



1844

Dear Mother

I have just received your letter

and was glad to hear from you

and hope you are all well

I am well at present

Yours affectionately

John



GETTIN & FOME D OMY & TEEEBEST B O T WITTE D I F F I C U L T Y

New York: Engraved for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine

American Turf Register

AND

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Edited by Wm. C. Foster



Vol. 6. New Series. Vol. 15 Old Series.

New York.

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

Curf Register and Sporting Magazine.

J A N U A R Y , 1 8 4 4 .

Embellishment :

GETTING HOME, DOING THEIR BEST, BUT WITH DIFFICULTY ;
 Drawn by ALKEN, and Engraved by DICK after ENGLEHEART.

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

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

CHARLESTON, S. C. Washington Course, Annual Meeting, Wednesday, 21st Feb.

OPELOUSAS, La. - - St. Landry Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d week in May.

GETTING HOME, DOING THEIR BEST, BUT WITH DIFFICULTY.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION DRAWN BY ALKEN, AND ENGRAVED BY DICK
AFTER ENGLEHEART.

Copied from the London "Sportsman" Magazine.

Three steeds—three riders—"getting home!" A triad
"With difficulty doing" all "their best,"
After exertions, which, if you or I had,
Might make us look as queer as they do. Vest
All torn and soiled—hats looking rather crummy—
Tired limbs—and lips that willingly play dummy,
To bask in ease, with prime tobacco's sun up.
The very steeds, chap-fallen, seem to feel
That "getting home" is but a bore: for heel,
And hoof, and head, look literally *done up*!

AMONG the few redeeming qualities of the infernal railway system of travelling, is a diminution of animal suffering, which, to a certain extent, is inseparable from fast work on the road; and the only set-off against the noble diversion of fox-hunting is the occasional, but not very frequent, injuries which occur to horses following hounds, by accidents, or over-riding; the first are, we admit, unavoidable, but not so the last. The experienced sportsman rarely overmarks his horse; he knows when he is distressed, and either slackens his pace, or at once pulls him up, thinking it no disgrace to stop, provided he have gone well as long as his horse carried him well. Besides, there is no pleasure in riding a beaten horse, but, on the other hand, much discomfort and no small danger. Indeed the greater part of the fatal accidents that have occurred in the hunting field, have been from riding blown and distressed horses at stiff fences; inasmuch as, when they do fall, they fall with much more danger to the rider than when their wind and energies are at their command.

It is, however, not often that hunters are seen in the desperate condition in which the artist has so well depicted those now in our view, and especially in the crack country which the letters on the guide-post lead us to believe has been selected by him for the display of his pictorial art. The economical and humane system of the second horse in the hunting field, has greatly tended to alleviate the sufferings of the hunter, as well as to insure, as far as it can be insured, the safety of his rider; and it is our real opinion that from this cause, in conjunction with improved condition, not a score of these noble animals are killed from over exertion in the course of an entire season.

But how many good hunters have been lost after severe runs, from their riders' imprudence in persevering in getting them home,

instead of suffering them to repose for a few hours; or, if necessary, for the night, in a stable near at hand, and some means taken to restore them. If only moderately distressed, half an hour's rest, with gruel or linseed tea, will relieve them, and enable them to proceed homewards without danger; in addition to the gruel, half a pint of sherry wine may be given with a horn as a restorative, which it at once proves to be. But if symptoms of severe fatigue and distress are evident, with much disturbance of the respiratory organs, recourse must be had to a veterinary surgeon, or a well-experienced hunting groom, otherwise the horse may be lost for the want of his owner knowing what course to pursue. The lancet may be called for, but great discrimination may be wanting as to the time when it should be applied, and that "should never be," until the system has to a certain extent exhibited signs of abatement of the effect of severe distress; in other words—in those of the stable—until the animal becomes cool. A combination of sedative and tonic medicine has the best chance of success.

There is one no inconsiderable evil attending the greatly over-riding hunters in the field. When once tired, many of them never are themselves again, but to account for this is beyond our powers of searching into the pathologic secrets of Nature; but so it is. A hunter shall, to all appearance, recover from the effects of being tired in a run—shall feed well, look well, and be as lively as a bird throughout the remainder of the season; and yet, strange to say, he shall never be the horse he was previously to his being tired; and this is oftener the case with stallions than with mares and geldings. Reader, mark this—don't run the risk of spoiling a good hunter for the sake of saying you were in at the death; be content with going as far as you can with ease to your horse and comfort to yourself, and remember the sacred injunction, that a righteous man should be merciful to his beast.

NEVER PHYSIC DOGS FOR THE DISTEMPER.

THE QUORN HOUNDS

WE have had some pretty runs with cubs, commencing on the 26th of August, several giving us a couple of hours and more. Litters were plentiful, and the young hounds did their duty handsomely, very few getting scot free; the *ladies*, however, "bearing the bell." There being much corn still standing in our early proceedings, some of the young varmints cunningly took shelter there, and the *darlings* were as a matter of course stopped. We had several scurries with old-uns, but as the object of our worthy Master was to enter the youngsters to *blood*, they were reserved for a more glorious destiny.

Our pack musters 46 couples of old, and 15½ of young hounds; total 61½ couples; and as there is a very good sprinkling of foxes,

should weather permit, we have a right to look forward to a splendid season.

And now you shall have a "secret worth knowing"—no more *ipse dixit*, no idle theorem, hanging like a gossamer over my speculative brain, but a downright well-authenticated fact, yet, like all great discoveries, turning on a trifling accident—and that is, "*Never physic dogs for the distemper.*"—*Probatum est.*

A Gentleman's kennel in this neighborhood was visited with this canine plague; pointers, setters, terriers, all fell ill, all were physicked *secundem artem*, and *all died!* Then, "wo the day," my Lady's darling "Bijou" was attacked. Dire mishap! The game-keeper was summoned, and he recommended "a dose," but Madame would not hear of giving a nauseous bolus to her pet! "Then she'll sartinly die, Ma'am! you'd better let me doctor her." All expostulation was fruitless—she would not, "*because she wouldn't!*"—This was conclusive, and the crest-fallen functionary retired, wondering at *some people's* obstinacy, and declaring "the poor hanimal must die, which, without a dose, would be sheer murder."

Remonstrance in more influential quarters was equally futile. "No, no," said the Lady: "the fact is, all your dogs were physicked, and *they all died.* Now, I will leave mine to Nature."—To Nature, therefore, was Bijou consigned; she was put into a loose box, with plenty of fresh water—nothing else—and in four days she came out as lively as one o'clock in the morning.

The Master of the Quorn, who is as wide awake as anybody, and with no *vulgar* prejudices to conquer, was so struck with this deviation from the old system, and its happy results, that he talked it seriously over with Day, the Huntsman, who, after a little modest hesitation, became a convert like a sensible man, and promised to adopt it in the kennels last spring. He did: all the young hounds had the distemper; not one had a dose of physic, and not one went wrong—*i. e.* died.

"Throw physic to the dogs" after this! but they, like *Macbeth*, "ll have none on't." Neither will they follow the advice of *Lear*, "Take physic, Pomp;" that is, if Pomp or any other are dogs of *nous*.

I consider this not the least, Mr. Editor, among the great discoveries of the day, and hope the time is not far distant when horses may be treated in a less barbarous fashion, and not be, when the thermometer stands at 95° in the shade, persecuted with *double* clothing, or, just as the season of labor is commencing, physicked until they have not a leg to stand on from debility. No! leave them to Nature too, i' the name of common sense. She, when the sun is in the solstice, beneficently thins their coats, and provides abundance of fresh cooling grass—all that is necessary to fit them for the changes of the year. This plan has been adopted in the Billesdon stables, and every horse there is in splendid condition, with a coat so smooth and glossy as to excite the admiration of every visitor.

CLIO.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

By the steam ship *Hibernia*, which arrived at Boston on the 20th ult., we have London papers to the 4th December inclusive, and the Magazines for the month. Nothing of material importance has occurred in British Sporting Circles since our last, the following summary comprising the most interesting items of intelligence:—

Marquis of Waterford's Retirement from the Tipperary Hunt.—The Marquis of Waterford's hunting stables at Lakefield, county Tipperary, having been burnt down, and having little doubt in his own mind that the conflagration had been caused by an incendiary, the Noble Marquis resolved on withdrawing his establishment from the county. An address was subsequently drawn up by the Members of the Hunt and leading Gentry of the county, expressive of regret at the circumstance which had occurred, and thanking His Lordship in the warmest terms for the very liberal manner in which he had hunted the country, and his princely hospitality, adding, that in their opinion the fire was the result of accident, and hoping the Noble Marquis would continue among them. His Lordship returned a letter, addressed to the Members, explanatory of the reasons for his resignation of the hounds. "In December 1841," he says, "my hounds were poisoned; I treated the matter with contempt. In January 1843, they were again poisoned; I discovered the offender, and forgave him: but I stated publicly, that if a similar outrage were again committed, I should give up hunting the county. In 1843, my stables were burned, and, but for the prompt conduct of my servants, the whole establishment would have been consumed. From the threatening notices I had received, and from the sworn evidence of persons on the spot when the fire commenced, the Magistrates came to the conclusion that the burning was malicious. I immediately determined to leave Tipperary, feeling that such a system of annoyance more than counter-balanced the pleasures of fox-hunting."—The Noble Marquis, however, in order that his resignation might not impair the operations of the Club, with a truly generous and sporting feeling, has since presented the Committee with 52 couple of dogs and five horses from his stud, and continues his annual subscription of £100 to the Hunt.—Mr. Millett has undertaken the ostensible office vacated by the Noble Marquis.

Extraordinary Pedestrianism.—A great walking match between Robert Fuller, of London, who for some years has borne the title of Champion Pedestrian, and George Bradshaw, of Hammer-smith, who only "came out" in March last, for £50 a side, came off on the 13th of November at Bedfont, in the presence of nearly four thousand persons. The distance was twenty-five miles, starting at the thirteenth mile-stone on the mile towards Hounslow;

the betting 5 to 4 on Bradshaw. At a quarter to one o'clock the men started, Bradshaw taking the lead and doing the first mile in 8 min. 3 sec. and about 40 yards ahead of Fuller. On returning to the starting-place, Bradshaw completed the two miles in $16\frac{1}{2}$ min., and Fuller 20 sec. later. Bradshaw continued to lead and increase his advantage up to the 20th mile, which he accomplished in 3h. 5m., and Fuller in 3h. 10m. A trifling change now took place in favor of the latter, who increased his pace, and gained $1\frac{1}{2}$ min. in the next two miles, and about the same in the final three; but it was too far gone to be recovered, and Bradshaw won the match by two minutes and a half, completing the twenty-five miles in *three hours and fifty-nine minutes*, fair toe and heel—assuredly the greatest performance ever witnessed in the annals of pedestrianism. Fuller had hitherto beaten all his competitors. His first appearance was in a six-mile match with Turner, whom he defeated, walking the distance in 54 min. and a few seconds. In February, 1827, he beat Ralph Burn in a forty mile Match by 25 min. 5 sec., finishing his task in 7h. 1m. 5s. He afterwards defeated the celebrated Townsend in a fifty mile Match, and subsequently beat Mountjoy, Bee, and other first-rate pedestrians. Fuller will be 30 years of age next June, and Bradshaw 18 in the present month (January).

A Good Leap.—During a trial in some fields near the terminus of the Great Western Railway, the steeple-chase horse Pilot cleared a space of thirty feet ten inches in a leap over a brook with a high bank and rail on one side of it, carrying a groom of twelve stone, besides the saddle, &c.

A Yorkshire paper announces the death of Mr. W. Lockwood, formerly keeper of the match book and clerk of the course at York, and judge of the Doncaster and other races in the north.

Mr. Whitworth's Oaks filly Lady Sarah, by Tomboy, out of Lady Moore Carew, is going to Dawson's to be trained.

Mr. William's Derby colt Red Rover, by Sir John, out of Rachel, will shortly join Mr. Scott's lot.

Mr. Heseltine has purchased of Mr. Allen his colt Fielding, by The Saddler, out of Fitzroy's dam; the price is said to be 300 guineas.

The Derby colt by Elis, out of Nanine, named by the Hon. S. Herbert, is now in John Day's lot; he is said to have been purchased by Lord Palmerston.

Mr. Weatherley, of East Acton, once the owner of the celebrated stallion Sir Hercules, died on Sunday last.

Intelligence has been received of the demise of Mr. Charles Brinsley and Frank Sheridan. The first named died on Wednesday, in his 48th year—the latter on the 11th Sept., in the prime of life.

Loadstone, the Irish Derby crack, has gone to Isaac Day's stable. He has become the property of Mr. Gregory at the price of £1400, with £1000 extra should he win the Derby.

The sale of Mr. Ramsay's stud took place at Edinburgh on the 18th Nov. The following particulars are from "Bell's Life":—

BROOD MARES		£
Ch. m. by St. Patrick, out of Comedy by Comus, &c.; dam of Dirmid Cabrera, &c. Covered by Lanercost.—Bought by J. Meny, Esq.		140
Br. m. by Redgauntlet (1835); grandam Amima by Soltan. Covered by Lanercost.—Mr. Meiklam		120
Myrrha, by Malek, out of Bessy by Young Gouty—the dam of Lara, Mes-salina, &c. Covered by Round Robin.—Lieut. Theker		90
Magdalene, by Muley, out of Young Caprice. Covered by Round Robin.—Lieut. Theker		55
STALLIONS.		
The Doctor, by Dr Syntax.—Bought in		530
Inheritor, by Lottery, out of Handmaiden by Walton.—Bought in.—(It is said Mr. Kirby has bought him.)		450
Sheriff and Fulton, by The Saddler or Marcian, out of Frailty.—Hon. J. Sandilands		45
The Black Prince, by Round Robin, out of Dolly Mop by Bob Booty.—Capt. Jones, of the Carabineers		45
Neptune, by Physician, out of Fisher Lass by Osmond.—Bought in		40
FOALS OF 1843, WITH THEIR ENGAGEMENTS.		
Clanranald, br. c., by The Doctor, out of Cabrera's dam. In the Great Yorkshire Stakes of 1846 at Doncaster, and the Produce Stakes of 1846 at Newcastle.—Sir J. Boswell		150
Inglewood, by Inheritor, out of Redgauntlet mare. In the Great York-shire Stakes.—Bought in		145
Malcolm, ch. c. by The Doctor, out of Myrrha. In the Great Yorkshire Stakes and Produce Stakes of 1846 at Newcastle.—Bought in		80
Br. f. by The Doctor, out of Magdalene.—Hon. J. Kenedy		45
YEARLINGS WITH THEIR ENGAGEMENTS.		
Mid-Lothian, br. g. by Bay Middleton, out of Myrrha. In the King's Park Stakes at Stirling of 1844, the Foal Stakes at Doncaster of 1845, Produce at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and at Eglinton Park of 1845.—Bought in		380
Millden, br. c. by Inheritor, out of Magdalene. In the Two-Year-Old Stakes at Eglinton Park of 1844, King's Park Stakes at Stirling of 1844, the Tyne Stakes at Newcastle-upon-Tyne of 1844, the Gates-head or Lottery Stakes at Newcastle of 1845, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York of 1845.—Bought in		170
Fortunatus, br. c. by Inheritor, out of Redgauntlet mare.—In the Tyne Stakes at Newcastle, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes.—John Wau-chope, Esq		80
The Rose of Cackmere, br. f. by Abraham Newland, out of Maturity by St. Nicholas. In the Produce Stakes at Eglinton Park of 1844, the Produce Stakes at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the Gateshead or Lot-tery Stakes at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1845.—Mr. Samuel Graham		11
HORSES IN TRAINING.		
Moss Trooper, br. c. by Liverpool, dam by Emilius, 4 yrs.—Bought in for Mr. Maitland		760
The Shadow, b. m. by The Saddler, out of Arinette, aged.—Bought in		610
Whistle Binkie, br. c. by Round Robin, out of Lady Easby, 4 yrs.—Bought in		410
Cabrera, ch. c. by Tomboy, out of Dirmid's dam, 4 yrs.—Sir George Houston		410
Lady Skipsey, br. f. by Inheritor, out of Lady Easby, 3 yrs.—Bought in		260
Foxbery, b. c. by Voltaire, out of Matilda, 4 yrs.—Sir George Houston		150
Zoroaster, ch. g. by Priam, out of Spaewife, aged.—Mr. A. Cooke		140
Nubian, ch. g. by Sultan, out of Variety.—G. Dunlop, Esq., for Hon. J. Sandilands		55
Hesseltine, bl. c. by Inheritor, out of the Window Shut, 3 yrs.—Hon. J. Sandilands		32
Clem o' the Cleugh, ch. g. by Corinthian, out of Rachel, aged.—Mr. A. Cooke		22

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the November Number of the "Turf Register," page 699.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE THOROUGH-BRED HORSE AND THE COCKTAIL, AND THE MANNER OF RUNNING ONE AGAINST THE OTHER.

WHY thorough-bred horses so far surpass half-bred ones, is not only from the circumstance of their being thorough-bred, but because they are bred to race ; consequently greater pains are taken in selecting the dams and sires of such superior shape and make, with known good running properties, and kindness of temper, as may be thought best to answer the purpose of insuring good stock to the breeder, as it is natural to conclude that the produce will, more or less, inherit, either from their dams or sires, some of the above-mentioned good qualities. If the frame or bones of the blood-horse be proportionably well formed, he will have a spacious capacity of chest, with width of loins, together with breadth, length, and substance of his muscular and tendonous system. If the symmetry of those parts all coincide with each other, they are all of them, in the blood horse, much more compact, or closer in their texture, than the half-bred one. This description of horse is, therefore, unincumbered with any superfluous matter. In short, the thorough-bred horse, being well formed, has considerably more power in less compass than any other horse that may not have been so highly bred. The advantage this horse has over the coarse-bred one is, that he is capable, when it may be required of him, to go longer lengths in his gallops and sweats. A good training groom can, therefore, bring his wind and muscular system to greater perfection, by which this sort of horse is enabled to run on longer racing lengths, with much more ease to himself than any other horse of larger dimensions, that may not, as I have before noticed, be quite so well bred. Those are the assigned reasons why a thorough-bred horse can almost always beat a half-bred one in a long race, provided that the former be made proper use of sufficiently early in the running, whatever the length of the course may be, as a mile or two, or more.

Now, by way of example, let us suppose two horses are engaged to run together in a match, one a middling good thorough-bred horse, the other a good cock-tail. The trainer of the well-bred horse, in due time, on the morning the race may take place, talks over the subject of his orders to his jockey, as to how he wishes his horse to be ridden in the race. The jockey, of course, being a good judge of pace, the trainer says to him, "You must mind,

although our horse is a ready comer, he is no jade. Therefore, in making use of him, take care you don't overset him; yet, be sure you let him come off sufficiently early in the race;" the trainer, perhaps, naming at what part of the ground he thinks it will be best for the jockey to commence running with his horse. Again, he goes on to say, "Mind you come a pretty good telling pace with your horse, so as to draw their horse well out to the top of his pace; having done so, don't leave him, but stay with him and keep him at the pace, until you are sure you have got him thoroughly well beat, before you come too near home. You may then finish the race, to satisfy the crowd." Unless such a race as we have described is run pretty much as we have advised, the cock-tail, or half-bred horse, may beat the thorough-bred one, if the latter is allowed to run his own race; that is, if he is allowed to run within himself until he comes within a short distance of home, when he is very likely to be quite as fast, or, perhaps, a little faster than the thorough-bred one, and, if so, he would consequently win the match. Now, with regard to how the cock-tail, or half-bred horse is to be ridden, when running in company with a certain number of horses, at a country meeting, five or six perhaps, that may be entered in a stake or handicap, at five sovereigns each, with something added by the stewards, and that the whole of the horses, according to their breeding and running properties, are very fairly weighted—the trainer of the half-bred horse, in quietly talking to his jockey on the day of running for the stakes just mentioned, says to him, "The horse we have most to be afraid of in the race is such a one," naming the horse to the jockey, observing at the same time, that he will be rather a busy horse in the running; "You must therefore not attempt to go to the head with our horse, for the shorter the race is for him the better he will like it; the only chance we have to win is to wait, and if we are not beat before we come within the distance, we are, I know, faster than the majority of them for this length; and we may, perhaps, be faster than the whole of them for it. But, if there should be too much running made for our horse, and he should be beat for pace before he comes within his own rally, take a pull, and decline the race; do not attempt running for a place. In short, if we cannot be first pretty cleverly, it is most likely we cannot be second; and, if we could, it is a bad place, as it only exposes one's horse; and as the entrance money in this instance is scarcely worth saving, we will not abuse or punish our horse to save it." These are much such orders as should be given by trainers to their jockies, when they are about to ride moderate runners or thorough-bred horses, or pretty good half-bred ones: as such a description of horses do sometimes meet, and, to make sport, they are engaged to run together in a match, for a plate or stakes, at some one country meeting. But we shall shortly have to describe the very nice and most advantageous manner for jockies to ride such horses as may be heavily engaged, or such of the young ones as the two or three year olds, that may have to come out to run for those valuable stakes at Newmarket, Epsom, and

Doncaster, on which the betting makes it so well worth while to take the necessary pains to bring a horse out to run in his very best form.

It may not be out of place here to give the definition of a racing cock-tail. This term means, as applied to the horse, that the animal is not clean or thorough-bred, that is, he has some little stain in his pedigree, when traced so far back as the great grandam or sire, or, perhaps, the great great grandam or sire; that is, one or the other of those, certainly not both, had some little flaw in its pedigree, but of so trifling a nature, that, if the cocktail has good action, and is upon the whole well formed, more particularly over his chest, his wind, which is of the most material consequence, can be brought to the greatest perfection, so that the difference between him and the thorough-bred horse scarcely at times amounts to a distinction, as the former in running will occasionally beat the latter. Indeed, the main object of attending to the breeding of this description of horse is principally to qualify him to enter and run with other half-bred horses, and which he is certainly entitled to do, unless the drawing up of the articles for a hunter's plate or stakes should be so worded, as to shut such a horse out of the race. And although a cock-tail horse, in the common acceptation of the word, is not thorough-bred, yet he is so near to being so, as to be able to beat any casually half-bred horse; which latter is generally understood to be a horse tolerably well; or, indeed, he may perhaps be very near thorough-bred. But then, this horse is bred so, more by chance than by any premeditated design of the breeder to breed such a horse for any other purpose than that of making him a hunter; and if the owner finds that the horse he has bred has pretty good speed, he may perhaps enter him to run for a hunter's stakes in the neighborhood in which such a horse may have been hunted, and he is thereby qualified to start in a race with other horses that are much on a par with himself. But, to allow a good cock-tail horse to be entered into such a race as this, would be bad judgment, unless he was heavily weighted; for he is, in every respect, so very closely connected with that of the thorough-bred race-horse, that he would most likely, not only beat nearly all the half-bred horses he may be running with, but he may occasionally beat some very fair thorough-bred ones with which he may have to run.

THE NECESSARY KNOWLEDGE TO BE ACQUIRED BY NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE TURF.

The nobleman or gentleman who keeps a large establishment of race-horses is of course to be considered the master of them; and if he intend to be paid handsomely the expenses incurred by his horses, he must be industrious, and make himself acquainted with all the practical circumstances belonging thereunto. The first of these circumstances is, he should be a good judge of the formation and action of a race-horse, and, in the selection of those for his

own stable, he should not lose sight of what is termed fashionable or running blood. Secondly, he should make himself acquainted with all the laws, rules, and regulations of the racing calendar. Unless he understands this book perfectly, and procures for himself a thorough knowledge of the running of the different horses recorded in it, and particularly the length of the courses they run over, and the weights they carried, as well also as any adjudged cases or items, that may be annually or occasionally changed; he will most likely not enter his horses into their different engagements with that degree of advantageous accuracy he ought. Thirdly, he should turn his attention to that of being on good terms with the people of his stable, as the trainer, the jockey, the head lad, and the best riding boys, of whose sobriety he should be well assured, and that they are faithfully awake to his interest. Fourthly, he is to endeavor, as far as it is in his power, to ascertain how his horses are going on as to their bodily health while in the stables, and how sound they may be on their feet and legs when out of them; as well also as how fit they may be with respect to the state of their condition, so as to be able to perform well what may be required of them in their gallops, sweats, and trials; unless they are in a fit state to be tried, the owner will be deceived in them. Fifthly, he is to turn his attention more earnestly to the system of betting, and narrowly watch the movements and changes made in the betting market, as to how justly, from his own private opinion, his own horses or those of others may have been got up as favorites, or what others may have gone down in the odds, by being made outsiders. Of those matters, the owner may form some idea from the private trials and public running of the horses in his own stable; that is, if the people of his stable know well what they are about, and that they are strictly honest to him; he can also judge a little from the public running of other horses in such races as his own horses have been engaged to run in, where they have, in getting near home, come to a pretty close finish on passing the winning-post. Sixthly, he must be careful how he backs his fancy, or takes the odds out of his own stable. As racing matters are so very differently managed now to what they were formerly, he cannot be too cautious how he places confidence in the opinion of others, which may be given him unasked; he should be very careful in acting on such information, at least in such of the great stakes as are made play or pay, as it is generally the case that stakes thus made make the betting P. P. Under the above circumstances, the old way of betting round is the safe game to play, by beginning early in all great stakes, as the Derby, the Oaks, the St. Leger, and many other similar ones, as some of those at Newmarket, and a few others at some of the meetings in the country. If a man has money to back himself on, let him begin early to lay the odds against all the horses in every great play or pay race, where the bets are P. P., as there is only one in each race that can win. To play this game, he must attend on such days as the betting market is open, and watch narrowly the fluctuations of it, keeping his own stable as secret and as much in

reserve as may best suit his book, which latter he must often and well con over; he must watch and see if there is any favorable or unfavorable changes in the market, that may induce him to lay on, or hedge off, just as he may conceive is necessary to bring himself safe and well home; he is to look cautiously at these matters, and in due time, as a week before the running of each race, he should compare his book with those of others with whom he may have betted, who of course are such men as are capable of paying their losings, for lose they all must, by taking the long odds in those great races, upon every horse except one in each race. If a man has entered a couple of good colts in any one of the above stakes, and has proved such two colts to be superior to any colt he had ever previously tried out of his own stable, and that they have neither of them fallen amiss, either constitutionally or from accident—and that he has been able to keep these two colts in the dark until just before the time of their coming to post—if the owner of such two colts be a man of long practical experience in racing matters, he will have a right to expect to win one or other of the great stakes mentioned, (let us say, for example, it is the Derby, for which stake the getting a couple of colts ready to run will be described in a future chapter). We will, therefore, consider the owner to be a good judge, and capable of betting his money with as much advantage as a betting man; by his being capable of doing this, he saves the expense of employing a commission bettor, and by his not employing this man he keeps the secrets of what his colts can do more to himself, until the race is over. Now, under these circumstances, the odds would be likely to be high against the two colts in question near the time of their coming to the post—by the owner taking such odds as may suit him, and afterwards hedging the little he would lose in case of anything unforeseen happening, he will have made all safe; but, if either of the colts should win the Derby, the owner will, in casting up his book, previous to his paying and receiving, find he has a strong useful stake in his favor, as well as in favor of the stable. It is very well known, that the word “stable” is applied to a building erected for the purpose of keeping horses in; but, in the present instance, as that of a balance being in favor of the stable, it alludes principally to the people who are in the secret of what the horses in a racing stable can do, (which, of course, the master ought to be in every department of it), as the private training groom, the private jockey, the head lad, and perhaps one or two of the best riding boys; should these people have kept faithfully and honestly the secrets of what their master’s horses may be equal to doing, their master should liberally reward them for their integrity, by letting them stand their money to a certain extent in his own book: and further, if a master finds, in the settling of his book, that he has won a good stake, as from five to ten or fifteen thousand pounds, and that he is fully aware that his good success has been occasioned as much, or perhaps more, by the good management and secrecy of his people than from his own good judgment, he should, in addition to allowing his people to

stand their money with him, give to each of them, according to the class or rank they may individually hold, a bonus for their honest fidelity towards him.

Those who keep racing establishments will find the above method much more beneficial to their interest than to employ commission bettors; men thus employed may act honestly in executing the commission given to them, whether it be to bet against your own bad horses, to pay the expense of keeping them, or whether it be to bet in favor of your own good ones, to win a large stake on them; still, however, a betting man having performed his commission in the market according to the orders he may have received from the owner of a stable of race-horses (who may not like to bet against his own horses himself,) has it in his power, and can, if he chooses, from knowing the secrets either the one way or the other of such stables, commence doing what business for himself he thinks will be the most advantageous for his own book; and after having done this, he can also, if he chooses, furnish one or two of his particular friends with the information thus acquired, which they will well know how to turn to good account.

I would recommend all noblemen and gentlemen who are on the turf to endeavor to return to the good old fashioned way of doing the business of the stables and their horses, viz., by keeping their private training groom and jockey on their own premises. Honesty is the best policy, and no doubt there are plenty of men in each of the above capacities still to be found that will do justice to their employers; and when such men can be had, confidence should be placed in them, that is, if they are found upon trial to be men of integrity they should be encouraged in the way I have already mentioned. It will not be found to answer the purpose of the owner of a stable of race-horses to act towards his training groom and jockey as he might do to the domestic servants of his family; the latter, if they did not suit him, he might discharge, and hire others in their places, without any great inconvenience to his establishment. But for the owner to dismiss for a mere trifle either his trainer or jockey, both of whom, we are to suppose, are not only good judges of their art, but know well the constitutions and tempers of the horses, which they may have had for a long time under their care (unless they should be found to be tricky), would be attended, for some time, in a variety of ways, with great inconvenience if not considerable losses of money.

Lastly, we further advise gentlemen of the turf not to be too fond of giving their own orders to their jockies, as to how they wish them to ride their horses in their different engagements, unless they are very good judges. A gentleman having a horse going to run for a small stake, as a fifty pound plate, and choosing to give his own orders, on such an occasion as this, his making his own arrangements with his jockey is not of much importance—the orders given by the owner may be proper enough, but by chance they may be wrong. In racing it will not do to trust much to chance; it is true, chance may give a lucky hit now and then; but where a horse is deeply engaged, as having to run in any of

the great stakes we have mentioned, the most likely way to win the game in the end will be to trust to the cool, patient consideration and practical experienced knowledge of the trainer, who has had the feeding and the working of the horse that may be engaged to run, and knows what the lengths were, and at what pace the horse was capable of coming in those lengths; and he also knows what length of rally the horse could come at his best pace in the finishing certain parts of his work, near to the time of his running. From those circumstances the trainer best knows how the powers of the horse should be economized, agreeable to the state and length of the ground on which he is going to run, as well also as his taking into his consideration the sort of running that may be made by the party of horses in which the one we are alluding to may be engaged.

THE FIRST WEEK IN OCTOBER.

BY DETONATOR.

THE concurrent testimony of the almanac-makers, and the corroborative fact of London being deserted by all true Knights of the Trigger, would induce us to believe that old October has paid us his annual visit; but as far as appearances go, for "the first week in October," we might fairly read "the first week in June." The russet garb, which in the good old time "when George the Third was King," formed the distinguishing characteristic of the ale-brewing month, appears to have been "postponed until further notice," as the managers of matters theatrical are wont to say in their play-bills. Before Captain Parry went to the North Pole—and what he did with it we must presume is a secret known only to himself and his fellow-explorers—our woods and coverts were invariably denuded of foliage at this period of the year: a crisp frost for the two or three previous weeks had stripped the trees of the summer's growth, and the gaudy pheasant, the *divini gloria ruris*, could be arrested in his flight through the leafless branches by the unerring aim of the sportsman; but now, in this graceless year 1843, our woods and dells are as dense and impenetrable as in July. The "Hecla" and the "Fury" *must* have bumped the North Pole and turned it upside down. The nature of things is subverted. We have a Siberian climate in June, and a taste of the dog-days towards Christmas: so that Sir Edward Parry, Captain Liddon, and Co., have much to answer for to us covert-shooters. This is the only reasonable cause I can assign for these unwelcome freaks of Nature, although other reasons have been adduced to account for the phenomena—the Tories say, it is owing to the Reform Bill, as everything has gone wrong since its introduction; while, on the other hand, the respectable fraternity of cab-drivers

assert, without the fear of contradiction, that "it's all along o' them fourpenny bits." Leaving this momentous question to be decided by wiser heads than mine, I will proceed without further preface to give an account of my crusade against the long-tails during "the first week in October" last past.

All good Christians are aware that Sunday is a *dies non* with the Sportsman; so that, albeit I have not the honor of being an Irishman, I may be permitted to say the first fell on the second this year: at all events, the second was the first day of pheasant-shooting, and early on Monday I was up and ready for action. In my last paper I believe I stated that there was a very pretty sprinkling of pheasants in my neighborhood. This I had ascertained during my scorching walks in September, and I naturally looked forward to some tolerable sport to make up for the deficiency I had experienced amongst the partridges. I have been so fortunate as to have established a friendly intercourse with the farmers and landed proprietors around me, and to their kindness and urbanity I am indebted for an uninterrupted enjoyment of my favorite amusement. With one of the principal renters in an adjoining parish I have the pleasure of being on the most sociable terms, and, in addition to other sterling qualities, he is a keen as well as an excellent Sportsman. I met him by appointment about a mile from the village where I am ruralizing, and, accompanied by our worthy Rector, we exchanged a cordial greeting on the Castle Hill at the hour agreed upon. The first covert we tried turned up a blank: in the second, the sturdy yeoman knocked over a fine cock pheasant, which, being only winged, was lost in the impenetrable furze and brushwood. Our setters were first-rate dogs, but nothing but a spaniel could have recovered the wounded bird. This was disappointment No. 1, and ere our day's fun was brought to a conclusion we had three similar misadventures.

The extraordinary continuation of fine weather we have had for the last three months has extended the summer beyond its usual limits; not a puff of wind or a shower of rain have we had in these parts since July; consequently not a leaf has fallen, and shooting in covert at this moment is all guess work, as tantalizing to the shooter, as unfair and cruel towards the birds, for on the day I am recording two brace and a half of pheasants were wounded and lost to us. *Quant à moi*, I only brought one respectable old cock-bird to bag. We sprung hen-birds innumerable; but the ladies were respected, and permitted to escape shot free. Not a straggler did we fall in with either in furze or hedgerow, although during the preceding fortnight, when an embargo was laid on the trigger, I had fallen in with cock-birds out of number scattered all over the country.

Our worthy Rector and myself had engaged to dine at the comfortable farm-house of our companion in the field, and a kinder or more hospitable welcome never greeted two hungry guests. It is refreshing in these days of cant and humbug to find the *beau idéal* of an honest upright English yeoman; it is an indigenous sample of English growth, and one I glory to come in contact with. The

individual under whose roof I was to experience the rites of unostentatious hospitality is the brightest specimen of this truly admirable character: upright and just in all worldly dealings, of uncompromising integrity, and endowed with the nicest sense of honor—for I am certain he could not utter a falsehood if he were to try—and possessing a heart and kindly feelings which endear him to his family, while he is beloved and respected by all who know him. He would, I know, shrink from having his worth recorded in print: but this is, nevertheless, a true picture of Mr. James Halse, of Bruckland. This very pretty estate which he rents, and which contains some very pretty preserves, is the property of Mr. Bartlett, of Fenchurch Street, who is fortunate in having so respectable a tenant, and who, I have reason to know, appreciates his worth to the fullest extent. Give me the clean and wholesome fare at the well-spread board of an opulent farmer, where the household affairs and culinary arrangements are under the guidance and superintendence of the petticoats. On this occasion the female influence was easily detected in all the little knick-knacks which graced the table, to say nothing of the unimpeachable puddings, the cream, the butter, the home-made bread, and the snow-white linen. Our beef was salted to a turn, and the Michaelmas goose, plump, juicy, and tender; the cider and ale sparkling and clear; Heliogabalus himself would have been in his glory, and would doubtless have tippled the hot toddy, and blown a cloud with us after dinner, which we did in the plenitude of our enjoyment. We took leave of our jolly host soon after ten, and our worthy Rector and myself reached our respective domiciles by eleven.

On the following day, I killed a brace and a half of birds, two of which fell to the gun under rather extraordinary circumstances. In a very large field of potatoes, skirted by hedge-rows and a plantation of furze, my dog dropped on a point, and as I walked up to her, I distinctly heard the crowing of a cock-pheasant; her game was evidently running before her, and she drew on accordingly. The whole of this time the crowing continued without intermission. These little dodges were carried on the whole length of the field, when up got a fine old bird, which I knocked over; and just as I fired, another cock-bird rose, and by good luck he fell also before the second barrel. The crowing in this instance was loud and without intermission, and I never remember the signal to have been kept up for so great a length of time. It is rather unusual, I believe, and I have therefore recorded the fact.

I had one blank day during the week, although I found more birds that morning than before or since; but the covert was so thick it was impossible to make sure of a single shot. I have been out six times altogether since the opening day, and have bagged five brace only. I had hoped and expected to double this number at least, for the numerous "eyes" in the coverts all around my snug cottage would have justified the expectation. It is hopeless, however, to look for anything like sport until we have a soak-

ing rain, windy nights, and a smart frost or two to bring the leaf down. Yesterday, the ninth, we had a heavy shower, but it did not last above an hour.

The partridges are still *sub tegmine fagi*, I suspect, for I have but a very few brace to add to my last report. The birds will not leave the covert until they are driven out by wet; so that, what with the hot and dry weather and luxuriant foliage, my bulletin up to this period, Oct. 10, is but a sorry one.

Some gentlemen of inventive imaginations would perhaps be ashamed to commit to paper so unpretending and insignificant a sum total of slain, and substitute higher figures instead of honest facts by way of proving their skill in the use of the trigger; but as a faithful chronicler, I give you facts instead of fiction, preferring the old jog-trot plan of sober truth to the astounding reports of some modern Munchausens.

That I shall be enabled to show in my next paper that I am not quite "a muff" in covert, I am convinced. We have plenty of birds if we could but see them; and as my Westley Richards shoots strong and straight, I promise when the leaf is down to forward you, Mr. Editor, not only a more satisfactory account of the sport in this neighborhood, but a brace or two of pheasants into the bargain; and I will give you due notice when your cook may prepare the gravy and bread-sauce.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for November, 1843.

A FEW HINTS ON HORSEMANSHIP.

BY NIMROD.

It is not every man who has the luck of being by nature formed to ride well. He who has round thighs and large calves to his legs cannot sit close to, and comfortable on, his horse, even in his gallop, and in his leap it is most distressing to him, by coming bump down in his saddle, after his horse has landed, instead of being, as it were, part and parcel of him, or demi-corps'd, as Shakspeare says, with the brave beast. Such a man is said, and admirably said, too, to have a "wash-ball seat;" the metaphor being taken from a wash-ball rolling about in a basin, the surfaces of each being so slippery. The fact is, a man to ride well should not appear to be thus demi-corps'd, but every method and art must be practised to create and preserve, in both man and horse, all possible feeling and sensibility, which can only be done by a firm, yet delicate, hand, the general result of a good seat.

As in the rising and falling of a board placed "in equilibrio," the centre will be most at rest, the true seat on a horse will be found to be on that part of your saddle into which your body would naturally glide; and as the point of union between the shoulders and

the body of the horse is the strogest part of him, it is there you ought to sit. Let your saddle be as close to the shoulder bones as you can place it, so as not to interfere with their action; and let your stirrups be sufficiently long to enable you to sit well down on your fork, with your knees nearly straight, but still having support from your stirrups. It is a mistaken notion that, by riding with short stirrup leathers, you sit easier to your horse. The contrary is the fact. You, in that case, not only throw your weight backwards towards the loins, which are least able to support it, but, by having the knees lifted so high, the thighs are rendered useless as far as the *clip* is concerned, which is very necessary in hunting, if not at all other times. The legs are thus likewise deprived of much of their essential assistance, and the pressure of the leg, to say nothing of the spur, has a sensible effect on a horse, who is not only alive to all such *aids*, as they are called in the school, but who is, you may rely upon it, perpetually on the lookout for them. In fact, you should understand your horse, as you would an author, and he will equally understand you; for although he may not comprehend your language, he comprehends all arbitrary signs and motions, and neither his ears nor his eyes are the only organs through which they are conveyed to him.

Do not ride fast at the majority of fences. For example, if the ditch be on the rising side, I may, by so doing, cause my horse to put his feet into it before he spring at the hedge. Should the ditch be on the landing side, the case is somewhat altered, as the pace should be regulated by its width. If I have reason to believe it is of moderate width, I do not ride fast at the fence, because it may make my horse leap farther than he needs to leap, and, of course, help to exhaust him. But if, when within a few yards of the hedge, and going slowly at it, I perceive the ditch to be a broad one, I urge my horse by the hand or spur, so as to make him understand that he is to extend himself sufficiently to clear a wide space of ground. If the ground on the landing side be much lower than that on the rising side, causing what we call "a drop leap;" or even if the ground be not lower, but soft or boggy, I give my horse all the assistance in my power, by throwing my body back, availing myself at the same time of a resisting power from my stirrups. But another precaution is necessary when the ditch is on the rising side, or indeed with all fences, except those (and I will presently name them) which require to be ridden quickly at. This is, to fore-shorten my horse's stroke, so as to enable him to gather himself together for the spring, else he may misjudge his distance, and get too near to the fence to rise at it. In fact, to judge accurately of the distance from a fence, at which the spring should be taken, is a great accomplishment in both man and horse. In the former, it is the result of experience and a quick eye; with the latter, it is in a great measure dependant on temper; and, consequently, violent horses, "rushing fencers," as they are called, never perfectly acquire it. It is "a serious failing" in a horse to take his spring sooner than he need take it; and *perfect* fencers go close up to their fences before they rise at

them, especially with hedges, the ditches to which are on the rising side: Horses, however, of hasty temper, well-bred ones particularly with great jumping powers, cannot always be made to do so. Neither will they save themselves by walking into, or pushing through places which do not require to be cleared by a leap; so far from it indeed, many, otherwise excellent, hunters will scarcely suffer a brier to touch their legs. A good bridle-hand here comes to our assistance, more especially with horses which are difficult to handle, either from the imperfection of too fine a mouth, or of a loose, ill-formed neck. It is difficult to offer instruction here, as there ought to be an absolute interchange of feeling between the instructor and the instructed, to render them intelligible to each other; but I will endeavor to make myself understood thus:— When you approach a fence with a horse of this description, you should leave him as much to himself as you may find it prudent to do, and especially when within a few yards of it. If you are obliged to check his speed, do so with as light a hand as possible; and if he shows a dislike to be much checked, by throwing up his head, or snatching violently at his bit, drop your hand to him, and let him go. He has by this time, most probably, measured the fence with his eye, and it may not be safe to interfere with him.

Double fences, still more so with a horse not perfect in his mouth, and the setting on of his head, put the hand of a horseman to the test. The first part of such fence, usually a ditch, may be cleared without difficulty, and so may the second, if visible; but it often happens that neither horse nor rider is prepared for the second. Here it is that, in my opinion, lifting your horse by the hand is to be recommended, and in few cases besides. My objection to it generally arises from the horse being led to expect it; and if he do not get it at the critical moment, it may mislead him. In short, it requires a hand nicer and finer than common, to make a practice of lifting a hunter at his fences. Nevertheless, in the instance I have alluded to, the unforeseen ditch, it is useful; as likewise towards the end of a severe run, where horses, from distress, are given to be slovenly at their fences, if not disposed to run into them. In leaping timber fences, I consider the attempt to lift a hunter to be dangerous; for a horse becomes a good timber-leaper from confidence in his own powers; and if he finds he is to wait, as it were, for your pleasure for him to rise at a gate, or a stile, he will be very apt to make mistakes.

I have already observed that timber fences, as well as hedges, plashed down longwise, with very strong growers, are the most dangerous of any, by reason of their general strength; if a horse strikes them with his knees, or get across them, as it were, by not being able to bring his hinder quarters clear of them, they are nearly certain to cause him to fall. And he falls from timber in a form much more dangerous to his rider than when he stumbles and eventually falls, by putting his feet into a ditch. In the latter case, his fore-quarters come to the ground first; and by breaking the force of the falls, the rider has time to roll away from him, before he himself rolls over, should the violence of the fall cause him to

do so. In the former case, if the timber be strong enough firmly to resist the weight and force of a horse that strikes it with its fore-legs, especially if above the knees, the first part of his body which comes to the ground is either his back or his rump. Should the rider then not be thrown clear of him, he must be made of hard stuff if no bones be broken, or some other serious injury sustained. All this then enforces the advice I have given of avoiding strong timber with horses not perfect at leaping it, as much as may be compatible with keeping your place with hounds; and still more so with horses, how perfect so ever they may be at it, that are blown, or very much distressed.

Never ride fast at a timber fence, unless it be a low one, with something wide to be cleared on the landing side. If we see a boy exercising himself in leaping height, we do not see him run quickly at it, neither does he run over much ground, before he makes his springs; on the contrary, he only takes a few steps, and those at a moderate rate. When I ride at high timber, I pursue this plan. I take rather a firm hold of my horses' head, chiefly by the aid of the bridoon, if his mouth is good enough for it; and let him understand, by assuming an air of resolution, that I not only mean him to leap it, and that I will not suffer him to turn his tail to it, but that it is something at which his best energies will be required of him. But, above all things, I avoid interfering with his stroke or stride, beyond pulling him together, unless absolutely called upon to do so, by some peculiarity of the ground, such as a grip on a head-land, or a ditch on a rising ground, which is often the case with rail fences. A horse making up his mind to leap a timber fence, will, of his accord, regulate that matter, and gradually gather himself on his haunches, previous to being required to take his spring at the fence. He will, likewise, if you let him, often make choice of the pace at which he goes up to a gate, &c. It is true the deer can clear a greater height in its trot than in any other pace, but a horse prefers the slow gallop, or canter, when thus called upon to exert himself; for if he do trot to an upright fence, we generally see him break into a canter in the last few yards. As the fulcrum for the spring comes from behind, the canter is the most natural pace, the haunches being then more under his body. Of course, this all holds good equally with stone walls, as with timber fences; but I consider those which are made loose, and without the accompaniment of ditches, as is the case in the greatest part of this county, to be almost the least dangerous fence we ride at, inasmuch as, should a horse strike it, he will seldom fall over it under a good horseman.

When riding at high timber, your seat—as well as your hand—requires attention. I have already said on what part of your horse you ought to sit—namely, in the middle of your saddle, which should be placed close to the shoulder bones, when your seat will be most secure, from its being just in the centre of motion when your horse springs at his fence; I have also said, that the true hunting seat will be found nearly in that part of the saddle into which your body would naturally glide, if you mounted without stirrups. But other

security than this is required to insure safety over very high and upright fences. It is not the horse's rising that tries the firmness of the rider's seat; the lash of his hinder legs is what ought chiefly to be guarded against, and is best done by the following simple means:—Incline your body backwards, and grasp the saddle lightly with the hollow, or inner part of your thighs; but let there be no stiffness in any part of your person at this time, in the loins particularly, which should be more than usually pliant. A stiff seat cannot be a secure one, because it offers resistance to the violent motions of the horse, which is clearly illustrated by the cricket-player. Were he to hold his hand firm and fixed when he catches a ball struck with great force, his hand or arm would be broken by the resistance; but by yielding his hand gradually, and for a certain distance, to the motion of the ball, by a due admixture of opposition and obedience, he catches it without sustaining injury. Thus it is in the saddle. A good horseman recovers his poise by giving some way to the motion, whereas a bad one is flung from his seat, by endeavoring to be fixed in it. In old times, when the hunter was trained to leap all upright fences at the stand, those precautions were still more necessary, because the effect of the lash of the hinder quarters was more violent and sudden, in consequence of the horse being so close to his fence, that he rose perpendicularly at it, and not with the lengthened sweep of a flying leap.

The only fences at which you should not ride quietly are—a hedge, beyond which you have reason to believe there is a very wide ditch and a brook, when the momentum or impetus derived from the speed, assists not only to clear the expanse of water, but in preventing the horse falling backwards, should he not quite clear it, but drop a hind leg under the bank. Still there are exceptions to the rule of riding *fast* at brooks. When they are not wide, and the backs be sound, it takes less out of a horse to put him at them at a moderate pace. Neither should he be ridden quickly at them when they overflow their banks, as it will then require all his circumspection and care to know when or where to spring from to cover them. In fact, overflowed brooks are rather formidable obstacles; but, (a fine trial of hand,) instances do occur in the course of a season, where they are leaped when in that state by some of the field, but not by many. Nothing indeed tends to make a field so select, as what is termed a “good yawning brook,” with rather doubtful banks.

When a man rides over a wide brook, or indeed any other fence, which requires much ground to be covered to clear it, how is it, the reader may ask, that his horse does not leap from under him; for although he has a certain hold by his bridle, it must be very unequal to the weight of his own body, increased by the resistance of the air? How is it that, when the horse alights, the rider alights in the very same spot in the saddle on which he sat when his horse sprang at the brook?

I will answer that question in a few words:—The body of the rider so far partakes of the speed of his horse, and increases in

common with it, that with very little assistance from his bridle reins, he keeps himself in his proper place. If it were not so, what would become of the rider in the circus, who leaps directly upward, through a hoop perhaps, or over his whip, whilst his horse is going at considerable speed. He would, by necessity, alight upon the ground perpendicularly, under the point at which he sprang from his saddle. It is evident, however, that on leaving the saddle, the body of the rider has equal velocity with that of the horse; and the spring which he takes perpendicularly upward, in no degree diminishes this velocity; so that while he is ascending from the saddle, he is still advancing with the same speed as his horse, and continues so advancing until his return to his saddle. In this case, the body of the rider describes the diagonal of a parallelogram upward, in the direction in which he makes the leap. From these facts, then, may the advantages of good horsemanship be appreciated; and as it appears that the motion of the rider and his horse are so intimately connected and in unison with each other, (for, were the circus rider to project his body forward, in his leap through the hoop, as he would do if it were on the ground, he would alight on his horse's head or neck, or perhaps *before* his head, for he would then advance forward more rapidly than his horse), the importance of a steady seat and a good hand is apparent, and accounts for some men crossing a country on middling horses, quicker and better than others do upon really good ones. And yet the eye has a good deal to do with all this. I once imprudently rode at rather a wide brook with my eyes shut, in fear of having them injured by some briars; the consequence was, my alighting on the pommel of the saddle, and bruising myself very much.

I have a great dislike to swimming brooks on many accounts:—first, it tends greatly to beat your horse; and, secondly, if he is blown, he may so far sink under your weight as to oblige you to dismount in the stream, and you run a risk of a blow from his feet, in getting away from him. From the many accidents of hunting men, within the last twenty years, in the act of crossing rivers, it is to be lamented that the exercise of swimming horses in the summer months is not more generally resorted to. That it was practised by the ancients we know; for we find Alexander the Great swimming the Granicus with thirteen troops of horse. But horses should be practised in swimming, as well as their riders, as some of them are much alarmed when, for the first time, they lose their legs in water, and often turn themselves over. That the act of swimming upon horses, when they are fresh, is a most simple and safe one to those who practice it often, may be proved at many of our watering places in the summer, where boys swim them out to sea for a very small reward. I observe they lean their body forward, so that the water gets under it, and partly floats it, interfering as little as possible with the horse's mouth; at all events never touching the curb rein. When the sportsman determines to swim his horse in deep water, and the bank will admit of it, he should enter it as gradually and slowly as possible, as not only will his horse be less alarmed at the loss of his footing, but less

liable to turn himself over in the stream. Thus, in fording a brook too wide to leap, and with a soft bottom, a horse should be ridden *very slowly* into it, which will enable him to get his hinder legs well under his body before he makes his spring to ascend the opposite bank, which he would have much difficulty to do if he enter the brook quickly. He would be more likely to flounder and fall on his head.

No man can escape falls who rides near to hounds ; at the same time, much of their more serious consequences may be avoided by care and simple caution. First, by always riding in thin boots and large stirrups ; secondly, by coolness at the time. Again, with a thin boot and a roomy and *deep* stirrup, even without spring bars, you are in very little danger of being dragged, which is one of the most awful situations in which a rider to hounds can be placed. Indeed, I know some persons—the late Duke of Cleveland, for example, who laugh at spring bars to saddles ; and I confess I have more than once lost my place in a run, from having a stirrup left behind in a fence, owing to the leather slipping out of the bar ; but I now remedy this, by having the spring made more stiff. I have seen some very frightful falls and accidents in my time. The worst accidents I ever witnessed, however, were those of a compound fracture of the leg, and a simple one of the skull ; but amongst my acquaintance I can enumerate two fractures of the pelvis, and one cut throat ; the person I allude to, having fallen on a newly cut faggot stump, which made a wide gash in his throat, narrowly missing the great jugular vein. Then I have a word or two to say about teeth :—I saw a fine young man have every one in the upper jaw knocked out of their sockets by a fall ; and I knew a master of fox hounds who was served the same trick, but he neither lost his teeth nor his place in the run. He rode back to the spot, after his fox was killed, found his teeth, had them replaced in his jaws, and there, for aught I know to the contrary, they remain to this day. Again, I can give some ludicrous accounts of falls. A hard-riding whipper-in, who, up to a certain day, had escaped better than could have been expected, came neck and croup over a high fence, and his horse ran away from him, after rolling over him. “ Well, *now*, I be hurt,” said he to himself, as he limped away after his nag—as much as to say he had got his deserts at last. Then the story of the Leicestershire grazier is not amiss, who, when they were trying to pull his neck into joint, supposing it to be dislocated by the fall, desired them to desist, as he was *born with a wry-neck*. But to be serious—and, indeed, this is scarcely a fit subject for joking—as all men who ride a hunting are more or less subject to falls, it is well that young sportsmen should know that there is an art in falling, as well as in preventing falls. This consists in getting clear of the horse as soon as possible, which a man accustomed to falling has a better chance to do than one who runs less risk of it, owing to having greater self-possession at the moment. Next to a horse coming neck and croup over a high and stiff timber fence, a fall in galloping at full speed is most dangerous, and apt to dislocate the rider’s neck, by the

head coming first to the ground ; and from the velocity of the fall, the rider has no time for precautions. However, even in this case, he should endeavor to put out one, if not both hands, to break the force of the fall, as well as to act in resistance to his head coming first to the ground, and receiving the whole force of the concussion. By so doing, it is true the collar bone of the sportsman stands a great chance of being fractured ; but that accident is one merely of temporary inconvenience, and unattended with danger ; whereas a dislocated neck is very rarely reduced. But it is a curious fact, that there are fewer instances of broken necks in the field in the present age, than there were half a century back, notwithstanding that, for one man who rode a hunting, then, there are fifty now ; and the pace of hounds, as well as style of riding after them, is much altered as to speed. This has been accounted for in two ways ; first, the modern sportsman sits down on his saddle, whereas the sportsman of olden times stood up in his stirrups, and, when his horse fell with him in his gallop, was nearly certain to fall on his head. Secondly, he did not ride then so well-bred or so well-acted a horse as we now ride, which would account for his falling oftener in his gallop ; and particularly as the surface of the country in his day was much more uncultivated, and consequently uneven, than it now is. Neither was his hunting cap of much service to him, in accidents of this description. On the contrary, from its having been so low in the crown, as it was then made, coming in immediate contact with the crown of the head, the concussion was greater, if he were thrown on his head, than if it had been cased in a hat, which, from the depth of its crown, would tend to break the fall.

In falls, the horseman should roll away from his horse as quickly as he possibly can, lest in the struggle of the latter to rise, he strike him with his legs or head. It frequently happens that the horse rolls over, after he falls, and, if in the direction in which his rider lies on the ground, is apt to crush and injure him. Indeed, there is scarcely any hard rider after hounds who has not been thus served ; but here again self-possession often stands his friend. When he sees the body of his horse approach him, he frequently saves himself from injury by meeting it, as it were, with one of his feet, and, by obtaining a fulcrum, shoves his own body along the ground, out of his reach. Coolness in this moment of peril, likewise preserves the sportsman in another way. Instead of losing hold of his reins, and abandoning his horse to his own will, as the man who is flurried at this time almost invariably does, he retains them in his hand, if not always, in nine falls out of ten, perhaps, and thus secures possession of his horse.

A great preventive of falls, at stiles especially, the approach to which, on a footpath, is often dangerous, from being slippery, is, having the hinder shoes turned up, as the term is, on the outer side of the heels ; for if a horse slips at a fence of this description, his four legs get into a heap, and his power of springing at it is destroyed from want of the proper fulcrum. The shoes of the fore-feet, however, should not be turned up, or caulked, as the doing so

is not only injurious to the horse, by causing an unequal tread ; but it is quite possible that the hinder shoe may catch in the calking, and be the cause of a fall, in going quickly through ground that is tender, or, as it is called, deep. In case of a bad fall, let me give you one piece of advice. If your head be affected, do not be bled at the time, although it may be considered necessary afterwards ; but as soon as possible procure a large wine-glassful of equal parts of strong vinegar and water, and drink it off at one draught. Its efficacy consists in the revulsive powers of the vinegar acting on the general circulation of the system, and preventing a congestion of blood to any particular part.

I have only a few more words to say on the subject of falls, or rather on that of riding after hounds. Let me advise you never to ride at what are called impracticable places, or *stoppers*—by which is meant any obstacle beyond the power of a horse to overcome by a fair leap. You may get over, or through them, with a fall ; but your horse will surely be the worse for the attempt, and will the sooner sink under you in a good run. Never abandon your horse to himself over any ground, but hold him fast by his head, either up hill or down hill, on level, and, above all, on soft, ground. He stands in need of your support, and he should have it. If you doubt the effect of a tight rein with horses going at speed, ask the first Newmarket jockey you meet, and he will fully satisfy your doubts. Sam Chifney, father of the present Sam, has written some nonsense in his *Genius Genuine*, about riding the racer with a silken rein ; but who can do it? or where is the race-horse that will let you do it? Then again, it is absolutely necessary to have a good command over your horse, when hunting, where so many casualties occur. Some dreadful accidents—indeed I once witnessed a case of a fractured leg—have arisen to sportsmen from this cause. It often happens in the desperate attempts hard-riding men, of the present day, make to get the lead, that one man will ride so close to another who is going to leap a fence, that if his horse falls, he is almost sure to be jumped over, or upon, as it is not possible for the rider to pull up short, in that small space. But even should the second man see the first man's horse in the act of leaping the fence, he should allow him some time to get away from it, because in the event of his clearing it, it is still possible he may fall, by his stumbling over something after landing : stepping into a grip or rut, for example, or, alighting in false ground, all of which he is subject to, but more especially toward the end of a severe chase, when, of course, his strength and powers of action are reduced.

Let me advise you therefore to take a line of your own, at the start, rather than to follow any one closely, at this time, and particularly as your horse is then fresh ; and, by not having cause to pull him up, or break his stride more than is necessary, to enable him to collect himself for the leap, you have a better chance to maintain a good start, which is a very great advantage, especially in the first burst, when the speed is almost always the greatest. When once alongside the pack, quit them not, if possible, until they have killed their fox, or lost him : at least, so long as your

horse can live with them without trespassing too much on his powers. If you can get the lead, and keep it for forty minutes, "*best pace over the grass*," as they say at Melton, with rasping fences, and two good brooks in your way, the laurels Cæsar won would be weeds compared with those which would, for that one day, be yours.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for October, 1843.

FOX-HUNTING IN PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

Continued from the December Number, page 710

It is rather singular, considering how important and prolific a subject it is, that there are but two published estimates of the expense of keeping hounds—the two as wide as the poles asunder. One is an account of the cost in the time of Edward the First of keeping what we suppose was then the Royal Hunt—a somewhat different establishment to that of the present day—seeing that "twelve fox-dogs" was all they had, whose keep was contracted for by an appropriately-named person, "William de Foxhunte, the Kinge's huntsman of Foxes in divers forests or parks," at the rate of a halfpenny per diem per dog, and they hired a horse for the season only; though from the wording of the item, "to carry the nets," and from a subsequent charge of seven shillings for winter shoes for the huntsman and his two boys, we may infer that the whole ceremony was performed on foot, the horse most likely carrying the nets and the produce thereof. The cost of the whole establishment was twenty-three pounds seven and a penny—rather a different amount to that of Col. Cook, a practical master, who published his statement about twenty years ago. It is singular, we say, considering in how many breasts the secret reposes, that none but the Colonel should have enlightened the public on this point, seeing, even if his calculations were right in his day, that many changes have taken place both in the value of money and many necessary articles since then.

Both Mr. Grantley Berkeley and Mr. Delmè Radcliffe adopt Col. Cook's estimate as a basis; Mr. Smith and Mr. Vyner we think are both silent on the subject. Mr. Berkeley, if we recollect rightly, merely expresses his opinion that Colonel Cook was under the mark; while Mr. Delmè Radcliffe says he has not been able to bring his expenses down to what he gives as his estimate that the thing should be done for. £2000 a year, he thinks, should hunt Hertfordshire handsomely three days a week, or seven days a fortnight; and certainly, considering the description of country, its propinquity to the great mart of everything, we may expect to find things as dear in Hertfordshire as in any county in England;

but we are quite sure in more remote regions it can be done for a very great deal less money. We may instance the Craven country in Mr. Smith's time, which was hunted four days a week for £1400 a year; and Warwickshire in its best day never raised more than £2000 for four and five days a week, and two kennels to hunt from—always a great additional expense. However, there might be dippings into pockets besides.

Subscriptions, however, on paper, and subscriptions in practice—that is to say, realized subscriptions—are very different things, as all Masters who have tried them can vouch for; as also, we make no doubt, for the fact that the noisiest, the most troublesome, and most presuming fellows in the field are generally the worst and most unpunctual payers. Colonel Cook read a very useful lesson to subscribers on this point—the importance of punctuality in payment—and one that cannot be too often repeated, particularly at the present season, opening, as we now are, upon a fresh campaign. Speaking of fox-hunting near London, he says:—“Should you happen to keep hounds at no great distance from London, you will find many of the inhabitants of that capital (Cockneys if you please) *good sportsmen*, well mounted, and riding well to hounds: they never interfere with the management of them when in the field, contribute liberally to the expense, and pay their subscriptions regularly. The sum of £50 or £100 is nothing out of an individual's pocket; but to a Manager of a subscription pack, the fact of *twenty subscribers*, each paying his fifty to a day, is a thing of no small consequence, as he is required to pay for almost every article in advance—oil, oats, hay, meal, &c.; and the *interest of the money* amounts to one subscription at least”

Doubtless the Colonel spoke feelingly. Indeed, his work, though infinitely inferior to Beckford's, gives evidence of its being written by an ardent and practical sportsman. Fox-hunting authorship was in its infancy in his day—indeed we believe Beckford was the only writer extant on the subject; and the assertion Col. Cook makes in one part of his volume, “that he had not read Beckford for many years,” is apparent in the different style and structure of his work. We believe we may say that Beckford and Cook teach all that can be taught by books on hunting. Practice—experience—after all is the real thing. Still we like to read the thoughts of practical sportsmen, and time gives importance and authority to what might not be thought much of in its own day. Colonel Cook's estimate was doubtless founded on the presumption that everything connected with the hunting establishment was so much additional expense to the Master's “*home menage*,” if we may use the expression; also that everything was paid for at full market-price—circumstances that do not generally attend the keeping a pack of hounds, most men having a certain something of their own that dove-tails in with the extra establishment, keeping down the expenses of both, while a local and resident sportsman has many *pulls* in his favor, as the gambling-house keepers say. Resident in his country he ought to be, for, as Col. Cook well says, the man who undertakes the management of a pack of fox-hounds

will have very little time for other occupation, provided he pays the attention to it he *ought*, and which the Gentlemen of the country will have a right to expect from him. This of course is speaking of what is called a "hunting country," where the general feeling of the gentry is in favor of hounds, and where they club their money in proportion to their expectation. Colonel Cook hunted what was then called the Thurlow country, part of Essex and Suffolk, as also we believe part of Shropshire.

The following is a piece of excellent advice he gives brother Masters of Hounds. "When you are established in a country," says he, "never interfere with politics; when you turn politician, give up your hounds. If possible, be on terms with all parties, and if they have liberality they will preserve foxes for you; but you must in return do all in your power to oblige *them* consistently with the general good of the Hunt. You should also endeavor to gain the good will of *the farmers*; if any respectable body of persons suffer from hunting, it is them; and I think it not only ungentlemanlike, but impolitic, to treat them in the field or elsewhere otherwise than with kindness and civility. They have a great deal in their power; and if once you gain their respect and esteem, whilst becoming popular amongst them in general, it will save you many a litter of foxes, and you will go on pleasantly without any grumbling."

Advice such as this may appear almost superfluous, especially recommending civility to farmers—Gentlemen being supposed to be civil to every one; still it is well-timed, and, we are sorry to say, not altogether unnecessary. We have seen stiff-backed fools turning up their noses at farmers, as if they were altogether unworthy of notice, forgetful of the fact contained in Colonel Cook's closing sentence. The advice about politics ought never to be forgotten. Politics should be excluded from fox-hunting as they are from agricultural associations.

We wish Mr. Beckford had given some idea of the expense of hunting a country and keeping a pack of fox-hounds in his time. It would be very interesting, and curious to remark the gradual change or increase in expense that has taken place since the close of the last century, when he wrote. To be sure he lived in a cheap country—at least in a country where covert rent, we believe, is little known even at the present day; but his calculations would be just as much of a land-mark with respect to other countries now as they would have been then. Moreover, it is clear that he was a man of liberal gentlemanlike ideas, who knew how things should be done, and who did them as they ought. He lived at Stapleton in Dorsetshire, in what must have been a very good house in those days, and which is seen on the road between Blandford and Shaftsbury. What *was* his country we believe is now cut up, or, Poland like, divided among several packs, of which, however, Mr. Drax of Charborough Park has the largest share. It is classical ground. The country called the Vale of Blackmore, so well known to all readers of *MAGA* as always possessing the most wonderful hares and remarkable harriers, does not seem to

have been included in his range ; at least the general idea one derives from the work is that of a wild open country, with good covert-hunting, and not the pewey, hopping, jumping sort of country we find about the "Caundles," and in the Vale generally. Beckford, in his description of a run, throws off in a wood covert, a far finer idea than the artificiality of a gorse. "How well the hounds spread the covert," says he ; and it is the want of seeing them spread that is one of the great drawbacks in a gorse. We know no finer sight than seeing twenty couple of hounds each drawing on his line up a dene, where the movement of every hound, nose to ground, is seen. Putting them into a gorse is very much like swimming them in the sea ; in one you see their heads, in the other their sterns. "How steadily they draw !" says Beckford. We fancy we see our Master on the opposite side cheering them on. In a gorse, half the hounds may lie down if they like and take a nap till the horn blows. "How steadily they draw !" You hear not a single hound ; yet none are idle. Is not this better than to be subject to continued disappointment from the eternal babbling of unsteady hounds ?

" See ! how they range
Dispersed, how busily this way and that
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark ! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, prelude to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth "

Beckford apprehends "our friend Somerville," as he calls him, "was no great fox-hunter ;" but we really think those lines would incline up to a contrary opinion. Indeed Dr. Aikin, in his short biographical preface prefixed to Somerville's "Chase," in his "Select Works of the British Poets," says quite the contrary ; and from Somerville having lived in Warwickshire, which in his day must have presented one of the finest arenas for field sports in the kingdom, we think he not only followed the chase, but profited by it—at least profited by it as far as pursuing it as a science went, though, according to the same authority, he "injured his fortune" by his attachment to field-sports. And we are glad that the penning of these rambling discursive papers induced us to turn to a memoir of Somerville, for, with every respect for Beckford's opinion, we confess it always staggered us, how a man, who was not a Sportsman at heart, could write as well and so beautifully on the subject of hunting as Somerville.

For the benefit of similar sceptics, we will here transcribe what Aikin says :—

"William Somerville, an agreeable poet, was born in 1692, at his father's seat at Edston in Warwickshire. He inherited a considerable paternal estate, on which he principally lived, acting as a Magistrate, and pursuing with ardor the amusements of a Sportsman, varied with the studies of a man of letters. His mode of living, which was hospitable and addicted to conviviality, threw him into pecuniary embarrassments, which preyed on his mind,

and plunged him into habits which shortened his life. He died in 1742. As a poet, he is chiefly known by *The Chase*, a piece in blank verse, which maintains a high rank in didactic and descriptive chases. Being composed by one who was perfectly conversant with the sports which are its subject, and entered into with enthusiasm, his pictures greatly surpass the draughts of the same kind which are attempted by poets of profession."

'The last sentence is very good, and one that we recommend to some painters as well as poets and prose-writers at the present day.

But to Beckford. Dorsetshire in his day must have been a most uninclosed country, and foxes abundant beyond all desire. Then we had Cranborne Chase, a woodland not to be surpassed for spring and autumn hunting; and he seems to have devoted himself to the thing in a manner quite equal to any after-comer. "Hunting," says he, "is the soul of a county life: it gives health to the body and contentment to the mind; and is one of the few pleasures we can enjoy in society without prejudice either to ourselves or our friends."

Dorsetshire seems to have natural sporting propensities about it. For a bad scenting country, which the greater part of it is, perhaps no country of its size has so many packs of different sorts within its compass. Indeed, while other countries are begging for Masters, Gentlemen in Dorsetshire are contending who shall have the pleasure of keeping packs for the amusement of their neighbors—not who shall have the subscription of their neighbors, but who shall be allowed to spend most of their own means in the public service. As usual in all cases, there are two sides of the question, and we only allude to the circumstance here (though we hope the differences are adjusted) for the purpose of congratulating the county upon the fortunate position it occupies. Nor is the hunting prosperity of the county of Dorset of that flashy evanescent character that damages other countries—now up and now down, now in request, now deserted—but its sporting prosperity has been uniform and continuous, and the career of its principal Master, Mr. Farquharson, popular, steady, and unostentatious. There may be men who give one the idea of greater keenness and greater love of hunting than he does, but for real quiet efficient sporting, management, and liberality of the most unassuming kind, there is no one superior to Mr. Farquharson. There is an apparent system about him, and everything belonging to him, that looks like permanence and popularity. Farquharson is getting high up the tree in the list of the real lasting sort of Masters of Hounds, entering as he does, we believe, this season on his thirty-eighth year, and having worn out a huntsman and whipper-in since he began. There was something very venerable, substantial, and business-like in Mr. Farquharson's turn-out during the administration of Ben Jennings and Solomon, the late huntsman and first whip: they were quite patterns of the old style of respectable family servants, now becoming so rare, owing to the migratory habits railroads and the march of intellect have introduced among the present race.

Ben and Solomon filled their situations nearly thirty years, and retired with the hearty respect and good-will of the country, testified by appropriate gifts of massive silver tankards, and two morocco and mahogany-sprung arm-chairs to sit and drink out of the tankards in.

By the way, the mention of these presents brings to our mind the rather inappropriate ones we sometimes read of servants receiving at the hands of brother Sportsmen. Far be it from us to say a word in disparagement of that most respectable and praiseworthy class of men, kennel-servants: but we cannot help thinking, good, sound, yellow, full-weight sovereigns, a much better and more useful gift than silver-gilt hunting-horns, inkstands, fox-head cups, and other gewgaws we read of their being presented with at public dinners, after their healths have been proposed in neat and appropriate terms, as the newspapers phrase it, and "responded to by the company with the most vociferous and overwhelming applause." All this is burlesque and out of keeping. It does the men little good, and tends to bring marks of respect, suited only to the upper ranks of life, into ridicule if not contempt. Moreover, the process of converting the guineas into gewgaws has a very diminishing influence on the value of the investment. Take a silver-gilt Race Cup for instance—a hundred guineas worth; will any silversmith—will the maker himself, after the lapse of a year, allow one half of the price paid in solid cash? We doubt it; we have heard of a great Cup holder being offered £30 a piece for his valuable acquirements! The same principle applies to minor presents. You cannot convert your Three per Cents into cash without something sticking to the fingers of the banker or broker; and there will be something lost—and a good deal generally—in the transit of the guineas between the pockets of the donors and receivers if they travel round by the jeweller's shop. We would say, encourage meritorious servants by all means, but let your encouragement be such as will be most useful, acceptable, and suitable. Money is the great medium between man and man; it divides and subdivides; but silver tankards and morocco hunting chairs can only be efficiently held by one person; and even to that one they are frequently an incumbrance rather than an accommodation. But though the mention of tankards and easy-chairs has brought the subject to our mind, we beg to add, that these presents were utilitarianism itself compared to many that we have seen made—at least read or heard of being made.

It shows how the thing acts, for the mention of the presents of Plate to the men almost made us forget the splendid Vase presented to Mr. Farquharson, of which the tankards and chairs were the surplus subscription. It was a magnificent present, in every respect worthy the country—the donors and donee. It was first proposed to have a picture of the worthy Master, but they got so much money that it was thought impossible to invest it in oil and canvass; it therefore assumed the more solid form of a Vase.

We have only spoken in detail of Mr. Farquharson's establishment, because his name has been longest associated with the

hunting of the county of Dorset; but Lord Portman is an exemplary man, combining the pleasures of a Sportsman with the higher duties of life; and Mr. Drax's turn-out is inferior to none in the kingdom.

If the expense of hunting a country had increased so much between Beckford's and Colonel Cook's time as to draw from the Colonel the observation, "that a pack of fox-hounds formerly was quite a different thing to what it was in his day, not one-tenth part of the money being expended on the establishment," we wonder what the Colonel would say could he see the increase that has taken place in expense since he wrote—now some twenty years since. Of course we are now speaking generally, and more with reference to the provincial than what were then, as now, the great emporiums of hunting—Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, &c. Almost every country in England, good, bad, and indifferent, have latterly had their fox-hounds, and though many of the establishments were doubtless much better upon paper than in practice, still they looked quite as important as the best, to those who *did not know them*. And this leads us to a rather delicate subject, which we will enter upon by premising, that, though writing in the plural number with the editorial *we*, we are not to be supposed as binding the conductor of this work; what we say, being merely individual opinion drawn from the same source that the reader may draw his own—namely, personal observation and inquiry. We may state, then, that in our opinion one great incentive to increased exertions and consequent expense was the "Tours of Nimrod," just commencing about the time Col. Cook wrote. Nimrod was the Dickens of his day in the Sporting World: he carried all before him; he was the fashion; and it is extraordinary how people "score to cry" when once well laid on to a fashionable scent. We have no disposition to detract from the merits of Nimrod; far from it. He was an able and agreeable writer, and, had his situation been such as to admit of fewer demands on his pen, he would have been a very powerful one, as far at least as hunting is concerned. Moreover, the princely liberality with which the then proprietor of this magazine backed his efforts, gave Nimrod an importance in the Sporting World that tended very materially to enhance the productions of his pen. Added to this, the judicious revision that Nimrod's manuscript underwent at the hands of the late Mr. Pittman made his Tours so palatable and popular, that instead of being regarded with an eye of suspicion or jealousy, all men's doors were thrown open to him, and a welcome awaited him wherever he went. Still the certainty of being "shown up," as it was called, and the laudable anxiety incident to all men of cutting a respectable appearance, especially in the permanent records of print, induced many to "launch out," who perhaps could ill afford it, and so placed a stumbling block to the future prosperity if not the lengthened existence of some Hunts. Nimrod had a very acute eye for trifles, and the observance of little defects in this and that establishment set all masters agog to look after their own; and let men say what they will about

this costing nothing and that costing nothing, and its *only* being this and *only* being that, we maintain there is a very considerable difference in expense between doing things in a rough and ready way, and doing them, in sporting language, *as they ought*.

We remember a good story of Nimrod and a Master of Hounds—a gentleman more famous for his keenness than for his attention to propriety of equipment and appearance. The gentleman in question was about changing countries, and some of the principal Members of the new Hunt went to have a look at their new Master in his old country. Nimrod was to act as master of the ceremonies and introduce the parties. Having arrived at the meet before his friends, Nimrod saw the hounds come up, with a lad, the second whipper-in, riding a mule with a crupper.

“Good God!” exclaimed Nimrod, after salutations were over, “didn’t you get my letter, telling you that — and — and — were coming?”

“Yes!” replied the Master, surprised at his eagerness.

“Then how could you let the lad come out on the mule?”

“Why not?” inquired the Master; “he’s a good-’un to go!”

“But who the deuce ever saw a whipper-in to fox-hounds on a mule?”

“Shall I send him home, then?” asked the Master, anxious to accommodate.

“Why, no,” replied Nimrod; “as he’s here he may as well stay, but for God’s sake bid him put the crupper in his pocket.”

“Well,” replied the Master, giving the order—adding with an ominous shake of the head, “the saddle will be over the mule’s ears before he’s gone a mile without it.”

As we observed before, these Tours of Inspection set all met to hide their cruppers, if not their mules; and many, who lacked the intrinsic sporting powers of the Master described, endeavored to make up in tinsel and glitter what their establishments wanted in substantial sporting. The same contagion extended to the field; men ripped off their bridle-fronts, steeped their coat-laps in horse-pails to purple them, discarded their country boots and breeches, and the hunting-field became more like a field-day review than the quiet assembly of friends, each anxious to lend a hand in furtherance of the all-important object of killing a fox.

These Tours of Inspection were all very well where the means existed. It was well perhaps to have some Hunts brushed up a little by the pen of the reviewer; but the difficulty and consequent injury has been, that many rational and able sportsmen have either been driven beyond their means or out of the field altogether; for the same influence that set them on reforming their establishments increased the personal expenses of the subscribers, and consequently diminished their means of supporting the Hunt. Colonel Cook evidently hunted a country supported by the moneyed interest when he talked of his fifty or a hundred guineas paid to a day, just as some Masters talk of their four or five pounds wrung like the heart’s blood from some of their reluctant payers!

Another injury, we think, the Tours did to hunting was, magni-

fyng what really were in fact little better than farmers' packs into the importance of Fox-hounds, to the detraction of the expensively-maintained and legitimate establishments. On this point, however, it is but justice to Nimrod to say that he steered a very judicious course in his selection of packs, seldom dwelling on any but the best; but still his "Tours" called inferior pens into action, who, with confined means and limited acquaintance, were very glad to sound the praises of second or third-rate packs, the owners of which would mount and find them "in wear and tear for their teeth" for their trouble. At one time the thing had assumed so perfect a system, that some Masters had their offer of incense as regularly as the month came round; and we read a never-yet contradicted statement in an American paper, "that a certain inveterate currant-jelly glutton in the West actually did the praising department of his pack himself." This gazetteering was not confined to fox-hounds; the second-raters "did" harriers of every shade and grade of pretension with quite as much verbosity and importance as Nimrod used in describing a first-rate run with a first-rate pack of hounds. The death of a fox was heralded forth with all the flourish and pomposity of a victory, while the frolics of poor puss were amplified and magnified into something like perpetual motion.

These chroniclings too had another pernicious effect. There was no legitimate advocacy of separate interests—of fox-hounds hunting foxes and harriers sticking to hare—but there was a ready disposition on the part of the writers to magnify anything into a run, and hound every cur on to poor reynard. If a pack of yammering non-descripts succeeded in killing a three-legged fox, or surprising a four-legged one with his belly full, there was such a hullabaloo raised, such encomiums on the Master, and such plaudits on the pack, that people really wondered how such splendid hounds could so long have kept their candle under the bushel. Thus, while these chroniclings raised packs—or rather collections of dogs—which were all very well while they contented themselves with cutting a figure in the field in the immediate neighborhood of the farm houses or villages where they were kept—into undue importance, they tended to disgust practical sportsmen and the owners of legitimate establishments with the system of publicity altogether. The bare idea of puffing is repugnant to the mind of a gentleman, and to avoid all suspicion of anything of the sort, many were silent who could really have communicated runs worth recording, and written matter worth reading. Of course men's tastes vary in this as in all matters; some are so partial to print, and so insatiate in their appetites for praise, as to be able to swallow any quantity in any form; others are equally fond of it, but with a maiden coyness pretend the reverse, and to be monstrously horrified at the idea of appearing in print. What between the real and the artificial objection, a stranger like Nimrod must have had great difficulty in discriminating "which was which." Still, as we said before, Nimrod's chroniclings were tolerably judicious, and did little harm compared to the performance of the

host of imitators he called into existence, who, in homely language, would "butter" anybody. He might push a few purse-sick Masters beyond the line of prudence for the sake of "keeping up appearances;" but possibly it would only be hastening an event that would have taken place under any circumstances. In a general way, his subjects were selected from a class who would take no harm by a little extra expense, while his opinions, formed by comparing one establishment with another, were frequently useful to Masters of Hounds: and altogether Nimrod's style and manner of writing gave a fillip to fox-hunting, and obtained it great popularity.

It was raking up pens that raked up the dregs of hunting that may be considered the chief drawbacks upon Nimrod's Tours. They had their day; and though from the ruinously expensive manner in which they were made, they could not possibly "pay," still we think they are productions that time will enhance the value of, and invest with an interest far beyond their own day; they are *sui generis*. Two great obstacles present themselves against any second attempt of the sort being made—at least on such a scale:—first, the difficulty of getting a person qualified for the office; and secondly, the enormous expense attending the speculation. The first, however, we look upon as the great difficulty. Many men may think they would like to go about a country, seeing different establishments, horses and servants found them, and all expenses paid, just as many think they would like to go into the army to wear moustache and glittering coats; but let them look behind the curtain, and reflect on the cold shoulderings they must calculate upon, about as disagreeable as early drills or confinements on guard when soldiers want to be absent. Plenty of people would like the halfpence, but, query, "would they like the kicks?" The writing part we do not look upon as so difficult of fulfilment as getting a man with the manner and tact required for "a critic, hated yet caressed," to get into society, and keep there. Moreover, this difficulty would attend a new man at the onset; he would be looked upon as an imitator, a character that carries with it no recommendation—"Nimrod the Second" would not do.

At the same time we think Hunting Tours are capable of being made very amusing; but then they should be "Hunting Tours" made for the purpose of seeing hounds and countries, and not in the character of a *conjurer*; we then get the grain without the chaff. As to freighting a man, fitting him out like a Privateer, it is a speculation fit only for a "Joint Stock Company;" it could never pay. Let any man take his own experience for a basis, calculate his expense in horses, grooms, taxes, &c.; and, taking the chance of sport into calculation, let him ask himself, if he were to note down whatever he thought worthy of record, what he imagines the product of his pen would amount to at the end of a season. Would each day furnish twenty lines? Ten? We hardly think that. Let him then calculate the grievous additional expense attendant on shifting quarters and moving about, to say nothing of living at Inns, and tell us if any one short of a man with the pen

of the Bard of *Don Juan* could so deck the transaction in words as to make it pay the necessary ordinary expenses of three horses and a groom. The writer leaves it to the Editor to say how many horses Nimrod travelled with——*if he likes!*

So much for the Chronicles of the Chase, and the influence they have had on expense and luxury.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for November, 1843.

ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

BY COTHERSTONE.

Resumed from our last Number, page 722.

THERE is not a more anxious period, exclusive of that when a horse is running, both to the owner and the trainer of a race horse, than when he is going over his last sweats, especially if his legs be rather doubtful. This anxiety is increased if the boy does not ride him exactly to order, or the animal does not realize the too-sanguine expectations of the party by the manner of his going. The following sketch is somewhat of a description of that which transpires on these occasions, and is an outline of what I am convinced many persons have experienced when placed in like situations:—

In spite of positive directions that the first mile shall be done at a very slow pace, the boy is misled by his horse's freedom, produced by the improvement in his condition, and does not distinguish the difference between slow progression and the animal's desire to go faster; so that before he has completed the first mile, he has attained the speed which ought to be preserved for the third. This naturally produces the signal to reduce the pace, in doing which the horse's stride is broken, and he shifts his leg. Being closely observed by the scrutinizing eyes of the owner, his confidential friend, and the trainer, whilst the real cause is overlooked in consequence of the intense anxiety which prevails, the expression is simultaneous—"I fear he does not go so well as usual; he shifts his leg." Having performed another mile, the boy becomes again deceived; the horse, being of a fine temper, is reconciled to the pace, and ceases to pull, more especially if the rider has handled him very nicely in order to slacken his pace, without ruffling his temper or causing him to hit his legs. Thus, instead of the pace being faster at the *end* of the second mile, it is slower than it was at the *commencement*. A wave of the hand to "come on" indicates to the boy that he must "mend the speed," when, somewhat hastily rousing his horse, he changes his leg again. The succeeding mile being accomplished, both horse and

rider begin somewhat to flag ; the knees of the latter are seen moving freely on the saddle, and his seat becomes unsteady ;—all of which are certain signs of weakness. When the provoking fault of loosing the horse's head at length calls forth the excited temper of the trainer, whose equanimity on such occasions is never at its utmost sweetness, he impatiently rides to meet the boy at the nearest point, where, on being within hearing, he exclaims, in a tone somewhat ferocious, " Sit steady, boy ; don't tire ; take hold of your horse's head, and ride him ; draw him together, and let him stride away to the end, but hold his head fast." Such commands somewhat alarm the boy, who, hastening to put them in execution, again causes his horse to change his leg ; an event rendered very probable by the state of the animal at this particular crisis, and in fact what will almost invariably take place without any inducement beyond the temporary weakness which is manifest. The party are now all worked up into a state of alarm, fearful that on pulling up, the favorite may fall lame or hit his legs ; the latter a circumstance which may reasonably be expected if boots or bandages are neglected to be used for their protection. All eyes are therefore fixed upon him, as in pulling up he drops out of the gallop into the accustomed trot, and are rejoiced when they perceive him move at the latter pace, although languidly, apparently sound.

If there be a rubbing-house or stable contiguous to the exercise-ground, the horse will be taken there ; or in case the home stables are at an easy distance, that place will be selected to perform the operation of scraping. In the absence of these, a sheltered situation in the open air must be chosen : highly excited as the blood is at such a time, it seems scarcely requisite to hint at the necessity of seeking a place screened from a powerful current of air, especially if the wind proceeds from the north or from the east. Beyond this, and if there is no probability of rain, in moderately warm weather, the open air may on many accounts be the most preferable, with care being taken that this duty be performed as quickly as possible, and the dry clothing put on before there is any cause to apprehend ill effect from cold.

The horse having arrived at the place where it is intended that he should be scraped, the girths of the saddle are to be slackened, and all the additional clothing which may be at hand thrown over him, under which he is to be permitted to stand a few minutes to excite the flow of perspiration ; during which period his mouth should be washed with water from the bottle, and his lips and nostrils cleansed and refreshed with the sponge. When offering the bottle, it is to be taken in the left hand, the person standing on the near side and holding the one rein only with the right ; by inserting the neck of the bottle in the lips between the front teeth and the grinders, it is preserved from the risk of being broken. The required time having elapsed for the perspiration to run, the clothing on the quarters is to be thrown up, and that part of the animal scraped, when the hoods must be taken off and the near side of the neck scraped ; that operation completed one of the attendants

commence rubbing the part with dry hay-bands, finishing with a rubber. The person who uses the scraper then proceeds with the off side first, striking the moisture out of the mane by holding it up in locks in one hand, and hitting it with the instrument which is held in the other; the off side of the neck, having been scraped, is to be proceeded with as before directed. During this process the person who holds the horse's head rubs it with a dry rubber, having pushed the front of the bridle back over the ears to enable him to get at the part which is under it; the head and neck being dried, the bridle is to be adjusted, the mane combed out, and a dry hood put on; the saddle is then to be removed, and the clothing stripped off the body, which is to be scraped and rubbed dry with hay-bands and rubbers. In performing this operation the wisp or rubbers should be worked the way the coat lies and cross-ways, but never backwards and forwards—a method which boys are sometimes apt to acquire, but nevertheless a bad one, as it causes the horse to look rough, or as if he had been drawn through a hedge backwards. Many persons are very scrupulous in having their horses made quite dry before the clothing is put on, but there are circumstances which do not render that nicety advisable. In the early part of the year, or indeed whenever the coat is rather long, the surface of the skin will be perfectly cool before the surface of the hair becomes quite dry: and the consequence is, that if the horse is exposed too long he will become chilled, and perhaps take cold: indeed, I am perfectly convinced that many horses do take cold and are afflicted with cough from this very circumstance. The moment, therefore, that the horse's body is found to be cool is the time for him to be re-clothed. It is to be observed that the process of cooling is effected by evaporation, which takes place very rapidly on these occasions. If, therefore, coolness is produced below the degree of heat which the system recognises, the circulation of the blood is checked in its passage to the extremities, especially that which passes to the skin, and the most dangerous consequences may be expected to ensue. All the dry clothing being adjusted, and the saddle put on, the horse is to be led about for the space of five minutes, when he must be mounted, and take a steady gallop at about half-speed from three-quarters of a mile to a mile, or, if thought requisite, a mile and quarter; when, after walking half an hour, he will be ready to go into his stable. If the weather be windy and cold, it will be desirable to throw an extra rug over him during the time that he is walking home, so that the circulation may be kept up; and although the horse should be cool when he arrives at his stable, he should have a glow on the surface of his coat.

The sweaters which have been used are to be rolled together and carried home by one of the attendants, and arrangements made previously to going out to have half a pailful of gruel in readiness for each horse on his return. I am an advocate for that which is made with wheat-flour, and always have it prepared in the following manner:—Half a pint or rather more of fine fresh flour, to be mixed with cold water, care being taken that it is quite

smooth and free from lumps ; about two quarts of water is put into a saucepan and made to boil, when the flour is poured in and thoroughly stirred during the process of boiling, which continues a quarter of an hour ; it is then poured into the bucket, and some cold water added. It must, however, be allowed to stand a sufficient time to become of the required temperature before being offered to the horse. Many persons use oatmeal thus prepared, but wheat-flour is decidedly more nutritious and balsamic—properties which are exceedingly necessary on all occasions when a horse has fasted for some time and undergone considerable labor.

When the horse is in the stable the hood and bridle are to be taken off, and the former thrown over his quarters ; the girths must then be slackened, and he must be allowed to stand a minute or two to ease himself. The gruel is then to be presented to him. A nice sweet lock of hay, well shaken and pulled to free it from every particle of dust which might possibly intrude, is then thrown before him. Many persons moisten the hay with water ; to that process, however, I object, and will explain my reasons. The animal is naturally thirsty, and seizing the wet hay gives it a twist or two with his teeth and bolts it. Thus it passes into his stomach in the form of a little wisp, but if given dry he is compelled to masticate it, which excites the natural flow of salivary juice from the glands destined to secrete that fluid, which not only assists the power of deglutition, and by compelling the animal to masticate the food prepares it for digestion, but it more effectually relieves the mouth from being parched and dry than any other fluid. Whilst the horse is picking this little bit of hay, his head and neck are dressed agreeably to the instructions given on that subject, after which his legs are to be well fomented, thoroughly washed with warm water, and bandaged ; not forgetting that the bandages are to be taken off after the horse is dressed, his legs well hand-rubbed, and dry bandages replaced. His legs being washed and bandaged, he will then be ready for his water, to which some linseed gruel should be added, the bland and softening properties of which are found so conducive to the healthy condition of the urinary secretions, that no valuable horse when at hard work should be without it. It softens the water and equalizes its quality ; so much so, that when horses are travelling, if linseed be prepared and given to them on such occasions, they will experience very little, if any, effects from the change which they must inevitably undergo from drinking waters possessing different properties. During the time the legs are being washed a handful of bran-mash should be given, and after he is dressed the remainder of that which has been prepared. His bed should be set fair, and if he have eaten his mash a small feed of corn offered to him. Should he refuse his mash, let that which remains be taken away, and the manger thoroughly cleansed, otherwise that which adheres to it will very quickly become sour. If he does not appear disposed to feed, it will be useless, and indeed improper, at this crisis to give him any corn ; but, as many horses will eat corn when they

will not touch a mash, the experiment may be tried, always observing one maxim—that if he will not eat it, it should be taken from him. The corn being disposed of, a small allowance of hay is to be given, when he is to be shut up till five or half-past five o'clock in the evening.

It is not usual to strip a horse for the purpose of dressing him on the evening after he has been sweating; nevertheless, his quarters and hocks can be done by simply turning up his clothing; his legs must also be attended to, and the operations will now fall into the regular routine of the stable. Great attention must, however, be paid to the due temperature of the stable, and of all things to have it thoroughly ventilated. That currents of air are objectionable at all times, but more especially dangerous on these occasions, no person can contend against, but yet there requires a free escape for the foul air generated by the animal. After the circulation has been so highly excited and exhausted, the consumption of hydrogen is greater than on ordinary occasions; therefore it is the more necessary to ensure a sufficient supply, otherwise the horse is sure to break out after he is shut up; a consequence of not being supplied with sufficient quantities of pure air to refresh the blood on its passage to the lungs, which is returned into the circulation in an impure state, whence its impurity forces an escape through the pores of the skin, and produces the cold perspiration so commonly observed with horses after work.

The average lapse of time for horses of good constitution to be sweated is about six or seven days; the discretion of the trainer, however, must regulate this subject. If positive rules could be established, simplifying the art of training like a rule-of-three sum or any other operation in arithmetic, trainers would be as plentiful as blackberries; indeed, skill, observation, and experience would be at a discount, and nothing required beyond regularity and order—two virtues, however, which must ever be attendant upon the former attributes. Reason, discretion, and moderation are precepts which a man desirous of bringing a horse to the post in his best form, must invariably adopt as his motto. With all these qualities a man will sometimes err, and many instances may be recorded of horses having run very moderately, although trained with the utmost care and experience, which passing under the management of another possessing less judgment and practical knowledge, have vastly improved. This may readily be accounted for by the latter person accidentally hitting upon a system of treatment suitable to the peculiar temper and constitution of the animal.

Light, flashy-tempered horses require great caution as to the frequency of their sweats, the distance and pace which they can bear, and the manner in which they are ridden. One of the greatest errors that can be fallen into is that of galloping them, or indeed any others, to a stand-still.

London Sporting Review for November, 1843.

REVIEW OF THE ENGLISH RACING SEASON, 1843.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

THE curtain of the Racing Season of the year 1843 has fallen, leaving many painful reminiscences behind. The powerful influence of my Lord George Bentinck has been the means of bringing to "book" many important alterations, which, I have no doubt, will put the Turf into a more healthy condition than the almost neglected "physical force," with which men of business in racing matters have been in the habit of consulting. I am not one of those who are disposed for a radical cure in all cases; but it strikes me that my Lord George Bentinck really has the benefit of our fine national sport "nearest his heart." No one can deny the policy of excluding notorious defaulters from the betting-ring, for in truth they have poisoned the constitution of noblemen and gentlemen to a degree unbearable to any but those who cannot exist without their favorite pastime. I have no hesitation in stating that the new regulations adopted at Liverpool, Goodwood, and Warwick, during the season, must be acted upon at all the principal meetings of the coming year—Newmarket not excepted. The truth is, the racing public begin to think for themselves.

