crichton</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Phenomenon, 5 yrs...	1	1
J. M. Henderson's gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, dam by Oscar, aged.....	2	2

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

MONDAY, Sept. 26, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

T. K. Handy's b. f. <i>Flush</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Conqueror.....	1	1
C. McLaren's br. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Amanda.....	3	2
Cage & Williams' gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon.....	3	dist.

Time, 4:13—4:11. Course heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Six subs. at \$200 each, \$50 ft. Two mile heats.

Isaac Franklin's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder	1	1
J. W. Bryan's b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Ann Page.....	2	dr
C. McLaren's ch. c. <i>Silk Worm</i> , by Marion, dam by Jerry	dist.	

Time, 4:17. A very easy race.

TUESDAY, Sept. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

H. M. Clay's ch. f. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	1	1
Geo. W. Cheatham's b. f. by John Richards, dam by Top Gallant, 3 yrs.....	2	2
C. Lewis' ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	3	3
H. & J. Kirkman's b. c. <i>Sam Park</i> , by The Saddler, out of Nanny Killen.....	fell	

Time, 4:15—4:16. Course heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 28—J. C. Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Cage & Williams' ch. f. <i>Arraline</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs..	1	1
H. M. Clay's b. h. <i>Epsilon</i> , by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 6:09½—6:12. Won very handily.

THURSDAY, Sept. 29—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Geo. Elliott's (Jas. Murrell's) ro. c. <i>Watkins</i> , by John Richards, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.....	3	1	1
H. Lewis' (C. McLaren's) f. <i>Clara Boardman</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	2	2	2
L. P. Cheatham's b. h. <i>Pickwick</i> , by Pacific, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....	4	3	3
C. Lewis' ch. m. <i>Maria Williams</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 6 yrs..	1	4	dr

Time, 3:52—3:59—4:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, conditions as before. Sub. \$25 each. Mile heats.

G. Crockett's ch. f. by Pacific, dam by Lance, 4 yrs.....	2	2	1	1
H. M. Clay's b. f. <i>Little Misery</i> , by Anvil, out of Anna Maria, 4 yrs	3	1	2	2
Jas. Murrell's b. c. by John Richards, dam by Whip, 4 yrs.....	4	4	3	r. o.
Geo. W. Cheatham's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Jerry, 3 yrs.....	5	5	4	r. o.
C. McLaren's b. c. by Imp. Consol, out of an Imp. mare by Woful, 4 yrs..	1	3	dist.	
Mr. Harvey's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wild Medley, 4 yrs.....	7	6	dist	
A. P. Yourie's b. c. by Pacific, out of Osceola's dam, 3 yrs.....	6	7	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:55—1:57½—2:00.

FRIDAY, Sept. 30—J. C. Purse \$500, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Cage & Williams' b. f. <i>Princess Ann</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 y	1	1
H. M. Clay's gr. f. <i>Nancy Campbell</i> , by Imp. Mern an, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs ..	2	2
C. Lewis' br. f. by Stumps, out of an Imp. mare by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 7:55—8:02.

SATURDAY, Oct. 1—Poststake for all ages, weights as before. Sub \$100 each, P. P. Three mile heats.

H. M. Clay's gr. m. <i>Flaxinella</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	1	1
H. & J. Kirkman's b. c. <i>Sam Park</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	2
C. Lewis' b. f. by John Richards, dam by Top Gallant, 3 yrs	dist.	

Time, 5:55—6:02.

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Sept. 27, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies, 83lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles	1	1
Maj. Jas. Burney's ch. f. by Cymon, dam by Lan-borough	2	2
M. Talbot's gr. f. by Arthur Taylor, out of Sally Hood		pd. ft.
Time, 1:53—1:54.		

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 28—Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs—4, 100 5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing mares and geldings 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Maj. Jas. Burney's b. f. <i>Polly Milam</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, d. by Escape, 4 yrs	2	3	1	1
Col. John L. White's ch. c. by Imp. Skylark, out of Nelly Webb, 4 yrs	1	2	2	2
Townes & Williamson's b. m. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Mons. Tonson, 6 yrs	3	1	3	3
Time, 3:49—4:11—4:00—3:53.				

THURSDAY, Sept. 29—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's br. c. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs	4	1	4	1
Col. Wm. McCargo's f. <i>Yellow Rose</i> , by Andrew, out of Tuberoze, 4 yrs	2	2	1	2
Col. J. L. White's b. m. <i>Nancy Lewis</i> , by Mous. Tonson, d. by Florizel, 5 y.	6	6	2	r. o.
P. R. Johnson's b. c. by Imp. Cetus, dam by Gohanna, 3 yrs	3	4	3	r. o.
Maj. Jas. Burney's b. c. <i>Velasco</i> , by Spark, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	5	5	5	dist.
Edmund Moore's b. f. <i>Zarella</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	1	3	3	
Time, 3:52—3:55—3:49—3:50.				

FRIDAY, Sept. 30—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats

Edmund Moore's b. m. <i>Margaret Blunt</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, 6 yrs.	5	1	1
Col. John L. White's b. h. <i>Wonder</i> , by Tycheicus, dam by Rob Roy, aged	2	4	2
P. R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>Nobleman</i> , by Imp. Cetus—Imp. My Lady by Comus, 4 yrs	5	2	3
Thos. Rosser's ch. f. <i>Peggy Hale</i> , by Imp. Skylark, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	4	7	4
Col. Wm. McCargo's b. h. <i>Eutaw</i> , by Imp. Chat. Margaux, d. by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	3	3	5
A. Gibson's ch. h. <i>Parker</i> , by Eclipse, out of Jane Shore, 5 yrs	6	dist.	
Time, 5:49—5:48—5:50.			

TRENTON N. J., EAGLE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 27, 1842—Match, \$200 a side. Mile heats.

Mr. Barber's c. by Busiris, dam by John Stanley, 3 yrs	1	1
Mr. Davis' ch. f. by Busiris, dam by John Stanley, 3 yrs	2	dist.*
Time, 1:55—2d heat no time kept. * Distanced in consequence of boy falling off.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a side. Mile heats.

R. J. Lowe's gr. g. by Childers 6 yrs	1	1
Mr. Drake's ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, 4 yrs	2	2
Time, 1:54—1:58.		

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each, \$25 ft. Mile heats.

Charles S. Lloyd's b. c. Own Brother to Hornblower, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards			rec'd ft.
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WEDNESDAY, Sept. 28—Purse \$150, \$50 to go to second horse, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs; 3lbs. allowed to mares, fillies, and geldings. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Chas. S. Lloyd's o. f. <i>Mary Stewart</i> , by Valentine, dam by Henry, 4 yrs	1	1	1
R. J. Lowe's ch. c. <i>Gloucester</i> , by Middlesex, 3 yrs	3	3	2
Mr. Drake's ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, 4 yrs	2	2	3
Time, 2:00—1:55—1:53.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, \$25 to go to second best horse, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Charles S. Lloyd's b. c. Own brother to Hornblower, 3 yrs	1	1
Mr. Komey's ch. c. by John Stevens, dam by Leopold, 4 yrs	2	2
Mr. Dougherty's <i>Kitty Clover</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs		dist.
Time, 1:55—2:03.		

THURSDAY, Sept. 29—Purse \$250, \$50 to go to second best horse, conditions as before. Two mile heats

Samuel Laird's (Mr. Longstreet's) ch. h. <i>Clarion</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, aged	1	1
James B. Kendall's gr. h. <i> Hector Bell</i> , by Drone, out of Mary Randolph, 5 yrs	2	2
Time, 3:56—3:57.—Won easy.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, \$25 to go to second best horse, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (Mr. McDaniel's) b. c. <i>Delaware</i> , by Mingo, 3 yrs	1	1
R. J. Lowe's gr. g. by Childers, 6 yrs	2	dist.
Time, 1:52½—1:59.		

FRIDAY, Sept. 30—Purse \$400, \$100 to go to second best horse, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') b. h. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark—Bonnet's o' Blue, 6 yrs	3	1	1
Mr. Coddington's b. h. <i>Truxton</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Princess, 5 yrs	1	2	2
Jas. K. Van Mater's b. f. <i>Diana Syntax</i> , by Doctor Syntax, out of Diana, 4 yrs	2	3	3
D. Tom's gr. f. <i>Charlotte Cushman</i> , by Charles Kemble—Trifle's dam, 4 yrs	4	dist.	
Time, 5:53—5:47—5:52. A capital race.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, \$25 to go to second best horse, conditions as before Mile heats.
 Mr. Barber's ch. c. *Stanley Eclipse*, by *Busiris*, dam by John Stanley, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Samuel Laird's b. c. by Mingo, dam by John Richards, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 1:55—1:55

NEW YORK, UNION COURSE, L. I.

TUESDAY, Oct. 4, 1842—Purse \$300, free for all ages, \$50 to go to the second horse.
 Weights—3 yr. olds, 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
 Samuel Laird's (Mr. Longstreet's) ch. h. *Clarian*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, aged..... *Joseph Laird*. 1 1
 Chas. S. Lloyd's o. f. *Mary Stewart*, by Imp. Valentine, dam by Henry, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 H. A. Conover's (W. Livingston's) ch. f. *Columbia*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Je-mima (Job's dam) by Rattler, 4 yr..... 3 dist.
 Time, 3:59—3:56½.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, \$75 ft. Mile heats.
 F. T. Porter's (Capt. Geo. Sutton's) ch. f. *Princess*, by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Hope by Sir Archy..... *Peter Cooper*. 1 1
 S. Laird's ch. c. *Cæsar*, by Mingo, out of Jane Maria by Henry..... 2 2
 Time, 1:53½—1:59.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 5—Purse \$500, conditions as before; \$100 to 2d best horse. Three mile heats.
 Maj. Wm. Jones' b. h. *Treasurer*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove (Zenobia's dam) by Ducoc, 6 yrs..... *John Remsen*. 1 1
 S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. h. *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Fashion's dam) by Sir Charles, 6 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 5:55½—5:46.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$50, free for all ages, \$10 entrance, added, weights as before. Mile heats.
 F. T. Porter's (Capt. Geo. Sutton's) b. f. *Prima Danna*, by Imp. Priam, out of Lady Rowland by Tariiff, 4 yrs..... *P. Cooper*. 1 1
 H. A. Conover's (D. Abbott's) ch. h. *Miracle*, by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse, 7 yrs..... 2 2
 C. S. Lloyd's (H. K. Toler's) ch. c. *Red Gauntlet*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga, 4 yrs..... 3 dr.
 Time, 1:51—1:54.

THURSDAY, Oct. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bon-nets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... walked over
SAME DAY—Purse \$50, conditions as on Wednesday. Mile heats.
 Chas. S. Lloyd's br. c. Own Brother to Hornblower, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards, 3 yrs..... walked over

BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY.

FIRST DAY (date omitted, but in September.)—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.
 W. W. Bacon's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Henry, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 C. Weathers' b. c. *Nelson*, dam by Reform, 3 yrs..... 3 2
 T. S. Drane's gr. h. *Rynodine*, by Pacific, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs..... 2 3
 F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. h. *Cowboy*, by Medoc, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs..... 5 4
 D. S. Slaughter's b. h. *Gov. Wickliffe*, by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs..... 4 5
 Time, 1:51½—1:51. Cowboy greatly amiss.

SECOND DAY—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. f. *Motto*, by Imp Barefoot, out of Lady Tompkins by Eclipse, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 H. W. Farris' b. f. *Lucretia Noland*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Francis Ann by Frank, 3 yrs..... 3 2
 W. W. Bacon's ch. c. *Burgoo*, by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs..... 2 3
 S. Davenport's b. f. by Eclipse, dam by Columbus, 3 yrs..... aist.

THIRD DAY—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 T. S. Drane's ch. f. *Ailsay Scroggins*, by Giles Scroggins, dam by Pirate, 4 yrs.. 1 2 1
 W. W. Bacon's b. f. *Livolta*, by Medoc, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs..... 5 5 2
 H. W. Farris' br c. *Denmark*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Betsey Harrison, 3 yrs.. 4 1 3
 James Shy's b. h. *Robert Bruce*, by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 6 yrs..... 2 4 4
 F. G. Murphy & Co.'s b. f. *Tranbiana*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Lady Tompkins by Eclipse, 4 yrs..... 3 3 5
 Time, 5:57—5:46—5:54½.

FOURTH DAY—Proprietor's Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 W. W. Bacon's ch. c. *McIntyre*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, - yrs..... 1 1 2 3 1
 F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. f. *Motto*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 3 2 3 2 2
 H. W. Farris' b. f. *Lucretia Noland*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 3 1 1 3
 Time, 1:54—1:49—1:51—1:50.