I never remember a more delightful or productive season as to sport than the one just passed; the weather, with scarcely an exception, was most gladsome; the betting more confined to those who had the wherewithal to meet their engagements, and the cream of the racing excellent. The new, and, to me, absurd practice of steeple-chasing has considerably shortened our Hunt Meetings, broken in upon, as they were before, by thorough-breds running for races advertised for cock-tails only. I cannot say that I regret the falling off in this particular branch of the Racing Calendar, for I have a notion that many noblemen and gentlemen withdrew their subscriptions long since, and left the crying evil to work its own cure, which soon resolved itself into a certainty. I must take an exception as regards the Hunt Meetings, and it certainly is an exception—I mean the meeting in the Duke of Rutland's Park at Croxton, where everything appertaining to the comforts and delights of amateur racing, with real gentlemen riders, is put in practice, and well carried out. I very much regret that the Noble Duke's colors are not more frequently found flying foremost for some of our rich Newmarket Stakes. Since Rat-trap's splendid performances in 1837, the noble Duke and his confederate have been running sadly on the wrong side of the winning-post. I have passed over the Warwick Spring and Pytchley Hunt Meetings, because I have nothing to say in their praise; at the same time it is only justice to state that I have nothing to censure—they were, in fact, as well attended as in by-gone years, and about as interesting to the Turf frequenter. The Spring Meeting at Epsom, backed

as it was by that "fine old English Gentleman," and true supporter of the integrity of Turf affairs, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, was all but a failure. The greatest regret to me was the defeat of the popular Baronet's Sirikol, whose superiority over the field has since been fully proved. Somehow or another, Sir Gilbert's horses always bolt in the Spring Epsom Meetings! Mr. Goodman's Maccabeus, the favorite, and thought highly of for the Derby, ran a moderate second, and subsequently died, much to his owner's loss. I have reason to know that Mr. Goodman's opinion is, that the horse was wrongly used. There was a good deal of talk respecting the age of the said Maccabeus, but some people are lucky in having their three-year-olds looking as furnished as many of their friends' four-year-olds!

The Newmarket Craven Meeting passed over quite as well as could be expected. Cotherstone came out immensely improved, and won the Riddlesworth and Column Stakes quite in a canter, beating in the one, Dawson's "pot," Pompey, and in the other, Cooper's General Murat. I thought at the time that Murat was not so well as he might have been, and his Ascot running subsequently made my opinion a good one. I do not know how it is, but Colonel Peel is very unfortunate with his three-year-olds. The gallant Colonel's Ionian "cut into ribands" Lord Glasgow's Amulet colt—both two years old—over the T. Y. C. It may be said that Lord Glasgow shows perseverance in "match-making" worthy a "better cause." Ionian is in the Derby, and, with "all his faults I like him still." Gaper's running at this meeting brought all sorts of *fancies* into the Derby market, yet, after all, the bettors against the Goodwood pet shook in their shoes just as they were about to win their money. John Day burnt his fingers to the bone, and was only relieved by a "Cotherstone plaster." One of these unpleasant events happened in the week. Cataract, about whose qualifications every body in the world knew, save and except Lord Fitzroy and Stephenson, the trainer, was beaten by a regular "leather plater," not good enough for the "stubble cutting" country of Kent. A vast deal of money was made out of this horse by the book-makers, who are always content to take things by the smooth handle. St. Valentine, another plum in the pudding of the "Cookery book," fell lame, and thereby required no hedging to; and several others, pointed out as Derby winners, fell from their high and palmy state into one of degradation. But these things happen yearly, and the backers of horses get none the wiser!

The Chester Meeting promised well, but turned out badly. General Pollock won his two races cleverly, and became a good outsider for the Derby; but there were enough knowing ones left to *know* that his high action and slow "conveyance" would never answer in a speculation on the Epsom Downs, and betted accordingly "without fear of contradiction." The Tradesmen's Cup was one of those mismanaged affairs which will inevitably put all handicapping at defiance. A more miserable start I never witnessed. The *pranks* (I like to use gentle words) about Alice

Hawthorn, The Corsair, Re-action, *cum multis aliis*, will be sufficiently remembered to caution people for the future about betting on this once interesting race. That Millepede would have won under almost any circumstances as regards "starting," I do firmly believe, for he crept into the race at 7st. 3lb., and was an early five-year-old! If people will wait for races of this description, I can only say that no nobleman or gentleman, not excepting Lord George Bentinck nor the Hon. Captain Rous, can bring horses closely together. One of the fastest two-year-olds of the year, in the shape of Lord Westminster's Fanny Eden, came out with great *eclat* at this meeting. The field had individually been tried "good;" yet the Yellow Jacket came in handsomely, scattering Fair Charlotte, Missy, Milton, and several others, whose names I omit for charity's sake. Prizefighter here made his *debut*, and won the five sovs. each Sweepstakes, in two heats of two miles, very easily indeed, but was not named in the odds for either Derby or Leger at the time, although he made a "pretty considerable" noise in the ring at Warwick and Doncaster; but more of that anon. The general racing at "Rhodee" was much inferior to that of late years, yet the company was good.

The Newmarket First Spring Meetings lately have been the best of their respective years. This season was gay enough, but the interest of the great race for the Two Thousand Guineas' Stakes was shorn of its usual popularity by Cotherstone's previous splendid performances. It is true that some bubbling sounds were heard about the superiority of Cornopean over the Goodwood "tackle," but those who depend on "reports," generally get heavily shod in the end; and so it turned out in this case, for Cornopean and Cotherstone are not within a score pounds of each other—nevertheless, reports feed the professionals, and the public "pay the piper." The Caster "threw in," in his match against Queen of the Gipsies, who seemed to have lost the smartness of her two-year-old performances. One of those chapter of accidents, which induces racing men to keep their horses (however bad they may be) in training, took place at this meeting. Of course I allude to the race for the 300 sovs. each Sweepstakes for four-year-olds, won by that rank impostor Reversion, beating a cripple from the Goodwood nursery, called Tedworth, thereby placing in Lord Exeter's pocket 800 sovs. I apprehend the winner might have been purchased for "fifty." 'Tis these things that astound the foreigner. The One Thousand Guineas' Stakes went into the coffers of that capital sportsman, Mr. Thornhill, who won it with his favorite blood—a mixture of the celebrated Emilius and the no less deserving Maria. That the winner (Extempore) is a gem of the first water, I am by no means disposed to admit, but I *do* like the pedigree, and have a "pocketful" of reasons for respecting it. The Newmarket Stakes were won in the easiest style imaginable, by Lord Stradbroke's Evenus. The other races do not call for particular notice, yet they produced much speculation.

There was some good performances at Eglinton Park, and Captain Williams won seven races in truly gallant style. A very

promising youngster came out for favor, in the form of Lord Eglington's *The Leech*—he won cleverly.

Skipping over the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, and leaving its brother at York to be *noticed* by those who were interested therein, I come to Gorhambury, where we did get some running of more than momentary interest. The Gorhambury Stakes (handicap) were carried off in a triumphant manner by Col. Peel's old horse, *I-am-not-aware*, beating a large field of all denominations. His weight was 7st. 8lb., aged. Of course he was the favorite. *Evenus* gave us another taste of his prowess; and, although beaten in one instance, after a false run race, plainly told his friends that he would prove worthy of his corn. Alderman Copeland's *Assay* came out in good form, and cut down a very large field of respectable two-year-olds; her running afterwards told us she is not to be trusted. *Greatheart* disappointed his Derby backers by running a moderate second to the wretch *Hyrceanian*; in this race *Evenus's* chance was given away by wrong orders. The running for the minor sweepstakes and plates amused a very respectable company, and my Lord Verulam's health was drunk, "loud and deep," on all parts of his noble domain.

I must just notice the Bath and Bristol Meeting to point out the folly of that Committee running their heads against the old-fashioned Chester managers. Why, Mr. Margaram, who really does know more about racing than nineteen-twentieths of the clerks of the course generally, should have overlooked such a "clashing together," is to me mysterious. Isaac Day and others had "horses on" at both meetings, of course they must sacrifice one, unless, as the Irishman said, they "were birds, and could be in two places at once."

I must get to Epsom, where the pomps and vanities of the racing world may be seen to the greatest advantage. I remember in 1836 (*Bay Middleton's* year) the astonishment manifested by a foreigner at the "moving panorama" seen from the top of the rightly named *Grand Stand*; and think that, to one unaccustomed to such sights, the sensation must be astounding. But to see the races on the Derby day to perfection, that little companion "the book" should be well edited. There was the usual bustle in the town, always felt before a grand event comes off, but I do not believe that there were anything like the sums depending on the Derby, as have been ventured yearly these dozen seasons. It is true that Lord George Bentinck stood to win £100,000 on *Gaper*, and that others were made responsible for amounts nearly as large. Amongst the number may be noticed *Aristides*, *A British Yeoman*, and *Gorhambury*. If the latter animal had poked his nose first past Judge Clark, it would have restored to health one whose absence from the Corner was occasioned by the *Attila Derby*, and whose musical note, although not by that "untoward event" completely broken, is still content to warble in secret to small parties. All racing men are of one opinion as to the manner in which the race was won, therefore I need only state that it was one of the quickest things ever known over this far-famed course, and won

by the most deserving three-year-old of the year. Some of the losers on Gaper were dissatisfied with the orders given to Sam Rogers, but they have now the consolation of knowing that this son of Bay Middleton never subsequently ran so well; in fact, at the road after passing the trying corner, "Gaper wins! Gaper wins! Gaper wins!!" was the general exclamation. It is really absurd for a little handful of small bettors to imagine that they knew the merits of Gaper better than his noble owner. But there is, and always will be, the "disappointed ones" who must vent their frothy spleen against some one or other. Mr. Bowes won about £12,000, and Lord George Bentinck £7000. Lord Chesterfield, Colonel Anson, Mr. Gully, and Mr. Greatrex, were on the right side, and as I have before observed, "honest John," far from being hit, pocketed a brace of thousands.

The Oaks was remarkable, because it was won by an outsider belonging to a clever division, who stands noted for great judgment—the party did not back the filly for a sou! The Oaks is always a very uncertain race. The "fill up" was just tolerable, and that is the best word at my pen's end to describe the little sweeps and plate races. Surely a good handicap might be brought to bear on one of the vacant days.

Of the Manchester gathering I can only say that there was plenty of company and few horses. That good mare, Alice Hawthorn, won the Winton Stakes and Her Majesty's Guineas in excellent style. A very fine two-year-old, named The Best of the Three, won his engagement in a form that made his owner quite delighted. This meeting following immediately on the Epsom one, is always crippled by the absence of the betting men, who have not had time to shake their feathers from the disorder generally occasioned by an Epsom settling.

The Ascot Heath Races were certainly by no means so good as the meetings of the last eight or ten years. One immense drawback was the absence of Her Most Gracious Majesty and Prince Albert; for thousands go annually to obtain a sight of England's Queen and her splendid court. The Trial Race proved that there was no mistake in the Oaks' running, for Poison won uncommonly easy. The Ascot Derby brought five very indifferent three-year-olds to the post; and the only satisfaction I felt, was in seeing Sir Gilbert Heathcote's Amorino win by a head. The Vase was carried off by Gorhambury, after one of the finest races ever beheld. Sirikol was second, receiving eight pounds from the winner. Murat came out greatly improved over his Newmarket running, and won his two valuable engagements remarkably easy, beating horses of character in the betting ring. Gaper ran most unkindly, and informed his admirers that he had a will of his own. Two capital two-year-old performers came out at this meeting; namely, Rattan and Mr. Wreford's Monimia filly; they won very pleasantly indeed. The Royal Hunt Cup was carried away, amid much cheering, by Lord Chesterfield, who won it with his uncertain runner, Knight of the Whistle, beating a large field of twenty-three others. Her Majesty's Plate went to the use of Lord Lowther, who, I am de-

lighted to say, has formed a string of horses under the management of his old and respected servant, Joe Rogers of Newmarket. Ralph won the Cup in a canter, as every one expected he would; for St. Francis was lame, and Robert de Gorham and Vulcan in anything but good plight. The death of Ralph was a great loss to my Lord Albemarle. The running for the plates, &c., may be called "passable."

I do not intend to "cut in" on the "cockney Hampton," or the "tame Lancaster" Meetings, inasmuch as they came and went, without leaving a spark of interest behind; therefore, I find myself at Newton,—where the racing man always finds himself quite at home. Taking the three days' sport in a lump, I must observe that there ought to be no grumbling; still, my memory is good enough to carry me back to other Meetings on this nice course, where sport was more abundant. The Earl of Richmond, a slovenly goer, and once a prime article in the Derby market, won the Lyme Park Stakes against two wretches, in a scrambling manner, and was talked about for the St. Leger! Aristotle, at a fair weight, won the Cup, beating Millepede, at, I may say, equal terms. The Golborne Stakes were won by a bad two-year-old of Mr. Mostyn's, called Milton, beating a much better youngster, The Best of Three, and five or six others. Milton is in the St. Leger. The Borough Cup was also won by Aristotle; who certainly ran his races most respectably, with every appearance of being still "good property."

The Newcastle week for years has been one of great importance to the turf frequenter, and I may safely write that the last Meeting was one suitable to good old times. Gorhambury, sent from Epsom to get the five pounds allowance (much good *did it do* him!) bowled over A British Yeoman and another for the Cricket Club Stakes; the Tyro Stakes sent Lorimer (from Scott's stable) in a gallant victor, over a rather formidable company of five others. Lorimer is the property of the Marquis of Normanby, and is in the Derby and St. Leger. The North Derby was gained by Trueboy; who, after all good and evil reports, turned out a much better horse than was expected. Alice Hawthorn, quite in a canter, passed Judge Orton first, for the Queen's guineas; and the Northumberland Plate fell to the share of Mr. Ramsay, through the instrumentality of Moss Trooper, who at 7st. 6lb. won easily. Parthian won the Gateshead or Lottery Stakes *cleverishly* from Mr. Bell's two; and the Cup went to the sideboard of Mr. Cuthbert, whose smart-running mare, Queen of the Tyne, beat a good lot—amongst the number, Charles the Twelfth. The other races, although good, do not require dwelling upon.

The Bibury Club and Stockbridge Races produced an average of sport. The former, being a private concern, I pass over, by merely observing that the squabbling amongst the members has ceased. At Stockbridge, the knowing ones were somewhat taken in by the unexpected result of the Great Produce Stakes, worth £900. Those who judge from public running, could hardly expect to find Sadler's Decisive an easy winner from such horses as Gaper, New Brighton, and Bramble; yet she obtained an easy

conquest. I shall not allude to the other races, for they were only of momentary interest.

The July Newmarket Meeting was remarkable for the two great races being decided in favor of Colonel Peel. The Gallant Colonel's Orlando won the "July" quite in a canter, and Ionian did precisely the same thing with regard to the "Chesterfield." Both the winners are in the Derby, for which race the Colonel's chance seems very good. The remainder of the running was poverty-stricken, and the company by no means numerous. Next year great improvements are anticipated, which, I trust, will be borne out.

Every thing went off most bloomingly at the Liverpool July Meeting. The new rules and regulations produced the desired effect. The stewards being Lords George Bentinck, and Stanley, and the Hon. E. M. L. Mostyn; it would be superfluous to speak of the excellence of the arrangements. The rich 500 sovs. each sweepstakes, went into the coffers of Lord Stanley, entirely through Aristides' turning cur at the finish; he had the race in hand all the way, and had he been in the humor, might have gone in by himself. It is strange that most of the Bay Middletons show temper. The Marquis of Westminster's Fanny Eden won the Mersey Stakes without being called upon, beating a very highly tried youngster from Robert Heseltine's establishment, called The Cure, and seven or eight others. Her defeat at Doncaster (she was dead amiss) does not at all shake my opinion about this nice filly for the coming Oaks. The Cure is in the St. Leger, and although a small one, ought not to be despised—mark that! To show that Gaper had not altogether gone off his running, he beat into fits Arundo, and another colt, for the tempting Bickerstaffe Stakes. Here the fielders put on the pot at 5 to 4 against him, and it boiled over. The grand event of the Meeting was doomed to follow the Newcastle one, for Aristotle won the Tradesmen's Plate very nicely by a length. It may be said that the "Philosopher" got well into the Handicap, yet there were scores in better, according to public opinion, at the time the weights were advertised. Napier told us, in spite of his queer *understanding*, that he inherited some of his family speed—he won the St. Leger ridiculously easy, and became a leading favorite for the Doncaster race; nevertheless, a few of the *select* never hesitated firing a shot at him, when an opportunity afforded them a mark.

What shall I say about the splendor of the princely Goodwood Meeting? Alas! I am unable to do even moderate justice to the beauties and delights which were most rapturously enjoyed by the thousands of happy faces that congregated in the noble Duke of Richmond's park at the Goodwood Meeting of 1843! The race for the Levant told us that John Day was strong in two year olds; yet the Wadastra colt since has been beaten shamefully. The Drawing Room Stakes ended in a "dead heat" between Maria and Parthian. The field was bad with perhaps one exception, and that exception, Greatheart, who broke down in running. It was a stable race for the great 300 sovs. each, for Envoy

never was right all the season. No one was hardy enough to expect to see Cotherstone beaten for the Gratwicke, and, consequently, none but a scanty few of the fieldsmen were disappointed. The Ham Stakes laid between Orlando and the Monimia filly, and ended just the reverse of Ascot, inasmuch as Orlando won cleverly. John Day's The Ugly Buck ran off with the Molecomb Stakes, and became first favorite for the Derby, for which race he had been before backed to win a very large sum. The Goodwood Stakes were won by a filly, made as perfect in condition as ever was seen. I always entertained a good respect for Lucy Banks, since she defeated Satirist so cleverly for the Craven at Epsom. The Racing Stakes brought about another dead heat, but Napier won the second run in famous order. The Goodwood Gold Cup contest was one of the most magnificent sights ever witnessed. Old Hyllus won in the end by scarcely a head; Sirikol second. I should have been better pleased to have hailed Sir Gilbert Heathcote the winner of this valuable prize. Charles the Twelfth was indisposed, and Robert de Gorham was by no means up to the mark. There was some little rejoicing at the defeat of the favorite Gorhambury, about which animal much ridiculous mystery was observed. Lord Milltown's improving horse, Scalteen, won the Chesterfield Cup; and Mr. Payne's Mania did just the same in the race for the Nassau Stakes, and became entitled to an outside place in the betting for the St. Leger.

Brighton races were badly attended, and the weather during the three days wretched. Mr. Forth was again in high force, and carried off the principal race. The Two-year-old event was gained by Lord Chesterfield's Dog Billy, after a slashing race with Jill and a Mitchel Grove filly of Mr. Gratwicke's. The good people of Brighton do not patronize our goodly pastime; the reason why is out of the range of my ability to fathom.

The York August, and Warwick September Meetings afforded some highly important running. At the former place Prizefighter beat Nutwith by a head, for the Great Yorkshire Stakes; and at Warwick, Mr. Forth was again in the ascendant, being the winner of the Leamington Stakes with his pretty Venus. The other racing, at either place, was good enough to amuse the spectators. At both meetings the St. Leger betting was interesting and heavy.

We were led to expect great things at the Doncaster entertainment, and I believe almost every one left the neat little town disappointed. The Cure took his revenge on Fanny Eden, who was as "dead as a stone," in the race for the Champagne, but ran an indifferent third to The Princess for the Old Two Year Old Stakes on the Thursday, the said Princess being nowhere in the Champagne—such is the uncertainty of two year old running.

No one will dispute that the St. Leger was lost by mismanagement. The fact is well known, that Mr. Gully and others immediately connected with Scott's arrangements, stood to win a starting sum on Prizefighter, thinking him good enough to win. If this horse had been out of the race, there is no doubt that a new edition of the work published in 1800, would have met the eye of

the sporting gentlemen: there is this consolation, however, that the stakes were *won* (I can scarcely write the word) by a gentleman almost unknown to the turf frequenters, so that it may be the means of adding another northern influential to the list of subscribers to our principal stakes. The Cup was carried off in an Eclipse-like style by Alice Hawthorn, who bids fair to become a second Bee's-wing. I am pleased to say that Lord Glasgow was a large winner during the week, and trust that the ice of his lordship's wretched luck is now broken.

The October meetings were well attended, and the sports of a first-rate quality. There was nothing of consequence in the former meeting to call for notice. In the second, Zenobia ran quite away from a respectable string in the Clearwell, and, as if to give the lie, was beaten, for the Prendergast, by Antler, who was nowhere in the Clearwell. It is these sort of things that benefit the *legs*. The race for the Cesarewitch was a good one, and the general bill of the week good. I must just mention the P. P. £1000 match between Captain Cook and Chotornian, merely to observe that one was a rank roarer, and the other a confirmed cripple.

The Houghton week was a good one, in every respect, and Rattan's race told us that he is the best public runner of the day. The Cambridgeshire Stakes was indeed a treat, eight or nine being together at the finish. Of the principal two year olds of the season, I may name Rattan, The Ugiy Buck, Ionian, Orlando, Antler, Zenobia, The Cure, Barricade, The Princess, Beaumont, Loadstone (in Ireland), and Fanny Eden.

And now adieu to the past racing season, with hopes to "look upon its like again."

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for November, 1843.

Notes of the Month.

J A N U A R Y .

Hero the South Carolina crack, recently received the first premium awarded by the Black Oak Agricultural Society in that State. He is by Bertrand Jr., out of Imp. Mania by Figaro, and the property of R. M. DEVEAUX, Esq. The premium for the best colt, not over 3 yrs. old, was given to *Hero's* half brother, by Tarquin, 2 yrs. old. A yearling Own brother to *Hero* is also described by the Charleston "Rambler" as "an exceedingly pretty colt, showing already some capital racing points."

At the recent annual Fair of the Fayette (Miss.) Agricultural and Horticultural Society, the premium for the best stallion was awarded to Col. A. L. BINGAMAN'S Charles O'Malley. P. B. JANUARY, Esq, received the 1st premium for his brood mare "Martin's Judy," of whose performances there are several graphic and amusing reports in previous volumes of the "Spirit."

Ambassador, the winner of the great "Alabama Stakes" at Nashville, lately, and who was subsequently sold to JOHN R. BRANCH, Esq., has since been purchased by Mr. Moss, of Natchez.

Mr. S. COOPE, of this city, has sold *Ajax* to Baltimore, where this fine trotter is matched for \$500—to come off next Spring. Mr. C. received for him, we hear, \$500 and Cayuga Chief.

The Number of Sheep in England is estimated at about 32,000,000, the annual value of whose wool is £7,000,000 (about \$33,000,000) This, manufactured into cloth, is estimated to be worth at least \$100,000,000.

H. and J. KIRKMAN, of Nashville, Tenn., claim the name of *Harry of the West* for their 2 yr. old colt, own brother to Harry Cargill.

Mr. T. A. ALDERSON, of Nashville, Tenn., claims the name of *Bentinck* for his b. c. foal by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Sally Nailor.

Mr. W. MITCHELL claims that of *Chesapeake*, for a yearling ch. f. by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Isabella.

Protection of Game in Canada.—The Toronto "Herald" congratulates its readers upon the success of a bill recently introduced in the Provincial Parliament by Col. PRINCE, of which the following is a synopsis:—

"No person or persons shall, within the Province of Canada, after the 1st February in each year, take, or kill, in any manner whatever, any Moose, Elk, or other Deer, or Fawn, until the 1st of August.—Nor any Game called wild Turkey, Grouse, Grouse Pheasant, Partridge, or Quail, between the 1st February and 1st September.—Nor any Woodcock, between the 1st February and 15th July.—Nor, at any time, set traps, &c., for the wild Turkey.

"Any person taking, or killing, any or either of said kinds of Game, within said periods; or selling, offering for sale, buying, receiving, or having in possession, any Venison or Game, killed within those periods—shall be liable to a penalty, not exceeding *Ten Pounds*, nor less than *Ten Shillings*.

"Not to extend to Indians, as regards *taking or killing*; but, to apply to any other person who shall buy, receive, or have in possession, any Venison or Game so taken or killed within the time prohibited by the act."

Weights.—At several places in the West the proprietors of courses have adopted rules and a scale of weights to please themselves, without any regard to "the authorities" It is to be regretted that the same scale of weights is not adopted throughout the Union, or, where the heavy Northern weights are disliked, "Virginia weights" should not obtain. Of a course recently established in Arkansas, we find the following advertisement:—

Walnut-Grove Races—The Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club of Jackson County, over the above course, has been postponed until the 17th of January next.

First day, Mile heats. Second day, Two mile heats. Third day, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

The purses will be liberal, considering the hard times, and every effort made to accommodate. Stables on the cheapest terms. The track is over light sandy soil, and I believe one of the best in the State. The weights are, for a 2 yr. old, a feather; 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.; 4 yr. olds, 94lbs.; 5 yr. olds, 108lbs.; 6 yr. olds, 115lbs.; 7, and upwards, 120lbs. 3 lbs. allowed for mares and geldings.

RUFUS STONE, Proprietor.

Nov. 16, 1843.

The following is the pedigree of *Peytona*, winner of the Great Peyton Stake at Nashville, Tenn.:—

1839. Br. f. PEYTONA, bred by JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Alabama, was got by Imp. Glencoe, her dam Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, grandam by Sir Archy, out of Virginia by Imp. Dare Devil—Lady Bolingbroke by Imp. Pantaloon—Cades by Wormeley's King Herod—Primrose by Imp. Dove—Stella, own sister to the renowned Selim, the "nonpariel" of his day, by Imp. Othello—Selima by the Godolphin Arabian, &c., &c., &c.

The Racing Calendar.

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 27, 1843—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Five subs. at 50 bushels wheat each, h. ft. Mile heats.

James H. Duffer's br. f. <i>Finance</i> , by Davy Crockett, dam by Sir Henry Tonson.....	1	1
Andrew Stapp's gr. f. by Rufus King, dam by Pacolet.....	2	2

Time, 2:00—2:05. Won with ease.

THURSDAY, Sept. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$75, ent. 10 per cent. added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4. 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

William Jacob's ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Coleman Younger's br. m. <i>Maria Collier</i> , by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 7 yrs.....	2	2
A. G. Reed's b. m. by Eclipse, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 1:56—2:01.

FRIDAY, Sept. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$100, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

A. G. Reed's gr. m. <i>Grayella</i> , by Big Archy, dam by Bertrand, 7 yrs.....	1	1
Boon Hay's br. g. by Industry, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	2	2
J. H. Duffer's ch. f. <i>Louisa Bell</i> , by John Richards, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 4:15—4:07. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Sept. 30—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Two subs. at \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

James H. Duffer's br. f. <i>Finance</i> , pedigree above.....	1	1
Boon Hay's b. f. by Truffle Pope, dam by Sunpter.....	2	dr

Time, 2:10. Won in a gallop.

JEFFERSON, MISSOURI.

The following report is compiled from one furnished to the Jefferson City "Inquirer." The races commenced on the 5th Oct.; they came off over the course near that city owned by W. Dixon, Esq. The only damper to the general enjoyment was a rain storm on the first day.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5, 1843—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, weights unknown. Fourteen subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.

Mr. Tarlton's f. by Grey Eagle, dam not stated.....	1	1
T. Winston's ch. f. by Robert Burns, dam not stated.....	3	2
J. Dixon's f. by Imp. Trenby, dam not stated.....	2	3
Mr. Harrison's f. by Grey Eagle, dam not stated.....	dist.	

Time, 1:59—2:02.

FRIDAY, Oct. 6—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

G. A. Parson's br. f. <i>Ringdove</i> by Imp. Merman.....	1	1	1
John Dixon's ch. f. <i>Realty</i> , by Bellair.....	2	2	2

Time, 1:58—2:00—2:02.

It is due, perhaps, to Ringdove to say, that during the whole race the saddle was upon her withers and that she ran under a hard pull.

SATURDAY, Oct. 7—Sweepstakes, weights unknown. Two subs. at \$200 each. Three mile heats.

T. Wood's b. h. <i>Jerome</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, aged.....	1	1
T. Winston's ch. h. <i>Othello</i> , by Waxy.....	*	

Time, 6:10. * Let down in 1st heat.

This race excited a great deal of interest, from the fact that it had been a stake of long standing, and that the nags had once before tried their strength together in a contest, where the victor of to-day was then the vanquished. Bets were very freely made on this race for several days previous, but the confidence of the friends of Othello had increased to such an extent, that before the start they willingly offered 2 to 1. The horses got under weigh in fine style, but in a short time something was evidently wrong with Othello. The distance between the horses increased very sensibly, and to the very great regret of his friends, it was found that Othello had let down in the 2d mile of the heat.

WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

WINCHESTER, Va., Oct. 17, 1843.

Dear Sir,—The friends of the Turf in this neighborhood were treated to a couple of days handsome sport over the Winchester Course, on Friday and Sa-

turday of last week. It had been given out a week or two previous that the gets of the imported horses Emancipation and Felt would enter for a stake of \$25 aside on the first mentioned day, and these horses having a deservedly high reputation as racers throughout the Union, considerable curiosity was manifested to witness the performances of their progeny. The result of the race was as follows:—

FRIDAY, Oct. 13, 1843—Sweepstakes. Sub. \$25 each. Mile heats.

H. J. McDaniel's ch. c. <i>Waddy Thompson</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Trafalgar, 3 yrs. 86lbs.....	1	1
Johnson Ferris' ch. f. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Industry, 3 yrs. 63lbs.....	2	2
Alex. McDaniel's b. c. by Imp. Felt, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs. 100lbs.....	dist.	
James Kiger's b. f. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Black Warrior, 3 yrs. 83lbs.....	dr	
Time, 1:55—2:00.		

The course was in bad order, a heavy hail-storm having taken place immediately before the race. Kiger's filly was taken lame a few days before the race, and of course did not contend for the race, which was taken easily by McDaniel's colt.

SATURDAY, Oct. 14—Purse, \$50. ent. added, free for everything. Mile heats.

H. J. McDaniel's b. m. by Industry, dam by Alexander, 6 yrs. 115lbs.....	1	1
Jas. Curtard's ch. m. by Industry, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs. 115lbs.....	2	2
James Kiger's gr. m. by Young Oscar, dam by Whip, 5 yrs. 107lbs.....	3	3
Robt. W. Baker's br. m. by Industry, dam by Tariff, 6 yrs. 115lbs.....	4	4
Time, 1:57—1:59.		

This race came off most beautifully. Yours respectfully, T.

BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11, 1843—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

H. W. Farris' br. f. <i>Lucretia Noland</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Frances Ann by Frank, 4 yrs.....	1	1
J. M. Shanklin's b. f. <i>Kate Anderson</i> by Columbus, dam by Imp. Eagle, 3 yrs.....	3	2
T. R. Hazele's ch. c. by Mons. Tounson, 3 yrs.....	2	3
F. G. Murphy & Co.'s (W. Weathers') br. c. <i>Nelson</i> , by Frank, dam by Reform, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.
Time, 2:01—2:01.		

THURSDAY, Oct. 12—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

F. G. Murphy & Co.'s m. <i>Tranbyana</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Lady Tompkins by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	1	1
James K. Duke's b. f. <i>Magdalena</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 4:30—4:27.		

FRIDAY, Oct. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. f. <i>Motto</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Tompkins by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	1	1
H. W. Farris' c. <i>Denmark</i> , by Imp. Hedgford—Betsey Harrison by Aratus, 4 yrs.....	4	2
J. J. Allen's h. <i>Robert Bruce</i> , by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 7 yrs.....	3	3
James K. Duke's <i>Telamon</i> , by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	2	4
Time, 6:23½—6:25.		

There was rain the previous night, and the track was like a deep snow, with a hard crust on it.

SATURDAY, Oct. 14—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

S. M. Parish's (H. Daniel's) ch. g. <i>Pan</i> , by Envoy, dam by Moses, 4 yrs....	2	3	1	1	1
F. G. Murphy & Co.'s m. <i>Tranbyana</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	3	2	3	3	2
H. W. Farris' br. f. <i>Lucretia Noland</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1	2	2	3
Time, 1:57½—1:56¼—1:55—1:59—1:57.					

The meeting, though attended by but few persons, went off very pleasantly.

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.

Some time since we noticed the project of a new club and course in East Baton Rouge, one of the richest parishes of Louisiana. We see by the St. Francisville "Chronicle," that the first races over it came off on the 20th October. Capt. J. C. WALKER, is the proprietor; the course is located in the upper part of the parish, in what is called "Carter's" or "Buhler's Plains." The "Picayune" says of it, that its shape is an oblong, the two sides or stretches being each five hundred and forty yards in length, and the two turns each three hundred and forty yards; thus making the course exactly one mile, measuring three feet from the inner ditch. It is represented to us as beautiful in its location and appointments. As the turf is new, it is necessarily somewhat heavy, but in this respect time will amend it.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20, 1843—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. Six subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

John Rist's ch. f. <i>Veto</i> , by a son of Imp. Leviathan, ont of Missouri Belle	1	1
W. D. Carter's gr. f. <i>Amaranth</i> , pedigree unknown	2	dist.
Col. S. W. McKneely's ch. c. <i>Bumper</i> , by Pressure, dam unknown		dist.

Time, 2:01—2:09.

The next day, a sweepstakes for saddle horses was contested, to which there were three subscribers, at \$25 each. It was won by Mr. Vance's John Randolph, in 2:03. A match between saddle horses succeeded this, which was run in 1:54—very excellent time. A number of scrub races were also ran. A Jockey Club is to be formed, and public purses offered on this course the approaching Spring.

SAND PERRARE, MISSOURI.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20, 1843—Jockey Club Purse \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110, 6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Boon Hay's ch. m. <i>Jenny Richmond</i> , by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian, 7 yrs.....	1	1
John Reed's b. g. by Woodpecker, dam by Sir William, 7 yrs	*	

Time not given. * Bolted.

SATURDAY, Oct. 21—J. C. Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. H. Duffer's (Coleman Younger's) br. m. <i>Maria Collier</i> , by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 7 yrs	1	2	1	1
Robert Long's b. h. <i>Dick Menifee</i> , by Mucklejohn—The Dun Cow, 7 yrs...	2	1	2	dist.

Time, 2:00—2:04—2:07—2:03.

RICHMOND, MISSOURI.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24, 1843—Jockey Club Purse \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

J. H. Duffer's (Coleman Younger's) br. m. <i>Maria Collier</i> , by Collier, dam by Gallatin, 7 yrs				walked over.
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WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25—J. C. Purse \$50, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

A. G. Reed's gr. m. <i>Grayella</i> , by Big Archy, dam by Bertrand, 7 yrs	1	1
William Jacob's ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 4:17. Won with ease.

THURSDAY, Oct. 26—J. C. Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

A. G. Reed's gr. m. <i>Grayella</i> , pedigree above, 7 yrs	2	1	1	1
J. H. Duffer's (Coleman Younger's) gr. m. <i>Maria Collier</i> , pedigree above, 7 y ..	1	2	2	dr

Time, 1:58—1:57—1:59. H. of M.

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

We find the following official report of these races in the "Van Buren Intelligencer." The pedigrees, as well as the purses, are extraordinary.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24, 1843—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Mr. Kell's ch. g. <i>Sam Jones</i> , 5 yrs.....	1	1
A. Webster's b. c. <i>Billy Dixey</i> , by Bill Gordon, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 2:00—2:01. Track very heavy, from rain the previous night.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

John Price's ch. m. <i>Lady Slipper</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Caldwell & Ake's ch. g. <i>Aaron Burr</i> , by Citizen, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 4:00—4:03.

Aaron was the favorite. This was the most closely contested race ever run over the Fort Smith track; in the first part Aaron led off in half a mile—the mare then made a run at him, and passed in turning into the quarter stretch, and on passing the stand was several lengths ahead. But the hopes of Aaron's friends revived as he challenged her for a run in the first quarter of the last mile, and passed her on the back stretch, Aaron then leading about thirty yards, as they came into the home stretch. The rider on the mare put her up now, and made a run for the heat. She locked him—this was a moment of thrilling interest. Both horses were struggling hard for the victory. The mare passed and gained the heat by about 18 inches.

The second heat was well contested by Aaron for one mile and a half, but the mare won easily, coming home in 4:03.

In consequence of the inclemency of the weather, all racing was postponed until Saturday 28th.

SATURDAY, Oct. 28—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

S. Caldwell's ch. m. <i>Olean</i> , by Imp. Leviathan.....	1	1
D. Kell's ch. g. <i>Sam Jones</i> , 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time not given.

SAME DAY—Second Race—For three sacks of Salt and one sack of Coffee. One mile
 Capt. J. B. S. Todd's br. c. *Bill Dixey*, by Bill Gordon, 4 yrs 1
 Maj. Elias Rector's b. h. *Vout* 2
 Tyree Mussett's b. f. by John Belcher, 3 yrs..... pd. ft
 Time not given.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft.
 Two mile heats.
 Tyree Mussett's b. f. *Johnanna*, by John Belcher 2 1 1
 Capt. Thos. T. Tunstall's b. f. by Tom Jefferson, out of Betsy Watson..... 1 2 2
 Time, 4:06—4:11—4:17.

Tunstall's filly was the favorite before starting. After a very warm contest she won the first heat by a very few inches. Time 4:06. After the first heat, the knowing ones felt some doubt of their previous conviction, that the Tom Jefferson filly would win easily. Second and third heat, the Belcher filly showed her blood and bottom by winning in 4:11—4:17

This was decidedly the most interesting race that has been witnessed on this track. The "*knowing ones*" before starting showed a decided preference for Capt. Tunstall's entry, which was in some degree warranted by the fact that gentleman's known success in that quarter. Though the hopes of Mr. Mussett and his friends were but faint in the beginning, their firm reliance in Belcher stock was increased ten-fold by the result.

B. T. DUVAL, Secretary.

OAKLEY, MISSISSIPPI.

The Secretary of the Club has furnished us with the annexed report of these races (in Hinds County), which commenced on

TUESDAY, Oct. 31, 1843—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Six subs. at \$— each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 W. F. Dillon's ch. f. by Red Tom, dam by Bertrand 1 1
 John F. Watson's gr. c. by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Mercury..... 2 2
 Time, 1:58—1:58.

Won without an effort by the Red Tom filly, which added not a little to the fame of her sire, she being the first of his get, and also the first ever trained, and that, too, out of his half sister, which goes to prove that one can have hardly too much of a good thing.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Six subs. at \$— each. Two mile heats.
 George P. Farley's ch. f. by Hugh L. White, dam by Pacolet 1 1
 R. O. Edwards' gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury..... 2 2
 John S. Brien's b. f. by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia (Bee's-wing's dam).... dist.
 H. A. G. Roberts' ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Mary Patton..... pd. ft.
 W. F. Dillon's gr. f. by Jerry, dam by Bertrand pd. ft.
 Wm. H. Craven's ch. c. by Tecumseh, dam by Stockholder pd. ft.
 Time, 3:46—3:53.

The above was one of the most interesting races ever run over the Oakley Course. Notwithstanding it was won in two heats by the Hugh L. White filly, every inch of the ground was contested from end to end. The gallant Leviathan fought nobly, and was conquered only by a foot in each heat.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2—Jockey Club Purse \$280, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds to carry 70lbs. 3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 115—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats
 H. L. French's b. f. *Ann Hays*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Hugh Gracey's ch. c. by Hugh L. White, dam by Young's Pacolet, 3 yrs 3 dist.
 Col. James T. Layne's ch. m. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs.... 2 dr
 Time, 3:54—3:56.

FRIDAY, Nov. 3—Jockey Club Purse \$120, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 R. O. Edwards' ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury, - yrs 3 1 1
 W. T. Dillon's b. f. *Miss Baily*, by Imp. Merman, dam by Bertrand, - yrs..... 1 2 2
 John England's bl. f. by Hugh L. White, dam by Molo, - yrs..... 2 3 dr
 Time, 1:52—1:54—1:56.

This was one of those races which are called "nobody's race" till the finish—four feet difference would have decided it either way. Miss Baily was not within a distance of herself, being very much amiss.

SATURDAY, Nov. 4—Purse \$130, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Col. Jas. S. Layne's sch m. *Jane Rogers*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Sir Charles, - y 1 1 1
 Hall & Shegog's br. f. by Imp. Ainderby, dam not given, - yrs 2 2 2
 H. A. G. Roberts' ch. f. *Joan*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Mary Patton, - yrs 3 3 3
 Capt. Jas. A. Hall's ch. f. *Alexander*, by O'Kelly, dam by Oscar, - yrs..... 4 4 4
 Time not given.

Thus ended one of the most delightful week's sport that ever has been wit-

nessed over the Oakley Course. The weather was delightful for the season, the course in fine condition, and every race well contested. There were some twenty-five or thirty horses in attendance, aside *the Bites*, who, by the by, bit their owners, for there were but few quarter races.

There are two Sweepstakes to come off over the Oakley Course the first week in Nov. next; one a 2 yr. old, and the other a 3 yr. old stake, two miles, sub. \$200 each, three or more to make a race in each, to name and close by the 1st of August next; now three subs. to each.

Yours most truly,

W. F. DILLON, Sec'y.

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

TUESDAY, Nov. 7, 1843—Purse \$150, 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.

H. Alfred Conover's ch. f. by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 4 yrs	1	1
S. Laird's b. c. <i>Delaware</i> , by Mingo, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs	3	2
J. H. Boylan's ch. f. by Drone, out of <i>Ecarté</i> , 4 yrs	2	3
W. J. Shaw's (Col. Coster's) b. f. <i>America</i> , by Imp. Trustee— <i>Die Vernon</i> , 3 yrs.	4	dist.
Time, 3:53—3:53.		

The course was heavy, and it was snowing throughout the race. The Trustee filly won at her ease.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$50, with \$10 entrance added; weights as before. Mile heats.

J. H. Boylan's ch. g. <i>Wet Dog</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, 3 yrs	1	1
D. Tom's ch. c. <i>Stanley Eclipse</i> , by Busiris, 4 yrs	3	2
Shaw & Halsey's ch. f. <i>Fanny Dawson</i> , by Veto, 4 yrs	2	3
Chas. Lloyd's ch. h. <i>Orsan</i> , own brother to African, 5 yrs		dist.
Time, 1:55—1:56.		

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

C. Gates' br. c. <i>Gosport</i> , by Imp. Margrave—Miss Valentine by Imp. Valentine, 4 yrs	1	1
Maj. Wm. Jones' gr. m. <i>Young Dove</i> , by Imp. Trustee—Dove by Duroc, 5 yrs	2	2
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. h. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone—Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 6 yrs.		dist.
Time, 4:05—4:00. Course very heavy.		

The winner has been recently sold to go to Canada, and beyond doubt is the best performer yet sent there from "the States."

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$75, conditions as before. Mile heats.

J. K. Van Mater's (Capt. R. F. Stockton's) b. m. <i>Diana Syntax</i> , by Doctor Syntax, out of Imp. Diana by Catton, 5 yrs	1	1
H. K. Toler's ch. c. <i>Niagara</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Gypsey by Eclipse, 3 yrs	2	2
Another entry—pedigree, etc., omitted		dist.
Time, 1:56—2:03.		

OWENSBORO', KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.), Nov. 11, 1843.

Dear Sir,—I herewith send you a report of the Owensboro' Jockey Club Races, which I understand came off under very favorable circumstances. This information I got from a friend who attended them. The first day was a colt race for 2 yr. olds, sub. \$200; he did not remember the name, pedigree, etc., of the winner.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2, 1843—Jockey Club Purse \$75, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

A. Hikes' br. f. <i>Kate Anderson</i> , by Columbus, dam by Imp. Eagle, 3 yrs	1	1
R. Sharp's bl. m. <i>Black Nan</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam not stated, 7 yrs	2	2
Time, 4:05—4:20. Track very heavy from constant rains.		

FRIDAY, Nov. 3—Jockey Club Purse \$100, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

A. Hikes' ch. f. <i>Miss Clash</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	1	1
R. Phillips' b. f. <i>Lucinda</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Whip, . yrs		dist.
Time, 6:00. Track heavy.		

SATURDAY, Nov. 4—J. C. Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

R. Phillips' b. f. <i>Lucinda</i> , pedigree above	2	1	1	1
R. McFarlan's ch. f. by Cherokee, dam not stated	1	2	2	2
Time, 2:01—2:06—2:07—2:10. Track deep, and raining.				

Owensboro' is one hundred miles from Louisville, and from the gentleman who communicated the above to me I learn that purses large enough will be given hereafter to induce persons to bring their horses there. The most influential and wealthy portion of the citizens of Owensboro' have taken the matter in hand to improve the breed of horses in their section of the State. Success attend their efforts.

I am truly yours,

SPECTATOR.

HAYNEVILLE, ALABAMA.

We are indebted to the accomplished Secretary of the Club—Mr. WOODBURY—for a prompt report, as usual, of the races at Hayneville. He writes that

The races of the Hayneville Club commenced on Tuesday, the 7th Nov., over the course near this town, with a sweepstakes for three year olds—\$300 subscription—\$50 forfeit, mile heats. The day was cold and cloudy, threatening rain constantly; it had rained pretty much all the night before, and the track was too deep to expect quick time. The course was well attended with anxious spectators. There were thirteen nominations for the stake, and it soon became evident that only four would start. Judge Hunter's grey filly, Mirth—Col. Myers' bay filly—Mr. Montgomery's chesnut filly, Rachael—and Mr. Duncan's bay filly, Oriole. Rumor was plying her busy tongue as to the condition of the horses; Mirth was said to be too high to succeed if there were "broken heats;" Rachael was said to be "a flyer," and was thought rather "dark" by most; Col. Myers' filly was "soft," and was said to have been only three or four weeks in training; Mr. Duncan's Oriole was much fancied by many; but it was known that a favorite in the stable (a Glencoe filly) had met with an accident and rendered it necessary to substitute Oriole for her; she was known to be rather short of work, and had been "curbed," and had once or twice "bolted" in her exercises. The rumors combined checked the betting; no one seemed sufficiently sure of winning; and "anxious doubt was enthroned on every face." The four went off at the tap of the drum well together, Rachael soon went in front, and the pace was a right merry one. The horses again closed up, and at the half mile ground Oriole got the lead. Mirth came up, but it was "no go;" she pulled back again. The run home was quite pretty, Oriole winning and to spare, in 1 minute 56 seconds.

We took a look at the horses as they cooled out—none of them got as good sweats as their friends could have wished—but with some galloping a pretty fair "scrape" took place all around. The drum tapped and away they went for the second heat. After a lively struggle, Mirth got the lead and kept it—the contest was tight—but she won very handily in 1 m. 56 sec.—Rachael and Col. Myers' filly both distanced. There were now but two left in the race—both sweated freely, and cooled out well. Mirth now became the favorite, but the betting was very light. At the tap of the drum they went off, Mirth in the lead. They kept this position through the back stretch, and as they went round the turn Oriole challenged, and was soon slightly in front—the last quarter was nobly contested every inch—the gallant little Mirth did her best, but in vain, Oriole passed the stand like a "bird," winning the heat in 2 min. 4 sec. The stakes, amounting to \$1,550, were handed to the successful rider, who gave a cheer for his "bonny steed" and bolted off with the hard won "spoils."

Summary:—

TUESDAY, Nov. 7, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Thirteen subs. at \$300 each \$50 ft. Mile heats.

John Duncan's b. f. <i>Oriole</i> (own sister to Linnet, Wren, Falcon, Swallow, etc.), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney	1	2	1
Judge J. S. Hunter's gr. f. <i>Mirth</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Eastern Mary by Maryland Eclipse	3	1	2
Col. S. Myers' b. f. by Robin Hood, out of Minna Brenda by Kosciusko	2	dist.	
W. Montgomery's ch. f. <i>Rachel Jackson</i> , by Volney, dam unknown	4	dist.	

Time, 1:56—1:56—2:04.

SECOND DAY.

Three horses were entered for to-day's race. Little Prince, Lucy Meyer, and Eliza Burrows. There was but little betting. The Prince, however, was much the favorite, though his ungovernable temper rendered his friends somewhat shy of "piling up." The day was bright and warm—the course very well attended—and general good humor marked the crowd. At one, the horses started well together; the running was in a cluster; now one would draw out ahead, then another, and then all close up abreast; in this way, they ran to the back stretch—round the turn they come, Little Prince and Lucy Meyer leading; they entered the stretch—the colt ahead—and then came a spurring race—neither rider was idle—every inch was contested—they pass the stand—Little Prince winning by a neck. Time—1:57.

The twenty minutes soon passed, and the horses came up for another heat, Little Prince being the favorite at odds. After a little trouble, they got off together—the fillies both leading the colt. at the first turn; about two hundred

yards from the stand, Little Prince attempted to run up on the inside of the grey filly, but did not find room to pass; his rider immediately pulled back to try it on the outside, but as he jerked the colt across the mare's rump, his forefeet struck her legs, and he fell fairly on his back, having turned a full somerset, the boy under him. A shout of dismay arose at this untoward accident; the filly staggered a little, but recovered her stride and dashed on. Our attention was drawn to the unfortunate rider of Little Prince, who lay apparently dead in the track. When we again looked at the fillies, the bay was leading round the last turn cleverly. The run home was good; the little grey tried it on, but it would not fit. Lucy won in 2:03. This heat over, Little Prince and his rider commanded all attention; he was caught at the head of the last stretch; and the boy, after some time, revived, and was carried off, still half dead. Great sympathy was universally expressed at the unfortunate luck of Col Crowell—than whom, a nobler veteran of the turf does not exist. The bay filly cooled out well, while the grey cramped, and appeared the most distressed. The drum tapped, and away they went; it was soon evident that the grey had no chance for the heat. The boy kept the lead, and won in a canter in 2:05, the grey catching the red flag in her face. A loud shout rang, as the little Ebony Jock, on Lucy, waved the "Purse" in triumph, over her head, and her owner received the congratulations of his numerous friends, on the success of his first appearance on the Turf. The official placing is—

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Col. D. Myers' (R. B. Harrison's) b. f. <i>Lucy A. Meyer</i> , by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
W. Montgomery's gr. f. <i>Eliza Burrows</i> , by Portrait, dam unknown, 3 yrs.....	3	2	dist.
Col. John Crowell's gr. c. <i>Little Prince</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Bolivia by Bolivar, 4 yrs.....	1	dist.	
Time, 1:57—2:03—2:05.			

THIRD DAY.

The entries were, Col. Crowell's Dr. Robinson, and Mr. Duncan's Swallow. The day was cloudy and unpromising, and rain fell in light showers the most of the time. The attendance was thin—and the betting dull. Swallow was much the favorite. At the tap of the drum, they both got off well together; and at the end of the first quarter, the saddle on the mare slipped on her withers; much anxiety was now felt; they ran through the first mile, the horse making the running, and the filly pulling to him, well in hand in 2:02. The horse drove on the second mile in much the same way. The run home was good, but the filly maintained her lead, winning the heat in 4:06 with something to spare. Both nags cooled out well, and came up again as lively as at first. They got off in the same position, and the heat was run very similar to the first, the horse cutting out the work, and the filly winning easy. The first mile was in 2:02—the heat in 4:09. Mr. J. T. Jewell, the accomplished trainer of Swallow, deserves high credit for the condition in which he brought her to-day, and her sister Oriole, on Tuesday, to the post. We have frequently noticed the energy and skill of this young trainer, and we feel assured, he only wants a few more years, to extend his reputation; when he will reach the highest rank in his profession.

After the regular race, several mile races with saddle horses took place, and created much sport. The track was deep to day, and has been in bad order all the week. The official report is—

THURSDAY, Nov. 9—Jockey Purse \$175, conditions as before. Two mile heats.			
John Duncan's b. f. <i>Swallow</i> (own sister to Oriole, Linnet, Wren, Falcon, etc.), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
Col. John Crowell's (S. C. Benton's) ch. c. <i>Dr. Robinson</i> , by John Bascombe, dam by Brilliant, 4 yrs.....	2	2	
Time, 4:06—4:09.			

FOURTH DAY.

The day was beautiful and the course better attended than on any previous occasion. The ladies, (heaven bless them,) were plenty as blackberries, and their lovely faces radiant with smiles, furnished an inspiration and excitement to "we bachelors," as potent, and still deeper than the race. Grattan was the favorite at long odds, and his condition reflected high credit on Abram, his trainer; the Lowndes boys went their "piles" on him with a "perfect rush."

The start was fine—away they went, and for the first mile, both horses could have been covered with a blanket. They passed the stand, Grattan ahead, in 1 min. 56 sec. On the back stretch, Grattan let out a link, and it was soon evident that the Doctor's chance was out. Israel, on Grattan, took a bracing pull, and came through in 2 min 2 seconds hard in hand. The next mile, Grattan was under a dead pull all the way, and came through in a gallop. Time of the heat, 6 min. 11 secs. Both horses cooled out well. The Doctor was woefully distressed; and was evidently in a very bad fix—scouring and tired. Our prairie water had done its work; he had no chance. At the tap of the drum they went off at a merry pace—Israel ahead, and pulling to the Doctor; he passed the stand ahead, in 1m. 57s.—and by the end of the next quarter, the Doctor gave back. Israel pulled back to him, and came through in 2m. 3s. The next mile, he ran in an exercise gallop, and walked through in 6m. 28s. Grattan is a long muscular stout bodied bay, and own brother to Mirth, who made so good a race for the stake on Tuesday. Their dam, known here as Eastern Mary, is recorded in the Turf Register as Flora, by Maryland Eclipse. The crowd like ourselves seemed much gratified that so spirited a breeder as Judge Hunter, had met with such well merited success; and for the glory of Lowndes, no less than for his sake, we hope the race to-day is but the augury of future and frequent success. The official report is—

FRIDAY, Nov. 10—J. C. Purse \$250, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Judge J. S. Hunter's b. c. *Grattan*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Flora by Maryland Eclipse, 4 yrs. ----- 1 1
 Col. John Crowell's ch. h. *Dr. Wilson*, by John Bascombe—Bolivia by Bolivar, 5 y 2 2
 Time, 6:11—6:28.

FIFTH DAY.

On Saturday, Nov. 11, the race for the Hayneville Plate, value \$75, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, came off. There were three entries, Little Prince, Swallow, and Hedgeana. The betting was brisker than on any previous day. Swallow was the favorite against the field—Little Prince had many friends, but he was complaining in his right fore leg, and his bad luck joined with it, took the "wire edge" off from their anxiety to get their money on. Hedgeana was "very green," and not much fancied. The drum called the nags to the post, and at the tap they got off finely. Charles, on Little Prince, mindful of the "tight place" he got into on Tuesday, gave him the "gaffs," and got the lead round the turn. The track had been beaten hard by last night's rain, and the pace was good. Swallow made at the little grey, but it was "no go"—round the turn he came well in hand. The fillies set at him again, but he shook them off, and passed the stand well in hand an easy winner, in 1:58. Little Prince's friends brightened up, but as it was known that Swallow had not run for the heat, the odds remained in her favor. At the tap of the drum, they again got off as before, Charles socking the gaffs to Little Prince to get him out of the crowd, he rounded the turn ahead; Swallow set at him, and they went down the back stretch a-flying. On the turn she tried him again, but it was no use, Little Prince took the heat cleverly in 1:55. Swallow did not sweat as free as she ought to have done; her pores were closed, but after some "training between heats," a moderate "scrape" was had. Her friends still bet even, though the grey was fast rising in favor. The third heat, a fine start, all together; Charles remembered his fall on Tuesday, and let Swallow have the lead. As they came into the stretch he went at her, and pressed her all the way—but she had him for the heat. He tried it on on the other turn, but he could not come it—she came home an easy winner in 1:58. Little Prince's chance was thought now to be all up—Swallow the favorite again at long odds. Hedgeana had been just dropping within her distance every time, and now began to attract attention. She had been up only about two weeks, and the game way she hung on pleased all. The time elapsed, and they again got off, Swallow ahead. Hedgeana went at her, but could not come it, and soon gave way for Little Prince, who made his run on the back stretch, and hung on like a "cuck-old burr;" as they entered the home stretch Swallow got away from him, and won cleverly in 2:01—Hedgeana well up. It was now thought Swallow's race, barring a "fall down;" but we noticed that her pores were still rather collapsed, and that she by no means scraped as free as she ought. Hedgeana was rising in the market, and Little Prince was "limping." The time expired, and they

got off, Little Prince ahead, both fillies staving at him. They ran to the back stretch in this way; Swallow locked him on the turn, and kept him a-going, but she soon got her belly full, and cried "enough." Hedgeana, who was laying well up, now turned loose, and gained every stride; she passed Swallow like a shot, and locked the Prince. Charles was wide awake—he crammed the steel into him, but the filly was still gaining—they are head and neck—still she gains—they pass the stand without a cheer or shout from one of the crowd—it is too tight for them to tell who is ahead. A minute's silence, and a hundred voices rent the air, "Who won the heat, Judges?"—"Little Prince, by one foot!" The gallant grey had got through with his "streak of bad luck," and the Bascombe blood was redeemed. The following is the official report:—

SATURDAY, Nov. 11—The Hayneville Plate, value \$75, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. John Crowell's gr. c. <i>Little Prince</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Bolivia by Bolivar, 4 yrs.....	1	1	2	2	1
Judge J. S. Hunter's b. f. <i>Hedgeana</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Stamboul, 4 yrs.....	3	3	3	3	2
J. Duncan's b. f. <i>Swallow</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs.....	2	2	1	1	3
Time, 1:58—1:55—1:58—2:01—2:02.					

Thus closed as gay a week as we have ever experienced on the Hayneville Course. The weather was too variable for quick running, or for a large attendance. We wish Mr. Givhan more sunshine next time, and that his rain may come in a lump before the meeting.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

The "Appeal," of that ilk, furnishes the following report of these races, which are attracting a good deal of attention, from the number and reputation of the horses engaged.

MONDAY, Nov. 13, 1843—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four subs. at \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

Mr. Patterson's ch. c. <i>Doniel Tucker</i> , by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Pulaski, 3 yrs.	3	1	1
Capt. Thos. T. Tunstall's ch. f. <i>Catharine Rector</i> , by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	2	2	2
H. M. Clay's ch. m. <i>Little Misery</i> , by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria, 4 yrs.....	1	3	3
Mr. Dennison's b. f. <i>Lucy Johnson</i> , by Imp. Skylark, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs... ..	4	dist.	
Time, 1:49—1:49—1:51½.			

TUESDAY, Nov. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$80 added, weights as before. Two mile heats.

W. W. Gift's (Mr. Sanders') ch. m. <i>Ann Stuart</i> , by Eclipse, d. by Paragon, 5 y.....	4	1	1
Tinsley Davis' b. f. <i>Glencoona</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Free Jack's dam, 4 ys.....	3	2	2
F. E. Murphy's b. m. <i>Tranbyana</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	5	4	3
Capt. Thos. T. Tunstall's br. m. <i>Sally Carr</i> , by Stockholder, d. unknown, 5 ys 1 3 dist.			
H. M. Clay's ch. c. <i>Ambassador</i> , by Plenipo, out of Imp. Jenny Mills, 4 yrs... ..	2	5	dist.
John H. White's b. c. <i>Hardened Sinner</i> , by Imp. Philip, dam by Bluster, 4 yrs.	dist.		
Time, 3:50—3:44—3:45.			

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 15—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$40 added, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Linnaeus Coch's ch. c. <i>Joe Chalmers</i> , by Imp. Consoi, out of Imp. Rachel by Partizan, 4 yrs.....	1	1
H. M. Clay's gr. m. <i>Nancy Campbell</i> , by Imp. Merman, dam by Sir William, 5 yrs.....	3	2
F. E. Murphy's ch. f. <i>Motto</i> , by Imp. Barefoot—Lady Tompkins by Eclipse, 4 yrs.	2	3
Capt. T. T. Tunstall's b. m. <i>Margaret Blunt</i> , by Eclipse, d. by Content on, aged... ..	4	dist.

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of first mile.....	2:02	Time of first mile.....	1:55
“ “ second mile.....	1:56	“ “ second mile.....	1:50
“ “ third mile.....	1:50	“ “ third mile.....	2:00
Time of First Heat.....	5:48	Time of Second Heat.....	5:45

The Trustee colt Vagrant, made a capital race with Hardened Sinner (beautiful names!!) at Memphis. His dam, Vaga, was recently purchased by JAS. PORTER, Esq., of Louisiana, for \$100!! She is twenty years old, though, having been bred in 1822.

THURSDAY, Nov. 16—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$20 added, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Linn. Coch's ch. c. <i>Vagrant</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga by Lishmahago, 4 yrs.....	5	4	2	3	1	1	1
J. H. White's b. c. <i>Hardened Sinner</i> , pedigree before, 4 yrs.....	4	2	1	1	4	2	2
H. M. Clay's gr. m. <i>Nancy Campbell</i> , pedigree before, 5 yrs.....	3	3	3	2	2	r.	o.
W. W. Gift's ch. m. <i>Ann Stuart</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs.....	2	5	4	4	3	r.	o.
Capt. Thos. T. Tunstall's b. m. <i>Sally Carr</i> , by Stockholder, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	1	1	5	dr			
Time, 1:53—1:53½—1:52—1:57—1:54—1:56—1:57. Track heavy.							

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

From the "Daily Georgian" we learn that the meeting of "the Junior Jockey Club" commenced on the 22d ult., over the Oglethorpe Course. The weights are not given, but we presume they are the same as those carried at Augusta, Charleston, etc.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22, 1843—Purse \$200, 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.

Mr. McAlpin's ch. m. *Ruby*, by Duke of Wellington, out of Lively by Eclipse, * yrs 1 1
 Lewis Lovell's ch. m. *Ella* (alias Alicia), by Young Virginian, d. by Harwood, * ys 2 2
 Time, 4:09—4:06. * Age omitted.

The "Georgian" states that

This race created quite an interest; both horses had their backers, and although the turf was not as well attended as we have seen it, still those present seemed to have confidence in their choice. At the tap they were off, well together—*Ella* took the lead, but before half a mile was accomplished, *Ruby* was up, and shortly after passed her; at this stage, it was a slow race, for both appeared to us to be holding back, and although several efforts were made by *Ella*, the distance was preserved by *Ruby*, who, after a desperate push on the last quarter stretch, came in winner by about a length.

After the usual time allotted for rubbing down, both horses were again brought to the string, neither appearing much distressed; and as every one who witnessed the first heat, was satisfied that but little running had been done, the principal bets offered were on time—that is, that the second heat would be run in less time than the first. As all seemed to be of this opinion, there was but little difference, and some few were found venturesome enough to bet on *Ella*. At the tap of the drum, they got a beautiful start, but before reaching the quarter post, *Ruby* took the lead, and it was a beautiful contest for the balance of the race, *Ruby* coming in about one length ahead.

It is but an act of justice to the owner of *Ella* to state that she was entered with no expectation of winning the race, one of her forelegs being so weak that it was bandaged when she started, and for several days previous to the race had been so doubtful, that the ordinary exercise was denied her.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Four subs. at \$— each. One mile.

L. Lovell's ch. g. <i>Pelham</i> , by Collier, dam by Whip, - yrs.....	1
Mr. Aiken's ch. h. <i>Hellite</i> , by Collier, dam by Bertrand, - yrs.....	2
F. Laten's gr. m. <i>Jane Tonsel</i> , pedigree and age unknown.....	3
D. S. Little's ch. m. <i>Princess</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Gallatin, - yrs.....	4

Time, 1:56.

In justice to one of the favorites, *Princess*, we must say, that she got a very bad start, the other three being full thirty yards in advance, and in the run, before she got off. She, however, succeeded in saving her distance.

After the sweepstake, a race between saddle horses came off, for which there were two entries, both ridden by their owners, a single dash of a mile, which was won in 2:12. Good time for saddle nags.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Mr. McAlpin's b. c. <i>Crockett</i> , by Crockett, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1 1
Mr. Pickard's b. m. <i>Lucy Long</i> , by John Richards, dam by Diomed, 5 yrs.....	2 2

Time, 2:00—2:02.

We were prevented from attending the races to-day, but learn from a friend who was present, that the race was very exciting, and the track well attended. *Crockett* was the favorite at the start, but *Lucy* had her friends. At the tap they were off, and it was a struggle for the first quarter for the track, which *Crockett* succeeded in taking, and he kept it to the end of the mile, coming out winner by about two lengths. Time 2:00.

Both horses cooled off well, and at the appointed time were off again. The knowing ones were willing to go their pile on *Crockett*, as they saw plainly he had the foot of *Miss Lucy*, and that she was rather green for the want of practice, having only had about ten days' training. They got off well together, *Crockett* in the lead, but on the back stretch, *Miss Lucy* made a bold effort, and succeeded in coming up, but no sooner was her proximity discovered by *Crockett*, than he ungallantly endeavored to avoid her company, which he succeeded in doing when they reached the quarter stretch, and came out winner by about a length and a half. Time, 2:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for saddle horses. Two subs. at \$— each. One mile.

F. Laten's gr. m. <i>Jane Tonsel</i> , pedigree and age unknown	1
L. Lovell's <i>Rice Planter</i> , color, pedigree, and age unknown	2
Time, 2:00.	

The mare must have been *ailing*, as she made her race yesterday, the same distance, in 1:56.

FRIDAY, Nov. 24—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr. McAlpin's ch. m. *Ruby*, pedigree above, - yrs..... galloped over

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Five subs. at \$— each. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

L. Lovell's ch. g. <i>Pelham</i> , pedigree above, - yrs	1	1	1
Mr. Aiken's ch. h. <i>Hellite</i> , pedigree above, - yrs	2	2	2
Time, 2:04—1:55—2:01.			

Pelham had it all his own way, winning in three straight heats.

OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

Our races, in sporting phrase, have just "come off;" and though but few stables were in attendance, and the entries, of course, were very limited, yet we had some excellent horses and very interesting contests. The sport commenced on

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22, 1843—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Sub. \$100 each, h. ft. One mile.

O. Gardener's b. f. by Red Tom	1
T. J. Johnson's gr. c. by Dick Chinn	2
Time, 1:58. Won easily.	

Of the several entries, the above two only came to the post. There had been heavy rains two days previous, and though the course had dried considerably, it was still rather heavy in places.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

James Porter's b. f. <i>Belissima</i> , by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Wingfoot, 3 yrs.....	1	1	1
B. Davidson & Co.'s b. c. <i>Little Trick</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs..	2	2	2
Time, 1:53—1:54—1:55.			

Little Trick came here with considerable reputation, having won some races in Kentucky, and also said to have run a severe contest, at two mile heats, with Mr. Chambers' splendid filly *Queen Ann*. It was supposed his known game qualities and age would tell in the best 3 in 5, as severe a test of a horse's merits as any other distance. The knowing ones were, therefore, very sweet on him, but they missed a figure, for the filly was quite too fast for him: she outfooted him to the stand, and every jump they made during the three heats only made his condition more unpleasant.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$125, entrance money added, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

B. Davidson & Co.'s b. f. <i>Garter</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Trumpator, 3 yrs	1	1
James Porter's b. m. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs	2	2
T. Kellogg's b. h. <i>Target</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, aged	dist	
Time, 4:06—4:12.		

This day was ushered in with heavy rain, which ceased about noon, leaving the course very heavy. The race was won cleverly by the *Glencoe* filly, the *Luzborough* horse distanced the first heat. *Target* was known to be very fast for a single dash of one or two miles, and bets were current that he would win the first heat. He went off at quarter-horse speed, but was passed on the first turn by the *Tranby* f., and at the half-mile post of the last mile was "no where"—the survivors ran out well, the *Glencoe* winning by two or three lengths. The second heat was also well contested, but whatever might have been the chance of the *Tranby* on a dry course, she had none on a muddy one. She was beaten as in the first heat, and about as far. It is but justice to state, that *Target* came out with both of his plates completely bent up on the side; it is a great wonder that he did not throw himself.

FRIDAY, Nov. 24—Jockey Club Purse \$200, weights as before. Three mile heats.

James Porter's ch. f. <i>Berenice</i> , by Imp. Skylark, out of Kathleen, 4 yrs	1	1
B. Davidson's ch. c. <i>Little Trick</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	2
Time, 6:26—6:29.		

The course was stiff and heavy. The owners of *Little Trick*, confident in his game, resolved to give him another trial, and entered him for the three mile purse. He did not, however, benefit by the change, as he found himself op-

posed by Berenice ; and although he is a true, honest little horse, he was entirely overmatched from the score, and the two heats were won easily by the filly. The time was slow, but might have been run faster if he could have put her up.

SATURDAY, Nov. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$100, the winner to save his entrance, for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Mile heats.
 B. Davidson & Co.'s b. f. *Kate*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Shepherdess..... 1 1
 J. F. Miller's b. f. by Sorrow..... 2 2
 Time, 2:04—2:04.

The latter filly was entered merely to make a race, as the owner had no expectation of winning.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 29—Match \$200 a side. Three mile heats.
 B. Davidson & Co.'s b. c. *Little Trick*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 M. L. Hammond's gr. h. *Pilot*, by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose (John Bascombe's dam) by Pacolet, 6 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 6:28—6:35.

This was one of the best races run on this course during the meeting. The course was very heavy, and it was raining during the race, having continued since the Saturday previous. *Little Trick* took the lead, and kept it throughout, nearly distancing *Pilot*. The running in the second heat was the same as in the first, and was only won by half a length.

Yours, E. W. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI.

NATCHEZ, Dec. 3d, 1843.

Mr. Editor :—The races over the Pharsalia Course terminated yesterday. I am sorry to say the weather was as bad as possible throughout the week, save the last day, which was fine. The attendance was thin.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 29, 1843—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Sub. \$100 each, to which the Club added \$200. Mile heats.
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's (Messrs. Elliot's) gr. f. *Lucy Dashwood*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey by Imp. Boaster, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 S. T. Taylor's ch. c. *Gen. Dubuys*, by Imp. Leviathan—Imp. Nannie Kilham, 3 yrs. 4 2
 Mr. Farley's ch. f. *Cora Munroe*, by H. L. White, out of a Crusher mare, 3 yrs..... 2 3
 William J. Minor's bl. g. *Black Jack*, by Doncaster, out of Countess Bertrand by Bertrand, 3 yrs..... 3 4
 Time, 1:54—1:56. Track wet and heavy.

Won easy. Jack was the only horse in the race that could get to Lucy, and he could not stay long enough. Lucy the favorite against the field at odds.

THURSDAY, Nov. 30—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$50 added, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 William J. Minor's ch. f. *Norma*, by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty by Blacklock, 4 yrs..... French. 1 1
 Mr. McNulty's (Mr. Sanders') ch. m. *Ann Stewart*, by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs..... Welsh. 3 2
 W. B. Bradish's (H. Clarkson's) ch. c. *Vagrant*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga, 4 yrs..... Monk. 2 3
 Time, 4:03—4:01. Run in a rain storm.

Won easy, French pulling the filly through both heats until he was absolutely "black in the face." *Norma* the favorite.

FRIDAY, Dec. 1—The Pharsalia Plate, with \$300 added by the Club, ent. \$150 if there be but two, and \$100 if there be more than two, with an inside stake of \$500 between the two entries ; conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. c. *Ruffin*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archy, 3 yrs..... Button. 1 1
 S. T. Taylor's b. f. *Sally Shannon*, by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs..... Monk. 2 2
 Time, 6:00—6:05. Track wet and heavy.

Won easy. *Ruffin* the favorite at 3 to 2. In the first heat *Ruffin* took the track on entering the back stretch, and was never locked. In the second heat *Sally* ran well with him for the first mile and a quarter, the colt then had it all his own way to the finish.

SATURDAY, Dec. 2—Purse \$200, ent. \$50 added, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Wm. J. Minor's gr. f. *Lady Jane*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Jane Grey by Orphan Boy, 4 yrs..... Aaron. 1 1 1
 Mr. Farley's ch. m. *Jane Ross*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs..... Stephen Welsh. 2 2 2
 Time, 1:57—1:59—2:00. Track still heavy.

Won very easy. A YOUNG TURFMAN.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 6, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Five subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. R. Singleton's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Phenomena by Sir Archy	1	1
Col. W. Hampton's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Bay Maria by Eclipse	2	2
Time, 4:01—4:03.		

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

Col. James Williamson's b. c. <i>Regent</i> , by Imp. Priam—Fantail by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1	1
A. Bell's gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Titmoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, aged.	2	2
Time, 8:12—8:16.		

"T'auld mare was the favorite at odds, but was beaten without much difficulty.

THURSDAY, Dec. 7—Purse \$350, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. James Williamson's b. h. <i>Eutaw</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs	1	1
G. Edmonson's ch. g. by John Bascombe, out of Palsey Wallace, 4 yrs	2	2
Col. W. Hampton's b. m. by Bertrand Jr., out of Betsy Richards, 5 yrs	4	3
Messrs. Shelton & Bell's ch. c. <i>Bill Norris</i> , by John Bascombe, dam by Mucklejohn, 5 yrs	3 dist.	
Capt. John Harrison's b. h. <i>Sleepy John</i> , by John Dawson, d. by Phenomenon, 5 y	dist.	
Time, 6:19—6:18.		

Sleepy John was the favorite; the course being very heavy, Eutaw won cleverly, after a fine race with the Bascombe colt.

It has been said, and wisely said, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Believing this to be true, we indulged ourself during the past week with a little recreation; but here we are this morning, again at our post, prepared with refreshed spirits, and renewed good humor, to do "the work that is set before us."

We have seen much to interest and amuse us, during our absence from home. We have listened to the *concentrated wisdom* of the State—we have attended a temperance meeting—a Bible Convention—the Columbia Races—and a great many other good things, all good in their way. But let us record some of them in order.

And first, as to the Races; and here let us transport ourself in imagination, to the Race Ground, itself. We cannot with one of Walter Scott's characters exclaim, "my foot is on my native heath, and my name's McGregor," but somehow or another, whenever we stand upon a race ground, we cannot help feeling quite *at home*. Everything seems so natural. The crowd is collecting, and "the busy hum of preparation" is increasing; but the bugle has sounded, and now behold the different horses which have been entered for the day's race, are preparing to saddle. They are brought up—the drum is tapt, and they are off with a beautiful start. Three heats are run and the result is as follows:—

FRIDAY, Dec. 8—The "Hampton Plate" of \$400 value, for all ages, weights as before Two mile heats.

G. W. Edmonson's ch. m. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, aged...	3	1	1
Capt. J. Harrison's b. c. <i>Joe Winfield</i> , by John Dawson, d. by Phenomenon, 4 yrs	4	3	2
Col. Jas. Williamson's ch. f. <i>Taghioni</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.	1	2	dr
Col. R. Singleton's b. f. by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Crusader, 3 yrs	2	dr	
Time, 3:56—3:59—4:05.			

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats

A. Bell's ch. c. <i>Morgan</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Amy Hamilton, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. J. Williamson's b. f. <i>Tishanna</i> , by Benbow, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs	2	2
Capt. J. Harrison's ch. f. by Crazy Bill, dam by Phenomenon, 3 yrs.....	* *	
Time, 1:58—1:58. * Bolted.		

SATURDAY, Dec. 9—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5

Col. J. Williamson's ch. f. <i>Marchioness</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1	1	1
Shelton & Bell's b. m. <i>Nancy Rowland</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Rob Roy, 5 yrs	2	2	2
Mr. O'Hanlon's b. f. <i>Mary Webb</i> , by Sir Leslie, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs	3 dist.		
Time, 1:58—1:54—1:57.			

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Citizen's Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Shelton & Bell's ch. m. <i>Omega</i> , pedigree above, aged.....	1	1
Col. Jas. Williamson's b. h. <i>Eutaw</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs	2 dr	
Time, 4:00.		

The heat contested in this race was remarkably interesting—both horses were locked the whole way until entering the quarter stretch, when the old mare went ahead, and won by three lengths. Nothing transpired during the races to merit particular notice.





A. L. Dick

COTTERSTONE.

Winner of the Epsom Derby, 1843

New York, Engraved for the American Turf Calendar and Sporting Magazine

A M E R I C A N

Curf Register and Sporting Magazine.

F E B R U A R Y , 1 8 4 4 .

Embellishment :

PORTRAIT OF COTHERSTONE :

Engraved on Steel by DICK, after a Fainting by HANCOCK.

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

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

CHARLESTON, S. C. Washington Course, Annual Meeting, Wednesday, 21st Feb.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d June.
OPELOUSAS, La. - - St. Landry Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d week in May.

C O T H E R S T O N E ,

WINNER OF THE GREAT DERBY STAKES AT EPSOM, 1843.

WITH A PORTRAIT ENGRAVED BY DICK AFTER A PAINTING BY HANCOCK.

THE extraordinary powers of this distinguished horse are known and appreciated, wherever the Sports of the Turf or "The High Mettled Racer" has an admirer. He has been regarded in this country with peculiar interest, from the fact that he is a half brother to Mr. LIVINGSTON'S *Trustee*, the sire of the invincible *Fashion*.

It is unnecessary here to recapitulate his performances as they have been previously given in these pages—*vide* p. 515, vol. xiv. Suffice it to say, that last year he won the Riddlesworth, the Column, the Two Thousand Guineas, and the Derby Stakes, and the Duke of Richmond's Plate, the whole amounting to the enormous sum of Sixty-eight Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifty Dollars!

The following description of Cotherstone, with his pedigree, are quoted from "Bell's Life in London":—

"*Description*.—Cotherstone is a good bright bay, stands rather over fifteen hands two inches high, with black legs and one white heel behind; head rather plain and large, good deep shoulders, well thrown back; very deep in the girth, round body, splendid quarters, well let down, and looking from behind him, very wide hips, showing great power; carries his tail a little away from his quarters; good strong arms, thighs, and hocks, short from the hock to the ground; very sound clean legs and feet; has a fine temper, good hardy constitution, and altogether presents the appearance of a powerful racing-like nag.

"*Pedigree*.—Cotherstone was bred in 1840, got by Touchstone (winner of the St. Leger in 1834), out of Emma (the dam of Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and of *Trustee*, the sire of *Fashion*), by Whisker (winner of the Derby in 1815), her dam Gibside Fairy by Hermes, out of Vicissitude by Pipator—Beatrice by Sir Peter, &c."

THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

HAVING seen, in the November Number of *The Sporting Magazine*, a remark made by *Clio* that physic should never be given to young dogs affected by the distemper, I wish to add my mite of knowledge on the nature of this fatal malady. It is never sufficient to know that such and such medicines are injurious in the treatment of any disease, without at the same time being aware of the *reason* why their action is deleterious, and the *principle* on

which their administration should be avoided. By *physic* is understood then, in veterinary language, strong purgatives, and this class of medicines is inadmissible in all diseases of the mucous membranes. In great irritation of the bowels, strong cathartics, by stimulating a part whose action is already above the natural standard, may convert that irritation into actual inflammation, from which it is only one degree removed; and of this fact we have many proofs, if others were wanting, of the fatal effects of Morison's pills (a quack purgative medicine), when taken under such circumstances. In irritation of the mucous membrane of the air passages, a similar mode of treatment, by deriving from the part affected, tends to diminish that natural secretion by which the gorged vessels of the bronchial tubes are relieved. The cough attendant upon distemper tends to show that the respiratory organs are affected; and the thick yellow substance which is brought up at the termination of the fit (upon which the cough immediately ceases), being too sparingly secreted through the counteraction of purgatives, is, in my opinion, the reason why violent cathartics prove injurious. With the exception of the sound of the cough, there is perhaps some analogy between distemper in dogs and whooping-cough in human beings. In both there is a fit of coughing, which is relieved by the evacuation of mucus. It is well known, that, in the treatment of the latter disease, emetics are principally beneficial, both from their relaxing powers as well as by assisting in relieving the chest of the substance which irritates it; and I think that this class of medicines will in general be found more beneficial than any other in assisting Nature in the cure of distemper. I have bred many puppies, and have seen many afflicted with this disease, but have never lost one myself, nor known one to have died, that was *in good condition* when attacked by it. Some people will tell you that a well-fed puppy will be sure to die if it take the distemper when full of flesh, and that therefore all young dogs should be kept low until they have got over that complaint. For this reason, when the first symptoms of distemper manifest themselves, they bleed and give strong doses of physic—the result of which treatment is either fatal, or, if the puppy recover, he is probably rickety and semi-paralytic for months, unable to stand with firmness, and in short a truly melancholy spectacle. In this state he is generally shot or hung, not being considered worth the cost of keeping until he may have recovered.

In the treatment of distemper, although strong *purgatives* be inadmissible, there is, however, a golden medium to be observed, and it by no means follows that on this account aperients are to be altogether discarded, though they must be used with caution. I take it that the distemper is a complaint of a specific nature, in like manner as the influenza is in the human species; and that whatever be the symptoms of irritation present, depletion carried to any great extent, whether by the lancet or by operating too violently on the bowels, will almost always fail of effecting a cure. A young puppy full of flesh, when first attacked, may take a small bolus of sulphur, made up with butter, of the size of a filbert, and

this, if he be costive, may be occasionally repeated with due caution. In conjunction with this, I have always found that an old salt herring, given in the morning, is the best medicine that can be administered. It not only affords some little nourishment, which is necessary, but likewise promotes vomiting, and assists in the evacuation of that tough viscid substance, of the color of the yolk of an egg, which is thrown up after severe coughing. Should the herring fail in its effects, its operation must be assisted by the administration of a little common salt, which will always cause the puppy to vomit. A perfectly dry and well-sheltered kennel, with plenty of fresh air, and room to roam about when so disposed, are indispensable.

Under this mode of treatment I have never known a puppy to die, provided he were, as I have said, *in good condition* when attacked by the distemper, and consequently I have always made a rule of keeping those puppies I have bred extremely well, and of allowing the bitch plenty of nutritious food while suckling. If her pups do not thrive, some must be taken from her; for it is a main point, in rearing puppies of all kinds, that they should make good progress while suckling, their future growth and strength depending very much upon their well-doing during the two first months of their life, to say nothing of their power to resist the distemper if attacked when very young. Let it be understood, however, that *grossness* is by no means what I understand by the term condition.

AMATEUR.

M Y F I R S T S H O T .

WITH A PLATE OF HARE.

DISHED UP BY OUR COUSIN IN THE COUNTRY.

ALL men are born poachers.

That to begin with.

Yes, all men are certainly born poachers; and it is only through the benign influence of a beautiful jurisprudence—and a well-organised system of mantraps—through the agency of those humanizing sentiments of benevolence which successive ages have erected into a surpassing structure of morality—and the gallows—that we have at length learned to distinguish the evil from the good. If the truth must be told, all newly-born skulls exhibit a most extraordinary development of the organs of petty-larceny in general; but as the strong arm of the law soon manifests itself, and among the habitations of men there is always some John Doe or Richard Roe stepping forward to affirm the rights of *meum et tuum*, poor lapsing humanity is obliged to fly to the field for shelter, and to plead his privileges of *feræ naturæ*. Here we take our stand; and it is in vain that successive generations of legislators expend their energies to convince us that pheasants and turkeys are “birds of a feather,” that jack hares and jackasses are identical, that

cod's-head and oyster sauce are the same things as a brace of carp or pike taken out of the nearest pond. We can't understand it. And it is rarely, till we have land of our own, that we can be made to see clearly the nice line of demarcation that makes hare game and rabbit vermin. Then, indeed, the film falls at once from our eyes: the thing is as clear as mud. Is not a hare different *toto signo* from a rabbit? its ears, are they not longer; its legs, are they not stronger? doth not the hare bound in running? while the rabbit only hops? doth not the first burrow a form, while the latter forms a burrow? is not that served with a pudding in its belly, while this comes up smothered in onions? And not to see the difference between them! not to be able to distinguish between hare and rabbit! between *game* (with a pudding in its belly) and *vermin* (smothered in onions)! Oh, fie!

My first shot was a pouching shot. I had already practised a creditable amount of brigandage in a small way: I had taken trout in the Squire's stream; I had captured perch in the miller's pool. But my loftiest aspirations were for a full-grown jack hare. If I could kill a hare, I should consider myself entitled to rank with heroes: I wouldn't thank Hercules to be my uncle. And why shouldn't I? Hares were "*feræ nature!*" My mind was made up. "This day a hare must die." Gun I had none; but a most potent horse-pistol, with which I had already brought down dozens of sparrows and oceans of robin-redbreasts. Away I went, charged to the muzzle—mentally and pistolly. I knew a certain wood side, where I was sure of a victim; and I predetermined as soon as I had fired, to throw my pistol into the plantation, lie down on my back, and begin kicking my heels like a child at play: nobody could suspect a child. Promising little cut-throat!

I was soon at the edge of the covert

"Mantraps and spring guns
are actually set in
these preserves."

Actually! that was rather a poser. If I should by ill luck get my leg fixed in a humane trap? Well, never mind! I could easily jerk my pistol away, and swear I was only nutting. Sweet young cultivator of perjury! On I went. I was soon through the wood. All was still, and twilight was falling. I heard the sound of the village clock, and the distant clamor of the farmyard fowls as they were driven to their pens for the night. The owl flew forth from the depths of the wood, in pursuit of his prey. Moths came fluttering about, and beetles humming and bobbing up against one's face. A leaf, falling from the top of some giant oak through all its labyrinth of branches, might be heard in its whole course, so still was every thing around, and so tranquil the air. The warm red light of the sun had turned to a sober grey, when down the wild bank of that wild wood came creeping one by one the most delicious little rogues of hares that ever were seen—one by one at first—then in pairs—then by threes and fours—till there was a downright mob of them—a regular *pussy comitatus*. I was in a high

state of nervousness, and as hot as a salamander. Every rustle of a leaf seemed the foot of a gamekeeper, and I already saw myself in bird's eye view standing before a beak. I thought the risk was greater than the prize, and my thumb was already on the cock of the pistol, to let it down, when—hop—hop—out came the finest fellow of a jack hare that ever wore fur, and, curling himself into a round O, began to nibble away at his hind leg, as much as to say, "Come, here I am! if you can't hit me somewhere now, the devil's in it."

Bang!

By Jove! I shall never forget that bang. It seemed to shake the whole air: every tree in the wood seemed to echo it. That every gamekeeper in the cover, and all circumjacent covers, would be roused up by it, seemed as certain as death and taxes. Rumble, rumble, rumble—would the echoes *never* die away! They did at last; and this was then the state of parties. There lay the pistol, half a mile off in the wood: there lay I, kicking my heels like an innocuous babby: and there lay jack hare, with his head on a dock leaf, as dead as an Egyptian mummy. Returning consciousness brought with it a sense of my heroism. My heart expanded, my spirits dilated, like an apple under an air pump. No father, on his first admission to the honors of paternity, could be prouder than I: for, like him, I had got a hare. I felt, urchin though I was, to have a "station like the herald, Mercury;" Samson Agonistes was a whippersnapper to me; Germanicus and Leonidas were mere nobodies. Hercules and the Nemæan Lion was all very well in its way—done on Parian marble, or in red and yellow at the Dissolving Views—but nothing to come up to myself standing in triumph over my vanquished foe. In ten minutes more I was safe with my booty in "my father's halls"—and a pretty blowing-up I got when said father came to know the extent of my delinquency. But, however, as the jobation terminated in current jelly and stuffing. I can't say that the lecture made much impression upon my *mens conscia recti*. The lasting sentiment that occupied my mind was the consciousness of having performed a feat of daring, in which I had at once bearded the law, evaded its myrmidons, exhibited my skill in adventure, and entitled myself to the glorious name of a Sportsman.

Since then I have had many a triumph "by field and flood." I have been first up at many a fox-chase in Merrie England: I have killed my bear in the pine forests of Norway: I have brought down my chamois on the Gemmi, and my lammergeyer on the Altelz: I have hunted wolf in the heart of the Pyrennees, and wild boar in the forests of Germany. But never did I experience half the joy, or half the self-glorification that crowned the triumph of my *First Shot*.

I have had a decided liking for friend pussy ever since. He is to my mind the fairest habitant of the wood; no forest scene is complete without him. Your sentimentalizing poets make a great fuss about the nightingale, with his "low, piping notes," his "sweet jug-jug," and this, that, and t'other; and there can be no doubt that

Philomel is a very charming character—far be it from me to deny it!—but what do they say to a fine, full grown Hare, with *his* “jug-jug?”

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From the English “Sporting Review” for January, 1844.

The Newmarket Meetings for the present year will take place as follow :—

Craven Meeting	- - - -	Monday, April 8th.
First Spring Meeting	- - -	Monday, April 22nd.
Second Spring Meeting	- -	Tuesday, May 7th.
July Meeting	- - - -	Tuesday, July 9th.
First October Meeting	- - -	Tuesday, October 1st.
Second October Meeting	- -	Monday, October 14th.
Houghton Meeting	- - - -	Monday, October 28th.

The Directors of the London and South-Western Railway have some idea of constructing a branch line from Kingston to Epsom ; if such is to be the case, a long adieu to the glories of the journey down.

It appears that Mr. Plummer has found a new tenant for his celebrated mare Alice Hawthorn in Sir R. Bulkeley, as she has lately joined that gentleman’s string at Malton—the *rint* no doubt is a vast improvement upon last season.

The Irish sportsmen have lost one of their very best brood mares—Taglioni, by Whisker, the dam of Retriever, Tearaway, Fireaway, and Fanny Callaghan ; she was the property of Mr. Higgins, and died from slipping a remarkably fine colt, by Harkaway.

Mr. Graydon has been weeding his stud to some extent, and we should imagine at some sacrifice, many of the lots being knocked down at sums varying from three to ten pounds each.

Mr. Osbaldeston has changed his trainer, in consequence of having been deceived by Stebbings—at least so for a time, said rumor ; fortunately, however, “the Squire” has just discovered that “the front and head of the offending” rests on his having deceived himself, and has accordingly publicly declared his belief that his late trainer is “a good one, honest, and a trust-worthy servant.”

The notorious Burke has sacrificed another unfortunate animal in one of his inhuman matches against time ; the victim on this occasion was a pony—said to be an *especial favorite*!—and which died in attempting to beat the “Bedford Times,” in three successive journeys between that town and London. Would that it was more generally known that such fellows have no claim to the name of a sportsman!

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the January Number of the "Turf Register," page 9.

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS WITH WHICH THE READER SHOULD MAKE HIMSELF THOROUGHLY ACQUAINTED, PREVIOUSLY TO HIS COMMENCING THE TRAINING OF HORSES TO RUN.

In speaking of the properties race-horses should possess, and the state they should be in previous to their being put into training, the principal requisites to be noticed in the animal are, that he should have good blood, good speed, and good temper; if he is deficient in any one of the above very essential qualities, there is but little dependance to be placed on him, as a race-horse, when running. It may be almost unnecessary to observe, that a race-horse should not have, previous to his going into training, the least tendency to unsoundness, either local or constitutional, as that of anything approaching to a chronic affection of the lungs, which may occasion even a trifling cough; nor must there be the slightest possible disease or enlargement of any of the tendons of the legs, or ligaments of the joints; and this more particularly holds good in the training of a gluttonous sort of horse. To bring such horse to post with anything about him as above stated, would be throwing money away.

Let us next notice the state our horses should be in as to flesh. Speaking first of the young ones, either as yearlings or two-year-olds—if they have been paid proper attention to during the time of their being in their paddocks, they will, on leaving them, be sound, lusty, and healthy; and this is the state they should be in after being broke, previous to their going into training; and it is, also, this same state that all race-horses, of all ages, and of all different constitutions, should be in, while out of training, or when they are put into training after their having been laid by for the winter; that is, they should have what is commonly called a "good bit of flesh" upon them; and we must be very careful how we remove the superfluous flesh from the surface of the bodies of all horses in training.

In training different horses, we are principally to be guided by their structure, age, and tempers, which regulate the strength of their mechanical powers, as to action, as well also as their constitutional ones; and just according as any one horse may vary from the other in those respects, so will each horse require a different sort of treatment. And that all those matters with regard to the training of horses may be properly carried into effect, it will be

necessary for us to explain sufficiently often the different causes and effects that may arise from the various sorts of treatment we shall by-and-bye have occasion to adopt, in the training of every description of thorough-bred horses. On my first entering the stables as exercise-boy, the system of training horses was not so attentively studied as at the present day. It was too much the custom with grooms to work too many horses together in one class, without their sufficiently discriminating as to how their ages and constitutions might vary, as well also as the lengths their horses were to come in different races; consequently, some flighty delicate horses lost their tempers, and went off their feed; while others, by being kept too long in strong work, drew too fine, became stale, or, perhaps, got amiss on their legs. Another thing, training grooms of the old school were too much in the habit of letting horses of all descriptions go on with their work, until, as they considered, they were drawn sufficiently fine to come the length they had to run, not making due allowances that the length a horse might have to run might be short, and that the horse's wind, from the work he had been doing, may be good enough to enable him to go in his race, and finish at his best pace, without his being worked to too great an excess, with a view to reduce him of his flesh.

This sort of treatment was too much adopted with gluttonous horses, that were mostly engaged, after a certain age, to run long lengths under high weights, as in country running. As such horses generally fed voraciously, it was often difficult to keep many of them from putting up a great deal of flesh; and as grooms usually considered that those horses could not run, unless drawn very fine, it was, therefore, the custom with many of them, to work these horses according as they fed, concluding that the more work they could get into them, provided they kept feeding, the lighter they would be in flesh, and the stouter and longer they would be able to run. Those rules, in some few instances, certainly stand good up to the present day, as horses cannot run very long lengths if they are very fat, but more particularly if they are too fat in their insides, and which may be known by the difficulty of their breathing, after having been much exerted. But, if a horse is clear and well in his wind, he is not very likely to be too fat in his inside; and if he has done the necessary lengths in his gallops and sweats at the pace he ought to do them according to the length he has to run, I should not mind his being high in flesh, or appearing fat on the surface of his body, provided the length he had to run did not exceed a mile and a half; that is, if the horse we are now alluding to is not more than three years old. I believe there is no state or habit of body a horse can be in, that renders his constitution so susceptible of a dangerous disease, as that of his being very fat and full of juices; and as horses on their first coming into training are somewhat approaching to this state, the greatest care must be taken not to hurry them in their work, and more particularly young ones; for, as they run but short lengths, it is not necessary to draw them fine. Neither should large long-

striding horses be drawn too fine ; such tall, large-framed horses should have a good bit of flesh kept on them, they will then bear, occasionally, a little brushing along, at intervals, in some portion of their exercise. It is at Newmarket that those long-striding horses are most in use, and the main object to be considered in the training of them here, is to bring them as stout as is necessary to come the short lengths in which they may be engaged to run, and at the same time to preserve their speed as much as possible. In the north of England, and also in country running, horses are engaged for longer lengths than at Newmarket, they are therefore trained to be brought stouter, according to their ages, and the length they have to come in their different races ; and for this last-mentioned sort of running, I prefer horses shorter on their legs, and rather closer made than the horses are that run at Newmarket.

It is to be observed, that the exercising of race horses is one thing, and the doing of work with them is another. The former is to keep them steady and in health, and the latter, when properly administered, is to bring them clear in their wind, to lighten those that require it of their flesh, and to give tone and substance to the muscles of their bodies and tendons of their legs ; such are the advantages of proper exercise and work for horses in training. Most of them will more or less draw fine in training, depending on the work they may be doing, and this in the medium is what we want, provided that they are hearty, and that they go cheerful to their work, that their legs are cool and in shape, and that they feed and drink well. We mean by the above observations, that all horses in training should enjoy both their food and their work ; if they are over-marked, as has already been observed, at either the one or the other, they will not come out to run in their best form.