ALEXANDRIA D.C., MOUNT VERNON COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 4, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs at \$50 each, P.P., to which the proprietor added \$150. Mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's gr. f. <i>Kitty Harris</i> ,* by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler.....	William	1	1
James B. Kendall's ch. c. <i>Tommy Wakefield</i> , by Drone, dam by Eclipse.....		3	2
E. J. Wilson's b. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Marion.....		2	3
W. Dorbaker's b. c. by Mazeppa, out of Josephine.....		4	dist.
Joseph Crain's b. f. by Imp. Priam.....			pd. ft.

Time, 1:51—1:53. *Kitty carried 8lbs. over weight.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Maj. Thomas Doswell's b. f. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Director, 4 yrs.....	Jack.	1	1
Col. William Duvall's b. h. <i>Rienzi</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Diomed, 6 yrs.....		3	2
J. Goodwin's b. h. <i>Astor</i> , by Ivanhoe, out of Tritip by Mars, 6 yrs.....		2	3
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Tyler</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Kate Kearney, 5 yrs.....		4	dist.
R. McGregor's ch. c. by Prophet, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.....			dist.

Time, 3:51½—3:49.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 5—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$300 each. \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's gr. c. <i>Register</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Maria Louisa.....		1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Gohanna.....		3	2
Maj. T. Doswell's br. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Tom Tough.....		2	3

Time, 3:50—3:48½.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Citizen's Plate of Alexandria \$200, conditions as for Tuesday's purse. Two mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's br. c. by Imp. Margrave, dam by Valen ine, 3 yrs.....		4	1	1
J. Goodwin's b. h. <i>Astor</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....		5	2	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Conservative</i> , by Eclipse, d. by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....		2	3	dist.
Maj. T. Doswell's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....		1	5	dr.
G. Loudenslager's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of I.C., 4 yrs.....		3	4	dr.
Col. Wm. Duvall's bl. h. <i>St. Pierre</i> , by Pamunkey, dam by La Fayette, 5 yrs.....				drawn.

Time, 3:49—3:49—3:55.

THURSDAY, Oct. 6—Citizen's Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Maj. T. Doswell's b. f. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Director, 4 yrs...	1	1	1
George Milhan's b. f. <i>Duchess</i> , by Coronet, dam by Tariff, 4 yrs.....	2	2	2
E. J. Wilson's b. f. <i>Miss Letty</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Marion, 3 yrs.....			drawn.

Time, 1:53—1:53½—1:55.

FRIDAY, Oct. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

James Long's b. f. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Firtilla Jun. by Sir Archly...	1	1
Wm. Mershon's (Dr. Neale's) b. h. <i>Rienzi</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	2	2
Maj. T. Doswell's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 6:01—5:49.

SATURDAY, Oct. 8—Proprietor's Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats

Col. F. Thompson's gr. a. <i>Milton Brown</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler, 4 yrs.....	1	2	1
Col. Benj. G. Harris' b. h. <i>Reliance</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Cupeper by Carolinian, 7 yrs.....	3	3	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 9 yrs.....	2	1	3

Time, 8:09—7:55—7:49.

LOUISVILLE, KY., OAKLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 4, 1842—Oakland Stakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Twelve subs. at \$25 each; the Proprietor to give a Silver Cup, value \$25 to the winner. Mile heats.

Jas. M. Shanklin's b. f. <i>Kate Anderson</i> , by Columbus, out of Eaglet by Imp. Eagle.....	1	1
M. McCumy's b. f. by Imp. Mermin, dam by Sir Richard.....	2	2
Samuel Brenkman's b. c. by Woodpecker, out of Fanny Wright by Silverheels.....	3	dist.
Benj. Malony's br. f. by Birmingham, dam by Whip.....	4	dist.
Dani. E. Jones' ch. c. <i>Marcus</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Hamiltonian.....		dist.
James A. Rogers' ch. c. <i>Chance</i> , by Charter, dam unknown.....		dist.

Time, 1:53—1:55.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 5—Proprietor's Purse \$300, entrance \$30, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds to carry 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Wm. P. Greer's b. f. <i>Sally Shannon</i> (late Ida), by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Wm. S. Buford, Jr.'s, br. f. <i>Camilla</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Picayune's dam by Sir William of Transpert, 3 yrs.....	3	2
D. Heinsoln's (Dr. E. Warfield's) br. m. <i>Alice Carneal</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Rowena by Sumpter, 6 yrs.....	2	3
Fred. Herr's ch. f. <i>Maria Wilkins</i> , by Imp. Envoy, dam by Moses, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.

First Heat.

Time of 1st mile.....	1:54	Time of 1st mile.....	1:57
“ “ 2d “.....	1:55	“ “ 2d “.....	1:52
Time of 1st heat.....	3:49	Time of 2d heat.....	3:49

THURSDAY, Oct. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$40, free for all ages, conditions as above. Three mile heats.

Wm. S. Buford, Jr.'s, b. c. <i>Bob Letcher</i> , by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.....	1	1
John A. Holton & Co.'s br. f. <i>Mary Bell</i> , by Seagull, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs....	3	2
D. Heinsohn's (Dr. E. Warfield's) b. f. <i>Isola</i> , by Bertrand, out of Susette by Aratus, 3 yrs.....	2	3
Win. Reed's ch. c. <i>Rapides</i> , by Imp. Skylark, out of Margaret May by Pacific, 3 yrs. drawn		

First heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of 1st mile.....	2:03	Time of 1st mile.....	1:56
“ “ 2d “.....	2:03	“ “ 2d “.....	1:53
“ “ 3d “.....	1:53	“ “ 3d “.....	2:06
Time of 1st heat.....	5:59	Time of 2d heat.....	5:55

FRIDAY, Oct. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 D. Heinsohn's b. f. *Miss Foote*, by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Gabrielle by Partisan, 4 yrs.....Monk 1 1
 James K Duke's ch. h. *Blacknose*, by Medoc, out of Lucy by Orphan, 6 yrs.... dist.
 C. W. Kennedy's (Dr. E. H. Watson's) br. c. *Bazzaris*, by Eclipse, dam by Superior, 4 yrs..... dist.

Time, 7:47½. Blacknose was pulled up at the end of the 3d mile by mistake.

SATURDAY, Oct. 8—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5

F. G. Brengman's b. c. <i>Tiberias</i> , by Imp. Priam—Fanny Wright by Silverheels, 4 yrs.....	4	1	2	2	1	1
Wm. W. Bacon's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Henry, 3 yrs.....	1	2	5	4	2	2
John A. Holton & Co.'s b. f. <i>Mary Bell</i> , by Seagull, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	3	4	1	1	4	3
Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. c. <i>Kenton</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs	5	6	4	5	3	r. o.
Chas. Buford's b. c. <i>Presentment</i> , by Ino. Richards, d. by Whip, 4 yrs	2	3	3	3	5	r. o.
F. Herr's b. f. <i>Medina</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	6	5	6	5	8	dist.
Time, 1:48½—1:51—1:54—1:51—1:53—1:55½.						

PARIS, TENNESSEE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 4, 1842—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Six subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Maj. E. Travis' gr. c. <i>Buzfuz</i> , by Medley, dam by Imp. Luzborough.....	1	1
G. C. Hurt's gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Bloody Nathan's dam.....	2	dist.
Jeptha Gardner's ch. c. <i>Doubleton</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Leviathan.....	3	dist.
Time, 1:57—1:57. Won easy.		

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$150, entrance \$20, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Judge Wm. R. Harris' b. f. by Telegraph, dam by Eaton's Columbus, 4 yrs....	3	1	1
Willie Taylor's bl. c. <i>Hurry Bluff</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Pakenham, 4 yrs....	2	2	dr
G. C. Hurt's gr. c. <i>Garrick</i> , by Imp. Shakespeare, d. by Eaton's Columbus, 3 yrs..	1	3	dr
Rip E. Dunlap's b. m. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Marion, 5 yrs.....	4	dr	
Time, 3:53—4:10. Won very easy by the filly.			

THURSDAY, Oct. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$250, entrance \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. A Thorpe's ch. f. <i>Prospect</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina Smith by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	1	1
G. L. Bumpass' ch. f. <i>Merab</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.
H. H. Brown's b. c. <i>Col. Potter</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs....	3	dist.
M. H. Simmon's ch. c. by Stockholder, dam by Aristotle, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.
W. Scott Hayne's (Dr. Jourdan's) b. h. <i>John Bateman</i> , by Chesterfield, dam by Contentation, 4 yrs.....	6	dist.
J. W. Hewitt's b. c. <i>Courmedon</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs..	5	dr
Time, 5:53—5:52.		

FRIDAY, Oct. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$120, entrance \$15, to be added to the purse; conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Willie Taylor's bl. h. <i>Harry Bluff</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	4	3	1	1	1
Rip E. Dunlap's b. m. by Mons. Monson, dam by Marion, 5 yrs.....	2	1	2	2	2
Blake Barefield's (E. Dunbar's) b. c. <i>Ball Honnet</i> , by Telegraph, dam unknown, 4 yrs.....	3	4	3	3	3
Thos. E. Jourdan's b. f. <i>Diana</i> , by Imp. Whale, d. by Sir William, 4 yrs....	1	2	4	4	4
Time, 1:55—1:56½—1:57—1:54—2:00.					

SATURDAY, Oct. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$80, entrance \$15, to be added to the purse conditions as before. Mile heats.

G. C. Hurt's gr. c. <i>Garrick</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Willie Taylor's b. f. <i>Virago</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Alphan, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.
Rip E. Dunlap's (J. Garance's) b. f. by Imp. Shakespeare, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs....	3	dist.
Time, 1:56—1:53.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, subs. \$25, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Charles Crutchfield's b. h. <i>Alborac</i> , by Telegraph, dam by Monday, 6 yrs.....	3	1	1
Dr. W. J. Hewitt's ch. h. by Red Rover, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....	0	3	2
Edward Chamber's b. c. <i>Wolf</i> , by Flournoy's Arabian, dam by Moderator by Eclipse, 3 yrs.....	0	2	3
Time, 2:03—2:05—2:07.			

SHAWNEETOWN, ILLINOIS.

TUESDAY, Oct. 4, 1842—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

G. R. Southerland's (W. C. Gray's) b. m. <i>America</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Democrat, 5 yrs.....	3	1	1
L. W. Leavill's b. h. <i>Mississippi</i> , by John Dawson, dam by Partnership, 6 yrs.....	1	2	2
G. B. Field's b. f. <i>Nancy Mac</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs....	2	3	3
Time, 1:52—1:53—1:56.			

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 5—Purse \$125, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

S. Cox's b. c. by Imp. Claret, dam by Painful, 4 yrs.....	1	1
L. W. Leavill's ch. f. by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs.....	2	2
J. W. Norton's ch. h. <i>Ashland</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 6 yrs.....	3	dr
Time, 4:03—4:06.		

THURSDAY, Oct. 6—Purse \$175, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

L. W. Leavill's ch. c. <i>Tom Chilton</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Childers, 3 yrs.....	1	1
S. Cox's b. h. <i>Dean Swift</i> , by John Dawson, dam by Will Sanders, 5 yrs.....	2	2
A. McCallen's b. h. <i>Oregon</i> , by Sir Leslie, dam by Havoc, 5 yrs.....	dist.	
Time, 5:58—6:24.		

FRIDAY, Oct. 7—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

G. R. Southerland's (W. C. Gray's) b. m. <i>America</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	1	1	1
Dr. Logan's ch. h. <i>Prince Albert</i> , by Stockhold r, dam ———, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2
L. W. Leavill's b. h. <i>Tippecanoe</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs.....	3	3	3
Time, 1:54—1:55½—1:54.			

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., CENTRAL COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 4, 1842—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

G. Coffeen, Jr.'s b. f. <i>Belle Taylor</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	1	1
G. Webb's ch. h. <i>Miss Heels</i> , by Orange Boy, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs.....	3	2
Wm. McFadden's ch. c. <i>Black Foot</i> , by Medoc, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 4 yrs.....	2	3
Daniel Ulrey's ch. f. <i>Madame Araline</i> , by Medoc, dam by Cadmus, 4 yrs.....	4	dist
Time, 1:55—1:56.		

THURSDAY, Oct. 6—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

William McFadden's ch. c. <i>Black Foot</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
G. Coffeen, Jr.'s — <i>Tasso</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	4	2	dist
Washington Bruce's — <i>Bela Badger</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fearnought by Janus, 6 yrs.....	2	3	dist
T. B. Scrogg's — <i>Miss Bailey</i> , by Imp. Merman, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	1	dist.	
Wm. Mansur's — <i>Beggar Girl</i> , by Orphan Boy, dam by Imp. Contract, 4 yrs.....	dist.		
Time, 3:54—3:59—4:01.			

FRIDAY, Oct. 7—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Washington's Bruce's gr. g. <i>Bertrand</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Orphan Boy, 5 yrs....	1	1
G. Webb's ch. c. <i>John Archie</i> , by John Richards, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs....	2	2
G. Coffeen, Jr.'s — <i>Mary Ann Furman</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Lady Galleyrand by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....	3	3
William McFadden's ch. h. <i>Little Red</i> , by Medoc, out of Martha Darneal, by Sumpter, 6 yrs.....	4	dist
Time, 5:58—5:56.		

SATURDAY, Oct. 8—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

G. Coffeen, Jr.'s <i>Polly Ellis</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Rosalind by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs.....	4	1	3	1	1
G. Webb's — <i>Woodpecker</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Gallatin, 6 yrs.....	0	3	1	2	2
T. B. Scrogg's — <i>Miss Bailev</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	3	2	2	3	3
Dan. Ulrey's — <i>Abner Hunter</i> , by Medoc, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs.....	0	dist			
Time, 1:54—2:01—2:02—2:04—1:59.					

PITTSYLVANIA C. H., VIRGINIA.

THURSDAY, Oct. 6, 1842—Purse \$150, entrance \$10, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7, and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's b. c. <i>Brown-stout</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	1	1
John L. White's ch. c. <i>Lehigh</i> , by Imp. Skylark, out of Nelly Webb, 4 yrs.....	2	2
James Burney's ch. c. <i>Swaine</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Union, 3 yrs.....	dist.	
Time, 3:55—4:00.		

FRIDAY, Oct. 7—Purse \$150, ent. \$10; conditions as above. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

James Burney's b. f. <i>Dolly Milam</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Escape, 3 yrs.....	2	3	1	1	1
John L. White's b. h. <i>Wonder</i> , by Tychicus, dam by Rob Roy, aged.....	3	2	3	2	2
Townes & Williamson's ch. f. <i>Taglioni</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	1	1	2	dr	
Time, 1:51½—1:51—1:58—2:02—2:01.					

SATURDAY, Oct. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$20; conditions as above. Three mile heats.
 E. C. Moore's b. m. *Margaret Blunt*, by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 6 yrs..... 1 1
 John L. White's b. m. *Nanny Lewis*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Florizel, 5 yrs..... 3 2
 Wm. McCargo's ch. f. *Yellow Rose*, by Andrew, out of Tube Rose, 4 yrs..... 2 dr
 James Burney's b. m. *Leanna*, by Imp. Felt, dam by Washington, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 5:56—6:04.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

MONDAY, Oct. 10, 1842—Post Match for \$500 a side, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Thos. W. Lane & Co.'s b. f. *Lizzy Hewitt*, by Ivanhoe, out of Princess Anne by
 Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs., 97lbs..... 1 1
 Jesse Guildersleeve's (M. & L. Beach's) b. f. *Prunella*, by Imp. Trustee, out of
 Imp. Woodbine, 3 yrs., 83lbs..... 2 2
 Time, 2:02—2:05. Course heavy.

TUESDAY, Oct. 11—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr olds carrying 86lbs.,
 —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7, and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings.
 Mile heats.
 Capt. Willa Viley's b. c. *Tom Marshall*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 J. P. White's b. f. by John Richards, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs..... 3 2
 Boone, Jackson & Co.'s b. c. *Grampus*, by Shark, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs... 2 3
 James Simpson's ch. f. *Lizzy Key*, by Brown Sumpter, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs..... 4 4
 Alexander Moore's gr. h. by Peacemaker, dam unknown, aged..... dist.
 Time, 1:56—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 12 Citizens' Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats
 John P. White's ch. m. *Nancy Buf. rd.*, by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs..... 4 1 1
 James Simpson's (Maj. Marshall's) b. f. *Patty Buford*, by Mazeppa, dam by
 Rattler, 4 yrs..... 1 4 2
 T. S. Drane's (Murphy & Hunter's) b. f. *Tranby Anna*, by Imp. Tranby, dam
 by Eclipse, 4 yrs..... 5 2 3
 Boone, Jackson & Co.'s ch. c. *Langham*, by Medoc. d. by Cumberland, 4 yrs... 2 5 dr
 Jesse Guildersleeve's ch. f. *Mary Spots*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Car-
 price, 3 yrs..... 3 3 dist.
 Time, 3:54—3:55—3:53.

THURSDAY, Oct. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Capt. Willa Viley's (Thos. H. Clay's) b. m. *Argentile*, by Bertrand, out of Alle-
 grante by Imp. Truffle, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 T. S. Diane's (Murphy & Hunter's) ch. f. *Motto*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by
 Eclipse, 3 yrs..... 3 2
 Boone, Jackson & Co.'s ch. f. *Ann Stewart*, by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs... 2 3
 John P. White's ch. c. by Imp. Trustee, out of Highland Mary by Eclipse, 4 yrs 4 dist.
 J. McComb's b. m. *Betsey Baker*, by Stockholder, dam by Giant, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 5:55—5:54.

FRIDAY, Oct. 14—J. C. Purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Capt. W. Viley's b. f. *Sally Hardin*, by Bertrand, out of Peggy Stewart by
 Whip, 4 yrs..... 1 2 0 1
 Boone, Jackson & Co.'s ch. c. *Ecliptic*, by Eclipse, dam by Moses, 4 yrs.... 4 1 0 dr
 J. P. White's b. h. *Ben Barkley*, by Pushpin, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs..... 5 3 3
 Thos. W. Lane's b. m. *Lizzy Hewitt*, by Ivanhoe, out of Princess Anne, by
 Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs..... 3 5 4
 John Simpson's b. f. *Patty Buford*, by Mazeppa, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs..... 2 4 5
 Time, 8:02—8:00—8:13.

SATURDAY, Oct. 15—Proprietor's Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats,
 best 3 in 5.
 T. S. Drane's ch. f. *Ailsey Scroggins*, by Giles Scroggins, d. by Pirate, 4 yrs... 2 1 1 1
 Capt. W. Viley's ch. m. *Oglenah*, by Medoc, out of Maria by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs 1 2 2 2
 Time, 1:55—1:51—1:52—1:54.

COLUMBIA, TENN. ASHLAND COURSE.

MONDAY, Oct. 10, 1842.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs.
 at \$300 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Lucius J. & Rufus K. Polk's b. c. *Lennox*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Rosalind rec. ft.
 TUESDAY, Oct. 11.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at
 \$100 each P. P. Mile heats.

L. J. & R. K. Polk's b. f. *The Colonel's Daughter*, by The Colonel, out of Imp Vari-
 ella by Blacklock..... 1 1
 C. McLaren's b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of an Imp. mare, by Morisco..... 2 2
 J. H. Wilson's br. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Imp. Bluster..... dist.
 Time, 1:50—1:51. Track 54 feet over a mile, and deep with dust.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three
 subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

L. J. & R. K. Polk's ch. c. *Vagrant*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga..... 1 1
 J. H. Wilson's b. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Conqueror..... 2 2
 Time, 3:53—3:56.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 12—Jockey Club Purse \$250, ent \$20 added, free for all ages, 3 yr.
 olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to
 mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Robt. Smith's (B. Johnson's) ch. h. *Bois d'Arc*, by Eclipse, d. by Contention, 5 yrs 2 1 1
 H. M. Clay's ch. f. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs..... 3 2 2
 M. G. Lewis' (Capt. John Tyler's) b. f. *Aliquippa*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Polly
 Jefferson by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs..... 1 dist
 Time, 3:51—3:51—3:56.

THURSDAY, Oct. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$375, entrance \$30 added, weights as before.

Three mile heats.

R. Smith's (B. Johnson's) ch. c. by Pacific, dam by Bagdad, 3 yrs.....	1	1
H. M. Clay's gr. f. <i>Nancy Campbell</i> , by Imp. Merman, d. by Clay's Sir William, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 5:52—5:57.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, P.P. One mile.

N. Porter's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	1
John Bachelor's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	2
M. S. Pillon's b. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.....	3
Time, 1:52.	

FRIDAY, Oct. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$250, ent. \$20 added, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Charles McLaren's br. f. <i>Clara</i> , by Imp. Consol, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	4	1	1
L. J. & R. K. Polk's gr. g. by Imp. Fop, out of Lezinka by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs.....	1	2	2
M. G. Lewis' (Capt. John Tyler's) b. h. <i>Pharold</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs.....	2 dist.		
Benj. Johnson's ch. c. <i>Bob Rucker</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	3 dist.		
Time, 3:55—3:47—3:58.			

SATURDAY, Oct. 15—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, each to carry 80lbs. Seven subs. at \$50 each, P.P. One mile.

M. G. Lewis' b. f. <i>Effie</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder.....	1
Alfred Harrison's b. g. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.....	2
R. L. Whiteside's bl. c. by Imp. Ainderby, dam by Pacolet.....	3
Beverley Rees' ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Virginian.....	4
Thomas Smith's ch. g. by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Stockholder.....	5
M. S. Pillon's ch. c. by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Stockholder.....	6
T. K. Handy's ch. c. by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Sir Archy.....	pd.ft
Time, 1:53	

SAME DAY—Second Race—The Edmonson Plate, value \$100, ent. \$10 added, free for all ages, weights as before. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Imp. Bluster, 3 yrs.....	1	1
H. M. Clay's b. f. by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Benj. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Bois d'Arc</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.
N. Porter's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.
Charles McLaren's b. c. <i>Moloch</i> , by Muley Moloch, out of an Imp. m. by Teners.....	5	dist.
Time, 1:50—1:51.		

WASHINGTON, D. C., NATIONAL COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 11, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's gr. c. <i>Register</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Maria Louisa by Mons. Tonson.....	rec'd ft.
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SAME DAY—Proprietor's Purse \$100, for 3 yr. olds that never won a race, with \$20 added. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. c. by Imp. Priam.....	1	1
James B. Kendall's ch. f. <i>Rosetta</i> , by Drone.....	3	2
R. McGregor's b. f. by Imp. Priam.....	2	3
Otway P. Hare's c. <i>Sambo</i> , by Mingo.....	4	4
D. Crawford's b. f. <i>Rosa Matilda</i> , by Imp. Felt.....	5	5
Time, 1:50—1:52.		

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 12—Ladies' Purse \$200, ent. \$10 free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. f. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Director, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Wm. Johnson's b. n. <i>Tyler</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Kate Kearney, 5 yrs.....	4	2
Wm. Merston's bl. h. <i>St. Pierre</i> , by Pamunky.....	2	3
Wm. Holmead's b. h. <i>Astor</i> , by Ivanhoe.....	2	4
Time, 3:53—3:51.		

THURSDAY, Oct. 13—Proprietor's Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.....	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. h. <i>Esop</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Trumpetta.....	2	2
Maj. Thomas Doswell's b. f. <i>Emily Thomas</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Tom Tough.....	3	3
William Merston's b. c. by Imp. Felt, dam by Walnut.....	dist.	
Time, 5:54—6:02.		

FRIDAY, Oct. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Col. F. Thompson's b. c. <i>Pryor</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 7:54—7:57½.		

BALTIMORE, Md., KENDALL COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 18, 1849—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's gr. f. <i>Kitty Harris</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler.....	1	1
John K. Simpson's (J. Ridgely's) b. c. by Mazeppa, out of Florence.....	2	2
E. J. Wilson's b. f. <i>Miss Litty</i> , by Imp. Priam.....	pd.ft	
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Will-go's dam.....	pd.ft	
Wm. Dorbaker's ch. c. by Imp. Margrave.....	pd.ft	
Time, 1:52—1:54.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, conditions as before ; four subs. at \$20 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's gr. c. <i>Register</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Maria Louisa.....	rec'd ft.
James B Kendall's ch. f. <i>Rosette</i>	pd. ft.
E. J. Wilson's b. c. <i>Gosport</i>	pd. ft.
Wm. Dorbaker's br. c. by Mazeppa	pd. ft.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 19—Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

B. G. Harris' (Dr. Neal's) b. h. <i>Rienzi</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Peggy White, 6 yrs.....	7	1	1
R. J. Worthington's b. h. <i>Astor</i> , by Ivanhoe, out of Tripit by Mars, 6 yrs.....	6	8	2
James B. Kendall's ch. c. <i>Tommy Wakefield</i> , by Drone, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs.....	8	2	3
T. R. S. Boyce's b. f. <i>Modesty</i> , by Mazeppa, dam by Stannard, 4 yrs.....	1	5	4
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. c. <i>Tyler</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Kate Kearney, 4 yrs.....	4	4	5
John K. Simpson's b. c. <i>Tasso</i> , by Imp. Felt, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs.....	2	6	6
Dr. Duvall's b. c. by Sir James, out of Wonder's dam, 4 yrs.....	3	7	dr.
O. P. Hare's ch. c. <i>Æsop</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	5	3	dist.