By the word "form," as it regards the race horse, is meant that the animal has been brought by training into a fit state to perform or continue his best exertions, as they may be occasionally required of him, when he is running in company with other horses ; and in this state he is able to continue those exertions with comparative ease to himself, and without endangering his constitution, that is, if he is not unfairly over-matched in any of his engagements, as by putting too much weight on him, and engaging him to run long lengths, to which he may not be equal.

Be it further known to the reader, that when a horse is engaged to run in a race of a certain length, as, for example, two or four miles, whichever of these lengths he may have to run, he must occasionally, and at a good telling pace, go a little longer length in the concluding of his work than he has to do in his race ; and this when it takes place is called "getting the length he has to run into him ;" and unless this part of his training is well arranged, the horse cannot win his engagement, although he may be the best horse in the party in which he may have to run ; and what is more, he may appear to the eye to be in very fine condition, and most likely he is so for the running of a short length, but certainly not for the running of a long one. The reader is therefore to bear in

mind, that unless his horse is well trained, according to the length he has to run, however good he may be, he will not only be beat by the company he may be running in, but that company need not be of the most choice description to do so; in other words, he will often be beat by bad horses, unless he is in the care of an honest good training groom. Indeed, from any casual circumstance, as if a strong horse miss a sweat or two, and it should be near the time of his coming to post, it would most likely be the cause of his being beat in the race in which he may be engaged.

As to the appearance of a horse in condition, when brought to the post to run:—He should appear (if 1 may be allowed the expression), bloomingly ripe, fresh, and healthy in himself, clean and unloaded in his muscular surface from what is commonly called the “waste and spare;” in other words, there should be neither in him, nor on him, any superfluous flesh or adipose membrane (fat). He should be clear in his wind, kind and glossy in his skin, cool and clean on his legs, and, from behind the girths of his saddle, he should be straight and handsome in his carcass (if he is not too great a glutton). The muscles of his body should feel hard and springy to the touch, with a sort of projecting swell or substance in the body part of them, and particularly those of his hind quarters, which should also appear as if they were distinctly divided from each other. His crest, not being too high, should feel firm and closely attached to his neck. This is the appearance, or state of condition, in which a horse should be when brought to post to run; and the orders to be given to the jockey, how such a horse is to be ridden in his race, must be according to the nature of the ground, and the state in which it may be at the time, as also the company the horse has to run in—and which orders, as we have already noticed, cannot be correctly given but by the training groom who has trained the horse, and who will point out to the jockey how the horse is to be most advantageously made use of, in coming over the sort of course he may have to run on, as also as to the length of rally he can live in, in maintaining his best pace. And if the horse in question is a stout, game one, and kind in his temper, and has been as well taught as trained, he will, when called upon to come by his rider (who should be a thorough good one), or challenged by any horse in the company he may be running with, not only exert himself with all the elastic muscular force which he possesses, but will, as he approaches near home, not only boldly face the crowd, but, by his continued exertions, will dispute the contest for every stride of ground, until he is pulled up past the winning-post. Now, if a horse appear at the post as we have just described him, he would then be in a fit state to run; but, with regard to the beauty of his appearance, as that of his being straight and handsome in his carcass, glossy in his skin, and gay and animated in himself, he may have all these last-mentioned appearances about him, and yet he may not be in a fit state to run. He may be short of work as we have already observed; he may not have done the necessary lengths in it at the pace he ought; or he may have been kept too long in strong work, and have become

rather stale ; or he may not have sufficiently recovered, perhaps, from an attack of the distemper : and from any of these causes he may be seven pounds or a stone below his proper form, and yet, to the eye of a common observer, he may be thought fit to run. I have met with men who profess to be very knowing on the 'Turf, rather too premature in making their remarks on the appearances of horses at the post ; some men do not like bones, that is, they think some horses are drawn too fine ; others do not like horses brought out too high, as having too much flesh on them. However, those remarks are mostly made by men who often know but little, or, perhaps, nothing of such matters ; they are guided more by a theoretical sort of fancy than by good, practical judgment. In fact, there are no men who can, or at least ought to be so capable of judging of the fitness or state, in all respects, in which horses should be to race, as those who have had the working, the feeding, and the watering of them. A training-groom must never, therefore, be led astray about the condition of his horses by the opinion of others. Different horses will vary, more or less, in appearance, from the ones we have just described ; yet, notwithstanding horses may more or less differ from each other in those respects, as some of them being rather coarser in their carcasses, and having more flesh on them, still these horses may be in a fit state to run. In short, it will not do to train horses, as men would build houses, by fancy, or by rule ; to adopt such modes of treatment would destroy them. As we have already noticed their ages, their constitutions, and the lengths they have to run, must be separately and duly considered ; and according as those circumstances may vary, so must each horse be differently treated.

The horses which are likely to be abused by too much work are the five and six year olds, of strong constitutions. Such of these as may have gone somewhat off their speed for the running of short lengths, are mostly engaged to run the longer ones, as those of two and four miles ; and it sometimes happens that such horses have no chance to win but by cutting out the work, that is, by going off from the start, and making as much running in the race as may be necessary to draw any of the young ones well out at the top of their pace, so as to get them thoroughly beat before they come too near home ; otherwise the latter would, on approaching the winning-post, have enough left in them to make the last run, and go in and win. Now, to enable the old ones to make the running above described, it may be necessary to draw some of them rather fine, that their flesh may not fatigue them in running long lengths. If the training-groom finds that his horses are not likely to suffer, either locally or constitutionally, from the work he may be giving them, and that they keep training on, that is, if he finds that his horses can go faster and stay longer at the pace by being drawn fine, the trainer will be right in stripping them of their superfluous flesh, still bearing in mind the circumstances which have already been noticed, viz., that his horses feed well, and go cheerfully to their work, that they are cool and clean on their legs, and sound on their feet. The hints here given as to the feeding

and working of horses are all of great importance; if there be any deviation from any one of them, the animal's bodily health or soundness of his limbs will suffer more or less. By being forced on in length and pace at his work, contrary to the powers of his constitution, the horse will not only become stale in himself, and relaxed and large in his carcass, but stale and round on his legs, which would be likely to lead to the cracking and bleeding of his heels, which would be the cause of their suppurating. From bad management, a horse is brought into the state I have here described, which renders him unfit to run; his work must therefore be stopped, and his engagement is not only done away with for the present, but another race may not, probably, be got out of him again for the whole season.

The grand criterion in training of horses, and the best of all others (at least I found it so) for a training groom constantly to bear in mind, is, that Nature will ever claim her rights, in regulating the whole economy of the animal system. This she will do in spite of all our efforts to oppose her. Hardy, gluttonous, strong horses, are difficult to train, or rather it is difficult to keep them from putting up flesh, so as to prevent them from coming too fat to post; and training grooms have sometimes been led astray from the circumstance that, if horses are fat in their insides, they cannot run on for any length; nor can any animal that is fat internally run its best pace but for a very short distance. Yet this rule does not in the same degree hold good as to the fat there may be on the surface of horses' bodies. If hardy horses in training do not draw fine on their external surface, from the work they may have been doing, they may, nevertheless, have got rid of a sufficient portion of the superfluous fat in their insides; and if I found them right in their wind, for the length they may have to come in their races, I should not mind their coming out high. Such horses had better come out thus to run, than that they should be drawn fine for appearance sake, at the risk of very much injuring their constitutions, and thereby disabling them from running in their best form, for the length in which they may be engaged.

Another thing to be observed in the training of race-horses is, that they should be got ready to run precisely to the day on which their engagements are to take place, as they will not remain in the artificial state of condition to which they may have been brought but for a very short time; and unless they run on the day for which they are prepared, they will change more or less, and but seldom for the better, except indeed they should not have been forwarded sufficiently early up to the time they ought to run. Now, such horses as are employed for purposes of pleasure, as saddle-horses, if regularly fed and exercised, and in other respects properly looked after, will be healthy and kind in their skins, with a sufficient portion of flesh on them, and they are then considered by the pad groom to be in condition; and so they are, and in a very proper state for the purposes for which they are intended to be used. But even in those horses, if neglected in any of the little essential regularities in the management of them, as that of

their being allowed to lie by only for a few days, a change in their appearance, from the healthy state described, will soon be observed. Indeed it is good training that will sometimes make bad horses win. Therefore the observations we have made in this chapter are such as we particularly wish our readers to pay attention to; and that they may not lose sight of such observations, we shall in the following chapters, in the practical detail, when getting the horses ready, occasionally repeat some of the remarks noticed here, merely to prevent mistakes arising, as very trifling errors will throw race-horses back in their condition, more than can well be imagined by those who have not been accustomed to the training of them. Now, before we conclude this chapter, we will notice some other little circumstances respecting the entering of young ones. Those matters are arranged in various ways, as follow:—

In produce stakes, it is one of the regulations, immediately after the mares are stinted, to name, on the probability of their being in foal, that their produce shall run at two or three years old, in some of the best stakes; and if such produce be from untried mares, and got by untried stallions, the usual allowance of weight given in favor of such young ones, when they first come to post, is three, or sometimes five pounds; but should there be no produce, there is of course no forfeit. But there is no weight given in favor of produce that may be got by tried stallions out of tried mares. Breeders and owners have, therefore, to depend for the success of their young ones on the goodness of the stock from which they descend, as, agreeably to the regulations, the above produce cannot possibly be tried previous to being entered. These are some of the arrangements laid down in the Racing Calendar, to which book we beg to refer the reader for further information on the entering of different produce.

In the entering of young ones, as yearlings and two year olds, into good stakes, whenever the first-mentioned of them have to be tried, or have to run early, it is always in their own class; the weights they carry, and the lengths they run, are all laid down in the Racing Calendar; and the same thing stands good with regard to two year olds, when running in their own class. This, therefore, makes the matter simple enough in the entering of yearlings or two year olds. But should the latter be engaged to run with horses of all ages, the thing then becomes more complicated, on account of the varying of the weights and lengths. For the present we will defer explaining and simplifying the effects of those matters.

WILD SPORTS IN THE WEST.

BY P. S. J.

A DEER HUNT NEAR CEDAR LAKE, TEXAS.

On the western edge of a small burn, which skirts the "big timber" running from Cedar Lake to Cedar Bayou, stands, or stood some two years since, the huge frame of a house, which had been begun by some enterprising Yankee, and, like many similar erections, had been abandoned for want of the "red cents" wherewith to conclude the undertaking. Near this was a log-house, in which half-hut, half-pigsty, I took up my occasional residence when out upon a hunting scrape or frolic, as we express it in the language of the west. Upon the morning in question I arose betimes, bundled out of my Mexican grass-hammock, awoke my venatorial companion, and, snatching a hearty mouthful, sallied forth into the open air. It was May; the forest behind me was already alive with song; the feathered choristers uttered their clear, merry notes—the red-bird chirruped—the sand-hill crane croaked—ducks and geese cackled—wild turkeys gobbled; there was in fact a most original and active chorus. But that morning birds were not our object; we aimed at nobler sport, though we went not quite so far as Nimrod, whose game was man; that would have been too professional. Texian naval officers being noted fire-eaters, who every day could eat a Mexican whole, man-hunting savored of the shop. "Faugh! a fico for the phrase."

But let not my kind readers who have been in at the death unnumbered times imagine that a deer-hunt in Texas is like a deer-hunt in the Highlands of Scotland; if they allow a notion of the kind to enter their heads, they will fall into serious error. In the first place, in the wild prairies of the far-off west, which, like those of Texas, have been but recently occupied by the white man, and from which the Indian has been driven, deer abound in quantities which would have elicited from any sportsman Dominic Sampson's exclamation of "prodigious!"

Troops upon troops of a small species of stag, grey-skinned and elegant in shape, are to be seen at all times wandering across the interminable and endless prairies, or nestling during a cold nor'-wester under cover of the timber. On the latter occasion—rare luck is his who falls upon it—they are to be shot as easily as a blackberry is plucked, but nor'-westers in the tropic are, like angels' visits, few and far between. The day of which I speak was ushered in by a low, soft-spoken south-wind, which sent the animal far into the prairie to roam at large; and, in order to have a chance of a venison steak or stew for supper, considerable patience, industry, and *savoir faire* had to be put in practice. I had an excellent guide, as faithful as Hawk-eye; as knowing in deer as Mohican-Uncas, if not as sure and unerring a shot.

Josiah Stevens was what in Texas is called a smart lad ; he was not at all one-eyed, which being interpreted means dishonest ; he was neither a hard case nor a soft one, but a right-down plain, open, matter-of-fact, back-woodsman ; a true specimen of the numerous breed of leather-stockings whom Cooper has managed to immortalize in the person of that cream of the species, Natty Bumppo. Josiah was not quite as simple as him neither, nor quite as sensible, shrewd, and cunning ; but he could hit a dollar at sixty paces, cut a turkey's throat as neatly with a bullet as with a knife, and do all David Crocket's crack feats, save look a bear off a tree, or catch the last comet by the tail ; speaking of which let me remark, that last March when lying in Galveston harbor, I saw the sun for three weeks running.

When the said Josiah was roused from his heavy snooze, which, in company with a huge dog, by name Carlo, and a nigger who had charge of the log, he was taking most leisurely before the fire, making the earth, *i. e.*, the mud-floor his feather-bed ; when, I say, the said Josiah was roused by me, he rose incontinently, shook himself, ditto the dog, put on his deer-skin cap, buckled his shot and lead pouch securely, hooked his powder-horn and alligator's tooth-charger along side, took a linen rag off the nipple of his rifle, and exclaimed, "You're eternal smart, Cap'n, this morning ; I reckon you're death onto venison ; it's a caution if we don't shoot more than we'll carry, gitting up so mighty airy. Now Sambo, a pull at the whisky bottle."

The nigger offered him an Indian-corn cake, of which he accepted a small piece, putting it in his pouch and continuing, "A man don't ought to eat afore he's shot something, that's my notion ; a hungry man sees a tall deal further than a man that's full, I calculate ; that's my notion, and I conclude I'm right."

"You are the yellow flower of the forest in real earnest, Josiah," replied I, laughing ; "David Crockett, Boone, or Burnie, were children to you."

"I wish I may be shot if I don't reckon you're half right," said the gratified hunter ; "but I see, Cap'n, you're mighty tall at shooting this morning, and I reckon we'll start."

I had been standing some time in the open air, whither Josiah Stevens now followed me, and after taking a cool and knowing look all round, he advanced towards the frame-house above alluded to, and laying aside his rifle, was soon at the top, by means of a kind of rude ladder constructed for the purpose. Once arrived at the summit, he gazed out upon the prairie, and quietly descended.

"Heaps of deer, Cap'n, but a mighty long way off ; there's one lot about a mile out along the timber, but thim chaps is in a burn, and never a hillock or mound to give a fellow a helping hand. Out yonder," pointing to a cluster of bushes distant nearly two miles in the prairie, "are two droves, and if, Cap'n, you don't speculate as how two miles is too much walking in hog-wallows and swamps, I guess we'll catawampously chaw one of thim fellows up, and no mistake about it."

I, of course, replied that, like more celebrated and well-known

personages who have had the option given them, I scorned a retreat. I had dreamt all night, after several hours' conversation on the subject, that shoot a deer I would, and it was no slight or surmountable obstacle which could intervene between me and them. Forward, therefore, was the cry, after we had taken the very necessary precaution of tying up Carlo, who otherwise would have followed us into the savannah, where like a third party in courting matches, he would have been *de trop*. We then advanced, shouldering our rifles, and tripping right well upon the smooth, dry, and clear burn. Time, place, and costume being all duly considered, two more original characters perhaps never presented themselves to human eye. Yankee and Englishman were much alike; neither could say ought in his own favor, or could attempt to crow over his comrade. The scion of Kentucky, such was Josiah, measured six feet in his stockings; thin, wiry, and gaunt withal; cased in buckskin from head to foot, from cap to mocassin, save only a belt of coon-skin; with a huge American rifle, buck-horn handled knife in his waistband, he was the *beau ideal* of a colossal Robinson Crusoe. I, in a faded naval uniform, with buttons of every service upon it, reserved for such gala days, canvas or tow-linen inexpressibles, heavy hunting boots, and tarpaulin sou'-wester, face unshaven for six weeks, the die of sun exposure and camping out upon it, elegantly variegated with musquito and gallynipper bites, was certainly not that ancient, fascinating hunter, ycleped Adonis, whom warm-hearted Venus fell in love with. But what cared I? To dress for bears, panthers, possums, and raccoons, would have been waste of time and clothes; luggage is the very last thing thought of on such expeditions, and while in the woods I was a wild man of them; in Rome I did as Rome does.

Had we stepped clean as a new pin from Bond-street or Almack's, it had been all the same, for ere ten minutes had elapsed we were among the hog-wallows—a species of prairie covered with deep slimy holes, in which one sank every instant up to the knee, or even on occasion up to the waist, being forced to lend one another a helping hand in turns. We had before been carrying on a spirited discourse; tales of scrapes by sea and land, among Mexicans, Camanches, Waccoas, or Lepans, were pouring from our mouths; but we now indulged in a peculiar species of monosyllabical ejaculations, of seven of which Victor Hugo has powerfully described the great effect; but we cursed the prairie each in our own fashion—I contented myself with wishing the hog-wallow, stubble, and long grass, in a kindly region, of which, though warm enough in all conscience, the exact latitude has not yet been discovered; while Josiah inveighed upon the devoted savannah the awful vengeance of “Gin’r’l Jackson, Martin Van Buren, and President Sam Houston.” Patience, however, would have been more creditable to us; but though after all we had to exercise that virtue, we yet showed as little resignation as possible. At length we came upon a slight collection of mounds, that is, of elevations some six, eight, or ten inches above the general surface of the soil, and the prairie began to be infinitely more

agreeable for progression. We were now some half a mile distant from the cluster of bushes, to the right of which Josiah had seen and vowed he still saw, though I could perceive nothing, certain droves of deer feeding leisurely upon the green grass of a very small burn. We accordingly diverged to the left, seeking to enter the grove at the back of the game. We now advanced cautiously and in silence, Josiah even stooping considerably; luckily we had two things in our favor—the wind blew from the deer to us, and the long high grass completely concealed us from their sight. Presently, however, the ground became again swampy, wet, and almost unwalkable: but on we went, not through brake and brier, but through mud and cane, making certain experiments on the effluvia, nature, and essence of bog, which were far from agreeable; often we waded over our boots in water, half way complete slime above a muddy red liquid, which crusted our boots in a perfectly novel and elegant fashion. Let any one walk into the Thames where it is left uncovered at low water, until they are covered up to their waists, and they will have a faint idea of our enjoyment. But hurra! the back of the grove is reached—a gentle sloping bank of green sward invites repose, and we sit down.

“I reckon we’ve done it slick, Cap’n,” observed Josiah, “but that’s all child’s play, now we’ve got to shoot ’em. You see now we can’t go together—here we part; and mind, Cap’n, a bit of advice as an old hunter gives you: if you think the deer is a hundred yards off, fire when you hear my shooting ’un go off, for its a caution if a’ter that you git a second chance. If you shoot first, I calculate you’ll hear me blaze away afore an old ’coon dog ’ud bark at a tree.”

I nodded assent, and having put on a fresh percussion cap, after pricking and priming the nipple of my rifle, I crawled into the grove slowly and cautiously; the trees were neither thick nor mingled with underwood, and in two minutes I came full in view of a troop of deer. I counted four, of which one was a fine tall fat buck; him I instantly marked out as mine own peculiar property. The distance at which he stood was about a hundred and fifty yards, a trifle more or less; there was serious work to be done I saw at a glance; shot and lead pouch, boots, and sou’wester, were doffed in an instant, leaving me in my mocassins: I preserved my powder-horn and took one ball. The ground lying between the animal and me was somewhat uneven; tufts of grass, of canes, of reeds, a slight elevation here and there—these were all my hopes. I immediately began to crawl on hands and knees—an operation, when you are encumbered by a heavy rifle which you wish to keep from the ground, of very serious moment and as great difficulty. I had gained upon him some twenty yards, when the animal lifted up his head, snuffed the air, and appeared alarmed. I subsided gently into a completely recumbent position; he seemed re-assured, and I again started towards him, using, however, additional and increasing caution; he again listened, but a gentle breeze came from him to me, and this was my safeguard. I n eared him—I was not more than fifty yards distant—forty-five—

forty! I then slowly raised my rifle, gaining myself a kneeling posture; my rest was adjusted in a moment. Crack—and the deer again started this time in real and serious terror; a second crack followed, and at this species of echo the startled animal turned and fled. Loading my gun as I ran, I followed, and speedily saw by bloody signs on the ground, that my aim had been accurate. Plunging forward on his trail, I caught sight of his retreating form at no great distance; a second time I fired, and though, as I afterwards found, I did not hit him, he staggered and fell, having been in the first instance shot in the fore shoulder.

“Smart as h——,” cried Josiah, at my elbow; “I’ve hit a fat doe, and I conclude, asseverate, and affirm, this is rale juicy sport—this is.”

I assented, and in another minute we were alongside my prey, the misery of which I speedily ended by a stroke of my knife: to cut off the head, and, with the antlers, throw it away—to tie the four legs together, and hang the animal by them to a branch of a tree, one end held by each on our shoulders, and start home with our burthen, was the work of twenty minutes. The doe we hung up to one of the pines in the grove, and left for future consideration. Our pains, labors, and troubles; our fatigues, anathemas, and speculations as to how far we had yet to go, as we moved along, I spare my reader—suffice it to remark, we reached home jaded, worn out, knocked up, and, as a kind of safety-valve to our wrath, started Sambo on horseback to fetch the doe—there was comfort in giving another something like a taste of our own sufferings. Supper, however, presently came round, and coffee, corn cakes, molasses, and stew, made us soon forget the trials of a day’s hunt in a wet and swampy prairie.

London Sportsman for December, 1843.

A FEW HINTS ON HORSEMANSHIP.

BY NIMROD.

No man should ever appear by the cover-side, unless his horse is quite fit to go. I had rather stay at home than do so, and, with my short stud, it has frequently happened that I have remained at home, rather than do what I consider an unfair act by my horse. When hounds are drawing, I always keep my eye upon them, and this for two reasons. First, I like to see them at work; and, secondly, I like to get a good start, for, having to make up lost ground is very much against a horse, either in the hunting field or on a race course. That cover-side chattering, called coffee-house work, in these days, has lost many a man a good run, and caused, perhaps, the death, or at least the tiring, of many a good horse. Having got well away with the pack, I cast my eye forward, to

take a view of the country, and then on the leading hounds, to watch them as they turn; and also on the body of the pack, to satisfy myself that they are well settled to the chase. I then say to myself—"I will neither take liberties with my horse nor with the hounds, but I will endeavor to see the finish to this run, which will, I hope, end in well-earned blood. Neither will I press on the hounds, from any feeling of jealousy towards any one of the field, for I care not who is before me, provided I am myself near enough to enjoy all the sport. In riding by hounds, there is much to be gained by what is called picking out your country. I avoid going straight across land highly ridged and consequently deeply furrowed, if possible to avoid it, and rather take my line diagonally. If the furrows are very deep and holding—that is, if the feet of my horse seem to stick or dwell in them—I make for the side or the head-land of the field, where, of course, it is comparatively level ground, and sound. Even if it takes me a little out of my line, I find my advantage in this, for I can afterwards increase my rate of speed, and that with ease to my horse, more than equal to the extra distance I have to go. If I feel my horse at all distressed, it is on a head-land, or still more, on a long side-land, that I have a good opportunity of recovering him; and here I have recourse to the old-fashioned style of riding a hunter. I stand up in my stirrups, catching fast hold of my horse's head, and pulling him well together, when I generally find, that, without slackening his pace, he has recovered his wind and can go on. I avoid deep and rotten ground as much as is possible to do so; but when in it, I keep a good pull on my horse, and by no means attempt to go so fast over it, as I had been going over that which was sound. I skirt ploughed ground, if possible—turnip fields after Christmas, especially; for, by reason of the many ploughings they receive at seed-time, the land sown with this useful vegetable becomes so loose and porous after severe frost, that it cannot carry a horse, at least not under my weight. If it is a long field, I prefer that to the right or left of the line, making up my mind to jump into it and cross it, should the hounds turn from me. I likewise avoid fallows, or land sown with wheat. If obliged to go athwart them, I get on a head land; if I ride straight down them, I choose the wettest furrow I can see. It is sure to have the firmest bottom, as is proved by the water standing in it.

As it is impossible to guess where, or when, a fox chase may end, I have a sharp eye to my horse, however good, and endeavor to give him all the advantages that the country or pace will admit of. One of those consists in quickness in turning with the hounds, as the difference between riding inside and outside of them in their turns (and be it remembered hounds very seldom run straight—in bad scenting countries, never,) is very considerable indeed; and, to a certain degree, corresponds with what is called the "whip hand" in a race. Again, as I wish to stand well with all masters of packs, and to merit the character of a sportsman, I observe the following rules, as far as the excitement of the sport will admit:—Never to press upon hounds, even chase, or ride

exactly on the line of scent. When they have lost the chase—in other words, when they are at fault—I pull up my horse and keep wide of them; and, to use an expression of a celebrated brother sportsman in another country, *I always anticipate a check.*

Never, for the sake of displaying either my horsemanship or my horse, do I take an unnecessary leap when hounds are running, nor a large one at any time when a smaller is in my view, unless the latter take me too much out of my line, or for a reason which I shall presently give. If my horse is a good timber leaper, and not distressed for wind, or otherwise beat, I prefer a moderate timber fence to a rough and blind hedge-and-ditch fence, as less likely to give me a fall; neither do I think it takes so much out of a horse. But whenever I find my horse distressed I avoid timber, for if he do not clear it, he would give me a worse fall in that state than if he were quite fresh at the time. Remember, a blown horse falls nearly as heavily as a dead one. And there is another precaution to be observed with one that is a good deal beaten by the pace. I have an eye, then, rather to the nature of the ground on which it is placed, than to the size of a fence, that is to say, I prefer a good-sized fence, when I see firm ground for my horse to spring from, to a smaller one where it is soft and false. Moreover, a horse will often rise at a fence of some height and appearance, whereas he will run into, or, at all events, endeavor to scramble through a small one, I mean when he is a good deal beat. If I decide on the smaller place, I let my horse go gently at it, as he will be less likely to give me a fall; at all events, he may not give me so dangerous a one as if I went fast up to it. Some horses get out of scrapes better than others; but it is as well not to give them an opportunity of showing their adroitness in such matters.

In race-riding, servants, which all professed jockies must be termed, decidedly have the advantage of gentlemen, which may very easily be accounted for. They are trained to it from their very boyhood, which is not the case with gentlemen, who do not practice it until they become men, and then only to a certain extent; although many of our present Bibury gentlemen-jockies ride a great deal, and very well. In the hunting field, however, although there are amongst the huntsmen and whippers-in of the present day many extraordinary fine horsemen, I am willing to give the preference to the gentlemen, as possessing to a greater degree that first essential to good horsemanship, a fine or sensitive hand. Nor is this to be marvelled at. The nervous influence, proceeding from the organs of *touch* may be said chiefly to constitute what is termed the "hand" of the horseman; and that influence may easily be supposed to be greater in a person whose situation in life has not subjected him to rough and laborious employments, which necessarily tend to lessen it. Until of very late years—the present period, in fact—the seat of servants was unfavorable to a good bridle-hand, as they, with few exceptions, rode with their stirrups too short, and consequently, by being not well-placed in their saddles, were perpetually interfering with their horses' mouths, from their unsteadiness; for no rider with short

stirrups can ever sit steadily over a country. Only reflect for a moment on the sort of ground he has to travel over. There is galloping at nearly full speed, not over turf as smooth as a carpeted floor, and with nothing beyond a daisy's head for the horse's feet to come in contact with; but over every description and every variety of ground; over the high ridge, and across the deep furrow; over ground studded with ant-hills, as hard as if they had been baked in a kiln; over stones and flints; over grips covered by weeds or grass, and thus, if visible to the horseman, too often invisible to his horse; over deep under-drains with rotten coverings, which frequently give way, and let in a horse nearly to his shoulders,—a circumstance, by the bye, which occasioned me the most dangerous fall I ever experienced in my life, for I was going my very best pace at the time; down steep hills, and stony lanes; through deep sloughs and treacherous bogs: and all this, very frequently, on infirm legs—as those of hunters which have been long in work are very apt to be. Then come the fences; and let us see what they are composed of. There is the new and stiff gate, with always five, and now and then six bars, and each bar, perhaps, as firm against the force or weight of a horse and his rider, as if it were made of wrought iron. Then the nobleman's or gentleman's park-paling, full six feet high, and often a turnpike rode on the landing side. The stiff four-barred style, generally to be taken from a narrow slippery foot-path, not unfrequently placed on the declivity of a hill, and, now and then, with the addition of a foot-bridge over a stream. The double post-and-rails-fence, as it is called; too much to be cleared at one leap; in which case, the horse has to leap the second rails from the top of a narrow bank, and sometimes from out of a ditch which is cut between them. Next comes the brook, from twelve to twenty feet in width, often bank full, and now and then overflowing its banks, which are often hollow, and generally rotten. Then again, in many countries—Dorsetshire especially—the fences are what is termed double, that is, there is a ditch on each side of the hedge or other fence, to get over which with safety, requires a nice hand in the rider. In others—Cheshire, for example—hedges and ditches come thick, not of large dimensions, it is true, but in consequence of the former being planted on a narrow cop or bank, a horse must land himself on the said cop before he can obtain his footing to clear the fence or hedge, provided the fence or hedge be on the landing side. Were he to spring at it from the level of the field, and clear the bank, together with the hedge and ditch, the exertion would be so great as soon to exhaust his powers. These fences not only require horses to be very active and ready with their hinder legs—having a leg to spare, as Paddy says at Ballymore fair—but likewise very good handling by their riders. And again, it frequently happens, in what are called ploughed countries, that the headland of a field is turned up to within two or three feet, or less, of the ditch, when a small ridge, or “balk,” as it is termed in some districts, is left to prevent the soil of the field being washed into the ditch. This ridge is very perplexing

to a horseman, and tries the goodness of his hand. He must either make his horse clear the entire fence and balk all at once, or let him take his footing from off this narrow ridge; when, if his head be not in a good place, and his rider's hand good also, a fall is apt to be the result,—although the fence in itself may be small compared with those in the grass countries.

The length of the stirrup-leathers must, to a certain degree, depend on the form and action of your horse, as well as the nature of the country he is to be ridden over. With a horse very well up in his forehead, with his haunches properly under him, and going perfectly collected, and within himself, as the phrase is, your stirrup-leather may be long enough to admit of the knee being nearly straight, and the foot resting on the ball. On the other hand, if your horse be somewhat low in his fore-quarters, (which many first-rate hunters are,) with very powerful action in the hinder ones; if ridden in hilly countries, or disposed to pull hard in his gallop, you will require to be at least two holes shorter in your stirrups; and your foot will be firmer if placed "home" in them, instead of resting on the balls; and such has ever been the case in riding race horses. The same length of stirrup would not have done for the jockey who rode Eclipse, who went with his head low, and pulled hard, as for the rider of Flying Childers, who ran with his head up, and did not pull at him at all. But above all things, the man who rides hunting, must acquire a firm, close, and *well-balanced* seat in his saddle, which is not merely necessary in leaping, but in galloping, as he must gallop over every description of ground. As I have already said, a swagging, or "wash-ball" seat, in the last-mentioned act—the gallop—is sufficiently bad to make a great difference to a hunter, during a severe chase; but when we picture to ourselves a horse alighting on the ground, after having cleared a high fence, and his rider alighting two or three seconds afterwards in his saddle, so far forward, perhaps, as to fall beyond the pillars of support (the fore legs), or backwards behind the centre of action and the part (just behind the shoulders) which ought to form the junction between the rider and his horse, we can easily imagine how distressing it must be to him, and how greatly a large fence, so taken, must exhaust him, over and above what would be the case if he had had the assistance of a firm hand to support him on alighting; but which, with such a seat as I have been describing, no man can possess. The first requisite, then, as far as horsemanship is concerned, in a person who follows hounds, is, the combination of a light hand with a firm seat; and fortunate is it for his horse, as well as for himself, if he possess it to the degree required to constitute a fine horseman over a country. This accounts for the well-established fact, that horses have been proved to go longer and better under some persons, considerably heavier than others, and not only over a country, but on the road, solely because they ride them with a firmer and easier hand.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for November, 1843.

THE CHARGE OF CRUELTY AGAINST SPORTSMEN.

BY ACTION.

THE intention of the writer of the following remarks is an humble attempt to set forth, in a true light, the relative positions in which our various domestic animals are placed with regard to our treatment of them, considering them, as they undoubtedly are, creatures intended for our use in various ways, to endeavor to inculcate in all a feeling of mercy, and protection if possible, from the numerous and fatal train of evils to which daily custom has made many of the more useful part of the creation liable; but, at the same time, to combat a set of spurious and pernicious opinions and doctrines which, in this age of pseudo-refinement and delicacy, are by degrees creeping into the world, built upon ignorance, and supported by the blindest prejudice, to vindicate the character of the sportsman from the charge of cruelty so continually brought against him, and to convince, though I fear it will be a hard task to undertake, those red-hot advocates for the suppression of cruelty towards animals that, while they are hunting for the mote amongst the old English sports and recreations of our humbler fellow-creatures, they neglect to remove the beam which, upon one moment's reflection, has almost hidden from their view the horrors which are daily perpetrated in almost every department of domestic animal economy, not omitting even the insect world.

I am not going to waste either the time of myself or my readers by advocating the sports of the bear-garden, the cock-pit, or the ring; although I must confess, much as I fear I am laying myself open to the animadversions of modern humanity, that I always have been not only a most passionate admirer of *all* our old English sports, but a keen participator in a majority of them for years.

Whether cock-fighting is more cruel than cramming to repletion the tortured frame of a Dorking *capon*, or the caging of a full-grown song-bird (which seldom, if ever, endures its misery more than a few months, or even weeks), or whether the cropping of ladies' pet-terriers and pug-dogs, or the neutralization of their purring favorites to increase their size, is exceeded in cruelty by a match between the Woolwich dog and "Young Bullett," (two noted tykes, well known and appreciated by the canine fancy), I shall leave to others better qualified than myself to determine. I am not going to enter the lists with any one, whose chief forte would, in all probability, be a happy knack at argument upon a pure theoretical foundation—a person whose experience may have been derived from the study of other people's ideas and opinions, without the advantage of any practical observation of his own; all I wish to do is, to convince a discriminating and impartial pub-

lic that the pursuits of a sportsman are not half so disgusting and degrading as they have too frequently been represented, nor one-quarter so demoralizing as the every-day practices of the purveyors of food, or caterers of delicacies, as far as the preparation and destruction of animal life is concerned.

In an age like this, when reasoning from real facts and practical observation ought invariably to take place of a delusive theory, as it has with peculiar advantage in many branches connected with the public welfare, no apology seems necessary for trying the same method on this important subject, which has hitherto been too much governed by an arbitrary and indolent custom. If it has been found necessary to have ale-conners, butter-tasters, and inspectors of shambles and fish-markets, for the benefit of the tables of our well-fed citizens, why not have proper officers appointed, who may regularly inspect, and have control over our slaughter-houses, both for horses and cattle? The heart-rending accounts which have so lately blackened the pages of our daily papers, relative to the barbarous treatment of worn-out horses in the knackers' yard, seem to have roused the dormant energies of "*the Society*;" still there is plenty more work cut out for them in other places.

Why does not the legislature take the thing more effectively in hand? and, while these atrocities are daily perpetrated with impunity, why is a continual war carried on against minor and weaker game, merely because, from their position in society, the unfortunate victims are more easily brought to *mis-called* justice, while the bloated and well-stuffed butcher wades on through his gory and agonizing calling, backed by the senseless idea that oxen and sheep must be killed, and that there is only one way of doing the business, namely, the method by which their forefathers performed it before them. In alluding to the amusements of the lower orders, although it is a digression, I must here remark, that the *reform*, which a mistaken philanthropy has so lately effected, has not been attended with those beneficial results which might have been looked for by those sanguine refiners of the morals of the working classes. The evil to which I allude, and which is making such gigantic strides in all grades of society, is the spirit of gambling and speculation, more especially in the shape of lotteries connected with horse-racing, which are the means of inducing thousands of persons, totally unacquainted with racing, to enter into speculations which can only be productive of benefit to the projectors, and ultimate loss to those who engage in them. The working classes always have, and always will indulge in some recreation suited to their tastes, without apathetically swallowing the gilded pills which are attempted to be crammed down their throats by the pseudo-philanthropists of the present day:—

" 'Tis better far to bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

But to return to my subject. It is high time that some improvement took place in the conducting of those establishments which

I have before alluded to, namely—the slaughter-houses of the metropolis; and if proper officers were appointed to be present on the days on which the killing of these animals took place, I am convinced that not only much agony might be saved to the suffering animals, but that the civilization of the executioners themselves would be considerably advanced. It is not many days since I was led by curiosity, as I was passing at the time, to enter one of those dens of *Cacus* (a mythological destroyer of cattle)—situated not *a mile* from the Strand, to witness the method by which thirteen fat oxen were to be deprived of life in almost as many minutes. The office was performed evidently by a tyro in the art; and the cruel manner in which two of these unfortunate brutes were mangled by his nervous and inexperienced hand before they were ultimately dispatched, was a convincing proof that no one ought to be allowed to practice without having a certificate demonstrative of his efficiency in this most hideous calling.

The numerous cruelties which oxen and sheep are doomed to undergo before the final process of converting them into beef and mutton, would be too numerous to insert in the small space allotted to these remarks, and far from interesting to the generality of our readers; and although I shall confine myself to the abuse of dumb animals in general, I cannot allow the subject to pass without making mention of the horrid piece of refinement, illustrative of the absorbing vice of avarice which triumphs everywhere. Instead of dispatching the ox by merely a blow, the operation of stirring up his brains and spinal marrow—by inserting a thin cane into the orifice—is resorted to, which causes the meat to become more tender, and consequently of a higher value, from an unwholesome and unnatural softness produced by this artifice, which would disgrace the character of the most savage cannibal. Without, therefore, further expatiating upon the horrid cruelties practised upon the above-mentioned animals, we may proceed to notice a few acts of unnecessary torture towards others of those harmless creatures which are subservient to the use of man, some of which have been brought within the censure of the law; others have been overlooked as too trivial, I suppose, to take cognizance of, but more probably because the amusement is *fashionable* and *intellectual*. What think you of the “pompous torturer” who, under the solemn garb of science, impales the glittering insect, that its plumage may be preserved with greater brightness? Does the lecturer upon anatomy deserve one jot of mercy at our hands, who, after preparing as his subject a bitch while suckling a newborn litter of whelps, lays bare each nerve and artery—“the viscera pierced so far as may be hazarded without destroying life, the enveloped secret functions laid open to the prying eye of cruel curiosity”—what title shall we affix unto men who coolly, with a resolute satisfaction, can perpetrate these acts? This seems enough, yet more is needed to allay the thirst of ignorance. The puppies are carried to the parent to try the noble and important experiment—which has the most power, human torture or natural affliction? Man’s art fails, the wickedness is unaccomplished,

and the wretched mother is seen to lick her offspring—forgetting in her tenderness, pangs which far exceed an hundred deaths, yields in caresses, the poor remnant of her life. Another dog has an opening bored with a gimlet into his brain; he cries, and no chastisement can force it to be silent. “Stripes are used in vain. No infliction can terminate or alter the prolonged monotonous howl. A burning iron is then inserted in the orifice, and the animal becomes so stupid and imbecile, that after all its agony, in an attempt to eat some scorching fritters from a hot frying-pan, it burns its lips, showing that the nervous channels of discrimination are destroyed.”* Are the perpetrators of such atrocities, I ask, fit candidates for an academic chair and tutelage of youth? To the catalogue of promoters of cruelty we may add the fashionable and impatient traveller, who by chance may be a subscriber to “The Society,” but evinces not the least compunction, by “the extra shilling in the driver’s hand,” in indirectly or directly if you please, ministering to the infliction of cruelty upon a pair of “wretched post-horses, who, from their pitiable position, may be truly said to serve three masters, viz., the postmaster, the driver, and the person who hires them; if the cattle are fatigued with previous work, the postmaster dare not refuse them to his customer, who demands four horses to fly from somewhere, where he has been doing nothing, to somewhere where he will do nothing still. Nothing so restless as idleness—or what pace so great as his who struggles to escape himself? Each master has his separate demand upon the blood and sinews of these poor animals; two coin his life into gold, the third, the busy idler, into the wages of cruelty and wanton sin!”† I ask, is this unfeeling tyranny towards the poster one atom lighter in the scale of cruelty, than it is towards the animal that figures in the trotting-match, the steeple-chace, or even the overloaded cart of the unreflecting costermonger? “Fair play’s a jewel,” was always a favorite motto with real Englishmen. The law ought to be administered to all grades of society with justice and impartiality; nor ought the hoary impaler of the butterfly, the wanton cager of the wild song-bird, or the pluckers of living geese for the sake of their down and quills to escape the condemnation of the merciful, any more than the dog-fighter, the cock-fighter, or bear-ward. And let those misguided zealots who are so continually preaching against the healthful and manly recreations of the sportsman in the field, cease from their ill-timed vituperations. Let them not, by their very questionable interference, disturb the peaceable and contented inhabitants of this blessed island, while they exhibit a far more enviable and healthy character to the rest of mankind, excelling, as they do, in their accomplished and enthusiastic pursuit of field sports, the effeminate and listless inhabitants of the continent. Let these destroyers of the true national character attend more to alleviating the numerous and crying evils which are a disgrace to the very name of our poor laws and their abominable administration; and may they not,

* From “Wrongs of the Animal World,” by D. Muchet, Esq.

† Ibid.

by annihilating the true spirit of nationality, convert the bold peasantry of this country into a set of artificial monsters, partaking more of the vices than the manliness of every nation under the sun ; and let them remember that it is not alone by their denunciations against what they may term cruelty, that they can hope to better the condition of either the higher or the lower orders of society.

I shall conclude these few pages by an extract from the noted speech of Lord Erskine, upon the " Bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals," in which his lordship, by his language, far from denouncing field sports, justifies them by the following remarks :—

" It may be now asked, my lords, why if the principle of the Bill be justly unfolded by this preamble, the enacting part falls so very short of protecting the whole animal world, or at all events those parts of it which come within the reach of man, and which may be subject to abuse ? To that I answer, it does protect them to a certain degree, by the very principle which I have been submitting to your consideration ; and to protect them further would be found to be attended with insurmountable difficulties, and the whole bill might be wrecked by an impracticable effort to extend it. Animals living in a state of nature would soon overrun the earth, and eat up and consume all the sustenance of man, if not kept down by the ordinary pursuits and destruction of them, the only means by which they can be kept down and destroyed ; and it is remarkable that other animals have been formed by nature, with most manifest instincts to assist us in this necessary exercise of dominion ; and, indeed, without the art of man these animals would themselves prey upon one another, and thus be visited by death—the inevitable lot of all created beings—in more painful and frightful shapes. They have besides no knowledge of the future, and their end, when appropriated fitly for our use, is without prolonged suffering. This economy of Providence, as it regards *animals*, which from age to age have lived in an unreclaimed state, devoted to the use of man and of each other, may serve to reconcile the mind to that mysterious state of things, in the present fallen and imperfect condition of the world. This state of wild animals is further strikingly illustrated by the view of such of them as have been spared from the human *hunter*, or the more numerous tribes of animals of prey. They are swept away by the elements in hard winters, retiring, as most of them do, to a solitary, protracted, and painful death."

London Sporting Review for December, 1843.

ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

BY COTHERSTONE.

Resumed from our last Number, page 41.

“The wise for cure on exercise depend,
God never made his work for man to mend.”

EXERCISE.

IN selecting this quotation from Dryden, it is for the purpose of comparison, and not with a concurrence of the sentiment conveyed in the last line. The first sets forth a principle which cannot be too closely followed; but the latter, if true, would overturn even one of the most infallible precepts which we read in scripture—that man shall earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. Many subjects which serve to prove the incorrectness of the assumption come under our observation daily, and, with others, that of preparing any animal for active and laborious exertions, claims our notice. If it were correct, the labors of the agriculturist would be unnecessary; they would not be compelled to earn their bread “by the sweat of their brow;” we should simply be content to subsist upon the wild fruits of the earth, and the life of man would be a series of monotonous indolence.

The art of the trainer would be totally unnecessary, because the horse in his natural state would be equal, if not superior, in point of speed and power, to what he is when the utmost skill is exemplified. This we know to be incorrect: moderate labor conduces to the preservation of health, both in man and beast: and for the purpose of enduring great bodily fatigue at any particular period it requires to be increased, and to be conducted with care and discretion. It is by the proportion of labor or exercise that the condition of the horse is improved beyond his powers when in a state of nature; it is the exact proportion which calls forth the skill and experience of the superintendent; and on this nice point the question turns, whether the animal will be able to acquit himself to the utmost of his physical ability or not.

—“The man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.”

Our forefathers might deserve the credit of being very industrious if early rising was the criterion, for they were in the habit of taking their horses out to exercise as soon as it was light, and indeed frequently before the sun had fairly risen; as to the propriety of such a course it becomes important to enquire, because the custom is now completely changed. That there is an invigorating freshness in the morning air just as Sol exhibits his benign coun-

tenance on the commencement of a fine day, cannot be denied, but there are times when this break of day is intensely cold, and should the wind proceed from the north or the east there is not much salubrity in the atmosphere; therefore, every animal whose system is in such an excitable condition as that of a race-horse in work, is better sheltered from its effects. If fine mornings only could be selected, I would venture to recommend those periods as the most eligible for horses to do their work; but this climate is susceptible of so many changes as to render such an attempt incompatible with the regularity essentially necessary in the economy of well regulated training-stables. Not, however, let it be supposed by this mode of expression, I mean to apply only to extensive establishments; the same order, punctuality, and attention, is required to train one horse as to train twenty, and whenever it is relaxed the neglect will manifest itself in some way or other; this insurmountable obstacle, therefore, prohibits a horse from going out at half-past four or five on one morning, and at eight on the succeeding one. Nevertheless, when the weather in May or June sets in very warm, an early hour is certainly the most desirable time for exercise, providing the elements are in that state of equality to afford a reasonable supposition that a succession of fine mornings will permit it as a daily practice for a few weeks. During the spring, autumn, and winter, half-past eight or nine o'clock is early enough; by that hour the sun has acquired some influence, the atmosphere is rarefied by its effects, and is in a more genial state to supply the lungs with its vital principles than when a morbid fog is ascending from the earth. In some situations these morning exhalations are exceedingly unhealthy; it cannot, therefore, be consistent during their predominancy to expose an animal to their ill effects, whose most delicate organ, the lungs, is supplied by that element with the pabulum of life; more especially when that member is constantly solicited to perform its utmost function. At all seasons of the year a fine healthy coat is an important attribute in any horse when he is at work, especially in a race-horse; but that cannot be preserved if he is exposed to a cold air; and, however warmly he may be clothed, it will not avail if a cold, north-easterly blast is suffered to inflict its ravages. The quantity or duration of exercise must be regulated by circumstances, and in this consists the distinction between work and absolute rest; exercise is necessary to the maintenance of health, and is likewise required to restore it. Nature, as in every other similar event, is the safest and best monitor.

“Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,
I follow nature. Follow nature still.”

The morbid action of the intestines, which is frequently produced by too much exertion, will very often be removed by moderate exercise, and on this account it is highly necessary to attend to the condition of the evacuations; the utmost degree of nourishment is not obtained from the food which is consumed if it be thrown off in a relaxed state. When such symptoms do not yield to mod-

erate exercise, a mild dose or two of physic will be found most likely to advance the condition of the subject, and will be found more certain and speedy in its alleviation of the complaint than all the tonics that can be thought of.

Very flashy, nervous horses are better exercised by themselves ; they cannot bear company, and for the most part they require very little galloping, with light, or perhaps not any clothing at all on ; they are generally fine, clear winded horses, and are readily got into condition, after which much galloping will reduce their powers in a wonderful degree. The exercise necessary to keep some horses in health would destroy the powers of others ; observation and discretion must be called in council to determine when the necessary quantum has been obtained, and then the object will be to keep on with just that portion which will preserve the animal as nearly in that condition as possible. Horses when once got fit to run do not, unless they possess extraordinary constitutions, require a great portion of work to keep them so ; and those which are often brought out to contend for plates and stakes at country meetings require but little beyond that of running and travelling from place to place.

SUCCESSIVE PREPARATION.

Three distinct preparations are in all cases necessary to render a horse *fit* to run ; and however a man may lay "the flattering unction to his soul," that his horse is up to the mark before he has undergone such discipline, most unquestionably will he be deceived.

That many horses are brought to the post unprepared, there can be no hesitation in declaring ; neither is there any doubt as to the motive which induces their owners to do so, namely, that of getting them well in the handicaps. Whether such a *ruse* is consistent with the true principles of honor, the moralist must be called upon to declare ; at the same time there is not much difficulty in anticipating the decision ; still custom has so completely prevailed, that the system, bad as it really is, has become recognised, and is adopted without compunction by many of the leading men on the turf.

It is impossible to read the admonition of the stewards of the Jockey Club, which appears at the conclusion of their rules and orders, without being convinced of the difficulty which exists in enacting a law which could have the effect of averting the evil. It says, "That it is the opinion of this club that it is necessary to declare their extreme disapprobation of horses being started for races without the intention, on the part of the owners, of trying to win with them." It is true the above was expressed most pointedly in deprecation of giving the jockey orders not to win ; but morally there is very little difference between bringing a horse to the post in such condition, or state of training, that his chance is just equal to that of Pauline when Mr. Curwen rode her for the

memorable race at Hampton, and that of giving the jockey orders to run to a certain distance, and then pull up.

By way of appeasing the conscience, the owner of race-horses argues, although a particular horse is not thoroughly prepared, he is started to win *if he can*; that is, if he be so far superior to his competitors as to be able to beat them under the great disadvantage of an imperfect preparation. His moral rectitude once glossed over, permits him to go still farther, by bringing the horse to the post in such a form that he knows it is totally impossible that he can gallop a mile with anything at all prepared; adding to the certainty by the orders which are given to the jockey—"if he finds his horse tire, not to be severe with him." Thus the animal does not run within eighteen or twenty pounds of his real form, and is weighted in future handicaps accordingly. This will continue to be the case until some persons who are competent judges be appointed to attend all country races, watch the running of every horse, and thus, by comparing their condition as well as their running, be enabled to form a just estimate of their powers. It must be observed in conclusion, that it is *presumed* no man brings his horse to the post without he is as fit to run as he can be made, and that he is intended to win if possible. It has already been remarked, that after a colt has been consigned from the hands of the breaker to the care of the trainer, he will require two doses of physic before he commences work, and the same process is to be adopted with horses at a more advanced age, which have been put out of work from any cause, or have been allowed the usual respite during the winter season. The last dose over, the work must be commenced with by degrees, and in about ten days or a fortnight a very steady gentle sweat will be desirable. Some trainers do not make a practice of sweating two-year-olds at all; but giving this subject the most mature consideration, I am quite disposed to recommend the usual course, but will not do so without explaining my reasons. The fact whether the animal is intended to run at two years old must in some degree determine the extent of work which is necessary; at the same time I would certainly recommend that if another year be allowed to pass before his services are called forth, that his exercise be nearly the same, bearing in mind that I do not advocate a strong preparation for two-year-olds under any circumstances. The regular process of sweating has many advantages in its favor. In the first place, it renders the animal light without so much galloping on intermediate days—a system which will make all horses, especially young ones, leg-weary, and stale; thoroughly cleanses the surface of the skin, frees it from dust, opens the pores, and conduces to a free circulation, which cannot be produced by any other treatment. The cooling properties of the bran-mash, which is given after the process is over, with the gruel, and such-like emollients which are called in aid, are remedies all of which combine to improve the health of the animal. It may be said, all these things may be given without previously sweating the horse; so they may, but their effect upon the constitution will not be the same; the absor-

bent vessels will not be in the same state of activity, and consequently the effects of food will be ostensibly different. It must be borne in mind that a sweat may be rendered very mild or severe, in proportion to the quantity of clothing used, the distance, and the pace.

Three, four, or five sweats having been obtained at intervals, regulated by existing circumstances, with such moderate work during those intervals as the animal is found to bear, the first preparation may be considered as having terminated. The rest required for the operation of two more doses of physic must follow, when a similar course of work succeeds, and which in all probability will require to be increased, especially with horses of an advanced age. At the termination of this preparation, if the season of the year permits it, and the appetite appears to demand it, a very small portion of green food, mixed with hay, may be sanctioned for a very limited period with young horses; but it must be given very sparingly, and not for a greater duration of time than a week or ten days. It must not be continued so as to change the character of the blood, but merely offered as an alterative to cool the system, upon the same principle as a mash.

The second preparation over more physic must be given preparatory to the third and last, which will in all probability require to be of greater duration, and exacted with more severity—that is, if the horse is intended to run at the completion of it; but at all events during its progress trials will be obtained. A young horse should likewise be occasionally stripped, that he may be accustomed to it when brought to the post to run; and he should now and then have a taste of the spurs, not for the sake of punishment, but just to let him know the meaning of them, in order that they may take proper effect when their services are required. The raw and uncultivated condition in which some trainers bring their charges to the post is really unpardonable, and all resulting from idleness and neglect of these little minutiae. I shall never forget the dolorous countenance and expression of a very celebrated Newmarket jockey, some years since, at Doncaster, just before getting up to ride an apparently promising two-year-old for a large and influential stake. “Now,” says he to me, as he was going to saddle, “here is as promising a colt to look at as a man could wish to ride; but they have just told me he has never been tried except in the rough (*Anglice*, up a gallop, and the weight guessed at), that he does not know the meaning of spurs, but that *if* he goes straight they think he will win.” Now, without simply condemning a trainer for neglect of his duty towards his employer, he is highly culpable in another way—that of risking the life and limbs of a jockey, by putting him on a young animal, in a crowd, on a public course, without having that animal rendered safe and tractable during the numerous opportunities which he has had of doing so. As it was, the colt won easily; but there was much more merit attributable to his superiority, and the skill of the jockey, than was due to the trainer.

LIFE OF A FOX-HOUND, DICTATED BY HIMSELF.

STROLLING on a calm and lovely August evening up to a neighboring kennel, the men had left, the Huntsman only remaining; all Nature lay hushed like the sleep of an unweaned babe; a holy tranquillity reigned around, and fitted the mind for contemplation. We glided silently and noiselessly into the kennel; the hounds on their sides were languidly reposing on their benches, or cooling themselves on the floor; they raised their eyes at our approach, and flapping their dormitory with their sterns, uttered a short whine of recognition. Without disturbing them, we sat down on one of the benches, and were quietly discussing the merits of each hound, when old "Forester" lazily rose up and put his head on my knee. While I was patting it, I looked in his face, and said, "Old Boy, I have just been reading *The Life of a Fox, written by Himself*; but how much more interesting must be the Life of a Fox-hound dictated by Himself. Oh, how I wish that you were blessed with the power of speech! I would listen with more satisfaction to your dictation than to whatever might be heard from the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lords of the Council, and all the Nobility: I would carefully record every syllable you uttered, and send it down to posterity a guide for future ages, for I am satisfied that man has not yet or ever will have arrived at the knowledge of hunting a fox like a steady good old fox-hound such as you are. If foxes can write, if Balaam's companion could forwarn him of danger, why should not a fox-hound talk?" He drew back about a yard, and throwing up his head, in a clear, deep, and sonorous voice exclaimed, "*Have then thy wish!*" We sprang from the bench in amazement; every hound jumped up and uttered a fierce and savage growl, and darted at him such withering looks that the whole kennel was in a consternation.

"Good Heavens!" said I; "when did you acquire this faculty?"

"From having heard no other, we are all fully acquainted with your language, but it was only at this moment I possessed the power to express it; and if I make no better use of it than mankind in general do, I feel I should be much better without it," was the reply.

"Well!" said I, "since by your approach to human nature you have degraded the noble character of a fox-hound—since by their looks I judge you have lost *caste* with your tribe—it may not be safe to leave you with them all night, or perhaps, when we came to look for you in the morning, we should find nothing left but your head. If, therefore, you will go home with me, you shall range all over the house, and select what you choose to eat and where to sleep; and after breakfast to-morrow morning, I anticipate the highest scientific and intellectual treat that ever fell to the lot of mortal to listen to."

"Agreed," said he, "and the sooner we are gone the better, for I do not half like their suppressed growl."

As we were going out at the kennel door, old "Radical let fly at him, and worried his tail as savagely as the "Times" worries the Repealer's tail.

As we toddled cozily home, I asked him what made them so savage with him? He replied, "If you knew the abhorrence, detestation, and contempt in which all kennels hold mankind, you would not be surprised at any angry display of feeling towards those who evince any approach to what you call human reason; but as I am so surprised at the sudden possession of speech, and you at witnessing it, that our minds are not now in the proper state to enter into any further discussion, we will therefore, with your permission, defer it till after breakfast to-morrow morning.

When he had supped, I asked him if he could sing with his newly acquired voice?

"You know," said he, "that I have not tried; but one of our fellows was walked at a farm-house, where his young mistress would sit down and thump a great mahogany box, and he gave us imitations of the noise it made that kept us laughing half the night at the idea of men being amused with such stuff."

I asked him to give me a specimen of his vocal powers. He then in a very clear and melodious voice gave me his friend's imitation of "We have lived and loved together." I then asked him if he should like a hunting-song to that tune? He replied, "very much." I then wrote as follows;

We have rode and run together,
 We have rode thro' many a burst,
 And either one or other
 Alternately was first.
 I never knew a good one
 In which we were not there,
 Though mounted both on young ones,
 We did what few would dare.

We have swish'd o'er many a rasper,
 Thro' many a bull-finch bored,
 We have squeez'd thro' cramps and corners,
 On nags we have both adored:
 And if a thundering ox-fence
 Has stared us in the face,
 We have sent them swinging o'er it,
 Resolved to keep our place.

How often at the others
 We've turned our heads to look,
 As we pulled our nags together
 To send them at the brook!
 We have laughed to see them craning
 When o'er it we had sprung;
 We knew 'twas only feighing,
 We knew they dare not come.

And when the wind was pump'd out,
 And the Field became select,
 Before a soul should lick us
 We'd risk our limbs and neck.
 Oh! what our joy could equal
 When "Conrad" pulled him down,
 When all the Field were beaten,
 And you and I alone!

I had no sooner finished, than he sprang from his easy chair, snatched the paper from my hand, threw it on the floor, setting his foot upon it, and turning his stern over his back, and shewing his white teeth, angrily exclaimed, "This is the way with you all; not a word about the hound. What are the raspers, the yawners, the bull-finches about which you are eternally prating, when compared to the thick-woven covert through which we have to force our way? Look at our lacerated chests, our swollen heads, our bleeding sterns, and then show me among all your vain-boasting pusillanimous crew half a score who through a whole season have had scratches enough to prevent their shaving the next morning! Not a word is said about our swimming large rivers and climbing perpendicular banks and rocks; but if one of your empty-headed know-nothing egotistical trumpeters should be directed by a waterman over a ford through which the letter-boy rides his donkey, in *Bell's Life* and the periodicals out comes such a flaming account of it that you must suppose the writer can be no other than Neptune or Leander. There are only two of your detested race that have done us justice. Byron, in his epitaph on his Newfoundland dog "Boatswain," and Bloomfield's lines on the celebrated hound "Trouncer," belonging to the Duke of Grafton, and buried under the wall in Euston Park, have unflinchingly asserted our superiority. You can write, and you can talk, and if you have a point to gain, you can flatter, and find fools to believe you. Some of your greatest men have asserted that the only use of language is to conceal, not develope, your sentiments, thereby acknowledging that duplicity, treachery, and deceit are your only study."

On my remarking that it was self-evident that he could speak and understand our language, but I was at a loss to conjecture how he could be able to *read* it sufficiently to enable him to quote the two authorities he had just named—he replied, "Ah! there are many things occur in a kennel that your philosophy never dreams of. We had once in ours a hound, bred by that most perfect of all English Sportsmen Lord Lonsdale, who was walked at a butcher's somewhere in Cumberland or Westmoreland, I forget which, and who one day accompanied the boy in the delivery of some meat at *Broom Hall*, where seeing a large white hairy (he supposed) cat, flew at it, and giving it a shake, he became smothered with the powder that flew from what proved to be a Chancellor's wig, and either from the powder or the effluvia he caught a violent itch for that education which will sooner or later make you all too wise to be governed. From that circumstance we have

named him "Chancellor," but he will run anything, and is very free with his tongue on every scent. He, however, had one good quality in a hound—perseverance. He brought his nose down to the book, and learned to read; and as our second Whip is a great reader of works on hunting, for which he is abused by the Huntsman, he conceals his books about the kennel, and when he has left, the Chancellor gets hold of them and explains them to us. You must excuse my plain-speaking, but we do consider ourselves in point of intellect as far above you as the Heavens are above the earth; and when in the course of my narrative I prove to you the obstacles, the impediments you are to us in killing foxes, you will be surprised that I can so far retain my temper as to condescend to speak to you at all. We come home sometimes so savage at the obstructions we have met with from your absurd riding and halloeing, that we have in contemplation to gnaw or scratch out some night, go and find a fox, and have a full, free, fair, and uninterrupted exercise of our natural talents, and, if we kill him, bring his scalp and brush, that the Huntsman may see that we can do our business best without his or any other assistance; and we are only prevented by the knowledge that the earths are all open, and that we *may* be called upon to go to work the next day, for which we should certainly be unfit: and as we all have that regard for our kennel as a sailor has for his ship, we should be sorry that some visitor from a neighboring Hunt should go home and tell his Field that we are a d—d slow lot. But I will go to rest. Order Robert to open the gate for me, and in the morning we will commence

THE LIFE OF A FOX-HOUND, DICTATED BY HIMSELF.

From what I can learn, my mother Fatima was sent on a love visit to the Badsworth Tickler, and in due time myself and six poor puppies more were launched headlong on this wide and wicked world. When I was about ten weeks old, I was sent to walk at a farm-house, where my only companion was a surly old rat-catching terrier, and where I amused myself with sucking eggs, hunting poultry, and other juvenile pursuits, till I was about twelve months old, when I was fetched away in a cart with several others, and carried to the abode of my mother, the kennel of Brocklesby. We were drawn into a grass court, the door opened, and out we jumped among about thirty more young gentlemen about our own age. Some were very joyous, some were very sullen, and some you could not approach without a growl. We had not been in more than two hours, when the door opened; and in walked two men in coats the color of raw beef, each with a whip in his hand, and one carrying something like a little guide-post. They eyed us new-comers most scrupulously. At length I was caught up, a hand was placed under my throat, my fore-parts elevated, and the guide-post, which I now found was called a standard, applied to my shoulders, when I heard this remark: "hardly high enough for his sex, but good legs and feet, and wide gaskins. If he does not quite suit us, I know what to do with

him." They were with us about an hour, when five couple of the smallest and weakest were taken away, and I never knew what became of them.

Soon after, I was exchanged for a Jester bitch, and taken to Cottesmore. After going through the routine of physicking, dressing, rounding, &c., we were put forward among the old hounds, and never shall I forget the ecstasy with which I listened to their conversation. Like all young puppies, I fancied I knew and could do everything; but I now found out how much I had to learn, and the purpose for which we were kept. I could scarcely sleep for thinking how immeasurably inferior I felt to the sages of the pack, and wondering if I should ever arrive at the knowledge they seemed to possess. We had just got in one morning from strong exercise, when I observed a great anxiety about the men in the establishment, and a buz of "My Lord, My Lord." All were on the alert, when a fine venerable old Gentleman rode up to the kennel-door, and calling for L—, and inquiring if all the young hounds were with the old ones, was answered, taking off his hat, "Yes, my Lord."—"Then draft them," said he, "into another kennel, while I put up my horse, and I will come and inspect them." He looked at us for some time, and then ordered us to be drawn out in litters. It was my fate as a single hound to be pulled out last. "That, my Lord," said L—, "is a hound I exchanged for a coarse Jester bitch with upright shoulders."—"How is he bred?" said he.—"He is by the Badsworth Tickler out of the Yarboro' Fatima."—"Very good blood indeed," said he: "hardly big enough, but we must keep him. Now, Mr. L—, fetch me my frock and some biscuit."—"Why, really, my Lord," said he, "if you would dispense with the biscuit, the hounds would keep more together: it makes your old favorites hang so much to you that it spoils the appearance of the concern."—"Well, well, well, Mr. L—," said he, "I shall not be Master long, but while I am, let me be indulged in my own way." We were taken back into the court of the lodging-room, but when the door was opened, how shall I describe the rush of four or five couples of old ones towards their beloved Master! They jumped on him as if they would devour him, and when the first burst of feeling was over, they stood staring him in the face, their eyes sparkling with delight, and lashing their sides with their flexible sterns: but I saw the tear of sensibility trembling in his aged eyes as he stooped down to return their caress, and exclaiming, "So, my good creatures, you have not forgotten your old friend!" His Lordship and the Huntsman L— then fixed for the first day's cub-hunting.

At this moment the door suddenly opened, and in walked a tally-ho acquaintance, who seeing him sit in the easy chair, and understanding what we were about, laughed immoderately at us; at which my old friend walked indignantly out; and on my asking him to resume the subject, answered very haughtily, "Not another word before such a fool as that." THISTLEWHIPPER.

ENGLISH SPORTSMEN AND SPORTING MEN.

BY GEORGE MANNING.

GEORGE WISE, of the "Old Bury," one of the most civil fellows that ever mounted box, once gave me a very clever distinction of two classes of passengers, as gentlemen travelling and travelling gentlemen. Although the heading of this paper is not so happy in its expression, the distinction between Sportsmen and Sporting Men is the same; whilst each side, in both cases, contains like opposites, whose collision in either is generally far from agreeable.

In this age of madness of every kind, a mania for sporting matters has gone abroad, and without adding one jot to the number of sportsmen, has called into existence a fearful host of sporting men.

The description of the former may be comprised in five words—the thorough-bred English gentleman; whilst the other class divides itself into two grades, of which the second will come particularly under notice, as my intention is rather to smile at folly than become a censor.

Of these grades, then, the first consists of men who value the sport at just so much as it brings into their books—who never ran a horse in their lives, or shared in the sport on which they have speculated—who force themselves into connection with others by their bets, gaining a certain notoriety by success, or skulking from settling day without a care for their reputation as gentlemen, or their character in the betting-room. They rank amongst those vagabonds—

"Who many a crimp match have made
By bubbling another man's groom."

The second grade of this class consists of "assistants," clerks in city houses and public offices, who affect almost exclusively the Turf and the Ring. These fellows *cram* the Sporting Magazines and Bell's Life—buy "Ruff's Guide to the Turf," and the "New Rules for the Ring," and having got by heart "the performances of the two-year-olds" and the "colors of the riders," with all the directions in training for a fight, fancy themselves regularly ordained and constituted sporting characters. And *characters* in good truth they are, skulking at night in cigar shops and low theatres, saloons, cider-cellars, and other night-houses, "regularly about town," and "swelling it at the Corner in sporting tog" on Sundays, but on Sundays only, and betting amongst themselves from the last quotation in "Bell's Life" or the "Sunday Times," with the choicest stable blackguardism both of manner and of speech. You cannot mistake them, their costume alone lets the murder out. The city sporting *character* mounts a colored cut-away or Newmarket coat with tally-ho buttons, or a loose blanket, buttoned with divers miniature fours-in-hand, and ornamented with

enormous pockets, in which the owner's beefy hands are continually diving, as if for shame: a flaring tie "full flash all fancy," pinned with a fox head, adorns his collarless neck; whilst a very narrow-brimmed, straight hat, perched knowingly upon a profusion of greasy hair completes

"A thorough varmint and a stunning swell."

The more aristocratic *character*, who vegetates westward of Temple Bar, is of a quieter taste: sports a felt riding coat with large side pockets, sucks a small sixpenny cane shaped like a hunting crop, and with a hat like the former, a very great deal of collar surrounded by a blue *choker* with white spots, he stands with his head knowingly aside, and one leg advanced, lounging at the corners of streets, looking impudently at every girl, and knowingly at every horse that passes, however numerous may be the "faults" or "misfortunes" of either. As attitude is every thing with these *characters*, there is one which has become exceedingly popular within the last few months, whereby and by diving their hands into the tail pockets of their coats, they bring forward the skirts on either side, thus laying a greater claim than imitation to the character of apes, by exposing that portion of the person which other animals are enabled by nature to cover.

There are two spots in the neighborhood of this metropolis where the more juvenile and "notable" of these *characters* congregate, and are to be seen in their full glory; and these are the Elephant and Castle and the Angel at Islington. Here they assemble at night in their grandeur, which during business hours is rather subdued, idling away their time and breaking the hearts of many a respectable mother who is working herself to death for them at home, whilst they, amongst their extensive acquaintance of omnibus drivers and conductors, who are ever there, spend their money in treating these fellows, who teach them in return all the slang and vulgar knowingness which sportsmen deride.

"Yoicks, old feller, how are you? hold 'ard," exclaims one of these, meeting a brother character, "doing anything for the Ledger? Cotherstone must win: he's a second Attiler (Attila). So, I hear Dick Curtis has gone to earth, poor devil; I thought he would; he lived devilish fast, and it's the pace that kills." Such is the conversational style of these would-be sportsmen, whilst adorning their remarks with the names of "Lord George" and "Crocky," "Chifney" and "Scott;" and breathing in the same breath of admiration, Turkey Smith and Nobby Bennett, with Johnny Broome, and the Deaf-un, the poor little brains of these poor little *characters*, whirled into a fearful chaos of sporting matters, totally unfitting them for the more solid things on which they are daily engaged.

When in the *New Sporting Magazine* they see the page, a mirror in which they are reflected, let them smile on the *characters* which they appear; whilst ashamed of what they have been, let them in future become a credit to themselves and families, and cease to be a pest to those whom they cannot even imitate. No

one ever added respectability to his name, however bad, by assuming the character of "sporting man;" and let those who have respectability to lose, carefully avoid this title or its appearances. Let them stick to "the office," not of the fight; let them make up their books according to Joyce, not Crocky—and take care of the Ledger, forgetting the Saint; when they may, some time or another, find it in their favor, if they have the taste, to be sportsmen, not sporting men. But if they do not this, they will possess only the shadow, and the settling day arrives, like Chevy Slyme, instead of being *at*, they will find themselves woefully *round* "the corner."

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for December, 1843.

FOX-HUNTING IN PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

Concluded from the January Number, page 37.

WHAT a change has taken place in Fox-hunting within the last twenty or five-and-twenty years! We remember a time when a red coat was considered quite the distinguishing mark of a gentleman and a man of independent means; now it is prostituted in a way that makes one long for its "total abolition." Nor is the prostitution of the color the only injury that has been done. What were farmers' packs, having been magnified or typified into regular establishments, have poured such a spawn of spurious "gentlemen" on the land as perfectly to swamp the former distinguishing qualification—being "a Member of a Fox-hunting Club."

One of the Judges the other day gave a very good definition of an Esquire; it was this: "It has been held," said he, "that every man who is *not* a gentleman is entitled to be called Esquire;" and really, we think, it has come very much to that. Go into your tailor's or boot-maker's, and you see John Saxony, Esquire, or Tom Tightfit, Esquire, on their letters; and a "gentleman" is a creature quite as difficult to define as an Esquire.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember a clever work called "The Etonian," published some twenty years ago by the then Eton men of that day, many of whom have since figured conspicuously on the stage of life—Ashley, Curzon, Ord, Praed, and others—in one of whose numbers was an imaginary definition of a "good fellow" by Mr. Durnford, drawn up as if each Member of the Club had supplied his own idea of what constituted a good one.

Some of them are very good.

Mr. Golightly thought—"A good fellow is one who rides blood horses, drives four-in-hand, speaks when he's spoken to, sings when he's asked, always turns his back on a dun, and never on a friend."

Hon. G. Montgomery—"A good fellow is one who abhors moralists and mathematics, and adores the classics and Caroline Mowbray."

Mr. O'Connor—"A good fellow is one who talks loud, and swears louder, cares little about learning, and less about his neck-cloth—loves whisky, patronises bargemen, and wears nails in his shoes."

Mr. Musgrave—"A good fellow is prime, flash, and bang-up."

Mr. Rowley—"A good fellow likes turtle and cold punch, drinks Port when he can't get Champagne, and dines on mutton with Sir Robert when he can't get venison at My Lord's."

We think an inquiry "what is a gentleman" would elicit quite as great a contrariety of opinion at the present day as did that of "what is a good fellow" in the days of "The Etonian." That inquiry, in its more extensive sense, is perhaps foreign to the object of a Sporting Magazine; but an inquiry into what is a qualification for a "gentleman rider" is not only perfectly legitimate, but a very necessary one to be made at the present day, seeing as we have so many imitation gentlemen astir. We have shown that a love of ostentation or imaginary importance has converted trencher-fed packs into something more approaching the nature of Clubs, and the question then comes, is there any line to be drawn, either by money or otherwise, between the Pytchley Hunt, the Melton—anything in fact kept by the united subscription of gentlemen—and Jack Muggins and Co.'s ten couple of "independents," where five or ten shilling Members are made at the Pig and Whistle, and who advertise their "meets" with equal precision and punctuality? Are scratch-packs to qualify the same as the best? We hope not. But will any sum of money draw the line? You cannot make it sufficiently high to exclude the rich "vulgar man," or *gentleman*, who is generally more offensive, swaggering, bullying, and brow-beating, than the poor vulgar man, or *gentleman*; consequently the place to draw the line is through the establishments, saying which shall qualify men to ride as gentlemen in particular races and which shall not. It frequently happens that the Stewards of a race know nothing about hunting, and will take the word of any forward interested party that the Hunt some "jumped-up gentleman" claims to ride for is what is called a "regularly-established Hunt"—at best a very indefinite sort of description, and one about which Stewards may differ as much as the generality of mankind will as to what constitutes a "regular-established gentleman;" therefore it behoves the framers of racing conditions to specify what Hunts and what Clubs shall qualify men to ride where gentlemen riders are to mount. We are no advocates for gentlemen riders, but as long as the absurdity is perpetrated, we should wish, for the sake of the character of the English gentleman, that something more in accordance with the generally-received opinion of what a gentleman is like should appear, than the half-buck, half haw-buck pot-house-looking snobs we sometimes see attempting the character—throwing silk jackets and leather breeches in convulsions.

As we were writing the above, we took up the *Morning Post* of the 4th of October, and found the following claimant to the title of a gentleman—gentleman *rider* we may call him, for he was riding on his “bus”—figuring at Marlborough Street. John Ford, the driver of a Richmond omnibus, appeared before Mr. Hardwick for incivility to a passenger, and having been apparently unsuccessfully defended by his solicitor, he broke out himself as follows:—“Your Worship, I’ve been twenty years on the road, and the proprietor of two Richmond omnibusses. I pay everybody, and I think myself as good a gentleman as any one I drive.”

Here John Ford spoke to the point. We have heard before that keeping a gig was a criterion of a gentleman, but it seems the possession of two omnibusses is incontrovertible. Query, do Richmond ones rank higher than others? Shoreditch or Mileenders, for instance? “I pay everybody, and I think myself as good a gentleman as any one I drive!” Bravo, John Ford! you beat the man hollow who claimed to qualify as a gentleman because he “did nothing, drank wine at dinner, and smoked cigars after.” We’ll have a ride with this hero, and see if we can make anything of him.

It must not be inferred from this that we are inimical to farmers’ packs. Quite the contrary. An unpretending farmers’ pack, kept as they always will be kept when confined to farmers, for the legitimate purposes of sport, and not for the sake of flashing about the country and “acting the Gentleman,” ought to meet with every encouragement at the hands of the landowners, especially in counties where no regular fox-hounds are kept; but the pot-house affairs they sometimes become when amalgamated with the off-scourings of populous towns ought to set every Sportsman against them, if it were only for the purpose of upholding the respectability and consequent permanence and popularity of the Chase. There is no class of people so friendly to hunting as farmers, none that so readily overlook necessary or unintentional injury; but it is too much to expect them to endure the irresponsible invasion of people who neither know nor care what they are riding over.

Having now in a cursory way glanced at the changes in countries, manners, and habits during the last five-and-twenty years, we will conclude with a few observations to Gentlemen anticipating a Mastership of Hounds. It is an old saying, that no one knows himself; but we are of a contrary opinion. No one knows what he really is better than a man’s own self, and the adage should be, that no one knows what he is in the eyes of his neighbors.

“Could but a chiel the gifty gie us
To see ourselves as others see us,”

we take it to be the information that is wanted. That being the case—at least assumed to be the case for the sake of our convenience—and it being granted that no one can be more interested in the dear first person singular than a man’s own self, let us earnestly exhort him, as the preachers would say, to have a good honest homely communing with himself ere he resolves to enter

upon the hazardous speculation. Don't let him take Jack Smith or Tom Brown into his confidence, but let it be a good secluded inward communing, without the subtle flattering of friends leading him on by ministering to his inclinations, perhaps furthering their own ends.

First, let him ask himself how he's off for money, as the lady at Portsmouth asked Peter Simple how he "was off for soap." Money, after all, is the great thing. Lord Petre's observation to Mr. Delme Radcliffe, who was soliciting the benefit of His Lordship's experience prior to taking the Hertfordshire Hunt, "that he would never have his hand out of his pocket, and must always have a guinea in it," was one of the most useful and friendly admonitions an old Master of Hounds—and one we may add who had hunted his own country in a style inferior to few in the world—could give a tyro entering on the same line. A Master of Fox-hounds, as we have already observed, is like a County Member in many respects: he is looked upon as privileged plunder—his purse as public property.

If, however, our hero can answer this first important question satisfactorily, let him then ask himself "how he's off for temper?" *Tin*, as the cockneys call it, and temper, may be looked upon as the two "*sine qua nons*" for keeping fox-hounds. By temper, we don't mean that a man should be one of those milk-and-water sort of articles that old women mean when they talk of a good-tempered man—one that will let their wives ruin them in milliners' bills and fiddlements, without "kicking;" but a man with a sufficient degree of nerve, determination, and self-possession, not to be ruffled, or disgusted by the frequent vexations he must reckon upon receiving. Determination is a great thing for a Master of Hounds. If he is fit for the situation, he will feel that confidence in himself that will render him independent of extraneous advice; at all events, let him stick to his resolutions, unless he is thoroughly satisfied he is wrong. Advice is one of the cheapest articles in life, and men will give it by the ton from whom no contrivance whatever would extract a five-pound note in way of subscription. Self-command will give him a certain command over his Field, especially if he takes care never to "blow up" without obvious good cause, and such as will be recognised by others in the Field as necessary and legitimate. A good Sportsman will take a reproof if he feels himself in the wrong, especially if administered by a Sportsman in a sportsman like way; but to be constantly knagging, fretting, and fuming, disgusts everybody without doing good to any one. People would stand a rating from Osbaldeston who would have laughed at Lord Suffield if he had attempted to administer one—not that His Lordship ever did that that we are aware of, our case being purely supposititious.

If, however, our would-be Master can answer these questions satisfactorily; if, above all, he can do without the aid of a subscription, the fault will be his own if he fails in giving satisfaction—being popular, as it is called. People will put up with a great deal from a man who does not ask them to put their hands in their

pockets. It will require greater self-confidence if he thinks to take a country with a subscription, every man considering himself entitled to have his money's worth either in sport or censure. Let our Master, however, insist upon having the subscription suitable to the number of days the parties want the country hunted, guaranteed if possible by a Committee, so that he may not have to go about like a tax-gatherer collecting them in: and do not let the Committee make the Club admission too low, so as to make Membership too cheap, or strain too hard at unwilling subscribers to save themselves. It is only fair that those who hunt regularly should contribute towards the maintenance of the pack; but a man knows his own means best, and should be allowed to judge what he can afford; while making "a set" at a man merely because he comes out occasionally may have the effect of driving away a good friend, who might be of more service than double the subscription they are trying to get from him. A Master of fox-hounds, in short, should only appear keen after sport, not after funds.

Let him, in addition to all this, propitiate the few *real* Sportsmen he will find in his Hunt, and the rest will all take their "cue" from them. We should not be surprised to find our new Master ere long held up as a "model of a Sportsman." All the Melton Masters within our recollection have figured as such, though each differed from the other as much as possible.

Well, our Master "is in for it," and let him do his best—"go it" if needful. If, on the one hand, he finds greater troubles and difficulties than he anticipated, so, on the other, the joys of success will be more than he expected; but, being "in for it," let him bear this in mind, that though he may give up his hounds, he will also be giving up hunting altogether, for no man that has entered enthusiastically into the pleasures of his own pack can fall back with any energy upon the resources of another.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for December, 1843.

THE "ODDS" AND ENDS.

NEVER was more attempted or accomplished towards the exclusion and total suppression of Turf defaulters than during the past season: from the first to the finish every point available, either in the laws of honor or the laws of the land, was successfully used against them. It now appears that the insolvents are about to have "a turn," on the *Lex talionis* principle, as *qui tam* actions have been commenced against noblemen, gentlemen, and many heavy betting men, to recover penalties for gambling, that is, winning money by betting, to the amount of £300,000. Amongst others already selected we may name Lord Eglinton, Lord George Bentinck, Colonel Peel, and Mr. Greville. The *gentlemen* engaged in this highly honorable and agreeable business are Messrs. Rus-

sell; the one as informer, the other as solicitor. All we hope is that their success will be equal to the pure intentions which induced them to set about it.

The betting during the past month has been anything but heavy, the early part of it being principally taken up in squaring the Newmarket accounts, while the room is now becoming every day less attractive. Rattan, from his superior performance for the Criterion, has obtained a decided call over the Stockbridge exquise, and is progressively increasing his advantage, being now something like three points ahead. Loadstone, the Irish crack, we can say for certain, is now the property of Mr. Gregory, and has reached Isaac Day's stables at Northleach: it will be observed that this change has rather increased the confidence of his admirers. Of the Oaks we have no quotations, for the best of all possible reasons—there have been none to give.

THE DERBY OF 1844.	Oct. 30.	Nov. 6.	Nov. 13.	Nov. 20.	Nov. 27.
Rattan	8 to 1	8 to 1	15 to 1	13 to 1	13 to 2
The Ugly Buck	8 — 1	8 — 1	8 — 1	9 — 1	8 — 1
Loadstone	28 — 1	30 — 1	20 — 1	18 — 1	20 — 1
Orlando	25 — 1	25 — 1	20 — 1	22 — 1	22 — 1
T'Auld Squire	30 — 1	30 — 1	25 — 1	25 — 1	28 — 1
Leander	40 — 1	33 — 1	33 — 1	33 — 1	50 — 1
Vat colt	40 — 1	66 — 1	40 — 1	40 — 1
Foigh a Ballagh	50 — 1	50 — 1	50 — 1	40 — 1	40 — 1
Running-Rein	50 — 1	33 — 1
Campunero	50 — 1	40 — 1	40 — 1
Voltri	50 — 1	66 — 1	50 — 1	40 — 1
Cockamaroo	45 — 1
Bebington	50 — 1	50 — 1	50 — 1
Juvenal	66 — 1	1000 — 15
Dr. Songrado	66 — 1	1000 — 15
Delightful colt	50 — 1	40 — 1
King of the Gipsies	66 — 1	50 — 1	1000 — 15
Lorimer	100 — 1	65 — 1	100 — 1
Marinella colt	50 — 1
Apprentice	1000 — 20
Seaport	50 — 1	50 — 1	50 — 1
Ionian	25 — 1	30 — 1
Attaghan	1000 — 20
Telemachus	50 — 1
Coverdale	66 — 1
Anniversary	66 — 1
Miss Julia colt	100 — 1
Scote's lot	6 — 1	6 — 1	6 — 1	6 — 1
Forth's lot	16 — 1	16 — 1	17 — 1
Col. Peel's lot	10 — 1
Lord Exeter's lot	40 — 1
Sir G. Heathcote's lot	27 — 1
Mr. Allen's Nomination	40 — 1	40 — 1

Lord Glasgow has engaged young Lonsdale as his private trainer, and his lordship's string has been removed from Newmarket to Middleham, where stables have been taken for them.

A draft from Lord Eglinton's stud was sold at the Corner, early in the month, at the following prices:—Dr. Caius, 225 gs.; Melior, 38 gs.; Pharold, 32 gs.; and The Leech, 25 gs. Three lots, the property of Dawson, his Lordship's late trainer, were also knocked down at moderate prices.

Nat Flatman, that most practised and most successful of jockies, rode 81 races during the past season, of which he claimed the first place in 32.

Scotland is about to lose a most enthusiastic lover of the chase,

at least as a Master of Hounds, in Lord Kintore; the latter part of his advertisement being something *sui generis*, we give it—“There will be nearly eight couples of Jews, Gentiles, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics, collected from kennels lately, the perquisite of the huntsman. Would do well for the ‘Chasse an Cerf’ in Scotland, or any ‘Vulpecide’ in an unhuntable country.”

A dinner was lately given by the gentlemen of Devon to Sir Walter Carew, on the occasion of his giving up his hounds.

It will be remembered that when a Mr. Wood was shown out of the Grand Stand at Doncaster, he threatened, in no measured terms, to bring actions against the steward and the officer, as the parties immediately concerned in “bowing him out.” For a time he was *as good as his word*! proceedings having been commenced; these, however, upon consideration, have not been persevered in. Whether Mr. Wood fancies there are some little things which might tell against himself, or is awaiting to see the result of the speculation started by his brother exiles, we cannot take upon ourselves to say.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES IN 1843.

Ascot Heath, June 15.....	Lord Lowther's b c by Bay Middleton—Silvertail.
Bedford, Sept 20.....	Mr. Newton's Ma Mie, by Jerry.
Brighton, Aug. 3.....	Mr. Forth's Vibration, by Si. Hercules.
Caledonian Hunt, Sept. 29.....	Mr. Ramsay's The Shadow, by The Saddler.
Canterbury, Aug 24.....	Mr. Sherrard's Peter the Hermit, by Gladiator.
Carisle, Oct 20.....	Mr. Johnstone's William le Gros, by Velocipede.
Chelmsford, Aug. 16.....	Lord Exeter's Wee Pet, by Sheet Anchor.
Chester, Ap. il 27.....	Mr. D. Cooke's What, by Jereed.
Doncaster, Sept 11.....	Mr. Cooke's Trueboy, by Tomboy.
Edinburgh, Oct 19.....	Lord Eglinton's Pompy, by Emilius.
Egham, Aug 24.....	Mr. J. Day's St. Lawrence, by Skylark or Lapwing.
Goodwood, July 26.....	Mr. J. Day's Ben-y-Ghlo, by Emilius.
Guildford, July 21.....	Lord Palmerston's Ilione, by Priam.
Hampton, June 22.....	Mr. Newton's Ma Mie, by Jerry.
Ipswich, July 12.....	Mr. Gurney's Dr. Francis, by St. Patrick.
Lancaster, June 15.....	Mr. Plummer's Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Moloch.
Leicester, Sept. 14.....	Mr. J. Day's St. Lawrence, by Skylark or Lapwing.
Lewes, Aug 9.....	Mr. Sherrard's Peter the Hermit, by Gladiator.
Lichfield, Sept. 19.....	Mr. Plummer's Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Moloch.
Lincoln, sept. 20.....	Mr. Bell's Aboracum, by St. Nicholas.
Liverpool, July 13.....	Mr. Plummer's Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Moloch.
Manchester, June 8.....	Mr. Plummer's Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Moloch.
Newcastle, June 27.....	Mr. Plummer's Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Moloch.
Newmarket, May 2 [for mares].....	Mr. Stephenson's Ma Mie, by Jerry.
Newmarket, May 4.....	Mr. Gurney's St. Francis, by St. Patrick.
Newmarket, Sept. 28.....	Mr. Newton's Ma Mie by Jerry.
Northampton, Oct. 17.....	Mr. Plummer's Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Moloch.
Nottingham, Oct. 6.....	Mr. Plummer's Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Moloch.
Plymouth and Davenport, Aug. 16.....	Lord Palmerston's Ilione, by Priam.
Richmond, Oct. 9.....	Mr. Heseltine's Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Moloch.
Salisbury, Aug. 3.....	Mr. J. Day's St. Lawrence, by Lapwing or Skylark.
Shrewsbury, May 11.....	Mr. Collett's Cattonite, by Muley Moloch.
Warwick, Sept 7.....	Mr. J. Day's St. Lawrence, by Lapwing or Skylark.
Weymouth, Aug. 31.....	Mr. J. Day's St. Lawrence, by Lapwing or Skylark.
Winchester, July 7.....	Mr. J. Day's Ben-y-Ghlo, by Emilius
York, Aug. 23 [for mares].....	Mr. Plummer's Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Moloch.

AT THE CURRAGH.

April 25.....	Mr. Kennedy's Fairy Queen, by De Vere.
April 27.....	Mr. Higgins's Polish, by Rust.
April 28.....	Mr. Kennedy's Fairy Queen, by De Vere.
June 14.....	Mr. Armstrong's The Bride, by Blackfoot.
June 15.....	Mr. Johnston's Morpeth, by Pantaloon.
June 16.....	Mr. Armstrong's The Bride, by Blackfoot.
June 17.....	Mr. Watt's Orphan, by Diamond or Milo.
September 8.....	Mr. Walsh's Fairy Queen, by De Vere.
October 18.....	Mr. E. J. Irwin's Polish, by Rust.
October 19.....	Capt. Bell's Fairy Queen, by De Vere.

Notes of the Month.

F E B R U A R Y .

THE LATE NEW ORLEANS RACES.

By a report in another page it will be seen that the first meeting of the "Louisiana Association"—upon the plan of the South Carolina Jockey Club at Charleston—has gone off with signal eclat. If the Association would but adopt a proper scale of weights, or rather would date the age of the contending horses from THE 1st OF JANUARY *instead of the 1st of May*, their regulations and arrangements would seem to be as near perfection as possible. No one regrets the pertinacity with which a majority of the members of the New Orleans Clubs adhere to the present rule more than ourselves. We have seen most of the horses which have distinguished themselves there since 1836, and are familiar with their blood, their families, and their performances; consequently we cheerfully accord to them all the merit and fame which their extraordinary exhibitions of speed and stamina command. But a majority of the Turfmen of the country take a totally different view of the matter; they regard the rule by which horses are allowed to carry *one year's less weight than they should do* as an absurdity, and do not accord to them the half of the reputation they are really and fairly entitled to. When the announcement is made of an "Extraordinary Race at New Orleans" it merely provokes a derisive smile. They simply regard the winners as fair performers, but not in the least remarkable; they urge that Virginia and Kentucky geese are swans in New Orleans, owing to their throwing off from ten to fourteen pounds weight. If the horses at New Orleans can make such wonderful time, why, they ask, were they unable to do so before, over other courses? Why are they not obliged to take up the same weights that our horses carry? Is it not an admission that they cannot beat the time our horses make carrying equal weights?

While Turfmen in other States are willing to concede to horses running at New Orleans the advantages of "spring board courses" and the four pounds extra carried by horses in Georgia, South Carolina, New Jersey, and New York, they insist that horses should take their age from the 1st of January. Very many of the prominent South-western Turfmen and several distinguished officers and members of the New Orleans Clubs are strenuous for the adoption of such a rule, knowing full well that the performances of their horses are not fairly appreciated. During the past season we have conversed with a great number of them on this subject, and are assured that if the present majority in the N. O. Clubs were made to feel the injustice which they impose upon the horses running there they would immediately rescind the obnoxious rule which now obtains, fixing the 1st of May as the date from which horses take their age.

Our attention was called to this matter by the caption of the report of the Three mile Race won by Gallwey, in 5:56½—5:40—5:40½, which is claimed to be "the best ever run in America!" The winner, now 4 yrs. old, carried but 86 lbs. Blue Dick, a 5 yr. old and with 110 lbs. on his back, beat Sarah Washington with ease in 5:42—5:39½, and distanced the field in another race a fortnight previous, with 114 lbs. on his back, in 5:44—5:38½! In the race between Wonder, Argyle, Master Henry and others at Baltimore, in 1839, Argyle, a slight horse, nine years old, with 124 lbs. up, won the 2d heat in 5:40, after putting Wonder up to 5:47½ the 1st heat; Master Henry won the 3d in 5:56. Omega, a 5 yr. old mare, with 111 lbs. up, beat Clarion in 5:48—5:43—5:47. Red Bill, a 4 yr. old, with 100 lbs. up, beat Blacknose in 5:40—5:48—5:49. Sally Walker at 5 yrs. old, carrying 107 lbs., over the heavy Broad Rock Course, Virginia, in 1827, beat the famous Ariel in 5:44—5:42. Now does any one believe that Gallwey could have beaten all the horses named

above, carrying appropriate weight for age? He is no doubt a prodigious fine colt, and has made a most extraordinary race; we heartily congratulate his high-spirited owners and his namesake upon it, but they must not imagine that others will entertain the same opinion of his powers which we do. Turfmen in other States "will not be convinced though one arose from the dead" that the horses in New Orleans can make better time than is made in the West or the North, provided they will take up equal weights.

The Late Mr. JACKSON'S Stud.—According to an advertisement in the "Spirit," the following stock, belonging to the estate of the late JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Florence, Ala., was sold at auction in New Orleans on the 5th ultimo :—

No. 1. B. c. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Stockholder—Mr. Allain	\$210
2. Ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Delight—T. Ansley	125
3. B. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Refuge—Dr. Mercer	160
4. Ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Taglioni—Dr. Mercer	250
5. Ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Exotic—M. Kelly	310
6. Ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Equity—Dr. Mercer	310
7. Ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess—J. Turnbull	1030
8. Ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Pickle—Mr. Fields	850
9. Ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Nancy Elliott—T. Ansley	140
10. B. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Extant—F. C. Hefington	195
11. Ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Myrtle—Dr. Mercer	380
12. Ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Imp. Leviathan—W. P. Greer	210
13. Br. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine—M. Gernon	235
14. Br. g. by Imp. Consol, dam by Imp. Filho da Puta—H. Hopkins	200

Sweepstakes at Lexington.—Two fine stakes have been opened to come off next Fall over the Association Course. One is for all ages, four mile heats, \$1000 each subscription, half forfeit. The second stake is confined to 3 yr. olds; the distance is omitted in the programme, but it is probably two mile heats; subscription \$300, with \$100 ft. The 1st stake closes on the 1st of April next; the 2d on the 20th of May. We are assured that the four mile stake will obtain an unusual number of subscribers. The liberal purses to be offered here and in Louisville will *command* the attendance of stables from a distance. A liberal four mile purse is to be given at Lexington to be run for on Saturday, the last day of the meeting, so that horses can run in both races.