Time, 3:52—3:49—3:51.

THURSDAY, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's gr. c. <i>Register</i> , pedigree before, 3 yrs.....	1	1
James B. Kendall's ch. f. <i>Rosette</i> , by Drone, 3 yrs.....	2	2
E. J. Wilson's br. c. <i>Gosport</i> , by Imp. Margrave, 3 yrs.....	3	3
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....		dr.

Time, 5:45—5:49.

FRIDAY, Oct. 21—Purse \$600, entrance \$30, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 9 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Francis Thompson's gr. c. <i>Willton Brown</i> , ownbrother to Kitty Harris, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Col. B. G. Harris's b. h. <i>Reliance</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Calpeper by Carolinian, 7 yrs.....		2 dist
T. R. S. Boyce's br. c. <i>Spectre</i> , by Imp. Apparition, dam by Sussex, 4 yrs.....		4 dist

Time, 8:09—7:57.

MECKLENBURG, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 18, 1842—The Benbow Stakes, for 3 yr. old colts and fillies got by Benbow ; 8lbs. each. Five subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. One mile.

James Williamson's b. f. <i>Tishannah</i> , out of Fidgety Eclipse.....	1
Eaton G. Fiel's b. f., dam by Mons. Tonson.....	2
Nathaniel Nelson's b. f., dam by Imp. Luzoorough.....	pd. ft.
George W. Williamson's b. f., dam by Imp. Hedgford.....	pd. ft.
Edmund Townes' b. f., dam by Matton.....	pd. ft.

Time not given.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 19—Proprietor's Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's b. c. <i>Regent</i> , by Imp. Priam—Fantail by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Wm. McCargo's ch. f. <i>Yellow Rose</i> , by Andrew—Tuberose by Arab, 4 yrs.....	2	di

Time not given.

THURSDAY, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Maj. Jas. Burney's b. f. <i>Dolly Milom</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Escape, 4 yrs.....	1	1
E. C. Moore's b. m. <i>Margaret Blount</i> by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 6 yrs.....	2	2
Col. Wm. McCargo's b. m. <i>Funny Green</i> , by Imp. Trustee—Betsy Archy, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 6:05—6:03.

FRIDAY, Oct. 21—Purse \$100, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Townes & Williamson's ch. f. <i>Tagliani</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Wm. McCargo's ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Maj. Jas. Burney's b. m. <i>Leannah</i> , by Imp. Felt, dam by Washington, 5 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 1:57—1:55. Won easy.

JAS. WILLIAMSON, Prop'r.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

TUESDAY, Oct. 25, 1842—Purse \$100, ent. \$10, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

William Brewer's ch. c. <i>Captain Tyler</i> , by Ocean, dam unknown.....	2	2	1	1
Thos. B. Scruggs' b. c. <i>Bardock</i> , by Wade Hampton, out of Byronette.....	3	1	2	2
John Kimball's ch. f. <i>Cranberry</i> , by Henry Archy, dam by Florizel.....	1	3	*	
George Glascock's b. c. <i>Trick</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Woodbine.....				†

Time, 1:57—1:59—2:08. * Bolted and threw her rider. † Bolted 1st heat.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 26—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs —4, 100 —5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

A. O. Garrett's b. f. <i>Patsey Bu'ord</i> , by Mazeppa, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Thos. B. Scruggs' f. <i>Miss Bailey</i> , by Imp. Mermaid, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 3:49—3:59.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., MONTGOMERY COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 7, 1842—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

G. H. Sinclair's (N. Cunningham's) ch. f. <i>Madame Arraline</i> , by Medoc, dam by Cadmus, 4 yrs	1	1
C. S. Holden's ro. c. <i>Tippecanoc</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Thornton's Rattler, 3 yrs ..	2	dist.
Wm. Galvin's ch. c. <i>Boston</i> , by Red Hawk, dam by Aratus, 3 yrs		dist.
Time, 1:54—1:56.		

THURSDAY, Sept. 8—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats. C. S. Holden's b. c. *Jo Davis*, by Eclipse, out of Virginia Washington by Saxe Weimar, 4 yrs

D. Ullery's b. c. <i>Abner Hunter</i> , by Medoc, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 4 yrs	1	1
Wm. Weekly's b. h. <i>Radzville</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Whipster, aged		dist.
Wm. Tichenor's br. c. <i>Zook</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Trumpator, 3 yrs		dist.
Time, 3:54—4:00.		

FRIDAY, Sept. 9—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

D. Ullery's b. c. <i>Abner Hunter</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1	1
C. S. Holden's ch. h. <i>Little Red</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 6 yrs	0	2	2
W. Tichenor's ch. c. <i>Sir Henry</i> , by Red Hawk, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs	0	3	dr
C. Galvin's b. c. <i>Victor</i> , by Victor, dam by Black Monkey, 4 yrs	4		dist.
Time, 2:05—1:55—1:56.			

SATURDAY, Sept. 10—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats.

C. S. Holden's b. c. <i>Jo Davis</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs	1	1
D. Ullery's b. c. <i>Judge Trimble</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs	2	2
Time, 1:55—1:56.		

HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss., WAGNER COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1—Jockey Club Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

S. T. Drane's ch. f. <i>Motto</i> , by Imp. Barefoot—Lady Tompkins by Eclipse, 3 yrs ..	1	1
J. Beck's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lynedoch's dam, 3 yrs	2	2
Hays & McKinzie's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	3	dist.
M. D. Sims' ch. c. by Stockholder, dam by Aristotle, 4 yrs	5	dist.
Time, 4:02—4:08.		

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Rutledge & Reynolds ch. m. <i>Levitha</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam unknown, 5 yrs	1	1
Linnæus Coch's ch. c. <i>Valentine</i> , by Imp. Consol—Imp. Rachel by Partizan, 3 yrs ..	3	2
S. T. Drane's gr. h. <i>Rhynodine</i> , by Pacific, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs	2	3
M. D. Sims' ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Alpha, 4 yrs		*
Time, 1:57—1:56. * Fell in starting, and threw her rider.		

THURSDAY, Oct. 27—J. C. Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

S. T. Drane's ch. f. <i>Ailsey Scroggins</i> , by Giles Scroggins, dam by Pirate, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. Thorp's ch. f. <i>Prospect</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvelina Smith by Stockholder, 4 yrs	3	2
Rutledge & Reynolds' b. m. <i>Aggy Down</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Timoleon, ..	2	3
Linnæus Coch's b. m.* (own sister to Emily Speed), by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs		dist.
Time, 6:00—5:56. * Bolted and fell.		

Two Stakes were advertised for the Meeting, for which

Linn. Coch's b. f. <i>Ellen Walker</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Plenty by Emilius, 2 yrs	walked over
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RED BRIDGE, TENNESSEE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 5, 1842—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. Sub. \$25 each, P. P., with \$50 added by the Jockey Club, to go to the 2d best horse. One mile.

Maj. Daniel Carmichael's b. c. <i>Star</i> , by Imp. Skylark, out of Betsey Eps (Lavinia Rudd's dam) by Timoleon	walked over
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SAME DAY—Match for \$— a side, catch weights. One mile.

Maj. Daniel Carmichael's b. c. <i>Star</i> , pedigree above, 2 yrs	1
Col. Hendrick's ch. g. by Marion (or Washington), dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs	2
Time, 1:57.	

THURSDAY, Oct. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$50, with \$30 to the 2d best horse, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Maj. Daniel Carmichael's b. f. <i>Rebecca Kenner</i> , by Imp. Skylark, out of Lady Holston by Bertrand, 2 yrs	1	1
Col. Hendricks & Hopkins' b. h. <i>Jack Robinson</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Collier, 5 yrs	2	2
Enoch R. Wheelock's b. h. <i>Felt</i> , by Imp. Felt, dam by Eaton's Columbus, 5 yrs ..	3	dr
Time, 1:51—1:52.		

FRIDAY, Oct. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$75, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. D. Kenner's ch. g. <i>Piomango</i> , by Imp. Coronet, dam by Imp. Truffle, 3 yrs	walked over
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THE SECRETARY.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., CENTRAL COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 19, 1842—Purse \$70, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

G. Coffeen, Jr.'s b. f. <i>Belle Taylor</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	1	1
H. N. Wood's ch. c. <i>Wild Buck</i> , by Medoc, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs	2	2
Jno. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Toadella</i> , by Snake-root (by Pacific), d. by Timoleon, 4 y	3	3

Time, 3:55—4:02.

THURSDAY, Oct. 20—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

G. Coffeen, Jr.'s br. m. <i>Mary Ann Furman</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, d. by Bertrand, 5 y	2	1	1
Mr. Swope's ch. c. <i>John Archy</i> , by John Richards, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	1	2	2
Wm. McFadden's ch. c. <i>Blackfoot</i> , by Medoc, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	3	3	dist.
John B. Richardson's gr. f. <i>Amelia Groverman</i> , by Bluster, dam by Cooper's Messenger, 3 yrs	*		

Time, 6:03—6:07—5:58. * Bolted.

FRIDAY, Oct. 21—Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

H. N. Wood's ch. c. <i>Wild Buck</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1	1
G. Coffeen, Jr.'s gr. c. <i>Tasso</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs	3	2	2
D. Uilley's b. c. <i>Abner Hunter</i> , by Medoc, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs	2	dist.	
Mr. Rose's ch. m. by Woodpecker, dam by Potomac, 6 yrs	dist.		

Time, 1:57—1:56—1:59.

SATURDAY, Oct. 22—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats.

C. S. Holden's ch. c. <i>Tippecanoe</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs	1	1
N. F. Cunningham's bl. h. <i>Tom Corwin</i> , by Goode's Arab, dam by —, aged	3	2
H. N. Wood's ch. f. <i>Miss Heels</i> , by Medoc dam by —, 3 yrs	2	3

Time, 1:59—2:01. THE SECRETARY.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

MONDAY, Oct. 24, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Capt. Nicholas Davis' br. g. by Count Badger, dam by Timoleon	1	1
H. Lewis' br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Leviathan	2	2
S. Matthews' f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Davis' Roan Mare	pd.	ft.
J. Mason's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wild Bill	pd.	ft.

Time, 2:13—2:18.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. \$— each. Mile heats.

Lewis & Snodgrass' ch. f. by Imp. Consol, dam by Sir Archy	1	1
O. Towles' ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan dam by Stockholder	2	2
R. Pryor's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy	pd.	ft.

Time, 2:14—2:18.

TUESDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$30, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Robert Smith's ch. h. <i>Bois d'Arc</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 5 yrs	1	1
Messrs. Polk's br. c. <i>Lennox</i> , by Imp. Trustee—Imp. Rosalind by Paulowitz, 3 yrs	2	2
Davis & Ragland's b. c. <i>Petway</i> , by Imp. Glencoe—Othello's d. by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	3	dr

Time not given.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Produce Stakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Lucius J. & Rufus K. Polk's produce of Imp. Gabrielle and The Colonel	1	1
Wm. H. Turner's produce of Country Maid and Imp. Luzborough	2	2
Maj. Samuel Ragland's produce of Othello's dam and Imp. Glencoe	3	dist.
Camp & Acklen's produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Consol	pd.	ft.
H. Smith's produce of Anvelina and Imp. Leviathan	pd.	ft.
Wm. H. Gee's produce of Kate Kenan and Imp. Luzborough	pd.	ft.
Capt. Nicholas Davis' produce of Imp. Design and Imp. Leviathan	pd.	ft.

Time, 4:31—4:41½.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as for the Purse on Tuesday. Three mile heats.

Col. Robert Smith's ch. c. <i>Borac</i> , by Pacific, dam by Bagdad, 3 yrs	1	1
Davis & Ragland's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, 3 yrs	2	2
H. M. Clay's gr. f. by Imp. Merman, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs	3	3
Thos. Kirkman's — <i>Tom Watson</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Morgiana by Pacolet, y	4	dist.

Time, 6:28—6:10.

THURSDAY, Oct. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$600, ent. \$50 added, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

H. M. Clay's gr. m. <i>Frazinella</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs	1	2	1
Charles McLaren's br. f. <i>Clara Boardman</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	3	3	2
James W. Camp's b. h. <i>Postmaster</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid by Pacific, 5 yrs	4	1	dist.
Thomas Kirkman's b. m. <i>Emerald</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, 5 yrs	2	*	
Davis & Ragland's ro. g. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	5	dist.	

Time, 8:03—7:53—8:09½. * Let down, and distanced.

FRIDAY, Oct. 28—Innkeepers' Purse \$200, ent. \$50 added, conditions as before Two mile heats.

Col. Robert Smith's ch. c. <i>Borac</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	3	1	1
Lucius J. & Rufus K. Polk's gr. g. by Fop, dam by Imp. Leviathan, . yrs....	1	2	2
H. Lewis' b. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Bluster, . yrs.....	2	3	3
John Connally's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, . yrs.....	6	4	dist.
Davis & Ragland's b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Sir Archy, . yrs.....	4		dist.
Thomas Kirkman's b. c. <i>The Saddler</i> , by Saddler, out of Nanny Kilham, . yrs	5		dist.

Time, 3:53—3:50—3:52.

SATURDAY, Oct. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. added, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

H. M. Clay's ch. f. <i>Young Frazinella</i> , by Imp Autocrat, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. .	2	1	1
H. Lewis' b. f. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs	3	2	2
Davis & Ragland's b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Othello's d. by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	1		dist.

Time, 3:59—3:52—4:05.

NATCHITOCHEs, LOUISIANA.

MONDAY, Oct. 24, 1842—Purse \$150, ent. \$15, for Creole horses, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Phanor Prudhomme's b. h. <i>Nick Biddle</i> , by Score Double, out of Highland Mary (own sister to Luckless), . yrs.....	1	1
Isaac Plaisance's ch. f. by Shilly's colt (by Ulysses), dam unknown, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.
St. Ann Prudhomme's ch. f. <i>Fanny Elssler</i> , out of Fanny Hill by Romulus, 2 yrs .		dist.
L. G. De Russy's ch. f. <i>Guzelle</i> , by Score Double, 3 yrs.....		dist.
E. O. Blanchard's b. f. <i>Tomoka</i> , by Score Double, out of Udora by Hambletonian (by Dioned), 4 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 2:03—2:03. Track heavy.

TUESDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, free for all, weigh's as before. Two mile heats.

S. McLeon's br. g. <i>Wildcat</i> , by Nicholas, out of Black Fanny by Potomac, . yrs ...	1	1
E. O. Blanchard's ch. g. <i>Tarshar</i> , by Vespucias, by Dion, out of Old Cross, 5 yrs ...	2	2
A. Lecompt's b. h. <i>Lavayer McCampbell</i> , by Lord Byron, out of Warring Bars by Rat- tle-the-Cash, 5 yrs.....		dist.
Lestan Prudhomme's b. m. <i>Acalia</i> , by Luckless, 5 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 4:11—4:12.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 26—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5

Lecompte & Co.'s b. m. <i>Rosabella</i> ., by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs	1	1
J. W. Holman's ch. h. <i>Leviathan</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam unknown, 8 yrs.....	2	dist.

Time, 1:57—2:00.

THURSDAY, Oct. 27—Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. W. Holman's ch. g. <i>Little Buck</i> , pedigree unknown, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Phanor Prudhomme's b. h. <i>Nick Biddle</i> , pedigree above, . yrs	2	2

Time, 6:25—6:23.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$50, added to a sweepstakes of \$5 each, free for all except regularly trained race horses, put up and put up. One mile.

Ambrose Sonpayrac, Jr's m. <i>Fanny Gray</i>	1
M. Anty's b. g. <i>Little John</i>	2
H. H. Bullit's b. m. <i>Schwally</i>	0
D. O'Neil's m.	0
J. F. Payne's ch. g.	0

Time, 1:57.

HAYNEVILLE, ALABAMA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 25, 1842—Purse \$100, ent. \$10, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

R. B. Harrison's b. c. <i>Sleepy John</i> , by John Dawson, out of Sally Dillard, 4 yrs....	1	1
Col. Geo. B. Robertson's v. f. <i>Betsy Shelton</i> , by Jackson, dam by —, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Col. J. Crowell's ch. c. <i>Doctor Wilson</i> , by John Bascombe—Bolivia by Bolivar, 4 yrs	3	3
Wm. Montgomery's b. c. <i>William Fran'ic</i> , by Fran'ic, 3 yrs	4	4
Messrs. Ivey's b. c. <i>Honest John</i> , by Fran'ic, 4 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 1:55—1:55.

WEDNESDAY, Oct 26—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

J. S. Hunter's ch. f. <i>Glenara</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Kitty Clover by Sir Charles, 4 yrs			<i>Jackson</i> .	1	2	1
Col. John Crowell's b. m. <i>Nancy Clarke</i> , by Bertrand, out of Morocco Slipper by Timoleon, 5 yrs	2	1	2			
R. L. Scott's b. h. <i>Olympus</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs.....	3		dist.			

Time, 3:52—3:55—4:06.

THURSDAY, Oct. 27—Purse \$400, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

David Myers' b. f. <i>Hannah Harris</i> (own sister to John Bascombe), by Bertrand, out of Grev Goose by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	1	1
J. S. Hunter's b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Polly Kennedy, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Col. G. B. Robertson's (Col. A. H. Kenau's) b. h. <i>Winfield</i> , by Andrew, out of Eliza North, 5 yrs	2	*

Time, 5:58—5:52. * Winfield let down.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA., BENTON COURRE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 25, 1842—Poststake for all ages. Sub. \$25 each, to which the proprietor will add \$25. One mile.

Kenneth Dye's b. c. <i>James K. Polk</i> , by Traveller, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs	1
John Carol's ch. g. <i>Bob</i> , pedigree unkn. wn 8 yrs	2
H. H. Smith's br. g. <i>Ben</i> , pedigree unknown, 8 yrs	3
Time, 2:07. Track very heavy from rain the previous evening.	

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 26—Purse \$200, ent. \$20. Two mile heats.

James T. Jewell's (Col. John McNiel's) ch. f. <i>Ellen Hutchinson</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs. 101lbs	4	1	1
John Rauey's ch. g. <i>Camphor</i> , by Cock of the Rock (by Duroc), dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs. 67lbs	1	2	2
Maj. Nathaniel Terry's br. f. <i>Virginia Tunstall</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sally Magee by Timoleon, 3 yrs. 67lbs	2	3	3
H. H. Smith's br. c. by Anvil, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs. 92lbs	3	4	4
Kenneth Dye's b. c. <i>Henry Clay</i> , by Cock of the Rock, d. by Virginian, 3 yrs. 90lbs	dist.		
Time, 4:11—4:14—4:25. Track very heavy.			

THURSDAY, Oct. 27—Purse \$300, ent. \$30. Three mile heats.

Maj. Nathaniel Terry's c. <i>Veto</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Washington by Washington, 3 yrs. 90lbs	1	1
H. L. French's b. g. by Imp. Chateau Margaux—Imp. Anna Maria, 5 yrs. 111lbs.	2	2
James T. Jewell's (Col. John McNiel's) b. c. <i>Jim Jewell</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs. 104lbs	3	3
M. L. Hammond's gr. h. <i>M. L. Hammond</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose (John Bascombe's dam) by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 114lbs	4	dist.
Time, 5:16—6:05. Track heavy on back stretch.		

FRIDAY, Oct. 28—Purse \$150, ent. \$15. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John Ramey's (S. Boyd's) ch. g. <i>Camphor</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs. 31lbs	1	1	1
Kenneth Dye's b. c. <i>James K. Polk</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs. 104lbs	3	3	2
G. Bell's (W. Garrett's) b. c. <i>Path Killer</i> , by Imp. Lapdog, d. by Sialter, 4 y. 104lb ..	2	2	3
Time, 1:56—1:57—2:00.			

SATURDAY, Oct. 29—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Sub. \$25 each, to which the proprietor will add \$50. Mile heats.

Maj. N. Terry's f. <i>Sally Hart</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Shakspeare, 3 yrs. 67lbs ..	1	1
H. H. Smith's ch. f. by —, dam by Whip, 3 yrs. 92lbs	2	dr
Time, 1:54.		

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA, CAMDEN COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 26, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Three subs at \$100 each, and \$100 added by the Proprietor. Mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's b. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Marion	1	1
James B. Kendall's ch. c. <i>Tommy Wakefield</i> , by Drone, dam by Eclipse	2	2
Jos. H. Hellings b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Fairy	3	3
Time, 1:55—1:58.		

THURSDAY, Oct. 27—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. c. <i>Gasport</i> , by Imp. Margrave, d. by Valentine, 3 yrs.	4	1	1
Maj. Jones' b. h. <i>Treasurer</i> , by Imp. Roman, out of Dove, 6 yrs	2	2	2
James B. Kendall's b. f. <i>Modesty</i> , by Mazeppa, out of Josephine, 4 yrs	1	dist.	
Dav. Tom's gr. f. <i>Charlotte Cushman</i> , by Charles Kemble, out of Trifle's d., 4 yrs.	3	dist.	
Time, 3:54—3:50—3:56.			

FRIDAY, Oct. 28—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. f. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1	1
S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') br. h. <i>Mariner</i> , by Shark, out of Fashion's dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs	2	2
Time, 5:50½—5:52.		

SATURDAY, Oct. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$2000, free for all ages, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o'Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 5 yrs., 111lbs	Joe Laird.	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. John L. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 5 yrs., 114lbs	Gil. Patrick.	2	2

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of 1st mile	1:53	Time of 1st mile	2:02
“ “ 2d “	1:54	“ “ 2d “	1:56
“ “ 3d “	1:54	“ “ 3d “	1:57
“ “ 4th “	1:57	“ “ 4th “	1:57½

Time of First Heat..... 7:53 | Time of Second Heat..... 7:52½
 Course not in good order for making time.

BATESTILLE, ARKANSAS.

THURSDAY, Oct. 27, 1842—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olos. Ten subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Capt. T. T. Tunstall's f. *Freshet*, by Tom Fletcher—Charline by Pacific

Wm. Seaman's <i>Sir Wm. Dawson</i> , by Sir William Jr., dam unknown	2	2
Time and distance not given.		

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse \$80, ent. \$10, free for all ages. Two mile heats.

Daniel Sharp's h. <i>Mad Anthony</i> , by Tom Fletcher, dam unknown, 5 yrs. 106lbs	1	1
Wiley Dunn's h. <i>Crowder</i> , by Saxe Weimar, dam unknown, 6 yrs. 115lbs	2	2
Capt. T. T. Tunstall's <i>Scam</i> , by Volcano, out of Southern Belle, 3 yrs. 80lbs	dist.	

Time not given.

FRIDAY, Oct. 28—Purse \$60, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Daniel Sharp's m. <i>Izoria</i> , by Volcano, dam unknown, 8 yrs. 80lbs	1	1
Capt. T. T. Tunstall's f. <i>Freshet</i> , pedigree above, 2 yrs	2	2

Time not given.

SATURDAY, Oct. 29—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Daniel Sharp's c. <i>J. C. Calhoun</i> , by Volcano, dam unknown, 6 yrs. 115lbs	1	1
Wiley Dunn's h. <i>Crowder</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs. 115lbs	2	2

Time, 2:06—2:12.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., BERTRAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 1, 1842—Purse \$100, ent. \$10, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats

George B. Robertson's b. f. <i>Betsey Shelton</i> , by Jackson, out of Harriet Haxall by Sir Hal, 4 yrs	1	1
J. S. Hunter's ch. f. <i>Glenara</i> , by Imp. Glencoe—Kitty Clover by Sir Charles, 4 ys	2	2
Col. Vance Johnston's gr. g. <i>Jae Anderson</i> , by John Anderson, out of Julia Brown by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs	4	3
R. B. Harrison's (B. Smith's) b. m. <i>Octave</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, out of Polly Kennedy, 5 yrs	3	4
M. L. Hammond's (Dr. Oliver's) ch. c. <i>Red Frank</i> , by Frank, d. by Sir Archy, 3 ys	5	dist.

Time, 1:54—1:56.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 2—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

R. B. Harrison's b. c. <i>Sleepy John</i> , by John Dawson—Sally Dillard, 4 ys <i>Jackson</i>	2	1	1
J. S. Hunter's b. f. <i>Minette</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Polly Kennedy, 4 yrs	1	3	2
Col. John Crowell's b. m. <i>Nancy Clarke</i> , by Bertrand, out of Morocco Slipper by Timoleon, 5 yrs	2	2	3

Time, 3:49½—3:57—3:55.

THURSDAY, Nov. 3—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Gen. Thos. B. Scott's bl. h. <i>Black Locust</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	2	1	1
George B. Robertson's ch. c. <i>Mirabeau</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, out of Georgia Maid by old Contention, 3 yrs	1	2	2
Col. J. Crowell's ch. c. <i>Dr. Wilson</i> , by John Bascombe—Bolivia by Bolivar, 4 ys	3	*	
Col. Vance Johnston's (Geo. Vannatta's) b. h. <i>Mobile</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Sessions by Whalebone, 5 yrs	dist.		

Time, 5:54—6:01—6:31. * Broke down.

FRIDAY, Nov. 4—Purse \$700, ent \$70, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

David Myers' b. f. <i>Hannah Harris</i> (own sister to John Bascombe), by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Paolet, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. Vance Johnston's (Geo. Vannatta's) ch. m. <i>Murtha Carter</i> , by Bertrand, d. by Imp Knowsley, 5 yrs	2	2

Time, 8:00—7:55.