Mary Jones, a chesnut mare, well known on the South Western Turf in 1835—38. She was described as by Imp. Barefoot out of an Eclipse mare, and was said to have been bred by Maj. W. JONES, of Cold Spring Harbour, L. I. A friend residing in Alabama, her present owner, desires her pedigree. Will any one furnish it to us?

A New Jockey Club—It is proposed in the "Planters' Banner," published at Franklin, La., to organize a Jockey Club in the parish of St. Mary. A great number of gentlemen interested in blood stock are moving in the matter.

A new Jockey Club has just been organized at Jackson, the seat of Government, of Mississippi. Col. SMYTH, of the "Southern Recorder"—the handsomest country paper in the Union, by the bye—must keep us informed of their doings. The first meeting is to come off on the 4th Monday of this month. The following gentlemen comprise the officers :—President—William Francis, Esq.; Vice Presidents—W. A. Ware, Wm. Yerger, Henry H. Cargill, J. C. Forest, H. Hiltzheim; Secretary—M. R. Dudley; Treasurer—William Morris.

Steel.—It has been supposed that this fine son of Imp. Fylde would make his next season in Alabama, but we learn that Capt. EUBANK, of Lunenburg, Va., has re-purchased the entire interest in him, and will stand him the ensuing spring at the Charlotte Court House, Va., at \$30 cash. Steel's colts are said to be very promising; he is not only highly bred but his performances were of a high order.

Shipping Horses to the West Indies.—From this city and others at the East, quite a brisk trade is carried on in horses and cattle. At New Haven, Providence, Hartford, and Boston, vessels are constantly up for different West

India ports, and an immense number of horses are annually shipped. The New Haven "Courier" thus describes the mode of shipment:—

"Most of them are sent out in large vessels, called by the craft, "horse jockies." The deck of the vessel is converted into a stable, by placing a sort of roof, eight feet high over the whole of it, and the horses are tied in parallel rows with their heads towards each other. The water for their use in the "hold" of the vessel, and the hay pressed in bundles, is laid upon the temporary roof. When they are shipped, they are packed as closely as possible, like herrings in a box, so that during the whole voyage they are compelled to stand up. At first this is tedious to the poor brutes, and until they get their "sea legs" on, they doubtless suffer a great deal. Most of the mules are brought here in large droves from Canada, but oftentimes they are driven from the West, even as far as from Ohio and Kentucky. In fact these animals are sent here from nearly every State in the Union.

Accident to Torchlight.—The "Picayune" of the 23d states that this fine mare of THOS. J. WELLS, Esq., met with an accident on the day previous. "While galloping, she bolted and dashed through the railing into the inside of the course, injuring her rider and severely cutting herself. We are glad to hear that the boy is not dangerously injured, and hope the filly may come round again in time. She was deemed very promising." Why, my dear "Pic." Torchlight is now six years old. So long ago as 1841, she beat Humming Bird, Celerity, Rapide, and other cracks, while she won two heats from Miss Foote, Tom Marshall, and another, in 1:47—1:49, running a dead heat—the fifth—with Miss Foote in 1:50. Before their trial in public Mr. WELLS deemed Torchlight superior to her stable companion Reel; she subsequently fell lame and has been so long withdrawn from the Turf as probably to have escaped the recollection of our friends of the "Pic." Mr. Wells paid \$2000 for an interest of one half in Torchlight and Reel, when they were foals at the feet of their dams.

Ambassador, the superb Plenipo colt that won the Alabama Stake at Nashville, beating Cracovienne, has just been re-sold to MR. ISAAC VAN LEER, the trainer of THOS. KIRKMAN, Esq., for \$3500. We anticipate a tremendous contest when this colt meets Ruffin; we should like to have seen him meet Cracovienne again, but as he is now in the same stable with that flyer, their relative merits can hereafter only be judged of by their several performances in public. Notwithstanding Ruffin's defeat in the mud by Saartin, we *sartinly* think he has no superior of his age in the South-west.

MR. AARON B. STOUT, of Shawneetown, Ill., claims the name of *Principé* for a yearling colt by Ashland [by Medoc out of Lady Jackson,] out of Kitty Stout by Eclipse, her dam by Sir Archy.

MICHEL SCHLATRE, Esq., of Plaquemine, La., claims the name of *St. Charles* for a ch. c., 2 yrs. old last spring, by Imp. Jordan, dam by Mercury, grandam Proserpine by Oscar, g. g. d. by Pacolet. See "Am. Turf Register," vol. 3d p. 487. Also that of *Uncas*, for a b. c. 3 yrs. old last spring, by Imp. Jordan, out of Adria by Pacific. For the Pedigree of Adria see "Am. Turf Register," vol. 2, p. 566. Also that of *Playful*, for a b. c. 2 yrs. old last spring, by Imp. Jordan, out of Ratoon by Pacific, grandam by Mercury, etc.

DR. A. V. CONOVER, of Freehold, N. J., claims the name of *Blucher* for his chesnut colt by Clarion, dam by John Richards.

The Racing Calendar.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., METARIE COURSE

The "Picayune" furnishes us with the annexed report. Owing to the heavy state of the course, after the first day's sport the meeting was postponed to the following Saturday.

Our usual Fall Races commenced yesterday (19th Dec.), and under auspices most unpropitious, so far as the weather was concerned. Who can recall a day more miserable and dreary? It rained "cats and dogs" on Monday night, and it was a question with all who had insurances on their lives, whether it would not vitiate their policies to venture so far into the swamp as the Metarie Course. It rained all day yesterday—not in torrents, as during the previous night—but it drizzled as if in spite, a thick, nasty drizzle, enough to dampen not only the outer habiliments of a man, but the "inner man" himself. The sport was not indifferent, by any means, and there was a goodly number of amateurs on the ground to see it. We had best proceed at once to the record of it.

TUESDAY, Dec. 19, 1843—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Sub. \$500 each, h. ft. One mile.
 John Armstrong's ch. t. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Aronetta by Bertrand Monk. 1
 W. P. Greer's b. f. by Tarleton, dam by Tiger 2
 Time, 2:09½.

Till the last moment it was not supposed that the colt out of Music's dam would pay forfeit, and as he was rather the favorite in the race, his non-appearance marred the sport somewhat. As it was, the Glencoe had the inside, was passed soon after the start, and upon going into the hack stretch the bay filly looked like a winner. Down the backside it was a pretty race, the Glencoe filly gaining upon the Kentucky nag, and getting to her before reaching the half-mile post. The latter's saddle, however, had slipped over her shoulders before finishing the first quarter, and she was unable to overcome the disadvantage. She was beaten off many yards—many more, probably, than she would have been but for the accident. The time, though apparently so slow—2:09½—was not considered bad for the state of the course.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft., and \$25 declaration if made by the 1st of November. Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingham's (J. G. Boswell's) b. c. *Ruffin*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Duchess of Mariborough by Sir Archy Button. 1 1
 Col. Josias Chambers' 1 np. bl. f. *Queen Anne*, by Camel, dam by Langar 2 dr
 Time, 4:19½.

Ruffin was the favorite in this race at 3 and 4 to 1 before the start. The filly, on the outside, led him for three-quarters of a mile, looking on the backside like a winner. He caught her in entering the home stretch, was clear of her as he passed the stand at the end of the first mile, and lost none of his advantage in the remainder of the race. After the heat the filly was drawn.

We need only to note farther in regard to this race, that the first mile was run in 2:01—most excellent for the state of the course.

SECOND DAY.

To-day's race was run under a bright sun, with a clear, balmy atmosphere. Above, nothing could have been more propitious, but under foot, all was mud, mud, mud. We never saw a course so heavy, if our memory serves us. We should have deemed it fair speed to run a mile in 2:10 over it.

Of the fifteen nominations, the five named by us came to the post, viz:—Lucy Dashwood, Patrick Henry Gallwey, Narine, Bude-Light, and Bellissima. The first named had greatly the call in the betting; late on Friday night large amounts were laid on her at the rate of 6 to 5 against the field, and on the morning of the race offers were made upon her even. Between the others, we should say that Gallwey and Bude-Light were equally favorites. Our own uninstructed

judgment would have led us, had we been betting, to take the field against the favorite, Lucy Dashwood. But to the race, which may be briefly disposed of.

In the first heat they went away with a tolerable start, when the favorite made a dash for the inside, won it, and led round the turn in advance. Bellissima challenged her, however, and ran locked with her as they turned on to the back side, going down which the bay filly was in advance, but Lucy moving sweetly—the crowd in a ruck many lengths behind. A little beyond the half-mile post Lucy went up in earnest, gained an advantage, and was not again caught in the heat, which she won handily. The crowd were pretty well up with the two leading nags, and galloped past the stand. Time, 2:06.

Lucy now became the favorite at 4 to 1, but with little betting. They went off for the second heat with a start preposterously bad. Bellissima was a full distance behind, in the hands of her trainer, when the drum was tapped. Others were in places comparatively disadvantageous, but all were satisfied that the destination of the stake would not have been changed, whatever the start might have been. The favorite again went to the front, hugging the pole, notwithstanding that the mud there appeared the deepest. Mr. Duplantier's Narine, who, with Monk astride her, had run by herself to the turn in a false start, challenged at once for the lead, and maintained a creditable position for half a mile, having her head for some time in front. At the end of the half mile, Gallwey took up the running, and in swinging round into the home stretch he appeared to be leading, but before they had reached the drawgates, the filly was manifestly a winner, *bar accident*. She passed the stand, we should think, three lengths in front in 2:04, with Gallwey second, Narine third, and the other two distanced.

All were willing to allow that the winner was a wonderful fine filly, uniting to the rarest turn of speed the most remarkable power of getting through the mud. We annex the result:—

SATURDAY, Dec. 23—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fifteen subs. at \$300 each. \$100 fl., and \$25 declaration if made by the 1st of November, three or more to make a race. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingham's gr. f. <i>Lucy Dashwood</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey by Imp. Boaster.....	French.	1	1
Duncan F. Kenner's ch. c. <i>Patrick Henry Gallwey</i> , by Imp. Jordan, dam by Shakespeare.....		4	2
Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. <i>Narine</i> , by Imp. Jordan, out of Louisianaise.....		5	3
James Porter's b. f. <i>Bellissima</i> , by Imp. Bel-hazzar, out of Wingfoot by Rattler.....		2	dist.
Thos. Kirkman's ch. f. <i>Bude-Light</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Gas-Light by Imp. Leviathan.....		3	dist.

Time, 2:06—2:04.

It is understood, that in consequence of the numerous declarations, the amount of the stake did not exceed \$1450.

THIRD DAY, Dec. 24—Proprietor's Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Duncan F. Kenner's (Wm. Ruffin Barrow's) gr. f. <i>Music</i> , by Imp. Phillip, out of Piano by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	<i>Chisel'em.</i>	1	1
Thos. J. Wells' ch. h. <i>Ned Stanley</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Aronetta by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....		2	2
Dr. Scuddy's b. m. by Imp. Priam, dam by Pom Tough, 5 yrs.....		3	3

Time, 4:29—4:35. Course very heavy.

Music was the favorite at 3 to 1, and won the race handily. There was a spirited contest between the other two for the second place. They ran locked down the home stretch, and the Leviathan only won at the post by a length.

MONDAY, Dec. 25—J. C. Purse \$600, conditions as before. Three mile heats. Thos. Kirkman's br. g. *Saartin*, by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Timoleon, 4 y *Palmer* 1 2 1 Col. A. L. Bingham's (J. G. Boswell's) b. c. *Ruffin*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>		<i>Third Heat.</i>	
Time of first mile.....	2:09	Time of first mile.....	2:09	Time of first mile.....	2:09
“ “ second mile ..	2:08	“ “ second mile..	2:06	“ “ second mile..	2:15
“ “ third mile.....	2:09	“ “ third mile....	2:14	“ “ third mile....	2:18
Time of First Heat....	6:26	Time of Second Heat..	6:29	Time of Third Heat....	6:42

The record above given, tells the story of the race yesterday—one of the most interesting we ever saw. The betting commenced the moment the entries were announced the evening previous at two to one on the Kentucky colt, *Ruffin*. The Tennessee and Alabama people came up to the support of *Saartin* so strongly, that they gradually fell from two to one to three to two, and six to

five, and just before the start no one would bet odds. The course was heavy, exceedingly thick and sticky. The best time we heard as bound to win, was 6:15. The record shows a different story.

We cannot so desecrate Christmas day as to devote any time to the race, when a Christmas dinner is before us. Ruffin took the lead in the first quarter of the first heat, and hugged the pole throughout. Through the heaviest of the ground, he gained uniformly by advantage over Saartin; down the straight side the latter as uniformly went up close to him. The result proved that Barney (the stable designation of Palmer, Saartin's jockey) was merely feeling of Ruffin upon the first two attempts past the stand. He lulled Button (Ruffin's jockey) into a fatal feeling of security, the issue of which was that the latter was beaten by a clear length in 6:26. We thought the heat would have been Ruffin's inevitably, had he been driven from the score, but as Barney never passed him in brushing down the home stretch, Button thought he had the foot of him. He was mistaken.

Ruffin was ridden the second heat as he should have been the first. He went off from score, and led along strong and steadily, and a gap was opened on Saartin, which his owners were too prudent to attempt to make up. The time, 6:29, was, in our opinion, excellent.

The betting was now so various, that we will not attempt to report it. Ruffin ran the heat as he had done the previous one, but Barney never allowed him to open any considerable gap upon him. The Kentucky nag made the last turn into straight running ahead, but was passed before he reached the gates, and beaten home handily, in 6:42.

The jockeyship of Palmer, *alias* Barney, was beyond all praise. He rode four pounds over-weight, and was very weak at that, having reduced himself very rapidly. On any other occasion, we should have much more to say of the contest; but perhaps the record above will be as satisfactory to turfmen as any of our crude speculations.

The race of yesterday (Dec. 26) justified our most sanguine expectations of fine sport. It rained during the previous night, and the course was heavy, but we are not sure that it was any worse than on the day previous. The surface of it was a thick, stiff mud. The weather was agreeable enough, and, for the first time during the meeting, the sports were graced by the presence of the fair sex. This alone sufficed to put all in good humor.

Of the five entries—Creath, Norma, Cracovienne, Berenice, and Music—the Alabama filly (the own sister to Reel) was the favorite against the field. Very slight odds, even, were offered upon her before the start. There was considerable betting between the others for the second best place, all the four having friends in some quarter to back them.

Creath commenced the running from the tap of the drum at a good, firm pace, with Cracovienne well up, and the others in a cluster behind. There was little interest in the running for two miles and a half, every nag moving steadily without material change of place. Before entering upon the turn at the close of the third mile the favorite went up to Creath and passed him. He contested every inch of the ground, and kept company with her till they had completed a quarter of the last mile, when he declined the running altogether. Norma had all this while been making a waiting race of it, watching those in front. When last she passed the stand she was well up, but was pulled round the turn so that a very considerable gap was opened upon her. The moment she got into straight running on the back stretch, French, her jockey, went to work; he caught the grey filly near the half mile post—the filly went away from him—he rallied Norma again, and again went up to the grey, and they brushed down the straight run home in fine style, and from where we stood it was impossible to say who had won the heat. The judges gave it to Cracovienne by some eighteen inches. It is the opinion of many who saw the race, that Norma would have won the heat had she not swerved close to the winning post, startled by the shouts of the backers of the field. The time of the heat was 8:40, although it appeared much faster.

Cracovienne was of course more than ever the favorite, and from the style in which the first heat was run, nothing was thought of but Norma to induce any betting. She went off at the start, secured the track, and forced the run-

ning. Berenice lay next to her, and Music next, the latter closely followed by Cracovienne. Creath, who was altogether too high, and would not have been started in the heat but to oblige some friends of his owner, was evidently in distress behind. In the positions we have indicated they ran two miles. Upon going down the back stretch in the third mile Cracovienne appeared to make an effort to change places with Music; she was out-brushed, and all settled back into their old places. At the stand Music gave up her run, the favorite passing her, but Norma was a long way ahead, and we presume there was no further attempt made to take the heat from her. The five entries, as spread out on the back side in running this last mile, presented "a perfect sight." They would have reached nearly half a mile, and with very uniform intervals between. The heat was won by Norma in 8:46, Creath and Music being distanced.

The betting was now even, fears being entertained that the grey filly would weaken. The three got away with a bad start, by which Cracovienne alone lost. Berenice made the running in very gallant style, chased by Norma—Cracovienne gradually making up the space which separated her from the winner of the previous heat. Thus they moved for two miles and a quarter, when Norma went up and tried it on, but was shaken off. In making the turn into straight running she was successful, however, and passed the stand in front. But Barney now set to work in earnest with Cracovienne. He passed Berenice in going round the turn, and improved his position in going down the back run somewhat. Still Norma had such a lead that she appeared to have the race safe. But as soon as one could be sure of their positions as they came into the quarter stretch, it was evident that Cracovienne was leading, and she increased her advantage in coming to the stand, which she passed a winner in 8:47, after a gallant and well contested race. In the opinion of many, Norma might have won had she run the first heat without relying upon Creath to force the running. However this may be, she made a capital race, and stands far higher in estimation than ever before. We annex a summary:—

TUESDAY, Dec. 26—J. C. Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Thomas Kirkman's gr. f. <i>Cracovienne</i> (own sister to Reel and Waltz), by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Gallopade by Catton, 4 yrs.....	Palmer.	1	2	1
Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. <i>Norma</i> , by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty by Blacklock, 4 yrs.....	2	1	2
James Porter's ch. f. <i>Berenice</i> , by Imp. Skylark, out of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs.....	3	3	3
Duncan F. Kenner's gr. f. <i>Music</i> , pedigree before, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.	
Fergus Duplantier's b. h. <i>Creath</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir William, 5 yrs.....	5	dist.	

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>		<i>Third Heat.</i>	
Time of first mile.....	2:10	Time of first mile.....	2:07	Time of first mile.....	2:15
" " second mile.....	2:11	" " second mile.....	2:09	" " second mile.....	2:12
" " third mile.....	2:08	" " third mile.....	2:11	" " third mile.....	2:09
" " fourth mile.....	2:11	" " fourth mile.....	2:19	" " fourth mile.....	2:11

Time of First Heat....	8:40	Time of Second Heat..	8:46	Time of Third Heat....	8:47
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Wednesday's race afforded sport which was quite unexpected by nine-tenths of the people on the ground. There were but two entries—Aduella and Ned Stanley. The former had so often shown herself a winner at this particular race—mile heats, best 3 in 5—that the odds of 4 to 1 were freely offered upon her before the start. It would be idle to describe the race, and yet, had we room, we should delight to do so, if only to record the fluctuations in the betting. Contrary to all expectation, Barney won the first and second heats with Stanley, and those who had laid the odds would have gladly taken 100 to 60 to get round as far as possible. The next three heats Aduella won very cleverly, in spite of all that could be done by the finest jockey we ever saw in the saddle. The following summary tells the story:—

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27—Proprietor's Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Duncan F. Kenner's ch. m. <i>Aduella</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, 5 yrs.....	Frank.	2	2	1	1	1
Thomas J. Wells' ch. h. <i>Ned Stanley</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Aronetta by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....	1	1	2	2	2

Time, 1:58—1:56½—1:58—2:01½—2:04½.

REVIEW OF THE METAIRIE COURSE RACES.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 29, 1843.

Dear P.—The races over the Metairie Course, having just terminated, a few remarks upon them may not be unacceptable to you. You will of course

furnish your readers with a detailed report of them, which must precede my comments, to make these last intelligible.

Of the two sweepstakes the first day, but one is worthy of mention, from Ruffin appearing in it. He beat the Imp. Camel filly and Queen Anne very easily; and as I anticipated this result, I did not attend to witness his victory—there were but few present to grace his triumph.

The winner of the Sweepstakes the second day, Lucy Dashwood, is a handsome grey, of good size and form, with a fine loin, and muscular hind quarters. She beat her competitors handily, and is doubtless the best of the lot; but as two of them had been winners here, there was a good deal of betting on the field against her. The heavy state of the course was no disadvantage to Lucy.

Music's victory on the two mile day was generally predicted; and I did not think it worth attending.

Good riding and good management secured, if they did not give Saartin a victory over Ruffin the three mile day. In his races here a year since, and on the first day of this meeting, Ruffin exhibited a great deal of temper and excitement before starting; but on this occasion was quiet. This difference was so remarkable as to make me doubt his being in good condition; and the result of the race confirms me in this conjecture. This is but my opinion, however, for I heard no such excuse made for his defeat. He runs with his head very much elevated, with a long steady stride, looking very much like business. He has fine size and powers, but is not handsome—his head is large, and he is curby-hocked. His conqueror is a neat brown, nearly black, with very clean limbs.

Five entries for the four mile day attracted a tolerable number of spectators; but I regretted to see but a thin attendance during this meeting. The sister to Reel wants the size and beauty of that fine mare, but is yet good looking and of good size. She is a very light grey, more compact than Reel, and without her remarkable easy action. She was the favorite against the field, and there was considerable betting on these terms. Creath, a very good two and three miler, but who had never gone this distance, and confessedly too high in flesh, most injudiciously cut out the work. Cracovienne did not lock him until the last quarter of the third mile, and on passing the stand led him half a length. In the first quarter of the fourth mile he gave back so decidedly, Norma took up the running, but having a considerable gap to close, she did not reach the favorite before commencing the last turn. She kept up her rate, and a most exciting race the last quarter was run. A few yards from the goal I thought it would be a dead heat, but she swerved just before reaching it, and Cracovienne won by half a length. Many thought Norma would have won the heat but for this; but I ascribe the loss of it, to her having had so great a gap to make up when Creath gave back. Some surprise was expressed that Creath and Music were not declared distanced; but as one of the *distance* Judges told me he saw Norma swerve; it is evident that his eye was on the goal, instead of the slow horses. To start Creath and Music for the second heat was mere madness; all who knew a hawk from a hand-saw, predicted that they would be distanced; and a *longer* distance I never expect to see.

Nothing in the form of Music indicates ability to go four miles—nor does her action afford ground for such a belief. Barney on Cracovienne caused a false start the third heat; and his hesitation at the next effort, gave his mare a miserable start. One of the spectators near me, who had evidently sacrificed to the jolly god, roared out as the horses got off—"Tennessee can't win here, with them starts;" but when his favorite won, the way he shouted was *cautionary*. When returning to the city on the fine shell road, between it and the course, he passed my carriage, and he was *still shouting!*

RAMBLER.

NEW ORLEANS ASSOCIATION RACES,

LOUISIANA COURSE.

We are indebted to the editors of the "Picayune" for the following graphic report of the first meeting of the "Louisiana Association," on the beautiful course formerly owned by Mr. GARRISON. The meeting opened under very

favorable auspices, the superintendent, Mr. THOMAS E. LEEFE, having most admirably carried out the views of the Association. The "Picayune" states that "the weather was in every respect propitious, the course in very fine order, and the attendance altogether respectable, being much more numerous than we recollect before to have seen at a race for a purse at mile heats. There were Ladies, too, upon the course, and we were glad to see Col. WM. R. JOHNSON, of Virginia, upon the ground, entering with characteristic zest into the sports of the day."—

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 3, 1844—Association Purse \$100, ent. \$20 added, free for all ages. N. B. *By a Rule of the Louisiana Jockey Clubs, horses take their age FROM THE FIRST OF MAY instead of the first of January.* ♂ 3 yr. olds carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Duncan F. Kenner's ch. c. <i>Patrick Henry Gallwey</i> , by Imp. Jordan, dam by Shak-speare, 3 yrs	<i>Chisel'em.</i>	3	1	1
Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. <i>Narine</i> , by Imp. Jordan, out of Louisianaise, 3 yrs....		4	5	2
Thos. Kirkman's ch. f. <i>Liatunoh</i> , by Imp. Ainderby—Imp. Jenny Mills, 3 yrs....		2	2	3
Josias Chambers' Imp. bl. f. <i>Queen Anne</i> , by Camel, dam by Langar, 3 yrs.....		5	3	4
William J. Minor's bl. g. <i>Black Jack</i> , by Doncaster, out of Countess Bertrand by Bertrand, 3 yrs		1	4	5
H. Hopkins' (F. S. Hellman's) ch. m. <i>Roanoke</i> , by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	dist.			

Time, 1:50—1:51—1:52.

The winner was the favorite against the field at even just before the start, but previously, two or three others in the race were backed upon terms most reasonable. They went off with a most beautiful start for the first heat. Black Jack, ridden by French, at once went in front, and was not caught during the heat.

The favorite had evidently laid up the first heat, and though the result of it might have startled some, the friends of Gallwey did not hedge. There was almost no betting at all in any way. The winner was driven home the last quarter of the second heat by Mr. Kirkman's filly, and beat her but by a neck. From where we stood it was impossible to say which was ahead. The last half of this heat afforded good sport, the winning colt and the Ainderby filly continually changing places.

In the third heat Monk, on *Narine*, got a great advantage in the start, which he did not fail to improve; but upon entering the home stretch, *Chisel'em* went up on *Gallwey*, and came home a clever winner. Upon the whole, the sport was very good.

SECOND DAY.

We had beautiful sport to-day on the Louisiana Course. Every thing was propitious—weather, state of the course and attendance. There was considerable betting upon the result of the race, for which our readers will recollect there were three entries—*Music*, *Lady Jane*, and *Creath*. The last named was very decidedly the favorite—at first at 2 to 1, and subsequently at 5 to 3. What rendered the race interesting was the fact that hitherto *Music* had beaten *Creath*, *Creath* had beaten *Lady Jane*, and *Lady Jane* had beaten *Music*. *Music* and *Creath* ran severe races but a few days ago; this influenced many to believe that *Lady Jane's* chance for the prize was the best.

The betting was not in heavy amounts, but it was very general and very interesting. As to time, too, there was some betting, the most judicious marking 3:45, while very many went some seconds under. But we may be detaining our readers from the race.

In the first heat, *Creath* got away with a good start and took the track. *Capt. Minor's* filly followed him, but was never able to get in front. *Music* ran a waiting race, relying upon the other grey, and the result was that the favorite won an easy heat in 3:51.

This effected scarcely any change in the betting, partly because *Music* had evidently not contested the heat, and more perhaps because folks had already laid out their money.

The second heat was vastly more interesting. *Monk*, on *Creath*, obtained a slight advantage in the start, but he was closely pursued by *Lady Jane*, with *Music* well up. The three ran in a cluster the first mile, at the end of which they passed the stand with *Music* in *Creath's* track and close upon his heels, and *Lady Jane* lapped on to *Creath* outside. But now commenced the contest. *Music* set to for the heat; she went up to *Creath*, but the horse went away from her; in the back stretch she again went to him, and the yells for the favorite were sent up most roundly as he again escaped from her. He led past the

half mile post in advance, but, in making the turn into straight running, Chisel'em put Music to her work again, and gallantly did she respond to the call made upon her. As they came home in the last quarter, it was evident that the filly had caught him, and she came home an honest winner in 3:46, while Lady Jane was out of her distance. The second mile of this heat was one of the most interesting contests we have ever seen.

It should be stated that Creath pulled up after the first heat, showing signs of lameness; but after the second they were most unequivocal. His owner would not again have started him, but for the decision of the Judges under the rules of the Association. There was no more betting, and Music won the third heat after a struggle in which Creath made a more gallant run than was supposed to be left in him. The following is the summary:—

THURSDAY, Jan. 4.—Association Purse \$400, conditions as before. Two mile heats.			
Duncan F. Kenner's (Wm. Ruffin Barrow's) gr. f. <i>Music</i> , by Imp. Philip, out of Piano by Bertrand, 4 yrs	-----	<i>Chisel'em</i> .	3 1 1
Fergus Duplantier's b. h. <i>Creath</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Big Archy, 5 yrs	-----		1 2 3
Wm. J. Minor's gr. f. <i>Lady Jane</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Jane Grey by Orphan Boy, 4 yrs	-----		2 dist.
Time, 3:51—3:46—3:55.			

THIRD DAY.

Best Three Mile Race run in America!

5:56½—5:40—5:40½.

We have just returned from the best Three mile race we ever saw—from the best, we venture to say, ever run in America. There were but three entries for the purse, *Saartin*, *Prima Donna*, and *Patrick H. Gallwey*, and of these the first named was so much the favorite, from his wonderful race at Nashville, and his defeat of *Ruffin* here, that it was almost impossible to get up any excitement about the race. The Priam filly had just been badly beaten, and Gallwey had only gone one mile;—*Saartin* had made prodigiously fine time and in a second heat. The betting was very naturally 3 to 1 in the outset upon the last named against the field, but there was so small an amount of money to be laid out on such terms, that there was little betting. Before the start, 2 to 1 was pretty freely offered and taken that *Saartin* would win in "two straight heats." We should add that the weather was cold and raw, the course in excellent condition, and the attendance more numerous than on any previous day during the meeting. Now then to the race.

With a beautiful start they went off the first heat, the favorite having the inside. The pace for three-quarters of a mile was but a common gallop, but then it improved, and they came through the first mile with the Priam mare leading, *Saartin* close upon her, and *Gallwey* well up. The mare opened a long gap upon the others in entering the second mile, but neither jockey heeded that. They passed the stand in this position, when Monk, on *Saartin*, commenced closing the gap, and *Chisel'em* was too wide awake to allow it to be opened widely upon himself. Going down the back stretch, *Saartin* beat off the mare, and before they reached the half mile post, *Gallwey* did the same, and *Chisel'em* pushed him for the favorite now leading. The rush down the quarter stretch was superb, but the colt had the foot of the gelding, as it turned out, and beat him home by a neck or so, in 5:56½. But of the beauty of this contest home, the reader can form a better idea when told that the time of the last mile was 1:51½, and that *Gallwey* hardly began to drive in the first three-eighths of it. The yells that went up from the "fielders" were most sonorous, as all can testify.

The betting was scarcely changed by the event of this heat. All the knowing ones attributed it to the fact that it had been made a waiting race, and odds were freely offered that *Saartin* would win the money, and few were willing to take them.

The second heat was no kind of a waiting race. *Saartin* commenced the running at a racing stroke and led gallantly, with the mare next to him and *Gallwey* pulling behind. Thus they moved for a mile and a quarter, when *Chisel'em* brought up his colt, cut down the mare, and laid himself well up to the favorite, the pace being first rate down the home stretch and round the turn. Then the colt was brought to his best work. He got up to the saddle skirts of *Saartin*, but was shaken off. He renewed the struggle, but could not pass or

lock the favorite, and the two ran out the heat in 5:40, with Gallwey lapped on to the winner the whole last half mile of it, Saartin running the mile in 1:51, beating the colt by half a length or more—there was no daylight between them.

And now the backers of the favorite's stable sent up their shouts—niggers jumped higher, threw their hats farther, and swore *wusser* than was ever before known. Even the colt's friends were not displeased, he had made a race already so much more gallant than had been expected of him. Three to one was now vociferously offered on Saartin for the purse, but few ventured to take it. The colt, it was thought, must tire, and nobody anticipated a fast third heat. But thus it came about.

With a slight advantage in the start, Chisel'em rushed for the inside, and before making the turn he took the track, at the hazard almost of crossing. The pace was tremendous from the first. Saartin rushed at the colt again and again, but the colt never gave back. At the end of the first mile, run in 1:51, they were nearly dead locked, but on the turn Chisel'em drew just clear, and in straight running Monk drove Saartin up to him again, and again they ran locked for a quarter of a mile. The little the colt gained on the turn in coming into the home stretch, Monk made up before they reached the stand, and they passed it a second time locked, in 1:53, amidst the loudest cheers and the most intense excitement. And thus, too, did they run the third and decisive mile, either neck and neck or nose and tail. The victory was not secured to the colt until they came inside the distance, when it was manifest that Chisel'em *had* the favorite, and he passed the stand a clear length in front, amid prodigious cheers. The shouting was equal to old Kentucky's best, and this time the niggers couldn't jump—they laid down and rolled and yelled.

The last mile was run in 1:56½, making the heat 5:40½, and the race the best at Three mile heats ever run in America. We have only room to add a summary:—

FRIDAY, Jan. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Duncan F. Kenner's ch. c. *Patrick Henry Gallwey*, pedigree before, 3 y *Chisel'em*. 1 2 1
 Thos. Kirkman's br. g. *Saartin*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timeleon, 4 yrs. 2 1 2
 A. C. Antill's (F. S. Hillman's) br. m. *Prima Donna*, by Imp. Priam, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs 3 dist

First Heat.		Second Heat.		Third Heat.	
Time of first mile....	2:07	Time of first mile....	1:56	Time of first mile....	1:51
" " second mile....	1:58	" " second mile....	1:53	" " second mile....	1:53
" " third mile....	1:51½	" " third mile....	1:51	" " third mile....	1:56½
Time of First Heat..	5:56½	Time of Second Heat..	5:40	Time of Third Heat..	5:40½

FOURTH DAY.

We regret that the race of this day afforded less sport than had been anticipated. There was indeed a very large crowd present, and to our great delight the whole front of the members' stand was lined with beauty and fashion. It rained the night before the race, but not enough to injure the state of the course materially; it was in good order, though not so fast as on the previous day.

There were but two entries, Norma and Peytona, and the moment the latter showed in front of the stand, who could bet against her? She is a magnificent animal, yet her friends would not bet more than 2 to 1, and few would take such odds. We are not about to attempt a description of the race—it needs none. Peytona won at her ease, apparently. The time of the last mile of the first heat, and the first mile of the second, was good, but yet Peytona did not appear to be extended in any part. The following summary tells the story:—

SATURDAY, Jan. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Thomas Kirkman's ch. f. *Peytona*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs..... *Monk*. 1 1
 Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. *Norma*, by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty by Blacklock, 4 ys 2 2

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of first mile.....	2:02	Time of first mile.....	1:51
" " second mile.....	2:00	" " second mile.....	1:55
" " third mile.....	1:55	" " third mile.....	2:00
" " fourth mile.....	1:48	" " fourth mile.....	2:02
Time of First Heat.....	7:45	Time of Second Heat.....	7:48

REVIEW OF THE ASSOCIATION RACES.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Jan. 6, '44.

Dear P.—Four days of fine racing with delightful weather (to-morrow being the three in five race) have just terminated, over the Louisiana Course, near this city. The first day, although a field of six promised excellent sport, I did not attend, the distance—Mile heats—being too short in my opinion, to excite interest, there being usually but few vicissitudes in races of this character. The favorite, Gallwey (I cannot undertake to write *three* names to a horse, when one designates him) was the winner. He is strangely enough called the Irish horse, one of his names being Patrick.

On the second day, Creath, Music, and Lady Jane, contended for the Two mile purse—the first being a decided favorite at fifteen to ten, and ten to six. He won the first heat easily, Music leaving it to the Lady to contend with him. The second heat, she went to work, and he very unwisely refusing to yield the track, she won it, by lasting longer than he did. Had he run a trailing race, I think he must have won, notwithstanding he showed lameness after each heat. He is a horse of good speed, but is much too narrow-chested for my taste.

The Three mile day was thought to offer no prospect of sport, but hearing that his owner thought well of Gallwey, I made one of the few who attended the race. Saartin had numerous supporters at three to one, his recent victory over Ruffin not having diminished his reputation earned at Nashville. Gallwey ran a waiting race for the first heat, and after a most exciting struggle, won by half a length. The heat having been slow, people argued that he had outfooted the black gelding, which continued the favorite in the betting, but at evens. The second heat, the black set to work to take the run out of the colt before the last quarter, and a very close heat was decided in his favor. Now every one thought that Saartin could outlast his competitor; that being older, and better seasoned, he was *saartin* to win; and three to one on him went begging. In the third heat the colt went to the front at once however, and in spite of all the efforts of his sable antagonist, won it. Here he out-footed and outlasted the gelding, which renders it rather difficult to explain his loss of the second heat, as he evidently contended for it—indeed, the time proves this—5:40. The third heat being run in 5:40½ renders this a very splendid race. It was very closely contested throughout, and a most exciting and satisfactory race was afforded, when nothing was anticipated.

The enthusiasm displayed by the *darkies* in Gallwey's stable, when he won the first heat, I have never seen exceeded; but it only heralded the *overflow* when he was victor in the third. Mr. PORTER of the "Picayune," very graphically describes them as "jumping higher, throwing up caps oftener, and swearing *wusser*, than blackies ever did, so that when the race was won, they had nothing left to do, but to roll and tumble." His owner is doubtless proud of having bred the best racer that Louisiana has yet produced; but his style of going is not very imposing. He runs with his head low, moving it from side to side, which is displeasing to the eye.

Peytona could find no competitor beside Norma, for the four mile purse; but a good attendance, including some ladies, witnessed this race. The first heat was tolerably contested, but the great size and stride of the first, gave her so manifest a superiority, that the race was not in doubt for a moment. Norma's good performance against Cracovienne, kept the odds as low as two to one before the first heat, and three to one after it—although in size, she was as a cock-boat to a frigate. The winner of the Peyton Stake, is a slashing big mare, with speed for a good course and strength for a deep one—and has more racing pretensions than I had attributed to her.

The races at this meeting were conducted under the countenance of an "Association," as they term themselves; why quarrelling with the good old name of Jockey Club, I know not. The Charleston S. C. Club, is said to be their model; but as they pay their Secretary, this is a feature of the English Clubs.

RAMBLER.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 20, 1843—Jockey Club Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Ellis & Drane's b. c. *Ahira*, by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Wm. McFadden's ch. h. *Blackfoot*, by Medoc, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 Time not given.

THURSDAY, Sept. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Ellis & Drane's ch. c. *Simon Kenton*, by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Mr. Teller's ch. h. *Jahn Archy*, by John Richards, 5 yrs 2 2
 Time not given.

FRIDAY, Sept. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ellis & Drane's ch. f. *Sally Cressop*, by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 4 yrs 2 1 1 1
 Wm. Mattocks' ch. c. *Bozer*, by Mingo, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs 1 2 2 2
 Wm. McFadden's ch. h. *Blackfoot*, pedigree above, 5 yrs 3 3 3 3
 Time not given.

SATURDAY, Sept. 23—Post Stake. Sub. \$— each. Mile heats.

Mr. Teller's ch. m. *Arraline*, by Medoc, 5 yrs 2 1 1
 Ellis & Drane's b. g..... 1 2 2
 Time not given.

MINERAL POINT, WISCONSIN.

MINERAL POINT, Dec. 15, 1843.

Dear Sir :—Below I send you the result of the racing over the Mineral Point Course last Fall, which would have been furnished you before now had not my time been so entirely occupied.

MONDAY, Oct. 23, 1843—Purse \$75, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Thomas G. Moore's gr. f. *Cherokee Maid*, by Marmion, dam by Tecumseh, 4 yrs... 1 1
 James Simpson's b. m. *Polly French*, by Sir Henry, dam by Mucklejohn, 5 yrs 2 2
 Wm. Tyren's pied m. *Wisconsin Polecat*, by Leopold, dam by Whip, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:53.

Though the course was muddy, the race was well contested by Cherokee Maid and Polly French.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Marshall & Fannin's (Francis J. Dunn's) b. f. *Maid of Athens*, by Imp.
 Priam, dam by Arab, 4 yrs walked over

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 James Simpson's ch. g. *Red Bird*, by Kangaroo, dam unknown, 5 yrs..... walked over

THURSDAY, Oct. 26—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 James Simpson's ch. g. *Red Bird*, pedigree above, 5 yrs 2 1 1
 Marshall & Fannin's (Francis J. Dunn's) b. m. *Queen of the West*, by Cymon,
 dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs 3 3 2
 Thos. G. Moore's ch. g. *Wattle Hock*, by Reveille, dam by Sir William, 5 yrs ... 1 2 3
 Time, 6:12—6:10—6:13.

The track had frozen hard the night previous, and then thawed slightly on the top, putting anything like quick time out of the question. The Queen was taken freely against the field, as she had beaten the same horses with ease at Chicago, two mile heats, and it was well known to her backers that she would not tire. At the tap of the drum they got off well together, Wattle Hock first, Red Bird well up, and the Queen twenty yards in the rear, under a strong pull; this position they maintained to the end, the two geldings making and forcing the running, the mare running barely to save her distance, by which she lost both the heat and the purse. In running her to save her distance she was pulled so hard that she was thrown off her stride, slipped, and came out lame in one of her fore and hind legs, having slightly slipped the pastern joint of each, and thus was she beaten by horses that could not have straightened her on any part of the track. All cooled out well for the second heat, and at the tap of the drum Red Bird got off well in advance, maintaining his lead to the end, the other two well up; the mare, however, not being able to run a lick. Wattle Hock showed signs of much distress, from a cold previously taken by him and had no chance for the third heat. At the tap of the drum Red Bird got well off in advance, and maintained his lead to the end of the heat, under whip and spur, however, and was not able to widen the gap between the mare and him, although at the top of his speed. The mare pulled up quite lame, but did not tire the slightest. When in good condition, the Queen's friends do not

think she can be beaten, at four mile heats, by anything here, or that will be brought here.

At our next meeting, in August, 1844, liberal purses will be offered, which it is hoped, will bring Southern horses to the *mines* in greater numbers than have yet made their appearance. A healthy climate, fine water, and plenty of money are considered sufficient inducements for Southern Turfmen to wend their way North when spring sets in, and start on a Southern campaign when white frosts come fast and furious.

A few good stables would do well to come here and commence their campaign, thence to Galena, where two good courses are in full operation, on one of which there was as gallantly contested a three mile race the past Fall as the United States has afforded, won in four heats, in mud fetlock deep, by Maid of Athens, in good time, beating Mary Harrison, Wagner Junior, and a 3 yr. old colt by Medoc. From Galena, there are courses at various points on the Mississippi, between that place and St. Louis. Also at Chicago, Peoria, Springfield, &c., in Illinois.

Respectfully yours,

FRANCIS J. DUNN,
Sec'y of Mineral Point J. C.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

The following report is compiled from one in the "Journal." It appears that the continued rains for the three weeks previous had tended to make the track very heavy. There was, however, a very fair attendance of stables, and the contest for the purses was never more spirited over this course. The meeting was in all respects a pleasant and animated one.

TUESDAY, Dec. 26, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eleven subs. at \$200 each, \$50 ft.

John Duncan's b. f. <i>Oriole</i> (own sister to Linnet, Wren, Falcon, Swallow, etc.), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney	1	1
Col. John Crowell's ch. f. <i>Margaret Porter</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Lady Nashville by Stockholder	2	dr

Won cleverly.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Col. John Crowell's ch. h. <i>Dr. Wilson</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Bolivia by Bolivar, 5 yrs	2	1	1
G. Blackwell's ch. c. <i>Camphor</i> , by Cock of the Rock, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs	3	4	2
Thos. Broughton's m. <i>Susan Vance</i> , by Saladin, out of Sally Howe by Sir William of Transport, 6 yrs	4	3	3
David Myers' b. f. <i>Lovie</i> , by Bill Austin, out of Minna Brenda, 3 yrs	1	2	4
Q. Y. J. D. Caughman's b. f. <i>Almuche</i> , by Jerry, dam by Pactolus, 3 yrs	5	dist.	
Billy Gay's ch. f. by Volney, dam by Red Rover, 3 yrs	6	dist.	

Time, 2:01—1:59—1:58

It is due to Mr. Blackwell to say, that owing to an over estimate in age by the Judges, his horse carried 10lbs. more than his appropriate weight, as they were afterwards convinced by satisfactory certificates, showing that the original entry in respect to age was correct.

THURSDAY, Dec. 28—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

John Duncan's b. f. <i>Swallow</i> (own sister to Oriole, Linnet, Wren, Falcon, etc.), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs	4	1	1
D. Myers' b. f. <i>Lucy Mayer</i> , by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs	2	3	2
Thos. Broughton's b. f. <i>Hedgeana</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Stamboul, yrs	3	2	3
G. Blackwell's b. m. <i>Mary Foz</i> , by Saxe Weimar, out of Carolina, 5 yrs	1	dist.	
Col. I. Crowell's ch. c. <i>Dr. Robinson</i> , by John Bascombe, d. by Shawnee, 4 yrs	5	dist.	

Time, 4:00—4:01—4:02.

FRIDAY, Dec. 29—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

G. Blackwell's ch. c. <i>St. Cloud</i> , by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Partner, 3 yrs	3	1	1
John Duncan's b. f. <i>Oriole</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	2	2
Hon. J. S. Hunter's b. c. <i>Grattan</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Flora by Maryland Eclipse, 4 yrs	2	dr	

Time, 6:13—6:00—6:06.

SATURDAY, Dec. 30—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. John Crowell's gr. c. <i>Little Prince</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Bolivia by Bolivar, 4 yrs	1	1	1
John Raymey's ch. c. <i>Camphor</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	2	2
Q. Y. J. D. Caughman's b. c. <i>Pack</i> , by Pactolus, dam by Jerry, yrs	3	3	

Time, 2:01—2:03—2:02. Won easily

CLINTON, LA., RACES.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27, 1843—Jockey Club Purse \$125, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

John Killian's (Jas. T. Jackson's) gr. f. *Mary Douglas*, by Jerry, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs 1 1
 G. P. Farley's b. m. *Buckeye Belle*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs 2 2
 Time, 1:54—1:57.

THURSDAY, Dec. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 John Killian's (T. B. Patterson's) b. f. *Sally Shannon*, by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs 1 1
 James Vauce's (L. H. Saunders') ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs dist.
 Time, 3:56.

FRIDAY, Dec. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$360, conditions as before. Three mile heats,
 John Killian's (T. B. Patterson's) ch. c. *Vagrant*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga, 4 yrs 1 1
 G. P. Farley's b. f. *Liz Long*, by Imp. Merman, dam by Alpheus, 3 yrs 2 2
 Time, 5:59—6:08.

The Hon. L. SAUNDERS resigned the Presidency of the Club, and Maj. R. BROWN, Vice President, was appointed to fill the vacancy.

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

A correspondent of the "Sentinel," of that ilk, has addressed Mr. RYAN, the editor, the following sporting epistle:—

MR. EDITOR:—It appears you did not attend the "Forest Race Course," near Vicksburg, last Saturday, 16th Dec., for, if you had, some account of the day's amusements would surely have appeared in Monday's paper; for to be called a good editor, now-a days, a man must be able to say a great deal about nothing—therefore, it is but reasonable to suppose that a little might be said about so much that is interesting to most of your subscribers. Nor, is there one of them who would not take pleasure in beholding the "thin-maned, high-headed, strong-hoofed, bounding steed," well trained and conditioned for a galant contest; if there be, write him down an ass, and incapable of appreciating the fine qualities of a thorough bred. Now let me ask you, what is so beautiful as a real race horse? See his stately neck, his eyes flashing with animation, the distended nostril, the fine shape that neither requires bustle nor calf pad to make it perfect, covered by the silken coat bestowed by nature, and then answer my question if it please you.

But I had well nigh forgotten the race to which I began to call your attention. A single dash of a mile was run by three saddle horses and as many mares for one hundred and fifty dollars; the following named gentlemen made the entries: The Hon. E. J. Sessions, Walter Peck, John Henderson, Maj. Rabb, Dr. Bryan and Dr. Newman. In a saddle race, it is not usual to give pedigrees, but if you require it, they can be furnished at any time, and I have no doubt but some of them would claim very dignified ancestry.

Notwithstanding the day was cloudy and the roads bad, a large concourse of citizens belonging to this and the adjoining counties assembled to witness the contest. Messrs. Rabb and Henderson's horses were freely taken against the field, but the worthies who went two to one on them, grumbled at the scarcity of specie in this State. About two o'clock the Judges took their stands, the riders were presented, when the Hon. P. W. Tompkins (one of the judges) delivered the charge without even fainting. The horses and mares, with one exception came rather hastily to the starting post; at the word "go," they got off finely, and after making the first turn were lost sight of by all except the Judges until coming to the home stretch—this is always the most exciting stage of a race, you know. All was silent—"in a horn"—you could have heard a pin fall, (a very big dray pin of course;) all I could see then, was a little muddy, or rather a muddy little boy riding a sort of dark bay mare, but in about the 99th part of a second, as near as I could calculate, the thing was up, and may be the welkin did'nt ring with "hurrah for Exation." The boys started in all directions on collecting tours, and shortly after made their appearance at the worthy proprietor's plentifully and choicely furnished board, when with many other delicacies, I feasted my eyes on the fattest salmon that ever swam. The race according to the Judge was run in 2 m. 1s., by Mr. Sessions' mare with ease—several by-standers pronounced the time to be 1 m. 49s.

Speaking of chicken fighting, there is a match race to come off next Saturday for \$300.

P. S. Great praise is due the members of the Vicksburg Jockey Club (in a gourd) for their exertions since their organization—they, fond of improving horses, should only be allowed to straddle the commonest kind of mules.

MALTHUS.

TURF REGISTER.

ADDITION TO THE STUD OF E. BACON, ESQ.,

Of New Design, Ky.

A list in addition to that recorded in vol. xii., March No., 1841, of the "American Turf Register:"

No. 1. *SALLY HARRISON*, b. f., 2 yrs. old Spring of 1843, by Imp. Philip, out of Kitty Brim by Old Conqueror.

No. 2. *Bay filly*, own sister to No. 1, as above; 1 year old Spring of 1843.

No. 3. *Roan filly*, by Imp. Mordecai, out of Mary Parmer (or Palmer) by Comet; 2 yrs. old Spring of 1843.

No. 4. *Bay filly* by Imp. Mordecai, out of Fanny Lyon by Hambletonian; 2 yrs. old.

No. 5. *Bay filly* by Imp. Mordecai, dam by Truxton, 2 yrs. old.

No. 6. *Brown filly* by Imp. Philip, out of Ellen Puckett by Sir Richard, 2 yrs. old Spring of 1844.

No. 7. *Bay colt* by Boyd M'Nairy (by Imp. Leviathan), out of Roxana by Timoleon. This is a very large and finely formed colt; he was foaled in April, 1843.

No. 8. *Gray filly* by Boyd M'Nairy, out of Kitty Brim by Conqueror.

No. 9. *Chesnut filly* by Boyd M'Nairy, out of Julia by Stockholder.

No. 10. *Brown colt* by Boyd McNairy, out of Lady Jane by Stockholder.

No. 11. *ELIZA BREATHETT* by Imp. Luzborough, out of Roxana by Timoleon, five yrs. old; early in foal by Boyd McNairy.

Also, *Camilla*, by Imp. Philip; *Kitty Brim*, by Conqueror; *Roxana*, by Timoleon; *Lady Jane*, by Stockholder; *Julia*, by Stockholder; *Minerva*, by Merlin; *Mary Gray*, by Johnson's Medley; *Fanny Brooks*, by Pacific; *Fanny Lyon*, by Diomed (son of Hambletonian), all in foal by Boyd M'Nairy.

NEW DESIGN, Dec. 12, 1843.

E. BACON.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

M A R C H , 1 8 4 4 .

Embellishment:

PORTRAIT OF NUTWITH:

WINNER OF THE LAST DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

Engraved on Steel by DICK after HACKER, from a Painting by J. F. HERRING.

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

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

- JACKSON, La. - - - Fashion Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 24th April.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d June.
NEW ORLEANS, La. Eclipse Course, Louisiana Assoc'n S. M., 1st Tuesday, 5th March.
" " " Metairie Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 12th March.
OPELOUSAS, La. - - St. Landry Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d week in May.
WASHINGTON, D.C. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.





PLATE

W O T W I T E D.
BUYER OF THE DOWLING & LEADER, 1843

THE

PORTRAIT OF NUTWITH ;
WINNER OF THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER, 1843.

ENGRAVED BY DICK AFTER HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY J. F. HERRING.

Copied from the London "Sporting Review" and the "Sportsman."

ONE of the numerous racing prophets, in exercising his vocation on the late St. Leger, made an observation to the following effect—that it was next to impossible for a winner of the Derby to also run first for the great race of the north; and, although unable to say what would win, he ventured on these grounds to predict that Cotherstone would not. Like most prophets, he no doubt gathered his ideas of the future from his experience of the past; though, however that might be, the event proved they were sufficiently correct. This is now the third year in succession that the winners of the Derby have gone to Doncaster with the odds on them against the field, but have all lost there some of their Epsom laurels, and their friends some of their Epsom winnings—being beaten in the two former, some say in every instance, by inferior horses. In 1841, Coronation won the Derby, and ran second to Satlrist for the St. Leger; but who, for a moment, will dispute the fact that the Oxfordshire nag, when in proper trim, was at any time at least seven pounds the best of the two? In 1842, Attila won the Derby, and with some others ran in behind a very inferior animal at Doncaster. And now Cotherstone, the winner of the Derby, the best horse of his year, or the best horse we have had for years, in the best hands, and the property of about the luckiest man on the Turf, loses the St. Leger, the Champion laurels, and some thousands or tens of thousands with them, by one short head! On every event on the Turf, from a pony-scramble for a saddle and bridle up to the most valuable stakes, we are almost sure to hear a variety of contradictory opinions: and the last Doncaster St. Leger is no exception to the rule. The race, as usual, though one of the best ever seen, afforded the losing party anything but that satisfaction it did the winners or the disinterested, and all sorts of murmurs and censures found utterance. "Cotherstone was beaten," says one grumbler, "from the over-fine, doubly deep policy of his party." "Cotherstone lost," cries another, "because Butler did not make enough use of him, was nervous, and, in short, rode him very indifferently" (not that we by any means agree with this opinion). While a third, who stops at nothing, boldly declares, in everything but print, that "Cotherstone did not win, because his party never for a moment——" But, hold hard! if this gentleman does not speak in type, we do; and, moreover, we have heard of such a thing as the law of libel. So much, then, for the losers, who always should—and, indeed, gene-

rally do—find some capital excuses. The winner, on the other hand, seldom requires them; still *audi alteram partem*—in vulgar phrase, “fair play is a jewel;” and having said so much for his formidable opponent, common justice demands a word or two for the conqueror. In the first place, the St. Leger was run from end to end; in races of which description a good horse has full scope for displaying his powers, while the pace is death itself to a bad one. Nearly every yard, we repeat, was at first-rate speed; still Nutwith did not triumph solely from his lasting powers. No: he lived the pace in the front rank all through, and in the grand struggle, be it remembered, had by far the worst position of the trio—in the centre, with a party playing into each other’s hands on either side of him. Above all this (or his party might have made more of him) he was not thought to be exactly “the thing” for a day or two previous to the race. Taking these *pros* and *cons* into consideration, we are inclined to believe, despite all that has been said of fortune, fate, or bad management, that the winner of the last St. Leger is a thorough good nag, has proved himself to be such on every occasion, if not the best, ranking high among the stars of his year, and right worthy to claim relationship with “t’auld mare Bee’s-wing.”

We frequently hear men who breed for the Turf—particularly when anxious to sell—speak, among other good qualities, of a nice “young fresh” mare to breed from. These, however, had long ceased to be recommendations appertaining to the dam of Nutwith; and it is worthy of remark, that the dams of this year’s Derby and St. Leger winners were both “dowagers”—Emma, the dam of Cotherstone, (as also of Mundig and Trustee,) being now in her twentieth year, and Nutwith’s dam was destroyed a short time back, after having numbered six-and-twenty summers. She was bred by and died in the possession of Mr. Wrather, the owner of Nutwith, a gentleman engaged in agricultural pursuits; so that, although one British Yeoman disappointed a certain party by not winning the Derby, another British yeoman agreeably surprised the same *clan* by winning the St. Leger. Though the great race of the south was politely allowed to travel north, the compliment was not returned: York would not suffer his own to depart from him, his chosen champion having been prepared, as well as reared, on the soil of old Ebor—or, to speak plainly, Nutwith, who takes his name from Nutwith, near Masham, in the same county, has been trained from the first by Robert Johnson, of Middleham, so famous for preparing Bee’s-wing for her numerous triumphs. The Yeoman, as we have already hinted, was also under his care, and at the time of that gentleman’s decease he had the horses of the late Hon. T. Orde Powlett in his stable. If full credit be given to Johnson for preparing the material, no less is due to Marson for the masterly style in which he used it, making every point tell, and displaying in the momentous struggle those two great virtues in a jockey—patience and coolness. Previous to this, Marson’s principal achievements had been for another Mr. Johnson, on Charles XII.

The following description of the horse, furnished by Mr. Herring, we lay before our readers, previous to entering into a detail of his pedigree and performances:—

Nutwith stands 15 hands $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, but has when mounted the appearance of a smaller horse. He has a long straight head, light and rather short neck, strong shoulders, well laid back, and is good in the brisket; unusually large arms, with clean light legs, and long upright pasterns; his back short, his loins arched; is well ribbed, as a sailor would say, fore and aft; has long quarters, full muscular gaskins and thighs, small hocks, and rather curby in their appearance; tail well set on.

Nutwith, bred by the late Captain Wrather, is by Tomboy, dam by Comus; her dam, Plumper's dam, by Delpini, out of Miss Muston, by King Fergus—Espersykes. This Comus mare was bred by Mr. Wrather in 1816, and was also the dam of Hockfall, Colchicum, and Miss Lydia, which, with Nutwith, were her four last foals.

Tomboy, the sire of Nutwith, was bred by the late Mr. Orde in 1829, and is by Jerry, out of Bee's-wing's dam, by Ardrossan, her dam Lady Eliza, by Whitworth. Tomboy was a good runner, and though but six or seven years in the stud, is the sire of the following good public performers:—Hoyden, Pelerine, Tory-boy, Moonbeam, Cabrera, Master Thomas, Playfellow, Jolly-boy, Maid of Auckland, Priscilla Tomboy, Queen of Tyne, Trueboy, and Affection.

In 1842, Nutwith ran second to Winesour for the Tyro Stakes at Newcastle. A British Yeoman, Ravensworth, Erin-Lad, and Little Benton also started, and were placed in the order in which their names are given: Winesour won by a neck, and A British Yeoman was beaten a neck for second. 6 to 1 agst. Nutwith. At Ripon, Nutwith won a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each by a length, ridden by G. Noble, and beating Peggy, Sir Abstrupus, colt by Ebbertson, dam by Margrave, Inheritress, and filly by Physician, out of Young Duchess, who ran in as their names are given. At Richmond, Nutwith won the Wright Stakes by half a length, ridden by N. Wetherell, and beating Wee Pet (2), Peggy (3), Semiseria (4), and the following not placed—Trueboy, Inheritress, Ravensworth, Sir Abstrupus, filly by Physician out of Young Duchess, and filly by Liverpool out of Twinkle. 3 to 1 agst. Nutwith.

In 1843, Nutwith ran second to Prizefighter for the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York, Nat third, and the following not placed—Gamecock, Carysfort, Hippona, Martingale, Merry Andrew, Ravensworth, What, Quebec, and Reviewer: won by a head after a very severe race between the two; 4 to 1 agst. Nutwith. At Doncaster, Nutwith won the St. Leger, ridden by Marson, beating Cotherstone (2), Prizefighter (3), and the following not placed—Aristides, Mania, Trueboy, Reviewer, Dumpling, and colt by Sultan or Beiram out of Lucetta: won by a head, after a very severe race between the three placed. 100 to 6 agst. Nutwith. At Richmond, Nutwith ran third for the Easby Stakes, Semiseria winning

by a head, and The Cure beating Nutwith by half-a-dozen lengths for second place; Epilogue also started. Even on Nutwith. On the second day, at Richmond, Nutwith ran second to Alice Hawthorn for the Gold Cup; Sally also started: won by a length, after a severe race. 3 to 1 agst. Nutwith. These are the whole of his performances up to the present time; the gross amount of his winnings as under:—

In 1842—At Ripon, a Stake, value	- - - -	£ 70
At Richmond, do. do.	- - - -	155
In 1843—At Doncaster, St. Leger, value	- -	3100
Total	- - - -	£3325

Of the portrait itself we think it almost needless to say anything—the name of the artist is a sufficient guarantee of its being taken from life by a master hand, who has long and enthusiastically studied his subject: to the connoisseur it would be a task of little difficulty, on the name of an established man being given him, to point out his favorite scenes or animals; and as he would associate Landseer with the dog, so would he at once couple Herring with “the high-mettled racer.” All, then, the spectator has to do, as he looks on our print, is to call for his wishing cap, and straight-way fancy himself in the crack’s box at Middleham, with honest Bob Johnson at his side, zealously expatiating on and directing his attention to the many good points in the wiry form of the winner of the St. Leger.

CRAVEN.

ENGLISH TURF STATISTICS.

TABLE OF MATCHES, 1843.

Meeting.	No. of Matches.	Run.	Forfeits.	Dead heats.
Ascot.....	1	1	0	0
Bath.....	1	1	0	0
Catterick Bridge.....	1	1	0	0
Croxton Park.....	5	4	1	0
Doncaster.....	2	2	0	0
Epsom.....	1	1	0	0
Goodwood.....	7	4	2	1
Gorhambury.....	1	1	0	0
Hampton.....	1	1	0	0
Lewes.....	1	0	1	0
Newmarket.....	96	55	37	4
Tewkesbury.....	1	1	0	0
Warwick.....	1	1	0	0
York.....	1	1	0	0
Total.....	120	74	41	5

Comparative Table of the Results of twenty-three of the principal Race-meetings in England.

MEETING.	No. of Stakes.		Horses started.		Amt. of Stakes.	
	1842—1843.	1842—1843.	1842—1843.	1842—1843.	1842—1843.	1842—1843.
Ascot.....	27	29	142	181	9035	1150
Bibury.....	6	7	22	38	1115	1300
Coventry.....	4	4	22	33	375	427
Croxton Park.....	8	9	51	40	972	1397
Doncaster.....	22	21	104	107	13268	13095
Eglington Park.....	16	17	62	69	1845	1955
Epsom.....	15	16	132	152	9605	8290
Goodwood.....	28	34	174	221	20075	19009
Manchester.....	15	15	48	63	1590	1770
Newcastle.....	17	16	79	84	3748	3100
Newmarket Craven.....	29	27	89	86	10040	9534
Newmarket First Spring.....	31	26	102	77	9175	8455
Newmarket Second Spring.....	12	9	46	43	1245	1055
Newmarket July.....	12	6	49	28	2325	1500
Newmarket First October.....	12	9	35	42	3345	2580
Newmarket Second October.....	25	22	122	125	5120	10010
Newmarket Houghton.....	36	40	147	210	6570	7090
Pytchley Hunt.....	4	5	19	14	505	555
Southampton.....	7	7	33	35	1040	704
Stockbridge.....	4	3	14	16	1525	1300
Warwick Spring.....	7	4	30	22	565	480
Warwick Autumn.....	13	14	55	58	1770	2515
Winchester.....	6	4	19	15	510	1385

The following is a list of the principal noblemen and gentlemen who have started race horses during the last season, with the number of times they started, the number of times they have won, and the gross value of the stakes, as nearly as it can be ascertained :—

	No. of horses.	Started.	Won.	Gross value.
Duke of Richmond.....	12	59	14	£5 045
Duke of Bedford.....	9	33	11½	1,575
Duke of Rutland.....	4	31	6½	1,925
Duke of Grafton.....	3	—	—	—
Lord Exeter.....	18	92	20	4,255
Lord Westminster.....	8	24	9	1,615
Lord Chesterfield.....	19	63	17*	7,088
Lord Eglinton.....	9	65	21½	5,766
Lord G. Bentinck.....	27	119	33	14,500
Lord Stradbroke.....	3	14	8	2,131
Lord Glasgow.....	6	21	2	1,950
Lord Miltown.....	5	36	5	1,485
Lord Maidstone.....	3	10	6	400
Lord Albemarle.....	8	13	4	735
Sir G. Heathcote.....	9	27	4	1,290
Col. Anson.....	10	27	7½	5,755
Col. Peel.....	14	62	26	13,932
Col. Cradock.....	5	22	9	1,980
Hon. G. Ongley.....	4	26	8	655
Mr. Bell.....	6	25	8	925
Mr. Bowes.....	2	11	8	13,830
Mr. Cooke.....	6	26	8	810
Mr. Ford.....	6	17	3	2,950
Mr. Forth.....	6	16	4	3,240
Mr. Gregory.....	4	16	7	2,040
Mr. Herbert.....	3	5	2	1,245
Mr. Meiklam.....	6	38	14	3,630
Mr. Merry.....	7	27	8	864
Mr. Payne.....	6	25	8½	2,867
Mr. Thornhill.....	7	19	4	2,100

* Including two divisions.

The total gross amount of stakes run for in 1843 is £186,471, divided among 1,460 horses. The greatest amount won by any one horse is £13,790, won by Mr. Bowes' Cotherstone. The horse who has won most frequently is Mr. Plummer's Alice Hawthorne (the successor of t'ould mare Beeswing), who has won 18 times out of 26. The value of the stakes were £2,145, besides cups, &c., the value of which cannot be correctly stated. This extraordinary mare has won no less than 5 cups and 9 Queen's plates during the last season. It is computed that each race horse costs at least £2 a week; the amount of money, therefore, expended last season in the support of race horses is no less than £151,840, besides entering for stakes, paying jockies, and other incidental expenses.—[We have received the foregoing from a correspondent, who, we presume, includes the winners' stakes in the sums given.—Ed.]

Comparative Table of gross amounts run for during the last seven seasons.

1837	£139 078	1841	£155,858
1838	132 299	1842	155,877
1839	141,246	1843	163,934
1840	145 864		

Comparative Table of the success of the get of thirty-two of the most celebrated sires of the present day.

STALLIONS.	1840.	1841.	1842.	1843.
Bay Middleton	—	2,330	7,382	10,045
Bran	—	148	5 059	951
Camel	£4,965	£7,347	£6,632	£2,954
Colwick	—	2,120	5,940	149
Defence	2,020	2,538	3 600	1,770
Els	—	500	1,435	3,291
Emilius	3 972	3 274	4,208	5 172
Glaucus	2,325	3,085	1,965	1,614
Glencoe	4,040	780	490	—
Gladiator	—	—	2,275	4 540
Jerry	—	—	3 321	1 167
Jereed	—	—	585	2 815
Langar	6,018	6,390	5 783	1 899
Liverpool	3 110	4,593	2,440	2 492
Muley Moloch	1,172	3 500	5,146	9,342
Pantaloon	1,857	9,310	725	407
Physician	4,917	2,010	2 560	4,670
Plenipotentiary	1,010	3 306	2 755	3,070
Priam	9 451	3 643	1,077	1 184
Sadler	1,799	5 284	4,144	3,150
St. Nicholas	2 469	4,594	710	235
St. Patrick	2,213	2,260	946	707
Sir Hercules	4,886	7,246	5,291	3 966
Sheet Anchor	860	540	3,419	2,246
Sultan	5,376	3,384	3 951	465
Slane	—	—	1,574	6 820
Taurus	4,090	9,538	3,482	875
Tomboy	1,010	594	2,186	4,309
Touchstone	—	300	9 530	20 454
Velocipede	2,985	1,586	3 901	10 230
Voltaire	2,895	7,274	6,048	2 425
Rockingham	—	—	785	2,204

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the February Number of the "Turf Register," pag 73.

I will now consider the horses as having arrived at the home stables to winter, as they do at different periods as the various meetings close up about the month of October. As the different horses arrive, they are to be classed off in their stables according to the condition they may be in, and the running properties they may each possess. The first class to notice are the craving ones, which are mostly found to be running in the summer as plate horses; they are four, five, and six years old, are of strong constitutions, and many of them have been much accustomed to strong work in their training; and in their running, they have often had to come heats of long lengths under high weights, as for example, in running for many of his Majesty's plates. Such horses, on their return to the home stables, are, many of them, drawn fine, in other words they are low in flesh; and most of them are stale in their constitutions, as also on their legs; and from so often removing their shoes and plates their feet are occasionally in a bad state; and from want of proper attention during the hot weather, their backs are sometimes also a little sore. Many of those craving horses that return in autumn to the home stables, are in this state or approaching to it; such, whether horses or mares, if happy by themselves, should be put into large loose boxes, so that they may put up flesh, and recover the tone and strength of such parts as may have suffered from the repeated exertions they may have undergone in training and running. When horses have thus suffered from one or other, or perhaps all of the above causes, they are not in a fit state, immediately on arriving at the home stables, to go out to exercise daily, throughout the winter, with the rest of the horses. It is the custom, and a very good one, from the 1st of October to the 1st of January, to winter the above horses in large loose boxes, or barn-like sort of stables; and if they are well managed in those places, they should be, by the time I have mentioned, in a fit state to go again into training, that is, they should be hearty, sound, and lusty.

Let us now make such remarks with regard to the attention necessary to be observed in regard to the loose box, in which a race horse has to stand, as will suffice for the arrangement of such loose boxes or stables generally. They should be thirteen feet by twenty, and ventilated as directed in a previous chapter [see vol. xiii. p. 194, T. R.]; the box being thoroughly dry, it should be plentifully supplied with good clean wheat straw; and be it ob-

served, that as, when a horse lies down in his box to rest himself, he mostly does it in the centre of his bed, it should therefore be made of good substance in this part. But, as horses get fresh from rest and good feeding, there are at times some among them, who, to amuse themselves, get into little tricks and habits which are annoying to a trainer; they stand back close to the sides of the box, and here rub their tails and tops of their quarters, and they knock, and kick, and bruise their hocks and feet, by kicking against the boards or walls. With a view to prevent a horse as much as possible from practising those habits, every time his bed is set fair, the sides of the box should, as it were, be banked up wide and high all round with plenty of straw, so that the horse cannot so readily get back to rub or kick the sides of the box; and if a horse is inclined to paw, and knock his bed about with his fore-feet, the fetters can be put on him. The first thing in the morning a boy has to do who looks after a horse in a box, is, when he goes in, to chain up his horse's head, at such a length as to admit of his feeding; he then gives him his corn, and while the horse is eating it the boy is to set fair his horse's bed; in commencing this, he is first to look about on the surface of the bed, to see where the horse may have emptied himself; he is also to feel about under the straw for the same purpose, and throw towards the door all the dung he can find; he is next to shake up the straw all over the box, leaving the greater part of it round the sides or walls; and any part of the straw in the centre appearing wet, from the horse having lately stoled on it, should be removed; there should be nothing allowed to accumulate here in the way of dung; the box, in short, to use a common stable phrase, should be mucked out twice a week. But on all such occasions there must be, previous to the horse being dressed, a sufficient portion of the bedding put back to the centre of the box, to allow of the horse having good foothold for it to stand safely on while being dressed. The boy having done these little matters, and swept out the stable, after putting on his horse's dressing muzzle, and having securely shortened the rack-chin, strips off his horse's clothes, and gives him a good dressing. This done, the horse is re-clothed, and his saddle put on, and a hood may be thrown over his quarters, while the boy is rubbing his horse's legs for a short time; after this, he sets fair the bed, and again sweeps out the stable. This being done, as the horse is not now supposed to be in training, his head is let down to the length of the chain, and a bit of hay, by way of amusing him, may be put in his rack or manger; the stable-door is now locked up, and the horse is left ready (all but bridling) to go out with the other horses, either before or after breakfast as the groom may direct, or as weather may permit. The horse, having been out and done his exercise, returns to his box; here he is dressed and attended to in every respect as in the morning; having done his corn, his hay is given to him. The boy should now take the precaution to remove every sort of implement out of the box; having put them away, he returns again, and lets down his horse's head, leaving him perfectly loose; and in walking away

from him he strips the hood off his quarters ; he then goes out, and safely locks the stable-door, leaving his horse to enjoy himself until the next stable-hour, when he is watered, dressed, and fed as at noon-day, and at the same time the other horses are that stand in the stall stables.

Unless the horses in boxes, as well as those in stall stables, are properly attended to during the winter, it is not to be expected that they will be in a fit state to go into training early in the spring. These are my reasons for entering so minutely into the practical detailed account of how such horses should be attended to, while they are standing during the winter months in loose boxes, as have to go out daily to exercise at the same time with other horses standing in the stall stables.

There is a method of wintering a horse in a loose place, which is to be had recourse to with such gluttonous horses as may, as we have already noticed, from the repeated races in which they have been engaged, have met with more than common abuse ; such horses, on arriving in autumn at the home stables, require some little preparing before they are turned into the loose places it is intended they shall winter in, as they are most likely very stale in themselves, as well as on their legs ; and if they should have plenty of flesh on them, but certainly not otherwise, it may be advisable to give them a couple or three doses of physic each to cool them. After the effects of the medicine are subsided, they should gradually be stripped of their standing clothes. Their feet, which are mostly in a bad state, should be examined and properly attended to once in three weeks. Horses, such as above described, being thus prepared, should, with a collar on each of their heads, be turned loose into a clean, well-littered, and well-ventilated loose place ; here they should each remain in what is called the rough, that is, there is no necessity for either dressing or exercising them ; they generally take care to give themselves quite enough of the latter to keep them in health, either by their walking, trotting, or, not unfrequently, cantering round their loose places. Such of those horses as may have been running in summer until late in the autumn should be allowed to remain at rest until the month of March, before they are taken again into training, as it is hardly to be expected they can be brought out in their best form before the end of May or beginning of June. Now, the main object to be attended to in the managing of horses in these situations is, to water them, to feed them, to set fair their beds at the accustomed stable-hours, and to pick out their feet once a day.

I should not have been thus minute in describing how horses ought to be treated in their loose places, but from the very negligent manner in which I have repeatedly seen them attended to in such situations, and this at no very distant period. As I have a pretty good reason to remember the careless treatment in the wintering of a horse in a loose place, I will, by way of example, here mention the sort of inattention I mean, as it happened to a horse I was at the time looking after when a boy.

The groom had ordered me to put my horse into a loose place,

and here he was kept in the rough during the winter. I fed and watered him at the usual stable hours, and put clean straw into his stable occasionally. My horse, therefore stood in his own litter, I think, for two or three months, until at last the stable became so insufferably hot, that, in the morning, when the door was opened, the fumes arising from the putrefaction of the accumulated manure issued forth as if from a boiler of hot water. The groom going with me on occasional mornings to look at the horse, I presume that he observed what I have above stated, and at last he no doubt saw the impropriety of allowing the stable to remain any longer in so unhealthy a state, as he ordered that it should be immediately cleaned out, and which I very well remember gave two or three of us boys a very long job. At the time the circumstance occurred to which I have been alluding, I was too young and too thoughtless to trouble myself more about my horse's feet, either in a stall stable or loose place, than the trifling orders of the groom obliged me to do, so that I neither picked out nor washed my horse's feet, that I remember, during the time he had been standing as I have above described; the consequence of which was, his feet were in a very bad state.

But the cause of horses' feet getting thus out of order, when they have been kept in the rough in such loose places as may not have been sufficiently often cleaned out, should not at all times be attributed to any want of attention on the part of the groom: such things more principally arise from unforeseen circumstances; as, for example, a strong constitutioned country plate horse, that may have been travelling from race to race during summer, and occasionally, perhaps, running three times a fortnight, such a horse's feet, on his arriving at the home stables late in the autumn, would be in rather a shattered state, from the circumstance of his shoes and plates having been so often removed, as to have occasioned the wall or crust of his feet to be much broken: in short, this used to be a very common occurrence. A horse arriving at home in the state we have here described, the training-groom considers, and very properly, that such a horse will not be in a fit state to go again into training before the month of March; he is also aware, that this same horse cannot be so well got fresh by standing in a stall stable, as he can by being put into a loose place. The horse being properly prepared, by being gradually stripped, and having, if not too low in flesh, as I before noticed, a couple of doses of physic given him, the groom orders him to be put into a large loose place, or barn-like sort of stable. Now, with the exception of the horse's feet being broken away, there may be nothing more the matter with him, unless, indeed, his back, perhaps, from the changing of saddles, may have been bruised, and become sore; the irritability of such a sore would be kept up from the heat and friction of the clothing; but, by the horse being turned stripped into a loose place to rest, the causes which occasioned the back being sore are removed, and the parts injured recover of themselves; and of this most grooms are aware, as they are also aware that the horse's feet will be sufficiently grown, and that there will be plenty of

horn to nail the shoes to in the spring. As regarded a horse's feet, this was all a groom ever troubled himself about; nor do I believe that smiths, in my juvenile days, knew anything more of the nature and component parts of horses' feet than grooms themselves; for, in their cleaning out horses' feet, they cut away the horn, very injudiciously, from all descriptions of feet, without even duly discriminating, so as to leave the horn of a weak, delicate foot untouched, or to remove a sufficient portion of it from a very strong one, with a view to aid, to a certain degree, the elasticity that may be required in the latter. Neither were smiths, at the time I have been alluding to, too careful in the forging, fitting, or nailing on of horses' shoes. Indeed, such things as regard the treatment of horses' feet, and the shoeing of them, can be known well only by such men as have become familiar with horses, from their being brought up with them very early in life, and having, in due time, qualified themselves by attentive study at the Veterinary College, where they have had the opportunity, as well as the inclination, industriously to employ themselves in practising in the right sort of school, so as to obtain a good ground-work, or thorough knowledge, on the subject of all such matters as concern not only the treatment of horses' feet and shoeing, but also the treatment of the various diseases to which horses are subject, either local or constitutional. But to return to the groom.

Now, it is not to be expected that this man can possibly be well acquainted with all the minute practical matters we have been making mention of. In truth, a training-groom's attention is principally absorbed in considering the constitutional health of the horse; the object the groom is looking forward to, is to have the horse hearty, with a sufficient portion of flesh on him, and cool and clean on his legs, by the time he is wanted to be again taken into training in the spring; the groom, perhaps, never once thinking, that as the horse's frogs were sound when he was put into the loose place, it would be needful to pay any further attention to his feet until the time arrived for his being shod, when, on examining the horse's feet, at the end of three months, it is mostly found that they are, from want of being repeatedly attended to, in a very diseased state, the frogs of them occasionally being so undermined, as to have little or no horny substance left, and the feet in all probability much contracted. These are generally the bad effects arising from horses' feet being neglected, at the time of their standing in the rough in such loose places as are not sufficiently often cleaned out, and which may in some instances be the case even up to the present day. Let us, by way of example, suppose, that two or three craving horses have returned from their summer's running to the home stable of a racing establishment, and that those horses, to put up flesh and get fresh, are put to stand, for the period already mentioned, in loose stables, either in their clothes and regularly dressed, or stripped and kept in the rough, whichever may be thought, according to circumstances, to be the most advantageous. The last-mentioned way of keeping those craving horses that may have been more abused than others, is to be pre-

ferred, to their going out every day to exercise, and returning to stand in the small usual-sized loose boxes. These stale horses will benefit more by standing constantly, for three or four months, in large barn-like sort of stables, than in the loose boxes, as the coldness of the air in such situations braces up their muscular system, if they are not inclined to give themselves, in ranging about, too much exercise in such places.

Let us now make a few remarks regarding another sort of treatment of such horses as may have to winter in loose places. It was formerly the custom with training grooms, and it may most likely be practised by many of them up to the present time, to give their horses, on their having done their running in the autumn, three doses of physic each, with an interval of a week or eight days between each dose; this was formerly a standing rule with those men, without their duly considering the state of each horse's condition; and again three doses more were given to them, either about the end of February or beginning of March, depending on the time such horses might have to come to post in the spring. This method of indiscriminately physicking horses ought to a certain extent to be done away with. Yet, I am fully aware that race horses, generally speaking, cannot be brought to post in their best form, without having physic administered to them as occasion may require. But such artificial means may be dispensed with almost altogether, particularly in the autumn: for it is at this season of the year (the autumn) that many such horses as we are alluding to are drawn fine, (light of flesh); and notwithstanding that they may be stale in themselves, and also on their legs, there will be no occasion to physic such horses to the extent we have alluded to. The few of them, such as may be gross and fleshy, with their heels perhaps a little cracked, may require a couple of doses of physic, on their being laid by; but only under such circumstances can physic be of any use. Stale horses are no sooner laid by in loose places, to eat, drink, sleep, and enjoy themselves, for three or perhaps four months, than from this sort of indulgence they soon put up flesh; and by the gentle exercise they take in those places, they soon get fresh in themselves, and cool and clean on their legs, without their having so much physic administered to them.

We will now lay down some few plain rules as to the manner of feeding the above horses, which are supposed to have been stripped and laid by in the rough, with an old collar on each of their heads. These horses are to be fed and watered at the usual stable hours; and from their having been living so long on the most nutritious dry food, as plenty of the best of corn, there may be some of them a good deal heated in their constitutions; therefore, to gradually cool them, and keep their bodies of a proper temperature, as also to prevent them from becoming too costive, we will at first give them some mixed food, which shall consist of three parts;—of oats, say a quartern; one double handful of bran; one of clean sliced carrots; and the other of chaff, cut from the very best of hay only. This may be considered a large feed, but I

know it to be a wholesome one. The portion of corn will be quite sufficient to nourish the horse's system, on his first being laid by; the bran will cool and keep the bowels in a good state; the carrots are sweet, nutritious, and easy of digestion, and race horses are very fond of them; the chaff is also nutritious, and causes the horse to masticate thoroughly the corn he eats. But if those sort of horses are plentifully fed on corn alone, on their first being laid by, it will be very likely to keep up that degree of heat and costiveness to which some of them are subject on their returning from a summer's running; therefore, let them take their usual quantity of hay, with the above-mentioned manger food, and they will eat less of their litter, and, from the succulent matter contained in the carrots, will be inclined to drink less water. Oil cake is very nutritious, we allow, and may be very well to fatten oxen upon, but the manger food, above recommended, we consider much more natural for horses. Should any one horse appear more costive than another, a mash of equal parts of scalded bran and oats may be given him once or twice a week, to keep his bowels in a good state. Those sort of horses, kept as we have here advised, will not only put up flesh, but they will be less subject to inflammatory attacks, either local or constitutional. Still, the progress of each horse's putting up flesh should be duly observed; if a horse is found to get very quickly into a plethoric state, it may be advisable to bleed such horse, to the extent of four or five quarts, (depending on his age, size, and constitution), to prevent him from going wrong in any way; indeed, it was the custom among grooms (when I was a boy) to bleed their horses a fortnight or three weeks after they had been laid by, from extreme labor, to enjoy that of extreme indulgence. They bled those that put up flesh quickly, to prevent them from falling amiss; and those that did not thrive as readily as they could wish, they bled rather sparingly, with a view to improve their condition; and as the practice of bleeding horses on such occasions is a rational one, I would recommend its still being adhered to, whenever it may be considered necessary; the quantity of blood taken may be from three to five quarts, depending, as I have just observed, on the age, size, constitution, and condition of the horse.

With regard to the second class, the hearty horses, (the treatment of which is stated in the following chapter), those that are valuable good runners, feed well, and are content to be alone without ranging too much about, will do well in boxes, either dressed and clothed, and going daily to exercise, or stripped and kept in the rough, whichever the training-groom may consider they will benefit the most by. As these horses are not so gluttonously inclined as those which were first described, and are lighter in their carcasses, they may have corn alone given them; and if at any time they become costive, or, indeed, to prevent their being so, they may have bran mashes given them, as occasion may require.

As these horses take less work in training, consequently, on their return to the home stables, in autumn, they will not require the artificial aid of physic, until they go again into training in the

spring, unless they may have become stale in themselves and on their legs, by repeated running, and then a couple of doses to commence with will be sufficient, keeping a dose or two in reserve, until they have done a certain portion of their work.

ROYAL SPORTSMEN,
ON THE TURF AND IN THE FIELD.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

“Here is a card, and a sheet list of the running horses, names of the royal and noble sportsmen.”—*Venders of Dorling's Lists*.

“By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food,
Toil strung the nerves.”—DRYDEN.

THE origin of horse-racing in England is difficult to ascertain; Henry the Second, who was fond of hunting, is recorded to have been a patron of the turf, as some races took place at Epsom during this accomplished monarch's reign. From 1189 to the days of Henry the Eighth no mention is made of racing. We, however, find this royal Giovanni patronizing the meetings at Chester and Stamford, where the prizes were valueless, excepting for the honor of the affair, being merely small wooden bells ornamented with flowers.

James the First, despite of his feeble temper and overwhelming vanity, so far gave his sanction to the turf, that race-courses were laid out at Newmarket, Croydon, and Enfield chase, and silver bells were substituted for the former wooden ones. Jesse tells us that the king's “principal source of amusement was in the chase, from which he ever derived the keenest gratification.” He also gives two amusing anecdotes of His Majesty's indifferent horsemanship: upon one occasion he was thrown headlong into a pond; and upon another, cast through the ice into the New River, where nothing but the royal boots were visible, and from which awful situation he was saved by Sir Richard Young. The cock-pit too was a favorite haunt of *Queen Jamie*, as the lampooners of that day styled him.

The civil wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Charles the First, occupied too much of that monarch's time to enable him to devote himself to the sports of the turf. Nevertheless we find that ill-fated sovereign devoted to hunting, and it was to enjoy that sport in perfection that he extended the New Park at Richmond to its present size. “In the month of June, Richmond Palace was prepared for the king's reception, but he refused to go thither.” In August, however, of that year, the Prince Elector and the Duke

of York hunted with His Majesty in the New Park, and killed a stag and a buck; and the chronicler adds, "His Majesty was very cheerful, and afterwards dined with his children at Syon."

The fanatic Cromwell,* during his protectorship—which was anything but a bed of roses—encouraged the breed of horses. The fame of his equerry's flyer, *Place's White Turk*, is well known in the annals of ancient sporting. The Protector, too, was fond of hunting, and frequently followed the diversion at Hampton Court, surrounded by his body-guard.

After Cromwell came Charles the Second, and from this period horse-racing may date the importance which it has ever since maintained in England. The merry monarch re-established the races at Newmarket, which had first been instituted by his grandfather, and which had been interrupted by the Roundhead Cromwell.† Charles also established the system of giving prizes of value, and was the donor of the first cup on record—a silver one, of the value of 100 guineas. The era of thorough-bred horses may be said to have commenced under the reign of this "laughter-loving king." His stud contained some magnificent Arabian stallions; and the Master of the Horse, Sir Christopher Wyvill, was despatched abroad in search of some thorough-bred mares, which upon their arrival in England were called the "royal mares." Resesby gives a brief notice of the manner in which Charles occupied his time at Newmarket. "He went to the cock-pit from ten till dinner-time, about three he went to the horse-races, at six he returned to the cock-pit." Pepys gives an account of one of the "easiest princes, and best bred man alive" debauches after a Hunting Party in 1667. In this reign we find Charles's eldest son, the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, a distinguished member of the turf, and a most sporting character. In Dalrymple's memoirs, giving the progress of the Duke (then in the height of his popularity) through the disturbed districts, we read the following account of this extraordinary and wayward man:—"He entered into all country diversions, and, as he was of wonderful agility, even ran races himself upon foot; and when he had outstripped

* Some of our readers may not be aware of the extent to which fanaticism was carried in those days. So wild and irrational were the pretended saints, that they were wont to substitute scriptural names in place of their Christian names. The Henrys, Williams, Charleses, &c., gave way to Ezekiel, Zachariah, and Obadiah. And Broome, in his "Travels in England," states that "sometimes a whole Godly sentence was adopted as a name." He gives the names of a jury in the county of Sussex about that time, which run as follow:—

Faint-not Hewit, of Heathfield.
 Make-peace Heaton, of Hare.
 Fight the-good-fight-of-faith White, of Emer.
 Kill-sin Pimple, of Witham.
 Meek Brewer, of Okeham.
 Grace-full Hardinge, of Lewes.
 More-fruit Fowler, of East Hardley.
 Return Spelman, of Watling, &c.

† While on the subject of the Roundheads, I cannot refrain from giving an anecdote, which occurred to me. "In the days when I went 'plating' a long time ago," I had a horse by Hampden, which had not inappropriately been named "Roundhead." This same steed was claimed at Hampton Races, by a country trainer. In less than a month I happened to meet the then owner, who, in talking of the horse, said, "Oh, I've changed his name." "Surely," I replied, "Roundhead was a good name for a son of Hampden." "Good!" rejoined my friend, "Round-'ed! Vy, I never in all my life seed an 'orse with an 'andsomer 'ed. Lean and small, without being too long; for'd narry, and a little conwex. Nothing wotsumever round about it."

the swiftest of the racers, he ran again in his boots, and beat them though running in their shoes. 'The prizes which he gained during the day, he gave away at christenings during the evening.' Jesse too, in his "Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts," gives the following account of the gallant Duke's exploits on the turf:—"In 1683 we find Monmouth distinguishing himself on a different field. On the 25th of February, in that year, was contested, in the neighborhood of the French capital, perhaps the most famous horse-race of modern times. Louis the Fourteenth had sent to different countries, inviting the owners of the swiftest horses to try their fortune upon that day. The plate, which he himself presented, was valued at a thousand pistoles, and the race-course was the plain d'Echèr, near St. Germain en Lai. The honor of England was sustained by the Duke of Monmouth, who carried away the prize in the presence of Louis and the French court."

James II., during the reign of bigotry and despotism, devoted a considerable portion of his time to the sports of the field, although he took little or no interest in the turf. In the "Court of the Stuarts," we find the following letter, written about two years before his flight:—"His Majesty to-day (God bless him!) underwent the fatigue of a long fox-chase. I saw him and his followers return, as like drowned rats as appendices to royalty ever did." And in Elis's "Correspondence," we read—"The king visits Richmond often, makes it his hunting quarter twice a week, and most commonly attends the queen thither with great civility." Putney Heath, and other places not far distant from London were the usual "meets."

In the reign of Queen Anne, an Arabian stallion, bought by the Duke of Berwick at the siege of Buda, and a bay Barb, presented by the Emperor of Morocco to Louis XIV., were sent to England, and obtained great celebrity. At this period the breeding of horses was apparently not so dear as it is in our days, for, according to the "Spectator," we find in 1711 the following notice:—

"A chesnut horse called Cæsar, bred by James Darcey, Esq., at Sedbury, near Richmond, in the county of York; his grandam was his old royal mare, and got by Blunderbuss, which was got by Helmsley Turk, and he got Mr. Courant's Arabian, which got Mr. Minshul's Jew's-trump. Mr. Darcey sold Cæsar to a nobleman (coming five years old, when he had but one sweat) for three hundred guineas. A guinea a leap and trial, and a shilling the man."

Anne was devoted to the chase: and in a letter from Swift to Stella, dated 31st July, 1711, the following appears:—"The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt: but finding it disposed to rain she kept in her coach. She hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod." Again, in another letter, the dean writes:—"I dined to-day with the gentlemen ushers, among scurvy company; but the queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise about forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner."

George I., although averse to England and the English, and surrounded by a set of rapacious Germans, one of whom was appointed Master of the Buck-hounds, encouraged the breed of horses. When the "proud" Duke of Somerset resigned the post of Master of the Horse, which he had held under the reign of Queen Anne, the king, instead of nominating a successor, kept the place vacant, conferring the salary upon his uninteresting and antiquated sultana, the Duchess of Kendal.

George II. was fond of hunting, and during his reign races were patronised, and the breed of horses attended to.

We pass over the days of George III., who personally cared little for the turf, and bring our readers to the time of his son, George IV., who from an early period of his life to that of his death, took the deepest interest in it.

From the year 1784 to 1792, inclusive, the king, then Prince of Wales, was a winner to a large extent. To the sporting reader it is unnecessary to mention that the stakes in those times were nothing to be compared with those of the present day, and therefore the produce of the above-mentioned nine years will be deemed considerable. The Prince's winnings, prizes included, were as follow:—His Royal Highness won 185 races, including 18 King's Plates, 1 Derby, 2 Cups, 1 Claret, an Oatlands (worth nearly 3000 guineas), 1 July Stakes, a Lady's Plate, and sundry Jockey Club, Prince's, and Macaroni plates and stakes. Amount of winning, exclusive of the above-mentioned plates and stakes, 32,688 guineas. Of this period the years 1788 and 1792 were the most propitious; in the former the Prince won £4000 and a Derby, in the latter £7,700—out of which Whiskey, by Saltram, won 4,650 guineas; Cleopatra, by Saltram, won 1550 guineas; and Queen of Sheba, by Saltram, won 900 guineas.

1791 was the celebrated "Escape" year, and it is strange that both the horse and its royal master should have had such narrow escapes, and if we were to carry the metaphor further, from the same cause—the legs. Some of our readers may not be aware that this horse was bred by the Prince of Wales, and was purchased, when a yearling, at the first sale of his stud in 1786, by Mr. Franco. One night his trainer went into the stable, and found that he had kicked through the stall, and had entangled one of his legs between the boards; by good care and management he was released without sustaining any injury; the trainer hastened to inform Mr. Franco of the circumstance, exclaiming, "what a wonderful escape!" After listening to all the particulars, the owner named him "Escape." In 1789, the Prince repurchased the horse from Mr. Franco for £1500, and two years afterwards "the event," which created considerable excitement at the time, came off. We pass over the second *escapade*, and Chifney's explanatory pamphlet, not wishing to rake up by-gone deeds: thus much we may say that there certainly can be no doubt that there are many instances on record of different horses beating each other alternately over the same course; with this remark we leave the affair (as the players say) to the discrimination of an enlightened British public.

After a lapse of seven years, his Royal Highness again appeared on the turf; "the ruling passion" was as strong as ever, although he still refrained from visiting Newmarket, indignant at the treatment he had there received. In 1805 a numerous meeting of the members of the Jockey Club was held at Brighton during the races, and the circumstances attending the Prince's secession from Newmarket were fully entered into. The result was the following, which was carried unanimously.

"May it please your Royal Highness,—The members of the Jockey Club, deeply regretting your absence from Newmarket, earnestly entreat the affair may be buried in oblivion; and sincerely hope that the different meetings may again be honored by your Royal Highness's condescending attendance."

This document was signed by the members present, and submitted to the prince, who received it most graciously, and in his Royal Highness's reply signified his intention of assenting to it. From that time, however, we believe the Prince never carried his intentions into effect.

During this period of seven years, from 1800 to 1807, inclusive, his Royal Highness won 107 races, including 9 King's plates, 2 cups, 4 Oatlands, 3 Cravens, besides the Woburn, Petworth, Pavillion, Somerset, Egremont, and Smoker stakes. Amount of winning, exclusive of the above stakes and plates, 10,295 guineas. Of this period, 1807 seems to have been the Prince's most fortunate year, as far as public money was concerned. For we find his Royal Highness a winner of 25 races, including the Petworth and Somerset stakes, and the gold cup at Brighton, the Craven and October Oatlands at Newmarket, and the Welter at Bibury. Amount of winning, exclusive of the above stakes and plates, 3,995 guineas.

From 1807 there was a long chasm to 1827, when we again find the Prince, as King of England, patronising the turf. But the royal star was not in the ascendancy, for from that year until 1830 we only see his Majesty's name as winner of 21 races, including 2 Goodwood and 3 other cups, 3 King's plates, 2 Oatlands, 2 Cravens, the Swinley, Windsor Forest, Somersetshire stakes at Bath, and Royal stakes at Ascot (9 subscribers, 100 sovs. each.) Amount of winning, exclusive of the above, 1,645 guineas.