SATURDAY, Nov. 5—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Gen. T. B. Scott's ch. c. <i>Ran Peyton</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Stockholder, 3 ys	1	1	1
Geo. B. Robertson's b. f. <i>Betsey Shelton</i> , by Jackson, out of Harriet Haxall by Sir Hal, 4 yrs	2	2	2
Col. Vance Johnston's (Geo. Vannatta's) b. h. <i>Mobile</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	4	3	3
Wm. Montgomery's b. c. <i>William Frantic</i> , by Frantic, dam by Diomed, 3 yrs	3	dist.	

Time, 1:51—1:53—1:51.

OAKLEY, MISSISSIPPI.

TUESDAY, Nov. 1, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.

James T. Lane's ch. f. by Hugh L. White, out of Lady Dorothy	1	1
W. F. Dillon's (M. D. Dillon's) gr. f. by Jerry, dam by Bertrand	2	2
Dr. H. A. G. Roberts' ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Mary Patton	3	dist.
Baker Mallett's ch. c. by Red Bone, dam by Potomac	dist.	
Richard O. Edwards' gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury	pd. ft	
Wm. H. Craven's ch. c. by Tecumseh, dam by Stockholder	pd. ft.	

Time, 1:54—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 2—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs —4, 100 5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing mares and geldings 3lbs. Two mile heats.

James A. Hall's ch. f. <i>Ead of Music</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs	1	1
J. T. Lane's br. f. <i>Liz Long</i> , by Imp. Merman, dam by Alpheus, 3 yrs	2	2
W. F. Dillon's b. f. <i>Lady of Lyons</i> , by Tarlton, dam by Seagull, 3 yrs	3	dist

Time, 3:53—3:57.

THURSDAY, Nov. 3—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats.

J. T. Lane's ch. m. <i>Jane Rogers</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	1	1
Richard O. Edwards' ch. c. <i>Jobber</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury, 3 yrs	2	2
Wm. Cargall's br. c. by Stockholder, out of Betsey Smith, 4 yrs	dist.	
P. G. Johnson's ch. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:57.

FRIDAY, Nov. 4—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

James A. Hall's ch. f. <i>Band of Music</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	1	1	1
J. T. Lane's br. f. <i>Liz Long</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	2	dr	
Puschal Rose's br. c. <i>Jim Polk</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	dist.			

Time not given.

TRENTON, N. J., EAGLE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 2, 1842—Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's br. c. <i>Gosport</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Miss Valentine, 3 yrs.....	1	1
James B. Kendall's ch. f. <i>Rosette</i> , by Drone, out of Ecarte, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 3:53—3:52.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Subs. \$— each, with \$50 added by the Proprietor. Mile heats.

Joseph Hellings' b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Fairy, 3 yrs.....	1	1
James B. Kendall's b. f. <i>Modesty</i> , by Mazeppa, dam by Standard, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1:52—1:54½.

THURSDAY, Nov. 3.—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's b. f. <i>Miss Letty</i> , by Imp. Priam—Patty Burton, by Marion, 3 yrs ..	1	1
Jams K. Van Mater's br. c. by Imp. Mercer, out of Miss Mattie, 3 yrs.....	2	2
J. B. Kendall's ch. c. <i>Tommy Wakefield</i> , by Drone, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 1:49—1:52.

FRIDAY, Nov. 4—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Win. Gibbons') ch. m. <i>Fashion</i> , 5 yrs., 111lbs.....	<i>Jos. Laird.</i>	1	1
Col. Johnson's (Col. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Disk</i> , 5 yrs., 114lbs.....	<i>Gil. Patrick</i>	2	2

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>	
Time of 1st mile.....	1:55½	Time of 1st mile.....	1:58
“ “ 2d “	1:53½	“ “ 2d “	1:55
“ “ 3d “	1:53	“ “ 3d “	1:54
“ “ 4th “	1:54	“ “ 4th “	2:02
Time of First Heat.....	7:36	Time of Second Heat.....	7:49

Course in good order, but 20 feet over a mile.

OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 9, 1842—Jockey Club Purse \$250, ent. added, free only for Creoles, and colts brought into the State before they are 18 months old. Mile heats.

M. & T. J. Wells' ch. c. <i>Bilozzi</i> , by Dick Chinn—Extio by Imp. Leviathan, 2 yrs ...	1	1
J. Chambers' ch. f. by Chambers' Oscar, dam by —, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1:57—2:02. Won easily.

THURSDAY, Nov. 10—Sweepstakes for 2 yr olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Three subs. at \$150 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

J. Chambers' Imp. bl. f. <i>Queen Ann</i> , by Camel, dam by Langar	0	1	1
J. Porter's b. f. <i>Bellissima</i> ,* by Imp. Belshazzar—Wingfoot by Rattler.....	0	2	2
T. J. Wells & Carnal's gr. c. <i>Waltz</i> , (own brother to Reel), by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Gallopade by Catton	3	3	dist.

Time, 1:55—1:55—1:58. * In 2d heat B. carried 8lbs. extra.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mates and geldings. Two mile heats.

Jas. Porter's ch. c. <i>Mordac</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	1	1
R. Garland's Imp. b. f. <i>Matilda</i> , by Sir Gray, dam by Lamplighter, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 4:08—4:22.

FRIDAY, Nov. 11—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Jas. Porter's ch. f. <i>Berenice</i> , by Imp. Skylark, out of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan.	1	1
T. J. Wells' (S. T. Taylor's) ch. f. by Imp. Philip, out of Giance by Wild Bill.....	2	dr

Time, 4:36.

SAME DAY—Jockey Club Purse, \$250, conditions as for Thursday's purse. Three mile heats.

M. & T. J. Wells' gr. f. <i>Reel</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Gallopade by Catton, 4 yrs	walked over
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TUSCUMBIA, ALABAMA.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 9, 1842—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Robert Smith's ch. h. <i>Bois d'Arc</i> , by Eclipse—Hortensia by Contention, 5 yrs.	1	1
Thos. Kirkman's b. m. <i>Sissy</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Col. Jas. W. Camp's br. h. <i>Postmaster</i> , by Imp. Consul, out of Country Maid by Pacific, 5 yrs	4	3
B. Reynolds' ch. m. <i>Levitha</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam unknown, 6 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 4:09—4:09.

THURSDAY, Nov. 10—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col Jas. W. Camp's (Chas. McLaren's) b. f. <i>Clara Boardman</i> , by Imp. Consul, out of <i>Sally Bell</i> by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
Col. Robert Smith's ch. c. <i>Barac</i> , by Pacific, dam by Bagdad, 3 yrs.....	1	2	2
R. Reynolds' b. m. <i>Aggy Dawn</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of <i>Blackabout</i> by Timoleon, 5 yrs.....	2	3	dist.
Thos. Kirkman's ch. f. <i>Crap</i> , by St. Giles, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs.....			dist.
Time, 6:07—6:06—6:08.			

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

MONDAY, Nov. 14, 1842—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs allowed to mares and geldings. Sub. \$20 each, P. P., to which the proprietor will add the gate money of the day. Mile heats.

Gen. A. J. Davie's ch. g. <i>Aaron</i> , by Tenne-see Citizen, dam unknown, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
Lin. Coeli's b. f. <i>Donna Viola</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, d by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	4	2	2
Cap. Willa Viley's b. c. <i>Tom Marshall</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	1	4	3
C. Lewis' ch. m. <i>Maria Williams</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Timoleon, 6 yrs.....	2	3	dist.
Time, 1:56—1:54—1:57. Track heavy from late rains.			

TUESDAY, Nov. 15—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

R. S. Wooding's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Henry.....	1	1	
W. Scott Haynes' gr. c. <i>Garrick</i> , by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Eaton's Columbus.....	2	dist.	
C. Lewis' ch. c.* by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.....			dist.
Time, 1:57—2:00. * Fell. Track muddy from rain night before.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as on Monday. Mile heats.

Rice & Clay's b. f. <i>Little Misery</i> , by Anvil, out of Anna Maria, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
Linnæus Coch's br. c. <i>Todhunter</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Cherokee, 3 yrs.....	2	2	
S. T. Drane's ch. f. <i>Aisley Scroggins</i> , by Giles Scroggins, dam by Pirate, 4 yrs.....	3	3	
A. J. Davie's ch. c. <i>Anos</i> , by Tennessee Citizen, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	4	4	
Time, 1:59—1:59.			

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16—J. C. Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

S. T. Drane's ch. f. <i>Molto</i> , by Imp. Barefoot—Lacy Tompkins by Eclipse, 3 yrs.....	1	1	
Capt. Willa Viley's b. f. <i>Argentile</i> , by Bertrand—Imp. Allegriante by Truffle, 4 y.....	2	2	
Shelby Smith's b. m. by Telegraph, out of an Imp. mare by Orlando, 6 yrs.....	3	dist.	
Rice & Clay's ch. f. <i>Own Sister to Fraxinella</i> , 4 yrs.....	4	dist.	
Time, 4:11—4:06. Track muddy.			

MONDAY, Nov. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Linnæus Coch's b. f. <i>Mist Foote</i> , by Imp. Consul—Imp. Gabrielle by Partisan, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
Rice & Clay's gr. m. <i>Fraxinella</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	2	2	
Time, 6:29—6:30. Track very muddy.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Capt. Willa Viley's b. f. <i>Sally Hardin</i> by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1	1
Linnæus Coch's br. f. <i>Donna Viola</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	5	5	5	2
Robert Burbridge's b. c. <i>Billy Budd</i> by John Richards, dam by Whip, 4 yrs.....	1	0	3	3
Rice & Clay's b. f. <i>Little Misery</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	0	2	dist.
R. S. Wooding's ch. c. <i>Dan McIntyre</i> , by Medoc, 4 yrs.....	4	2	4	dist.
Time, 2:04—2:00—2:00—2:00.				

NATCHEZ, MISS., PHARSALIA COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 23, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$300 each, \$100 ft., and \$50 declaration. Six declared. Two mile heats.

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's gr. f. <i>Lady Jane</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Jane Grey by Orphan Boy.....	French	1	1	
Duncan F. Kenner's (Wm. R. Barrow's) gr. f. <i>Music</i> , by Imp. Philip, out of Piano by Bertrand.....		3	2	
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. <i>Sunbeam</i> (own sister to John R. Grymes), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Alice Grey by Mercury.....		2	dist.	
Time, 4:02—4:03.				

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Sub. \$100 each, and \$200 added by the Club. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. c. <i>Sandy Young</i> , by Medoc, out of Natchez Belle by Sea Gull, 3 yrs.....	Remus	1	1	
Duncan F. Kenner's gr. f. <i>Kate Aubrey</i> , by Eclipse, out of Grey Fanu (Grey Medoc's dam) by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....		2	2	
S. T. Taylor's br. f. <i>Lady Frances</i> , by Trumpator, out of Pressure's grandam, 3 yrs.....		3	3	
Time, 1:57—1:57.				

THURSDAY, Nov. 24—Jockey Club Purse \$400, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's b. m. <i>Sarah Morton</i> , by Sidi Hamet, out of Rowena by Sumpter, 5 yrs.....		1	1	
Duncan F. Kenner's ch. h. <i>Geo. W. Kendall</i> , by Medoc—Jenny Devers by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....		4	2	
Capt. Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. <i>Norma</i> , by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty, 3 yrs.....		2	3	
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. c. <i>Tom Marshall</i> (own brother to John R. Grymes), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Alice Grey, 4 yrs.....		2	4	
Time, 4:00—3:53. Weather pleasant—track much improved.				

FRIDAY, Nov. 25—Pharsalia Plate, valued at \$300, cost \$325, with \$300 added in money, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's b. h. <i>George Martin</i> , by Garrison's Zinganee, out of Gabriella by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingham's b. c. <i>Sandy Young</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	dist.	
Time, 5:53. Track much improved.		

SATURDAY, Nov. 26—Purse \$300, ent. \$50 added, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Duncan F. Kenner's gr. f. <i>Music</i> , redigree above, 3 yrs	1	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. f. <i>Mary Walton</i> , by Imp. Levitation—Miss Barley, 4 y ..	4	4	2
Fergus Duplantier's b. h. <i>George Martin</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	2	3
Capt. Wm. J. Minor's br. f. <i>Oriana</i> , by Longwaist, out of Imp. Oriana, 3 yrs ..	3	3	4
Time, 1:51—1:50—1:50.			

AUGUSTA, GA., HAMPTON COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 29, 1842—Colt Stake. Three subs. at \$50 each, P. P., and \$100 added by the Proprietor; colts 90lbs, fillies 87lbs. Two mile heats.