Taking the entire period of twenty years that his Majesty was upon the turf, we find the following results, independent, as a matter of *course* (we mean no pun), of private bets:—His Majesty won 313 races, including 1 Derby, 30 King's plates, 10 cups, 7 Oatlands, 5 Cravens, 1 Claret, &c., &c. Amount of winning, exclusive of the above stakes and plates, 44,628 guineas. Add to this the average value of the plates and stakes won, say 13,000 guineas, and the "tittle of the whole," as a worthy M.P. calls it, would be 57,628 guineas.

The sailor-king, William the Fourth, although not fond of racing, patronized Ascot, and encouraged sport by giving a grand annual dinner to the members of the Jockey Club. Queen Victoria has also contributed much to the success of the turf, by giving an in-

creased number of royal plates, by honoring Epsom with her presence, accompanied by her illustrious consort, and by attending Ascot, and having Windsor Castle full of company during that meeting. It is a gorgeous sight to see St. George's Hall arranged for a large banquet, and a party of a hundred sitting down to dinner, served with as much attention and comfort as if it were only "a round table of eight." The Queen, too, and her illustrious consort, seem to take a great interest in the sports of the field, for we find that the newspapers have lately teemed with the following paragraph:—

"Since her Majesty has possessed her admirable little pack of beagles, her Majesty has been prevented from hunting with her Lilliputian and highly-bred pack during great portions of the regular season. This year, however, her Majesty has signified her intention to hunt with the royal beagles occasionally, in the Great Park, Mr. Maynard having received his royal mistress's commands to this effect. The little pack has had several beautiful trial runs within the past ten days, and it is now in first-rate condition. When her Majesty takes the field, bagged hares will always be at hand, in order to insure sport in the event of not being successful in an early find. The Queen, it is well known, is an excellent rider."

In addition to this, we find accounts of Prince Albert's sport with the harriers, in the neighborhood of Windsor; as also a description of his Royal Highness's prowess in the fields of Leicestershire during her Majesty's late visit to Belvoir Castle. The Queen, too, seems to take the greatest interest in the "noble science," having upon two occasions attended the "meets" of the Belvoir Hounds, during her Majesty's short *sejour* in Leicestershire.

Before we conclude this subject, we may mention the names of the most celebrated horses imported by our ancestors with a view to improve their breed. "Turkish:—The Helmsley Turk, Place's White Turk, Lister Turk, Byerley Turk, D'Arcy's White Turk, D'Arcy's Yellow Turk, Selaby, Honeywood Arabian, Belgrade Turk. From the coast of Barbary:—Dodsworth, Greyhound, with his sire (Chillaby), and dam (Moonah), Curwen's Bay Barb, the Thoulouse Barb, the Compton Barb."—*Osmer's Treatise on the Horse*.

With regard to our continental neighbors, we find that Louis XIV., despite of his bigoted feelings and inordinate ambition, was fond of the chase, and lays claim to a place among the royal sportsmen; for we find, in "James's Life and Times" of this monarch, the following passage:—"The mornings of many of the king's days, after the business of the state was over, were passed either in inspecting public works, &c., &c., or else in the manly sports of the field, in which he was extremely prompt and dexterous. It happened, indeed, that more than once Louis saved himself, and the ladies who generally accompanied him, from the rage of the stag or boar, rendered furious by the dogs, through his skill and presence of mind."

According to a celebrated French writer, the taste, or rather the passion for horses, which ceased with the age of tournaments, revived about the middle of the last century, and it was about that period that the first attempt at racing after the English manner took place in France. This was brought about by a bet being laid by an Englishman that he would ride from Fontainebleau to the *Barriere des Gobelins* in two hours; our countryman won it by some minutes. The following year, a French seigneur, upon his return from England (where Louis XV. declared he had only been to learn to dress horses) established some races in Paris, and tried to continue them periodically, but the project failed, and it was not until some years after, that regular meetings were established at Vincennes. Since that period racing has made a wonderful stride in France, and although we do not go the lengths of the author above quoted, that in due course of time they (the French) may perhaps breed horses to "flog" us (as the Yankees say), we are most willing to award them all due credit for the great improvement they have made in their breed and management of horses, and for their advancement in the sports of the field and upon the turf.

London Sportsman for January, 1844.

ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

BY COTHERSTONE.

Resumed from our last Number, page 98.

How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,
 Where sirens sit to sing thee to thy fate!
 A joy which in our reason bears no part
 Is but a sorrow tickling ere it stings.
 Let not the cooings of the world allure thee—
 Which of her lovers ever found her true?
 Happy of this bad world who little know;
 And yet we much must know her, to be safe.

THE LIFE AND ATTRIBUTES OF A TRAINER.

There are few occupations in life more difficult to fill with repute than the one now under consideration. Independently of the experience necessary to bring all sorts of horses to the post in their best possible condition, a trainer, if he is expected to attain the higher gradations of his calling, must possess many qualifications which, in fact, are very seldom found to be concentrated in one individual, let his station in life be what it may. The temptations which will at times assail him on every side require that

he should be endowed with the strictest principles of honor and honesty.

“ O, how portentous is prosperity !—
How, comet-like, it threatens while it shines !”

It is far more difficult to stem the current of prosperity, whensoever it may set in, than to combat with adversity, which teaches man to know himself. Shakspeare very truly says—

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.”

In the racing world the vicissitudes and changes of fortune are often very great, and consequently require men of the strongest minds to withstand their effects ; for this reason so few have ever arrived at and maintained the higher stations of this dangerous and treacherous vocation.

It is scarcely possible to find, during any age, two such men as the great rivals of the north and south—John Scott and John Day. I introduce them here by way of exemplifying the fact, that they have arrived at and maintained a superiority in their art far beyond that which any other men have done ; this they have accomplished because they have been gifted with strength of mind superior to their fellows. It is not that their method of training has been better than that of some others—neither were they sent forth into the world with education beyond those in the same class of life ; but they both possess energies of body and mind, combined with practical experience, of a very superior degree. I could name one or two others who have had equal, if not greater, opportunities of mounting the ladder of eminence, and, indeed, who had at one time ascended to the summit, but I have no desire to wound the feelings of any man : I therefore refrain from inserting their names, because they could not preserve the station which they once acquired ; elated by success, they suffered themselves to be led away with an impression that it was to last for ever ; moreover, they thought that all who courted their society and flattered them in their prosperity were their friends, little dreaming that certain individuals whom they cherished were plotting how to transfer their wealth out of their hands.

“ Self-flattered, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend :
All in some darling enterprise embarked—
But where is he can fathom its event ?
Amid a multitude of artless hands—
Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize,—
Some steer aright ; but the black blast blows hard
And puffs them wide of hope : with hearts of proof,
Full against wind and tide, some win their way ;
And when strong effort has deserved the port,
And tugg'd into view—'tis won, 'tis lost.”

Of the two, the duties of a private and those of a public trainer, the burden falls comparatively easy on the shoulders of the former. The care of the horses which he has to superintend, and the interest of one master only, are the subjects which he has to study; but a public trainer has many employers to please and many interests to consult, which renders it in many instances a difficult, indeed often a very arduous task to perform, and at the same time to steer clear of the dangers which surround him. Too true it is that all men have their enemies, and those are the most dangerous who ingratiate themselves under the specious mask of friendship. A man having the management of several horses, the property of various parties, is constantly supposed likely to take advantage of the knowledge which he has unquestionably the power of acquiring, that of trying them together, and by withholding the result of his trials from the proprietors, evidently creates a feeling of dissatisfaction. Some gentlemen send their horses to public trainers, in preference to employing their own individual servants, for the express purpose of availing themselves of the opportunity which may offer of having them tried; others again revolt at the idea; nevertheless, if the latter happen to have a colt of any superior pretensions, it is most probable his merits will be ascertained "on the sly" in some way or other; nor can a trainer be much blamed under such circumstances, and if he neglected to avail himself of knowledge which he can, in all probability, turn to his account without manifestly injuring any one, the term of fool would be more applicable to him than that of rogue.

The mind of a suspicious man is easily poisoned, and there are not wanting individuals ready enough to create dissatisfaction on the part of owners of horses, if they can turn their treachery to advantage. The eyes of the public are so constantly on the lookout to discover, if possible, the merits and condition of any horses that may be engaged in good stakes, that any *ruse* which a trainer may with great justice adopt to frustrate the objects which the impertinent curiosity of such persons not connected with the stable has in view, may not improbably, through the aid of falsehood, be turned very seriously to his disadvantage. It is often a difficult matter for the most conscientious to steer clear of calumny. If truth alone could be opposed to truth, the honest man would have nothing to apprehend, but it is too often the case that—

"Malice bears down truth."

There are no companions so dangerous for a trainer to become the associate of as the betting-men; they will court his society, flatter him in every way, and ingratiate themselves into his confidence, from most ostensible and palpable reasons—those of acquiring information; which if they cannot succeed in doing, they will be the first to circulate unfounded and malicious reports against the trainer, and it is impossible to determine to what extent those reports will prevail or the credit they may receive. It is not reasonable to suppose that an individual who will risk the sinking of his own character, will be very scrupulous about the reputation of

another, providing it suits his purpose to vilify his companion. They do not adopt these words of Dryden as their motto—

“ In my wretched case, ’twould be more just
Not to have promised, than deceive your trust.”

It is not merely the fact of a man conscientiously performing his duty, and trusting to the reward of his own merit as evidence of his integrity, that will be sufficient to protect him from the malice of the world and the assaults of calumny. I do not mean to recommend him to practice hypocrisy, for that is one of the most hateful attributes that a man can possess, but he must bear in mind how applicable these lines are to his case—

“ Give me good fame, ye powers, and make me just :
This much the rogue to public ears will trust.”

Independently of the various duties of the stable, which it is the trainer's office to superintend, he has many others to perform, one of which—by no means an unimportant one, and which requires considerable tact and knowledge—is that of directing trials, for the sake of future reference and information, every trial should be entered in a book kept for the purpose, showing the weights, the manner in which it is run, and the result, with a column for miscellaneous remarks, such as the condition of any particular horse, his temper, or any other circumstance that may attract notice at the time he is tried ; such memoranda will be found exceedingly useful, especially where there are many horses to attend to, as it is impossible that any man can charge his memory with such multitudinous events as must of necessity occur to him ; neither is it necessary that he should impose such a task upon himself, when he can so readily and with so much accuracy disburden his mind from the weight, by the simple operation of writing a few lines. The result of the trials will dictate what engagements certain horses are best qualified to fulfil, and in dwelling upon this matter, much of the skill, knowledge, and judgment of both owner and trainer will be developed ; as of course the opinion of the owner will on such important case makes the election, still it will in all probability be considerably biased by the trainer's observations.

If the entering of horses for their various engagements, the declaring forfeit, and such like operations, devolve upon the trainer, it is necessary also that he keep a book in which he makes a verbatim copy of every entry ; even Messrs. Weatherby, as well as the rest of the world, are liable to mistakes, and it gives a man great confidence if he can turn to his book, find it to be correct, and implicitly declare that it is a true and faithful copy of the entry sent to the constituted authorities. One arrangement, however, should be distinctly made—whether the master or the trainer is to enter the horses ; if one does it on one occasion, and the other on the following, there will eventually be some mistake, as, the one depending upon the other, neither will make the entry, until, the

stakes having closed and the nominations are advertised, the omission will be detected.

A list of stakes to which every proprietor of race-horses is a subscriber, should be made out, with a column of the date when the respective stakes close. This should be in the hands of whomsoever the duty of entering may be imposed upon. It is a very common case for a gentleman to subscribe to stakes and cups at race ordinaries, and think no more about them; when, if not reminded by the *Calendar*, which may be overlooked, he has the mortification of having the stake or forfeit to pay, when perhaps he may have a horse that could have won had he been entered in time. Before railways and vans afforded the facilities for travelling which they now do, owners of horses and trainers, like the learned gentlemen of the wig and gown, confined themselves principally to certain districts or circuits, beyond which they seldom trespassed. The hope of winning a Leger would operate like the loadstone upon the needle, and attract the Newmarket and south country men to the north; and, as a return, the Derby and Oaks at Epsom, with some of the great stakes at Newmarket, Goodwood, and a few such places, would prove attractions to the Yorkshiremen, and those farther north, to try the superiority of their tits and of their training; but now, with a few exceptions, things are wonderfully changed; and we find, especially at those towns which are on the lines of the railways, horses and "men from all parts and places," such are the facilities of travelling.

We still, however, find a few of the steady old patrons of the turf—its lasting and best ornaments, the pride of England's aristocracy—confining themselves to the races in the immediate neighborhood of their estates: thus the list at Chester, Manchester, Newton, Liverpool, Wolverhampton, Oswestry, Shrewsbury, and Holywell, are seldom wanting the highly respected names of Lords Westminster, Derby, and Stanley, Sir Thomas Stanley, Hon. E. L. Mostyn, with Mr. F. R. Price, and one or two others. Mr. Isaac Day generally keeps to his old beat in the vicinity of Northleach, such as Bath, Cheltenham, Oxford, Goodwood, &c.; where he has, till the last year or two, generally managed to skim a good portion of the cream. Formerly we were accustomed to find his horses at some of the meetings in the principality of Wales, but he appears to have given them up as "dull, stale, and unprofitable." Indeed, those meetings appear to be pretty nearly abandoned by the trainers to the few resident gentlemen who keep horses. With the exception of a man named Oseland—who can scarcely come under the denomination of a trainer, as he combines with it the occupation of farming, and also did, or does now for aught I know to the contrary, couple the business of a butcher to his other employments—no other person seems disposed to interfere in that district. This is the more to be wondered at, as all the horses are most execrably trained. The skill of a rough, ignorant stable boy, who would not be deemed, in a hunting stable in England, sufficiently experienced to take more than a helper's place, is considered to be capable of training and managing the

stud of a Cambrian squire. Jones, of Prestbury, was formerly seen busily engaged at some of the meetings on the borders; he however, like Mr. Isaac Day, confines his route to his own immediate neighborhood. If the strictest punctuality and attention, with the greatest care that a man can bestow, would enable all horses to run, Jones would have a stable full of flyers; but he has not been fortunate in having good materials to work upon, and no human being can make horses run if they have not got it in them; no trainer can take more pains with his horses, or bring them to the post in more perfect condition than he does.

WEIGHTS.

The effect of weight upon a race-horse is so universally acknowledged that it would be waste of time to enlarge greatly on the subject, beyond a few comments explanatory of the mode by which it is made to operate. It is well known that certain portions will bring the best and the worst upon an equality; that is, if the bad one can gallop a little; if not, it appears that no weight in reason will produce the effect: unless the animal which gives the weight can be taken along by the one receiving it, at a pace to extend his action, and thereby make the weight tell, it will have but a trifling effect; and from this cause weight does not produce the same consequences in the hunting-field as it does over a course; in the former, the stride of a horse is constantly being broken, and his action relieved by being pulled up, or at all events eased, on arriving at every fence. We find similar results in steeple-chasing, a more clear proof of which need not be sought for than in the case of Lottery. At Cheltenham a penalty of 17lb. additional weight was imposed upon him in consideration of his previous unparalleled success, but in defiance of the addition he won his engagement. It must here be observed, that the ground selected was of a nature similar to what is usually met with when riding to hounds—the fences of a diversified character, and somewhat numerous. At the Liverpool steeple-chase he again came to the post with 18lb. extra, on which occasion he was beaten a considerable distance. Now, it would be absurd to assert that the additional weight of one pound could have told with any visible effect, but a cause is readily found in the nature of the ground: having gone about a mile over fields, intersected by fences, the horses entered upon a portion of the training ground, which presented flat racing for a distance exceeding three quarters of a mile; having completed that, and gone again over the first mile, they entered the race-course, which was parallel with and of a similar nature to the training ground, where three quarters of a mile of flat racing was again to be encountered; thus there were two distinct opportunities of making the weight tell, and, as might be expected, it had its ordinary effect.

It is a matter worthy of consideration to reflect which is most desirable for a horse to carry, live or dead weight; and, if any,

what difference arises. In my opinion, a moderate portion of dead weight is more easily carried than all live weight, especially under certain circumstances; as, for instance, a great awkward fellow, ten or eleven stone, such as the majority of those gentlemen who are more qualified to exhibit at Croxton Park, rolling about in all directions, and pulling their unfortunate animal out of his stride every hundred yards, is much worse than a nine stone man, whose pretensions may not perhaps be very superior, with an addition to his own weight of two or three stone, properly distributed in heavy saddle-cloths and on the saddle. The custom of carrying weight by means of saddle-cloths is certainly an admirable one: by placing a portion on each side of the horse, where it must be carried perfectly steady, the weight is as it were divided; and it is wonderful what a man can stand under if the weight is properly distributed.

Dead weight, when properly arranged, rides perfectly steady; and I am certain that no jockey will attempt to maintain that either he or the horse are as comfortable when necessity compels the use of a three pounds saddle, as when one of a greater size can be allowed, by which the weight is more regularly sustained, and the seat of the rider more secure and steady.

I would not go to an extreme, and purposely select a seven stone jockey to ride twelve by means of carrying five stone of dead weight; but if I were compelled to resort to such an alternative, I should endeavor to divide it thus:—about twenty-one pounds in saddle-cloths, a fourteen pounds saddle, with a truss upon it of equal weight; there would then remain twenty-one pounds to be carried upon the jockey's body—quite as much as he could manage, without considerable inconvenience; if a rider is to be overwhelmed with such difficulties, they will operate very materially against him by impeding the free action of his limbs.

Those persons who may be put up to ride without having had sufficient practice in the art to enable them to sit very still, are evidently much more objectionable than almost any portion of dead weight, with a steersman possessed of a good seat, more especially if he equals the other in the two important attributes of hands and head.

If the improvement of our breed of horses be made a subject for consideration, it is evidently desirable that a high scale of weights be countenanced, and that higher than what are generally adopted. If the standing weights for the Goodwood Cup were to be taken as an example for all weights for age stakes, there is no doubt it would be found extremely beneficial on many points. It commences at 7st. 4lb. on three years old, and goes up to 9st. 12lb. on six years old and aged horses; these weights are not beyond what any horse deserving the expenses of training ought to carry, whilst the establishment of them would go farther towards the condemnation of weeds than the abolition of two-year-old stakes, or the re-adoption of the obsolete, long distances of four miles which were in vogue in the time of our grandfathers. There is not much cause for complaint at the weights generally found on

the best horses in handicaps, without which, in fact, the bad ones could have no chance; and as it is, they are seldom weighted light enough to allow them to win, unless they be of that class who have previously shown some running, or their true form has been disguised for the sake of getting them well in.

There is another very cogent reason why weights should be established upon a higher scale, which is that of being able to find jockeys to ride them; the disadvantage of putting up very light boys must be obvious to every one, and is not compensated by the allowance, especially on country courses, where the turns are frequently numerous and difficult to ride round.

London Sporting Review for January, 1844.

LIFE OF A FOX-HOUND, DICTATED BY HIMSELF.

Continued from the February Number, page 103.

AFTER my friend had left, I went out to look for Forester, and found him walking in the garden exceedingly angry, with the bristles up on his back like an enraged porcupine. I asked him if he would walk in and resume our labors. He said, "After the insult I have received, certainly not; and I recommend you to advise your friend, that the next time he comes to play off his nonsense with me, to put on a pair of stout boots and leather breeches, or perhaps he will find more holes through his skin than he wants to make use of."

He was some days before he got over it, when at length he said—"As you appear amused and pleased with my narrative, the only return I shall make for the comforts and indulgences I enjoy here is to resume the thread of it. I believe I left off by stating that the first morning's cub-hunting was fixed. As I had never witnessed anything of the kind, and had not the slightest conception of the nature of it, I listened with great attention to the observation of the Nestors of the pack. On one point I found all agreed, that was, that our kind and venerable Master knew more of the *science* of hunting, and did less mischief, than any one who had ever been out with them. Then (thinks I to myself) he will be my guide, and my study shall be to obtain his good opinion. No young beauty on being first brought out, no young Cornet on first joining his regiment, trembled with greater anxiety than I did when we heard the tramp of three horses in the dark come up to the kennel-door, and an order from L—t to let us out. Although so elated, every tongue was still: we ran in sportive circles around the horses, but the awful crack of the First Whip's thong kept all quiet. We jogged on for about three miles, when at the first blush of morn, as we entered a gate at the bottom of a large grass ground, we heard the slam of another gate at the top, and were

met in the middle of the field by our old Master, for be it understood a want of punctuality is never pardoned at Cottesmore.

“ ‘Am I to my time?’ said he.

“ ‘To a moment, my Lord.’

“ ‘Who has examined this covert?’

“ ‘The First Whip, my Lord.’

“ Then turning to him, asked, ‘Where did you find the most billets?’

“ ‘In the next field, my Lord.’

“ ‘Very well: L—t, take them quietly there, and give the young ones an opportunity to see the old ones feel for the scent,

‘For easy the lesson of the youthful train
When instinct prompts, and when example guides.’

“ When we got into the middle of the ground, the old ones began to push and hustle each other, fling themselves about, and Chancellor threw his tongue. ‘Softly, Chancellor,’ said L—t, with a gentle crack of his whip; ‘you are as noisy as ever; we shall not endure it much longer.’ Seeing them all so busy, I poked my nose in among them, when I inhaled a scent that sent the blood tingling through my whole frame, and produced a momentary delirium. They had now carried it into the covert, and some of the favorites having acknowledged the scent, L—t gave them a cheer that awakened the echoes of the surrounding country. The Whips darted off, one to the right and one to the left; the lad who came with his Master, and who was intended to ride second horse next season, and had accompanied us to obtain a perfect knowledge of the country, was ordered to remain in the field as far from the covert as possible, and head short back every fox that made his appearance.

“ As you say ‘the proper study of mankind is man,’ I was determined to follow up the hint and study attentively our Master’s wishes. I therefore left them and followed him. The body had now got up to their fox, and were driving him through the coverts with a crash resembling the rush of a herd of buffaloes. ‘They are in two parts, my Lord,’ said L—t; and, galloping up the ride, stopped one lot, and held them on to the other. The scent was good, and the morning warm; the pace began to tell on the foxes, for several crossed the rides with their mouths open. ‘How many are there in the covert, L—t?’ said His Lordship. ‘Certainly not less than three brace.’ ‘Very well; we must let the old one go if she will.’ He then galloped up to a corner that commanded two sides of the covert, and stood some distance back by the side of a low hedge, over which I could not see. He had not stood there long, when I observed him lie down on his horse’s neck, and at the same time heard the head Whip’s (who I shall now call William) thong go, when a signal from the Earl checked him, and beckoning to him, said, ‘It was the old vixen: as soon as these hounds that are coming up with the scent come out, stop them, and take them to L—t, who is at another in the middle of the covert.’ He did so, and we went into the ride, when L—t said,

‘My Lord, this cub is very much distressed; if they do not get one of the others up, for I think they have all dropped but this, they will soon kill him.’ They were pressing him most severely, when L—t, rising up in his stirrups, and listening most intently, exclaimed, ‘By G—d, they are out and pointing for the Scrubs.’ Luckily they bent to us, and came by us in the second grass field. ‘Look at my darlings, Levity and Welcome, at head,’ exultingly exclaimed the Earl. They carried it through the hedge into a piece of fresh-harrowed ground, and threw up. L—t took hold of them to feel down wind to the left, but His Lordship having observed old Dreadnought and Phœbe hanging on the line, exclaimed ‘Yo—o—o!’ when three couples of his favorites joined him, and, seeing these two at work, dropped in behind them, began to hitch, and shove, and whimper: ‘Here it is,’ said the Earl; ‘gently, Mr. L—t; don’t be in a hurry with a sinking fox.’ Now, thinks I, is my chance. I fell into the middle of them, and again enjoyed a scent that agitated my whole frame; so ecstatic was my delight, that I snuffled up the very earth with it. ‘Look at the puppy,’ said the Noble Master; ‘see how he enjoys it.’ I kept my eye on old Richmond, and whenever he flourished his stern, I joined him. When we got to where the harrows had recently worked, we were held forward to unstained ground, when the scent improving, the old ones spoke to it freely, and went forward to the hedge. L—t, who had covered all his ground to the left, was bringing the body across the middle of the next field, thinking to chop in before us: but Dreadnought, who went first through the hedge, and jumped the ditch on the other side, popped his nose down, and finding it was not over, dropped into the ditch, and went down it with a rush that made the briars crack. The others, more awake than myself, went jumping down the hedge side, looking in very earnestly, when just opposite me an animal like a great red cat came out of the ditch, and went by me down the hedge. A ‘tally-ho’ convinced me what it was, and at the next open place I dashed in, and caught him by the fore pad, and he returned the compliment by sending four of his teeth through my cheek. As my nose convinced me I had got hold of what we had been in pursuit of, I was determined not to let go; we rolled over each other two or three times, when the others coming up, and knowing *where* to take hold, gave him a pinch in the right place, when his jaw dropped, and he fell dead without a groan.

“On hearing the ‘who-whoop,’ L—t came up with the body, and taking the fox from a countryman who was holding him up, went through the usual ceremonies, and when he was thrown down, I then, all smarting with the wounds I had received, dashed in amongst them, got hold of a bit of him, which I never quitted till the other parts were torn away from it.

“‘Look how the Yarboro’ puppy worries,’ exclaimed the Earl: ‘you must take great care of him; he will make a splendid hound. Now, Mr. L—t,’ said he, ‘Let this be another lesson to you not to take your hounds off their noses with a sinking fox. You know I scratch a greyer head than you do, and in my time have seen

more foxes lost, that were booked safe to die, by that absurdity than any other : but for my steady line-hunting bunch, you would have left your fox behind you, and then have done as many others have done, said that the harrows had headed him back to the covert, gone there, and got up another, which, if you had the luck to kill, you would humbug the Field by persisting you had recovered and killed your hunted fox. I am sorry to remark that so much humbug is practised that will undermine the respectability of fox-hunting, in the same manner that trickery and knavery have driven many gentlemen and noblemen from the turf. 'There is a grandeur and magnificence about fox-hunting,' continued the Earl, 'that needs not the foreign aid of humbug. There are foxes and circumstances that will defeat the wisest Masters and wisest huntsmen, if they were really as wise as they fancy they are. If you are beat, and beat you will be at times, examine yourself well into the cause of it, and you will find, in nine cases out of ten, that you lost him by not paying attention to your line-hunting hounds, and do not make a peg of some of your best friends to hang your stupid blunder on. What will you say, Sir, when I tell you that I have seen a Master of Fox-hounds that hunted them himself, after putting his hounds into covert, gallop away from them under the pretence of a perfect knowledge of the run of foxes from that covert, blow his horn in a valley a mile off, *after he had shook out a bagman?* All the world are breeding for speed, but this day has again proved, what I have so often told you, that *a line-hunter is the fastest hound.* Heaven only knows the agony I endure when I perceive a hound flashing and flying about with his head in the air, or when I see a fellow with his mouth open screaming like a field-keeper. But where is William ?

"While I was casting to the left, my Lord, he viewed another cub come out of the covert and go into the little spinny at the bottom, and as soon as he heard your Lordship's who-whoop he galloped away to the other side of it to hold him in if your Lordship should be disposed for another.'

"That was very judiciously done : but as the morning is very hot, with every probability of its becoming more so as the sun gets up, you had better blow for him, and take them home.'

"Then turning to the Second Whip, whom I shall call George, and who was a new one, said,

"I am sorry to observe, Sir, that you are cursed with a good voice, and very little sense in the use of it. I have heard a great deal too much of it this morning ; and the next time we go out, I shall give you a drill that I hope may be beneficial to you hereafter.'

"So saying, he slightly bowed, and the men moving their caps we toddled home.

"All the way on the road, my thoughts were deeply occupied on the lecture I had just heard given, and a great impression was made upon me by the remark that 'a line-hunter was the fastest hound.' I was very much surprised to find that a great many of my young friends cut me, and would scarcely hold communion

with me ; and after we had been fed, and I went on the bench to find a place to lie down, I was growled and snapped at by the two or three season hounds, and all the young ones ; when my old friend Dreadnought, who always kept his corner, said,

“ ‘ Come here, young one ; I see what is the matter : they are all jealous of the applause you have met with to-day. I know, among those senseless two-legged animals who are only created to find food and flesh for us, that *envy will follow merit like its shade* ; but the potent, grave and reverend seigniors of this establishment will not allow the high and distinguished character of a fox-hound to be degraded by imitating the vices of such inferior brutes.’

“ Before he had finished, up jumped Chancellor, and began to bore us with a long lecture on the necessity of education to enable us all to read their works, ‘ that we might, by observing their vices, learn to avoid them.’ He said they had been well pointed out by an old poacher and deer-stealer, one Will Shakspeare, and a young one who went about with his shirt-collar undone as if he contemplated suicide. There was also one of the present day with a name something like the Latin for an ox, who was every month showing up the absurdities of the *genus homo*.

“ As we had had a hard day, I found all my companions asleep. I laid my head on Dreadnought’s back, but just before I dropped off, I turned my eye to Chancellor, and finding he was addressing an old bob-tailed tom-cat that sat on the beam, I closed my eyes and heard no more.

“ The following morning we were walked out for an hour or two, and when we returned I dropped down beside old Mentor, and told him that as I was extremely anxious to learn my business, would he be kind enough to answer such questions as I might put to him, and offer any observations his good sense might suggest ? He said ‘ I have often heard it remarked by that crowd of red and fiery-looking animals that come out on horses, the numbers of which will astonish you when we come into regular hunting, “ that the life of man is not long enough to obtain a thorough knowledge of fox-hunting,” and I perfectly agree with them ; for they never look at a hound, or think what they are about, and, blessed as we are with the superior faculty of smelling, have often considerable difficulties to encounter, and are not always successful. Cooper, in *The Prairie*, has beautifully shown our superiority. Hawk-eye and a party were sitting round a fire eating broiled venison, when old Hector threw up his head and gave a growl. “ I heard the stick crack,” said his master ; “ there is something moving above us in the forest.” “ I hope it is not a savage beast,” said the doctor and botanist, who was one of the party. “ What is it, old boy,” said his master. He held his nose to the wind for some time, then laid down his head and closed his eyes. “ It is a man,” said Hawk-eye, and immediately afterwards a fine young fellow stepped out in a hunting-shirt and moccasins, with a rifle on his arm. “ There you see,” said the old man triumphantly, “ Hector could tell me what it was though you *book-men* could not.’”

“‘But you have not told me,’ said I, ‘how a line-hunter is the fastest hound.’

“‘I thought,’ said he, ‘you had proof enough of that yesterday. By a killing line-hunter is meant, not a hound that sticks his nose to the ground as if it was glued there, but a hound that, when he has stopped long enough to satisfy himself that the scent is there, holds forward on the line of it, occasionally feeling for it; and you will often see, when the scent fails at head, and those flashy devils that have gone half a field without it, and know not what to do, turn round and look for these pilots, these sages, these guides of the pack. You will see some go back to them and follow them in their cast, and if they stop and touch it, they dash at him, catch it up, and away they go with it, followed by the applause of the whole Field, crying, “look at so-and-so;” but who showed so-and-so where it was? The pilot has done in one minute what would have taken the flyers five: and you must agree that that is the fastest hound that got the quickest to his fox. He is not only quick himself, but the cause of speed in others.’

“An order for inspection on the following day had come down to the kennel—the hounds at twelve, and the horses at two o’clock. Everything was put in the neatest order, and as the clock struck the hour, a ring was heard at the kennel door, and in walked our revered Master. His first remark was to one of the Whips:

“‘I think, Sir, your shoes would not be the worse for a little polish;’ and turning to L—t, ‘Now for my frock; and as the biscuit did no harm the other day, I suppose I may be indulged with some now.’

“It was accordingly fetched, and, when attired, said, ‘Now for the boiling-house;’ where he minutely examined the coppers, coals, the boiling flesh, and everything belonging to that department; then turning into the feeding-room, carefully inspected the troughs, the floors, and saw that everything was perfect. In going to the lodging-rooms, L—t said ‘How would your Lordship wish to have them drawn?’

“‘Every hound singly, and the entry first,’ was the reply.

“At length, ‘Forester, Forester,’ was called, when out I sprang. As soon as I made my appearance, he said,

“‘Here, my beautiful puppy,’ throwing me a bit of biscuit and patting my side.

“I was then passed forward to the others, for our inspection was like a presentation at Court. When Vagrant was called, ‘What is that red spot on his flank?’

“‘He has a little heat about him, my Lord.’

“‘Then cool him,’ was the remark.

“When Charmer came out, ‘What is the matter with her foot?’

“‘I think she has cut it, my Lord.’

“‘Let me see it;’ and on lifting it up, ‘She has sprung a claw, I perceive,’ said he; ‘let her stay at home to-morrow, for that must be a shocking weak pack that requires the assistance of a lame hound.’

“Then, taking out his watch, fixed with L—t for the next

morning at half-past three, and he left us, and went to the stables, where what he said and what he did is best known to the grooms.

“When we started on the following morning, we were refreshed with a smart shower of rain, which laid the dust and made it softer to our feet, and kept our jackets cooler in the covert. We had got about two miles on the road, when we were overtaken by His Lordship, who, on passing George, said, ‘Give them more room behind, and let them have time to empty themselves;’ and, passing on to L—t, remarked, ‘that as it was a cool morning, and the coverts we were going to were very strong, it would be an opportunity to give them a good rattling.’ As they were two very large coverts connected by a short narrow one, the men were desired to let all go away but the cub they were settled to. They were then thrown in, and in about ten minutes old Pontiff roared out. L—t cheered him: they soon got together, and oh, ye heavens! what a crash! ‘That will do, my Lord,’ said L—t; ‘with such a scent as this, we shall have a brace of noses to put in the ledger. They were pressing him up to the top part of the covert, when crack goes William’s whip. ‘Very well,’ said His Lordship: ‘he must now soon cross the ride, and we shall see what we have before us;’ and sending L—t to the most likely spot to catch a view, he had not waited long when a clear rattling ‘view-hallo’ convinced him it was all right. The men heard it, and being now assured *what* fox they were on, kept him from the narrow part, and turned him down, and a precious dusting we gave him in the bottom part. While we were at work at him there, several fresh ones went away down the narrow slip. At length the storm came rolling on, and a cheer from L—t proved we were still on our hunted fox; and His Lordship, getting forward on the outside, assisted the men to head him from the other covert. We were so near him that we carried him over the other lines of scent without changing, and again got his head towards the bottom. George, getting into a broad ride, and not knowing who was behind him, viewed the hunted fox over the lower end of it, began to scream violently, and, unluckily for him, as he was galloping down an *old* fox crossed close before him. The clatter of the horse behind him now increased, and he soon found His Lordship alongside of him, and who in a great rage desired him to go back to the outside, and send William down to him: ‘and when this is over I’ll talk to you, Sir,’ said he. When William came, he observed to him, ‘Now, William, this cub is very much blown, and if we can hold him in the high wood, in ten minutes they will kill him:’ and we did so. After the cheering and worry was over, ‘Now, Sir,’ said His Lordship to the Second Whip, ‘Why did you halloo in the broad ride?’

“‘Because, my Lord, I viewed the cub over the bottom of it.’

“‘And so, Sir, when you view a fox over the bottom of a ride, you are to halloo at the top, are you? Could you not hear that the body were well settled to him? and don’t you know that any stragglers would sooner fly to them than to you? If they had not had more sense than you, and had come to your absurd scream,

they would in all probability have got on the line of the old one that crossed before you, and we should have lost our cub. Mind this, Sir, in whatever you may have to do with a hunting dog, whether hound, spaniel, or pointer, *you cannot be too quiet*; and, as the old adage advises, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut. I have viewed this cub several times this morning, but I believe you did not hear me halloo; but I suppose, like all young men, you know everything, and age, experience, and study go for nothing.'

"His Lordship was quite right: the noise, the bother, the confusion I have witnessed in some fields has so distracted us, has so divided our attention, that we did not know what to do. Some have gone to the halloo, some to the horn; some would not quit the line, till we were dispersed all over the covert, all listening for each other, and none at work; and amid all this the fox has slipped away, and nobody knows where. But several instances of this and other absurdities will be more clearly pointed out when I come to relate what I have met with in some packs to which it has been my fortune, or rather misfortune, to belong. Thus having described to you my pupilage, which is no more interesting than the narrative of a school-boy, I shall withhold any further remarks till I come to describe our first day's regular hunting."

When Forester had concluded, I said to him, "Allow me to observe, that one day last week the justice of your remark as to noise was made evident to me. I rode up a hare, and the hounds were laid on, and not a word spoke; the scent being very bad, they had some difficulty in settling to it: they persevered very slowly, and, hunting it beautifully, at length pushed her up. My huntsman began screaming and capping; the consequence was, when she broke view, the hounds, with their heads up, were flashing and flying all over the country, and not a hound would stop for it."

The old gentleman having promised me to continue his observations, I shall, so soon as I have collected sufficient materials for another article, transmit it to you.

THISTLEWHIPPER.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for January, 1844.

THE APPROACHING RACING SEASON IN ENGLAND.

THE fine national sport of horse racing, may now with the greatest propriety be called a "profession," for in truth noble lords and wealthy commoners calculate their turf matters as "part and parcel" of their yearly incomes.

I am pleased to note that during the coming season, the great Handicap Stakes will be generally on the principle suggested by me some years since, in the pages of the New Sporting Magazine. Nothing surely could be more absurd than the old-fashioned sys-

tem of weighting horses many months before the Handicap was fixed to come off. The shortness of the time between the published weights and the days of running, was no doubt the reason why the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire Stakes, proved so interesting to the betting fraternity; the handicapper in either case was able to analyze the performances of those engaged up to the eleventh hour, and to this circumstance the public was indebted for two splendid races, with large fields of horses of all denominations.

I should like to see the day when horses are brought to the post in the true colors of their legitimate owners, for few things cause more suspicion than dark and mysterious names, known to no regular frequenter of any popular race course; such names, alas! figure too often in the Calendar. There is also another evil which wants a speedy removal; I allude to the carelessness manifested in receiving names of persons, almost unknown to the canvasser, in great Handicap races. This mode swells the subscription sheet it is true, but when the winner applies for the sweets of victory, he finds himself minus many of the £5 forfeits, without any direct information of the defaulters, or their residences.

Too much care cannot be exercised by the different Committees of Management at all racing meetings, to prevent any collision between their "meeting," and any others within their district. The now common method of "steaming," enables a horse of good constitution to travel a couple of hundred miles in a day, without the slightest inconvenience; but to run at Chester on the Tuesday (the Cup day), and at Bath the day following, is rather too much of a good thing; yet Isaac Day and others had the same horses engaged at both the past meetings, and consequently were obliged to sacrifice one or the other. The Leicester people also ran their heads against the all-powerful Doncaster Meeting, and suffered for their ignorance accordingly. I hope both parties have profited by their experience.

The great increase of subscribers, observable in the Racing Calendar, to all the principal Produce and other stakes, forms the best criterion as to the popularity of our fine old English sports, and crushes the hopes of those "namby-pamby" sensitives, who deal in humbug in the neighborhood of Cheltenham, and other once-famed places of sport, much to the annoyance of the straightforward fine old Englishmen, who entertain a profound antipathy to cant and humbug.

The Newmarket Spring Meetings, will, unquestionably, prove of great interest to the bettors on the great Epsom races. In the Craven Meeting, for the Riddlesworth Stakes, Mr. Wreford's Monimia filly will meet Valerian, and one of Mr. Thornhill's, and to judge from "by-gonès," I expect to see the "black jacket and white cap" pass Mr. Clarke before her competitors, she being allowed three pounds. The Tuesday's Riddlesworth will bring out either Zenobia or Orlando against Buzz, the Lady Emmeline filly, Jamaica, and perhaps two others. As both Colonel Peel's

are allowed five pounds, the gallant Colonel, health permitting, has only to please himself whether he will win with his Derby colt, or his Oaks filly. For the 200 sovs. each Sweepstakes on the same day, Lord Stradbroke's charming Oaks filly, by Plenipotentiary, out of Marpessa, will strip, and if all be true that we hear, nothing but ill health can prevent her winning, for the field is wretched. The Column Stakes, with seventeen names down, will, in all likelihood, bring the following to the starting-post: Rhino, one of Lord Exeter's, the Miss Julia colt, Sister to Martingale, Crenoline, Elemia, and the prettily running Monimia filly. Knowing John Day's early preparation, I shall stick once more to the Monimia filly. The much cried up Vat colt, the property of Mr. Payne, will put in an appearance in the race for the Burghley Stakes, against Mr. Crockford's colt by Bently out of Emma, Robinia, Arragon, and the Marinella colt. As the Vat and Marinella colts have been backed heavily for the Derby, it seems likely that the race will lie between the pair, nevertheless the Emma colt is not altogether friendless. On Thursday, Orlando and Zenobia stand engaged in the Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, against the Marinella colt, and two of the Duke of Portland's; and Orlando must "follow-up" in the rich 200 sovs each Sweepstakes, where the field being very weak, he ought to gain an easy victory. The Port Stake, for four year olds, has nine subscribers, amongst them many expensive names, to wit, Napier, Gaper, Phlegon, Mørat, Fakeaway, and Lothario—I shall put my faith in the Goodwood training, and perhaps take Gaper for choice.

The First Spring Meeting appears very promising on paper. The race for the two Thousand Guineas Stakes will shake the nerves of many. On the first day the "suspected one," Running Rein, is engaged in a play or pay race of 50 sovs. each against eight others,—should he win cleverly and not get disqualified, who is to say that "Mr. Goodman won't win the Two Thousand." For the Palace Stakes, the Marpessa filly will be introduced to Robinia, Crenoline, and the Mecca filly. This race will very much alter the Oaks betting. On Tuesday all eyes will be on the watch when the crack race comes off. The 2000 gs. is a sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Rowley Mile. There are twenty-five nominations, and amongst the number many high sounding names in the Derby ring. As the stake is a valuable one, it is quite expected that The Ugly Buck will come to the post, joined with the following list: Running Rein, one of Lord George Bentinck's, Brother to Rosalind, (stated to be very good,) the Marinella colt, Zenobia, the Vat colt, and perhaps a brace of others. Looking at the Derby betting at this moment, and liking honest John's mode of treatment, I quite expect to see The Ugly Buck win this race in good style. John Day does not often make mistakes when in earnest. Voltri, the highly tried (?) Voltri, may be expected to run for the Coffee Room Stakes against a very poor lot; therefore, if he wins in a canter it cannot be looked upon as anything like wiping off his shameful defeats in the Autumn. The "Lady-

day" will be an interesting one, for I never knew a more open race, than the coming 1000 gs. Stakes promises to be. There are twenty-six names down, and the following are very frequently spoken about for the Oaks: The Princess, All-round-my-hat, The Bee, Sister to Martingale, Zenobia, the Marpessa filly, and Sister to Dilbar—the latter, a nice filly and a beautiful goer, is sure to run well,—mark that!

Cockamaroo will prove in the race for the Eglinton Stakes, whether he is deserving of support for the Derby; there are seven against him; but as Zanoni is dead, and the Marinella colt (if he goes for all his engagements) will be run to death, it does not appear unlikely that my Lord Maidstone may pull through easily. The Newmarket Stakes will bring out Anniversary, (a dangerous outsider in the Derby betting,) with Brother to Rosalind, one of Lord Exeter's, the Miss Etty colt, the Vat colt, and one of the Duke of Portland's. I have been informed that Lord W. Powlett's colt, by Liverpool, out of Nell Gwynne, will be reserved for other engagements, else I should not only have included him as a starter, but actually picked him out to be either first or second.

The Chester Meeting bids fair to produce a much better "bill of fare" than was "dished up" on the last occasion. The subscriptions towards the Tradesmen's Cup are already unusually large, and it is to be hoped that the handicapper will use his best endeavors to "please all parties," so that a large acceptance may be ensured, and a rattling field brought to the post. The Dee Stakes, with thirty-one subscribers, will give us some little insight into the strength of the three year olds in the Cheshire district, inasmuch as the following have been made favorites for the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger; the Princess, Bebington, Attaghan, Assay, Telemachus, Dalesman, Lancet, Red Rover, The Cure, and Joe Lovell. Most of the other stakes have been most liberally subscribed to.

The Yorkites seem disposed to come out at last in good earnest; every effort will be made to place the once-famed Knavesmire on the footing of some score of years ago, and money has been liberally subscribed by the lovers of the exciting pastime. Improvements have been made on a spirited principle: an inclosure, similar to the one at Liverpool, has been formed in front of the stand, and a new circular course of about two miles laid down, so that all distances may now be ready for "match-making." The present regulations do not augur much in favor of the prospect for the Spring Meeting, but the August one will no doubt be splendid and interesting to the Leger bettors.

The Epsom races bespeak about an average. For the Derby there are one hundred and fifty-three subscribers, and as near as I can ascertain, one hundred and twelve in a state of active preparation. Of these upwards of fifty have figured in the odds at the "room" at Tattersall's, the principal favorites being Rattan, The Ugly Buck, Voltri (all backed 10 to 1 or less); Loadstone, Orlando, T'Auld Squire (20 to 1 or under); Ionian, Nell Gwynne colt, Running Rein, Vat colt, Saddlebow, Wadastra colt, Leander, Sea-

port (30 to 1 or less); Foig-a-Ballagh, Campunero, Cockamaroo, Bebington, the Delightful colt, The Lancet (at odds varying from 30 to 40 to 1); Anniversary, Juvenal, Zenobia, Assay, Charming Kate, King of the Gipsies, Dr. Sangrado, Apprentice, 'Attaghan, Telemachus, Beaumont, the Marinella colt, Theseus, Joe Lovell, Dr. Phillimore, Imaum, colt out of Emma, Coverdale, Kilgrave, Lorimer, Johnny Broome, Valerian (at odds from 40 to 66 to 1); and the Miss Julia colt, Boots, Barricade, Retiarius, Sir Isaac, the Ashstead Pet (half-bred), Akhbar, the Amulet colt, colt by Elvas, out of Perdita (an Irish), Lord Saltoun, Elemi, and Red Rover (at from 66 to 100 to 1). It may be gathered from the above abstract that the "book-makers" have had a very good opportunity of getting round well. The horses most extensively backed up to the present time are The Ugly Buck, Rattan, Loadstone, Orlan do, the Vat colt, Foig-a-ballagh, Voltri, and Campunero. The Oaks will be a race of great importance; there are one hundred and seventeen subscribers, and the following fillies have been backed to win tolerably large sums: The Princess, Barricade, Assay, the Monimia filly, Joan of Arc, Sister to Martingale, Zenobia, Charming Kate, the Marpessa filly, and All-Round-my-Hat. I should like to bet a "pony" that there will be a large field at the post on the Oaks day. I cannot help remarking here, that every other meeting of any consequence has its sporting "handicap;" while the Epsom folks are content to jog on with their two "grand events," and a "hashing up" of 5 sovs. Sweepstakes and Fifty Pound Plates in heats! I have often thought that it would be highly advantageous to saddle opposite the Grand Stand, and feel confident, that at a very trifling expense the ground might be made "passable" from the winning-post to the starting place for the Cup race. I have frequently wondered why the Manchester Committee of management should fix their race meetings in the week following Epsom, for the excitement occasioned by the Surrey doings, and the London "Settling," prevents many of the spirited Lancashire sportsmen from being "at home" to patronize their own gathering. I hope this hint will be taken in the right quarter, and a change of time agreed upon on all future occasions.

A stir, I am told, is making to bring the courtly Ascot Meeting back to the glorious time of yore. The New Stakes, for two year olds, will be of more than passing moment, and the Calendar informs us that some of the old, and once greatly influential stakes, are now well worth winning. Since Zinganee's brilliant performance in 1829, the race for the Gold Cup has yearly been a mere shadow of what it was; this is the more singular because there has been generally a fairish entry as regards fine names, and the weights are "weights for ages," without any extras for winning or running second.

The Newcastle and Liverpool people are exerting themselves in the "good cause," and I hesitate not to assert that the coming meetings will lack none of that splendor which they have so frequently showered on the heads of their annual visitors. At Newcastle there are several stakes, in which some of the St. Leger

horses stand engaged, amongst them may be noticed T'Auld Squire, Saddle-bow, Telemachus, The Cure, and Escrick. At Liverpool, too, the bettors on the Great Doncaster race will have many opportunities of "judging for themselves" on the merits of their favorites, or non-favorites. Those capital rules, first introduced at the Liverpool Meetings, have been in many instances faithfully copied at other provincial race meetings with the greatest possible success.

The noble Duke of Richmond and his learned confederate, Lord George Bentinck, not content with raising the fascinating Goodwood Meeting to the highest pitch of eminence in the racing world, seem determined to bring perfection as nearly as possible amongst the straight-forward and right-thinking racing community. The list for the coming year is rich indeed; There are sixty-six subscribers to the Gratwicke Stakes, for three-year-olds, worth, if walked over for, the princely sum of £3,200! Among the competitors are the following highly bred cattle; T'Auld Squire, Saddle-bow, Sister to Dilbar, colt by Elis out of Delightful, Antler, Assay, Zenobia, Valerian, Pastoral, Voltri and the filly by Sultan, jun., out of Monimia. The Great 300 sovs. each sweepstakes for four-year-olds, Queen's Plate Course, three miles and five furlongs, has seventeen subscribers, and, as it is half forfeit, the proceeds must amount to £2,400 to the lucky winner, even if left for a canter over. Cotherstone, Aristides, Phlegon, and Cornopean, are amongst the entry. The Goodwood Stakes and Cup are being subscribed to very handsomely, and I may fairly assume, that the Grand Sussex week of 1844, will outshine all bygone ones, and that is stating very brilliant news to the happy company, who make a point of participating in the delight of the beautiful scenery and capital sport so often witnessed in Goodwood Park.

As I have before observed, there is the goodly spirit stirring in Yorkshire. In the coming August Meeting we get the Great Yorkshire Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added for three-year olds, and one hundred and thirty-three names annexed. This race will have great weight in the opinions of those who dabble in the St. Leger Stakes. I will just point out a few names to show the popularity of the stakes:—Mr. Bowes's Saddle-bow, Sir R. Bulkeley's Bebington, Lord Chesterfield's Attaghan, Mr. Knox's Foig-a-Ballagh, Mr. Payne's colt, by Touchstone out of Vat, by Langar (blood good enough to win anything), Mr. Quin's Loadstone, Mr. Gregory's Barricade, Lord Westminster's Lancet, &c. &c. We here find that cheap sweepstakes are amazingly popular, for there are horses entered from east, west, north, and south. I need not add that the betting on the Leger will be affected by the issue of this race. Several other important races are "looked up" to most favorably.

The Doncaster St. Leger race will so much depend upon previous performances that it is useless to say more than that there are one hundred and nine subscribers, and that most of our best three-year-olds stand engaged.

The Newmarket Autumnal Meetings will be more than an "average;" and I fearlessly assert, that the season of 1844 will run a long and pleasant course, to the satisfaction of the admirers of our finest national pastime.

UNCLE TOBY.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for January, 1844.

A DAY AT BUTRINTO.

ALTHOUGH the channel which separates the Island of Corfu from the mainland of Albania is not more than half a dozen miles across, yet the preparations necessary to be made before traversing it are as troublesome as if a voyage round the world were in contemplation. Not only have the regular ship-papers taken out in all ports on a vessel sailing to be procured, but a bill of health and description of the crew, with all the various and vexatious forms of the quarantine establishment, to be gone through, fees to be paid, certain functionaries, called Guardiani, to be engaged at the rate of a dollar or more a day each; one of these to accompany the Sportsman, the other to remain with the boat's crew, to prevent, in both cases, all contact with the Natives on the other side, and consequent risk of the introduction of the plague. What a cruel farce is this quarantine! of doubtful utility even if honestly carried on, but worse than useless in the hands of the Guardiani of the Mediterranean. Swear them to do their duty you may; but where is the Greek or Italian of their class whose conscience can resist a dollar? The Greek boatmen are slippery characters: you must catch them, pay "something" in advance, and even then it is considered prudent to see their boat safely moored in the ditch of the citadel before sunset, whence there is no egress without permission before morning gunfire. All this having been gone through, and the weather propitious, we may safely calculate on a splendid day's sport on the morrow. The anxious party are on foot hours before daylight; a rough breakfast of potted woodcock and mutton chops is thrown in; provisions for the day, both for men and dogs, are carefully packed (for there are no public houses in Albania); the gregos (a heavy goatskin cloak) are sent to the boat with all the countless traps of a shooting sportsman; and we crawl down the old Venetian stairs to find the lumbering county-boat which is to convey us across the channel twelve miles to Butrinto. The cigars are lighted, the retrievers thumped into their places, the gregos put on, and the four boatmen, looking like stumps of trees enveloped in hair, stand, with their faces to the bow, ready to push the boat forward with their unwieldy oars. The water is like glass, the air mild and delicious; and though clouds hang over Santa Dekka and St. Salvatore, yet Bonello the Guarciano has prophesied a fair day. This individual is a character: his jokes are incessant;

and, though generally unanswered, their effect is apparent in the angry energy of the rowers. Now and then a more than commonly pungent sting produces a reply, and the successful retort is hailed with shouts and increased vigor by the crew, while the facetious Neapolitan quietly shakes his sides at the twofold success of the experiment.

How infinitely beautiful is the breaking of day in this delicious climate! The channel is like a vast lake, hemmed in by mountains, and the early rays of the sun, commencing on the snowy peaks, come gradually downwards, lighting up one of the grandest panoramas that the world can produce, from the white summits of Epirus down to Santa Maura, far beyond

“Iule’s rocks and Parga’s shore!”

With the first dawn of day strings of ducks are observed moving over the waters towards the coast, and as we double the headland which bounds the Bay of Butrinto, the scene is alive with wild-fowl. Innumerable flocks of ducks are making towards the marshes in various forms of flight; ranks of stately pelicans are standing in the shallow waters at the head of the Bay, while others are sailing with supreme dominion overhead. The gentleman of the rough breakfast is throwing in a little sleep, but we rouse him, and he is quickly perplexing himself in the entanglement of a dozen pockets to find out the wherewith to load and land. As we silently draw near the beach, armies of coots go skittering into the rushes; the beautiful white crane flaps silently past, whilst eagles, hawks, and buzzards are soaring about in search of their morning meal—no unproductive quest one would suppose in a place which is perfectly alive with fowl. We form a line silently, and advance through the deep mud into the deeper water of the marsh. To say that snipes *abound* is a weak word to convey an idea of their numbers. They rise at every step, and we curse their squealing lest it should disturb the more noble game we are in pursuit of. It is grand sport! Ducks, teal, wigeon (especially him of the spoon-bill, noted for his exquisite flavor) are brought to bag; garganys, an occasional goose, and a B B cartridge, sent at random into a flock of fowl almost out of sight overhead, brings down a “clanging golden eye.” The ducks are generally in too large flocks to be approached with certainty, but heavy solitary mallards, oppressed with the good things of the Bay, are an easy prey. It is rather soft walking in places, and happy is he who can keep the water out of his waistcoat pockets. It is a place decidedly calculated to astonish any anxious mamma who has particularly directed her precious parcel of son to be “kept dry.” Cautious sportsmen guard against the consequences of a sudden plunge, by keeping a few caps in their ears, and having a cunning pocket for the powder-flask somewhere about the shoulder.

“What the devil is this?” cries Mr. John Newcome on his first visit, as a something like a winged jackass rises close before him. “Merely a bittern of the largest size, who has left a few of his tail feathers under your foot.”—“Mark Jackall,” cries one; and

looking towards the mountain which rises abruptly from the marsh, we see him coming at speed down the steep hill directly towards us, followed by two of the large dogs of the country. They decidedly gain upon him; they strain every muscle—they are almost at his brush. With water before, and two powerful dogs each three times his size behind, what can he do? He is between two devils and the deep sea—he can't escape—“*they must have him!*” But they who say so reckon little upon the sagacity of the “lion's provider.” At the very edge of the marsh he suddenly doubles, and goes up the hill at a pace even superior to that which brought him down; while the heavy dogs, unable to stop, plunge floundering into the mud and water, and before they can extricate themselves, the wily animal is far beyond the reach of pursuit. No, no, the Corfu Hunt can testify that this sagacious animal is uncommonly hard to catch. If jackalls laugh in their sleeves, this is a fair opportunity for the exercise of that form of risibility.

During all this time we are slowly skirting the right bank of the river towards the residence of the Turkish Aga, a dilapidated earth, garrisoned by a few soldiers to defend the fishery, maintain the regulation of the port, receive bribes, or doing anything or nothing—in short, to assert the majesty of the Ottoman Empire in this remote spot. The Aga is a fine-looking man, and dressed in the picturesque Albanian costume—the red embroidered jacket without collar, disclosing in front the white under-garments, also collarless—the broad red and yellow sash (now beginning to appear in the Regent Street windows as shawls for ladies), stuck with two long pistols with chased silver butts, and the yataghan, a compromise between a sword and dagger, in a handsome sheath—the ample white fustenella, a kilt reaching to the knee, with embroidered red legging to the ankle, and sandals laced over the instep. Everyone of course wears the fez, a dark red cap, that of the Aga being distinguished by a more ample tassel of blue floss silk. This Turkish functionary seated on the grass, surrounded by his savage-looking soldiers leaning on their long guns, form an interesting group, and with the wild mountain scenery offer a beautiful subject for a picture. In his manners the Aga is, like most Turks, a gentleman—invariably civil, and happy to receive any small present of gunpowder you may please to bestow on him.

The plain of Butrinto is an alluvial flat of about two miles across, traversed by two narrow but deep and rapid rivers, and nearly enclosed by an amphitheatre of mountains. The river which skirts the northern side flows from a chain of lakes a little higher among the hills. On a bold promontory above the Aga's residence stand the extensive ruins of a Roman castle jutting out into the lake, and in former times an inaccessible position.

Having launched at the end of this first act of our sporting drama, we proceed to scour the plain for snipes, of which there are thousands; and, though rather wild from want of covert, a good bag ought to be made. Towards evening we draw towards the boat, and dress and dine. Here most people are inclined to yield to the seduction of cigars and mulled wine, but not the least

exciting part of the day is yet to come—the flight shooting on the rocky pass which connects the old castle with the mountain. Over this at nightfall the fowl pass by thousands from the lakes towards the sea, and they are mixed with woodcocks descending from the mountain coverts to feed in the marsh. The firing at this place is terrific; but from the difficulty of seeing the birds, which fly nearly on level with the shooter, and pass his head like cannon shots, the execution is not in proportion: nevertheless a few couples are usually secured. Waiting patiently on this pass, a man must be indeed insensible if he is not, to use Col. Hawker's words, "struck with the wild retirement of the scene!"—the placid lake at your feet hemmed in by majestic mountains; the crumbling walls of the old castle above, raising innumerable speculations of its history, its wars, its builders, its garrisons, whether Greek, Roman, or Venetian, the fights beneath its walls, and especially on the spot we occupy as being its most accessible side. All is silent now, save the splash of the water-fowl in the lake below, or a ringing laugh from the Aga's residence, or the wild whoop of a shepherd on the mountain.

Butrinto, the ancient Buthrotum, was the residence of Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, and I was once seduced to witness the acting of the much-vaunted Rachel in the tragedy of that name, by seeing that the scene was laid "à Buthrote." I hoped that the efforts of the scene-painter might have produced something to remind me of my favorite spot, but I confess the only thing which at all brought it back to my recollection was, that the bellowing intonation of the actress bore some resemblance to the lowing of the Aga's cows.

FLUFF.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for January, 1844.

RACING SEVENTY YEARS SINCE.

[The following entertaining and scientific essay against the common notions of Blood Horses, Breeding, etc., has been copied by R. D. N., Esq., expressly for the "Am. Turf Register," from an English Sporting Magazine published in 1779.]

WHOEVER supposes that Messrs. Heber and Ford, or even Mr. John Cheney, were the first who published accounts of Horse-Racing, will find himself much mistaken; for there lived others a hundred years before them, who not only published accounts of Horse-Racing, but acquainted us with the history of Wrestling, Back-sword playing, Boxing, and even Foot-Racing, that happened in their days; and from them we also learn who were the victors, or how the racers came in.

Amongst these, lived a man whose name was Homer, a blind or obscure man (for they are synonymous terms), who occasionally

published his Book of Sports ; and to him we are obliged also for the pedigree of many horses that were esteemed the best in his time. This man was said to be poor, in little esteem, and to travel about the country to sell his books ; but, though his circumstances were very low, his understanding, it seems, was not, for he always took care to pay his court to the great personages whenever he came, and to flatter them in the blood of their horses. But, though he was little esteemed in his life-time, yet his Book of Pedigrees and Genealogy of Horses was thought so useful, that he was greatly honored for it after his death ; and what is more strange, though the place of his nativity was unknown, and no country would receive him as a member of their community when living, yet when dead, many nations contended for the honor of it ; but, whatever argument each country may produce for the support of its claim, nothing is more evident than that he was an Englishman ; and there is great reason to believe he was born somewhere in the North, though I do not take upon me to say it absolutely was so. His partiality to that part of the kingdom is manifest enough, for he pretended to say, that a good Racer could be bred in no place but the North, whereas late experience has proved that to be a very idle notion. But as the Northern gentlemen were the first breeders of Race-Horses, so it is very probable they were the first subscribers to his books ; and then we shall find his partiality might arise, either from his gratitude to these gentlemen, or from its being the place of his nativity, or perhaps from both.

There was in the North, in his time, a very famous stallion called *Boreas*. Whether the present breeders have any of that blood left I do not certainly know ; but Homer, to flatter the owner (who was a subscriber to his book, and always gave him two half guineas instead of one,) fabled that this same Boreas begat his colts as fleet as the wind. This, to be sure, will be looked upon as nothing more than a matter of polite partiality to his benefactors : but it is much to be feared this partiality has not been confined to persons alone, for there is reason to believe that in many cases, he has varied the true pedigree of his horses, and (not unlike our modern breeders) has left out one cross that has been thought not good, and substituted another in its room held more fashionable.

We have an account in one of his books (I forget the year when it was published) of a very humorous Chariot-Race that was run over Newmarket, between five Noblemen, and though it was the custom, at that time, to run with a two-wheeled chaise and pair only, instead of four, we find all other customs nearly the same. The names of the horses are given us, their pedigrees, and the names of the drivers ; the course is marked out, judges appointed, bets offered, but no crossing or jostling allowed ; a plain proof that they depended on winning from the excellence of their horses alone. But though a curricule and pair was then the fashion, there lived, at that time, a strange, mad kind of a fellow (haughty and overbearing, and determined that nobody should do anything like himself,) who always drove three ; and though the recital of this

circumstance may be considered as trivial, or little to the purpose, we shall find something in the story worth our attention, and, with respect to horses, a case very singular, such a one as no history, tradition, nor our own experience, has ever furnished us with a similar instance of.

It seems these three horses were so good that no horses in the kingdom would match them. Homer, after having been very lavish in their praise, has given us their names, and the pedigree of two of them, which it seems were full brothers. He tells us, they were as swift as the wind; and, in his bombast way of writing, says they were immortal. This expression is exactly of the same style and meaning with our modern phrase, *high-bred*, and could mean nothing else; because, in the recital of the pedigree, they were got by the same North-country horse before mentioned, called Boreas, and out of a flying mare called Podarge; but the singularity of this case is, that the third horse, whom he calls Pedassus, was absolutely a common horse, and of no blood. Here I beg leave to make use of Pope's words, who, in his translation, speaking of this horse, says:—

“Who like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
A mortal courser marched th' immortal race.”

Now, as nothing is more certain than that no horses but those of blood can race in our days, I have long been endeavoring to find the true reason of this singular instance, and cannot any way account for it, but by supposing that equality of strength and elegance might produce an equality of swiftness. This consideration naturally produced another, which is, that the blood of all horses may be merely ideal; and if so, a word of no meaning. But before I advance anything more on this hypothesis, and that I may not be guilty of treason against the received laws of jockeyship, I do here lay it down as a certain truth, that no horses, but such as come from foreign countries, or which are of extraction totally foreign, can race. In this opinion every man will readily join me, and this opinion will be confirmed by every man's experience and observation.

But in discussing this point, I shall beg leave, when speaking of these horses, to change the word *high-bred*, and in its room substitute the word *foreigner*, or of *foreign extraction*; for perhaps it may appear that the excellence we find in these horses depends totally on the mechanism of their parts, and not in their blood; and that all the particular distinctions and fashions thereof depend also on the whim and caprice of mankind.

If we take a horse bred for the cart, and such a one as we call a hunter, and a horse of *foreign extraction*, and set them together, the meanest judge will easily point out the best racer, from the texture, elegance, and symmetry of their parts, without making any appeal to blood. Allow but a difference in texture, elegance, and symmetry of parts, in different horses, whose extraction is *foreign*, this principle is clearly proved, and the word *high-bred* is of no use, but to puzzle and lead us astray; and every man's daily

observation would teach him, if he was not lost in the imaginary error of particular blood, that, generally speaking, such horses who have the finest texture, elegance of shape, and most proportion, are the best racers, let their blood be of what kind it will, always supposing it to be totally *foreign*. If I was asked what beauty was, I should say *proportion*; if I was asked what strength was, I should also say *proportion*; but I would not be understood to mean that this strength and beauty alone will constitute a racer, for we shall find a proper length also will be wanted, for the sake of velocity, and that, moreover, the very constituent parts of *foreign horses* differ as much from all others as their performances. But this, however, will be found a truth—that in all horses of every kind, whether designed to draw or ride, this principle of *proportion* will determine the principle of goodness, at least to that part of it which we call *bottom*. On the other hand, our daily observation will show us that no weak, loose, or disproportioned horse, let his blood be what it will, ever yet was a prime racer. If it be objected that many a plain, ugly horse, has been a racer, I answer, that all goodness is comparative, and that such horses who have been winners of plates about the country, may be properly called good racers, when compared to some others. But I can even allow a very plain horse to be a prime racer, without giving up the least part of this system; for instance, if we suppose a horse with a large head and long ears (like the Godolphin Arabian), a low, mean forehead, flat-sided and goose-rumped, this, I guess, will be allowed a plain ugly horse; but yet if such a horse be strong and justly made in those parts which are immediately conducive to action—if his shoulders incline well backwards, his legs and joints in proportion, his carcass strong and deep, and his thighs well let down, we shall find he may be a very good racer; even when tried by the principles of mechanism, without appealing to the blood for any part of his goodness. We are taught by the doctrine of mechanism, that the power applied to any body must be adequate to the weight of that body, otherwise such power will be deficient for the action we require; and there is no man but knows that a cable or cord of three inches diameter is not equal in strength to a cord of four inches diameter. So that if it should be asked why a handsome coach horse, with as much beauty, length, and proportion as a *foreign* horse, will not act with the same velocity and perseverance, nothing will be more easily answered without approaching to blood; because we shall find the power of acting, in a *foreign* horse, much more prevalent, and more equal to the weight of his body, than the powers of acting in a coach-horse: for whoever has been curious enough to examine the mechanism of different horses by dissection, will find the tendon of the leg in a *foreign* horse is much larger than in any other horse whose leg is of the same dimensions; and as the external texture of a *foreign* horse is much finer than that of any other, so the *foreign* horse must necessarily have the greatest strength and perseverance in acting, because the muscular power of two horses (whose dimensions are the same) will be the greatest in that horse where texture is the finest.

Let us next inquire what information we can gather from the science of Anatomy, concerning the laws of motion. It teaches us that the force and power of a muscle consists in the number of fibres of which it is composed; and that the velocity and motion of a muscle consists in the length and extent of its fibres. Let us compare this doctrine with the language of the jockey. He tells us if a horse has not length he will be slow; and if made too slender he will not be able to bring his weight through. Does not the observation of the jockey exactly correspond with this doctrine?

If we now enquire into the motion of horses, we shall find the bones are the levers of the body, and the tendons and muscles (which are one and the same thing) are the powers of acting applied to these levers. Now, when we consider a half-bred horse running one mile or more, with the same alacrity as a horse of *foreign*, extraction we do not impute that equality of velocity to any innate quality in the half-bred horse, because we can account for it by external causes; that is, by an equality of the length and extent of his levers and tendons. And when we consider a half-bred horse running one mile or more, with the same velocity as the other, and then giving it up, what shall we do? Shall we say the *foreigner* beats him by his blood, or by the force and power of his tendons? Or can we, without reproaching our own reason and understanding, impute that to be the effect of occult and hidden causes in the one of these instances and not in the other? both of which are demonstrated with certainty, and reduced to facts by the knowledge of anatomy and the principles of mechanism.

How many instances have we of different horses beating each other alternately over different sorts of ground? How often do we see short, close, compact horses, beating others of a more lengthened shape, over high and hilly courses, as well as on deep and slippery ground, in the latter of which the blood is esteemed much better, and whose performances, in general, are much greater?

And how comes it to pass that horses of a more lengthened shape have a superiority over horses of a shorter make upon level and fiat ground? Is this effected by the difference of their mechanical power, or is it effected by the blood? If by the latter, then this blood is not general but partial only, which no reasoning man will be absurd enough to allow. But I much fear our distinctions of good and bad blood are determined with much partiality; for every jockey has his particular favorite blood, of which he judges from events, success, or prejudice: else, how comes it to pass that we see the different opinions and fashions of blood varying daily? Nay, we see the very same blood undergoing the very same fate; this year rejected, the next in the highest esteem; or this year in high repute, the next held as nothing. How many changes has the blood of Childers undergone? Once the best, then the worst, now good again! Where are the descendants of Bay Bolton, that once were the terror of their antagonists? Did

these prevail by the superiority of their blood? or because their power and their fabric were superior to the horses of their time? If any one ask why Dandy Cade was not as good a racer as any in the kingdom, the jockey could not impute this to his blood: but if it should be imputed to his want of proportion, surely it might be held for a true and satisfactory reason. How many revolutions of fame and credit have we sportsmen observed in these *high-bred families*?

Numberless are the examples of this kind which might be quoted; but to account for this, one says "the blood is worn out for want of a proper cross;" another tells us that "after having been long in this climate, the blood degenerates." But these reasons cannot be true, because, as we see the offspring of all crosses, and of most ancient families, occasionally triumphant over the sons of the very latest crosses, the error then will not be found in the blood, or in the broken crossing. But the effect will be produced by erroneous judgment of mankind, in putting together the male and female with improper shapes; and while we are lost and blinded by an imaginary good, the laws of nature stand revealed; and we by paying a proper attention thereto, and employing our judgment therein, might wipe this *ignis fatuus* from the mind, and fix the truth on a sure foundation.

Our observation shows us that, on the one hand, we may breed horses of a *foreign* extraction too delicate and too slight for any labor; and, on the other hand, so coarse and clumsy, as to be fitter for the cart than the race. Shall we wonder that these cannot race, or shall we doubt that degrees of imperfection in the mechanism will produce degrees of imperfection in racing? And when we find such deficiency, shall we ridiculously impute it to a degeneracy of that blood which was once in the highest esteem, or to want of judgment in him who did not properly adapt the shapes of their progenitors?

Shall we confess this, or is the fault in Nature? For though most philosophers agree that innate principles do not exist, yet we know for certain, that in the brute creation, whose food is plain and simple (unlike luxurious man) the laws of nature are, generally speaking, invariable and determined. If it should be asked why the sons of the Godolphin Arabian were superior to most horses of their time? I answer—because he had great power and symmetry of parts (head excepted) and a propriety of length greatly superior to all other horses of the same diameter, that have been lately seen in this kingdom; which I do not assert on my own judgment, but on the opinion of those who, I believe, understand horses much better than I pretend to do, and it is very probable this horse, if he had not been confined to particular mares, might have begot better racers than he did. On the contrary, I have heard it urged, in behalf of his blood, that he was a very mean horse in figure, and that he was kept as a teaser some years before he recovered. What does this prove? I think, nothing more than that his first owner did not rightly understand this kind of horse, and that different men differed in their opinion of this horse's fabrics.

If any man, who doubts this excellence to be in the blood, should ask how it came to pass that we often see two full brothers, one of which is a good racer, the other indifferent, or perhaps bad? I know of but two answers that can be given: We must either allow this excellence of the blood to be partial, or else we must say, that by putting together a horse and a mare, different in their shapes, a fœtus may be produced of a happy form at one time, and at another, the fœtus partaking more or less of the shape of either, may not be so happily formed. Which shall we do? Shall we impute this difference of goodness in the two brothers, to the difference of their mechanism? or shall we say this perfection of the blood is partial? If the latter, then we must own that blood is not to be relied on, but that the system of it, and whatever is built on that foundation, is precarious and uncertain, and therefore falls to the ground of its own accord.

Whilst this continues to be the rule of breeding, I mean of putting male and female together, with no consideration but that of blood and a proper cross, it is no wonder so few good racers are produced; no wonder mankind are disappointed in their pleasure and expectations; for this prejudice does not only extend to blood but even to the very names of the breeders, and the country where the horses are bred, though it is beyond all doubt that the North claims the preference of all other places in the kingdom; but that preference is allowed from the multiplicity of mares and stallions in those parts, and from the number of racers there bred.

I would not be thought in this to prefer my own opinion of shape and make to the known goodness of any stallion, but would prefer the latter before the opinion of all mankind. What then? It is not every horse that has been a good racer, will get good colts; some have suffered too much in their constitutions by hard and continued labor, whilst others have some natural infirmity, that may probably be entailed on their generation.

But the most material thing in breeding all animals, and to which we pay the least regard, either in the race of men or horses, is the choice of the female who not only joins in the production of the fœtus, but in the formation of it also. And that the female has even the greatest share in the production of the fœtus, will be proved by this instance: If you take a dung-hill cock and put to a game hen, and also put a brother of that game hen to a sister of the dung-hill cock, the chickens bred from the game hen will be found much superior to the chickens bred from the dung-hill hen.

Before I close this essay, I beg leave to be allowed (without the imputation of pedantry) one quotation from Virgil, who is supposed to have well understood the laws of nature. In his description of the choice of animals for procreation, in the third chapter of the Georgics, and the 49th verse, you will find it thus written:

“ Sen quis Olympicea miratus preamia palmae,
Pascit equos, sen quis fortes, ad eratra Innencos,
Corpora praecepud matrum cegat.”

But, if I should not escape the censure of the critics on this oc-

casion, I expect the thanks of all the handsome, well-made women in the kingdom, who understand Latin, for the hint; and where they do not, I hope their paramours will instil the meaning of it, as deeply as they can, into them.

“AN OLD COURSER.”

THE ROYAL VISIT TO BELVOIR CASTLE.

WERE I to detail all the goings-on at Belvoir Castle during Her Majesty and Prince Albert and the Queen Dowager's visit to the Duke of Rutland, I should occupy a very great portion of your Number; neither is it necessary, as every part of the kingdom is already apprised of the princely hospitality of His Grace towards his Sovereign and the illustrious guests who honored him with their presence. It would be unpardonable, however, if *Maga* omitted to notice what is especially her province; and lest you should not have received a more detailed account of our “doings” in the field with this celebrated pack—now exalted by the presence of royalty—I forward you a brief statement of two glorious days' sport we had during Her Majesty's residence at the Castle.

The fixture on the 5th having been announced for Croxton park, and a general opinion prevailing that Her Majesty and the Queen Dowager would be present to see the hounds throw off, and that the Prince Consort would join the Hunt, an immense concourse of gentry and yeomen assembled at the Castle, the hounds being under the command of Lord Forester.

At eleven o'clock Her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, Prince Albert, and the Duke of Rutland, entered a carriage-and-four, escorted by outriders in His Grace's livery mounted on thorough-breds, and followed by the Ladies in Waiting in another carriage-and-four, proceeded by the public road, the bulk of the equestrians taking the Noble Duke's private road. As the cavalcade passed along the route, which was lined for nearly a quarter of a mile with carriages of every description, numerous horsemen joined it, and by the time Croxton park was within sight there were full three hundred persons present, which every moment increased, and by the time it reached the park had swelled to eight hundred, including nearly all the members of the Melton Hunt in hunting costume, and several ladies, among whom were Miss Manners, of Goadby Hall, a relative of the Rutland family; and Miss Charlsworth and Miss Doyle, both well known in Leicestershire. The crowd of horsemen and the thousands on foot gave three cheers for the two Queens of England, which “made the welkin ring.”

On arriving at the park, Prince Albert left the carriage, and mounted his favorite hunter (*Emancipation*), as did the Duke of Wellington, when the “view-hallo” was given to these illustrious personages in true fox-hunting style. The royal carriages moved

on through Waltham village, keeping the road to the South of Melton, and took their station on the high ground opposite Melton spinnies. Lord Forester brought the hounds to the window of the Royal carriage for Her Majesty's inspection, and they were shortly after thrown into the spinnies, and immediately gave tongue. Three foxes were a-foot, and on settling to one, he went off to Claxton thorns, where, being headed by some foot-people, he turned back towards the spinnies, and was run into within one field of the covert. Tried Freeby wood, but did not find. Trotted on to Waltham pasture, and found immediately, but he was run to ground in three fields. Found a third in Newman's gorse, near Waltham, and went away merrily for Spoxton thorns; passing Colston village, the fox veered to the left, and crossed the brook, followed by the hounds, the Prince going over in splendid style. Leaving Colston covert to the left, the varmint made for Woodle Head, but being headed by some ploughmen, he turned to the right, leaving Wymondham village to his left, pointing for Stapleford park. The pace was now first-rate. The run had lasted nearly half an hour over some of the finest country that a Sportsman could desire. Second horses were called for by scores at Wymondham, and away they went, the Prince keeping in the first rank. On clearing the village, a cur-dog coursed the fox, turning him short round to the right, which caused a momentary check, and gave a short breathing to the Field, who evidently stood in great need of a respite. The hounds soon got on his track, and followed back to Colston village, re-crossing the brook, and he was shortly after run to ground at Garthorpe, having afforded a gallant run of three quarters of an hour, during the greater part of which the pace was very fast. Most of the horses were dead beat, and not more than a dozen up at the finish, amongst the foremost of whom was the Prince. Both the Equerries in attendance on His Royal Highness, Colonel Bouverie and Mr. G. E. Anson, had falls, which produced some good-humored jokes at their expense. The Duke of Wellington only rode to the spinnies, and then returned to the Castle. Her Majesty and suite returned at three o'clock, having, however, seen very little of the sport. The Noble Host did not join the Hunt, having remained with Her Majesty to point out the country. The hunting party at the Castle arrived at five o'clock. Among the Nobility and Gentry present were, the Marquis of Granby, and Lords John, Charles, and George Manners; Earls Howe, Jersey, and Wilton; Lord Rancliffe; General Hare and Major-General Wemyss; Colonels Bouverie, Dundas, and Wyndham; Messrs. G. E. Anson, W. Bromley, Christopher, Gilmour, Cradock, Craufurd, Hartopp, E. Hartopp, Herrick, Masters, Pryor, Turner, B. Turner, Selwyn, E. Stuart Wortley, &c., but it is impossible to enumerate the splendid group which constituted the Field, assuredly the finest ever assembled.

The meet on the 6th was Belvoir, and before eleven o'clock the park was filled with horsemen, admirably mounted, the number certainly not less than six hundred. Goodall, the Duke's huntsman, led the hounds from the kennels to the open piece of meadow-land near the Peacock Inn, where the horsemen generally

assemble; and at half-past eleven, Her Majesty, accompanied by Lady Portman, Lady Adeliza Manners, and the Duke of Rutland, proceeded to Allextion Hall, the seat of Mr. Gregory, where the hounds were to throw off. On passing the Peacock Inn, a double line of horsemen, ranged for a considerable distance on either side the road, gave a real fox-hunting cheer, and waved their hats, indicating the delight they experienced from the presence of their Sovereign. On arriving near Allextion gorse, the Royal carriage halted in order to afford the Queen an opportunity of seeing the hounds throw off.

At twelve o'clock, Lord Forester threw the hounds into the gorse, and on the instant a real varmint was a-foot, and went off at a good bat, leaving the Hall to the left, and making for the School plat-gorse, passing Stroston village to the right, then headed back through the wood, and across the park, the hounds close at his brush, and passing within three hundred yards of Her Majesty's carriage, the leading horsemen close up. The Queen stood up to view the exhilarating scene, and reynard, as if loyally disposed, bore up to something less than one hundred yards of the Royal carriage, when he was headed by the crowd who gave three cheers at witnessing the animation of the Sovereign. The fox now crossed the Grantham road, taking the canal (a bridge being *conveniently* at hand for some of the Field), and then going straight away to the left, passed Barrowby village, and on towards Little Gowerby, in the direction for Belton Park, the seat of Lord Brownlow, where the gallant fellow went to ground, after affording an excellent run of an hour and ten minutes. After "taking leave" of the Queen, the park was so trodden by the foot people, and the scent so completely failed, as to reduce the Field to slow hunting, and a heavy ploughed field, after passing the canal, was also in favor of the varmint; indeed, he was never pressed after quitting the park.

Her Majesty returned to the Castle at two o'clock; and the hounds, at the conclusion of the run were brought back to the kennel. The Field included most of the Gentlemen and Ladies who attended yesterday, the latter wearing white favors, no less desirous to do honor to the Queen than Her Majesty's subjects of "sterner mould."

I must not omit to mention, that on Her Majesty's return to town, at the entrance to Melton Mowbray a handsome triumphal arch was erected, covered with evergreen and hung with flags, surmounted by *two stuffed foxes*, emblems of the Metropolis of Hunting, and on the front was an inscription, "Albert Prince of Wales, England's hope!"

Now, whether we view the pageantry of the Royal cavalcade, surrounded by hundreds of the finest hunters in the world—the enthusiasm and loyalty of the people in welcoming their Sovereign and her Illustrious Consort to our national sport—and the excellence of the runs—I think I may fairly assert that a more glorious scene was never witnessed in the brightest days of "merrie England."

HERNE.

THE FIRST WEEK IN DECEMBER.

BY DETONATOR.

HAIL Christmas! hail Frost! hail Snow! hail Hail! all hail! that is, when they all come; but at this present time of writing, the climate, in this part of Devonshire at least, reminds one more of the sweet South than the close of the year, for the atmosphere is purely Italian, and "the balmy breezes amongst the trees-es," as the poet says, are as mild as the soft air wafted over that insular paradise, Madeira, where the consumptive are consigned either to renovate their attenuated frames, or breathe their last on a foreign shore. It is to be hoped, however, that ere the Norfolk dainties are distributed throughout the Metropolis, and *Maga* finds its way to the firesides of its numerous discriminating readers, we shall have something like seasonable weather.

Those of my readers who have arrived at years of discretion, and numbered some five-and-forty or fifty summers, require not to be told that a quarter of a century ago our winters were winters—skates and snow-balls, slippery ice and stunning falls ushered in the hoary month of December with appropriate honors. Alas! for the days that are gone! The elements now bow to the all-prevailing influence of steam; the whole country is enveloped in vapor; coke-fires and hissing engines warm the surface of England's fertile plains, and stern Winter, awed by the unnatural heat, draws it *mild*. I confess I am not philosopher enough to console myself with the home-spun proverb, "It's all for the best." Give me the old-fashioned weather of thirty years ago—a bracing atmosphere, a frozen sheet of water, and a crisp coating of snow on field and highway. Those were the days for bracing nerve and limb, invigorating the frame, and begetting a keen appetite, which gave a zest to the good cheer beneath the paternal roof. Snipes, woodcocks, teal, widgeon, and wild-ducks then honored us with their annual visits. Where are they now? either remaining quietly at home in their own desolate regions, or gone to a more friendly clime, at least one more congenial with their nature and habits. Thanks to the "Maudesleys" and the "Watts's," and their *en-gine-uity*, they have made Old England *too hot to hold them!*

To the extraordinary and unnatural mildness of the season I must attribute the all but total absence of migratory game. Woodcocks have been unusually scarce in Devonshire, which is proverbially a good county for the long-bills: a tolerably fair sprinkling has been found in certain favored localities, but these have been few and far between. I have seen but ten birds since the 16th of October; of these, however, I have been fortunate enough to knock over eight. Mr. Mitchel, of Cottley, has come in for

a good share of this "here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow" sport. In one day he killed six couple and a half on his own estate, and he has never gone out without bringing home one or more on each occasion. I never saw finer cocks than those I have shot myself; they were all in splendid condition, and afforded very pretty picking to my epicurean friends. As an instance of the un-Christmas-like weather, I may mention that I have just left my friend and neighbor, our excellent Rector, with whom I strolled round his well-kept shrubbery, and he pointed out to me two splendid fuchsias, which were shooting forth young leaves in all the luxuriance of April or May, thus affording a premature proof of the freaks December is indulging in.

You may travel from Dan to Beersheba and not meet with better snipe-ground than that afforded on both banks of the Axe, from the town of Axminster to Axmouth, where the river discharges itself into the sea. Very few of these delicious birds made their appearance last year in the bottoms, but the year before I had unusually good sport, having killed ten couple and a half in a day, and I never went out without bringing home three, four, or five couples. We have a little too much water at present in the best parts of the swamps, but still several birds have been seen in the marsh, and I hope, as the hard weather sets in—if we are to have any—to bring a few to bag. I suspect the snipes are on our moors and hills, having been driven thither by the late floods, and I do not look for anything like sport until a little dry weather compels them to resort to the swamp again to bore for food. To the bog-trotter and bog-shooter it will be gratifying to learn that an enterprising Knight of the Last (Snobs are exploded) in the good town of Weymouth has discovered the art and mystery of making pliable and wearable marsh-boots, very closely resembling the comfortable casings for the extremities made by the renowned Monsieur Duflos of Abbeville, whose Crispin-ian merits have been so justly extolled by the Author of "The Sportsman in France." Captain Lautour of the guards, a first-rate fisherman, and Mr. Wickham, acknowledged by everyone to be the best snipe-shot in England, paid our river a visit this spring, and I had the pleasure of enjoying a day's fishing with them. They were provided each with a pair of these leathern indispensables, and for English-make they were the best samples of waterproof boots I ever saw. Captain Lautour, who lives at Weymouth, has the merit of having discovered the talent of this artist, and, having convinced himself of the excellence of Monsieur Duflos's manufacture, imparted the secret to the Weymouth boot-maker, who has profited so far by the valuable hints given him as to bid fair to rival the celebrated Frenchman. I have written by this day's post to Captain Lautour for the artist's name and address, as it is my intention to send a pattern boot to Weymouth, and have a pair of *impermeables* made for the ensuing fishing season. The price is low—only thirty shillings—and this moderate portion of capital is surely well invested in the purchase of a comfortable protector from wet and damp; to say nothing of the facility afforded for wading the shallows, to ap-

proach any given curl where the trout are rising out of the reach of the fly, save at the cost of wet haunches and the inevitable SEQUITUR of lumbago and rheumatism. 'The worthy Snob's name and address, and the quality of the boots I have ordered, shall be made known to my Readers in due season.

Partridge-shooting with us Devonians is virtually over. I had a glimpse of a covey on Hargrove hill, at about a mile and a half's distance, and these are the only birds I have seen for many a day.

Our worthy Rector and myself, a first-rate shot and practical Sportsman (the Rector, I mean, not myself), have toiled diligently and assiduously in our vocation in all the best coverts in the neighborhood, and the manor is an extensive one: but until yesterday we could not discover the whereabouts of the cock pheasants; of hens there was no lack—in fact I never saw them more abundant—but we respect the sex; not a feather have we ruffled, for we have an eye to next year, and there is every prospect of our forbearance meeting with its due reward hereafter. I hate a pot-hunter, and when I see any one of the blaze-away-right-and-left gentlemen fire at a hen bird in a circumscribed manor where the game is endeavored to be kept up as it should be, I cannot divest myself of the idea that he would kill his own mother if he could get anything by it. Yesterday my neighbor and myself had a very fair day's sport; we killed two brace and a half of cock pheasants, a brace of hares, a woodcock, and two couple and a half of rabbits.

My brother Knights of the trigger have doubtless heard of a recent invention by the Messrs. Needham, the gun-makers of Piccadilly. It is styled the self-priming gun, and I am told the plan and its adoption are neat, clever, and effective. I have not seen, as yet, a gun so mounted, but one or two old and experienced Sportsmen have, at my request, called at Mr. Needham's establishment, and their report I am bound to say is highly in favor of the discovery. This of a truth is the age of invention and experiments, and every mechanic of high or low degree is entitled to the thanks of the Sportsman for every improvement in the construction and utility of the gun. That the Messrs. Needham's patent is a boon conferred on the field-shooter is unquestionable if all I hear be true—a saving of time in loading is effected, and the primer in its cavity is impervious to wet—two grand *desiderata*. The action of cocking the gun throws the primer from a groove running along the stock into a little recess immediately under the cock itself, and its alleged superiority arises from the utter impossibility of the gun missing fire. I have seen a drawing of the plan, and the construction appears simple and not likely to get out of order. I have but little doubt that the self-priming gun will command extensive patronage amongst the rising generation. *Quant a moi*, I confess myself as belonging to that decried race, "the Old School," and am fain to be perfectly content with one of old Westley Richards's best doubles, and *his* patent primers, which, in my humble opinion, can never be exceeded for quick-

ness of firing, and every other requisite which a Sportsman may hope for or expect *daus ce bas monde*. My own gun is a *chef-d'œuvre* in its way, and is the *acme* of perfection from butt to muzzle—thanks to my Reverend friend the worthy Bishop of Bond Street, who, to use his own emphatic phrase, was determined I should have an “out-and-outer.”

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for January, 1844.

Notes of the Month.

M A R C H .

DEATH OF JUDGE PORTER.

With unaffected grief we announce the death of ALEXANDER PORTER, United States Senator from Louisiana. He expired on Saturday the 13th Jan. In the death of a man of the stamp of Judge Porter, a whole nation sustains a loss. He was eminent for his forecast; he was sober and wise in deliberation, and prompt and determined in action. No man breathed, who was more sincerely devoted to the best interests of his country. The State of Louisiana was his pride. To it he brought commanding talents, disinterestedness of purpose and a zeal for the cause of human rights kindled in another clime and inflamed by political persecution and domestic bereavement. In the councils of his adopted country, he was eminent for his wisdom, his eloquence, and his purity of character. But those only who knew him in his social relations can fully appreciate his loss. In his manners, Judge Porter was most bland and elegant; his conversation was affluent of instruction, and overflowing with wit and playfulness; his friendships were ardent and abiding, and to his kindness and benevolence there were no limits. When such a man dies, to weep is no longer a weakness. Tears of affection will be shed for him in his native isle, whose soil was ensanguined by his father's blood; here, our regrets will assume a more sombre hue, for we mourn the loss of an upright judge, a senator, and a statesman.

New Orleans Spring Races.—The “Louisiana Association” advertise that their Spring meeting will commence on the 6th of March, on the *Eclipse* Course, at Carrollton, (formerly Col. OLIVER'S). Their first meeting was held on the Louisiana Course, (formerly Mr. GARRISON'S). The Eclipse Course is about as accessible as the Louisiana or Metairie, and though no very extraordinary time has been made over it, many consider it as well adapted for making fast time as either of the others.

Col. Oliver offers a very good bill of fare for the Jockey Club meeting on the Metairie; a sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, of seventeen subscribers, is to be run for on the second day. There is some capital stock nominated in this stake. On the 3d day, a post stake for \$500 a side, with colts or fillies of their own breeding, is to come off between Mr. DUPLANTIER of Louisiana, and Mr. GREER of Kentucky. Two stakes and four club purses are also to come off during the meeting.

We would suggest to the Secretary of the “La. Association” the propriety of his keeping the Sporting World advised of its movements. Gentlemen in other States might be induced, by the prospect of a fine meeting, to visit New Orleans, while others would so time their periodical visits as to attend

the races. By the way, what was the result of the late match for \$400, between Maid of Orleans and Polly Hopkins?

P.S. Since penning the above we have received the following programme of the Association Meeting:—

First Day, Wednesday, March 6th—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; subscription \$300; forfeit \$100; Mile heats; to close and name on the 1st March.—Duncan F. Kenner.

Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds; subscription \$300; forfeit \$100; Two mile heats; to name and close on the 1st March, 1844.

Second Day, Thursday, March 7th, 1844—Association Purse, \$400; Two mile heats.

Third Day, Friday, March 8th, 1844—Jockey Club Purse, \$600; Three mile heats.

Fourth Day, Saturday, March 9th, 1844—Jockey Club Purse, \$1000; Four mile heats.

Fifth Day, Sunday, March 10th, 1844—Association Purse, \$250; Mile heats, best three in five.

Racing at Trenton.—The lessee of the Eagle Course, is about addressing a circular to the friends of the Turf in New Jersey upon the subject of the formation of a Jockey Club for this popular course, which might readily be made one of the most fashionable, as it is quite the safest and fastest, in the State. Mr. Brown offers the Course to a respectable Jockey Club free of rent, or will enter into any arrangement that promises to place the course upon a more attractive footing. Situated as the course is, midway between New York and Philadelphia, the citizens of which can attend races upon it, and return to town the same day—surrounded by a population notoriously fond of the Sports of the Turf, and with several strong stables in its immediate vicinity, we see no reason why a Jockey Club of the highest respectability could not be organized, and hold semi-annual meetings on it. The citizens of Trenton and Princeton should take this matter in hand; by doing so with spirit, they would find it greatly to their advantage in more senses than one.

Racing Prospects in Canada.—A letter from Toronto, informs us that great preparations are making for the ensuing campaign. The Toronto Turf Club, in connexion with the St. Leger Course, near that city, convened on the 14th ult., to elect officers, etc. Several stakes have been opened, and a purse of 100 sovs., together with others of smaller amount, are to be put up for public competition. We are glad to hear, too, that our friend BARBER, of the Toronto "Herald," has made considerable progress in his "Hand Book of Cricket." The new Club in this city having done us the honor to elect us its President, we are more than ever anxious to secure copies of it. We trust to take the conceit out of him and his "one of these days," after the "fresh caught ones" in our Club "get their hands in." We notice, by-the-bye, with great pleasure, in an account of a recent examination for exhibition (or prize scholarships) in Upper Canada College, that G. A. BARBER, Jr., a youth of fourteen, and the eldest son of the editor of the "Herald," was among the successful competitors. Heaven send that he may prove as fine a fellow, and as good a cricketer, as his father!

The annual meeting of the South Carolina Jockey Club, commenced on the 21st ultimo, over the Washington Course near Charleston. The officers of the Club comprise the following gentlemen:—JAMES ROSE, Esq., President; Col. JOHN S. ASHE, Vice-President; J. C. COCHRAN, Esq., Treasurer; Dr. JOHN B. IRVING, Secretary, and JOHN L. WILSON, Esq., Solicitor. The Stewards for the week are, James Heyward, Hugh Rose, W. J. Bull, W. Lowndes, Wm. Harleston, R. Q. Pinckney, H. L. Toomer, and Edward Heyward, Esqs. The Jockey Club dinner was to take place on Wednesday, and the Ball on Friday night.

We learn from the "Rambler," that there never have been more horses in training at the Course for many years, than were to have been seen there a few days before the meeting commenced. The editor mentions the following:—

In Col. HAMPTON'S stable, a b. m., 5 years, by Bertrand, jr., out of Betsey

Richards—Margaret Wood, by Imp. Priam, out of Maria West—and a ch. f., 2 years, by Monarch, out of Betsey Robbins by Kosciusko.

In Col. SINGLETON'S stable, there is *Hero*—a *Glaucus* filly—and a filly by Imp. Nonplus.

In Col. WILLIAMSON'S stable, which is known as "the Virginia stable," is Regent by Priam, Eutaw by Chateau Margaux, Taglioni by Priam, Tishannah by Benbow, Marchioness by Rowton, and Brown Stout, who won at Pineville lately.

In SHELTON & BELL'S stable, known as "the Georgia stable," is Billy Gay by Hedgford, Nancy Rowland by Rowton, a grey colt, 3 years, by Bascombe, and a ch. f. by Penoyer. The celebrated mare Omega formed one of this string, until within a few weeks falling lame, she has been thrown out of training.

In Mr. EDMONSON'S stable, (another Georgia stable), is Morgan and Brandy by Bascombe, and Mary Elizabeth by Andrew.

In Mr. SINKLER'S stable, is Zoe by Rowton, Champion by Tarquin, Girth by Rienzi, and old Santa Anna.

In Capt. ROWE'S stable, is a b. f., 4 years, by Emancipation, out of Lady Morgan—and a very speedy filly, 3 years, by Liverpool, out of dam of Theodore.

In Mr. BARCLAY'S stable, is a ch. m. Julia Davie by Rowton, b. m. by Bertrand, jr., and a ch. m. by Emancipation.

In Messrs. THOMPSON & FENNER'S stable, (known as the North Carolina stable) is Oregon, a b. h., 3 years, by Philip, Crackaway, a ch. c., 2 years old, by Tonson, and Clarendon, a br. c., 3 years, by Priam, dam by Marion.

In Dr. GUIGNARD'S stable, is Edisto by Rowton, and in Capt. HARRISON'S stable, is Joe Winfield by John Dawson, and a ch. f. by Crazy Bill.

In addition to the above there is a plentiful sprinkling of "*rum ones to look at, but good 'uns to go,*" reserved for the second races and sweepstakes.

We have received, as Secretary of the Club, several letters applying for membership, which will considerably increase the numbers of our club, and the weather promises to be good; we anticipate for the lovers of the sports of the turf a week of great, and for many years unparalleled enjoyment.

The following is an extract from a letter dated Natchitoches, La., Jan. 29, 1844:—

It was most fortunate that Messrs. WELLS and CARNELL paid us a visit last Fall; in beating us so badly they have raised the *Ebenezer* of our sporting gentlemen. With one of the finest courses in the South, with abundance of wealth, and the disposition to invest it freely in horse flesh, it was shameful that we had not a single horse that could contend successfully for the purses; every person pronounced it outrageous; the whole Parish considered itself as implicated in the mortifying truth, that we had not a winner. How did it happen? simply because we had but 2 or 3 thorough-bred horses, and from their small size, the weight killed them. One of the first moves made after the races was to send Mary Taylor (Fortune) to the harem of Leviathan, and Rosabella to that of Wagner.

A. LECOMTE & Co. employed W. S. TYSON—a young gentleman of most excellent judgment, and who is devoted to the Turf—with instructions to proceed to Tennessee, and regardless of price, to procure some of the best get of Leviathan, Glencoe, Stockholder, &c. He returned here a few weeks ago, having fulfilled his instructions to the entire satisfaction of the company. The colts are uncommonly large and very fine, with unquestionable blood, as the pedigrees which accompany this will shew, and I think that it may be safely asserted, that there is not in the whole South a more splendid stable of untried 2 and 3 year olds than those of A. Lecomte & Co. They are now in training here, and will make their first appearance on any Turf in Orleans next Spring. If our friends from Rapides, Messrs. Wells & Carnell, think that they can "throw mud in our faces" again let them come up next Fall, and as the venerable RITCHIE would say "*nous verrons.*" The following names for the colts are claimed by A. Lecomte & Co.:—

For a bay filly 3 years old in the Spring of '43, by Tarquin out of Imp. Sarah by Sarpedon, the name claimed is "*Laura*" (late Madeline.)

For a chesnut filly (own sister to John Ross) foaled in the Spring of '41, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, g. dam full sister to the celebrated race horse Tennessee Oscar, the name claimed is "*Etza Mills.*"

For a brown filly foaled in April '41, got by Jefferson (by Sir Archie) out of chesnut mare Desdemona (she by Timoleon) her dam by Elliott's Pacolet by Wilkes' Wonder, g.g. dam by Celer, g.g.g. dam by Wildair, g.g.g.g. dam by Mark Anthony, g.g.g.g.g. dam by Fearnought, &c., the name claimed is "*Sally Parr.*"

For a chesnut filly foaled Spring '42, got by Muley Moloch by Muley, his dam Nancy by Dick Andrews, dam of Longwaist [see Stud Book, vol. 4 p. 323]; her dam by Champion (son of Selim) dam by Cestrian, her dam Paulina by Orville—Sir Peter—Herod [see Stud Book, vol. 4 p. 82] the name claimed is "*Cora.*"

For a bay colt foaled in March '41, got by Imp. Glencoe out of Imp. Nanny Kilham, she by Voltaire; the name claimed is "*Flintoff.*"

For a dark chesnut colt foaled in March '41 and own brother to Harry Cargil, got by Imp. Leviathan out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker; the name claimed is "*Harry of the West.*"

For a brown colt foaled in the Spring of '41, by Stockholder, his dam by Imp. Leviathan, g. dam Gen. Robt. Desha's noted Four mile mare (Clack) by Tennessee Oscar, g.g. dam, the dam of the celebrated mare Betsy Malone, the name claimed is "*El Bolero.*"

It appears that the name for chesnut colt Harry of the West has been claimed previously to the purchase of him by Mr. Lecomte. As the list comprises the stable of A. Lecomte & Co., it would perhaps be as well to publish him in the list. Respectfully, W. P. REYBURN, Sec'y. N. J. Club

Hedgeana, a fine filly, by Imp. Hedgford, was purchased after her late race at Hayneville, Ala., by Mr. THOS. BROUGHTON, of Lowndes County. Mr. B. is "a new beginner," and we are glad to hear he has determined on making up a good stable.

What is the Rule?—A gentleman writes us from Montgomery, Ala. that during the late races there a colt called *Camphor* was started one day as a *five* yr. old and on another day as a *four* year old. On the first day the colt's age being questioned the matter was referred to a committee of the Jockey Club, who, regardless of record or certificate decided that the colt was five years old; subsequently they became satisfied of their error and he was allowed to start as a four year old! We are surprised that a gentleman should allow his horse to start under such circumstances; unless proclamation was made of the fact, it was a palpable fraud upon the public, while at the same time it was doing great injustice to the colt; we take it for granted that in "modern instances" a gentleman thinks nearly as much of the reputation of a favorite horse as of his own; at least such has been our experience. The committee of the Jockey Club were entirely unauthorized in setting aside "the record and certificates," as it seems to us, though we are not informed as to their character for authenticity. Yet it would appear that the committee itself changed its opinion upon the subject, and by their second *decision* [!] virtually acknowledged their incompetency to sit in judgment upon a matter of the kind.

Sport in Arkansas.—A correspondent of the Batesville "North Arkansas," communicates the result of the late match between *Freshet* and *Tyre Mussett*, in the following terms:—

Walnut Grove, Jackson Co., Dec. 25, 1843.

DEAR SIR: The race between *Freshet* and *Tyre Mussett* has just come off; *Freshet* winning in 2 straight heats, easily. Time 4m—4:3. Before starting *Tyre* was the favorite, but little betting, owing to the filly appearing injured in the hock. I think *Freshet* a race nag some distance, and will authorize you to say she can beat either of the colts she run against last spring in a sweep-stake at Van Buren; the race to come off over this course, the last Wednesday in March next, mile heats for \$500 aside, half forfeit, to be closed by the 15th of February next. This is a fine course, and every accommodation by the proprietor, R. Stone, who is a whole team of himself. Come to the races in January, and try and get *Pete Whetstone* to come with you;—he can catch items for at least fifty letters.

Yours, &c. D.

Mary Jones.—Enquiry having been made relative to the pedigree of this fine performer, (now in the stud of T. B. GOLDSBY, Esq., of Selma, Ala.) we can state that she was bred by Maj. WM JONES, of Cold Spring Harbour, L. I. She was got by Imp. Barefoot, out of Eleanor by Eclipse, her dam by Imp. Messenger, out of the celebrated "Yankee mare," by Imp. Figure. Mary Jones started but once on Long Island, but has since won, it is said, fifteen times, having lost but two races.

Young Jackson, a fine son of the celebrated trotting stallion Andrew Jackson (who died last season), out of a Mambrino mare, has been purchased by Mr. ALBERT EMMONS, of Flatlands, Long Island. Young Jackson will probably take Abdallah's old stand near the Union Course. He is a remarkably fine looking young horse, full sixteen hands high, with good action, being equal to nearly three minutes in harness.

Challenge from Eclipse, at the age of Thirty!—The last number of the Frankfort "Commonwealth" contains the following challenge from GEORGE E. BLACKBURN, a worthy son of "Uncle Ned," who, by the bye, can give odds and beat any man alive and above ground at writing or talking up a favorite stallion. It is addressed

To the Owners of Stallions in Kentucky.—I have at my stable AMERICAN ECLIPSE, the great father of Race horses, and himself the victor of the Western World. He is now thirty years old. I will give the owners of fine Stallions an opportunity of comparing their horses with him, on the 3d Monday of February, 1844, at Frankfort. We are afraid but few will dare appear, when we make it known that the old horse is in the full vigor of his youth, and as gay and active as when the bugle's blast called him to the field of his victory and his fame. He is a living monument of the inefficiency of time's attack. I live within two miles of Frankfort, and will be happy to furnish gentlemen who may bring their horses to the exhibition, with good stables—so they need have no apprehension on that point. Kentucky's proud champion, GREY EAGLE, will be there, and will exhibit the same "stately steppings," and undaunted mien, which, upon the field of Oakland, called forth the loud huzzas of Kentucky's Sportsmen.

GEORGE E. BLACKBURN.

Col. METCALFE, the new proprietor of the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., has lately returned from New Orleans in the highest spirits—a friend writes us—having engaged several South western stables to attend his Spring Meeting. Imp. Jordan and Earl of Margrave are to stand at the course this season. The "Galt House Stake" has closed with forty-one subscribers.

Sale of Mr. WEATHERLEY'S Stock.—We find in the Liverpool "Chronicle" of the 16th Jan., a report of the sale, by Messrs. Tattersall, of the Blood Stock of the late Mr. Weatherley, among which was the celebrated Sir Hercules, the half brother to Capt. STOCKTON'S Langford, and sire of Coronation, at \$4,500. We quote:—

Sir Hercules, by Whalebone, 900 guineas; bay mare by Velocipede, 24; bay yearling colt by Sir Hercules, 30; ch. f. by Sir Hercules, 38; Livermaud, a bay two-year-old colt, by Liverpool, 180.

Lord Macdonald's hunters: Fairstar, 115 g^s.; Judy M'Cann, 100; Black Prince, 88; Will-with-a-wisp 230; Ptarmigan, 200; Hector, 200; Jew's Eye, 255; and Curiosity 120.

Of Col. Thomson's hunters, Prisoner fetched 180 guineas, and Discount 155. Sir Hercules was purchased by the Hon. S. Herbert.

H. J. CANNON, Esq., of Melton, Fayette Co., Tenn., claims the following names:—*Notion*, for a gr. c., 3 yrs. old, by Clarence Linden, out of Sally Sable; that of *North State*, for a ch. c., 2 yrs. old, by Andrew, out of Polly Cottle, a Marion mare; and *Carolina*, for a ch. f., 1 yr. old, by Imp. Priam, out of Polly Cottle.

The Racing Calendar.

MOBILE, ALA., BASCOMBE COURSE.

We learn from the "Daily Advertiser" of that city, that the "Mobile Association Races" commenced on

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 17, 1844—Purse \$200, \$25 to 2d best horse, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 115—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. ~~5~~ Horses to take their age from 1st May ~~5~~ Mile heats.

Jas. E. Zunt's ch m. <i>Susan Hill</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Susan Hill by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Isaac Van Leer's (Thos. Kirkman's) gr. c. <i>Dandy</i> , by Imp. Fop, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs.....	4	2
D. Myers' b. f. <i>Lucy Myers</i> , by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs.....	3	3
M. J. McRae's b. h. <i>John Hunter</i> , by Shark, out of Coquette by Sir Archy, 7 yrs.....	2	dist
Time not given.		

The "Advertiser" states that Susan Hill won easily. The weather was fine, the track in tolerably good condition, notwithstanding the late rains, and there was a very respectable concourse of spectators in attendance.

THURSDAY, Jan. 18—Purse \$300, of which the 2d best horse received \$50; weights as before. Two mile heats.

I. Van Leer's (Thos. Kirkman's) ch. f. <i>Liatusnah</i> , by Imp. Ainderby, out of Imp. Jenny Mills, 3 yrs.....	1	1
D. Myers' b. f. <i>Oriole</i> (own sister to Linnet, Wren, Falcon, Swallow, etc.), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney.....	2	2
M. J. McRae's h. <i>Bankrupt</i> , out of an Imp. mare by Emilius, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.
Time, 3:57—3:51.		

A finer day never shone on a course than to-day—the ladies shone out too, and both conspired to impart additional delight to the sport. There were three entries, Bankrupt, Liatusnah, and Oriole. Public favor, like safety, lay in the middle, and to such an extent that little or no betting took place. Bankrupt was entirely out of order, having been training only a month, after playing "saddle horse" for the summer. The favorite evidently had little trouble in winning either heat, or both, and in the second narrowly escaped shutting out the field.

The following is from the "Tribune" of Saturday:—

Yesterday's race was for the three mile purse, for which the renowned Peytona was entered, together with a fine colt by Imp. Belshazzar. The former was the favorite, of course. She is the largest mare ever seen on the American Turf, being about sixteen hands and three inches over the withers. For one of such giant proportions she is a handsome looking animal, and, in slow work, her gait is ungraceful; her action, when fully extended, is superb. At such times her stride measures the enormous space of twenty-seven feet. All the produce of her dam—Giantess—are nearly on the same vast scale. Aduella, one year older, has never been beaten in that most trying of races—three in five. A two year old brother recently brought \$1,030, and promises to be equal in size and speed to any of his family. The suckling colt is said to be one of the finest ever seen. For Peytona herself \$3,500 have been offered and refused.

The other entry was St. Cloud, by Imp. Belshazzar, a colt admirably well put up, but not in good condition. He had run but three races, and won two of them. One was his colt stake at Shelbyville, and the other at Montgomery. He is a very fine colt, as his yesterday's race proved him.

The Race.—St. Cloud started off with Peytona *en attendant*, and at a slow rate they ran the first two miles. On turning into the back stretch, the mare took the spur pretty freely, and then the pace improved. At the third turn of the last mile the mare went ahead, but still the little colt stuck to her, and in a beautiful brush, but with ears playing and fully at her ease, she came home an open length in advance—making the last mile in 1:49.

The second heat—though the issue was plain—was rendered interesting by the two running so close together; but the time was slow, and the superiority of the mare too plain to admit of an instant's doubt. The tale was soon told.

FRIDAY, Jan. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$400, the second horse to receive \$100, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Isaac Van Leer's (Thos. Kirkman's) ch. f. <i>Peytona</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs.....	1	1
D. Myers' b. c. <i>St. Cloud</i> , by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Partner, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 6:00—5:58.		

We find the last day's race also in the "Tribune." There was a heavy rain on the morning, which marred the sport. The following was the result:—

SATURDAY, Jan. 6—J. C. Purse \$200, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.		
Jas. E. Zuntz's ch. m. <i>Susan Hill</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Susan Hill, 6 yrs.....	1	1
M. J. McRae's ch. c. <i>Ran Peyton</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.
Time, 1:55—1:53.		

AUGUSTA, GA., LAFAYETTE COURSE.

We are indebted to the "Chronicle and Sentinel" for the report annexed:—

MONDAY, Jan. 22, 1844—Purse \$100, 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. Mile heats.

Geo. Robinson's ch. f. <i>Frances Amanda</i> , by Pennoyer, out of Sally M'Grath, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. H. L. Jones' ch. h. <i>Robert Rowton</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Arab, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Wm. Eddings' ch. g. <i>De Soto</i> , by Hualpa, dam by Phenomenon, 4 yrs.....	2	3
Time, 1:53—1:56.		

TUESDAY, Jan. 23—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

J. Lamkin's ch. m. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, aged.....	1	1
J. B. Barkley & S. Perry's ch. m. <i>Julia Davie</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Kosciusko, 5 yrs.....	2	2
L. Shelton's ch. c. <i>Morgan</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Emma Hampton, 4 yrs.....	4	3
A. S. Jones' b. h. <i>Richard Rowton</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Falstaff, grandam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.....	3	dr
W. R. Smith's b. f. <i>Jocoy Allen</i> , pedigree and age omitted.....	dr	*
Time, 3:57—3:58. * Drawn on account of lameness.		

The track on Monday was heavy, but yesterday, owing to the quantity of rain which had fallen, it was extremely bad. The running was much better than could have been anticipated.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 24—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Barkley & Perry's b. f. <i>Lucinda</i> , by Bertrand Jr., dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Wm. R. Smith's b. h. <i>Billy Gay</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Mary Frances, 5 yrs.....	2	2
H. Adams' ch. g. <i>Brandy</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Betsey Wallace by Alexander, 4 yrs.....	3	3
Time, 6:06—6:06. Course very heavy.		

For the purse for mile heats, best 3 in 5, Richard Rowton and Nancy Rowland were entered. There were two matches for small amounts also to come off on the 25th.

LOUISIANA ASSOCIATION RACES.

[Concluded]

LAST DAY, Jan. 7—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Duncan F. Kenner's ch. m. <i>Aduella</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess (<i>Peytona's</i> dam) by Imp. Leviathan, 5 yrs.....	1	1	1
F. A. Lumsden's (Geo. Coffeen's) ch. m. <i>Polly Ellis</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Rosalinda by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs.....	dist.		
Time, 2:02.			

The "Picayune" states that the race closed not under a cloud, but under a heaped up mass of clouds, which wept rain incontinently and with unfeeling continuity. *Aduella* won the purse of \$250, mile heats, best three in five, so much at her ease that she distanced her only competitor the first heat in 2:02. There was some other sport, but not of a nature to require a record. Although both weather and sport were thus unpropitious, there was a goodly show of people present.

We are pleased to hear that there is on the tapis a play or pay post stake, \$2,000 subscription, for mile heats, to come off the first day of the next spring meeting; the Association to add \$1,000 thereto, to give to the second best horse in the race. This is but a crude outline of the stake proposed, but it is one which promises sport, if a sufficient number of subscribers to it can be obtained.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

A P R I L , 1 8 4 4 .

Embellishment :

PORTRAIT OF TOUCHSTONE :

Engraved on Steel by GIMBREDE after S. HACKER, from a Painting by J. F. HERRING, Sen.

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

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

- ALEXANDRIA, D. C. National Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - Kendall Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Monday, 6th May.
JACKSON, La. - - - Fashion Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 24th April.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d June.
NEW YORK CITY - Union Course, L. I., J. C. S. M., the week after the Camden Races.
" " " - " " " one day's racing, 1st Tuesday in May.
" " - Beacon Course, N. J.; Trotting Match, \$1000, a side, Ripton vs.
Confidence in harness, 3d Saturday, 15th June.
OPELOUSAS, La. - - St. Landry Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d week in May.
TORONTO, U. C. - - St. Leger Course. Turf Club Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st May.
WASHINGTON, D.C. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.





TOUNGESTONE.

New York: Engraved for the American Anti-Slavery and Spectator Magazine.

TOUCHSTONE;

ENGRAVED BY GIMBREDE AFTER S. HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY J. F. HERRING, SEN.

From the London "Sportsman."

"And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?"

"Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?" enquires Jaques the Melancholy, respecting the Touchstone of Arden: and, "Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?" we repeat—this Touchstone of Eaton. There he stands, reader, in full-blown dignity, one of the brightest, if not the very brightest, star of his day; and we think you will agree with us that he is right worthy of such a master, our artist of such a subject, and that ample justice has been done to all.

For the last century the Grosvenors have held a deservedly high place in Turf History: from father to son, and from brother to brother, we find the same unvarying passion for, and the same honorable conduct in, pursuing it. This, we feel pleasure in adding, has not been without its reward; for the honors of the course have not been wanting to those who strove only in the path of honor to gain them. It has been asserted, by a high authority in sporting matters, that such as engage on the Turf with a strict determination to trust only to fortune and fair play, will scarcely ever meet with success proportionate to their merits, however good may be their horses, or however well laid their plans. Decrees of this nature, could they be confirmed, would go far to strip racing of all its honors and respectability; but happily we have too many noblemen and gentlemen at present pursuing this condemned course, and *with success*, to lead us to regard it as anything beyond a mere assertion. Were we to search the calendars from their commencement, we never could produce a better example of the fallacy of such an opinion than the noble house we have referred to, as bearing upon our present subject. No stain, we say, rests on the name of

"Grosv'nor's earl, that honest upright lord—
So justly loved, so worthily adored."

And yet, what brilliant success at different periods has marked the career of the black and yellow livery! Farther back than the late Lord Grosvenor we will not venture; and even then we are beyond our own depth, and must call in the aid of records and remembrancers much more venerable in appearance and in fact than those who avail themselves of their treasured lore. From these we learn that Lord Grosvenor, the father of the Marquis of Westminster, had a larger stud, both breeding and training, than any other individual of his day in Europe. To give the names of

all, or even a portion of his many capital race-horses, would be a hard task indeed; and we must content ourselves (and we hope our readers), with the recollection of but one or two. Amongst the most celebrated were—John Bull, who won the Derby in 1792, and nearly every other race he started for; Nikè, winner of the Oaks in 1797; and Meteor, a very fair race-horse, being placed second for the Derby, and the most renowned stallion of his time. About the year 1800, perhaps the three best stud-horses in England stood at Eaton, all bred by and the property of Lord Grosvenor, and, what is somewhat remarkable, all chesnuts; these were, Alexander, sire of Hephestion; John Bull, sire of Violante; and Meteor, sire of Meteora. Just to gather some idea of the extent of Lord Grosvenor's victories, we may add, that he was reported to have won two hundred thousand pounds in public money only, in addition to cups and pipes of wine, both of which, it must be remembered, were far more common as Olympic prizes in the days of old than in the present "run for gold." Sam Chifney, the father of our celebrated jockey, was brought up in the Eaton stables, and first appeared to advantage on Lord Grosvenor's horses, for whom he continued to ride for several years, until, making a mistake with Meteor for the Derby (which, it was thought, he ought to have won,) he lost, as well as the race, his seat and situation.

The Marquis of Westminster succeeded his father in 1803, and with the material furnished him to work upon, we are not surprised to see him soon figuring in the calendar, with some of the very best race-horses ever trained attached to his name: amongst others, Bagatelle, Cesario, Agincourt, Enterprise, Meteora, Violante, Plover, Eaton, Chester, Pearl, Hephestion, Benvolio, and Eccleston. Of these we need only say, that Violante, Meteora, and Plover were three mares whose performances are almost unequalled in Turf Annals, and that all were well worthy of the term we have applied to them—first-rate horses. From about the year '12 or '14, however, his lordship's success gradually decreased; and some ten or fifteen years since the once far-famed Eaton stud had sunk wofully in general estimation; but in 1833 Touchstone appeared, and with him commenced another era, rivalling in brilliancy that of thirty years previous. In the list of these cracks of the second dynasty are to be found Touchstone, winner of the St. Leger, &c. &c.; Launcelot, second for the Derby, and winner of the St. Leger; Satirist, winner of the St. Leger; Ghuznee, winner of the Oaks; Cardinal Puff, winner of the Chester Cup; Sleight-of-Hand, winner of the Liverpool Cup; Maroon, Maria Day, Van Amburgh, William de Fortibus, The Lord Mayor, and Fanny Eden. The majority of these were trained by the Scotts, and His Lordship's success has certainly not been so great since his withdrawing his name from the number of their patrons; and it may at first appear rather extraordinary to leave a party with whom he had enjoyed such repeated triumphs. On the other hand, His Lordship's name had been mentioned in a manner anything but flattering with reference to one or two particular cases;

while the censure, if at all merited, should have rested on those more immediately concerned, perhaps more interested in the race. At the close of 1841, Lord Westminster determined on training his horses in private, and removed them for that purpose to Eaton, engaging Osborne as prime minister; but he only held office one season, and the string is now under the care of Horsley, trainer to the late Sir Thomas Stanley. A change, too, has been made in the ground, the present stable being in Delamere Forest, though not far distant from last year's quarters. Having thus brought "master and man" down to the present time, it is time for us to give the necessary particulars of the crack before us.

PEDIGREE.

Touchstone, a brown colt, was bred by Lord Westminster in 1831, and is by Camel, out of Banter by Master Henry, her dam Boadicea by Alexander, out of Brunette by Amaranthus—May-fly by Match'em—Ancaster Starling.

Some breeders, we know, have an objection to a first foal; but to such as may incline to this opinion we would cite Touchstone as a real "knock-me-down" example, he being the *first* produce of a six-year-old mare. Banter is also the dam of Sarcasm (the dam of Satirist), Launcelot, Lampoon, and others.

PERFORMANCES.

In 1833, Touchstone, then two years old, made his first appearance at Lichfield, where he walked over for a Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each. At Holywell Hunt, he ran third for The Champagne Stakes, Queen Bess winning it, The Tulip second, and Noodle last.

In 1834, Touchstone, ridden by Calloway, won The Dee at Chester, beating Queen Bess (2), Abbas Mirza (3), and the following not placed:—Tom Jones, Fearnhurst, and Miss Chester. At the same place, ridden by Calloway, he won the Palatine, beating Queen Bess, colt by Peter Lely, La Danseuse, and Abbas Mirza—5 to 2 on Touchstone. At Liverpool he ran second to General Chassè for the St. Leger, but beat c. out of Miss Fanny's dam (3), and the following not placed:—Miss Chester, Cashier, Whitefoot, Queen Bess, Birdlime, Mr. Merryman, Inheritor, and Billinge—6 to 1 agst. Touchstone. At Doncaster, ridden by Calloway, he won the Great St. Leger, beating Bran (2), General Chassè (3), Shillelah (4), and the following not placed:—Plenipotentiary, Bubantes, Valparaiso, Lady le Gros, Worlaby Baylock, filly by Partisan, and Loudon—40 to 1 agst. Touchstone. At Wrexham, ridden by Lear, he won the Bryn-y-pys Stakes, beating Vittoria. At Holywell Hunt he ran third for the Mostyn, Intriguer first and Birdlime second; Uncle Toby and Lucy also started, but were not placed—7 to 4 on Touchstone. At the same place he walked over for the Chieftain Stakes of 50 sovs. each.

In 1835, at Chester, Touchstone walked over for the Stand Cup, value 100 sovs., added to a stake of 10 sovs. each. At Liverpool,

carrying 8st. 10lb., he was not placed for the Tradesmen's Cup, won by General Chassè, 8st. 9lb.—2 to 1 agst. Touchstone. At Doncaster, ridden by W. Scott, he won the Gold Candelabrum, value 300 sovs., beating Hornsea (2), General Chassè (3), and Shillelah and Bella, not placed—3 to 1 agst. Touchstone. At Heaton Park, ridden by Lord Wilton, he won a Piece of Plate, given by Count Matushevitz, beating Catherina (2), Languish (3), and Trim (4)—4 to 1 on Touchstone. At the same place he walked over for a Gold Cup, given by Mr. King. At Holywell Hunt he ran second to Usury for the Mostyn Stakes; Languish and Birdlime also started, but were not placed. At the same place he walked over for the Pengwern Stakes of 30 sovs. each, and a Post Stakes of 100 sovs. each.

In 1836, at Ascot, Touchstone, ridden by J. Day, won the Gold Cup, beating Rockingham (2), Lucifer (3), and Aurelius (4)—6 to 5 agst. Touchstone. At Doncaster, ridden by W. Scott, he won the Gold Cup, beating Carew (2), Venison (3), Bee's-wing (4), General Chassè (5), and Flying Billy (6)—7 to 4 on Touchstone. At Heaton Park, he walked over for a Gold Cup, given by Mr. King.

In 1837, Touchstone, ridden by W. Scott, again won the Ascot Cup, beating Slane, Royal George, and Alumnus—2 to 1 on Touchstone.

The following is the total of Touchstone's winnings for each year, the Cups and Plates being given by their value in specie:—

In 1833	- - - - -	£ 50
1834	- - - - -	2675
1835	- - - - -	1260
1836	- - - - -	1040
1837	- - - - -	450
		<hr/>
Total	- - - - -	£5,475

In 1838, Touchstone stood at Moor Park, where he served 40 mares by subscription at 30 guineas each. In 1839, '40, and '41, he covered an unlimited number of mares at the same place and price. In 1842, he was removed to Eaton, where, in 1843, his price was raised to 40 guineas each: his subscription for the ensuing season of forty mares at 40 guineas, has been full for some time.

The following are some of the principal winners which have already appeared by Touchstone:—Auckland, Ameer, Audrey, Blue Bonnet (winner of the St. Leger), Cotherstone (winner of the Derby), Celia, Dil-bar, Fanny Eden, Gaiety, Jack, Lady Adela, Orlando, Phryne, and Rosalind.

His stock first came out in 1841 as two-year-olds, when they won amongst them in public money, £300; in 1842, £9,530; and in 1843, £20,454.

It must be a source of satisfaction for all sportsmen to know that Touchstone has not left, neither is he likely to leave, his

native land ; although, as we may see from the following anecdote, this is from no indifferent feeling on the part of the foreign market.

Some Americans having looked over the Eaton stud, the one who acted as spokesman requested an audience with the noble owner ; which being granted, the visitor began by saying that he and his friends had seen the horses, and that they fancied Touchstone very much—very much indeed.

Lord Westminster was, of course, highly pleased to hear him say so.

Brother Jonathan, in continuation, informed His Lordship that they had made up their minds to have him.

“ O, indeed ! ”

“ Yes, my Lord, that’s our determination. What’s his price ? ”

“ The American Dominions ! ”

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From the London Magazines for March, 1844.

The new betting room at Newmarket will be fifty feet by twenty feet, of ample height and well ventilated ; it is progressing under the superintendence of Mr. Clarke, Jun., and will be completed by Easter.

Her Majesty has been pleased to grant all such persons as now or may hereafter hold certificates of qualification from the Veterinary College of Edinburgh, a Royal Charter of Incorporation, that they may henceforth be one body, politic and corporate, by the name and title of “ The Royal College of Veterinary surgeons.”

The Duke of Richmond has sold Eaglesfield, the winner of the Great Four-year-old Stake last season at Goodwood, for £400 ; he is intended as another addition to the German Turf ; and Palinurus, by Sheet Anchor, has started for Ireland, having lately been purchased by Mr. Hatch, as a stallion.

Lord Denman, in the early part of last month, gave the judgment of the Court, on the action brought by Lord George Bentinck against Mr. Connop (late of the Hippodrome), for the recovery of £150, the stakes for nominations of the defendant, in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, which was won by a horse the property of the plaintiff. The Court decided by the 16th of Charles the Second, that as the amount claimed exceeded £100, judgment must be entered up for the defendant ; though had the stake been paid down on or before the day of winning, the transaction would have been a legal one. This is not exactly an agreeable piece of information for such winners of produce and other stakes, who have not been able to collect all that the sons of the turf, if not of the land, declare them entitled to.

A new atake is announced for the ensuing Eglinton Park Races, called "The Hydropathic," for hunters; in which it is a condition that the brook in the steeple-chase course shall be jumped immediately before running—the gentlemen jockeys up. This will be followed by the Curraghmore cup, when a four foot wall has to be disposed of in a similar manner. It may be seen, from this, that all hunters travelling north must *be* hunters, and not race-horses nicknamed for a certain time and a certain purpose.

A very brilliant acceptance for the Chester cup (fifty-five remaining in out of ninety-four nominations) has been followed by some tolerably brisk though not decidedly heavy betting on it. In the early part of February, Cattonite, mainly from the support of his owner, forced Sir Robert to resign his premiership, but has since in turn vacated; he still, however, stands high, and his backers may rely on all that good judgment and fair play can do, being used to his advantage. The weight of what has been done is confined to the four or five first on our list, whose backers are always ready and willing to accept anything like the odds quoted; while the outsiders, of the thirty and forty to one class, find but few admirers, and these by no means strong in their investments.

Mr. Forth has sold his mares Venus and Vibration to Mr. Raworth.

The Chase—Lord Ramsay has purchased Lord Kintore's hounds, and Robertson, the First Whip, goes with the pack for the remainder of the season.

We regret to state that the Duke of Beaufort, when hunting on the 20th of February at Badminton, was thrown from his horse, and fractured a rib; His Grace is, however, going on favorably.

The head of the "Kilkenny Hunt" is no more—Sir John Power, Bart., departed this life at his residence, Kilfane, county of Kilkenny, on the 2d of February, having attained the age of 75 years. A true sportsman, he was the "life and soul" of the chase in the county Kilkenny—always in the Club, or among the red coats in the "view hallo," and even lately, when declining health prevented him appearing in the chase, he always joined his brother sportsmen at the various "meets" of his favorite hounds. The members of the hunt regret the loss of their distinguished leader, whom they regarded with respect and affection. In every relation of life the deceased Baronet was "what became a man."

Sale of Hunters.—The late Marquis of Hastings's hunters were sold on the 12th of February by Messrs. Tattersall, and realised the following prices:—Gift, 250gs.; Fidget, 240gs.; Brandy, 240gs.; Rufus, 173gs.; Gambler, 140gs.; Isabella, 72gs.; Peppercorn, 71gs.; Councillor, 62gs.; Ishmael, 60gs.; and Peacock, 42gs.—total, 1352gs.

On the same day, Captain Serjeant's Father Mathew and Railroad were sold, the former at 96gs., and the latter at 65gs.

On the 26th, the following six hunters, well known in Leicestershire, were sold at the Corner:—Rocket, 460gs.; Negro, 220gs.; Pilot, 185gs.; Monarch, 170gs.; Volunteer, 120gs.; and Magic, 100gs.—total, 1255gs.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the March Number of the "Turf Register," page 144.

TREATMENT OF HORSES DURING THE WINTER MONTHS.

IN the preceding chapter I described the necessary arrangements to be observed for three months, in the wintering of the craving or first class of horses in boxes or loose places. In this I shall have to make the arrangement for the same period, in wintering of the hearty or second class of horses and mares in the stalls of the home stables. This class consists of those horses, as I have before noticed, whose constitutional or physical powers are in the medium, and at three or four years old may have been found to have gone off their speed in the running of short lengths for any of the great stakes at Newmarket. These horses, under those circumstances, are usually selected for what is called a campaign, or roving commission; in other words, they are got ready as early in the spring as may be necessary: and are then sent off to run as plate horses, at the different meetings on the circuit, in which they have to travel during the summer; and, like the horses of the first class, they return in autumn to the home stables to winter.

These hearty horses are generally pretty good ones, if allowed to have their day, that is, not to come out to run too often. If they are brought fresh to post, they can most of them come tolerable good lengths under racing weights; and as there are many of them that do not require so very much work in training, and as they do not run so frequently as the first class of horses, they generally return fresher to the home stables in the autumn. These hearty horses or mares, not being gluttonously inclined, do very well in stall stables; indeed many of them do better than in boxes, as they feed better in company than when alone; but I must observe that they are to be classed, the horses in one stable and the mares in another, for reasons I shall by-and-bye explain. But should there be a horse of this class a valuable good runner, that may have met with some little abuse, either from severity of contest or frequency of running, such horse or mare (if happy alone) would of course be much sooner refreshed by lying by two or three weeks in a box, than by standing in a stall all night and the greater part of the day.

The second class horses mostly run under lighter weights and at shorter lengths than the horses of the first; those of them that are considered by their owners to be of sufficient racing celebrity,

are entered to run for the lighter weighted King's plates or gold cups; and two or three of them now and then are kept in reserve, to be entered into some good stake or plate, with something hand some added. When neither of these good things is to be met with at a meeting at which such horses may arrive, they are frequently entered into any of the weight for age county or town plates. The lengths for any of the above-mentioned plates or stakes, although they occasionally vary, do not often exceed two miles; nor is it an invariable rule at even these lengths to run heats.

As these hearty horses are not often engaged to run under high weights or long lengths at heats, they generally arrive, as I have already noticed, fresher at the home stables in autumn than the craving horses; and as they are more speedy than the last mentioned, they are (previous to being laid by) the horses from which one or two of the most superior runners among them are selected, to try any of the two-year-olds, or any horses that may have been longer at home, and which it may be thought necessary to try, to see what such horses may be entered into in the following spring; or perhaps to ascertain whether they may be worth keeping in training or not. But it is to be observed that those horses of the second class, on their return in the autumn, are not to be considered to be in a fit state immediately to try other horses, but should have ten days or a fortnight's rest, if necessary. When I say that these are to rest, it is not to be understood that they are to lie by and do nothing; I mean by the word "rest," that it is not necessary they should be in very strong work: their work should be such as will keep them sufficiently clear in their wind, and light and fresh enough in themselves, so as to come their best pace for a little longer length than the length of the trial ground on which the two-year-olds or any other horses may have to be tried. The particulars of those and other trials will be found fully explained in their proper places.

The third class of horses, as they will have to winter with the second class, I shall only cursorily mention them here as being horses of delicate constitutions, as I shall speak more particularly of them when I come to notice the different sort of treatment to be adopted in the training of different horses.

We now come to the noticing of the arrangements necessary to be attended to in the treatment of the second and third class horses for three months. The days shortening as the autumn further advances, the hour for opening the stables in the morning gradually becomes later, as of course does the time for the going out of the horses in the morning to exercise. After the middle or twenty-fifth of September, the going out of the horses twice a day should be discontinued, and they should now only go out once a day to exercise, unless indeed the weather should remain very fine and warm to the end of the month; they may, up to that time, walk out on the downs in the afternoon, to stretch their legs and empty themselves, and take their water and a slow gallop after. The doing those little things with them in the pure open air conduces

to their health, and affords them some amusement, if the weather, as I have just observed, is really very fine. This method is to be preferred to their being watered and brushed over in the stables, unless indeed any of their coats have begun to move, and that they are getting what is commonly termed "pen-feathered;" for at this critical time horses are weak and faint, they sweat from little exertion, and are very susceptible of cold: and the sooner horses thus affected in autumn have done their running, the better for them and their owners.

The hours of opening and shutting up the stables during each day, as also the going out of the horses to and returning from exercise, cannot well be precisely defined. In the commencement of the month of October, if the mornings are fine and warm, the horses may be out as early as eight o'clock: but as the days are shortening, and the mornings get colder, the horses must go out on each succeeding morning later. The opening of the stables during this month, should be at daylight; and the business of the day should be regulated by the training-groom as follows:—On his opening the stables he immediately calls up his boys; having dressed themselves, they turn up their bed-settles, take down the bales, and having cleaned out their horses' mangers, they immediately assemble at the corn-bin; the groom being here, gives each boy a feed of corn for his horse, which, after it is well sifted, is given to him. The whole of the horses having eaten their corn, and the stables being set fair, the boys put on their horses' dressing muzzles, and chain up their heads; the horses are then stripped of their standing clothes, these being thrown over the tops of the racks. The horses after being dressed are re-clothed in their exercise clothes, and their saddles put on; their legs being rubbed, the stables again set fair, and the bales put up, they are left to stand with their heads up and muzzles on; the stable-door being locked by the groom, he and his boys go to their breakfast. After this meal they immediately return to the stables; the bales being taken down, the horses' bridles and hoods being put on, the boys mount their horses; and as each boy knows the place his horse has in the string, and the distance he is to keep him from the horse in front of him, they are all in their turn ridden out of the stable into the yard, here to walk round until the saddles are settled to their backs, after which the yard-door is opened, and they now proceed in line, by the most private road, to the downs; and following them at a suitable distance, so as to see well what both boys and horses are about (for I have known the boys to be quite as tricky as the horses), must be the training-groom on his hack.

For a moment I will just here observe, that, during the whole of the time the horses are out, the stable-doors and windows are all to be left open, to admit the pure air, so that the stables may be cooled and well ventilated by the time the horses return; indeed, this matter of opening the doors and windows of the stables is to take place on all occasions when the horses are at exercise.

But to return to the string of horses we left going to the downs—I shall just here remark, that the reader is to bear in mind that

the horses above alluded to are of various ages, as country platers, and that they have all of them done their running by the end of September; therefore, they are to be considered now, in the month of October, as being out of training. I am aware that the meetings at Newmarket, and some few other places, are not concluded until the end of October, or, perhaps, sometimes not until the commencement of November. Indeed, to have yearlings and two year olds ready to come to post in Spring, the training of horses may be said to be going on all the year round at Newmarket; I shall therefore treat bye-and-bye of training horses in November, as well as in all other months in which it may be necessary to train them.

Now, then, with regard to the exercising of the first and second class of horses, it is to be observed, that the exercise for them, and, indeed, for all other race horses that may at any time be out of training, is to be such as will keep them in good health. No matter at what time of the year it is that horses are brought to post, our object must be, when they have done their running, to bring them, by degrees, from the artificial state in which they have so long been kept, to that which approaches nearer to their state of nature, and this is, of course, to be done by a relaxation of their strong work. Their exercise will, therefore, be principally that of walking; and when it may be occasionally required to gallop them, it is only with a view to steady those that, from indulgence, are getting too hearty, and this must necessarily be done; for, if a horse is allowed to get very hearty, he may daily follow up his gambols, until he becomes decidedly tricky, and more particularly so, should the boy, from being off his guard, get thrown off the horse; this sort of thing, from neglect, is not an uncommon occurrence.

As I shall shortly have to describe the different sorts of exercise for different sorts of horses, and the effects these exercises are likely to produce, under all the circumstances in which it may be required, it will, therefore, not be necessary for me to say more at present, than that, when the horses that are now supposed to be on the downs have done the principal of their exercise for the morning, they may, during this month (October), go to the troughs to water; after which, they may take a short gallop. On their being pulled up, they are to be walked back to the stables.

Each boy having ridden his horse into his stall, and turned him round in it, they all of them dismount, and slack their horses' girths; they then take off their horses' hoods and bridles, and if the horses' tempers are such as will admit of it, each of the boys puts a handful of hay on the ground before his horse's head, for him to eat or pick at, while his head, neck, and fore-quarters are being dressed. These matters being done, the horses are turned round in their stalls; their collars and dressing muzzles being put on, and their heads chained up, the boys pick out and wash their horses' feet; and after giving their legs a few strokes down with some clean straw, they take off their saddles and body clothes, and dress their horses well; they then re-clothe them in their

standing clothes, throwing a hood over their quarters, their manes and tails being combed out, their legs rubbed, and their beds set fair.

The exercise clothing and other things in the stable being put tidily away, as the horses are not now in training, their muzzles are taken off, and their heads let down to the length of the chain; their mangers being cleaned out, the whole of the boys immediately, as in the morning, assemble at the corn-binn, where each receives from the groom or head lad (for one or the other must invariably be present during the whole of every stable hour) a feed of corn for his horse: the whole of the horses having got their corn, the boys go out. The groom is now to lock the stable door, so that the horses may be left at this stable hour to eat their first feed of corn undisturbed, during which time the boys may be cleaning up the stable yard. By the time the yard is done, the horses will, all of them, have finished their corn; when the groom again opens the stables, and the boys as before assemble at the corn-binn for a second feed of corn for the horses, which, when given, the groom and boys again go out, the stables are locked up, and the horses are left, as before, to eat their second feed undisturbed, during which time the boys may fill the water-troughs and boiler. On the groom again opening the stables, the boys immediately betake themselves to the hay-binn, where each boy carefully selects his horse's hay, which being given, and the bales put up, the horses' quarters are stripped; the boys and the groom now go out. The horses being done, the stables are again locked up, which, in this month (October), should take place at or as near to one o'clock in the day as circumstances will admit. The boys now proceed to their dinners; after having taken this meal, their time is generally their own, unless with those who may be looking after the horses in the boxes; those boys may have between stable hours to wash and slice a few carrots for their horses. If the stables are shut up, as I have just observed, at one in the day, they are opened again at four in the afternoon; but as this month approaches to its close, the days are shortening, so that the time for the horses going out to be exercised in the mornings, of course, becomes gradually somewhat later, and towards the conclusion of the month the stables will not be shut up much before two o'clock in the day. Therefore, to equally divide the time for the horses to rest, the opening of the stables in the afternoon becomes proportionably later, that is, if by the end of the month they are shut up at two in the day, they are to be opened again at five o'clock in the afternoon.

On the groom opening the stables in the afternoon, a repetition of the same duties, as in the morning, takes place, that of taking down the bales and setting fair the horses' beds. This being done, each boy, with his bucket, repairs to the pump for water, and from hence to the boiler; the groom, or head lad, here takes care that the water is mixed of a proper temperature; but unless the water is hard, it will not now require the chill being taken so much off as in the depth of winter. As the water is got ready,

each boy takes up his bucket and proceeds to the stable, and waters his horse as directed by the groom; after which, the horses' muzzles are put on and their heads chained up, and the whole of them being stripped, their bodies are dressed, when they are again re-clothed; their muzzles and collars being taken off, they turn round to have their heads dressed; which being done, they are turned round again in the stable, their collars put on, their manes and tails combed out, and they now stand with their heads secure to the end of the chain, until their legs are rubbed and their beds set fair. Those little matters being done, and the mangers cleaned out, the boys now, as in the morning, proceed to the corn-binn, where they each receive from the groom, or head lad, the corn for their horses; which being given to them, the boys go out as before, the groom locks the stable-door, and the horses are left to eat their corn undisturbed, while the boys are removing from the yard the manure swept out from the stables. The groom, having considered that the whole of the horses have eaten their corn, returns and opens the stables, and, as the horses are not now in training, he orders the boys to give them a small portion of hay, to eat or amuse themselves with; their heads being let down, and the bales put up, the stables are again shut at five o'clock in the evening, or as the month approaches towards its end, it may be a little later. The horses are left to rest from this period until about eight o'clock, when the groom again opens the stables, and the operation of taking down the bales, chaining up the horses' heads, and setting the beds fair, is repeated. If the groom observes any horse to have lain down, and, perhaps by rolling in his stall, to have displaced his clothing, he is to order such horse to be stripped, to be wiped over, and re-clothed. The hoods being thrown on the quarters of all the horses in the stable, their manes and tails combed out, their legs for a short time rubbed, their beds set fair, their heads let down to reach the manger, and the latter cleaned out, they are all fed, and the bales put up, when the stables are again locked. While the horses are feeding, the boys get their suppers; after which they return with the groom to the stables, when the horses have their hay given them and their heads let down, and their quarters stripped. The boys that sleep in the stable now let down their bed-settles, and go to bed; the groom having put out the lights, he goes out, and locks up the stable-door for the night, which, in this month (October) generally takes place at about half-past eight o'clock. In the month of November the stables should be opened by the groom at six o'clock in the morning, but now, as at night, candles become necessary.

Before I proceed further, it may not be out of place here cursorily to observe, that, at the time of my juvenile days as exercise boy, it was the custom with training-grooms to go to their stables in winter as early as three or four o'clock in the morning; the boys being roused up, the horses were fed, stripped, and brushed over; the stables being again set fair, and the bales put up, the boys went to their beds; and the groom, having put out the lights in the stable, left the door securely locked, and returned to his

own bed, where he usually lay till daylight. Grooms went thus early to their stables, not only with a view more equally to divide the time of feeding the horses during the twenty-four hours, but also to occupy the time of the horses by giving them something to do; as it was found that some thorough-bred horses, when lying by in winter short of work, will, by way of amusing themselves, get into as bad habits or tricks in the stables as some others of them will, from bad management, occasionally get tricky out of the stables. The tricks that they will at times get at in the night, in their loose boxes and stalls, are various: some horses get a habit of rolling, until they cast themselves; others are inclined to kick with violence the sides of the stalls; others lick the sides of the stalls or boxes; from this they go on to lick their manger-rails, some lay hold of them, and thus take to crib-biting and sucking their wind; others of them will take to weaving, that is, moving their heads and fore-quarters from one side of the stall to the other; some take to pawing up their litter, but this is easily prevented by putting fetters on them. Now, that those habits and tricks are very bad we must allow; but I scarcely ever remember a horse who had been addicted to any one of those or other tricks not here mentioned, to have been permanently cured. When they are in strong work, as in training, they do not appear to have so great a propensity to practice them as in winter, when many of them are lying by idle. Therefore, unless horses could be broken of their inconvenient and objectionable habits, by going thus early to the stables in winter mornings, I think it is a pity to disturb them at such unseasonable hours; for most of them that were not tricky were found lying down resting themselves, which is the very thing they ought to do, until five or six o'clock in the morning; for, be it remembered, this is the season of the year that race horses are allowed to rest, and enjoy themselves. But if it should still be thought necessary to divide the time of feeding and dressing, with a view to employ or amuse them, perhaps the better way would be, instead of shutting up the stables at eight o'clock at night, to shut them up at nine, and open them again in the morning at five, that is, should there be any horses in the stables disposed to such habits or tricks as have been noticed; for certain it is, horses will occasionally teach each other bad habits.

But to return from this digression to the month of November. In the commencement of this month, the mornings may be somewhat moderately warm and dry, and then the horses may be out as early as nine o'clock; but, as the month advances, the days get shorter, the mornings get colder, and the weather is becoming more uncertain, the winds are frequently high, and it is often wet over head; the time therefore of the horses going out in the morning progressively gets later, indeed the hour of their going to exercise in winter can hardly be said to be generally determined; but, when all favorable circumstances concur, ten o'clock in the morning is the most convenient hour for the horses to go out at this season of the year.

The clothing of the horses, either in or out of the stables, should,

at all times, be paid the strictest attention to, by increasing or diminishing their clothes, according as the temperature of the atmosphere may vary; and, as the clothing of race horses differs materially from that of horses in common use, I shall make a few remarks on this subject.—The clothes the horses sleep in at night and stand in during the day are usually called their standing clothes; these consist of the old check clothes, and such of the blanket-like sort of sheets, that, from use, have become too much soiled, and too thin to be put under the exercise clothes for the horses to go out in. The latter consists of the best sort of check clothes, under which are placed (sufficient in quantity) the most warm blanket like sort of sheets (see the different description of clothing, and their use, in Volume the 1st, Chapter the 9th).

When the horses are stripped in the morning of their standing clothes, they are thrown over the tops of the racks, until the horses are dressed, when the standing or exercise clothing is put on; but which of the two will depend on the appearance of the day. Let us, by way of example, suppose that it rains when the stables are first opened; the groom, being anxious not to miss a day of going out with his horses, regulates the duties of the stable as I have already noticed: and while the boys are dressing the horses, he goes out into the yard to see if there is any likelihood of the morning clearing up; if not, he returns to the stables, and when the horses are dressed, he orders the boys to re-clothe them in their standing clothes; all the other before-mentioned duties being performed, a handful of hay may be given the horses, for them to pick at or amuse themselves with. The groom locking up the stable, goes into his house to breakfast, and the boys into the hall to take theirs. The former, still being desirous to get the horses out, again goes out as before into the yard, to make his observations on the weather, which if not cleared up by eleven o'clock, he orders the horses' water to be got ready. The head lad, with the boys, arrange this matter; but the former must take care to see that the water as ordered for each horse is sufficient in quantity, as also that the chill is sufficiently taken off. The horses having all had their water are again stripped and well dressed. As the stalls of race-horses are roomy, and as the horses in dressing range about a great deal in them, they do, by those exertions, give to themselves a certain degree of exercise, which not only excites some warmth in them, but moderately circulates the blood and fluids of their bodies.

The horses being dressed, they are re-clothed in their standing clothes, and the hoods and rubbers are thrown over their quarters. Their legs are now to be well rubbed for at least twenty minutes, as they have most likely to stop in for the day. Friction to their legs for this period is highly essential; indeed, it may be considered as a local sort of exercise to them. The feeding the horses, the setting fair their beds, and locking up the stables at the mid-day stable hours take place, allowing for anything extra to be done at the times I have already directed. The stable hours are the same as in the preceding month. If the stables are shut up at

one o'clock they are to be opened again at four; but if shut up at two o'clock, they are to be opened again at five, when the setting fair the stables, the watering and dressing the horses, and particularly the rubbing of their legs take place, as have already been noticed, and the stables are again locked up until eight o'clock. On their again being opened, the same process takes place at this hour at night as I have mentioned for the same stable-hour in the preceding month, with, however, two exceptions—the one is, it being a wet day, and the horses not having been out, the groom is to allow the boys more time to rub their horses' legs; the other is, as the horses have not had their usual exercise for the day, so as to increase the action of their bowels, and thereby promote their digestion, the groom should give each of them, the last thing at night, a lukewarm mash; this is a clean, cool, and relaxing sort of diet, and should be given on such occasions as I have here directed; indeed, this is a sort of food which should be had recourse to on winter nights, with craving horses that are out of training, as often as twice or three times a week, if the weather be such as to prevent them from going to their regular daily exercise. The horses having had their hay given them, the boys that sleep in the stable, having previously had their suppers, now go to bed; and at about nine o'clock the groom should lock the stable door for the night.

Having made my observation on the arrangements relative to the treatment of the horses and the regularity of the stables, and on the horses stopping in on a wet day, I shall now proceed to state what are the requisites to be attended to, when the horses go to exercise on a dry day. The feeding the horses, and the duties of the stable will be the same as have already been noticed for the month of October; but now, as the weather gets colder, so in proportion must the clothing of the horses be increased, as well when they are standing in the stables, as when they have to go out to exercise. Indeed, so changeable is the climate of England, that this attention to clothing is not only necessary now, in winter, but at all times and seasons of the year, and more particularly so in the spring; for it is, as I have before observed, at this season of the year that race horses are very subject to fall amiss in coughs and colds, or, what is much worse, to get severe attacks of the distemper, from which many of them are not only ill for the greater part of the spring, but, what is very common, their constitutions suffer so much afterwards, from the effect of the complaint, as to render them useless for the greater part of the racing season. This, therefore, shows how necessary it is, not only for grooms to attend strictly to the clothing of their horses, but also, to prevent their horses from falling amiss, to be most particularly attentive to the ventilating of their stables, agreeably to the various changes of the atmosphere. The morning being dry over-head, the horses are got ready to go out, being comfortably clothed; next their skins they should have their soft, warm blankets, which should be long enough to reach from the middle or near the top of the horse's neck, to the top of his tail, and they should be broad enough to

lap well under his belly, for I have a great dislike to a race horse's belly being wet; which would otherwise frequently happen, as the water will occasionally lie in the vales or hollows of some downs for a few days in winter, that is, if there has previously been much rain. My objection to a horse's belly being uncovered and exposed to wet in winter is, that the horse would naturally be cold and uncomfortable in this part, and would most likely catch cold from it; and when he returns to the stable, in dressing, his belly would have to be rubbed perfectly dry, and the rubbing of him here for any length of time, if he is an irritable horse to dress, annoys and puts him very much out of temper—even this last-mentioned circumstance alone is quite sufficient to sanction the covering the belly of the horse when at exercise in the winter. But, to return again to the clothing, in addition to the rugs, quarter-pieces, and sheets, is to be added a sufficient portion of check clothing, as occasion may require. The saddles, bridles, and hoods being put on the horses, they are now ready to go out; but, in case of its being a very windy morning, it would be advisable to put on their breast sweaters to keep their other clothes snugly down in front, and, for the same purpose of keeping them down behind, their quarter-strings are of course to be put on, or, if the groom approves of it better, he may have some pieces of binding temporarily put on to the quarter-pieces, by way of cruppers.

The horses being properly clothed, the boys mount them, and ride them out of the stables into the yard; if, from bad weather the horses have been lying by for a day or two, it would be advisable to have them out earlier than usual. The first part of their exercise is, of course, that of walking, and which should at first invariably take place in the stable-yard. In summer, when horses are in strong work, it may not be necessary for them to walk here longer than until the saddles are settled to their backs, or until some of them have done setting up their backs. But, during winter, it is often necessary for them to walk in the yard for a considerable time, perhaps for an hour; for, should they, as I have just observed, have been lying idle for a day or two, they would most of them have become very fresh and hearty, and were they in this state to be ridden out from the stables immediately on to the downs, one or two of the most hearty would certainly begin their gambols, and which would set all the rest a-going at theirs; the consequence of this would be, that some of the bad riders would get thrown, from which I have occasionally known both boys and horses to be seriously injured. Therefore, to prevent such accidents from occurring, the horses should walk, shut up in the yard, for as long a time as the groom may think it necessary to steady them, and prevent their becoming tricky. Those precautions having been taken, the yard door is opened, and the horses are walked out; being followed by the groom on his hack they proceed to the downs to exercise. But, to make all as safe as we can, we will mention another little precaution that the groom may advantageously take when his horses are very hearty from having lain by;—the horses having been, as we have just described, walking in the yard for a

least an hour, by which time they will have emptied themselves, stretched their legs, and have got somewhat off their calfish tricks, the groom should, before he lets the horses out of the yard, give his orders to the boy leading the gallop, by saying to him—"Mind, Frank, they (meaning the horses) are rather hearty this morning; as soon as you see that all the horses have got as far on the turf as will give them good foot-hold, keep fast your own horse's head, and go right away up the long gallop, at a good steady even pace." The groom, in speaking to the rest of the boys, says—"Mind you all keep fast hold of your horses' heads, and, in following Frank, be sure you all keep well up in your places; do not let me see one of you loose, or lay out of your ground in any part of the gallop." This mode of galloping horses out of training is only had recourse to with a view to steadying them, which it mostly does; and, further, it is not of course intended to include in this gallop either yearlings or two-year-olds.

Generally speaking, the parts of the downs the groom should select for his horses to exercise on will depend on the uncertain or settled state of the weather; if the mornings are likely to be wet, the nearer to the stables the exercise ground can be had the better, as, in case of rain coming on suddenly, the horses' clothes would not be much wetted. If the wind is high, and the mornings cold, the warmest situations should be chosen for the horses to walk in, as the vales, or indeed any situations that may afford the most shelter.

Whatever exercise may be deemed necessary, the training-groom is to give his orders according to the different effects he intends such exercise to produce on the horses he may have under his care, at this season of the year. But such other exercise as is necessary to invigorate the whole system of the horse, and bring the surface of his body into a proper state, as also to give strength and firmness to his muscles and tendons, we shall fully explain when we put the horses into training. All we wish to say of exercise, on the present occasion, is to speak of the effects we wish to be produced on the horses, as regards their tempers and constitutions; which may now be pretty well understood, from the publications of the various authors that have written on this subject. It is exercise, when properly administered, that will create an appetite, promote digestion, and assist in converting the food into nourishment; and it also promotes all the secretions and excretions, and gives room for a fresh supply of food. In fact, unless horses are regularly exercised, or kept in situations where they can exercise themselves, they cannot possibly continue in health. Let us now return to the exercising of the different classes of horses we have just left out on the downs.

The first class to be noticed are those that feed voraciously, and when out of training put up flesh very fast; their exercise should therefore be such as will not only keep them in health, but will also keep them from getting into a plethoric state: although it is absolutely necessary that all race horses that are to go into training should be well fed and have plenty of flesh on them; yet

those among them, that do not remain constantly in boxes, and that are gluttonously inclined, should in winter, when out of training, have such walking exercise and occasional long slow gallops as will keep them in a moderate state as to flesh. If the groom regulates these exercises as I have advised, he will not only keep them healthy and right as to flesh, but he will obtain other very essential points, such as keeping his horses' legs cool and in shape, and their tendons will receive sufficient action to keep them strong and well braced, and approaching rather near to what they are when in training. These are circumstances that should be strictly attended to, for it will not do to allow such horses as these to become from indulgence too much relaxed in their constitution or mechanical system, and more particularly if they have to come to post early in the spring.

The second class of horses are those already noticed as being in the medium; by this I mean, that, although they feed very well, they do not, generally speaking, put up flesh to the extreme the first-mentioned class of horses do, but being, as many of them mostly are, very hearty, they are often inclined to gambol and play about when in the string, at walking exercise; and although they should be fresh and happy in themselves at this season of the year, yet they should not be allowed to repeat their gambols too often, or some of them will become tricky, and perhaps, as I have before noticed, throw the boys. Therefore, when walking exercise is not found sufficient to steady those that are so very playfully inclined, recourse must be had occasionally to giving them long steady gallops.

The third class of horses are the delicate and flighty—many of them become alarmed at the most trifling causes; these the groom had better send to some quiet part of the downs, and there let them be exercised singly. The sort of exercise these horses require is principally that of walking. Now the groom must bear in mind, that, by this exercise, there are two points he is to endeavor to obtain in favor of these horses—one is, to steady them and give them confidence in themselves; the other, to give them an appetite for their food, as well as to induce them to drink. I confess it is difficult to get them to do either the one or the other; yet it is the only method likely to answer, at least the only one I am acquainted with.

Supposing the horses to have done their exercise, the whole of them are of course to return to the stables, where the business of the day is to go on, as have been already sufficiently described. One other little circumstance must be mentioned; the mornings at the season of the year we have been alluding to, will, of course, occasionally be wet, which will prevent the horses from being taken out to exercise at their accustomed hour. But, that no opportunity may be lost, should the day be likely to clear up by twelve o'clock, the boys ought to dine half an hour earlier than usual, so that the groom may, if the weather permit, be out with his horses at two or about three o'clock in the day, and give them the exercise now they should have had in the morning; and regulate the

stables in the evening and at night accordingly. I have repeatedly spoken of the taking down and putting up of the bales, as also the setting fair of the stables. which is to be understood by the reader as invariably to take place before and after the feeding and dressing of the horses; the bales, in particular, must not on any account be left down, unless it is during the time the groom and boys are in the stables.

During the month of December the same regulations and treatment are to be observed with respect to the boys and horses as we have already directed for the preceding month.

SPORTING HESTER.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

A wonderful woman is Het of the Hill—
 A fox she can follow, a badger can kill;
 She carries a fowling-piece better than fan;
 Has the kind heart of woman, the cool hand of man;
 Loves her dog and her gun and her racer, before
 Every wooer who seeks for her silver, her door.

She will find you a hare ere the brushwood you beat,
 And, ere you count two, lay it dead at your feet;
 She will follow the hounds, and, still first in the rush,
 Outstrip all the others to bear off the brush;
 She will ride you a race, if to ride be her will,
 And win it, too, bravely, will Het of the Hill.

With the rod in her hand, and the basket on back,
 She is often seen taking the rivulet's track;
 And lashes the pools with such luck, that she ne'er
 Comes back empty-handed. Foul weather or fair,
 She minds not a jot; to the field or the rill,
 In winter or summer, goes Het of the Hill.

No fawning, no flattery, are welcome to her—
 Love makes in her blood neither ferment nor stir:
 She values a friend and a glass of good ale,
 Goes duly to church, and to poverty's tale
 Attentively listens, relieving it still,
 For a kindly old heart has our Het of the Hill.

LIFE OF A FOX-HOUND, DICTATED BY HIMSELF.

Continued from the March Number, page 164.

As I feel I am playing Boswell to Forester's Johnson, I must detail the every-day conversation and particularize the emanations of his mighty mind. I walked into my own kennel one afternoon, and was surprised to find him there. The "wee things were toddling around him," and George the Fourth in his Coronation Robes could not have put on an appearance of more majestic grandeur than he did while standing amongst them. I touched my hat to him (as I always do to a foxhound and a thorough-bred horse), and asked him what he thought of them? "I'll tell you when we are in the parlor," said he.—When we were seated, he said, "Why do you not keep more hounds?"—I replied, "The fewer hounds the greater share of honor, and these have already killed more hares than the country can afford, and we are beginning to have blank days."—"Why do you not draft that white hound, Merryman?"—"Because I can better spare a better hound: he is not well made, out at elbows, and weak loins: that is his misfortune, not his fault, for fault he has none; a more industrious, steady, hard working hound does not exist; but the others outpace him; he is obliged to go at the top of his speed to live with the leading ones, and there he will be if possible: it is the pace that kills hounds, horses, and foxes; and I should no more be justified in hanging him for what he is not able to do, than you would be in hanging me because I cannot run away with the Monument."—(He would be an invaluable acquisition to a pack of 15 or 16-inch hounds, and he is at the service of any gentleman having such a lot; and if he has amongst them one too fast and *not too free with his tongue*, about 18 inches, and will send him to the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, for Mr. G. Cruch, I will return him Merryman by the same conveyance; and this trouble is only taken to save the life of a good three-seasoned hound.)

"I admire your humanity, and the justice of your remarks," said he.—"But I suppose," said I, "that you consider any conversation upon hare-hunting to be *infra dig.*"—"Indeed I do not," said he: "on the contrary, I consider it the best preparatory school a huntsman can go to. In the various packs I have been in we have generally found those the best huntsmen who were entered at hare: they have always this *excellence*, patience and perseverance with jaded hounds and a sinking fox. You need not go further for an example than the Oakley in your own neighborhood when under the Marquis of Tavistock and his huntsman Wells: both entered at hare; indeed it is said that Wells and his former master, Mr. Lee, used to hunt a hare for hours with a single hound, and when it became dark they had a candle and lanthorn!"—"I saw," said I, "last week in Potton wood that able assistant in

those days to the Oakley, Tom Ball ;” when turning hastily round to me, he said, “ Do you know Tom Ball ? ”—“ Indeed I do,” said I ; “ and I am proud to acknowledge the acquaintance.”—“ Then, Sir,” said he, “ you know the most fatal foe to foxes this day in England. When I was in the Oakley a few years back, he very frequently met us, and delighted we all were to see him. If we got into difficulties in covert, how anxiously we all listened to old Tom’s silvery scream ! he was always sure to be in the right place, and his halloo was always to the right fox. On my asking him how they were going on in his old country, he replied, ‘ Why you and I have known two and three and four hours runs and a fox at the end of it, men, hounds, and horses so defeated that it was with great difficulty they could get home ; but as far as I can learn there are few parts of England where that is practiced now. ‘ No, indeed,’ said a bystander, ‘ England was not at that time contaminated and poisoned with a parcel of frog-eating French foxes, that know no more of country than a buck rabbit, and run up and down a field as if they were at plough.’—‘ That’s it,’ said Tom ; ‘ hounds are no better, but foxes are much worse.’—Yes,” continued Forester ; “ and when added to all this you acknowledge to have a fool born every minute, a great number of which hunt, how then can you expect us to shew you a run with a French fox and a dozen English fools before us ? I’ll bring,” says he, “ to your recollection how the best fox we had in the country was lost in the very best part of it. We met at Morden heath, and drew on through Abingdon spinnies all blank, till we came to Gil Rags, where we found, and he broke instantly, crossed the river, and went back on the foil to Shingdon spinnies ; and if you remember you galloped back to Shingay gate to view him over the stain. I saw you hold your hat up, and followed the huntsman to you, and on hearing you say he had that moment crossed the lane beyond the pond, I flew to the spot, took up the scent, was immediately joined by the others, when Fashion and Famous coming alongside me, ‘ Go on,’ said I, ‘ for Heaven’s sake, under this long hedge-side ; they cannot get through the quick, and we shall shake off the rabble.’ We carried it across the next field, into and across a green lane bounded by two large quicks and deep flaggy ditches. When we were over, we were hugging ourselves to think they would put another stopper to the Field, when suddenly the leading hounds threw up. ‘ What is the matter ? ’ was the general exclamation among us. ‘ That boy has headed him back into the lane.’ We carried it back into the lane, which, alas ! was now so full of horses not a hound could pass : some made their way back again, others went down the ditches up to their midside in water, and five minutes were lost before we could recover the scent. We again hit it to the left, and crossed the river, ran up to a great flock of sheep that were coming from the meadows, through them, and over the fence beyond, where the fox had *not* gone. The huntsman decided to cast to the right ; the sheep started off, and were very wisely and prudently stopped by some sensible men cracking the whips in *front* of them, when, would you believe it ? while the hounds

were coming, a dozen other very far from sensible ones began cracking their whips *behind* them, forced the sheep forward, and the huntsman was obliged to gallop two fields with us to get before the sheep to make that point safe. We had all this distance to go back to try the left, where on a bit of stubble we again hit it: here were twelve minutes lost. As the ground was good, and we had a turn of wind in our favor, we set to to recover the time we had lost: we carried it gloriously up two large fields, through a hedge into a beautiful wide unstained grass border, and had again set vigorously to work, when three young farmers, who had trotted up a road and cut off the angle, came flying over the hedge close behind us, began spurring their horses, screaming, and cracking their whips, and drove us nearly two furlongs over it up to a cottage door. The master scolded, but they looked very triumphant, and I heard one say to another, 'Oh, they are only angry because they could not catch us!' Why, the three brutes they were on were not worth £10 a-piece, and could not have gone two fields further. As we were there, the huntsman covered the ground to the right, and when he got on good ground he held us away to the left, where we again hit it; but here were ten minutes more lost. We then ran it hard to a road, and we were held up it; and exactly at a thin place in the hedge, where old Magic made a dash at, and where the fox had gone through, stood some wiseacre, struck her with his whip and sent her forward. The huntsman saw this, and after feeling a little further, put some hounds over and trotted back and exactly at the spot where Magic had it they again hit it: here were three minutes lost. We now carried it on merrily through some turnips into a wheat-field. As we could not get on quite so fast there, just as we got to the top of a hill about forty horses came charging upon us, and drove us down the hill into the bottom, where there was another lot of sheep, which began running. The huntsman saw the point they were driven from, and, thinking it more likely that he had turned to the left than the right, put the hounds over a brook, and galloped on to get before the sheep, and made it all safe that way; but not hitting it, he had all that ground to go back, and casting to the right, exactly opposite from the point we were driven from, we again struck it, but much weakened. Here were nine minutes more lost. We took it up a furrow into a road where the remainder of the horses were, who were instantly in among us; when we threw up our heads in disgust, and said, 'it is of no use; let them hunt him themselves, for they wont let us;' and we would not try for him any more. Now as you know every inch of the country, how far do you call it from the find to the finish?"—"Certainly not more than three miles."—"Very well, then," said he, "in three miles we were, by the ignorance and stupidity of the Field, made to lose half an hour, and if the fox had only gone six miles an hour, he must be three miles before us."

"Mind," continued Forester, "I tell you with a sort of prophetic warning, that if this absurdity is not stopped, fox-hunting must and will decline, and then the glory of England will be extinguished

for ever. You see my first revered old Master, Lord Lonsdale, has given it up; the Duke of Grafton and the Duke of Cleveland have done the same: the best countries can with difficulty find Gentlemen to take them; and if this system goes on, you will degenerate into a nation of fops, fiddlers, and gamblers. This foul riding is sometimes brought on by the impertinent remarks of those who ought to know better. We were once running a fox hard up to a low hedge, over which we flashed; the two men who were leading saw we had not got it, pulled up, when by them came one, who, if he knows a hound from a haystack, it is quite the extent of his knowledge, rushed past them over the fence, followed by half a dozen more right in amongst us. As they were doing so, the huntsman exclaimed, 'look how my *friend* is licking them.' Unfortunately for his remark, the fox had not gone over the hedge, but turned to the right under the side of it, and we were obliged to come back and hit it under the hedge, where the two horsemen had so prudently pulled up. It came to their ears afterwards, and, in pity for his ignorance, only shook their heads, and said, 'God help him!' If men are to be taunted for doing what is right, you need not be surprised to see them now and then do wrong; for we have found from sad experience that huntsmen are not the wisest part of creation. Those silly and absurd Steeple-chases, got up by *Legs* and horse-dealers to plunder the public, have done much to infuse a ridiculous spirit of rivalry among horsemen. If they must gallop and jump, why do they not make a Stake of 5s. or 10s. to be divided between the first and second horses whose riders shall first secure a deer which has been turned out before them with his single soaped? They will require no hounds then, and we shall escape the hazard of life and limbs."

"After stating to you," continued my *friend*, "the obstacle and impediments you are to us, you need not be surprised when I tell you again that there is no animal living we hold in such abhorrence and contempt as man. Has not Kirby told you in 'the Bridgewater Treatise,' that every animal is gifted according to its nature with machinery and instinct far superior to man! Figure to yourself Brunell or Stephenson seated in a railway-carriage exultingly exclaiming, 'see the work of my hands; by my contrivance and ingenuity we are gliding along at the rate of 30 miles an hour;' when a pigeon glancing by them, says, 'Vain mortal, I am doing sixty!'"

On my remarking to him that he got fat, and asking him if he did not wish to go out again, he replied, 'No; in the manner fox-hunting is conducted at present, I am disgusted with it. By the same rule,' said he, "may I ask why *you* do not more frequently join them?"—"From the very same cause," said I; "it is so foreign, so different from the School in which I was brought up, that my blood boils with indignation to see all your efforts foiled and frustrated by a crowd of men who are fit to have nothing more to do with fox-hounds than chew horseflesh for the puppies. It is a most singular coincidence that this very day I have run a brace

of hares through every field but one or two in which you so forcibly described the follies of the field in the run from Gil Rags. The first check we had was on the very hill from which you say you were so forcibly driven, when I touched the person next me, and said, 'Do you remember the fox-hounds driven from this hill?'—'Yes,' said he, the fire flashing from his eyes, 'and many other things that spoiled what would have been the crack run of the season if the hounds had had a chance.' As we were riding home he said, 'Only see the difference between this Field and the one that was out with the fox-hounds. Here are nine men out, not one of whom has pressed on the hounds: not one made a noise or rode over the scent; and the consequence has been a very pretty day's sport; and both I have satisfactorily accounted for.' Mankind are misled by the flattering accounts they read of imaginary runs. Beckford has set them the example; and who can read Nimrod's Ashby Pasture run, and not feel the bristles rise on his back, and every muscle trembling with delight! I shall never forget the sensation it produced upon myself; the person who was reading it to me was so affected that his eyes were suffused with tears, and his voice so tremulous as nearly to choke his utterance. If he had written nothing else, that production alone would in my estimation have entitled him to the proudest monument in Westminster Abbey. What are the works of Cicero and Demosthenes, what is the poetry of Virgil and Homer, and what are the writings of Vattel, of Grotius, and Puffendorf compared to this run? Shew me among all Homer's heroes two more beautifully placed than your namesake Forester and Dick Christian in the Wissendine; shew me a passage from either of them equal to 'Look at Joker and Jewell plunging into the stream, and Redrose shaking herself on the opposite bank.' I say of all of them, as old Sir Mark Tyrrell said when told that his favorite son would not attend to Cicero, but who at that moment came leading the Field over the Park pales; 'D—Cicero,' said he, 'let him come and do that, then I know he *will* attend to him.' I must tell you another anecdote, which I have published elsewhere, but which perhaps you have not heard. A huntsman and whipper-in were returning from Church, when the Whip said, 'I say, what's a Pharisee?'—'What, don't you know what a Pharisee is?'—'No; what is it?'—'Why, it is bigger than a weasel and not so big as a fox.'—'Why, that's a polecat,' said he.—'No, you fool, a Pharisee is not a polecat, but is very much like one. It shows what a sharp lot you are,' said he, 'not to know a polecat from a Pharisee; but it is no more than may be expected from your ignorance.'"

"It is time now," said Forester, "we returned again to our narrative, which must be continued in the next month, as the whole of the present one has been taken up in desultory conversation. Indeed you have had no time; to my knowledge you have been out 20 days out of the last 24; you appear to me to be unable to exist without a hound."

"I do ardently, devotedly, and sincerely love them," said I;

“and if I had enough of this world’s wealth I would build an asylum for thee and thy aged brethren, and while I lived I would daily visit it, and contemplate with satisfaction the scarred veterans so tranquilly reposing around me.”

THISTLEWHIPPER.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for February, 1844.

THE HORSE OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

BY F. R. SURTEES, ESQ.

MONTGOMERY MARTIN, in that part of his history of the British colonies which treats of the Cape of Good Hope, has the following observation respecting its horses:—“The Cape horse is not generally large, but it is extremely hardy. I have ridden one upwards of twenty miles without ever going out of a canter—the usual pace of the animal.” A much fuller account of the Cape horse might have been given than this, and certainly something far more interesting.

In its breed, in its shape, in its color, and in its temper, the horse of the Cape is very different from the English horse of any kind. A century ago, possibly the difference was greater even than it now is; but, since the time when Lord Charles Somerset was governor of the colony, the old Arab blood has been more mixed with English than it was previously; and, now that the best of English blood is being yearly imported there, it may be expected that in time the peculiarities of the Cape horse will dwindle away, and, as has been the case with Englishmen, as well as with English horses, from an admixture of blood, something excellent in its nature will be at length obtained.

At the time of the capture of the Cape, in 1806, the breed of horses there was probably a cross between the breed of North Africa and the Arab: the latter must have been introduced by the Dutch East India Company, but as to the time of introduction of the former there is nowhere any record; still there can be no doubt that the Cape horse was in many respects Barb-bred. In many points he yet resembles the horse of Spain, which partakes of an African origin, and in no respect does he more approximate him than in his paces—the amble and the easy canter are in both alike. It was during the administration of Lord Charles Somerset as governor that the English horse was first imported to any extent; and, owing to the interest which that excellent sportsman took in the matter, much good has been the result, not only in the immediate improvement of blood, but also in the general interest that was then created on the subject, and has never since subsided. During last May, Middleham, the winner of the Liverpool St. Leger in 1840, arrived at Cape Town; and where could be found better blood, or stouter, than that of Muley Meloch?

The roan—or skimmel, as it is termed at the Cape—was a color scarcely, if at all, known before the days of Lord Charles. It is now very common, and whether the blue or red, it is supposed to be the healthiest and hardiest color for horses. The skimmel—or Lord Charles's color, as it is also called—is usually attended with black legs, and the hue (if such a term is allowable) is generally extremely vivid; but, as every why has its wherefore, and every beauty some drawback, so is this color either sure to be accompanied with ragged hips or clumsy head, or in some way a want of symmetry. Another singular color to be met with at the Cape is the flea-bitten bay, or bay with white spots, which are in most cases on the quarters; but what is especially curious respecting this is, that all horses possessing it are natives of the same place. The flea-bitten bay is known as the bay of the Burg river. It is in shape and make, or, what is termed the good points of a horse, that the Cape horse is so far inferior to the English. Such a thing as good fore-legs are very rarely seen in the colony; yet this might easily be amended were more care taken of the horse when young. A most detestable practice is in vogue at that time of his life, of tying one of his legs and his head tolerably close together, to prevent escape from the large tracts of pasture in which he feeds: the consequence of this is, that when first taken up for use, he is crippled in his fore-legs, and to the end of his days will be a stumbler. To add to this defect before, the probability is, he has a heavy, straight shoulder—nothing is more common amongst all, even the best, Cape horses. The principal imperfection of those animals is, without doubt, their fore-legs: a good-thighed horse may often be met with; but a long arm, with a short, good leg, rarely. A flat, open foot, too, is a thing unfrequent; yet footlameness is not common unless from thrushes; and these are engendered by the shameful way in which the horse is neglected when young, and the marshy state of the pasture during the rainy seasons. In the distant parts of the settlement, and amongst the farmers, who are the principal breeders, such a thing as a horse-shoe is seldom used; but in the vicinity of Cape Town this is not the case—the horse is shod there as elsewhere, and not unfrequently he is shod all round.

Of the diseases and unsoundnesses which the Cape horse is subject to, the writer of this lately gained much information from Capt. —, an officer of the 7th Dragoon Guards, who preceded his regiment to the Cape to purchase their regimental horses. No one could have been more indefatigable than this gentleman in his duties, and when the price to which he was limited (£26) is considered, no one could have been more successful. For some weeks he scoured the country for horses far and near; he had, therefore, many opportunities of *picking up* many useful hints, and improving them by his own observation. A species of glanders, he learnt, is, and has been, very prevalent; but, as an epidemic, it is nothing now to what it has been. A few years back, several thousand horses fell victims to its ravages; these have been partially stopped, but the disease has not been eradicated. Such a thing as

a spavined horse he never once saw, but curbs often; and yet—will it be believed?—the removal of such things by the iron is unknown: and as to firing, if it has been ever heard of by the farmer, it has assuredly never been attempted. Such a thing as a pied horse is not to be met with in the colony. But great is the want of veterinary knowledge, ay, even the smallest scintilla; and most lamentable is the ignorance of everything connected with the modern treatment of the horse as it is in England. Capt. — had an opportunity of visiting many—and, indeed, the best—racing establishments which are about the country; and even there he pronounced the state of things as melancholy backward. An importation of grooms and stable-boys into the colony is a very great *desideratum*.

The temper of the Cape horse is its great recommendation; it is rarely vicious, and this is best proved by the fact of geldings being unfrequently used, as compared with the number of entire horses. Now, as in the days of chivalry was the practice in Europe, mares are kept for the stud, and no one thinks of riding a mare. As, too, in those good “auld days lang syne,” the amble is a common pace; that and the canter are the best paces of the Cape steed—the latter is particularly easy, yet it is not so graceful to an English eye as the canter of the English horse; the step is shorter, and the pace is more shuffling; but, were the animal properly broken, his paces of course might be greatly improved.

Although the English groom would have much to teach the Hot-tentot, yet the former would be much surprised if he saw a team driven by the latter. When the word team is used, a team of six and even eight in hand, as well as four, is intended. The ribbons are tolerably handled, but it is in the use of his whip* that the Hot-tentot coachman is mainly a proficient: with a whip-handle of a long bamboo, *sans* the pliant top that in a good whip is so serviceable, will a Cape Jehu completely manage his foremost leaders, and avoiding uneven ruts, drive over extremely bad roads with great adroitness. The writer of this had a good specimen shortly after his arrival at the Cape, early in the past year.

Upon H.M.S. —, which had conveyed him and his family from England, arriving at Simon's Bay—a distance of twenty-three miles from Cape Town—he wrote to the latter place for a conveyance, and on the following day a commodious {vehicle arrived. This was a large landau, drawn by six horses and driven by a Hot-tentot, who was accompanied by a fellow-footman. On the driver's head was a Cape hat of platted rush, resembling in its shape a funnel—

“Upon his head a platted hive of straw,
That fortified his visage from the sun;”—

Whilst on John's “pow” was the more humble covering of a red cotton handkerchief bound tightly over the brows. The road from Simon's Bay is one particularly interesting. After leaving the

* For riding, the Cape horseman commonly uses what is called a “shambok,” which is a long strip of rhinoceros-skin, tapering gradually from a thickish handle to a fine point at the other end: it is calculated, from its pliancy, to punish very severely.

little town of the same name, it winds for some way over the sands by the sea, and then again at the foot of high rocks that beetle over the road ; whilst at other times it passes over beautiful plains, abounding in the rich protea, the wild geranium, and the crica. In many parts of the journey the sands were crossed so near to the sea, that the waves broke under the horses' feet, and passed some distance on the other side of them and the carriage-wheels ; yet still the driver calculated everything to a nicety. In many parts of the road were considerable holes or unbroken stones ; yet, nevertheless, the place of destination was reached in safety, with every reason to be delighted with the beauties of the journey, and without any to be dissatisfied at the skill evinced by the driver.

London Sportsman for February, 1844.

ANGLING IN FEBRUARY AND MARCH.

BY PISCATOR.

Bait and Fly Fishing for Trout, Salmon, Peal, Bull Trout, and Grayling—Flics best adapted for the Season—Observations on Early Perch Fishing—Trolling for Pike, Tackling best adapted for—How to cook your fish when caught.

WHEN February commences, most anglers begin, at least, to think about getting their tackle together ; and, ere the month is ended, many a good dish of fish is usually taken, unless the season proves an extremely severe one. Fly fishing is, according to the established law of anglers, permitted to commence on the fourteenth of the month, but very little sport is usually met with, except in small streams, till March is somewhat advanced ; yet, in clear streams of moderate size, particularly such as have a gravel bottom, the trout are far more forward than in deeper and more extensive waters, and, about the middle of a warm day, will be found to rise as freely, even in the present month, as at any season of the year. Still, for early fishing, preserved salmon spawn, or worms, are the most certain baits ; and, when the waters are in a proper state, these are sure of taking fish all the month through, and this at any time of the day. Yet such will only occur in the brooks or ditches ; for, in the large rivers, very few trout will be taken with either of those baits so early in the season. In fact, if you want to catch trout in February, or March either, rivulets that are nearly dry in the summer are the most likely places to meet with them, where many a fine lusty fellow may often be jugged out from a channel so narrow as scarcely to allow him room to turn about in.

The best weather, at this early time of the year, is a mild day, with a grey mottled sky. When a bleak cold easterly wind sets

in, but little can be done ; nor can much sport be expected with a raw northerly wind, particularly if accompanied by frost or hail-storms ; yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, as there is an exception to nearly every general rule, so, in exceedingly raw and cold weather, and amidst showers, sometimes of snow and at others of sleet and hail, I have made some excellent catches ; and many heavy baskets of fish should I have missed making myself the owner of, had I been deterred from the attempt by too much regarding an untoward appearance in the weather. During continuance of frost, however, the chance of sport is certainly not worth the attempt ; still, for all this, a little white frost, if the day prove mild afterwards, will not do much harm—at any rate, not after the middle of the day ; and even early trout will bite at a worm, unless the frost has been very severe indeed. The height and color of the water is the great thing an angler has to keep in view in early spring fishing. Generally speaking, in this fill-ditch month, there are few running streams that are not often overcharged with water, and the latter generally flowing in a turbid state ; the greatest attention, therefore, must be directed so to choose your time that you may take the water at the proper height, and then, unless the day be an exceedingly cold one, sport is absolutely certain in an early river.

The great drawback to February fishing is the snow waters ; as these, even if they do not foul the stream, impart a bitterness to them that takes away the appetites of the fish as long as the waters remain affected.

The best flies for this month are the blue hackle with a peacock herl body, made rather large if the waters are strong, and used as a stretcher, with a dropper of a hare's ear, body with a woodcock's wing. In addition to these you may use a similar blue hackle ribbed with silver twist, or a common red palmer with a body either of peacock or ostrich herl, and either plain or ribbed with silver twist : though the latter gives a more perfect resemblance to the insect it is intended to represent, *i. e.*, a small water beetle, particularly as it appears when travelling through the water. This singular little insect continues, by some means or other, to surround itself with a kind of hubble or halo of air ; which, as it moves through the water, gives the beetle the bright and glistening appearance of the silver twist which is aptly represented to the imitation. Whether it lays in this store of air for the purpose of breathing, or defending its body from the contact of the water, or both, or for any other purpose, I shall offer no opinion ; but I have frequently observed the insect coming to the surface, in order to take in a fresh supply, and then darting off, glistening with its silvery halo beneath the surface of the water.

The cow-dung fly ; also the corpulent ostrich herled body and short starling feather wing, erroneously termed the black gnat ; and a small fly with whisks at the tail, the body made of a peacock's herl stripped of the fibre, with a light blue hackle—make very good flies all through this month.

In small brooks communicating with the sea—in fact, such as

are too small to hold anything but a few small trout, not bigger than sprats, during the summer—are, at this time, often found to contain some good-sized bull and salmon trout; which, if not in the very highest season, afford good sport to the angler, and some skill to catch too; and thus, at this time of year, excellent amusement may be found in places it is in vain to hope for any in at other. The best bait is a moderate-sized and well scoured lob worm; preserved salmon spawn also will be freely taken.

Grayling continue in good season all through this month, but the larger ones do not often rise well at a fly, or, in fact, take a bait very freely. This is to be attributed, in a great degree, to the kind of waters they inhabit not being adapted to early fishing; for, sometimes, when the waters are in a good state and the weather mild, many graylings, particularly the small fry, may be taken even in February. If you use a bait, the line should be very lightly loaded, and the bait swam down the quiet parts of the pool, about midwater. A couple of small lively brandlings, and fixed on a small hook, are the most likely to insure success. Dace also may be taken by the same means. When you feel a bite, give the fish time to get the bait well into its mouth, and get the line tight with him before you strike, which you must do with a twitch. If it be a grayling, and a good one, take care and keep him from the bottom, and play him gently till he be tired out, for he will turn out well worth the labor; a heavy grayling at this time of the year is the best fish the fresh water affords.

Although it is generally said that the perch is particularly abstemious in the winter months, and never bites well till the mulberry tree buds, yet this is in a great degree owing to this fish inhabiting the kinds of water that are ill adapted to angling in the early part of the year; for in quiet ditches, where the waters are clear and tranquil, I have even in February had most excellent sport in perch fishing. My plan was to fish rather deep, that is, always considerably below midwater, my bait a couple of the finest brandlings I could procure; and when the water was deep and the current inconsiderable, I generally used a float. The objection to fishing for perch at this time of year is, that they are then heavy in roe; so that, in addition to what you yourself destroy, you may prevent the reproduction of thousands; though, if the spawn of every one was to come to perfection, even the ocean, in course of time, would be incapable of containing them, as 300,000 eggs have been found in a perch of only half a pound weight, and 992,000 in one weighing about a pound. The fact, however, is, the greater portion is destroyed by various animals that prey upon it almost as soon as it is cast into the water. But the prime fishing for this month is trolling for pike; a noble and manly amusement, which, for excitement, is scarcely to be equalled. What, indeed, can exceed the sensation of beholding, aye, and feeling, the fierce tugs of the enraged monster as he rushes forth open-mouthed and seizes boldly on the bait; not turning back affrighted like a coward on beholding you, but when unscathed by a single hook, bravely disputing the imagined prize, holding on firmly

though dragged forcibly through the water, even to the very bank ; and though then compelled to relinquish it, yet the very next cast seizing upon and retaining his hold as tenacious as ever. Yet notwithstanding that pikes run, perhaps, more boldly in this than in any other month of the year, I have found them cast away a gorge bait more frequently without pouching it, than during the latter end of autumn. This I was at first inclined to attribute to their not relishing the baits I was often compelled to employ in the early part of the spring, which were often smelts, sprats, and small herrings, it being exceedingly difficult to procure any fresh water fish adapted for the purpose at that season ; but I found that even when I used dace, trout, or parrs, that the result was much the same. For spring trolling, therefore, I am inclined to think that the dead snap is the most depending bait. As there are a great number of patterns of snap tackle, so almost every particular one has its advocates ; the one I myself have succeeded the best with is a very simple contrivance : it consists first of a single hook, (No. 2 or 3, tied to an ordinary snead of gimp) which is baited by inserting the baiting needle in the lateral line of the bait just above the anal fin, drawing the snead and hook after it, leaving the hook just free of the incision. Another, and perhaps a better, plan for this part of the tackle is to have, instead of the single hook, a triangle of three, back to back, of about two sizes smaller ; a small hook, with two minute loops or eyes, just large enough to allow the hook to run over the snead of the former hook (and to which a flyer hook, No. 1, is attached by a piece of gimp, just long enough to allow the whole hook, arming wire and all, to be well clear of the gill covers of the bait, when run in at the mouth, and brought out there), is slid down the snead, the flyer being run into the mouth and firmly fixed there, and coming out on the top of the head ; then a turn or two of waxed silk or thread must be made over the arming wire of the small hook and the snead that runs through the loops, to keep them securely attached to each other, which can easily be cut asunder when the hooks require to be rebaited. As the length of snead attached to the flyer should be proportioned to the size of the bait, several of these, varying from an inch to two inches and a half, should be provided ; as a great portion of the success you are likely to meet with by using this particular pattern will depend upon the flyer hanging just loosely clear of the gill covers of the bait, that being the sheet anchor that generally brings up and secures the pike, and upon which your fortune chiefly depends. The looped end of the snead must be hung to a small swivel, attached to about a foot or more of gimp, with a noose at the other end to fasten it to the line ; and to this should be fixed leads of a barley-corn form, adapted to the depth of water and strength of the current you troll in. If you employ tough-bodied baits, as roach, dace, or trout, it is a good plan to insert a slender lead, like that used with the bead hooks, into the mouth of the bait, which must then be sewn up, which will cause it to sheer wildly about and render it very attractive. Sometimes, however, the lead, from its weight, is found to work its way out, causing a very untempting exposure of itself, as

also of certain unsightly appurtenances which will then also protrude themselves to view. To prevent this consequence the lead should be run on a piece of brass or copper wire, as long or nearly so as the bait itself, which should be run through it as far as it will go, leaving, of course, the lead in the belly, by which means it will be maintained in its proper position; added to which, by bending the wire slightly, you may give an inclination to the bait that will cause it to play in a very lively and enticing manner.

One important piece of advice in trolling is to play your bait to the very water's edge, before you lift it out; as it often occurs that when a pike is shy of taking, he will follow the bait there before he will venture to seize upon it, but which he is then excited to do lest it get beyond his reach altogether, and many runs are lost from inattention to this circumstance. When the fish has seized upon the bait, let him turn with it before you venture to strike; do this pretty smartly the direct contrary course to which he is pursuing, as by this means you draw the hooks across his mouth, when one or other of them is most likely to take hold; but if you strike the course he is pursuing, or before he has turned, you may pull every hook harmlessly from his mouth, or just pricking him sufficiently to scare him from running again. If the hooks have taken hold, the fish will soon exhibit his resentment by a kind of fierce, tearing struggle—there cannot possibly be any mistake about it; yet it often happens that, by closing his jaws tightly, he holds the bait so fast between his teeth that you fail to displace it by the force you first strike with, the hooks all the time reposing quietly in his mouth; and the bigger he be, the more likely is this to occur. This you may generally conclude to be the case. If after you strike he pursues the same steady, uninterrupted course as when he first seized upon the bait. In this case you must continue to worry him with a succession of jerks, having, of course, due regard to the strength of your tackle, and take heed of his fury as soon as he feels the laceration of the hooks. Then keep him well within the bend of your rod, at the same time veering away line, and following him should he dart fiercely ahead, as he most probably will; at the same time, don't part with more line than is absolutely necessary, and keep him going at it, as he will tire himself out much sooner in the end. Many anglers contend for keeping him floundering at the top, as most likely to exhaust him the sooner; but I have found him much more apt to shake himself free of the hooks by this means, than if you keep his head under water till his strength begins to fail; then if you get his head above water, keep him there, if you can; and always keep the eyes above water when you attempt to land your fish, as then he is unable to descry the surrounding objects, and may be approached without his perceiving either the gaff hook or landing net. If you have neither of these at hand, you may substitute a hooked stick, which you may insert in his gill covers, and by this simple contrivance I have lifted many a weighty pike on shore.

And now, having said thus much of catching the pike, I will,

following the example of honest Izaak, instruct my readers how to make an excellent dish of meat of him afterwards.