S. W. Shelton's (W. C. Dawson's) ch. c. by John Bascombe, out of an own sister to Mucklejohn	1	1
Walton & Edmonson's ch. c. by John Bascombe—Patsey Wallace by Alexander ..	3	2
Wm. R. Smith's b. f. <i>Joey Allen</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, out of Leannah by Seagull ..	2	3
Time, 3:59—3:57.		

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 30—Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

G. Edmonson's (J. Lamkin's) ch. m. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, d by Gallatin, 6 ys ..	1	1
Lomax & McCanley's b. f. <i>Nancy Rowland</i> , by Imp. Rowton, d by Rob Roy, 4 yrs ..	2	2
L. Lovell's b. c. <i>Arab</i> , by Arab, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	dist.	
Time, 4:06—4:12. Track very wet and heavy.		

THURSDAY, Dec. 1—Purse \$350, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Wm. R. Smith's ch. m. <i>Martha Rowton</i> , by Imp Rowton, out of Martha Griffin by Phenomenon, 5 yrs	1	1
G. Edmonson's b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Janus, 4 yrs	2	2
Time, 6:00—6:06. Track still very heavy.		

FRIDAY, Dec. 2—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

S. W. Shelton's gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Oscar, aged ..	1	1
W. R. Smith's b. c. <i>Billy Gay</i> , by Imp. Hedgford—Mary Francis by Director, 4 yrs ..	2	2
Time, 8:12—8:18.		

LAURENCEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 4, 1842—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs. 4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

P. E. Duncan's b. h. <i>Reveille</i> , by Young Virginian, dam by Harwood, 5 yrs	1	1
W. R. Smith's b. f. <i>Delta</i> , by Boots dam by Rob Roy, 3 yrs	2	2
Col. John Cockerell's ch. m. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 6 yrs	3	dr
Time, 1:55—1:55.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Poststake (or Sweepstakes) for all ages, weights as before. Sub. \$100 each, h. ft. Three mile heats.

W. R. Smith's b. c. <i>Billy Gay</i> , by Imp. Hedgford—Mary Francis by Director, 4 yrs ..	1	1
Eddings & Williams' b. f. <i>Nancy Rowland</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs ..	2	2
Col. J. H. Irby's br. c. <i>Transit</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs	3	3
Time, 5:53—6:03.		

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 5—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. J. Cockerell's ch. h. <i>Red Buck</i> , by Imp. Rowton, out of Lady Deeppond, 5 yrs ..	1	1
P. E. Duncan's bl. h. <i>Sessions</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Harwood, 6 yrs ..	2	2
Eddings & Williams' l. <i>Tabitha</i> , by Ilualpa, dam by Phenomenon, 4 yrs	3	dr
C. B. Ford's b. c. <i>Siam</i> ,* by Imp. Rowton, out of Britannia, 4 yrs	4	dr
Time, 3:53—3:56. * Cramped badly after the 1st heat.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

W. R. Smith's b. f. <i>Joey Allen</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, out of Leannah by Seagull ..	1	1
P. E. Duncan's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Chesapeake's dam	2	2
Col. J. Cockerell's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Flora	pd.	ft.
Eddings & Williams' ch. c. <i>Deseto</i> , by Ilualpa, out of Claudia by Phenomenon ..	pd.	ft.
Col. J. H. Irby's f. <i>Maria Wade</i> , by Black Hawk, dam by Phenomenon	pd.	ft.
Time, 1:54—1:57. Won easy.		

THURSDAY, Oct. 6—Purse \$— conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Eddings & Williams' ch. c. <i>Crichton</i> , by Bertrand, d. by Phenomenon, 4 yrs	walked over
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SAME DAY—Match. One mile.

Col. J. Cockerell's ch. m. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs	1
P. E. Duncan's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Chesapeake's dam, 3 yrs	2
Time, 1:57.	

FRIDAY, Oct. 7—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

W. R. Smith's ch. m. <i>Martha Rowton</i> , by Imp. Rowton—Martha Griffin by Phenomenon, 5 yrs	walked over
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SAME DAY—Citizens' Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Eddings & Wilhams' b. f. <i>Nancy Rowland</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. J. Cockereil's ch. h. <i>Red Buck</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1:53—1:55.

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI.

THURSDAY, Sept. 8, 1842—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Sub. \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

B. & A. Hays' b. f. by <i>Truffle Hope</i> , dam by <i>Lafayette</i>	1	1
James H. Duffer's (James Simpson's) b. f. by <i>Harris' Leviathan</i> , dam by <i>Sir Henry Tonson</i>	3	2
Adam Hill's ch. f. by <i>Truffle Hope</i> , dam by <i>Saladin</i>	2	3

Time, 1:53—2:01.

FRIDAY, Sept. 9—J. C. Purse \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

James H. Duffer's ch. h. *John Kirkman*, by *Birmingham*, dam by *Sir Henry Tonson*, 6 yrs..... walked over

SATURDAY, Sept. 10—J. C. Purse \$100, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Thos. Watson's b. h. <i>Aroostook</i> , by <i>Wheeling Rodolph</i> , dam by <i>Moses</i> , 5 yrs..	1	1
Lee & Woodson's ch. f. by <i>John Richards</i> , dam by <i>Imp. Boaster</i> , 3 yrs.....	2	2
Thomas H. Wilson & Co.'s b. f. by <i>Imp. Leviathan</i> , 3 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 4:15—4:08.

LIBERTY, MISSOURI.

THURSDAY, Oct. 6, 1842—J. C. Purse \$50, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

Thomas Furrham's ch. c. <i>Partner</i> , by <i>Medoc</i> , dam by <i>Doublehead</i>	1	1
Lee & Woodson's ch. f. by <i>John Richards</i> , dam by <i>Imp. Boaster</i>	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:58.

FRIDAY, Oct. 7—J. C. Purse \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

James H. Duffer's (R. Simpson's) ch. h. <i>John Kirkman</i> , by <i>Birmingham</i> , dam by <i>Sir Henry Tonson</i> , 6 yrs.....	1	1	1
Mr. Drew's b. m. by <i>Merlin</i> , dam by <i>Quicksilver</i> , 5 yrs.....	2	2	2
Golson's Stapp's b. g. <i>John Young</i> , by <i>John Richards</i> , dam by <i>Trumpator</i> , 5 yrs.....	3	3	dist.

Time, 1:53—1:52—1:53.

RICHMOND, MISSOURI.

FRIDAY, Oct. 28, 1842—J. C. Purse \$75, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

James H. Duffer's (R. Simpson's) ch. h. <i>John Kirkman</i> , by <i>Birmingham</i> , dam by <i>Sir Henry Tonson</i> , 6 yrs.....	1
Samuel Peters' ch. h. <i>John Randolph</i> , by <i>Pirate</i> , dam by <i>Sir Archy</i> , 6 yrs.....	dist.

Time, 4:15.

SATURDAY, Oct. 29—J. C. Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

James H. Duffer's (R. Simpson's) ch. h. <i>John Kirkman</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	2	2	1
Thomas Turnham's ch. c. by <i>Medoc</i> , dam by <i>Doublehead</i> , 3 yrs.....	1	1	dist.
Mr. Commin's b. h. <i>Ben Buster</i> , by <i>Cherokee</i> , dam by <i>Green Oak</i> , aged.....	3	3	dist.

Time, 1:59—2:00—2:05. H. of M.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 15, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Twelve subs. at \$— each, \$— ft. Mile heats.

R. M. Deveaux's ch. c. by <i>Bertrand Jr.</i> , out of <i>Imp. Maniac</i>	1	1
Col. W. Hampton's ch. f. by <i>Imp. Emancipation</i>	2	2
Capt. Donald Rowe's c. by <i>Imp. Emancipation</i>	*	*
Stark & Perry's c. by <i>Imp. Emancipation</i>	*	*

Time, 1:55—1:52.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

M. R. Singleton's Imp. f. by <i>Glaucus</i> , out of <i>Christabel</i> by <i>Woful</i> , 4 yrs.....	1	1
R. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Zoe</i> , by <i>Imp. Rowton</i> , 4 yrs.....	2	2
Maj. Eddins' ch. h. <i>Crichton</i> , by <i>Bertrand</i> , dam by <i>Phenomenon</i> , 5 yrs.....	3	3

Time of one heat, 5:58. Run in a rain storm.

THURSDAY, Nov. 17—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. R. Singleton's ch. c. <i>Bruce</i> , by <i>Imp. Nonplus</i> , 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. W. Hampton's b. f. <i>Ruoy</i> , by <i>Imp. Rowton</i> , out of <i>Bay Maria</i> , 4 yrs.....	2	2
R. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Zoe</i> , by <i>Imp. Rowton</i> , 4 yrs.....	3	3
J. B. Richardson's ch. f. by <i>Bertrand Jr.</i>	dist.	
Stark & Perry's entry.....	dist.	

Time, 3:54—3:58.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Stark & Perry's b. h. *Broker* 1 1 1
 James B. Richardson's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Leocadia 2 2 2
 Capt. Donald Rowe's b. h. *Edisto*, by Imp. Rowton 3 3 3
 Time forgotten.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKS., FAR WEST COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 30, 1842—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Tunstall & Stafford's ch. f. *Catharine Rector*, by Pacific, out of Mary Tonson, 3 yrs 1 1
 A. J. Davie's ch. g. *Aaron*, by Citizen, dam unknown, 4 yrs 3 2
 Andrew Webster's ch. h. *Vertner*, by Medoc, out of Lady Adams, 6 yrs 2 3
 Time, 1:56—1:55.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft.

Thos. G. Moore's ch. f. *Cherokee Maid*, by Marmion, dam by Tecumseh, claimed the stake, which, however, the Judges gave to the nomination of Capt. T. T. Tunstall. Mr. M.'s nomination was pronounced void, on the ground that his letter, making it, was not deposited in a post office according to the Rules of the Club, and the caption of the Stake.

THURSDAY, Dec. 1—Jockey Club Purse \$150, with an inside stake of \$200 each, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Thos. G. Moore's b. f. *Mary Harrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs 1 1
 James Willett's b. h. *Aroostook*, by Wheeling's Rodolph, dam by Moses, 5 yrs... 3 2
 Tunstall & Stafford's ch. c. *Mark Bean*, by Tom Fletcher, d. by Partnership, 4 yrs 2 3
 Andrew Webster's b. h. *Stage Driver*,* by Lance, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs 4 dist
 Time, 3:56—3:54. * Let down in 2d heat.

FRIDAY, Dec. 2—Jockey Club Purse \$250, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Thos. G. Moore's ch. g. *Wattlehack*, by Reveille, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs 1 1
 Andw. Webster's gr. f. *Mary Buford*, by Medoc, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 3 yrs 2 dist.
 Time, 6:22—8:05.

SATURDAY, Dec. 3—Jockey Club Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. G. Moore's gr. f. *Cherokee Maid*, pedigree above, 3 yrs 1 1 1
 Tunstall & Stafford's ch. f. *Catharine Rector*, pedigree above, 3 yrs 2 2 2
 A. J. Davie's ch. c. *Amos*, by Tennessee Citizen, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs 3 3 3
 Time, 1:54½—1:55—1:54.

SATURDAY, Dec. 17, 1842—Match \$500 a side. Two mile heats.

Gen. A. J. Davie's b. c. *Aaron*, by Tennessee Citizen, d. by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 100lbs. 1 1
 Thos. G. Moore's ch. g. *Wattlehack*, by Reveller, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs. 97lbs. 2 2
 Time, 4:03—4:03. Course heavy.

SATURDAY, Dec. 24—Match \$500 a side. Two mile heats.

Thos. G. Moore's ch. g. *Wattlehack*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 97lbs 2 1 1
 Dr. Price's *Bully Whistler*, by Imp. Leviathan 1 2 2
 Time, 4:06—5:00—4:11. Course very heavy.

AUGUSTA, GA., LAFAYETTE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 13, 1842—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Ten subs. at \$500 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Thomas Van Landingham's ch. c. by John Bascombe, out of Amy Hampton ... rec'd ft.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 14—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3. 90 —4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. G. Edmonson's (James Lamkin's) ch. m. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 6 yrs 1 1
 W. R. Smith's b. c. *Billy Gay*, by Imp. Hedgtord, out of Mary Frances, 4 yrs 2 2
 Time, 4:09—4:01.

THURSDAY, Dec. 15—J. C. Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. T. Watson's b. m. *Mary Thomas*, by Imp. Consol—Parrot by Roanoke, 5 yrs 3 1 1
 Samuel W. Shelton's gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, dam by Oscar, aged 2 3 2
 Col. Wm. R. Smith's ch. m. *Martha Rowton*, by Imp. Rowton, out of Martha Griffin by Phenomenon, 5 yrs 1 2 3
 Col. G. Edmonson's (J. Lamkin's) b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Janus, 4 yrs 4 dist.
 Time, 6:05—6:01—6:09.