Scale your fish and cut off his fins, then open him and take out the inside; then wash the fish, wipe out the inside well, and scrape out carefully all the blood about the back bone. Then prepare a force-meat pudding according to the following directions:—Bread crums, some beef suet, a small portion of sweet herbs and parsley chopped very fine, a little lemon-peel, a good sized piece of butter, a few oysters, either pickled or fresh, cut up fine in small pieces; season with a little nutmeg, cayenne, common pepper, and salt; bind the whole together with the yolks of a couple of eggs or more, in proportion to the size of the pudding you require; which having moulded into form, sew up in the belly of the fish; then fixing the tail in the mouth, place the pike in a frying-pan, and fry it in plenty of butter till about half dressed; then taking it up, put it into a stew-pan, add to it some meat gravy, a glass or two of wine, either red or white, and about the same proportion of water as your meat gravy consists of; to this add a table spoonful of Cornubian sauce or lemon pickle, a few pickled mushrooms, a slice or two of lemon, and a bundle of sweet herbs; season with cayenne pepper, and a little nutmeg, and a blade or two of mace. Before placing your stew-pan over the fire, flour one or two onions, and fry them in the same butter in which the fish was fried, turning them frequently to prevent their sticking to the pan: when fried thoroughly, throw them, butter and all, into the stew-pan. Then cover it over, and place it on the fire; let it stew there very gently for about an hour; then take up the fish, placing it carefully on a dish, with the back upwards, and pour the gravy over it. Garnish with slices of lemon and fried bread, cut three-corner ways.

A baked pike also makes an excellent dish. This is prepared with pudding, and all according to the directions laid down; but instead of being stewed it is committed at once to a baking dish, and being stuck over with pieces of butter about the size of an oyster, and well floured, is either baked in an oven, or dressed in a Dutch oven before the fire, being basted occasionally with the dripping that comes from the fish. When done, take out the pike and put it on a clean dish; then drain off the fat from the baking dish, and pouring in a little meat gravy with the brown gravy that remains, adding to it a little melted butter and flour, and also a little Harvey's or Cornubian sauce, and stirring the whole well together, pour it into the dish with the fish. Garnish with sliced lemon, and a little shred horse-radish.

POPULAR ENGLISH RACING STUDS

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

MR. T. WALTERS'S ESTABLISHMENT AT HEDNESFORD.

At the close of the year 1842, I commenced a series of papers on the most important and popular racing establishments; and having since then, during my travels, met with great encouragement from several highly influential noblemen and gentlemen, I make no apology for again returning to the interesting subject. During the past year there have been a very large number of our best thorough-bred stallions, mares, and horses in training exported to France, Russia, America, Germany, and many other parts, at prices which must induce our spirited breeders to "push along and keep moving." The fact is, in France and Germany no pains nor expense are spared to get some of our best blood, and, by a private letter received the other day from a sporting friend in Paris, I learn that it is *really* the intention of some of our Continental brethren to subscribe in future to our *crack* Derby and Oaks races. One thing clearly proves that the right sort of spirit is afloat, for several noblemen and gentlemen have tolerably large "books" on our next Derby, and *returns* are duly forwarded from Tattersalls to the capital of France, showing how the business of the Market has been transacted. No doubt the brilliant victory achieved by the deeply-lamented Duke of Orleans at Goodwood in 1840 rose the emulation of our Parisian friends' mettle, and I should heartily rejoice to see a French nomination struggling gallantly at the finish of either of our grand Epsom events. Looking, too, at the legitimate racing on the Continent, I may state most unequivocally that the "good cause" is gaining ground rapidly amongst our neighbors on the other side the water.

To commence my object, I bring into notice the stud under the management of T. Walters, of Hednesford. As a skilful trainer and true judge of racing stock, Walters's character is too well known to be here referred to. W. T. Copeland, Esq., M. P., is a great patron to this establishment, and I have reason to know that the balance of "racing accounts" is on the right side as far as the Hon. Member for Stoke-upon-Trent is concerned. At present Walters has two stallions standing at his place of goodly fame—The Prime Warden and King Cole, which are stationed at the stables lately occupied by James Carr. Walters has taken great pains to make everything comfortable for the reception of mares and foals, and I may add that the boxes, &c., are inferior to none ever beheld. I may here observe that Marlow is the jockey generally employed in this establishment, and if he has not the *seat* of a Robinson or the *hand* of a Chifney, still his honesty and straightforwardness have gained him many friends.

The Prime Warden, a beautiful bay horse of great substance

and power, was foaled in 1834; got by Cadland, out of Zarina by Morisco, &c. He is the property of Mr. Copeland, and is advertised to cover at Hednesford at 10 sovs. each mare, and the usual fee of 10s. to the groom. The following are The Prime Warden's performances:—

In 1836, on Tuesday, May 26th, he, then two years old, ran second to Chit Chat for the 20 sovs. each Stakes at Manchester: a very capital race, and won with difficulty. Chit Chat, if Judge Clark be any authority, was one of the fastest two-year-olds of his year.

At Wolverhampton, on Tuesday, August 16th, The Prime Warden, carrying 8st. 5lb., won the Chillington Stakes of 25 sovs. each, half a mile, beating colt by Priam, out of Idalia, 8st. 5lb.; Metal, 8st. 5lb.; and Subaltern, 8st. 5lb.: won very cleverly. The colt out of Idalia had previously won 260 sovs. at Newton, beating at equal weights Lord Stafford and seven others quite easy.

At Warwick, on Wednesday, September 7, The Prime Warden, carrying 8st. 5lb., was beaten for the 25 sovs. each Sweepstakes for two-year-olds, half a mile, by Mr. Bristow's Obadiah, 8st. 5lb., but beat Mr. Rawlinson's colt by Fungus, dam by Whalebone; a capital race, and won with the greatest difficulty. Even betting on The Prime Warden.

In 1837, on Monday, May 5th, The Prime Warden, then three years old, carrying 9st., was beaten by Sir R. W. Bulkeley's Bangalore, 3 yrs., 9st., in the race for the Wirral Stakes. Sir J. Boswell's The Calendar, 3 yrs., 9st., was third. Bangalore was the favorite against the Field, and won with great difficulty.

On Thursday, May 11th, The Prime Warden, at 8st. 6lb., was beaten by Mr. Fox's The Doctor, 8st. 6lb., one mile and three quarters, but beat Abraham Newland, 8st. 6lb.; and Pammon, 8st. 6lb. Even betting on The Doctor. This was one of the finest races ever witnessed, and given in favor of The Doctor by a head, although many to this day insist that The Prime Warden "just won." It may be recollected that Abraham Newland ran second to Mango for the Doncaster St. Leger, beating a large Field.

At Newton, on Thursday, June 15th, The Prime Warden won the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, carrying 8st. 6lb., one mile and three quarters, beating Colonel Cradock's Boxkeeper, 8st. 6lb., and Mr. Rhodes's Conservative, 8st. 6lb. Harry Edwards rode the winner, with 2 and 3 to 1 in his favor. On the following day, carrying 8st. 13lb., The Prime Warden, again ridden by Edwards, won the St. Helen's Purse of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., for two and three year olds, the Golborne Course, about half a mile, beating uncommonly easy Mr. Cooke's Wonder, 2 yrs., 6st. 7lb.; and Mr. Massy's Bollington, 3 yrs., 8st. 10lb. Almost any reasonable odds would have been betted on The Prime Warden.

At Doncaster, under the great disadvantage of being a "little off," The Prime Warden, at 8st. 6lb., ran for the St. Leger, but was not placed. Mango was first, Abraham Newland second, and

The Doctor and Cardinal Puff third and fourth. It is only fair to observe, that W. Scott on Epirus, in making the first turn on some newly-made ground, fell, and The Prime Warden lost a considerable space of ground; he, nevertheless, ran most gamely to the finish, but was so injured by the exertion that he was never afterwards trained. The betting on this memorable event was 9 to 2 agst. Epirus, 5 to 1 agst. Mahometan, 6 to 1 agst. Cardinal Puff, 7 to 1 agst. Mango (taken), 12 to 1 agst. The Doctor, 14 to 1 agst. Slashing Harry (taken), 20 to 1 agst. Henriade, 20 to 1 agst. Egeria, 20 to 1 agst. Abraham Newland, 20 to 1 agst. Troilus, 30 to 1 agst. Dardanelles, and 33 to 1 agst. The Prime Warden. This was one of the most singular St. Legers ever won, and the great event was carried off by one of the most lazy, lurching animals ever known. If Epirus had not made the *blunder*, another tale would have been told.

Cadland, the sire of The Prime Warden, was unquestionably the best three-year-old of his year, inasmuch as he won most of the principal Stakes at Newmarket; as well as the Derby, after a "dead heat" with the renowned The Colonel, who won the Great St. Leger, beating Velocipede, Bessy Bedlam, and sixteen others quite easy. I am not aware that there is at this moment any other stallion of the Cadland get covering in this country. "More's the pity," for the blood is most fashionable.

King Cole's numerous performances with most of the *flyers* of his time are too well known to be chronicled here. He is a nice horse, with the soundest feet and constitution of any stallion in the world. King Cole, foaled in 1833, was got by Memnon, out of Baroness, &c.

Amongst other victories of consequence in the doings in the Racing World, I may select the splendid race for the Chester Tradesmen's Cup in 1838, which this gallant son of old Memnon won in prime style, beating all the best horses in the Cheshire district. King Cole has been in training since two years old, and it is really astonishing to see a horse, which has run through eight long years in *bona fide* races, besides private trials, with legs as sound as a foal's!—such are King Cole's at the present moment. Those noblemen and gentlemen who breed for stoutness of constitution and soundness of limb cannot do better than send some of their favorite mares to this deservedly popular stallion. One of his stock, *The Trainer*, out of Miss Whinney, is a remarkably promising youngster, and to judge from appearance, I may add that I shall have my eye upon him when he makes his *debut* as a candidate for racing honors. *The Cade*, another of his get, out of Wilton Brown's dam, is likely to turn out respectably in the Racing World. If I am informed correctly, King Cole has been hunted.

Of The Prime Warden stock I need scarcely write a word, for most of my readers have been enabled in some measure to judge for themselves by the appearance and running of that fine filly Assay, whose deeds at Gorhambury and Ascot will not easily be forgotten. I fancy that Assay will be hard to beat at Epsom, and

those who are fond of nibbling at long odds can scarcely make a better selection than that of "investing" in this splendid specimen of The Prime Warden stock. There is another first-rate three-year-old under Walters's care—I mean *Imaum*, by Jereed, out of Gazelle by Tramp or Langar. This colt was bred by Mr. Lumley, who sold him into the Hednesford establishment when a yearling. Assay is in the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger, and Imaum stands in the former and latter races. *My Mary*, a very good-like two-year-old, got by Bran, out of Fury by Tramp, also seems likely to pay her way handsomely; as does also *Reliance*, a very smart sister to *Ninety-one*.

Taking Walters's lot on the whole, I find some of our most aristocratic racing blood *running* in the veins of the valuable animals under his judicious care. It would be superfluous in me to add that T. Walters rightly understands his profession, for the best criterion of a trainer's merits are disclosed annually in the pages of the Racing Calendar, and let my reader only wade through the gallant achievements gained by the said T. Walters during the last ten years, and he *must* come to my conclusion—that Walters has done as much as any trainer in keeping his horses up to the mark the whole season round.

The following will be found to be a correct list of Stallions, Brood Mares, Horses in training, Two-year-olds and Yearlings, now at Hednesford:—

STALLIONS.

The Prime Warden, the property of W. T. Copeland, Esq., M.P., is a beautiful rich bay with black legs; stands sixteen hands high; was foaled in 1834; got by Cadland (winner of the Derby in 1828), out of Zarina by Morisco; granddam Ina by Smolensko; her dam Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by High-flyer. The Prime Warden has very fine symmetry, great power, good temper, and sound constitution.

King Cole, bred by the late Lord Grey, of Groby, is a black horse of goodly size; was foaled in 1833; got by Memnon (winner of the St. Leger in 1825), out of Baroness, &c.

BROOD MARES.

Circassian, by Sultan—covered by The Prime Warden and King Cole.
 Fury, by Tramp, out of Assay's dam—supposed to be barren.
 Peg, by Gustavus, out of Peggy—covered by The Prime Warden.
 The Lady of Penydaran—covered by The Prime Warden.
 The Maid of Burghley, by Sultan—covered by Hetman Platoff.
 Miss Whinney, by Sir Hercules—covered by The Prime Warden.

N. B. Fury is, I fear, barren; she was put to The Prime Warden. She foaled a dead colt in 1842. Peg, the dam of *Ninety-one*, is very early in foal. All the above mares are looking remarkably well.

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Emilie, by Camel, out of Gaiety, 4 yrs.
 Imaum, by Jereed, out of Gazelle by Tramp or Langar, 3 yrs.
 Assay, by The Prime Warden, out of Fury by Tramp, 3 yrs.
Ninety-one, by The Prime Warden, out of Peg by Gustavus, 3 yrs.
 My Mary (Sister to Our Nell), by Bran, out of Fury, 2 yrs.
 Reliance (Sister to *Ninety-one*), by The Prime Warden, 2 yrs.
 Arthur, by Dick, out of Susan by Mango, 2 yrs.

The above are the property of a gentleman, and are, as I have before observed, very promising, particularly Assay and Imaum.

The Cade, by King Cole, out of Wilton Brown's dam, 2 yrs.
The Trainer, by King Cole, out of Miss Whinney, 2 yrs.

The Cade, I am informed is on sale, and particulars may be had by writing to Mr. T. Walters, Hednesford. Mr. Copeland four years ago offered his valuable stallion The Prime Warden to the Marquis of Exeter for two years *for nothing*; at Ascot last year he again offered him at the Noble Marquis's *own price*; but was objected. What a capital cross it might have been for the Sultan blood!

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for February, 1844.

A WALK AMONGST THE WILD TURKEYS.

BY PIERCY B. ST. JOHN, LATE TEXAN NAVY.

GASTON PHŒBUS, Count of Foix and Bearn, in his ancient and venerable work on the art venatorial, informs us with becoming gravity, that the pursuit of game is one of the surest means of securing our eternal welfare, since the continual agitation of mind in which it keeps us, prevents our committing sins of a dangerous character. Now the said Count is certainly a great authority, his book being, with the exception of King Modus's treatise, the most ancient on the subject, and I hope that his assertion is correct, seeing that I have devoted, and do intend to devote, a very considerable and active portion of my time to this healthful and delightful exercise. Henceforth I hope, however, in a land of civilization and refinement, where manly and hearty as may be the nature of the sportsman, the decencies and amenities of life are never forgotten. I can rough it tolerably well, and am quite prepared to do so on all necessary occasions, having had some considerable experience in my day, both on land and water, on ship-board, in the prairie and the forest; but still I have so vivid a recollection of the disagreeables of many a hunting scrape in Texas, that I aspire only in future to recount, not to enact, similar scenes. I see before me, plainly visible on the horizon of the mind, swampy prairies knee deep with mud in winter, and ankle deep with serpents in summer, mosquitoes buzzing about in myriads, fastening upon eyes, nose, mouth, so as to be swallowed at every inspiration, weeks of sleeping beneath the arches of the forest, a bed of mud, torrents of rain, wet guns, wet ammunition, nothing to eat, and no power of shooting anything. These are a few of the recollections which force themselves upon me as I cast my eyes back to the days, not many days neither, since I wandered in company with the wild American hunters, through forest and prairie, creeping for deer, fire-hunting, duck and swan shooting, spearing red fish, turtle hunting, and other following ex-

traordinary and rare sports. I must, however, be just, if not generous. There is a bright side as well as a dark one, and I feel, as months intervene between the date of my departure from the shores of the young republic, and the passing moment, that the *couleur de rose* becomes gradually more vivid, while the coarser and darker tints fades away before the sunny rays of memory.

I had spent some ten days in scouring the woods and prairies which lie on the edge of Galveston county, Texas; had galloped over the clayey prairie to the deep and fertile Brasos-bottom; had shot "considerable" deer, maint ducks, and geese, and even a swan or so, when one afternoon my friend and companion, Capt. G. Tod, reported that he had heard the wild turkeys gobbling in the neighboring forest. On this occasion we were encamped in a very warm, comfortable, and pleasant log hut on the edge of a large extent of timber, composed of pine groves, plots of cedar, and a mixed growth of oaks, hachmatack, and elm; in our front was the wide-spreading prairie, in our rear the wood, separated from us by a small fresh-water rivulet, crossed by a rude and very inartificial bridge. Over this I and my sporting friend Baker—Tod didn't shoot—made our way to ascertain the exact position of the gobblers, which we could easily find as they settled on the trees to roost for the night. Our object was not to make any attempt upon them that evening, but to be sure of their whereabouts in the morning, as, unless you are up and stirring before the animals themselves, little sport is to be expected, where you have nothing else to put you on the right scent but the gobbling of the animals themselves. Leaving the frail bridge in our rear, and threading our way through the winding and tangled path of the *bocage*, we soon found ourselves in the open pine grove, and thence passed into the little open glade or prairie, which affords a retreat as well to the Captain's cattle as to herds of deer during cold weather. Encircled on all sides, save one, by the forest, it is a sheltered spot during all the prevalent winds. Along this we walked cautiously, taking our way towards the bayou, near which we plainly heard the birds settling upon the branches to roost for the night. It was now quite dark, and we could approach to within a very short distance of the desired spot. Taking our marks carefully, we then crept on, making for the landing, where we prepared a canoe, lest the birds should cross the river, and lead us further in the morning than we expected. This done, we returned towards our home to partake of a hearty supper of venison, pork, coffee, and Indian corn bread.

To shoot turkeys is sport worthy of the name; but in Texas, a province of the native land of this bird, it was especially appropriate. The turkey, though the name it has absurdly got would lead to the supposition that it is a bird from the east, is a native of the temperate parts of America; and so zealous and successful have the American people been in their war of extermination against it, that in their forests it is rare indeed in a state of nature, especially in the inhabited parts of the country. In Georgia,

Alabama, Wisconsin, and in our own province of Canada, they are often found. To Mexico, however, Europe owes the largest and most savory of the domesticated gallinaceous tribe. The turkey (*totolin* or *huexoloth* in the original Mexican), which formerly was found wild on the bank of the Cordillères from the isthmus of Panama to New England, being a native of New Spain; but now only to be found in the northern provinces of the republic, New Mexico, Texas, &c., the birds retiring in a northerly direction as population increases, and as by a natural consequence forests become more rare. A very able traveller, M. Michaux, declares to have seen the wild turkey in Kentucky weighing forty pounds, an enormous size for a bird to reach which flies so rapidly, especially when pursued. I cannot personally corroborate this, twenty-eight pounds being the heaviest bird I ever killed.

But where am I? as usual—straying off into dissertation when I should be going ahead. Baker woke me at three—the sun was not up, neither was my blood, but I roused my inner man, shook myself—there was no dressing necessary—seized my gun, buckled on powder-horn, shot pouch, and bag, and sallied forth into the open air. Dawn was just breaking in the eastern sky, which was itself cloudless and blue, of that deep cerulean tint which although touched by the grey of morning, yet could not veil its vicinity to the tropics. In another minute we were on the other side of the creek, and pushing carefully through the bushes. A heavy dew had covered the leaves with pearly drops, that is to say, such leaves as in early spring were yet visible on evergreens innumerable. The pinegrove gained, we separated, warned to exertion by the increasing light, and a low admonition gobble from the pashas of the forest, as they sommoned their harem around them. Skirting the timber as closely as possible, I soon caught sight of the flock, some still on the branches, while others were already scratching the earth at the foot of the trees. They were at least forty in number, large, black, and tempting-looking, and I already, by anticipation, had cooked the breast of one of them for my morning meal. The click of a gun-lock at some distance, warned me to be smart. I had a double-barrelled Joe Manton, or Divisme, I forget which, loaded heavily with buck-shot, and taking aim at one which was fluttering in the air preparatory to settling on the ground, I fired. My second barrel was poured upon an unfortunate gobbler, which, alarmed by the report of my first piece, had raised its head to listen. Baker peppered away, and in another minute the victors and the victims alone held possession of the field, though I caught a glimpse of the wounded turkey, whose wing I had broken at the first discharge. My second fire had entered the head of the gobbler, and laid him low. Baker had fired with the same result, wounding one, and killing one. Loading our guns hastily, we followed in chase, each carrying a turkey weighing about twenty pounds. Arrived on the banks of the river I saw the bird I had first hit, fluttering on the branch of a large bare oak on the opposite side; throwing down my prize, I fired both barrels, and the doomed animal came tumbling headlong

into the river. In five minutes we were across, our captives deposited on board of the canoe, and Baker, determined to be equal with me, started off in the direction supposed to be taken by the flock. I did not follow, but charging my gun with ball, sauntered down the stream in search of nobler game.

It is hardly possible to wander half an hour in Texas without coming across a deer, though to kill one is more difficult. Distant about half a mile from the landing, was a small enclosed burn, in no part more than two hundred yards across. Here I rarely missed to find a herd of small deer, or of elk at that early time in the morning, and hither accordingly I bent my way. Creeping cautiously up to the edge of the wood, I found my hopes well founded; a buck was standing thirty yards from me on the prairie. To level, fire, and then to follow in pursuit of the wounded animal, was of course my policy. The deer bounded off, as a Yankee would say, like a streak of lightning, but his race was run. At that short distance the merest tyro must have killed; and I had long since found my gun my only support when in the woods, and was not likely to miss a rice bird at thirty paces. Starting into a trot, I soon had the satisfaction of seeing my prize stagger and fall. I rushed forward, and in two minutes more the head was severed from the body, to be abandoned, as usual, to the wolves. The buck was very small, and I found little difficulty in packing him on my shoulders, as soon as I had prepared him for that purpose; still, before I reached the landing, I had enough of it, though I continually paused to rest by the way. In the canoe I found Baker with another turkey.

Though used to the super-abundance of game in a country which, like Texas, is almost in a state of nature, we were yet sufficiently well aware of the toils and difficulties of a hunter's life, to estimate our morning's work at its right value: accordingly both I and my friend felt wondrous proud of our achievements, but pride did not suffice to encourage our carrying all up to the log hut. Contenting ourselves with a fat turkey a-piece, we left the remaining portion of the spoil in the boat, and wending our way along the prairie path, and through the forest, began to speculate upon the probable amount of damage each could do upon the good things which already saluted our imagination. Though several coveys of partridges rose before us, and rice birds innumerable flocked around, we could not again be tempted to load and fire. Even a fat grey squirrel—no mean delicacy in a Texan culinary catalogue, was suffered to gambol unharmed upon the green boughs of a live oak.

One thing should here be remarked. During the whole time that we peregrinated the American wilds, we found no season observed with regard to any game, feathered or four-footed. If the hunter came upon a deer, he shot him, no matter what the month, or what the animal's state; if upon a flock of the delicious fat partridges which nestle in the thick grass, on the border of every grove, and wood, and forest in the land, they were if possible consigned to his *canardiere*. The same holds good of every

thing else. Want of opportunity or of ammunition, or else a superabundant supply of venison or other meat, alone held the hand of the Texan leather-stocking.

Few who dwell within this sea-girt isle, can be made to understand the keen relish with which, on that memorable morning, we prepared and eat our breakfast, after sending down Capt. Tod's man to bring up the remainder of the game. Our worthy friend and host had not been idle; coffee, ham, eggs, venison, turkey, disappeared before our ravenous appetites, at a rate which, lest my veracity should be impugned, I forbear to specify; suffice it to remark, that all that was left of one turkey, barely served this patient Kentuckian, who wheeled up our prizes to the door, on a hand-barrow, for his breakfast. And now, good reader, lest we tempt you to follow our example, and send you on a truant wild-goose chase to Texas, we stay our pen, fearing to bring upon ourselves the ire of your excellent wives and little families.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for February, 1844.

J E M H A S T I N G S ,
THE CELEBRATED RUNNING TAILOR.

THIS distinguished character, to whom every spot in the Cheltenham "Meets" of the Berkeley Hunt is familiar, is James Hastings, a native of Cheltenham, the son of a respectable tradesman of that name, and of some considerable consequence and property. This town, as some of our readers need not be informed, has for many years been the chief rendezvous of the princely-appointed Berkeley Hunt, universally allowed by all who have seen it, with the noble veteran its proprietor, to be a most magnificent display, enhanced by the appearance of from eight to ten riders solely attendant on the Earl in their uniform of brilliant scarlet coats, rather antique black caps, with richly embroidered gold fox and silver brush, the hair closely cropped, and all mounted on first-rate hunters of renowned pedigree. At their head is Huntsman Harry (Mr. H. Ayris), attended by his first and second Whips, with first and second horses each: the colt-breaker follows, whose duty it is to ride the young horses until they are made perfect hunters—a glorious retinue to accompany the noble Earl, or to see at covert side! To all who possess or boast to have still left one drop of fine old English fox-hunting blood in their veins, this is a delightful and soul-thrilling sight. We have even seen the stern moralist smile at it, although, when questioned, reply, "Faugh! folly and extravagance, backed with cruelty! The one might be abolished, and the other spent in a better cause." But we Sportsmen have nought to do with that. It is of "Jem" we are to speak.

To a youth full of the ardent feeling of a Sportsman, no doubt,

sights like that we have described were irresistibly attractive, and bound his early attention and confirmed his future pursuits. We find upon inquiry, that our hero at an early age imbibed a *vast* dislike to the *Grand Sultan* business; that he was determined not to be *planked* all day cross-legged; and, having "a soul above buttons," Jem was for more moving scenes by "flood and field"—his motto was "Up and be jogging!" At first he ran with many bucksome youths, bred both in Hill and Vale of Gloucestershire. Amongst the herd of many he stepped along unnoticed, but he soon proved himself to be A 1; his ability, speed, and durability proclaimed his superior qualities, and many were the encouraging plaudits with which he was greeted during his contests. "Well done!"—"Bravo! my lad!"—"Go it, Jem!" cried those of his companions who for a *very* short time only could *remain* with him. Encouraged by the first Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Hunt, and soon becoming familiarised with them, he has been frequently heard to address a nobleman with, "Now, my Lord, come along, here's only you and I that can do it:" or, "Well, Zur, who'll top the wall first?" One of these events our sporting caricaturist Mr. H. Alken has noticed in his *Sporting Scraps*, in which our friend Jem is seen going at a bank and ditch topped by an ox-fence. He continued to increase in notoriety until at length he was regularly adopted by the Noble Earl at the head of the Hunt at a certain salary per season. What he was styled by His Lordship we do not know, nor the precise duties of his office: suffice it to say, that he always attended the Earl for each day's orders, and the earth-stoppers with him; that he wrote the list of each day's hounds as the huntsman drew them, which was handed to the Earl at the covert side; that he well knew how many litters of cubs were bred (at least in his own district), and every inch of the ground for twenty miles round. You might say of him, with Tom Moody,

"No hound ever open'd, with Tom near the wood,
But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 'twas good."

Jem, if asked at the find, was safe to reply, "All right! all right! Now ride, Gentlemen!" and he might as surely be trusted as the oldest hound in the pack. He knew every bank, dingle, bush, and briar—watched with unabated zeal *his* cubs, as he always called them—and could tell to a certainty how many brace of foxes were killed each season, dogs and vics. He was a perfect living chronicle of all the great runs and all other hunting matters. Rich with anecdote in his own way, he always found a ready welcome with the hospitable farmers of Gloucestershire. He used to say that he could always tell one of the right good sort, and that *his nose* was sure to tell him where to stop on the road home; that he wasn't at all particular—only looked so—for the best of everything was quite good enough for him, from the good brown loaf and fat bacon, and cup of good drink—ale, cider, or perry, gin, rum, or sherry, all the same to him—from the farmer's

kitchen to My Lord's pantry. "So the shop is but a good *un*, I generally give *un* a benefit. Lor, Zur, I have known some of them old ancient sort where I have stopped two or three days together; but there beant mony of that sort left; and you see I be a goodish deal falling off mysel'; 'ant been able to run for this many a year: these here *nation* bad rheumatiz have draw'd me almost *double*. Aye, Zur, about fifteen or sixteen years ago, that was the time."

"Well, Jem," we said, at the end of this harangue, "will you take anything to drink?"

"Thank you, Zur," was the ready reply; "in course I *wool*."

Thus we parted at the beautiful village of Prestbury to go our different roads, Jem saying, as we left him,

"I think the hounds be all home right by this time—wish you good day, Zur!"

Yes, we do well remember him fifteen or sixteen years ago—a little man, but a perfect prodigy of nerve and muscle, with not one ounce more of flesh than his strongly set bones ought to carry. A perfect vermin-like phiz, a pair of green and somewhat cunning small grey eyes, a peculiar twist in his mouth, and a catch and a snatch, with his head a little on one side when speaking, gave him an appearance strikingly comical.

All the Gentlemen of the Hunt would converse freely with him; and the stranger was sure to inquire, "Pray, who is that rather-knowing fellow?" To which he was as sure to receive an answer, "Why, Jem, the celebrated Running Tailor!"

RUFUS.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for February, 1844.

THE HORSE AND THE HOUND.

BY TRANBY.

There's a bliss, beyond all that the cockney can boast,
 When two, that are linked in one sportsman-like tie,
 With wind never failing and scent never lost,
 Do their work, spite of brooks, walls, and hedges so high.
 One hour with this beautiful couple is worth
 Whole seasons of pleasure elsewhere to be found;
 And, oh! if there be an enjoyment on earth,
 'Tis afforded, I'm sure, in the Horse and the Hound.

ENGLISH STALLIONS FOR 1844.

AT the request of several of our subscribers, who are, no doubt, interested in the breeding of blood stock, we give below, from the London "Sunday Times," a List of English Stallions, with their places and prices of covering; likewise their pedigrees, which will be found of great service, not only to breeders, but to the sporting world generally. They will at once perceive how the respective horses are bred, without reference to the Stud Book:—

- AGE.
- 12 ALPHEUS, at Newmarket, at 10 sovs. and half a sov. By Sultan, out of Arethissa, by Quiz, grandam Persepolis by Alexander—sister to Tickle Toby by Alfred.
- 5 AUCKLAND, at Mr. Hartshorn's Farm, Eccleston, near Chester, at 10 gs. By Touchstone, out of Maid of Honor by Champion, grandam Etiquette by Orville—Boadicea by Alexander.
- 9 BAY HORSE by Mulatto or Starch, out of Young Petuaria by Rainbow, grandam Petuaria by Orville. At Mr. Theobald's, Stockwell, Surrey, at 2gs. and 5s.
- 11 BAY MIDDLETON, at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov. By Sultan, out of Cobweb by Phantom, grandam Filagree by Soothsayer—Web by Waxy.
- 15 BEIRAM, at Burgh'ey, near Stamford, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov. By Sultan, out of Miss Cantley by Stamford, grandam by Mercury.
- 6 BELGRADE, at Mr. Theobald's, Stockwell, Surrey, at 5gs. and half a guinea. By Belshazzar out of Alice by Langar, grandam Miss Crachami by Magistrate.
- 13 BENTLEY, at Mr. Crockford's stables, Newmarket, and at Grazemore, near March, until the 1st of May, at 10gs. and 1 guinea. By Buzzard, out of Miss Wentworth by Cervantes, grandam Wryneck by Stamford—Wryneck by Beningbrough
- 23 BUZZARD, at Mr. Crockford's stables, at Newmarket, by subscription, at 15 gs. and 1 guinea. By Blacklock, out of Miss Newton by Delpini, grandam Tipple Cyder by King Fergus.
- 8 CÆSAR, at Hampton Court, at 10 sovs. Brother to Bay Middleton, by Sultan, out of Cobweb by Phantom, grandam Filagree by Soothsayer—Web by Waxy
- 22 CAMEL, at Mr. Theobald's, Stockwell, Surrey, by subscription, thirty mares at 25gs. and 1 guinea. By Whalebone, dam by Selim, out of Maiden by Sir Peter—Phenomenon—Matron by Florizel.
- 11 CALMUCK, at Mr. Theobald's, Stockwell, Surrey, at 10gs. and half a guinea. By Zinganee—sister to Pastille by Rubens, g d. Parasol by Pot-8-o's.
- 5 CAMEL JUNIOR (late Camelford), at the Lodge, Malton, at 7gs. By Camel, out of Velocity, sister to Velocipede, by Blacklock, dam by Juniper, grandam by Sorcerer, out of Virgin by Sir Peter.
- 10 CARDINAL PUFF, at Tickhill Castle Farm, near Rotherham, at 10gs. and 1 guinea. By Pantaloon, out of Puff by Waterloo, grandam Blowing by Buzzard.
- 11 CAREW, at Balchin's, Sutton, Surrey. By Tramp or Comus, out of Young Petuaria by Rainbow, grandam Petuaria by Orville.
- 8 CHARLES X'I., at Sheffield Lane Paddocks, near Sheffield, at 12gs. By Voltaire, out of Laurel's dam by Prime Minister, grandam Tranby's dam by Orville—Miss Grimstone by Weazel.
- 8 CLARION, at Mr. B Minor's, Astley House, near Shrewsbury, at 5gs; winners of £100, or dams of winners, gratis. By Sultan, out of Clara by Filho da Puta, grandam Clari by Smolensko.

- 19 COLONEL (The), at Willesden Paddocks, at 10gs and 1 guinea. By Whisker, out of My Lady's dam by Delpini, grandam Tipple Cyder by King Fergus.
- 16 COLWICK, at Bonehill Farm, near Tamworth, at 10gs. By Filho da Puta, out of Stella by Sir Oliver, grandam Scotilla by Anvil—Scota by Eclipse.
- 8 COMMODORE, at Riddlesworth, Thetford, Norfolk, at 10gs. and half a guinea. By Liverpool, out of Fancy by Osmond, grandam (sister to Countess) by Catton.
- 6 CORONATION, at Chadlington, Oxon, at 20gs. and 1 guinea. By Sir Hercules, out of Ruby by Rubens, grandam by Williamson's Ditto.
- 13 DELIRIUM, at the Rose and Crown, Malton, and the neighborhood, at 5gs. and 5s. Brother to Bessy Bedlam by Filho da Puta, out of Lunatic by Prime Minister, grandam Maniac by Shuttle—Offa's Dyke's dam by Beningbrough.
- 9 DON JOHN, at Bretby Park, Ashby-de-la Zouch, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov. By Tramp or Waverley, out of Hetman Platoff's dam by Comus, grandam Marciana by Stamford—Marcia.
- 7 DRAYTON, at Bonehill Farm, near Tamworth, at 10gs. By Muley, out of Prima Donna by Soothsayer, grandam Tippitywitchet by Waxy—Hare by Sweetbriar.
- 7 DOCTOR CAIUS, at Middleham, at 5gs., dams of winners of £50 clear, or upwards, 2gs. By Physician, out of Rectitude by Lottery, grandam Decision by Magistrate.
- 11 ELIS, at Willesden Paddocks, at 10gs. and 1 guinea. By Langar, out of Olympia by Sir Oliver, grandam Scotilla by Anvil—Scota by Eclipse.
- 24 EMILIUS, at Riddlesworth, Thetford, Norfolk, at 50 sovs. By Orville, out of Emily by Stamford, grandam by Whisky.
- 5 ENVOY, at Maresfield Park, Sussex, at 7gs. By Plenipotentiary, out of Ayesha by Sultan, grandam Marinella by Soothsayer.
- 10 EPIRUS, at Pitsford, near Northampton, at 10gs. and 1 guinea. Brother to Elis, by Langar, out of Olympia by Sir Oliver, grandam Scotilla by Anvil—Scota by Eclipse.
- 19 ERYMUS, at Riddlesworth, Thetford, Norfolk, at 10gs. By Moses, out of Eliza Leeds by Comus, grandam Helen by Hambletonian—Susan by Overton—Drowsy by Drone.
- 18 EXQUISITE, THE, at Mr. Theobald's, Stockwell, Surrey, at 5gs. and half a guinea. By Whalebone, out of Fair Helen by The Wellesley Grey Arabian.
- 8 EUCLID, at Riddlesworth, Thetford, Norfolk, at 10gs. and half a guinea. By Emilius, out of Maria by Whisker, grandam Gioside Fairy by Hermes—Vicissitude by Pipator.
- 17 GIOVANNI, at Barghley, near Stamford, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov., by Filho da Puta, dam by Don Juan, out of Moll in the Wad by Hambletonian—Spitfire by Pipator.
- 11 GLADIATOR, at Althorp, near Northamp'on, 40 mares by subscription, at 20 sovs. and 1 sov., by Partisan, out of Pauline by Moses, grandam Quadrille by Selim.
- 7 GLYCON, at Hadley, near Whitchurch, Salop, by Physician, dam by Soothsayer, grandam by Dragon, out of Queen Mab by Eclipse.
- 11 HERON, at Erdington, near Birmingham, at 5gs. By Bustard, dam by Orville, grandam by Dick Andrews—Rosanne by Beningbrough.
- 8 HETMAN PLATOFF, at Tickhill Castle Farm, near Rotherham, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov. By Brutandorf, out of Don John's dam by Comus, grandam Marciana by Stamford.
- 10 HARKAWAY, at Rossmore Lodge, Kildare, Ireland, at 10gs. and half a guinea. By Economist, out of Nancy Dawson by Nabockfish, grandam Miss Tooley by Teddy the Grinder, great grandam Lady Jane by Sir Peter.
- 9 HYDRA, THE, at Markington, near Ripton, at 5gs., but the winner of £50, or the dam of a winner, gratis. Brother to Hyllus, by Sir Hercules, out of Zebra, by Partizan, grandam Venom by Rubens—Spitfire by Beningbrough.
- 9 ION, at Hampton Court, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov. By Cain, out of Margaret by Edmund, grandam Medora by Selim—Sir Harry.

- 4 **JACQUES**, at Thorp Hall, near Peterborough, Northamptonshire, at 5 sovs. By Touchstone, out of Parthenessa by Cervantes—Marianne by Sorcerer—Thomasina by Timo hy.
- **ISAAC (YOUNG)**, at Mr. Theoba'd's, Stockwell, Surrey, at 4gs. and half a guinea. By Isaac, dam by Wroot's Pretender.
- 10 **JEREED**, at Dean's Hill, near Stafford, at 15gs. By Sultan, out of My Lady by Comus grandam The Colonel's dam by Delpini.
- 23 **JERRY**, at E den, near Thetford, at 15 sovs. By Smolensko, out of Louisa by Orville, grandam Thomasina by Timothy—Violet by Shark.
- 8 **JOHNNY BOY**, at Nottingham and at Derby, at 10gs and half a guinea. Brother to Tomboy, by Jerry, out of Bee's-wing's dam by Ardrossan—Lady Eliza by Whitworth.
- 9 **LANERCOST**, at Mr. Kirby's, Murton, near York, at 15gs. By Liverpool, out of Otis by Bustard, grandam Gayhurst's dam by Election.
- 20 **LAUREL**, at Mr. Theobald's, Stockwell, Surrey, at 12gs. and half a guinea. By Blacklock, out of Wagtail by Prime Minister, grandam Tranby's dam by Orville—Miss Grimstone by Weazel.
- 17 **LITTLE RED ROVER**, at Greywell Hill, Odiham, Hants. By Trap, out of Miss Syntax (sister to Doctor Syntax), by Paynator—Jenny Mole by Carbuncle.
- 16 **LIVERPOOL**, at Mr. Smallwood's, Middlethorpe, near York, at 20gs. By Tramp, dam by Whisker, out of Mandane by Pot 8-o's—Young Camilla by Woodpecker.
- 10 **MELBOURNE**, at Dringhouses, near York, at 10gs. and half a guinea. By Humphrey Clinker, dam of Cervantes, grandam by Golumpus.
- 8 **MONTREAL**, at Euston Park stables, at 6 sovs. By Langar, out of Legend by Merlin, grandam Piquet by Sorcerer.
- 5 **METEOR**, at Mr. Spedding's, Catterick, Yorkshire, at 5gs and 5s. By Velocipede, out of Dido by Whisker, grandam Miss Garforth by Walton—Hyacinthus.
- 14 **MULEY MOLOCH**, at Mr. Theobald's, Stockwell, Surrey, at 20gs. and 1 guinea. By Muley, out of Nancy by Dick Andrews, grandam Spitfire by Beningbrough.
- 11 **MUS**, at Goodwood, near Chichester, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov. Brother to Rai-trap, by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse by Godolphin, grandam Mouse by Sir David—Louisa by Ormond.
- 12 **OVERTON**, at Overton, York, at 5 sovs. By Alexander, dam by Guildford, grandam by Woldsmen.
- 20 **PANTALOOON**, at Eaton Stud House, near Chester, at 30gs. By Castrel, out of Idalia by Peruvian, grandam Musidora by Meteor—Maid-of-all-Work by Highflyer.
- 9 **PHENIX**, at Harker Lodge, near Carlisle, at 10gs. and half a guinea. By Buzzard, out of Cobweb by Phantom, grandam Filagree by Soothsayer—Web by Waxy.
- 13 **PLENIPOTENTIARY**, at Mr. W. Edwards's stud farm, Newmarket, at 15gs. By Emilius, out of Harriet by Pericles, grandam by Selim, out of Pippina by Sir Peter.
- 10 **PRIME WARDEN**, at Hednesford, Cannock, near Walsall, at 10 sovs. and half a sov. By Cadland, out of Zarina by Morisco, grandam Ida by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander.
- 8 **PROVOST (THE)**, at Catterick, Yorkshire, at 10 sovs. and half a sov. By The Saddler, out of Rebecca by Lottery, grandam Tyke's dam by Cervantes—Anticipation by Beningbrough.
- 14 **RATCATCHER**, at Willesden Paddocks, at 10gs. By Langar, out of Rufina (sister to Velocipede) by Blacklock, grandam by Juniper.
- 12 **REDSHANK**, at Euston Park Stables, at 8 sovs. By Sandbeck, out of Joanna by Selim, grandam Comical's dam by Skyscraper.
- 16 **SADDLER (THE)**, at Eberston Lodge, near Snainton, Yorkshire, at 10gs. By Waverley, out of Castrellina by Castrel, grandam by Waxy, out of Bizarre by Peruvian—Violante by John Bull.
- 7 **SCUTARI**, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov. By Sultan, out of Velvet by Oiseau, grandam Wire by Waxy—Penelope by Trumpator.

- 12 SHEET ANCHOR, at Rawcliffe Cottages, near York, at 10gs. By Lottery, out of Morgiana by Muley, grandam Miss Stephenson by Scud or Sorcerer—sister to Petworth by Precipitate.
- 20 SIR HERCULES, at Willesden Peddocks, at 20gs. and 1 guinea. By Whalebone, out of Peri by Wanderer, grandam Thalestris by Alexander—Rival by Sir Peter.
- 13 SIR ISAAC, at Yardley, near Birmingham, at 10gs. By Camel, out of Arachne by Filho da Puta, grandam Treasure by Camillus—Hyacinthus—Flora by King Fergus.
- 11 SLANE, at Hampton Court, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov. By Royal Oak, dam by Orville, out of Epsom Lass by Sir Peter—Alexina by King Fergus.
- 9 ST. MARTIN, at Catterick, Yorkshire, at 5gs; winners of £50 at 2gs. and dams of winners of £50 gratis. By Actæon, out of Galena by Walton, grandam Comedy by Comus.
- 10 ST. BENNETT, at Great Driffield and the neighborhood, at 7gs. By Catton, out of Darioletta by Amadis, grandam Selima by Selim—Pot-8-o's—Editha by King Herod.
- 9 ST. FRANCIS, at Mr. R. Pettit's, Newmarket, at 10gs. and half a guinea, By St. Patrick, out of Surprise by Scud, grandam Manfreda by William-son's Ditto—Tawny by Mentor.
- 12 STOCKPORT, at Mr. S. Reed's, York, at 10 sovs. Brother to Elis, by Langer, out of Olympia by Sir Oliver, grandam Scotilla by Anvil—Scota by Eclipse.
- 7 THEON, at Mr. R. Blacker's, Ripon, at 5gs. and 5s. Brother to Euclid and Extempore, by Emilius, out of Maria by Whisker, grandam Gibside Fairy by Hermes.
- 6 TORY BOY, at Mr. Wood's Farm, Cheadle, near Stockport, at 10gs. and 1 guinea. By Tomboy, out of Bessy Bedlam by Filho da Puta, grandam Lunatic by Prime Minister—Maniac by Shuttle.
- 13 TOUCHSTONE, at Eaton Stud House, near Chester, by subscription, forty mares at 40gs. each. By Camel, out of Banter by Master Henry, grandam Boadicea by Alexander—Brunette by Amaranthus.
- 10 TROILUS, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov. By Priam, out of Green Mantle by Sultan, grandam Dulcinea by Cervantes—Regina by Moorcock—Rally by Trumpator.
- 13 ULICK, at Yniscedwin House, near Neath and Swansea, Glamorganshire. By St. Patrick, out of Turquoise by Selim, grandam Pope Joan by Waxy—Prunella by Highflyer.
- 19 VELOCIPEDE, at Morton-on-Swale, near Northallerton, by subscription, five mares at 15gs. each. By Blacklock, out of Malek's dam by Janiper, grandam by Sorcerer, out of Virgin by Sir Peter—Pot-8-o's—Editha, by King Herod.
- 11 VENISON, at Mr. Sadler's, Stockbridge, Hants, at 20gs. and 1 guinea. By Partisan, out of Fawn by Smolensko—Jerboa by Gohanna—Camilla by Trentham.
- 18 VOLTAIRE, at Mr. Smallwood's, Middlethorpe, near York, at 15gs. and 1 guinea. By Blacklock, dam by Phantom, grandam by Overton, out of Gratitude's dam by Walnut—Ruler—Piracantha by Match'em.
- 10 WINTONIAN, at Dalkeith Park, near Edinburgh, at 10gs. By Camel, out of Monimia by Muley, grandam (sister to Petworth) by Precipitate.
- 12 YAXLEY, at Sheriff Hutton Park, near York, at 5gs. Brother to Redshank, by Sandbeck, out of Joanna by Selim, grandam Comical's dam by Sky-scraper.

Notes of the Month.

A P R I L .

New York Races.—The regular Spring Meeting of the Jockey Club is to be held on the week following the Camden Races, when the proprietors advertise that "liberal Jockey Club purses will be given." It is also proposed to have one day's racing on the 1st Tuesday in May, provided a stake for 4 yr. olds, three mile heats, should fill.

The gallant *Boston* is to stand the ensuing season at the National Course, Washington City, at \$60. His season commenced on the 18th ultimo, and terminates on the 1st July. As "Uncle Ned" BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, once said of a favorite race-horse, "*Boston among horses, is what HENRY CLAY is among men!*" Boston's prodigious power, size, and substance, make him an admirable cross for the light mares of Maryland and Virginia, and we hope to hear that he is liberally patronised. On the score of family, game, and turn of speed, not less for training on during a career unparalleled for its brilliant achievements and its no less wonderful continuance, he commends himself to the breeders of the country. His colts are remarkably promising and if "*like begets like,*" the admirers of Native stock may confidently look forward to a succession of cracks who, like him, will be too fleet for the fast and too stout for the strong.

Challenge for \$500 or \$1000.—JAMES B. BARKLEY, of Columbia, S. C., offers to run his horse *Jack*, with feather weights on each, against any horse in the world, one quarter of a mile, for \$500 or \$1000, half forfeit. Mr. B.'s challenge at length will be found in the Spirit of the Times. Jack is said to be but fourteen and a half hands in height. Mr. B.'s challenge is open for acceptance until the 20th of May.

John Blount, a very blood-like looking horse, and a capital performer, arrived on Long Island, lately. He will remain during the season at the stable of Mr. JOHN DREW, near the Union Course. Blount's symmetry, substance, and compactness, not less than his illustrious ancestry and distinguished family, admirably adapt him as a suitable cross for our large and roomy Northern mares. Blount was foaled on the 12th March, 1837, and was bred by GEORGE B. CARY, Esq., of Southampton Co., Va. He was got by Marion [a son of Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,] out of Maid of the Brook, (Mary Blount's dam) by Sir Alfred, her dam by Phenomenon, g. d. by Imp. Diomed—Shark—Medley, etc, etc. Blount won his first sweepstake at Belfield, Va., in the Spring of 1840, beating the best colts in the State, after a very short training, and subsequently won the highest distinction in his races against Fashion, Boston, and others. Blount's terms are \$30 the season.

Mr. LAIRD'S *Stable*, has just received a decided accession in Mr. GIBBONS' *Edith*, a half sister to Fashion, Mariner, etc. Edith was foaled on the 16th of March, 1841: she was got by Shadow, a son of Eclipse Lightfoot, who was a brother of Black and Bay Maria, Shark, etc. Edith has fine size, is uncommonly bloodlike, and has more symmetry than any of the produce of Bonnets o' Blue. We anticipate great things of her; when a foal she was quite as handsome as *Echo*, the own sister to Fashion, (who got killed in her yearling form,) and Echo was deemed a nonsuch. Fashion never looked better than she does this season; indeed all Mr. Laird's string are going on most favorably. Bonnets o' Blue, now in foal to Shadow, is to be bred to John Blount this season.

The New Jersey Stables—We learn that the Own Brother to Clarion has gone into LLOYD'S stable, and it will be seen by the following extracts from the letter of a breeder in that State, that *the three year olds* of this season are of unusual promise;—

"The stables of MR LAIRD, Mr. VAN MATER, and Mr. LLOYD, have their usual complement of horses, and I believe they are all in walking exercise. The prospect of the young stock is most flattering. I think there has not been at any time during the last five years in Monmouth County, so good a lot of three year olds. I can name at least a dozen, bred in this county, some by Hornblower, one or two by Oliver, and the others by Imp. Langford. I can name six Langfords here that I would prefer having a stake on to any six colts that I have seen for a year or two past. And yet only two of this number have any engagements. * * * * People think here the time for reviving the Turf interest is most favorable. The price of the material for rearing and breeding stock, being reduced almost one-half, and the revulsion in money matters being in a measure past, and things right side up, they are naturally turning their attention to those things that best suit their inclinations. * * * Clarion's colts are very promising; they are of good size, strong, bony, and much resemble their sire in general appearance. He would have suited the Island better than Blount, I think. Blount would cross well on our large Monmouth Eclipse mares. Langford would pay here better than any other horse, his colts being of such beautiful color and fine size. They will make fine carriage horses, if unsuited for racing."

The Spring Campaign in Virginia.—A favorite correspondent writes us to the following effect:—

"We have a fine prospect of good sport in Virginia this Spring. There are to be two Maryland stables on here, viz.: Mr. T. R. S. Boyce's and Mr. PETERSON R. JOHNSON'S. They are both down to stakes at Newmarket. The Colonel, the 1:46 colt ("in a horn"), Patsey Anthony, and one other, to Mr. PUCKETT'S name can take a show in the 4 yr. old Post Stakes at that Course. Their owners are subscribers to the stakes. Mr. PUCKETT has a stable of horses at Richmond, headed by the Priam mare out of Arietta. Mr. Martin has a string at the same place. Mr. Arthur Taylor will have the old "Nap's" horses, as usual. Capt. Belcher has some in training. Messrs. Hare and Watson, and Dr. Payne have several 4 yr. olds, and two 3 yr. olds, all untried.

The Races will take place at Belfield the week preceding the Newmarket, where and when we shall be pleased to see both Mr. Boyce and Mr. P. R. JOHNSON, and as many others as can make it convenient to cross the Potomac. The Purses will be much as usual, and Belfield is only 40 miles from Petersburg, by rail-road. This visit from the North will no doubt infuse new life into the Racing community of the Old Dominion, and will be promptly acknowledged and partly compensated, by a full turn-out of the Southern forces on the Kendall Course.

Ambassador Broke Down.—Every one will be pained at the following intelligence, which we find in the "Picayune":—

We regret exceedingly to learn that the splendid colt *Ambassador*, who won the Alabama Stake at Nashville, beating *Crucovienne*, broke down last Saturday on Col. Bingham's training course. He was making a trial run at the time. *Ambassador* was bred by Lucius J. Polk, Esq., of Tennessee. He was got by Plenipotentiary, out of imported Jenny Mills, by Whisker. He was deemed by many very competent judges the finest horse upon the American Turf, and after his great race at Nashville, he was sold to Mr. Branch at a high figure. We learn that the dam of *Ambassador* is for sale.

DR. PAYNE states—"I will run the filly by Marion, out of Nancy Blunt by Sir Archy, in a \$300 or \$500 stakes, half, at Newmarket, Spring 1846, with the colts and fillies of any horse or horses, Trustee not excepted—five or more to make a race.

Col. METCALFE, of the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., has a colt by Hickory John and a filly by Birmingham—both good ones—in training. John Armstrong is to train McCumpsey and Beach's nomination in the Great Stallion Stake of \$500 each, p. p., next Fall.

Sale of Stock.—At the recent sale of the young things belonging to the estate of the late JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Alabama, THOMAS ANSLEY, Esq., of New Orleans, purchased the following two yr. olds :—

Winnebago, ch. c., by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Delight.

Quadralite, ch. f., by the same, out of Nancy Elliott by Imp. Leviathan.

The *Toronto Turf Club* advertise their Spring Meeting to commence on the St. Leger Course, on the 21st of May next, under the patronage of the Governor-General. The following gentlemen were recently elected Officers of the Club:—

President—Hon. H. Sherwood, Mayor of the City.

Vice President—Davidson M. Murray, Esq.

Stewards—Kerry Rudyerd, Esq.; James M. Strachan, Esq.; _____, 82d Regt.; John R. Nash, Esq.; George Douglas, Esq.

Treasurer—Charles Thompson, Esq.

Secretary—G. D. Wells, Esq.

Profit and Loss on a Favorite Horse.—A correspondent of the Vicksburg "Whig," furnishes a very curious and interesting calculation on this subject:—

My old horse Selim, is now dead, at the ripe age of 16. I owned him ever since he was in his four year old form, and there was not a day in the 12 years, that he was not fit for service; making 3,668 days after deducting Sundays and the usual holidays, which at the low price of half a dollar a day, makes his wages amount to \$1,819½. Countless has been the times, that the faithful Selim, has bounded over the dusty hills and dashed through the swamps beneath his grateful master and whirled the sounding vehicle, for his confiding mistress and her children. He never flinched, no matter what the work; he was a friend that could be relied on in any emergency. He has finished his work, and his death has set me to thinking on the utility of horses. While on that subject, I have thought too, on the expense of keeping them. Selim's services were worth to me 1 819½ dollars; he ate each day of the twelve years 15lbs. of grain, 10lbs. of hay and fodder, and about the 1-8th of a pound of salt; amounting to 2½ tons of hay and fodder, 877 bushels of corn; 730 bushels of oats and 12 bushels of salt: his shoeing cost \$10 a year. His hay at 15 dollars a ton, was worth 360 dollars, his corn at 40 cents a bushel, \$350 80, his oats at 30 cents 219 dollars his salt at 50 cents, 6 dollars, and his shoeing, at 10 dollars a year, 120 dollars. Expenses of Selim for twelve years, \$1,055 80. Balance in his favor upon account, 763 dollars 70 cents.

These reflections become more curious still, when we consider the wonderful consumption, by animate nature, of the inanimate products and substances of the earth. In twelve years Selim consumed, of hay and fodder, 43,890 pounds, of grain, 65,745 pounds, of salt, 600 pounds, of water an average of about 4 gallons a day, weighing about 30 pounds, making of water 131,490 lbs.—in all consumed by Selim, in twelve years 241,725lbs. weight; and yet at the age of 16 years, he was but a trifle heavier than he was at four.

Similar calculations, as to what is consumed, by animal wants of the world, serve to convey a faint idea of the mighty products of the earth—the inexhaustible bounties of Gbd.

THOUGHT.

"*The ripe age of Sixteen!*"—Why Northern carriage horses are frequently as sound and fine as colts at sixteen. Horses intended for the Trotting Turf are rarely trained until they are nine years old, and a majority of the best Trotting Horses on the Turf, have performed their greatest achievement after attaining the age of fourteen. There is a very stylish and handsome roadster in this city who is *forty-three years old!* We see that Mr. Wm. Wincoop, of Catskill, in this State, has three horses with whom he does the work upon his farm, whose respective ages are 36, 38, and 40—making in the aggregate 114 years. The immoderate feeding of corn throughout the Southwest, is a principal reason—as it has ever seemed to us—why horses are used up there at so early an age.

Edw. TRAVIS, Esq., of Paris, Tenn., claims the name of *Linwood* for a yearling colt, by John Malone, out of *Discord* (the dam of *Buz Fuz*) by Imp. *Luzborough*.

The Godolphin Arabian.—A new version of the introduction of this celebrated horse into England, has lately been published in the Paris "Bulletin de Sciences." We attach no confidence to the story, but give it a place notwithstanding, as everything relating to this illustrious progenitor of the thorough bred stock of Great Britain and America must be read with interest:—

"Col. Cook, a man of wealth, education and polished manners, but a high-way robber, committed two acts of felony about the year 1720; and thinking it impossible to elude the hand of justice if he remained in England, he embarked for the Mediterranean, and travelled through Syria into Arabia Petræ; where he made inquiries concerning the best horses of the country. Having received information that a certain Sheik had the best horse in Arabia, he went to him and offered him any sum of money he pleased to demand for the horse. The Arab scornfully rejecting his offer, Cook skulked about in the vicinity, and in a favorable moment stole the horse, and travelled rapidly through the deserts until he arrived at Damietta, near the mouth of the Nile, where he embarked on board a British ship with his horse. He arrived in England, and knowing his crimes were so great he must perish, unless the prime minister (Lord Godolphin) interposed in his behalf, he went to him, under a fictitious name, and persuaded him to accept this fine Arabian horse as a present. Soon after this he was discovered, arrested, and committed to prison for his former crimes. He wrote to Lord Godolphin, disclosing his real name, and requesting his intercession with the king, who was induced to order a writ of *nolle prosequi* to be issued, and Col. Cook to be set at liberty."

A Chance to take Fashion's Measure.—The following advertisement in an Alabama paper is quoted with the view to inform the Sporting World where a competitor for the invincible Northern Champion is to be found:—

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

I WILL sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, during the February Court,

Two Blooded Colts,

One bay filly, damed by Jerry and sired by Stockholder. Very swift.

One dark bay horse, damed by Jerry and sired by Pecktolus. This horse has been tried, and proven himself to be fully competent to compete with any other race horse in the Union.

SAMUEL D. HOOKS.

Livingston, Ala., Jan. 23, 1844.

The filly "damed by Jerry" we have not the slightest doubt is "very swift," and we recommend her to the attention of our South western friends who wish to give the renowned winners at New Orleans "fits!" As to Gallwey, Music, Cracovienne, Ruffin, and others, *Mr. Hooks* must "go it on his own hook," so far as we are concerned, if he challenges either of them. We cotton to "the dark bay horse,"—we do. The one "damed by Jerry and sired by Pecktolus," is the horse for our money, and if he cannot beat Fashion, and Peytona to boot, Mr. Hooks can just take our hat! We are delighted to have ascertained upon the authority of a breeder and turfman of Mr. Hooks' repute that he has "a dark bay horse," who has been "tried and proven" to be "one of 'em!" Yes, indeed, "proven himself to be fully competent to compete with any other race horse in the Union!" We should like to hear any body pretend to deny it! Bring on your Blue Dicks, your Colonels, and your Registers! Here is the Beau H—N of the Southwest—the original "Dandy Jim of Caroline!" If we had not unfortunately overlooked Mr. Hooks' advertisement we don't think anything could have kept us away from the sale of those cracks, "at public auction during the February Court," except possibly the fact that they were to be sold "to the highest bidder for cash;" the smallest "legal tender" of which we should have invested in this stock—we don't think! "One filly, damed by Jerry," and "one dark bay horse damed by Jerry and sired by Pecktolus!" Ghost of COLDEN, think of that!

P.S.—It has just occurred to us that the "Napoleon of the Turf," hurried off to the South in mid winter to attend this sale! No wonder Mr. LAIRD has taken up Fashion already.

The Racing Calendar.

JACKSON (Miss.) RACES.

Dear Sir: As the weekly papers of this place have not published an account of the races over our course, I fear you will not obtain one. Hence the liberty I am taking.

The Club organized here is a good one, and if nothing interferes, the next meeting will be one of great interest. The course was in as fine order as it was possible for so new an one to be, and the trainers say that it is a very safe one to run over. The time generally was not as good as the horses are capable of making, owing to the circumstance of our having been blessed with twice forty days' rain, that only ceased about three weeks previous to the meeting; consequently the horses needed seasoning.

MONDAY, Feb. 12, 1844—Post Stake for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.

Col. A. B. Newsom's ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet.....	1	1
W. F. Dillon's b. f. by Red Tom, dam by Bertrand	2	2
John Williams' ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder		pd. ft.

Time, 1:58—2:00.

Mr. Dillon's filly was the favorite at the start at 2 and 3 to 1, having won a stake last Fall on the Oakley Course. The first heat was closely contested throughout. The second heat was won more easily by several lengths.

TUESDAY, Feb. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, taking the age from the 1st of May, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Col. A. B. Newsom's ch. g. <i>Long Tom</i> , by Pacific, dam by Jerry, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Wm. F. Dillon's br. m. <i>Black Lucy</i> , by Hugh L. White, dam by Molo, 5 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 1:52—1:50.

Mr Dillon's mare was the favorite at 2 to 1. The first heat was won by Long Tom hard held, and in the second heat he distanced his competitor with ease.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Linnæus Coch's ch. c. <i>Vagrant</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
Wm. F. Dillon's b. f. <i>Miss Bailey</i> , by Imp. Merman, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs	2	3	2
Hall & Shegog's b. f. <i>Reverie</i> , by Imp. Ainderby, dam by Giles Scroggins, 3 yrs..	1	2	3

Time, 3:54½—3:55—3:57.

This was a beautiful race, and doubtful to the last. Vagrant was rather the favorite, though a rumor of his having the distemper brought Revery into favor just at the start. First heat—Revery took the lead and kept it throughout, Miss Bailey contending, Vagrant merely running to save his distance. The appearance of ease with which this heat was won made Revery the favorite at 2 to 1. Second heat—Vagrant set to work at once for the heat, with Revery pressing him. He won it after a close contest, Revery second, and Miss Bailey close up. Miss Bailey's run in the last quarter was so fine, that many began to think she had a chance for the purse. Third heat—A repetition of the second, only, just before reaching the stand Miss Bailey passed Revery, and came in a close second—all three together.

THURSDAY, Feb. 15—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Linnæus Coch's ch. f. <i>Sally Shannon</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs ...	1	1
Hall & Shegog's b. f. <i>Ann Hayes</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs	2	2
J. S. Brien's ch. m. <i>Polly Ellis</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs.....	*	

Time, 5:50—5:50. * Broke down.

This was a very interesting and closely contested race, Sally winning the first heat by one foot! Ann Hayes contesting every inch of the ground. The Trustee mare broke down early, and was stopped. The 2d heat Sally Shannon

took the lead from the stand, and won by several lengths. Many good judges of horses think Ann Hayes could have won, but that she was short of work. At any rate, her managers offered Sally a match, which was not accepted.

FRIDAY, Feb. 16—Jockey Club Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 Hall & Shegog's b. f. *Reverie*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 W. F. Dillon's b. f. *Miss Bailey*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 3 2
 Col. A. B. Newsom's ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Jerry, 3 yrs..... 2 dist.
 Time, 3:52—3:53.

The betting was between *Revery* and *Miss Bailey* even, as many thought *Miss Bailey* had shown most bottom in the race on Wednesday. In the first heat *Revery* took the lead and maintained it throughout, though in the first half mile one stirrup broke, and she run the balance of the heat with the surcingle dragging under his feet, and the rider without anything to steady him. Col. Newsom's filly made up a large gap in the last half mile, and it is thought, could her rider have pulled her out from the wake of *Revery*, she might have won the heat. In the second heat *Revery* lead throughout, and won easily.

SATURDAY, Feb. 17—Proprietor's Purse \$135, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Linæus Coch's b. c. *Hardened Sinner*, by Imp. Philip, dam by Bluster, 4 yrs... 1 1 1
 Col. A. B. Newsom's ch. g. *Long Tom*,* pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 2 2 2
 Time, 1:50—1:48—1:49½. * Carried 5lbs. extra.

This was a fast and closely contested race, the second heat being given to the *Sinner* by one foot; several in line with the Judge think *Long Tom* won it. At any rate, those who lost seemed to think they were not much mistaken in the estimate they had formed of the powers of *Tom*. However, the *Sinners* won. *Tom* carried 5lbs. over weight.

The attendance was good, and the sport was far better than could have been anticipated from the limited number of horses, and the backset given to training by the long continued bad weather. The purses will be more liberal at the next meeting, and there will be many more to contend for them. You will hear more of *Revery*, as she is very promising, and will yet distinguish herself.

There were many scrub races during the week, from a quarter of a mile up to one thousand yards and a mile. I shall not undertake to describe any of them, not having any of the powers of the author of "*A Quarter Race in Kentucky*" This is the only letter I ever wrote to an editor; and even this would not have been undertaken but that I wished you to know what some of your old acquaintances have been doing in the country.

Yours very respectfully,

P.

Note by the Editor.—We beg to say to "P." that if the letter above is really "the only one he ever addressed to an editor," he should commence forthwith and make amends for lost time! We shall be glad to hear from him frequently.

PARIS, TENNESSEE.

PARIS (Tenn.), March 2, 1843.

Dear Sir,—Below I send you a statement of the races over the Paris Highland Course for 1843.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4 1843—Jockey Club Purse \$170, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Maj. E. Travis' gr. c. *Buz Fuz*, by Johnson's Medley, out of Discord by Imp. Luzborough, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 W. A. Thorpe's br. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 N. K. Leavell's bl. c. by Imp. Phillip, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs..... 3 3
 Time, 4:08—3:56.

Won with ease. Track thirty-five feet over a mile.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5—J. C. Purse \$240, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 N. K. Leavell's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 W. R. Harris' b. m. by Telegraph, dam by Eaton's Columbus, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 Time 6:30—6:20.

FRIDAY, Oct. 6—Proprietor's Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5
 W. A. Thorpe's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs..... 1 1 1
 N. K. Leavell's bl. c. by Imp. Phillip, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs..... 2 2 2
 Time, 2:08—2:15—2:17.

Track sloppy. Won with ease.

The Imp. horse *Felt* will stand the present season at my stable, at \$25 the season.
 E. TRAVIS.

CHARLESTON (S. C.) ANNUAL RACES.

We are indebted to Dr. IRVING, the Secretary of the South Carolina Jockey Club, for the annexed report of the late meeting, which we find in his "Rambler:"—

To-morrow (Wednesday, 21st ult.) will be the first day of the Races. A race course is, in many particulars, much the same sort of thing all over the world—the same striking features present themselves—a happy crowd of people on foot and on horseback—a long line of wagons, carriages, and carts, setting, like a stream, in one direction, with here and there a counteracting eddy, interrupting its progress for a while, but soon recovering itself, moving on steadily and unitedly as before. Gay and beautiful women, fashionably attired, surrounded by their admiring beaux—jockey stands filled to overflowing by anxious spectators—race-horses blanketed, led on the ground by their faithful grooms, and followed by their riders, whilst around the enclosure, in the vicinity of the starting-post, are huddled together carriages in tiers three or four deep, with the horses taken off, in the best positions to see the race, packed as closely together, as Sam Slick would say, as pins in a paper.

But whilst every race ground presents the same cheerful scene, and the same varied objects, yet, *our course* is, perhaps, for divers reasons, the gayest and most agreeable of them all. We arrive at this conclusion from the fact, that an agreeable impression is generally made upon those who attend our races for the first time—moreover, that a favorable opinion is generally carried away by those who have partaken of the hospitality of our Club.

On the morning of a race our city pours forth the sport-loving portion of its inhabitants. As the hour for starting the horses approaches, so may be seen an anxious crowd wending its way along the different avenues that lead to the course. First is seen the racers, which have been entered the night before, walking along within the enclosure by the starting-post—then follows the usual preparations—weighing the riders, rubbing down and saddling the horses—the expression of opinion in favor of one horse, and of doubts on the others—the anxiety on the part of the grooms to get a favorable start—the hum of anxiety as the word is given "to go," and they are off—the excitement of the populace as the couriers change places in the race, the interest increasing with every fresh struggle, till towards the close of the contest, the straining steeds enter the last quarter stretch, urged to their utmost speed and exertion, whips and spurs doing their work, and they near the distance-post—the ground resounds beneath their rapid strides—

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

The noise of their hoofs increases—the breathless moment of suspense is at hand—they are all together—it is any one's race—the earth trembles—they come—they fly by—they pass the post—the welkin rings with the delighted shouts of thousands, and all is over!

The race having terminated, to many the most interesting portion of the day's amusement follows—namely, occupying the intervals between the heats by a little agreeable flirtation with the ladies on the grand stand.

For several years past the importance of the Charleston Races has been gradually on the increase, and may now be said to have attained a very high celebrity both in the Turf annals of our country, and in a social point of view. This is no less owing to the high character of those who have presided over the Club—a McPherson, a Pinckney, a Rose, and to the judicious arrangements and rules which govern our meetings, than to the public spirit of the good people of our city, who seem to regard the annual recurrence of "race week" in Charleston, as an epoch of great interest, and one that should not be permitted to pass by without a due observance, and show of respect.

As there are no obstacles to the advancement of the Charleston Races, either pecuniary or fanatical, it may consequently be anticipated, that every succeeding year will add to its high character, and that we of our generation, as we received from our fathers the ancient and highly useful sports of the Turf, will transmit them unimpaired in interest to those who are to come after us.

FIRST DAY.

At an early hour our city displayed the bustle usually apparent on such an occasion. Broad-street and Church-street, before the Carolina and Planters'

Hotel, were thronged by strangers and members of the Jockey Club throughout the morning, prior to their departure to the course. At the usual hour the line of march was taken up. It seemed that every variety of conveyance was in demand. The weather was most propitious in the morning, and continued so throughout the day. Indeed, so mild and genial was the atmosphere, that it was sufficient at this season of the year to tempt our city friends into an excursion into the country, even had they not the expectation of unusual sport before them. The turf was in excellent order. A shower of rain, which fell on Monday evening, laid the dust and softened the course, previously a little too heavy in particular places, and favorable weather subsequently, gave it that degree of elasticity and condition which runners of horses so much desire.

In the arrangements on the course we found no alteration since the last meeting. The attendance was more numerous than we have seen for many years—the crowd of pedestrians in all their holiday finery and holiday spirits—the number of carriages, and the brilliant galaxy of ladies, “in their best bib and tucker,” who honored the Grand Stand with their presence, was a pleasing manifestation that our races have not diminished, but are annually increasing in interest. Without further preliminaries, then, we will proceed to detail the result of the day’s sport. At this late hour, we have time and ability for little more.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 21, 1844—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds to carry a feather—3, 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

Col James Williamson's b. c. <i>Regent</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1	1
Starke & Perry's b. f. <i>Lucy Abbott</i> , by Bertrand Jr.—Macaw by Roanoke, 4 yrs....	3	2
Col. Singleton's ch. c. <i>Hero</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Imp. Mania, 4 yrs	2	3
Col. Wade Hampton's b. f. <i>Margaret Wood</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Maria West (dam of Wagner and Fanny) by Marion, 3 yrs		dist.
Dr. Guignard's b. h. <i>Edisto</i> , by Imp Rowton, out of Empress by Henry, 6 yrs....		dist.
Lewis Lovell's ch. g. <i>Brandy</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Patsey Wallace, 4 yrs ..		dist.
Time, 7:55—7:58.		

First Heat.—At the appointed time for starting the horses reached the post, and without any trouble or delay got off at the first signal. Having settled into their places with less confusion than is usual with so many horses, Margaret Wood and Hero singled themselves out to make the running, the filly having a slight lead. This she maintained throughout the first mile. On entering the second mile Hero shot ahead, and Margaret dropping back, Regent quickened his pace and took the second place. The Bertrand filly drew a little nearer to the leading horses on the third mile. Here the tailing commenced. The fourth mile was a beautiful match race between Hero and Regent; they ran locked until the last quarter, when Regent went ahead and won the heat. Hero and Lucy Abbott held up within the distance-post, the rest were distanced. Margaret Wood, it is proper to explain, was girthed so tightly as to affect her respiration, and thereby to throw her out of all chance for the heat.

Second Heat—Hero made play again from the jump, closely pressed by Regent, Lucy Abbott running about five or six lengths behind. In this order they ran to the middle of the back straight stretch in the last mile, when Regent tired for a moment, switched his tail, and lost his stride, losing thereby about eight lengths. The rider of Lucy seeing this, made a rush for the heat. In the meantime Regent recovered himself, and made up by a surprising effort the distance he had lost. Every jump they were nearing the leading horse Hero, who, thinking the heat safe, pulled to them. Within two hundred yards of home, it was any one's race. They were all together, struggling for victory—Regent, however, was declared the winner by a head, Lucy Abbott second, and Hero third. The contest throughout was very beautiful—the finish highly exciting.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

James Heyward's ch f. <i>Frances Amanda</i> , by Pennoyer, out of Sally Magrath, 3 yrs	1	1
W. H. Sinkler's bl. f. <i>Girth</i> , by Saddler, dam by Velocipede, 4 yrs	2	2
Col. Jas. Williamson's b. f. <i>Tisannah</i> , by Benbow, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs	3	3
J. L. Wilson's ch. c. <i>Crackaway</i> , by Marmaduke, out of Last Scrap, 2 yrs.....	4	4
Time, 1:54—1:55.		

This race may be described in a few words. Frances Amanda led in both heats, and won cleverly—the rest well up throughout.

SECOND DAY.

THURSDAY, Feb. 22—J. C. Purse \$750, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Richard Singleton's b. f. <i>Symmetry</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Phenomenon by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. James Williamson's b. h. <i>Eutaw</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs.....	2	2
George McCalla's b. h. <i>Billy Gay</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Mary Frances, 5 yrs	4	dist.
Maj. W. Sinkler's ch. h. <i>Santa Anna</i> , by Bertrand Jr.—Daisy by Oscar, aged.....	3	dr

Time, 5:51—5:54.

First Heat—Another very favorable day, and the course well attended. All got off with a beautiful start, *Symmetry* leading with a steady stride, *Billy Gay* second, *Santa Anna* third, and *Eutaw* last. In this order they ran until the last quarter of the second mile, when *Eutaw* made play, and came up to the filly with a terrible rush. After hanging upon her quarters for half a mile the filly shook him off, and came in an easy winner—*Santa Anna* and *Billy Gay* just saving their distance. *Santa Anna* was then withdrawn.

Second Heat.—Another good start. *Symmetry* again took the lead, and kept it throughout, *Eutaw* and the filly, as before, making all the running until the last quarter, when *Eutaw* finding he had no chance for the race, gradually held up and resigned the contest. The filly went on by herself, and won without apparently having been put up in any part of the race. *Billy Gay* was distanced.

Col. Singleton's filly has been most happily named. She is *symmetry* indeed, by *nature* as well as by *name*, possessing the most superb action we have seen for many years. She won both heats in this race with her ears playing as gracefully as if she had been taking her ordinary exercise.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

C. H. Jas. Williamson's ch. f. <i>Marchioness</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1	1
Maj. W. Sinkler's ch. m. <i>Zoe</i> , by Imp. Rowton, out of Leocadia, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Lewis Lovell's ch. c. <i>Morgan</i> , by John Bascombe, out of Amy Hampton by Crusader, 4 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 3:54—3:55.

First Heat.—This was an exceedingly interesting heat. *Zoe* and *Marchioness* contested every inch of ground—it was neck and neck throughout; the latter, however, having a little the most foot, contrived to win the heat in the final struggle by a length. *Morgan*, at the finish, was several lengths behind the leading horses.

Second Heat.—Another pretty contest took place between *Zoe* and *Marchioness*. *Morgan* forced the running until a couple of distances from home, when *Zoe* closed with them, lucked *Marchioness*, and the race commenced in earnest. It was continued with a very game spirit to the end between the two, and won by the latter only by a length.

THIRD DAY.

FRIDAY, Feb. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. Harleston's b. f. <i>Sally Morgan</i> , by Imp. Emancipation—Lady Morgan, 4 yrs..	1	1
Col. Jas. Williamson's br. h. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Mons. Tonsen, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Lewis Lovell's ch. m. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, aged.....	2	3
Maj. W. Sinkler's br. c. <i>Champion</i> , by Tarquin, out of Imp. Mania by Figaro, 3 yrs	4	4
James Heyward's br. c. <i>Clarendon</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Last Scrap, 3 yrs.....	5	5
Col. Richard's Imp. b. m. by Glaucus, out of Christobel, 5 yrs.....	dist.	
Dr. Guignard's b. f. by Imp. Hybiscus, out of Empress by Henry, 3 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:51—3:48.

First Heat.—Exactly at the time fixed for the race, the horses reached the starting post, and without any confusion or delay, got off at the first signal. They soon settled in their places, and went to work in earnest, as the time shows. *Sally Morgan* in the lead. The pace was good from the jump; as it kept increasing, which it manifestly did, from the gait in the first mile, *Clarendon* and the *Glaucus* filly fell back, but without any material effect on the leading rank. *Sally Morgan* kept on with a steady stride, looking all the way very like a winner, with *Mary Elizabeth* next, and *Brown Stout* and *Champion* within a short distance. In this order they ran the heat out, *Clarendon* coming in fifth. The *Glaucus* filly and *Dr. Guignard's* 3 yr. b. f. by Imp. Hybiscus, were declared distanced.

Second Heat.—*Sally Morgan* again went off with a slight lead, looking as if she had the race all to herself. *Champion*, *Mary Elizabeth*, and *Brown Stout*, however, did not seem disposed to yield without a struggle, and a gallant one

they made. They came down the quarter stretch with a magnificent rush; a blanket could have covered them until they reached the booths in the second round, when Sally Morgan went a few lengths in advance. On the back stretch she widened the gap between herself and the rest of the field so much as to reduce the result to a certainty, barring accidents. A very interesting struggle then took place for the second position between Champion, Brown Stout, and Elizabeth, which terminated in the former beating the latter. Champion was fourth in the heat, Clarendon last.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 Col. Jas. Williamson's ch. f. *Tagioni*, by Imp Priam, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Mr. Richardson's ch. m. *Zoe*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 2 dr
 Time, 3:55.

Tagioni took the track, was never headed, and won with ease. *Zoe* was drawn after the first heat.

FOURTH DAY.

SATURDAY, LAST DAY.—As this is generally the most important race of the week, and the most popular day, the interest prevailing was indicated by the early hustle of the city, and by the large concourse of persons that were seen scampering along, some on horseback, but many more on *shanks mare*, in the direction of the course. All the horses, which had started for the main races during the week, had been handicapped, and much curiosity was excited as to which horse the different stables would select for "*their crowning glory*" It appears that the parties themselves were unable to make up their own minds on the subject, until the last moment, which horse they should start. Col. Singleton had both *Hero* and *Symmetry* on the ground, and it was not until the drum beat to saddle, that he proclaimed his intention to rest his hopes on *Symmetry*. The Virginians at first resolved to enter *Eutaw*, but at the last moment fixed upon *Regent*, as their representative—*Lucy Abbott* completed the field. As soon as it was ascertained that these three were certainly to start, the betting commenced in favor of *Regent*, but before starting, both *Lucy Abbott* and *Symmetry* found favor with a few, and we heard several bets made that *Regent* would not win the first heat. The following is the return of the running:—

SATURDAY, Feb. 24—Handicap Race—Purse (about) \$600. Three mile heats.
 James Williamson's b. c. *Regent*, pedigree before, 4 yrs. 102lbs. 1 1
 Starke & Perry's b. f. *Lucy Abbott*, pedigree before, 4 yrs. 97lbs. 3 *
 Col. Richard Singleton's b. f. *Symmetry* pedigree before, 3 yrs. 87lbs. 2 dr
 Time, 5:52—5:57. * Broke down.

The following horses were handicapped:

Regent is handicapped to carry	102lbs.
<i>Lucy Abbott</i> " "	97
<i>Hero</i> " "	99
<i>Margaret Wood</i> " "	82
<i>Edisto</i> " "	108
<i>Brandy</i> " "	92
<i>Symmetry</i> " "	87
<i>Eutaw</i> " "	115
<i>Billy Gay</i> " "	102
<i>Santa Anna</i> " "	114
<i>Sally Morgan</i> " "	99
<i>Brown Stout</i> " "	107
<i>Mary Elizabeth</i> " "	116
<i>Champion</i> " "	85
<i>Clarendon</i> " "	82
<i>Glaucus filly</i> " "	162
<i>B. f. by Ilybiscus</i> " "	feather.

First Heat.—The *Bertrand* filly led for half a mile, when *Symmetry* went up and took the track, which she maintained to the booths on the commencement of the second mile, when *Regent* challenged, and after a sharp brush passed her, and won the heat by several lengths. *Symmetry* was then withdrawn.

Second Heat—After being saddled for this heat, the *Bertrand* filly showed such symptoms of lameness that it was to the surprise of every one she was led up to be started. She went off gallantly, however, and ran with great spirit and endurance for two miles and a half, when, in making her final effort she broke down and was stopt.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$150, conditions as on Friday. Mile heats, best ^{3 in 5.}

James Williamson's ch. f. <i>Marchioness</i> , pedigree before, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
George M'Calla's b. m. <i>Nancy Rowland</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Rob Roy, 5 yrs	2	2	2
Maj. W. H. Sinkler's bl. f. <i>Girth</i> , pedigree before, 3 yrs	3	3	3

Time, 1:53—1:54—1:59.

Each of the heats in this race were prettily contested.

Thus concluded our races for the present year, giving a finish to our turf transactions in ever way satisfactory to the club, and confirmatory of an increasing passion for horse racing in our community, notwithstanding the efforts of fanaticism, which we have been informed have been made in certain quarters to excite prejudices against it. On no former occasion has there been a more numerous assemblage of horses on our course, larger entries, nor better purses—the company in attendance daily has not been for many years more numerous, nor more respectable. There has been an increase of members to the club, too, so that every thing has happily combined to demonstrate beyond all doubt, that horse racing, as it is conducted over the Washington Course, has always been and will ever continue to be a popular pastime—not patronized merely on the ground of the encouragement which it holds out to the improvement in the breed of our horses, and for which immense sums may be realized by the planter and owner of superior animals, but as a bold and manly sport, which has descended to us from the long established habits of our fathers—which grew with their growth, and should strengthen with our strength. As for its demoralizing effects, which we sometimes hear insisted upon, all we can say to those who contend that in itself it is a mischievous practice, is, that they should not pretend to express opinions upon subjects they have no personal knowledge of, and that so far from their homilies having any effect upon enlightened minds, can only generate in them a greater contempt and abhorrence of every thing that savors so much of ignorance, fanaticism and humbug.

Several important improvements are contemplated by the Club, so that the season of 1845, will be on a larger and more splendid scale, and more complete in every respect, and conducive to sport. The enclosure by the Grand Stand will be increased nearly double its present size, for the better accommodation of the members of the club, and the rubbing down the horses between the heats. And in order that each succeeding year may add to the already high and liberal character, which the South-Carolina Jockey Club has obtained in the Sporting World, it has been resolved to increase the value of its Purses, which will be seen by the following Rule and Resolution, which was passed on Saturday Evening last.

RULE XII—THE PURSES.

The Club will annually appropriate by resolution, a fund for the regular Jockey Club Purses, and will also give for a second race on Wednesday, \$100, mile heats; on Thursday and Friday, \$150, two mile heats; and on Saturday, \$200, a single heat of three miles. The horse that shall on either day win either of the above second races, shall not be permitted to start again, except for the Saturday's second race, or for one of the regular Purses. Weights for age on each day, and the entries to be made according to the 4th Rule. The entrance money for each of the second Races shall be \$5 a mile.

Resolved That the Purses to be given by the Club at their annual meeting, (1845) shall be as follows:—

For the 4 mile day, \$1500, of which \$300 shall go to the Horse that shall be second in the race, provided four start. If less than four start, the Purse to be \$1000, as heretofore, the whole of which shall then be given to the winner; for the three mile day, \$750; for the two mile day, \$600.

To the next season then, we confidently look for many strong stables, and an increase of sport. The campaign will, we have no doubt, surpass all former experience, more especially, if our suggestions and the promises of improvement on the Course, are effectually carried out.

At a meeting of the Jockey Club on Saturday evening, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: JAMES ROSE, President; John S. Ashe, Vice-President; J. C. Cochran, Treasurer; John B. Irving, Secretary; John L. Wilson, Solicitor; R. Q. Pinckney, Resident Steward. Stewards.—P. Neyle, James Heyward, Wm. Harleston, J. Chapman Huger, Keating S. Ball, Wm. Heyward, Hugh Rose, John Harleston. Managers of Ball.

—Edward North, Robert Gourdin, M. King, E. P. Milliken, Postell Ingraham. *Committee of Finance.*—Henry Gourdin, E. W. Mathews, Charles Lowndes. *Executive Committee.*—James Rose, John S. Ashe, Henry Gourdin, W. A. Carson, Wm. Ravenel.

WALNUT GROVE, ARKANSAS.

The following report we find in "The North Arkansas." It is from a pen that has frequently embellished these pages—"a large good looking man from Tennessee"—as the reader will detect. The Walnut Grove Course is in Jackson County—we don't know how far from the Devil's Fork of the Little Red.

Dear Sir:—The sport of the week has closed, and as before anticipated it was true, and all went off well. Here is the result of the first day:—

TUESDAY, Jan. 16, 1844—Purse \$100, free for all ages (dating from 1st May), 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats

Tunstall & Safford's ch. f. <i>Freshet</i> , by Tom Fletcher—Charline by Pacific, 3 yrs...	1	1
Charles Caldwell's f. <i>Olean</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Truxton, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 2:03—2:10.

Before starting, the betting was about equal, each one's friends believing they would win, and some small change changed hands. They started very well. *Freshet* leading a little. They continued in this position the most of the way round, and doing some pretty running on the back stretch. They came into the home stretch very near locked, and the run home was close, *Freshet* winning by a neck in 2:03.

They cooled off well, but *Freshet* was now the favorite, and no bets could be had on her. In the 2d heat they got an equal start, and the *Leviathan* filly set to work at the Tom Fletcher filly, but she could not come it. They made a good run from the start, *Freshet* beating a little in 2:10. The track was bad, owing to a good deal of rain for some days before, and the night before a hard freeze, and the track had just thawed.

After this race was over, the sport just commenced, as there was a great many *ringins*, as they call them, about; and they continued running until dark.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 17—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

John Turner's m. <i>Lady Skipwith</i> , own sister to <i>Olean</i> (pedigree above), 5 yrs...	2	1
Tunsalt & Safford's l. m. <i>Sally Carr</i> , by Stockholder, dam unknown, 5 yrs...	1	2 dr

Time of 1st heat, 4:10. Course heavy.

Before starting some betting took place, and I have never seen both parties so sanguine of winning as they were in this; and the *Leviathan* mare's friends backed her as long as they had a *dime*. They came to the starting-post, and in getting off *Sally* got some advantage in the start, and the *Leviathan* set at her from the start to make her run, as it was evident *Sally* had the foot of her, and the heat was closely contested, *Sally* winning in 4:10. *Sally*, after coming out, appeared somewhat distressed, and did not cool off well, but her friends still thought she would win. *Lady Skipwith* cooled off very well, and her friends had not lost hope of winning. In the 2d heat they got off nearly even, when the *Lady* passed her without making a hard brush, and then if you had been here you could have heard some shouting by the crowd. *Lady S* lead until they passed the half-mile post in the second mile, when *Sally* made a brush and passed her, just before getting into the home stretch. After getting in the home stretch the *Lady* made another desperate struggle, and won the heat by a length. *Sally* appeared distressed considerably, and her owners being satisfied she could not win the next heat, drew her. The time of the last heat was not kept. The track was still heavy.

After the close of this race there were divers saddle-horse races. When these were over, the crowd collected at the proprietor's, and after supper divers games were proposed, and several yoked at "seven-up," &c., but the game that most of the crowd were interested in was what they called "freez-out poker." In this game a good-looking man had put a mare he called the *Grey Goose*, and divers individuals had taken a hand, whom they called *Devil's Fork*, *Big Sandy*, *Cotton Planter*, *Ferd*, &c. They played on, and as one would lose the amount he had put in he was ruled out, and about day-break the game closed, *Ferd* winning the celebrated mare *Grey Goose*.

THURSDAY, Jan. 18—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Tunstall & Safford's b. m. <i>Sally Carr</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Chas. Caldwell's f. <i>Olean</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time of 1st heat, 6:20. Course heavy.

On this race there was but little betting. Both nags came to the starting post eager for the contest, and away they went, Sally leading. They ran in hand the first two miles, and then Olean began to drive her, but was not able to put her up. Sally came home a little ahead in hand in 6:20, and at this time it was easy to tell how the result would be. Still the little Leviathan would not acknowledge. They both cooled off very well, but the little Leviathan in the 2d heat could not catch Sally, she having all her own way from the start. The time of this heat was not kept.

FRIDAY, Jan. 19—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Tunstall & Safford's f. <i>Elizabeth Jones</i> , by Pacific, d. by Mons. Tonson, .. y	* 1	* 1	* 1	1
S. Caldwell's ch. z. <i>Aaron Burr</i> , by Citizen, dam by Timoleon [!], 5 yrs..	1	2	1	2
John Turner's m. <i>Lady Skipwith</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	*	3	*	fell

Time, 2:07—2:00—2:10—1:57—2:00. * Placing unknown.

This was what I would call a betting race. Before starting the Lady was rather the favorite, as some bets were made on her against the field. E. Jones' friends taking all they could get; but most of the betting was on Aaron against E. Jones, and the Lady against her, and the little Pacific's friends backing her freely against either of the others. After making one false start, they got off, all together, but Aaron soon lead the field, and won the first heat easily. And now for the betting, some took him against the field, and all such bets were snatched at by E. Jones' friends. Her friends then offered and took her against Aaron. They start for the 2d heat. The little Pacific mare set to Aaron from the first jump, and it was pretty running, and was nearly locked the whole of the heat; E. Jones winning.—After this heat Aaron's friends were not quite so sanguine, but the Lady's friends still thought she would win. They started for the 3d heat, all together. After the first turn, Aaron took the lead, and was some fifty yards ahead in coming in the home stretch, and came home ahead easily, the others just dropping within their distance. And now again the sovereigns yelled awfully; and now Aaron's friends were certain they would win—they all cooled off well, and started for the 4th heat, E. Jones driving Aaron at a terrible pace, and the Lady made a desperate struggle at them both on the back stretch, and run up and nearly locked them, when she fell and threw her rider; and now Aaron and Liz Jones had it to the stand; she beating by half a length. Now the tune changed, and she was the favorite at 2 to 1.—They cooled off well, and now came the *tug of war* for the 5th heat, each having 2. They got off well, Liz Jones leading a little, and after the first half mile, there was not light between them, but the mare won the heat by a neck.

Thus ended one of the most interesting races I have ever witnessed. The track was heavy, having had a rain the night before. The time was 2:07—2:00—2:10—1:57—2:00

Just after this race closed, there was a proposition for saddle horses, \$5 entrance, one mile out, and now every fellow was looking out for a chance to make up his losses, as it was the last day of the races. I was amused no little at a gentleman they called Judge, getting picked up. He got a horse from Capt Tunstall, and entered him as his saddle horse Moloch, and some chap rung in a crowder against him, and such betting. You could hear them cry out, "Moloch against the field, 2 to 1 on him," "5 to 1 on Moloch;" and off they went; and it was who should, and who should, but Moloch got it laid on to him, and in a few minutes the Judge was called for, but he could not be found on the ground, and I did not see him afterwards. And then came off a race between two *darkies*, Dick and Ned. They staked their *Ponies*, and got their riders, and Dick promised Ned's rider a *silver dollar* to ride *jockey*, and then such betting you never did see. They started. Ned's rider held behind until just before they got to the stand, and then passed the other, and won the race. When Dick saw he was beat, he run and got on the poney, he had staked, and cut out, saying to Ned, "O, you darkie, you have been owing me for some time, and now we are even," and waving his hand back. At this Ned collected his friends, and took after him, and before going far overhauled him, and took his poney.

After the races were over, the losers began to play for even at cards. After

supper several games were made up. Amongst others, the Cotton Planter and a young looking man they called Little Froste, staked their horses at *old sledge*, and at it they went. I thought the Cotton Planter would win directly, but it was not such an easy affair, and so the Cotton Planter found out, and after some time he said he was unwell, and if Little Froste had no objection he would get Big Sandy to play his hand, and it was agreed to, and then thinks I, my friend, you are a gone case. But, sir, about twelve Little Froste staked him for the horse; and then the noted mare Grey Goose, was put up at freeze out poker again. The Devil's Fork, Little Froste, Big Sandy, Ferd, and several others taking a hand. Just before day I heard one of them say, "look here, don't play Silvy on me," at this I enquired what was his meaning, "why, he said, there was a man in that country that sometimes would slip cards in his lap, and then use them when an opportunity offered, and they called it playing Silvy. Just after day, Little Froste won Grey Goose, and after breakfast he went out to the horse lot to get her, when, to his utter astonishment he found her *dead*, and upon enquiring learned she had died the morning before. At this news, it would have done you good to have seen a large good looking man from Tennessee, who had just come to Arkansas, laugh.

Excuse me for this long letter about the races, &c., as I have nothing else to write you about, except Judge Tully is here, treating the boys, and telling them he is a candidate for Congress. Yours truly, D.

PINEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

We compile the annexed report—which is still incomplete—from data furnished to the editor of the Charleston "Rambler."

TUESDAY, Jan. 30. 1844—Purse \$ —, 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.

Col. James Williamson's ch. f. <i>Tuglioni</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs	1	1
R. M. Deveaux's br. c. <i>Champion</i> , by Tarquin, out of Imp. Mania (Hero's dam) by Figaro, 3 yrs	2	2
Col. Wm. Sinkler's ch. f. <i>Zitta</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Sarah Jane, 4 yrs	3	dr
Time, 3:49—3:46.		

This contest was interesting, from the circumstance of its being the first appearance in public of *Champion*, the half brother of the celebrated *Hero*, who acquitted himself with so much eclat at the last races in Charleston. *Tarquin*, his sire, is a ill standing in South Carolina, and his colts promise to distinguish themselves. He is a remarkably fine looking horse, and very fashionably bred, being got by *Henry*, out of *Ostrich* by *Eclipse*—so that he is an own brother to the celebrated *Decatur*, (who won \$20,000 in races at four mile heats) and half brother to *Suffolk*. *Tarquin* is the property of *JOSEPH ALSTON, Esq.*, of this city.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 31—Purse \$ —, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. James Williamson's br. h. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs	2	1	1
Col. Wm. Sinkler's ch. m. <i>Zoe</i> , by Imp. Rowton out of <i>Leocadia</i> , the dam of <i>Little Venus</i> , 5 yrs	1	2	2
Time, 5:50—5:56—6:00.			