FRIDAY, Dec. 16—J. C. Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Samuel W. Shelton's br. f. *Nancy Rowland*, by Imp. Rowton, d. by Rob Roy, 4 y 1 1 1
 Col. Wm. R. Smith's b. c. *Billy Gay*, pedigree above, 4 yrs 2 3 2
 G. R. Robinson's b. f. *Betsy Shelton*, by Jackson—Harriet by Haxail Hall, 4 yrs. 3 2 3
 Col. G. Edmonson's (T. J. Walton's) ch. c. *Brandy*, by John Bascombe, out of Patsy Wallace, 3 yrs 4 4 4
 Time, 1:56—1:56—1:56½.

SATURDAY, Dec. 17—Jockey Club Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

S. W. Shelton's b. h. *Reveille*, by Young Virginian, dam by Harwood, 5 yrs 1 1
 Lewis Lovell's ch. c. *Try*, by Red Gauntlet, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs 2 2
 Time, 1:55—1:57.

MOBILE, ALA., BASCOMBE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 27, 1842—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

- R. Smith's bl. g. *Old Master* (own brother to Old Mistress), by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 - Vance Johnston's gr. g. *Joe Anderson*, by John Anderson (by Pacific), dam by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs..... 3 2
 - R. B. Harrison's b. m. *Octave*, by Imp. Emancipation, out of Polly Kennedy, 5 yrs. 2 3
- Time, 1:54—1:55.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

- R. B. Harrison's b. c. *Sleepy John*, by John Dawson, out of Sally Hilliard (qr. Dilliard), 4 yrs..... 1
 - R. Smith's ch. f. *Hannah Crosby*, by Imp. Consol, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs..... dist.
- Time, 6:03.

THURSDAY, Dec. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$250, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

- D. Myers' ch. c. *Ran Peyton*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs. 2 0 1 1
 - Vance Johnston's ch. f. *Susan Hill*, by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Timoleon, 4 y 1 0 2 2
 - R. Smith's bl. g. *Old Master*, pedigree before, 3 yrs..... dist.
 - D. Stephenson's b. c. *Mobile*, by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Seasons, 5 yrs... dist.
- Time, 3:57—4:01—4:10—4:28.

FRIDAY, Dec. 30—Jockey Club Purse \$700, \$100 to go to the second best horse, free for all ages, weights as before. Four mile heats.

- D. Myers' (Gen. Scott's) b. f. *Hannah Harris*, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose (John Bascombe's) dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 - D. Stephenson's ch. m. *Martha Carter*, by Bertrand—Sally Naylor by Gallatin, 5 y 3 2
 - Col. Robert Smith's ch. h. *Bois d'Arc*, by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 5 yrs.... 2 dist.
- Time, 8:06—8:11.

SATURDAY, Dec. 31—Jockey Club Purse \$200, free for all ages, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

- R. B. Harrison's b. c. *Sleepy John*, by John Dawson, out of Sally Hilliard (qr. Dilliard), 4 yrs..... 1 1 1
 - Col. Robert Smith's bl. g. *Old Master* (own brother to Old Mistress), by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 3 yrs..... 2 2 2
 - D. Stephenson's br. c. *Jim Brewer*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Brunette, 3 yrs. 3 dist.
- Time of 2d heat, 1:57—3d, 1:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for horses not winning this meeting, weights as before. Sub. \$20 each, with \$50 added. Mile heats.

- R. B. Harrison's b. c. *Own brother to Sleepy John*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 3 1 1
 - Vance Johnston's gr. g. *Joe Anderson*, by John Anderson (by Pacific), dam by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs..... 2 2 2
 - Col. Robert Smith's ch. c. *Bob Rucker*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs. 1 3 dist.
 - D. Stephenson's Imp. b. f. *Her Majesty*, by The Colonel, out of Peri, 4 yrs... dist.
- Time, 1:54—1:54—1:55.

SATURDAY, Dec. 17—Match for \$500. Mile heats.

- Vance Johnston's gr. g. *Joe Anderson*, by John Anderson (by Pacific), dam by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs. 97lbs..... 1 1
 - R. Smith's bl. g. *Old Master* (own brother to Old Mistress), by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 3 yrs. 83lbs..... 2 2
- Time, 2:02—2:04. Won easily.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., LOUISIANA COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 21, 1842—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs Three subs. at \$1000 each, \$300 ft. Mile heats.

- Col. A. L. Bingham's (S. D. Elliott's) gr. f. *Lucy Dashwood* (own sister to Capt. McHeath), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey by Imp. Boaster..... 1 1
 - Thos. J. Wells' gr. c. *Waltz* (own brother to Reel), by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Gallopade..... 2 2
 - Duncan F. Kenner's b. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess..... dead
- Time, 1:51—1:52.

THURSDAY, Dec. 22—Purse \$250, free for all ages, 5 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4 and upwards, 100lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

- Duncan F. Kenner's (Wm. Ruffin Barrow's) gr. f. *Musie*, by Imp. Philip, out of Piano by Bertrand, 3 yrs..... *Chisaim.* 3 1 1
- Fergus Duplantier's b. m. *Sarah Morton*, by Sidi Hamet, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs 1 2 2
- Geo. W. Vanatta's (M. McRea's) ch. m. *Martha Carter*, by Bertrand, out of Sally Naylor, 5 yrs..... 4 4 3
- Linnæus Coch's (Col. Robt. Smith's) b. h. *Bois d'Arc*, by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 5 yrs..... 2 3 4

First Heat.	Second Heat.	Third Heat.
Time of first mile..... 1:53	Time of first mile..... 1:52	Time of first mile..... 1:52
“ “ second mile... 1:56	“ “ second mile... 1:54	“ “ second mile... 1:59
Time of First Heat ... 3:49	Time of Second Heat... 3:46	Time of Third Heat ... 3:51

FRIDAY, Dec. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs. ; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Duncan F. Kenner's gr. f. *Kate Aubrey*, by Eclipse, out of Grey Fanny (Grey Medoc's dam) by Bertrand, 4 yrs 1 1
 Fergus Duplantier's b. c. *Creath*, by Imp. Tranby, d. by Archy of Transport, 4 yrs 3 2
 Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. *Norma*, by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty, 3 yrs 2 3
 Col. A. L. Bingham's gr. c. *Tom Marshall*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury, 4 yrs 4 dist.
 Geo. W. Vanatta's ch. c. *Bankrupt*, by John Bascombe, out of an Imp. mare by Emilius, 4 yrs dist.

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>	
Time of first mile.....	1:54	Time of first mile.....	1:56
“ “ second mile.....	1:52	“ “ second mile.....	1:52
“ “ third mile.....	1:51	“ “ third mile.....	1:53

Time of First Heat..... 5:40 | Time of Second Heat 5:41

SATURDAY, Dec. 24—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Lin Coch's b. f. *Miss Foote*, by Imp. Consul—Imp. Gabrielle by Partisan, 4 yrs... 2 1 1
 Fergus Duplantier's b. h. *George Martin*, by Garrison's Zinganee, out of Gabriella by Sir Archy, 5 yrs 1 2 2
 Duncan F. Kenner's (Wm. R. Barrow's) ch. c. *George W. Kendall*, by Medoc, out of Jenny Devers by Stockholder, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>		<i>Third Heat.</i>	
Time of first mile.....	1:56	Time of first mile.....	1:55½	Time of first mile.....	2:00
“ “ second mile.....	1:53	“ “ second mile.....	1:51½	“ “ second mile.....	1:56
“ “ third mile.....	1:52	“ “ third mile.....	1:52	“ “ third mile.....	1:56
“ “ fourth mile.....	1:53½	“ “ fourth mile.....	2:00	“ “ fourth mile.....	1:59½

Time of First Heat .. 7:36½ | Time of Second Heat. 7:39 | Time of Third Heat .. 7:51½

LAST DAY, Dec. 25—Proprietor's Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 Duncan F. Kenner's ch. f. *Aduella*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of sister to Crucifix by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs 1 1 1
 Col. A. L. Bingham's b. c. *Sandy Young*, by Medoc, out of Natchez Belle by Se gull, 3 yrs 2 2 2
 J. McNICOLL's ch. f. *Twilight*, by Eclipse, dam by Buzzard, 3 yrs dr
 Time, 1:48—1:50—1:49.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., METAIRIE COURSE.

THURSDAY, Dec. 29, 1842—Proprietor's Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86 lbs —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs. : mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. *Horses date their age by a rule of the Club, from the 1st of May.* Two mile heats.
 Duncan F. Kenner's (Wm. Rufin Barrow's) gr. f. *Musco*, by Imp. Philip, out of Piano by Bertrand, 3 yrs *Christem.* 1 1
 Fergus Duplantier's b. c. *Creath*, by Imp. Tranby, dam by Archy of Transport, 4 y 2 2
 Time, 4:10—4:10.

FRIDAY, Dec. 30—Proprietor's Purse \$400, weights as before. Three mile heats.
 Fergus Duplantier's b. m. *Sarah Morton*, by S di Hamet, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Thos. J. Wells' (John Armstrong's) gr. c. *Tom Marshall*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury, 4 yrs..... 3 2
 Duncan F. Kenner's gr. f. *Kate Aubrey*, by Eclipse, out of Grey Fanny (Grey Medoc's dam) by Bertrand, 4 yrs 2 dist.
 Time, 6:03—6:03.

SATURDAY, Dec. 31—Jockey Club Purse \$700, weights as before. Four mile heats.
 T. J. Wells' gr. f. *Reel*, by Imp. Glencoe—Imp. Gallopade by Patton, 4 yrs... *Kelly.* 1 1
 Linnæus Coch's b. f. *Miss Foote*, by Imp. Consul—Imp. Gabrielle by Partisan, 4 ys 2 2

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>	
Time of first mile.....	1:57	Time of first mile.....	1:59
“ “ second mile.....	1:57	“ “ second mile.....	2:00
“ “ third mile.....	1:58	“ “ third mile.....	1:58
“ “ fourth mile.....	1:59	“ “ fourth mile.....	1:59½

Time of First Heat..... 7:51 | Time of Second Heat..... 7:56½

LAST DAY, Jan 1, 1843—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 Duncan F. Kenner & Brothers' ch. f. *Aduella*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs 1 1
 Linnæus Coch's ch. c. *Jae Chalmers* (late Jean Valentine), oy Imp. Consul, out of Imp. Rachel by Partisan, 3 yrs 2 2
 Time, 1:52—1:55.

ATHENS, TENN., BOSTON COURSE.

THURSDAY, Sept. 1, 1842—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, feather weights. Sub. \$50 each, h. ft. One mile.
 Col. J. T. Lane's ch. f. *Cara Munro*, by Hugh L. White, dam by Crusher, he by Sir Archy, grandam by Truxton—Marion, etc 1
 J. H. Jenkins' ch. c. *Glenayre*, by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Imp. Leviathan, grandam own sister to Carolinian..... 2
 H. L. French's b. f. oy Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific, grandam by Pacolet..... 3
 Time, 1:56.

FRIDAY, Sept. 2—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each. — heats.

Col. J. T. Lane's (Orville Pain's) br. f. by Imp. Merman, dam by Pacolet.....	rec. ft.
H. L. French's nomination.....	pd. ft.
F. Scruggs' nomination.....	pd. ft.

SATURDAY, Sept. 3—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. H. Jenkins' br. c. <i>Brownlow</i> , by Imp. Merman, out of Glenayre's dam by Imp Leviathan, 3 yrs.....	1	1	1
Hugh L. French's b. g. <i>Harry Hill</i> , by Imp Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2
Time, 1:54—1:57—2:01.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—J. C Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. J. T. Lane's br. f. <i>Liz Long</i> , by Imp. Merman, dam by Alpheus, grandam by Alpheus—Alpheus by Imp. Jonah, 3 yrs.....	1	1
S. J. Carter's b. f. <i>Fanny McGuire</i> , by Bertrand, out of Martha Carter's dam, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Ben. Lane's br. c. <i>Felix Grundy</i> , by Imp. Merman, dam by Arab, grandam by Imp. Whip, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.
Time, 3:51—3:54.		

MONDAY, Sept. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$50 conditions as before. One mile.
Col. J. T. Lane's ch. f. *Lexpille*, by Hugh L. White, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs walked over

HAYNEVILLE, ALABAMA.

FRIDAY, Oct. 28—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Richard Harrison's b. c. <i>Sleepy John</i> , by John Dawson, out of Sally Dillard by Sartorius, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Cel. John Crowell's ch. c. <i>Doctor Wilson</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Bolivia by Bolivar, 4 yrs.....	3	3	2
William Montgomery's ch. h. <i>Tattersall</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	2	2	3
Time, 1:53½—2d heat, lost—3d heat, 1:53.			

THE END.

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