THURSDAY, Feb. 1—Purse \$ —, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Jas. Williamson's ch. f. <i>Marchioness</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. Wm. Sinkler's Imp. br. f. <i>Girth</i> , by The Saddler, dam by <i>Velocipede</i> , * yrs	*	*
Mr. Richardson's <i>Buck Rabbit</i> , by Imp. Nonplus, * yrs	*	*
Time, 4:00—3:54. * Unknown.		

Pedigree of Madeline—An omission occurred of one cross in the pedigree of this fine filly of Mr. Broughton's, of Alabama, as given in these pages a short time since, owing to its accidental omission in the English Racing Calendar, vol. iv. page 122. Instead of reading "Sarah [*Madeline's* dam] by *Sarpedon* out of *Frolicsome* by *Stamford*" it should read "Sarah by *Sarpedon* out of *Frolicsome* by *Frolic*, her dam by *Stamford*," etc. *Madeline's* dam (*Sarah*) was bred by Gen. GROSVENOR, in 1834; her dam, *Frolicsome*, was bred by Lord EGREMONT, in 1824. *Sarah* was imported into Charleston, S. C., by Mr. Fryer, in October, 1838.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

M A Y , 1 8 4 4 .

Embellishments :

RIPTON AND CONFIDENCE,

AS IN THEIR TROTTING MATCH IN HARNESS, ON THE CENTREVILLE COURSE, L. I.

Engraved by GIMBREDE, from one by DICK after OWINGS.

PRAIRIE DOGS OF THE FAR WEST :

Engraved on Wood by CHILDS, from a Sketch by A. R. JOHNSTON, U. S. DRAGOONS.

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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. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st May.
BALTIMORE, Md. - Kendall Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Monday, 6th May.
FORT SMITH, Arks. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 15th May.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d June.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 4th Monday, 27th May.
NEW YORK CITY - Union Course, L. 1., J. C. S. M., the week after the Camden Races.
" " " - " " " one day's racing, 1st Tuesday in May.
" " " - Beacon Course, N. J., Trotting Match, \$1000, a side, Ripton v. Confidence in harness, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, 3d Saturday, 15th June.
OPELOUSAS, La. - St. Landry Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d week in May.
RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Sweepstakes, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
TORONTO, U. C. - St. Leger Course, Turf Club Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st May.
VAN BUREN, Arks. - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 15th May.
WASHINGTON, D. C. National Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.





FRITTON & COMPANY, ENGLAND

RIPTON AND CONFIDENCE,

AS IN THEIR TROTTING MATCH IN HARNESS, ON THE CENTREVILLE
COURSE, L. I.

Engraved by GIMBREDE, from one by DICK after OWINGS.

AT the suggestion of several readers, our illustration this month is a fine engraving of Owings' spirited painting of two celebrated "cracks" on the Trotting Turf. The match referred to came off on the 19th July, 1842, over the Centreville Course, Long Island. It was for \$500 a side, two mile heats. Ripton won in 5:10—5:14½. The same horses are now matched for \$1000 a side, to trot mile heats, best 3 in 5, over the Beacon Course (at Hoboken, opposite N. Y. City,) on Saturday, the 15th of June next. Ripton is to go in a wagon—Confidence in a sulky. The former is the favorite in the betting. Hiram Woodruff trained and drove Ripton in the Centreville course match. William Wheelan was the trainer and driver of Confidence. The latter is the property of Mr. James Berry, of Cincinnati; Ripton is owned by Mr. Thomas Moore, of Philadelphia.

The portraits of these celebrated horses, as well as those of their trainers and jockies, are life-like 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.

STOPPING A TIGER.

THE following extract from a letter will be read with interest:—

..... I must give you a slight description of an adventure I had with a tiger on this last trip, and my *miraculous* escape! By Jove! old fellow, had any betting-men been there, they would at once have given the long odds all round, that H. G. would never in this world receive another scratch of the pen from A. M. It occurred on the 25th of last month; so, to make a short business of it, here goes. Intelligence was sent in to me, that a tigress I had followed up for two or three days, having wounded her slightly in the leg before, was lying under a Burgut tree. Out I went about 12 o'clock in the day, some three miles from my camp. On arriving, I saw it was a case of close quarters, as the Shikaree and the men about him only made signs and would not speak: and on quietly asking where my *friend* was hanging out, they

pointed to a large tree, certainly not more than 25 yards off. I took my rifle and stood facing the tree, just on the line of road my lady took on going out visiting; a sign was made: the men placed on the heights about commenced to shout and scream, and in one instant I heard the *purring* noise like a cat, but about a thousand times louder. The Shikaree pressed my arm, and told me to take a steady aim directly I saw her, as she was very ghussa (angry). Immediately after this she got up, and began walking up and down under the tree, as you see a tiger in a large cage, her tail lashing her sides, and sent at times slap over her back. All at once she saw me; rather stooped the fore part of her body, put back her ears as you see an angry cat, opened her mouth, gave three or four low growls, and showed me the whitest set of teeth I have ever yet seen without the use of tooth-powder. At this moment I levelled my gun and fired, struck her, and no sooner had the ball struck, than with one of the most fearful roars I have ever heard, down she came upon me. Thank God! I was steady and cool, fired the second barrel, hit, but could not stop her. I had just time to get my second gun from my Aid (that great man's son, who stood as steady as a rock, "may his shadow increase!") when she was upon me. I fired the right barrel slap into her chest; but this was not enough for the infuriated brute: she got me down right on the broad of my back just as I was about pulling the left trigger; in her rage she turned a little, and just took my foot in her mouth: on feeling the pressure, I managed to twist it out like lightning; and then she was on me with one foot on each side of my chest. She then put down her head with that kind of growling noise, only much louder, with which a bull terrier worries any kind of varmint, right over my throat and chest. In being thrown down, I had managed to keep hold of my gun, and on the brute stooping down to worry me, I shoved it up in self-defence: she laid hold of it, shook it out of my hand like a straw, broke it into half a dozen pieces, and in fact expended all her rage upon it. The ball I had put into her chest began to tell; she reeled away from me about six yards, and dropped down *dead*. There was an escape for you! It was the secret wish of my heart to see a tiger charge slap up to me: I have seen it once, and now, so help me God as a Christian, I never wish to see the thing again. I now am aware what a chance thing it is: I thought a man, if steady, could always stop one. The tiger before this had dropped with one ball dead; but you see this brute, although with a mortal wound of which she died, might before doing so have killed a dozen such as I. Had she mauled my throat instead of the gun I luckily had in my hand, I should have been a lost sheep! The fellows round about would not believe their eyes on coming to lift me up, as I was covered all over with the blood of the tiger, that I was unhurt. You never heard such "Wah, Wahs" in your life.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for March, 1844.

IMPORTANT JUDGMENTS ON TURF MATTERS.

LIBEL—GREVILLE vs. CHAPMAN.

Queen's Bench, February 10, 1844.

It will be recollected that this was tried some time back, when the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with £300 damages. It was an action for a libel which appeared in *The Sunday Times* newspaper, of which defendant is the registered publisher, and the libellous matter complained of was to the effect that the plaintiff had entered a horse to run a certain race at Epsom, which horse he had subsequently withdrawn, in order, as asserted in the defendant's paper, to obtain a mean and unfair advantage over other persons, he (the plaintiff) having laid heavy bets with divers persons on the event of the race, and by thus withdrawing his horse, secured to himself large winnings on those bets. At the time of trial a justification was put on the pleas by the defendant, but this was negatived by the jury. Subsequently a rule for a new trial was granted on two grounds: the first being that the plaintiff, by his own evidence, presented himself to the court under legal disability to claim redress for an injury done to his character, horse-racing transactions having no claim to protection, which the court now held to be wholly untenable; and, on the second ground, that an improper question was allowed by the court to be put to Lord George Fitzroy, a witness of great importance, and who, as a member of the Jockey Club, described the way in which they proceeded to settle disputes, whenever they unfortunately occurred. The question then was, whether the opinion of this witness should or should not be taken, as to the morality of the rules enunciated by the Jockey Club, thus transferring to a witness the privileges which attached solely and peculiarly to a jury. But looking at the whole of the proceedings as regarded this witness, the court held that such was not the case. The libel asserted that the plaintiff, having entered a horse knowingly and unfairly, did so, and knowingly and unfairly withdrew it, for the purpose of improperly gaining money. The plaintiff was proved, by the evidence, to be a member of the Jockey Club, and one of the rules of that club was, that any member was endowed with the privilege of withdrawing his horse at any time he liked, before the actual start for the race. The witness said that the Jockey Club, in deciding any differences that might from time to time unhappily arise, were always governed in their decisions by the rules of equity and justice; and when asked, on cross-examination, whether the rules of the club did not yield to a subscriber the sole right of withdrawing his horse, and that too without assigning any reason whatever for so doing, his answer was distinctly in the affirmative. When the learned judge asked him whether, in his opinion, that would be according to justice and equity, with the view of ascertaining whether the Jockey Club would sanction a

proceeding wherein a subscriber acted in this way from a fraudulent motive, the witness had most properly answered that any person, subscriber or non-subscriber to the Jockey Club, acting in this way, would be doing that which was most dishonorable and improper, and would undoubtedly incur merited reprobation and disgrace in the eyes of every honest and high-minded man. Thus guarded and qualified, the court held that the question was wholly free from objection, and in fact necessary, in order properly to understand the tenor of the evidence. The judgment of the court, as delivered by Lord Denman, therefore, was, that upon both grounds the rule must be discharged.

ACTION FOR STAKES.—LORD GEORGE BENTINCK vs. CONNOP.

In this case there had been a demurrer to several pleas, and Lord Denman proceeded to give the judgment of the court. The action was one of *assumpsit*, and there had been several points discussed, on various occasions, as to the validity of one of the pleas, which the court would not waste time in referring to now, because it held the opinion that the declaration was altogether insufficient. The declaration set forth an agreement made between the parties to the effect that in the running for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, the sum of £50 for each colt or filly should be subscribed by the owners or namers of such colts or fillies; that both the plaintiff and the defendant, with divers other persons, had become subscribers to these stakes; that the plaintiff named four colts and one filly; that the defendant named two colts and one filly; that thereupon, the plaintiff, at the request of the defendant, and in consideration of the premises named, promised and agreed with defendant to perform all things alike, and upon the same terms; that the race was duly run; and that the horse of the plaintiff won it; whereby the defendant became liable to pay three sums of fifty pounds each. It had been slightly contended, on the part of the defendant, that the race being for more than fifty pounds, was not a legal one; but it was strongly and distinctly urged that no action could be properly maintained against the defendant, as, by the 16th of Charles the Second, it was enacted that no action could be maintained to recover a stake of a greater amount than one hundred pounds, yet that, if paid down, the transaction would be a legal one—the object of the statute being to prevent persons venturing for more than a hundred pounds, except for money paid down, and in the present case the stake was for one hundred and fifty. The plaintiff, in support of his averment that his action might be maintained, had referred to two cases, neither of which, however, in his (Lord Denman's) opinion, applied to the present case; because, in each of them, the sum did not exceed one hundred pounds; but it was argued that as there was no contract for credit, the statute did not apply; but the court was clearly of opinion that the words of the statute could not be limited to a case of express contract for credit, but applied to all cases for

more than one hundred pounds, and not paid down immediately; and where it was necessary to enforce the claim, the case was within the words, as well as the spirit of the act, the object of which was well understood to be that of restraining the practice of gambling. Therefore, the court was clearly of opinion that judgment must be entered up for the defendant.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for March, 1844.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From the London Magazines for April, 1844.

Bath.—The Race-Committee have decided that all defaulters in Stakes, forfeits, or bets, are to be excluded from the Grand Stand.

The *Qui Tam* Action Bill for suspending all proceedings for the recovery of penalties under obsolete Acts of Parliament is now the law of the land, having received the Royal Assent.

The Gaming Transactions Bill, to indemnify witnesses in giving their evidence before the Parliamentary Committee now sitting, received the Royal Assent on the 22d of March.

The celebrated Bee's-wing gave birth to her first foal, a colt, by Sir Hercules, on the 23d of February, at Mr. Kirby's stables, York. The foal is a chesnut with a white star.

A penalty of forty shillings was lately inflicted on Sir Simon Clarke, Bart., of Oak Hill, Barnet, for cruelly ill-treating and torturing his horse, in continuing to drive him with his shoulders severely galled.

Trout.—The largest fish of the above description taken from the river Thames for some years past, was captured by a gentleman, in the middle of last month, while casting his line upon the water at Hampton. This prodigious fish measured two feet six inches in length, and weighed thirteen pounds two ounces. The class of fly with which he was hooked was that denominated by anglers the "Red Palmer." Had the fish been in full season, it is considered he would have reached the enormous weight of fifteen pounds.

An action, brought by Mr. Michael Kelly, of Myrehill, against Lieutenant Yonge, of the 90th Regiment of Foot, was tried at the Galway Assizes, for the recovery of a piece of plate, value £55, won by the plaintiff's horse Bacchus, at Athlone Races, in September last, but which the defendant refused to pay plaintiff, in consequence of an objection made by one of the riders, Moore, of Moore Hall, against Mr. Kelly, as the rider of Bacchus, alleging his want of qualification as a gentleman to ride the race. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff. It is generally admitted that a more ridiculous case, or one less justified by either law or the

rules of society, never was tried in this court before. It was proved by several gentlemen of the highest rank in the county that they were always happy to meet Mr. Kelly in their society, as a man of the purest integrity. And yet, forsooth, because Lady Clanricarde, Mrs. Laurence, Mrs. Blake, of Castle Grove, or Mrs. Lynch, of Moyne Hill, do not come in their carriages, and leave their visiting-cards for Mrs. Kelly, of Myre Hill, Mr. Kelly is not qualified as a gentleman, nor ought he to look for his just debts: so argues Mr. Fitzgibbon, because he himself is descended from Con of the 100 battles. But the idea was scouted in the nineteenth century. On the trial, one witness swore that the present Lord Chancellor was no gentleman. Mr. Kelly has read a lecture to those tinsel gentlemen, which will not soon be forgotten; he has fought and won his battle honorably and honestly, for which his order have a right to feel thankful.

The late Lord Lonsdale hunted the Cottesmore country for nearly forty years, and had only resigned within the last two seasons to Sir Richard Sutton. The present earl, as Lord Lowther, was long a leading man on the turf; and it would seem, from the events of the past twelve months, that it is not improbable he will again take a prominent place on it.

The public Subscription Betting-Rooms at Newmarket will be opened in the ensuing Craven Meeting, at a subscription of one guinea per annum. The conditions, which are well calculated to prevent the intrusion of "black sheep," can be had at "the Corner."

Mr. J. Hinton, a subscriber at Tattersall's, died in the early part of last month; while Mr. Adkins, who had, since Coronation's Epsom victory, been no better than dead to his creditors, has honorably so arranged as to gradually free himself of these by no means slight defalcations. Would that we could add the names of many more, who have ample means, but lack the will to do likewise!

The Chase.—That fine old Sportsman the Earl of Lonsdale, for so many years Master of the Cottesmore, died at York House, Twickenham, on the 20th of March, in the 87th year of his age. Of late years the hounds have been under the management of His Lordship's son, Colonel Lowther.

We regret also to announce the death of Lord William Frederick Acton Montagu Hill, Captain in the Scotch Greys quartered at Ipswich, and second son of the Marquis of Downshire. His Lordship was a thorough Sportsman, and was the chief means of establishing a pack of Stag-hounds among his brother Officers, which hunted that district twice a week. On the 18th, His Lordship mounted his hunter in Bramford Park, the seat of the Dowager Lady Middleton, to proceed to the "meet," and dashed off with his well-known boldness down the Park, riding at the top of his speed. At the bottom of the hill there is a pond, and in endeavoring to turn his horse to avoid it, the animal, in the highest state of excitement, bore His Lordship with such violence against a tree as to hurl him from his seat, and cause instant death.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the April Number of the "Turf Register," page 243.

STRAW BEDS FOR THE HORSES TO EXERCISE UPON IN FROSTY AND SNOWY WEATHER, STATING UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES IT MAY OCCASIONALLY BE NECESSARY TO ALTER THE BETTING.

Now that the racing season is over, and the winter commenced, it becomes proper to describe the arrangements necessary to meet the inconveniences that may arise at this season of the year from the severity of the frost; as, in a large racing establishment, or neighborhood, there are mostly some young ones, and occasionally a few old ones, that may have to come to post early in the spring. Indeed, the training of young ones may be said to be going on gradually the whole of the winter; and the old ones, that are early engaged, must also (if of strong constitutions) commence their physic in the beginning of January.

In this month, when the frost sets in, the horses are prevented from going out to exercise on the downs, consequently recourse must be had to exercise them in rather a more artificial way. The arrangement for this purpose, for the want of a better, is generally made in the yard fronting the stables; such a yard is described in Vol. I. as 180 feet by 354, and which may answer for the forming of the straw beds tolerably well; indeed, I have often had to ride horses slowly in their sweats in more confined situations than the one I have there noticed. But it is my duty to state what I consider to be a sufficiently commodious place for the horses to be exercised in with safety, without considering the expense, rather than run the risk of having an accident happen to a valuable horse or two by being exercised in too contracted a space.

The sort of place we would recommend for the above purpose should be a long well-fenced paddock, adjacent to the stables, about 200 yards in length by 70 in breadth, with a wall round it six feet high, entered by a boarded gate, of the same height, by seven feet in breadth. The space to be taken up round the inside of the walls of the paddock, on which the beds of the long straw-like sort of dung is to be formed, should be five yards in breadth; the corners being left well out, the turns at the top and bottom, or each end, of the paddock, will be safe and easy for the horses to make, if proper boys are put up to ride them at such times as they may be going to sweat here. It is to be observed, that, where there is a large establishment of horses, there is also, if it is not too often removed, a sufficient portion of long dung always at hand for the making the sort of beds we want in the paddock, which is

to be of the breadth, as just noticed, of five yards. This artificial surface is to be thick enough, not only to give the horses good foot-hold, but also to prevent any concussion taking place in their feet when they have to sweat here from the hardness of the ground. In case of a fall of snow, there is nothing more to be done than for the boys to brush the snow off the middle of the bed; and when the latter gets much worn from use, the edges of it may be brushed into the centre, and, if necessary, more long dung can be added. The bed may now be supposed to be properly arranged for the horses to commence their walking exercise upon, which they should daily continue for a few days, or until the dung, of which the bed is composed, has become, by use, short enough for the horses to go their sweats on; and which is to be preferred to their sweating here when the dung is fresh put on. The paddock I have here arranged will answer the purpose very well; and on the breaking up of the frost, it may be well manured, so that by the first of May there would be some fine spring grass. If the paddock were to be temporarily fenced off in the centre, and if, at a trifling expense, there were erected in one of the corners at each end a loose house, and at the other corners a small wooden trough for water, two good paddocks would be formed, in each of which might be turned out a mare and foal, or three or four weanlings, or a yearling, or any horse that may be on the premises requiring to be refreshed.

Let us now proceed to describe the great advantage of our straw bed. We will first suppose, what is very commonly the case, that the frost has not yet set in, and that those horses which have to come out to run early in the spring, have been got through their physic by about the 26th of January. After they have had a few days' walking exercise, so as to recover from the effects of their medicine, they will begin to take such gallops as will sufficiently forward them to commence their first slow gentle sweats; and those that may have got over two or three of them on the downs by the 10th or 15th of February, by which time we will say a frost sets in; this then obliges us to have immediate recourse to the straw bed in the paddock, for the time the frost may last. The horses on the present occasion have been got ready in the morning much as usual, the only little difference to be attended to is in the clothing and booting of them. With regard to the former, they must all be warmly and comfortably clothed for walking or galloping exercise; and the adding or diminishing of the quantity of their clothes on sweating days must depend, as has already been mentioned, on the ages and constitutions of each of them; for it is by exercise being properly administered, and particularly as regards sweating them, that they are kept right as to flesh during the severity of the frosty weather.

Let us suppose that our horses have been got ready in the morning, that is to say, have been fed and dressed, and their body clothes and saddles put on; the boys go out of the stables, the groom locks the door, and the horses are left to stand with their heads up and muzzles on. The groom and boys, having got their

breakfasts, return, and again open the stables ; the horses' bridles and hoods are now put on, the best riding boys mount them, and they are now ridden out to the paddock to be exercised. The exercise they are first to commence with is to be that of walking ; this is not only for the purpose of their stretching their legs and emptying themselves, but to let them see the sort of place they are in, and to make them acquainted with the turns at the top and bottom of the paddock, as well also as to get the straw bed in rather a firm or settled state, before the horses go a faster pace on it. In frosty, as in windy weather, they are very apt to be playful, and on any strange object suddenly catching their attention to be alarmed, and if one or two in front of the string start or fly out, the rest are almost certain to follow their example ; but, as the best riding boys are to be put upon them, and the groom at all times is present, there is not much danger to be apprehended from those circumstances. On the first day the horses should be walked here until they are steady, and have become somewhat familiar with the place. After they have been a sufficient time at exercise, as for an hour or more, they may take their water (with the chill well taken off), which the groom has previously ordered to be got ready in their buckets, and placed on the top of the troughs in the stable-yard. On their return to the paddock, after being watered, the boys should be ordered to keep fast hold of their heads, merely to collect them a little ; and then, by pressing with their legs, or, if necessary, striking them with their heels, to move them on briskly for a few minutes in a *very, very* slow gallop, merely for the purpose of what is called "warming their water," or otherwise preventing them from becoming chilly after taking it, when they are to be pulled up into a walk, and continue at this sort of exercise until the groom orders them into the stable ; where, after being fed and dressed, they are to remain for the day.

The horses having now become a little familiar with the paddock and straw bed, on the next following days (if fine over head) they are to be exercised here during the frost, as they would be were they to go on the downs, only with this difference, that of making allowances for the confined situation in which they have to exercise in, and the sort of surface they have to go over, and then regulate the pace accordingly.

Whenever the day comes round for any of the horses to do their sweats here, they are to be set and got ready as usual on such occasions. On their coming into the paddock, they are to walk for a short time, the groom having given orders to the boys to keep fast their horses' heads, so that they may be collected in their stride ; the head lad on a hack should be in front of them, to rate them, not only at a very even pace, but at a *very, very* slow one : and the length of time it will take to sweat them here will not be for a longer period, or at least very triflingly so, than if they were sweating very slowly on the downs ; as it is well known by those who have made their observations on such matters, that horses will sweat more readily, either in clothes or out of them, in winter, in cold frosty weather, than they would do by the same

exertion when the weather is more open, and feeling in some trifling degree warmer. This circumstance is said to be occasioned from the air in frosty weather being a greater non-conductor of heat. The groom is to observe how his horses are going on, and be guided by the usual circumstances, as to the length of time it may be necessary for the horses to keep on at the gentle sweating pace mentioned; and which may be ascertained by his observing when the sweat begins to issue forth from the fore-quarters, passing on to the top of the fore-arm a little below the clothing; and the same observations are to be made on the hind-quarters, as at the top and inside of the thighs. On these appearances being present, the horses should be pulled up, and ridden into the stable, and here treated the same as if they had been sweated on the downs. And as regards their going out to take their sweating gallop, if they are well clothed, that is, comfortably so, there is not that danger of their catching cold after sweating as grooms were formerly so very apprehensive of. They may then go into the paddock again and take a short gallop, and after their having been pulled up from it, let them walk round once or twice, so that they may not come into the stable too much heated, which may occasion some of them, as we have already noticed, to break out into a second sweat; they are now to be finished in all respects as usual, and to be allowed to remain in the stable for the day.

The different advantages derived from the use of a straw bed, in a paddock such as has been described, are, that the horses may do their exercise and sweats with some degree of safety during the continuance of a frost; and should it continue for a long period, as until about the middle of March, and perhaps no signs then of its immediately breaking up, under those circumstances may be given, to assist in lightening the bodies and cooling the legs of some of the strong gluttonous horses, a couple of doses of physic, which the groom may or ought to have kept in reserve, as we have elsewhere advised. If matters are arranged as we have directed, the horses will be kept from becoming too much loaded in their muscular system, and the tendons of their legs, from the exercise they have continually been taking, will retain their strength and tone. The only thing the horses will be deficient in will be wind; but when the frost breaks, and they have to go again on to the downs, this deficiency is soon remedied by the brushing gallops they will have to take to prepare them for their sweats here.

We have said, by way of example, that the frost sets in on the fifteenth of February, and we will suppose it breaks up on the tenth of March. Now, should the first spring meeting at Newmarket, or elsewhere, not commence, as is sometimes the case, until near the end of April, we shall have seven weeks for our horses to be on the downs at their usual exercise, after leaving their paddocks, which will give us as much time as will be necessary to bring the most idle of them in their best form to post. But, on the other hand, should the frost continue until towards the end of March, and the spring meeting not commence at Newmar-

ket till the end of April, there would then be five weeks left, which would be an ample portion of time for the young ones to do what further work may be necessary for them before they come out to post. But if the spring meeting commences, as is sometimes the case, at the end of March, or early in April, there might not be time to get the first class horses sufficiently well ready to meet their engagements; this, fairly speaking, would alter the betting in the market, as most people who are engaged in turf matters know well enough that strong constitutioned horses coming out short of work to run, are not very likely to be winners: the second class, the hearty horses, requiring less work than those of the first, the change in the betting would naturally be in favor of these, or perhaps of one or two of the best of the third class, that many have to come but short lengths in their races.

“ IF I HAD ANOTHER PAIR OF *****.”

BY AN OXONIAN.

“Much virtue in *if*.”—As YOU LIKE IT.

If I had another pair of—What? “Ponies,” sighs the would-be dashing Mrs. Stylish, as she pitches the silk into her solitary prad, which her own good man affirms he has been unable to match since the close of last season: though we rather reckon he has proved himself more than a match for his “missis,” in saving his pocket so long.

If I had another pair of—“Beaux,” lisps the Lady Emmeline, having just dismissed the last pair, disgusted with the indifference of one slave, and the other equally so with that of his fair enslaver.

If I had another pair of—“Flats,” grins Ginger—, as he calculates the profit on the last brace which have passed through his hands; one ruined outright, the second enlightened.

If I had another pair of—“Scales,” mutters honest Mr. Figgs, the grocer, with an inward curse on the framers of all weight and measure law.

If I had another pair of— But, stop a minute! *If I* (that is, *we*); well, now, *if we had another pair of*—What? “Ten-pound notes!” Why, if we had, the odds are, we should never have begun this paper till we had spent them. No, reader; were you to guess for a month, you would never hit on the closing word which ought to stand at the heading of this article. It ought, we say, and yet it ought not, for it is one of those unfortunates whos e

"name is never heard;" and how the deuce we shall ever get it out, we know not. The very devil himself would bridle up at the idea of putting it in type; nay, had we stuck it at the top, that bashaw of an editor would have returned the foolscap without deigning to decipher a word of what follows. And yet all must out; so, beforehand, my gentle masters, "pardon kneeling, I implore;" and here goes.

If I had another pair of—of—of—Breeches! There, the rubicon is passed; but we promise you that it shall never again offend either your eye or your ear, though, as it is intimately connected with our present subject, we must devise some cypher whereby we may avoid the sound, but still carry the meaning with us. Mark, then, in place of bre—by Jupiter! we had nearly broken our word already; instead of that dissyllable in Italics a few lines above, we will write it thus —! You understand? A dash (—) and a note of admiration (!) signify —!

A few years since, we made one of a party in laying siege to a fish-pond—an old, family fish-pond, two feet deep in water, twenty in mud, and *chuck* full (that's a provincialism, my cockney friend) of weeds and fish—at least so said rumor. Of the weeds there was certainly ample evidence, but the deuce a fin had been moved for the last ten years, though Izaak Waltons of all grades had fished it in all forms (but the right one, letting the water off.) In four-and-twenty hours, what a sight and what a stench greeted us! such loads of mud and filth, such capital *dress* to *spread* over the squire's grounds! and such heaps of pike and perch, such capital *spreads* when *dressed* for the squire's friends! Both mud and fish, however, were somewhat difficult to get ashore; and, after some hours of toil and trouble, we had landed nothing but small fry; the best fish, of course, being farthest off. A tall, thin blacksmith, standing six feet three without his shoes (aye, and without anything but his —!) was at length induced to make an attempt, and certainly did manage to get—all but smothered; for, by the time he had advanced twenty yards from the bank, and within a few feet of a fourteen-pounder, all that was to be seen was nearly half an acre of ooze, weeds, and fish, with the grim, swarthy visage of Vulcan stuck in the midst thereof. If "Long John" *could not* reach them, the other clods were quite sure *no one could*; and, when they witnessed the plight in which he was hauled out, they respectfully, but firmly, declined "any consarns wi'em." Our disappointment, as may be imagined, was none of the slightest; but no one bore it worse than a little, punchy coachman, who had driven a party over to see the fish *caught*; he strutted up and down, in his crimson plush, grumbling and talking at the natives. "A parcel of cowardly curs! Oh! *If he had only another pair of —!* he'd have 'em out in no time;" and, whenever a monster pike gave a slap with his tail, or a perch erected the fins of his hog-back, coachee would sigh out, "*O! if I only had another pair of —!*" It was not long before he was offered the loan of a pair, or a dozen pair if he wanted them; but, "No;" that did not suit his book, though still the burden of his song was unchanged.

* * * * *

The dam was broken down in the evening, and the fish had a reprieve and fresh water. Some summers have passed since the failure of that day, but still a standing joke at —— Hall is, “ *If I had only another pair of —!* ”

How often, in the interim, have we marked down similar cases, both in word and deed! how often have we heard so much of the word and so little of the deed! such a reiteration of the potential mood, “ I might, could, would, or should,” and so very little beyond that! It may not have struck you before, reader, but we assure you this is far more frequently the true reason for not doing what might have been done than you imagine. Only listen to the Honorable Flyaway Alltalk, as he discourses on the last clipper with “ The Queen’s,” and attend to the why and the wherefore he didn’t get through it, or face the park wall, or take the river or the lead; and then you may catch “ lost a shoe,” “ broken stirrup-leather,” “ bad over-reach,” or something of that kind; we repeat, such you may hear, but do not attend to it, or you will be “ the victim of gammon.” The honorable gentleman, as you see, is a dandy of the first water, and, of course, rides in leathers. Now, leathers are by no means agreeable garments to get wet in; and, confound the river! he would have gone at it in his stroke, if it had been the width and depth of the Hellespont, *had he only had another pair of —!*

Again, there’s your friend Thompson, who talked so much of the style he would take you to, and the fun he would have with you at Doncaster last year; and then there’s that friendly note he sent you the Sunday before the race: “ His sincere regret—so sorry to disappoint you—urgent business—wife’s mother’s sister’s nephew—dangerous illness—utterly impossible to leave home. Yours, ever, &c., &c.” And you read this, and believe it? Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense! What business has Thompson? or what business has Thompson’s wife’s mother’s sister’s nephew to dare to be ill in Doncaster race-week? Or could you for a moment imagine that Thompson backed out from any fear of the distance, the expense, or his wife? No, no; Mrs. Thompson doesn’t wear the —! and her husband would most assuredly have accompanied you *if he only had another pair.*

• But fair play for every one, and give Thompson his full share: he certainly did manage to creep to Goodwood, under the blind of treating his better half with a month at Bognor; and what an extraordinary fellow he is, how really knowing, and what an excellent judge of racing! Didn’t he, as he has often since then told us, take a fancy for that Lucy Banks as soon as the handicap appeared? Hadn’t he more than half a mind to back her immediately on finding she had accepted? And had he not quite determined to place a pony or two on her directly he arrived on the course? Had he not? Of course he had; but how came it that he *did not*? Come, fair play once more, and let’s hear him *vivâ voce.* “ Why, you must understand, I do not make a practice of betting regularly; and, though certainly I know Harry Hill well,

I did not like going into the ring without being able to cover if called on to do so. Now, unfortunately, I had put on a pair of clean ducks in the morning, and left my note-case in the other trowsers' pocket." "O, indeed! and but for that you would have had confidence enough in your own judgment to back it?" "Certainly, undoubtedly so; have I not told you she was my favorite from the first?"—Alas! poor Thompson! he would have cleared something like a thousand sterling, *had he only had another pair of —!*

But let's change the scene. Here we are at the Grand National Steeple-chase, what *is* the name of the place? It's very odd we cannot at this moment recollect; this much, however, we *do* remember perfectly well, that one horse broke his back, and the jockey his head, which may, perhaps, assist the reader in defining the locality. Well, here we are, the line is chosen, the weather and, for a wonder, the farmers are favorable, but still there's something wrong; the gentleman who has been put down on the bills to ride the favorite, declines the honor at the last moment, even after looking over the ground, though whether that may have had any influence with him is more than we can say, for our own part we should rather think it had. Of course his discretion meets with anything but general applause, particularly as it is found impossible to persuade any one else to mount; for, the fact is, the nag is rather a nasty horse to ride, and his regular jockey at the present moment lies at the last place where he ran, with three of his ribs and an arm broken from a fall at a fence, or rather from the pleasantry of the animal stopping to kick at his pilot when down. This is well known—too well known—a boring hard puller, with one side of his mouth dead, not a decidedly safe fencer, but a most decided miller. It won't do: not even the promise of half the stake, with beer and brandy both before and after, *ad libitum*, can induce a groom to go to scale for him; and yet only attend to that gentleman with the large red whiskers and small eyes of the same hue, who has backed him for three half-crowns—"Ride him, who would not! I wouldn't wish for a safer horse to cross the country with. What if he does pull a bit? all you have got to do is to keep your hands well down, and go along with him; or if he should make a mistake, stick to him like Allan M'Donough, till he chooses to get up again; or if you think you can't manage that, roll right away from him, and be up and off again before he knows what you're at, or has time to savage you. Confound it! afraid of a horse because he has broken a man's ribs—never!" Hearing him rattle on at such a pace, and seeing him to be a likely looking one, on the right side of forty, and twelve stone, we ventured to ask him why he would not ride this terrible, terrible animal himself? "Ride him, sir! bless your eyes, I would have *won* on him before this, if (directing our attention to his plaid continuations) *I had only another pair of —!*

Our old friend Nimrod, poor fellow! was more than once very much in the same predicament; and what gentleman jockey, we should like to know, has not? But, hark to Nimrod! who, it

appears—nay! so practised and popular a pen shall state its own case, merely premising that the writer is at St. Omer's races.

“ But there had like to have been a damper in the want of a jockey for Mr. Hawke's horse for the hurdle race, and as ‘ the renowned Beecher ’ had arrived, it was to be the lion of the day. He applied to me, but in consequence of having got a jockey for the Prince before I left Boulogne, I was minus boots and breeches, and in spite of my regard for my brother sportsman, and his very insinuating note, added to the fact of his horse being one of the right sort for the purpose, I could not prevail on myself to exhibit in trowsers and Wellingtons.”

This was a “ regular fix.” On the one hand was Martin Hawke, a very old friend, with whom he had journeyed to the rendezvous; the nag, a very nice safe fencer: and a consciousness that the applicant knew he could and had ridden well. On the other, the fame of the professor was to be considered; could Nimrod, who had denounced hurdle-racing and steeple-chasing from the first, could *he* with any consistency take a principal part in such a performance? Most assuredly not. Again, the hurdles were as high and as strong as gates, very awkward to get at, the ground as hard as a rock, and Nimrod, upwards of sixty years of age, with a wife and family! What was to be done? Disappoint an old friend, or endanger his own fame and neck? Neither, happily neither! that one word which *he* has penned with impunity saved him—“ My dear Hawke, I should be most happy to ride for you, *if I only had another pair of —!*”

Now we are talking of celebrated sportsmen, how came the Honorable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley to fail so signally in that “ deer charming ” match at Charborough Park? Some say through want of this thing, others of that, but no one ever dreamt of attributing it to any want of confidence on the part of the Honorable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley (“ we love to give the whole name,” as the Vicar of Wakefield says) in his own powers. O, dear, no! and there's very little doubt but that the wager would have been won if—now we know what you are going to say—if the horse or the hound had not fallen lame. *Pshaw!* View it in the most favorable light, this is but a *lame* excuse. No, reader, we'll let you into the secret, it was the rascal who built that forrester's suit, in which the Honorable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley turned out as “ the observed of all observers,” that spoilt all. Though it might look very well from a distance, it was *by far too tight a fit when it came to be tried on*, as the event sufficiently proved; though we certainly think the Honorable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley might have succeeded in what he proved himself so fully qualified to undertake—if *he had only had another pair of —!*

Apupos of venison and tight fits—“ O!” gasps Alderman Halfull, as he feels the inconvenient pressure at the waistband of his new satin shorts, though only just beginning his attack on the haunch, “ O! how I should enjoy this here dinner, *if I only had another pair of —!*”

A virtue is often made of necessity, and advantages have arisen even from the want of another pair of these very necessary appendages; witness the case of our old and honest friend Humphrey Clinker, who, Parthian-like, would never have made a hole in the heart of Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, but for the one in his own —! which told mightily in favor of our hero—had the state of Humphrey's exchequer at that time permitted his investing half a guinea in the purchase of *another pair of —!*

Though we have a note-book full of these "modern instances" at our side, we find it utterly impossible to proceed. We have written so far in all sorts of attitudes—sitting, standing, leaning, kneeling, and stooping, and by all that's endurable, we can stand it no longer. "How so?" say you. According to Sam Weller, then, something "extraordinary" has happened to us this morning, for we have on "a reg'lar new fit out," but, alas! as bad a fit as the Honorable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley's Lincoln green, or the worthy alderman's full dress. The trowsers, in particular, seem to us as if made to and by order of the Inquisition—a Highlander could not feel less at ease in them, and stop we must, that's flat! We feel called on to give some apology for this not being a much longer, and (of course) much better article, and in doing so are forced to this "damnable iteration" that it might, could, should, and *would, if we only had another pair of —!*

In our present uncomfortable position, we had almost overlooked one important point—apology for the treatment of the subject. What, then, for the choice of such a subject? George Colman, in a similar dilemma, calls on Sterne to screen him

"Behind one volume of his 'Tristram Shandy.'"

And may we be allowed, in humble imitation of the prince of modern wits, to entreat the same "parson to save us"—not exactly under the wing of Uncle Toby, but rather with a page from "the Sentimental Journey." What was the principal thing "the sly playful wag" provided himself with, when he determined on this journey? What holds so prominent a place in the first, and what does he find of such signal service in the last chapter? Again, how is it that so many tourists, with equal opportunities, have broke down over the same course? The reader anticipates the answer. It is too late now: otherwise, profiting by this hint, what a book Mr. ——— *might* have written, if—*he had only started with another pair of —!*

London Sporting Review for March, 1844.

ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

BY COTHERSTONE.

Resumed from our March Number, page 157.

EXERCISE GROUND.

The wonderful effect which certain descriptions of land are known to have upon the legs and feet of horses, when they are put to work upon it, would lead to the supposition that every man possessing a race-horse would be very scrupulous in selecting that which is the best adapted for the purpose; such discrimination does not, however, appear on all occasions to prevail, as we often find situations are selected for training which are by no means well suited. For this purpose, soils which have a tendency to clay are not eligible, because in wet weather they are too deep and retentive, causing horses to dwell in their action, to shorten their stride, and render them slow; whereas, in dry weather, they are totally unfit, from the general hardness, roughness, and inelasticity which such land assumes. Gravelly soils, although perhaps not quite so objectionable as clays, are by no means to be chosen; they may be tolerably fair in wet weather, but even then and at all times they are too solid to be really good, and in the summer they become execrably hard; seldom bearing a good covering of turf, they are hot, and void of that springy, spongy nature so desirable for this purpose. It is astonishing the bad consequences which result from working horses on gravel, under any circumstances; even turnpike roads which are composed of that material are much more injurious to the legs and feet—but especially to the *legs*—of all horses that are used upon them: this a man may very readily convince himself of by noticing the state of his horse's legs when he is travelling through a country where the roads are gravelly, and comparing them when passing over roads which are composed of broken granite; on the former, it will be found, after a day's work, that the legs are hot and windgally to a much greater extent than on the latter. With hunters, also, I have observed that their legs evince much more wear when ridden over gravelly countries than in any other. The consequence, therefore, to the legs of a race-horse must be more conspicuous, and experience shows that training grounds which have any tendency to gravel are especially apt to cause horses to break down.

The most desirable soils are light loams on dry, chalky substrata, such as are found in many of the south and western counties. Tough, sandy peats, providing the land is good enough to bear a sound turf, and are sufficiently dry, are excellently adapted for this purpose, especially if the subsoil is peaty, which will render the surface uncommonly elastic and good; but if sand prevails,

and is not sufficiently generous to carry a good turf, it will work into holes and become very bad. A horse, putting one foot on sound turf and the other in a bed of sand, is in constant danger of laming himself. These sandy peats may frequently be improved by manuring them, the expense of doing which is comparatively trifling; and for this purpose tan is found to be one of the most effectual applications that can be made use of: it should be laid on at three or four different periods, putting a moderate quantity on each time, and suffering the grass to grow between the application of each dressing; by this method a tough, elastic surface will be obtained, superior to any other that I have yet seen.

At Newmarket, as may be supposed, there is great variety of ground to gallop over, and in spring and autumn it is generally in good order—that is, if a moderate portion of rain should fall, without which it is mostly very hard; it is, therefore, not good for summer work; but, as that is a season when there is not so much going on at that place, it does not operate so importantly except with horses which are in preparation for country meetings. In order to obviate this evil, Marson has a ploughed gallop contiguous to where he usually exercises, and which has of late years been much resorted to; it presents a yielding surface at all seasons, and it is astonishing that a similar alternative is not adopted at other places where there are many horses in training.

The very fact of a number of horses being constantly exercised over certain parts, must in time have the effect of rendering the land very solid; and it is astonishing how some sorts appear to have a tendency of shaking horses—that is, of making them gallop sore and short.

The stewards of the Jockey Club, having a jurisdiction over the Heath, exercise their prerogative in ordering what gallops shall be used, confine the use of them by ordering dolls and chains to be placed across those which have been cut up; by these regulations they are never suffered to get very much out of order, although during wet seasons, if there happen to be a great number of horses at work, it is sometimes almost impossible to keep them shut up long enough to promote their entire restoration. Nature appears most peculiarly to have adapted the land at Newmarket for the purpose of training: it is particularly prolific with earth-worms, which, in moist weather, are continually throwing up their casts, producing a most favorable result in preventing the surface from becoming hard and solid; these insects render it in a very slight degree hollow, without which this place would in time become very inelastic. There are training grounds on each side of the town, by which those persons who reside at either extremity may avail themselves of that which lies nearest to them in showery weather, or seek a change when fine by going upon either, as circumstances may dictate; that on the London side being where the races are held, and some of the gallops are as far from the town as the starting-post of the B. C., which is four miles. On this side there is a moderate ascent, called Cambridge Hill, which may be brought in as the termination of any required distance—

an advantage which very few situations afford—but here so great is the space, that, by starting at certain points, the Hill may be taken whenever it is thought proper; by starting below the Ditch Gap, and running for some distance parallel with the ditch, and then turning to the left up the aforesaid hill, an excellent gallop presents itself. There is also a stiffish rise of ground at the termination of the Beacon Course, by the side of which, from end to end, horses are permitted to take their work. The ground to sweat over may be selected according to the taste and inclination of the most fastidious; consequently the accustomed gallops vary to such an extent as to render a description impossible; neither would it afford any interest or information, as it is easy to inquire the distance of certain tracts, and work over them according to what the horse is required to perform. The side of the upper end of the Beacon Course is, however, generally chosen to finish, as there are rubbing-houses at the top for the convenience of scraping. The Ditch stables likewise afford the same shelter, in case that part is considered more convenient.

The outside of the Round Course is also used to sweat; and there is a particularly fine, soft gallop parallel with the Banbury Mile.

On the Bury side of the town there are two distinct exercise-grounds—the lime kilns, which is nearly a dead flat, and the Warren Hill, which, as its name designates, affords a very considerable choker for horses whose pipes are not quite clear. Commencing on that part of the gallop which is on the verge of the town, and bearing off towards the plantation previously to facing the hill, a very strong gallop is obtained, and one which cannot fail to produce the most severe effect upon any horse, however high his condition and qualification: indeed, I will venture to state that many a horse has had his chance of winning destroyed by having too great liberties taken with him over this very trying ground. Judiciously used, this gallop is an admirable one; but, inconsistently resorted to, its consequences are fatal. If horses are naturally disposed to be a little wild and irritable in their tempers, those failings appear generally to be increased at Newmarket: there is a certain wildness in the character of the immense, open space presenting itself, which seems to be imbibed and augmented in the disposition of every animal that is at all predisposed to its influence. It is, therefore, unnecessary to offer greater caution than that of pointing out the importance of treating such horses with the utmost tenderness. If they are suffered to break away with the boys who ride them, or those boys are permitted to go faster than the condition and abilities of their horses guarantee, the evils of such ill treatment will soon be manifest. Nothing is found to be more injurious to the temper and condition of a nervous horse than to suffer him to be rattled in his work. “My horses shall not stop from want of work!” exclaims the trainer; but it must be remembered that, although the animal’s physical powers may be in such a state as to enable him to endure great distress, it is not very unfrequently the case that the temper is de-

stroyed by the undue punishment that he has previously experienced. Thus it is that the discretion of the trainer is put to the test, by his giving his horse so much work as to increase his physical powers to their utmost capability without overdoing the mark, and thereby destroying both power and temper. It must not be inferred from these observations that I would have a horse brought to the post without a *sufficiency* of work that is quite essential, but I would have just "the happy medium" observed. It is quite as bad—indeed, I think worse—for a horse to stop in his running, or, more technically expressing it, to shut up from temper, than it is for him to show symptoms of tiring from not having performed quite work enough. In the first case, the efforts of the jockey will never prevail, for "the devil can't drive them;" but, in the other, if the animal's heart be good—and which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it will be, if in its natural state, and has not been rendered cowardly by bad treatment—he will try to the last: therefore, if the jockey possesses a knowledge of his duty, and will nurse his horse when he finds him in distress, such a horse will make a far better finish than the one whose temper will not induce him to exert himself when called upon to do so.

In the neighborhood of Epsom, various places are resorted to on the approach of those races; and there are several training-stables in the vicinity, where horses are kept at work throughout the year. The first that may be noticed is the exercise on Epsom Downs, which has not much to recommend it: in dry weather it is insufferably hard, and the natural solidity of the surface is enhanced by the numerous race meetings which have been held, and which have attracted such multitudes of persons, who, with their carriages and horses, have trampled more or less over every inch of it; in wet weather it is very slippery. The surface appears to be a light chalky clay, with a substratum of chalk and flint, upon which, I should imagine, tan would have a most admirable effect.

The Leatherhead Downs, I think, demand a preference over all others in this locality, especially as far as the nature of the soil is concerned; the only objection to them is, that they are not quite so extensive as might be wished, therefore it is necessary to make several turns in order to get a gallop of sufficient distance.

Mickleham Downs, which are only on the other side of the hill, are very good, and it is almost impossible to conceive a more picturesque or interesting spot; the upper part, parallel to which the termination of the gallop extends, is protected by a narrow belt or plantation, and the Downs are studded over with hawthorn and juniper bushes, which, though wildly arranged, produce a very pretty contrast, as the hawthorn is at the season of the year in full blossom; the elegant chasteness of the juniper, which appears to grow spontaneously, adds to the park-like character of the whole, and causes it to assume the semblance of a gentleman's domain rather than the usual uncultivated rudeness of a common; the gallops pass between the clumps of hawthorn and juniper, which serve to define the tract.

The "Favorites" for Derby and Oaks, of late years, have gene-

rally been seen either here or on the Leatherhead side, such as Lord Jersey's, Scott's lot, &c., &c., on a fine morning during the last three or four days preceding the "great event:" the scene is truly delightful, especially to a man whose book appears to be on the right side. Here the most promising, symmetrical, and best bred animals of the year are to be seen in all their glory, heightened to the utmost pitch by the most superior condition which the indefatigable attention of the best experienced trainers old England can boast of beyond any other nation, can establish. This is a time when the beautiful elasticity and freedom of action of that noble animal, the horse, unequalled by that of any other quadruped, may be studied to the greatest advantage. Some men congregate on these occasions to admire this splendid work of nature, but most of them for the purpose of scrutinizing the appearance of each candidate for public favor, in order to speculate accordingly, and either to back or bet against, as their individual judgment may dictate; but every year's experience proves how fallacious man's opinion is; the best judges are frequently most egregiously mistaken in their anticipation, and are often influenced by an unaccountable and bigoted prejudice to lay sums on or against horses, the payment of which is beyond their means of accomplishment.

The speculator who has made a heavy book, may generally be seen here, watching with intense interest the stride of every horse, as he takes his gallop; the state of his calculations may generally be read in his anxious countenance, the workings of which, when the favorites against which he stands heavily are found to go incomparably well, present a fine study of human nature; however strong a man's nerves may be—however great a stoic he may be—however he may study not to betray his own secrets, there is not an individual who does not at times manifest the "inward working of his heart;" there are moments when he is off his guard, and with his mind partially absorbed by the events of the passing scene, but more forcibly with the "state of his own affairs," however subtle his heart may be, unconsciously unveils it to the penetration of the inquisitive observer.

There are other places in the precincts of Epsom available for the purpose of exercise, either during the temporary period of the races, or even for more permanent purposes, but they are certainly inferior to those just mentioned; they are principally at Carshalton, Mitcham, and Sutton.

There are several splendid tracts of Down land in Berkshire peculiarly adapted for the purpose of training upon, especially in the neighborhood of Isley, at which place Stevens has stables, from whence, with occasional interruptions of arable land, you may travel to Marlborough, in Wiltshire; proceeding farther onwards, Treen's establishment at Beckhampton is found; still farther westward is Pimperne, in Dorsetshire, where Percy trains, and who has brought out many horses in very first-rate condition, with the just reward for his assiduity and skill, amounting to more than an average of success. Returning back in a south-easterly direction, at Danebury, near Stockbridge, are the stables of the

well known John Day, and so well is he known that it is unnecessary to make any observations about him; suffice it to state, from the high character which he has obtained, the skill which he has manifested, with now and then a pretty good nag to add to his fame, that his stables, extensive as they are, are generally pretty full, having the horses of the highest class, the property of the most influential patrons of the turf, as inmates. Mr. Isaac Sadler also resides in the neighborhood, and trains over the same ground; his premises for the accommodation of his stallions and brood mares, independent of the stabling occupied by the horses which are in training, are exceedingly complete and well arranged. The turf in these Downs is excellent; but since John Day has trained so extensively for Lord George Bentinck, the gallops have been vastly improved by reducing all inequalities of the surface, filling up hollows; and in order to render the sward tough and good, repeated dressings of tan have been given. Great as the variety is, it is scarcely sufficient for the leviathan string which John Day commonly turns out, from fifty to sixty horses being frequently his complement.

Many horses which are trained for the meetings in the Midland Counties are sent to Hednesford, situate between Cannock and Rugely in Staffordshire, at which place many public trainers reside. There is also one very extensive private establishment, belonging to Mr. Edmond Peel. A few, a very few fleeting years have passed away, and the reminiscence affords a striking example both of the frailty of human nature and the vicissitudes of this life, since three extensive studs were to be seen daily at exercise on these hills, glorying in the utmost pride of fame and good fortune, the remains of which are dispersed to almost all the quarters of the globe; the mortal remains of two of the proprietors who shone so conspicuously on the turf are now doomed to moulder under it; the other is such a dreadful martyr to that painful disease, the gout, as to be unable to enjoy any amusements beyond the precincts of his own domain; the latter gentleman alluded to, is Mr. Gifford, of Chillington, than whom, during his career as an owner of race-horses, there was not a more honorable, respected, or popular patron of the turf, and his withdrawal from it has ever been a source of regret to all its frequenters. The former two, it is almost unnecessary to hint, are the late Mr. Mytton, and Beardsworth of Birmingham.

These hills afford considerable variety of gallops, most of them abounding in ascents and descents, which are so far estimable, and in wet weather the turf is generally in pretty good order, but in dry summers it is execrably hard; a great portion of the land is of a gravelly nature, which never can be altered; at the same time, if due attention were to be paid, and a little money expended in the purchase of tan, much improvement might be produced. A ploughed gallop, if permission could be obtained from the Marquis of Anglesey, who is Lord of the Manor, would be a most desirable acquisition.

A portion of Delamere Forest, in Cheshire, is used for the pur-

pose of training; it is a light sandy soil, which never becomes hard but in dry weather; it is subject to work into holes, the land not being good enough to carry a sound turf; manure, judiciously applied, would vastly improve the surface, and amply repay the expense of laying it on.

There is a training ground arranged at Liverpool, connected with the race-course, comprising a circle, or rather an oval, within that upon which the races are held; its ostensible purpose being for the use of those horses which are sent to run there, although it has been occasionally used for regular training at other seasons. The nature of the soil is good, but it wants that important auxiliary to the establishment of condition, a hill—without which horses cannot be brought to the highest state of perfection.

Jones, of Prestbury, trains on Cleeve Hill, the site on which Cheltenham races are held. The nature of the land taken altogether is good; there is, however, one disadvantage—the horses have a long hill to ascend in going to their work, and, of course, the same to descend afterwards; nevertheless, Jones's horses always look fresh and well, and if great attention on his part could ensure success, they would never be beaten. The situation, two miles from Cheltenham, is central for many country meetings worthy of notice.

The ground over which Scott trains at Malton is highly spoken of; indeed, nothing can more faithfully demonstrate the fact of its being well calculated for the purpose than the excellent condition in which his horses always appear when brought to the post, especially the remarkable freshness which they invariably exhibit in their legs. A trainer's ability and assiduity may be unequalled, but no man can prepare horses properly unless he has good ground to work them upon. I have never seen the exercise at Malton, but I have seen Scott's horses, and have so invariably admired their condition and appearance as to be quite satisfied the necessary adjunct of appropriate land must be combined with Scott's acknowledged skill to produce such favorable results. He has stables at Newmarket, as also at Pighourn, near Doncaster, at which place most of his horses undergo the latter part of their preparations for the great northern meeting, so that they have not to encounter the risk of travelling far immediately before they run.

Whether training ground be public or private, some attention is requisite to keep it in order; and if it be a very poor, weak, hungry soil, occasional dressings of manure will be found the greatest auxiliary possible. The description of manure must depend upon the nature of the land; on some, stable manure will have an admirable effect, but upon almost all, tan will be found to be the best.

Rolling during wet weather is, in many instances, indispensable to press in the tracks and holes which have been made by the horses' feet, but the less this practice is resorted to the better, as it must tend to render the land more solid; therefore, the lighter the roll which is used for the purpose, the more advantageous, so that it is sufficiently ponderous to press in the turf which has been misplaced. If, previously to rolling in the spring, some seeds of

the finer grasses, which are natural to the land and productive to a firm, tough, and elastic sward, be sown, it will add greatly to the verdure of the land and improvement of the turf. In order to avoid the use of the roll as much as may be, the boys should be sent on to turn down the foot-marks and tread them in their proper places whenever the surface is so soft as to be cut up; when they have not got their horses to attend to, such employment keeps them out of mischief at the same time that they are doing good in another way.

London Sporting Review for March, 1844.

PRAIRIE DOGS OF THE FAR WEST.

BY A. R. JOHNSTON, U. S. DRAGOONS.

MR. EDITOR: During the past summer, while on a march on the grand prairies, towards the base of the Rocky Mountains, it was my good fortune to become possessed of two young Prairie Dogs, and as the habits of this animal have in consequence become pretty well known to me, I think it proper to communicate something on the subject, which you are at liberty to publish if you think proper.

I send you a sketch of these animals; although a rude one, it will afford a pretty good idea of their shape. A full-grown Prairie Dog is about 11 inches long in the body, excluding the tail, which is three inches in length; their weight about two pounds; color a reddish grey, very light.

The two which I had were procured by one of the officers, by pouring their hole full of water. When given to me I was bed ridden; I placed them in my bosom, where they nestled themselves, and in a few hours became very tame; they played over my bed, and on the least noise flew to me for safety. To find out what they would subsist on, we offered them everything. The first experiment was with a piece of loaf sugar; they instantly seized on it, and standing erect, held it in their fore paws and devoured it. They ate freely of dry buffalo meat, bacon, rice, and bread. I tied them near my tent in the grass; they ate freely of it; taking hold of the blades of grass with their teeth, they pulled steadily until the white part of the blades came up by the roots; they then sat erect, took the blades in the paw, reversed it with a quick motion, and ate the blanched portion of it. They preferred the tender grass to the "muskeet" or "buffalo grass." This preference is no doubt the cause of their towns being observed entirely free of prairie grass, and frequently grown with buffalo grass, as they use the former so much it is killed out. They drink water but seldom, and probably never in the native state, as they have



most of their sustenance from green grass. Some one observed the remains of grasshoppers on one of the holes of a "dog town," and brought some grasshoppers to my pets; never did child, gratified with the promised apple, give more signs of joy than did these animals at the sight of this dainty food; these were doubtless the kind of presents their mamma had brought home to her children, after her walks about the town.

They were very fond of being tickled under the throat and breast, and if I did not use both hands and tickle both at the same time, the disappointed one would attack the other, and they would fight like furies, striking "a-la-lion-rampante"—with both paws, and making a quick squealing bark. The effect of the tickling was apparently very tranquillizing, as they would lie down and close their eyes in the most languishing manner, and when I stopped, they would run after my hands and put their noses under my fingers, as much as to say, "more."

I lost one of them fifty miles from this post; the other, the male, I had until the 19th of this month, when a relic of the "Florida blood-hounds" did me the disfavor to kill him. As he got the name of "Billy," I will call him so for short.

Billy took a fancy to my dogs, and amused himself searching for fleas on them: to this the dogs would doubtless have had no objection, but he being equally fond of horny substances, would attack their nails, which always broke up the party.

The rattle-snake is fond of their towns; "mair by token" we found a rattle-snake with a young one in his belly, and we managed to keep Billy out of all sorts of mischief by shaking at him the dried skin of one; he would abandon the amusement of tearing up curtains, or the luxury of eating, at the sound of his enemy's approach.

Billy dug himself a hole in front of my quarters; one day it rained hard and drowned him out; as soon as the rain was over, we observed him hard at work making a "levee" around his hole. He would rake up a pile of dirt, and lying down with his breast against it, and his fore-paws around it, he would shove himself and dirt to the edge of his hole; he then would ram the dirt down with his nose, and so continued until he got above high-water mark. I had him in a pen, with a pedestal in the centre, perched on which he could see over the country. On this he held his morning levee, beginning at sunrise, and to each one as he approached, if they chirruped to him, he would reply by jumping up and almost vaulting backwards, and chirruping in return, with a sound something like "*way-ko*"

Although these animals live in towns, it is said they do not receive visitors from neighboring holes, hence if you get between one and *his* hole, he is easily caught. An officer told me he once shot one, and was about to pick it out of the hole into which it fell, when three or four came up out of the hole and snatched it away so quickly that he could not recover it. They belong to the marmot tribe, but I saw no signs of hibernating in Billy. Their towns are always an upland nearly level, and their holes are irregularly

scattered about, some 15 or 20 paces apart; each hole has a mound about it, of the excavated dirt, of a foot or two in height. A little reddish owl is always found near their towns, doubtless with the same charitable intention with the rattle-snake.

Respectfully, A. R. JOHNSTON, Lt. U. S. Dragoons.
Fort Washita, Arks., Feb. 13, 1844.

POPULAR ENGLISH RACING STALLIONS FOR 1844.

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

BEFORE I commence my observations on the Racing Stallions for the coming season, I cannot refrain from a little introduction in the shape of a return of the gross amount that the stock of the principal Stallions have won during the last year. I find that the progeny of the celebrated *Touchstone* won £20,454, those of *Velocipede* £10,230, of *Bay Middleton* £10,045, of *Muley Moloch* £9,342, of *Slane* £6,820, of *Emilius* £5,172, of *Physician* £4,676, of *Gladiator* £4,540, of *Tomboy* £4,307, of *Sir Hercules* £3,966, of *Elis* £3,291, of *The Saddler* £3,150, of *Plenipotentiary* £3,070, of *Camel* £2,954, of *Liverpool* £2,492, of *Sheet Anchor* £2,246, of *Voltaire* £2,425, of *Jereed* £2,815, of *Rockingham* £2,204, of *Langar* (dead) £1899, of *Defence* £1770, of *Glaucus* £1614, of *Priam* £1184, of *Jerry* £1167, of *Bran* £951, of *Taurus* £875, of *St. Patrick* £707, of *Pantaloon* £407, of *Sultan* (dead) £465, &c.

Such being the "by-gones," I need not observe that *Touchstone* is in immense force. From accounts received from "head-quarters" I learn that his subscription is full at 40 guineas each mare, and that the number is limited to forty mares besides those of his noble owner. The pedigree of this valuable animal is so well known that I shall only observe that *Touchstone* is a brown horse, foaled in 1831, was got by *Camel*, out of *Banter*, and that he won many valuable Stakes, including the *St. Leger* at *Doncaster*, beating *Plenipotentiary* (winner of the *Derby*) and all the best horses of his year.

There is one other Stallion of great and deserving popularity at the *Eaton Stud House*; I mean the gallant *Pantaloon*, by *Castrel*, out of *Idalia*, who covers mares at 30 gs. each. I may here observe that *Pantaloon* is the sire of *Satirist*, winner of the *Queen's Vase* at *Ascot Heath* in 1841, and also of the *St. Leger* in the same year. *John Day* has a very nice three-year-old Brother to *Satirist*, now called *Juvenal*, which is expected to make some *satire* during the coming season. "Honest John" bought this colt at the *Marquis of Westminster's* sale at a somewhat reasonable figure, with a *Derby* nomination. The *Marquis of West-*

minster has a splendid lot of brood mares of the most aristocratic parentage; amongst them may be named Banter, Decoy, Ghuznee (winner of the Oaks in 1841), Maria Day (the best two-year-old of her year, 1842), Lampoon (Sister to Touchstone), Languish, Laura, Maid of Honor (the dam of Fanny Eden), Sarcasm (the dam of Satirist), and Retort. As regards the Epsom events, the good old *color* of "yellow jacket and black cap" is to be by no ways despised in the coming season, inasmuch as the Noble Marquis has a very promising Derby colt called Lancet, by Touchstone, out of Laura, in the Derby, and Fanny Eden and a smart looking filly out of Decoy, in the Oaks. It is well known that the descendants of Touchstone are in almost every instance noted for great substance and power. The Hon. Sidney Herbert, tired no doubt of the Elis blood, intends sending some of his choice mares to this popular stallion this Spring. It may not be out of place to add, that the Eaton Stud at this moment consists of *five* very promising two-year-olds, *eight* yearlings, and *eight* horses in training, one of which, Martyr, is in goodly force for the Chester Tradesmen's Cup, and as the horse has only 6st. 8lb. *on him, being a five-year-old*, I for one should have no particular objection to take the Noble Marquis's chance for that interesting and truly valuable prize.

Perhaps no nobleman, gentleman, or commoner, has proved himself more indefatigable in his exertions to improve the crossing of the blood in the Racing Stud than Mr. Theobald of Stockwell House, Stockwell, Surrey. This year Mr. Theobald furnishes a list of *seven* first-rate Racing Stallions, besides one of the *handsomest* Trotting Stallions ever beheld.

Camel's pedigree is too well known to be again alluded to. This superior horse will cover mares (thirty) by subscription at 25 gs. each, and one guinea to the groom. The stock of Camel have been in high repute since the renowned exploits of Touchstone, and if put to the test I could fill a page with splendid victories achieved by other sons and daughters of this worthy descendant of old Whalebone. The list is filling rapidly.

Muley Moloch is the next favorite. He was bred by Mr. Nowell, of Underley Park, was foaled in 1830, got by Muley, out of Nancy (Longwaist's dam) by Dick Andrews (sire of Tramp), grandam Spitfire by Beningbrough, &c. Muley, the sire of Muley Moloch, was one of the finest and best actioned horses of his day: he was got by Orville (winner of the St. Leger 1802), out of Eleanor (the celebrated mare that won both Derby and Oaks in 1801). Orville was got by Beningbrough (one of the stoutest runners of his time), and was the winner of *twenty-two* races, beating all the best horses of his year. Eleanor won *twenty-seven* times, including the Derby and Oaks races. The doings of Muley Moloch did not by any means "disgrace his family," for he ran in *sixteen* races and was a winner *eleven* times; and it is only fair to observe that he was always made to appear in first rate company. The price of serving mares is fixed at 20 gs. each, and one guinea to the groom. Muley Moloch is the sire of Alice Hawthorn, the

best mare of the day, and many other winners of lasting note : he is a remarkably fine large horse of great substance and power, very lengthy, particularly deep in the girth, with shoulders nicely laid back, and has an excellent constitution and temper. His color is a rich dark brown without any white, and altogether he is a stallion well calculated to improve the breed of race-horses both for speed and stoutness. There are five of Muley Moloch's get in the next Derby, one of which, Zanoni (once very racing-like), is dead. From the extraordinary performances of Alice Hawthorn last season, no doubt Muley Moloch will get his portion of first-rate mares.

Laurel is a very fine powerful dark brown horse with black legs, was bred by Major Yarburgh in 1824, got by the famed running Blacklock, out of a Prime Minister mare, her dam by Orville, out of Miss Grimstone by Weasel, a son of Herod out of an Eclipse mare. The terms are what I think extremely moderate, namely, 12 gs. for thorough-bred, and 6 gs. for half-bred mares, and 10s. 6d. to the groom. The running of Laurel in point of speed and stoutness is too well known to require any comment from me; suffice it to say, that he ran *all distances* with *heavy weights* against the best horses of his time—a time too when good horses were almost as “plentiful as blackberries”—and in most instances proved himself *victorious*. His stock are very racing-like, and the only wonder to me is that he has not had a greater number of “favorites” sent to him. Amongst other grand exploits, Laurel beat Matilda (winner of the St. Leger in 1827) for the York Constitution Stakes; he also beat her for the Doncaster Cup in the same year (1828). At four years old he was never beaten. Altogether he won eight Gold Cups, and valuable Stakes too numerous to be here mentioned. To conclude, Laurel beat the following flyers of his years: Fleur-de-lis, Longwaist, Matilda, Granby, Mulatto, Maria, Stopforth, Bessy Bedlam, Actæon, Retriever, Moonshine, Nonplus, Ballad-singer, Mameluke (winner of the Derby 1827), and Halston.

Calmuck, bred by the Duke of Grafton in 1833, got by Zinganee (by Tramp, out of Sister to Pastille by Rubens), out of Parasol by Pot-8-o's, out of Prunella by Highflyer, &c. Calmuck is a nice rich bay with black legs, no white about him, excepting a little on one of his left hind heels; stands upwards of sixteen hands high, with shoulders rightly placed, and powerful flat legs. He was a winner at all ages from two to six years old, and proved himself a respectable *performer* on many important occasions, being the winner of *fourteen races*. From his blood (comprising the best of the Grafton nursery), his great bone and substance, and his fine temper, he promises to get very superior stock. Calmuck's terms are 10 gs. for thorough-bred, and 4 gs. for half-bred mares, with 10s. 6d. to the groom.

Belgrade, bred by Mr. Allen in 1838, got by Belshazzar, out of Alice by Langar, is a remarkably clever blood-looking horse of a nice chesnut color. Belgrade was very fast as a two-year-old, being the winner of the Two-year-old Stakes at York and Don-

caster. At three years old he won several times, including *three* Queen's Plates; and at five years old he only ran once, when he carried off the valuable Brighton Stakes in a very commanding manner. Belshazzar was got by Blacklock, out of Mr. Watt's famous mare Manuella (winner of the Oaks in 1812). The figure for covering is 5 gs. each mare, and 10s. 6d. to the groom. This is his first season as a stallion.

The Exquisite is still to be found amongst Mr. Theobald's "valuables." He is a most beautiful grey horse, was bred by R. W. Walker, Esq., in 1826, got by Whalebone, out of Fair Helen by the Wellesley Grey Arabian, her dam Maria by Highflyer, out of Nutcracker by Matchem, &c. The Exquisite ran second in the memorable Derby 1829 (won by his stable companion, Frederic), beating—over a course as hard as Regent-street on a "Summer's day"—Patron, Ebony, Morris-dancer, Brother to Lapdog, Prince Eugene, and *ten* others. It was the opinion at the time of many good judges that nothing but the finest riding on the part of Mr. Forth secured the great event to Mr. Gratwicke; as it was, it was only won by a "short head!" The Exquisite will cover at 2 gs. the mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom. There is a rather likely looking colt of his get in the coming Derby in training at Mr. Balchin's at Sutton.

There is also at Stockwell a *Bay Horse*, seven years old, by Mulatto or Starch, out of Young Petuaria (dam of Carew), who will see mares at 2 gs. each, and 5s. to the groom. John Lowry has succeeded James Gardener as stud groom.

That splendid stallion *Phœnix* is stationed at Harker Lodge, near Carlisle, where he will be during the season at 10 gs. each mare, and 10s. the groom. Phœnix was bred by Lord Jersey in 1835, got by Buzzard, out of Cobweb (winner of the Oaks in 1824). Buzzard is the sire of Rattan and other capital runners, and Cobweb is the dam of Bay Middleton. There is very superior accommodation for mares at 6s. per week. As a racer, Phœnix rather deceived his backers, nevertheless he ran very creditably at Newmarket in 1838.

Kremlin will serve mares this season at High Wycombe, Bucks, at 7 gs. each; half-bred ones at 2½ gs. He was got by Sultan, out of Francesca by Partisan, her dam by Orville, grandam by Buzzard, out of Hornpipe by Trumpator, &c. Kremlin is a brown horse, possessing an excellent temper, with great size and muscular power. I cannot write much in praise of his performances on the Turf; for although he beat Harkaway (amiss), Cardinal Puff, and Industry, still in turn he "gave way" to many second and third raters. The very low price of covering, however, will be pretty certain to get him patronage. There is very good accommodation for mares and foals at a moderate price.

Galewood, noted for being for several years a rattling favorite for the Goodwood Cup and *no* "starter," stands this season at Causton Lodge, three miles from the Rugby Station. Galewood is a brown horse of goodly power and strength, was bred by Major St. Paul in 1833, got by Lottery, out of a roan Orville mare, the

dam of Gipsy, Creeping Molly, Calypso, Telemachus, &c. Galewood stands sixteen hands high; his price of covering is 5 gs. thorough-bred mares, and 3 gs. half-bred ones. He will be at Coventry on Fridays, Warwick on Saturdays, Southam on Mondays, Wellesbourne on Tuesdays, will travel home on Wednesdays, and be at Causton on Thursdays. This is what the Lawyers would call "going the circuit" in double quick time. Galewood was never hailed a "victor" on the slippery sod.

Harkaway will not cross the water this season, but is "boxed up" at his owner's, Rossmore Lodge, Kildare (twenty-four miles from Dublin). Mr. Ferguson, I believe, refused a very handsome offer from an influential breeder, who was desirous to get this valuable animal into this country again. *Harkaway* is a remarkably fine stallion, color chesnut, was foaled in 1834, got by *Economist*, out of *Fanny Dawson*, the dam of many other good performers. I may here quote a passage from *Harkaway's* advertisement; it runs thus:—"The proprietor has declined various offers, both last and this year, to hire *Harkaway* to cover in England, and he has just refused a very liberal offer from a Newmarket gentleman to send him there this season. He is, however, desirous of encouraging English breeders to send to this horse, and therefore he will serve mares this season at 10 gs. each, and 10s. to the groom, to be paid at the time of covering. The proper route is the railway from London to Liverpool. The steam-packets sail twice daily (in eleven hours) from that port to Dublin, and with every accommodation for brood mares at a trifling charge. The mode of conveyance affords a safe, expeditious, and *economical* mode of transit for mares sent to *Harkaway*." After speaking most highly of his stock, the advertisement ends with the following bold challenge: "Mr. Ferguson begs to state, in proof of the estimation in which *Harkaway's* produce are held, that two of his yearlings will be matched against any other yearlings in England or Ireland, got by any other sire, for 500 sovs., Two-year-old Course, to come off the first day of the next April Curragh Meeting." Now, although there is in this challenge a seasoning of "blarney," still I am informed from a private quarter that the young stock of *Harkaway's* get are amazingly fine and racing-like. I may here also mention that Mr. Ferguson will not hold himself responsible for any accident that may occur to any mares sent to his horse. I will not tire my readers with a repetition of *Harkaway's doings*; indeed his *laurels* are too *green* to have already fallen into the "sere and yellow leaf." I have heard of several first-rate mares being sent to him.

There are four stallions of great consequence standing at Willesden Paddocks, viz.: *Sir Hercules*, *The Colonel*, *Ratcatcher*, and *Elis*.

Sir Hercules was foaled in 1826, got by *Whalebone*, out of *Peri* by *Wanderer*—*Alexander*—*Rival* by *Sir Peter*, &c. His price of covering will be 20 gs. each mare, and one guinea to the groom. In my report of the Stallions last season I entered so fully into *Sir Hercules's* performances on the Turf, that I am free to confess

that I have nothing to "add to the score." He is the sire of many capital racers; amongst them I will name The Corsair, Cruiskeen, Coronation (winner of the Derby 1841), Hyllus (winner of the Goodwood Cup last year), Robert de Gorham, Vibration, Venus, Newcourt, &c. Sir Hercules is a fine animal.

The Colonel has returned from a foreign land; he was foaled in 1825, got by Whisker, dam by Delpini (the dam of My Lady, &c.) He is a beautiful chesnut horse possessing great power, and his stock have won upwards of *one hundred and twenty times in England*. The sum for serving mares is very moderate, being only 20 gs. for each mare, and one guinea to the groom. The Colonel, it may be remembered, won the St. Leger in 1828, subsequent to his defeat by Cadland (after a dead heat) for the Derby. His Majesty George the Fourth gave Mr. Petre the large sum of £4000 for him purposely to win the Ascot Cup 1829, but Zingane was first, Mameluke second, Cadland third, The Colonel fourth, &c., in that *everlasting race*. Many of The Colonel's sons and daughters have figured very well indeed, to wit: Chatham, Ceta, Heiress (very fast as a two-year-old), Lieutenant, Post-haste, Arsenic, Recruit, The Drummer, Toothill, D'Egville (the best two-year-old of his year, 1837,) Gambia, Merrythought, Fifer, Skirmisher, and many others whose names I have forgotten. He was sold to Brunswick for £1900 by Messrs. Tattersall, and re-purchased by them for this season. He is a sure foal-getter, and his stock are generally remarkably handsome.

Ratcatcher is a horse also of great power and perfect symmetry. He was foaled in 1830, got by Langar, out of Rufina (Sister to Velocipede). As a runner he is recorded the victor in *twenty-four* gallant struggles against some of the very best horses of his time. His stock are very promising, and he has proved himself a sure foal-getter. Dog Billy, a two-year-old of last season, was a *feather* in Ratcatcher's cap, and, from reports heard from Germany one of his daughters, the filly out of Dublin, 2 yrs., carried everything before her. Price, 10 guineas for thorough-bred mares, and one guinea to the groom, and 5 gs. half-bred mares. Let the farmers look to that!

Elis, a chesnut horse, sixteen hands high, was foaled in 1833, got by Langar, out of Olympia (the dam of Stockport, Epirus, &c.) by Sir Oliver, her dam Scotilla by Anvil, out of Scots by Eclipse, &c., will be ready for mares during the season at 10 gs. each, and one guinea to the groom. As I gave at whole lengths his grand performances in the years 1835 and 1836 last season, I have only here to mention that *Elis* is the sire of Lucy Banks, Passion, Valetta, Vitula, Tesane filly, Cornopean, &c. It is remarkable that the fillies by *Elis* have been incomparably superior in the Racing World to the colts. The Hon. Sidney Herbert has a very likely colt by *Elis*, out of Delightful, and, if all I hear be correct, I may venture to advise my friends not to *hesitate* when 50 to 1 is offered against his winning the Derby; he is in training with Percy at Pimperne. When I was last at Wilton (in November) I saw many very promising yearlings by *Elis*, most of whom carried

the sire's likeness with them. There is very excellent accommodations for mares, loose boxes, &c., at Willesdon Paddocks, at 10s. a week for barren mares, and 12s. for mares and foals.

Mr. Sadler, of Stockbridge, has Venison, Sea-horse, and The Mule for the season, Defence being "let out."

Venison, a bay horse, foaled in 1833, got by Partisan, out of Fawn, &c., was one of the gamest animals that ever carried *pig-skin*. His wonderful exploits in 1836 will long be remembered; and in the following year he won the Portland Handicap from a capital handicap field in the most brilliant style. A Hampshire friend writes to inform me that the stock of Venison are "superb." The price of covering has been doubled since last year, it being now 20 gs. each mare, and one guinea to the groom. Venison is the sire of many superior runners, and notwithstanding the advance in price, I am told that many first-rate mares are engaged to him. The Ugly Buck, now first favorite for the Derby, no doubt was the cause of Venison's "advancement;" nevertheless he has other weighty claims for public patronage, and will no doubt prove "good property" to my worthy friend Mr. Isaac Sadler.

Sea-horse, foaled in 1839, a fine brown horse, got by Camel, out of Seabreeze by Paulowitz, &c., covers at 5 gs. each mare, and 5s. the groom; half-bred mares at 3 gs. Sea-horse ran very respectably: in the Second Spring Meeting he won the Rowley Mile Plate; ran well up in the Derby at Epsom: ran a splendid second to Envoy for the Drawing Room Stakes at Goodwood; won £140 at Wolverhampton; and concluded his racing career by running a good second to Blue Bonnet for the St. Leger at Doncaster.

The Mule is advertised to be sold or let for the season. He was foaled in 1839, got by Camel, out of Temper by Defence, out of Tears, &c. He is a very handsome black horse, standing fifteen hands three inches high, and would make a capital Stallion to travel the country. At two years old he won £210 at the Hippodrome, beating a strong field. Apply to Mr. Sadler, Stockbridge, for price and other particulars.

My old friend and favorite *Defence*, by Whalebone, out of Defence by Rubens, has been ousted by Venison, and is now to be met with at Cheltenham, where he will receive mares at 10 gs. each. Defence was foaled in 1824, and is the sire of a large number of very excellent sons and daughters. He was a very good runner in his day, and, although now quite blind, is as vigorous as a five-year-old.

Wintonian will be found "far North," at Dalkeith Park Stables, six miles from Edinburgh. Thorough-bred mares 10 gs., half-bred mares 5 gs., groom's fee, 5s. Wintonian was foaled in 1834, got by Camel, out of Monimia by Muley; he is own brother to Hester (the dam of Chatham, Murat, and Zenobia); also to Wapiti (the winner of the Lavant and Molecombe Stakes at Goodwood 1838; she likewise won two rich Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each at the same Meeting). For the information of our Northern breeders

I will just give Wintonian's two-year-old performances : won 290 sovs. at Winchester, beating King of Clubs, Bullbridge, a Reveller filly, a Defence colt, Magic, and Magnet ; also 450 sovs. at Goodwood, beating a Muley colt out of Anna, Oddums, and Sister to Delightful ; ran second to Egeria at Newmarket First October Meeting ; and won Fifty Pounds in the Second October Meeting, beating filly by Langar out of Isabel, Gauntlet, colt out of Petulance, Miss Sophia, filly by Sultan, out of Fille de Joie, Morison, Virago, George, and Fanchon. Wintonian was a good favorite for the Derby, but went amiss and did not start. From the extraordinary lowness of the price of serving mares, and the popularity of his blood, Wintonian is certain of a good supply of mares.

Johnny Boy (own Brother to *Tomboy*) will serve mares during the season at his owner's, Mr. A. Chester, the Reindeer Inn, Wheeler Gate, Nottingham, from Saturday till Monday in each week. *Johnny Boy* was the winner of the first premium of 30 sovs. as the best Stallion at the Royal Agricultural Society's All England Show held at Derby last year : he stands sixteen hands high, has immense bone and substance, with fine symmetry, was got by Jerry (winner of the St. Leger in 1824), out of Bee's-wing's dam, and has proved himself a sure foal-getter. *Tomboy* (dead) was the sire of *Nutwith*, winner of the St. Leger last year, as well as of many others of racing note of the present day. *Johnny Boy* was foaled in 1836, and is, I believe, the only Stallion now covering that has the pure blood of *Tomboy* and *Bee's-wing* combined. Thorough-bred mares at 10 gs. each, and 10s. to the groom ; half-bred mares at 3 gs. and 2s. 6d. to the groom.

At Bonehill Farm, near Fazeley, and only one mile from Tamworth, where there is a station on the Birmingham and Derby Railway, there are two stallions standing, namely *Colwick* and *Drayton*.

Colwick is a brown horse, was foaled in 1828, got by *Filho da Puta* (winner of the St. Leger in 1815), out of *Stella* by *Sir Oliver*, her dam *Scotilla* by *Anvil*—*Scota* by *Eclipse*. *Stella* was the dam of those celebrated horses, *Peter Lely*, *Independence*, and *Linnet*, and was own Sister to *Olympia*, the dam of *Elis* (winner of the St. Leger in 1836), *Epirus*, *Stockport*, and *Kite* (the dam of *Vulture*). The blood of *Colwick* is of the most aristocratic nature, and as a runner he often performed well, having defeated the following horses in good form : *Perseverance*, *Belshazzar*, *Her Highness*, *Sir John*, *Clarissa*, *Traveller*, and many others. *Colwick* is a rich dark brown without white, stands fifteen hands three inches high, has excellent legs and feet, and is perfectly sound. The price of covering is 10gs. thorough-bred, and 3gs. half-bred. I may here mention that *Colwick* is supposed equally calculated to get *race horses* and *hunters*, inasmuch as most of *Lord Exeter's* best racing mares were put to him last season, and he has been selected by *Sir Tatton Sykes* for his valuable hunting brood mares, two of the largest breeding establishments for the *Turf and Field*. *Colwick* is the sire of *Attila*, winner of the Derby 1842.

Drayton, a dark brown horse, foaled in 1837, got by the cele-

brated Muley out of Prima Donna by Soothsayer, her dam Tippitywitchet by Waxy, out of Hare by Sweetbriar, &c. Drayton's terms are similar to Colwick's, and as he is one of the finest animals that ever looked through a bridle, I have little doubt that his fame as a Stallion will progress. As regards these horses every information—if further be required—may be had on application to Mr. Edward Ward, Bonehill Farm, near Fazeley. Hay and corn on the usual terms, also boxes for mares and foals.

Glycon, by Physician, out of a Soothsayer mare, her dam by Deceiver, grandam by Dragon, out of Queen Mabby Eclipse, covers during the season at Hadley, near Whitchurch, Salop. He is a dark brown horse without white, seven years old, stands fifteen hands three inches, and is a remarkably strong, healthy, active, and blood-like horse. The terms are moderate, and may be known on applying to Mr. William Hassall, of Hadley. I am not aware that *Glycon* ever distinguished himself as a racer.

I pick my horses as they come without favor or affection, and now name Sir Isaac, who may be found at Yardley, near Birmingham.

Sir Isaac was got by Camel out of Arachne (the dam of Industry, winner of the Oaks in 1838) by Filho da Puta. With such a pedigree it would indeed appear strange if this horse does not get many good mares. He is a brown without white, with great power, and quite sound. Any other questions will be answered on applying to Mr. Holloway, Yardley, near Birmingham. Price, 10gs. thorough-bred, and 3gs. half-bred mares.

Epirus (own Brother to Elis) remains at Mr. T. B. Potter's Farm, Pilsford, near Northampton, where mares may be sent to him at 10gs. thorough-bred, and 1g. to the groom; half-breds 3gs., and 5s. to the groom. Every accommodation will be found for the reception of mares and foals on very moderate terms. The few foals that I have seen of *Epirus's* get are very promising. For pedigree look to Elis. I never was a great admirer of *Epirus* as a racer, but his blood is a sufficient passport to procure him a tolerable supply of fancy mares.

Gilbert Gurney and Gameboy are to be met with at Mount Pleasant, Old Warden, Bedfordshire.

Gilbert Gurney was foaled in 1835, got by Muley, out of Miss Orville, &c.; he is a chesnut horse, sixteen hands high, with plenty of substance. He proved himself a moderate racer, although on more than one occasion he was backed heavily to win in Handicap races by his clever party. The price of covering is 5gs. thorough, and 3gs. half-bred mares. I would most decidedly prefer sending a mare to Gameboy than to his companion, for Gameboy ran most respectably if not quite in first-rate form.

Gameboy was foaled in 1826, got by Octavian out of a St. George's mare, won eighteen times. He is a chesnut horse, and very handsome. Price, 6gs. thorough, and 2½gs. half-bred mares. Those who have roomy half-bred mares might send to Gameboy with every prospect of having a good and useful produce at an extraor-

dinary low rate. Further particulars may be known by applying to Morgan the groom.

That magnificent stallion, *Hetman Platoff*, covers this season at Tickell Castle Farm, near Rotherham, Yorkshire. He is eight years of age, being foaled in 1836; he was got by the stout-running Brutandorf out of a Comus mare (the dam of Don John, &c.) Hetman Platoff is a beautiful brown bay, with fine temper and excellent constitution, and his running in 1839 and 1840 will be long remembered by those who frequented the principal Race Meetings in those years. Hetman had a strong band of friends, who backed him heavily for the St. Leger, and I am of opinion that if the horse had been allowed to run he would have beaten Charles the Twelfth, Euclid, and any other three-year-old of his year. At four years old his deeds were truly wonderful, and I hesitate not to state that Hetman Platoff was decidedly the best four-year-old since the splendid running Camarine in 1832. The figure is 15gs. each mare. Hetman Platoff has proved himself a certain foal getter, and those that I have seen carry the good old-fashioned head of Brutandorf. Mr. Sidney Herbert has a very promising yearling got by the "horse that *ought* to have won the St. Leger 1839." I was with a *Yorkite* the other day, and he informed me that mares from all quarters had been sent to Hetman Platoff. There is the best accommodation for mares and foals at the usual charge.

Jereed, the flying two-year-old of 1836 (then the property of Col. Anson, and trained by John Scott) is now to be found at Mr. J. Painter's stables, Dean's Hill, near Stafford, where he will serve mares at 15gs. each. *Jereed* was foaled in 1836, got by Sultan, out of My Lady by Comus, out of The Colonel's dam. From the extraordinary ease with which *Jereed* won his two-year-old engagements, and knowing him to be under the able management of Scott, it is not to be wondered at the public of that year (1837) backing him so heavily to win the Derby. It is true that the animal was sent to Epsom, equally so that he went amiss shortly after his arrival and did not start, thereby throwing scores "over the left." *Jereed* is a very fine horse, and is the sire of the following "respectables:"—Greatheart, Gamecock, Parthian, Philip (all made responsible for large sums in the last Derby market), Ainsworth, Beadsman, Judex, What, and Imaum—the latter a good outsider in the coming Derby, and a very likely three-year-old to pay his way; please to remember that!

That gamest of all game animals, *Little Red Rover*, is stationed at Greywell Hill, near Oldham, Hampshire, where he will be happy to see mares at 5 sovs. each, and 10s. to the groom. *Little Red Rover* was foaled in 1827, got by the famous Tramp out of an own Sister to Doctor Syntax by Paynator, &c. After running second to The Mummer at two years old at Ascot, *Little Red Rover* won a Handicap Stakes at Newmarket for three-year-olds, and was fancied by those clever men Messrs. Ridsdale and Gully, who backed him to win the Derby at long odds, to net them close upon £100,000! Every one knows that the game little horse ran second

to Priam, beating a very strong Field of the best horses that any year has produced for the "race of all races." The stock of Little Red Rover are very racing-like, and of goodly size, and several, the produce of half-bred mares, have made splendid hunters.

LIFE OF A FOX-HOUND, DICTATED BY HIMSELF.

Continued from the April Number, page 219

AN event has occurred in this country, which places beyond all dispute the correctness of our friend "Forester's" theory. I took up the Bedford Paper this morning, and found in it the description of a run with the Oakley Hounds, of which I had heard much, but was never correctly informed of the particulars. The description of it in that paper places it far beyond any run that has occurred in this county for many, many years. I was so delighted with it that I blew the horn for the *old Gentleman*, who came galloping up. "What's the matter?" said he.—"Come in, and sit down," said I, "and I will read you a run that will make the eyes fly out of your head with delight. You know Wootton Wood," continued I, "where this run is stated to commence; but I am informed it was at Wootton Bone, which, you know, is a mile further from where he was found, and went up to Wootton Wood." I then commenced reading it, and as I described the different coverts, he kept exclaiming, "Good Heavens! gracious powers! capital!" but when I finished with this sentence, "*There was only one cast made throughout the whole run,*" his joy knew no bounds. He danced round the room like a kitten. At length he said seriously, "Surely this is 'confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ' that we can best account for a fox when not interfered with."—"But," said I, "may not that opinion be carried too far?"—"When we come on the subject of *scent*," said he, "I will shew you where it may be and is carried too far. But did you read that several horses died?"—"Yes," said I.—"Why, Monday was not a warm day: the country is not deep, nor are the horses short of work: it must therefore have been the severity of the pace that beat the horses; and when you say the distance was done in two hours, the pace must have been awful in the extreme. Take it from within half a mile of Biggleswade to Wootton Bone, it is, as the crow flies, not less than sixteen miles: from Biggleswade to Girtford Wharf not less than three more; thence back again, and to My Lord Ongley's three more, making the distance at the least twenty-two miles. Now, any horse that carried a fair hunting weight through that run has done his work for this season, and ought not to be called upon to do any more. It is said in one paper that about thirty lunched at His Lordship's hospitable board:

why, if three thousand horses had started, and tried to keep pace with the hounds during this most glorious run, there would not have been thirty at the finish; for I maintain that nothing short of a powerful thorough-bred horse in racing condition could have lived at the pace. Nimrod, in his never-to-be-forgotten Ashby Pasture run, makes Sir James Musgrave exclaim, looking at his watch, 'Just ten miles as the crow flies over the finest country in the world;' and he might have added, with the best men and the best horses in it, 'in *one hour and ten minutes.*' Allowing him to be a good judge of a horse and of pace, and he makes such men and horses do only ten miles in an hour and ten minutes, how comes it that out of a small Bedfordshire Field, here are thirty up, after going eleven miles an hour for two hours? There must be some mistake in the time, for there is none in the distance. I can only account for it by seeing, that from the fox first passing the front of My Lord Ongley's mansion, he ran a ring of six or seven miles before he was killed at the back of it, and the tail horses and Macadamites might have met them coming back after their horses had recovered their wind; and still further to confirm your opinion, I understand the fox did not wait to be found, but was gone, and the Huntsman, with only two or three others, heard a halloo, and clapped them to it, so that for the first fifty minutes there was nobody near them, and the hounds had a full scope for all their natural talents. There is no doubt also but he was a Warden fox, having been twice before run from that country towards Wootton. As Warden parish adjoins this, and I have known for the last thirty years that no French blood has been imported into it; they had before them 'a fine old English Gentleman, one of the *olden sort.*' Taken altogether it was a most splendid run, of which the Oakley Field may justly be proud: therefore I say, Glory be to Mr. Magniac and his huntsman! the first for procuring so good a pack of hounds, and the second for thinking, what all huntsmen ought to think, that their hounds know how to kill a fox better than they do."

Now (said he), if you please, we will continue my history. I believe I left off with killing the first cub in the second morning's cub-hunting. It was then decided to try to get hold of another in the Lower Wood, which, after an hour and a half strong work, we managed to do. As there is so great similarity in hunting cubs, a description of them would be tedious; suffice it to say, that as there were lots of them in the country we were worked very hard at them. We killed sufficient to alarm those that were left, and to give them to understand that if they meant to save their lives they must be off as quick as possible, for there would be no peace for them in covert. If you ask me which has been the most happy period of my life, I unhesitatingly answer, the last fortnight in October in that season. We had no large noisy Fields to bother and confuse us; we became acquainted with the men, and their different halloos; we found out which of our own number was to be trusted, and which not. Our venerable Governor was frequently present to keep all steady, and we felt, what all

hounds ought to feel, that when we found a fox, if there was anything of a scent, and anything like luck, he was sure to die. We had killed eighteen brace of cubs and one old dog fox, when the month of November arrived that was to put a new face upon our transaction altogether. There was one tragical event that had a great effect upon us youngsters. A young hound called Random, who, although he had attended all the drills where we had been awed from hare and deer, whenever he got a chance at a hare in the middle of the covert could not resist having a shy at her. Although he had been severely punished, if he thought the Whips could not get at him he would persist in his riot. The old hounds reasoned with him, and told him the consequence if he persisted, but the scent of a hare was so grateful to him he could not resist it. Towards the latter end of October, the Earl heard him one morning making more noise than usual; and, seeing that he would not stop for a rate, said, "That puppy is incorrigible, put him away." As he was a fine light-hearted handsome hound he was a great favorite with L—t (as indeed he was with all of us), who said, "I think, My Lord, after another trial or two we shall cure him."—"He ought to have been cured before now; if he is not removed, he will make many others as bad as himself, and you know I detest a noisy hound. I wish them all to be so strict that if *any* hound speaks in covert, you shall be able to swear *that's* a fox, and cheer him. What are you four or five fellows kept for but to bring out a perfect pack of fox-hounds? and that you will never do if you keep even for a short time in your kennel such a noisy wretch. I have told you repeatedly, and I tell you again, that there is no vice in a hound so dangerous and contagious as babbling!" There was no appeal against this mandate, and when we arrived at the kennel the boiler came in, putting a rope round poor Random's neck, led him out for execution. Poor fellow! his fate cast a gloom over the whole kennel, and made a deep impression on us youngsters. The old ones lectured us severely upon being attentive and obedient to those who are put in authority over us. We were spared one misery, that of *seeing* the end of him, for we have not yet arrived at that callosity of feeling that you human brutes have, which induces thousands of you to travel miles to see a poor devil suffer the last penalty of the law.

At length (continued Forester) the third day of November arrived, and with it the first fixture for regular hunting. The men turned out in new coats, and mounted on very different horses we had been accustomed to, gave us young ones an idea we were in for something particular. The old ones, as we were jogging along, said, "Now, young gentlemen, mind what you are about to-day; you will see a Field that will astonish you; and if you are not as quick as lightning, you will have twenty horses go over you, and very few bones in your skin but will be broken." I cannot just now recollect the name of the covert, but we met on a hill a short distance from it, and what a sight burst upon our view! At least 250 men, splendidly attired and mounted on the most beautiful horses in the world, gave an indescribable grandeur and sublimity to the scene. We stood trampling with anxiety "like

greyhounds in the slips," till the office was given, and we cantered about a quarter of a mile to a patch of gorse on the same line of hill, and into it we dashed as if it had been only an osier holt. The whimpering in various parts showed there was more than one fox in it. Very soon little Charmer's well-known squeak, backed up by Dreadnought's thundering roar, fetched a cheer from L—t that brought all the watches out of the pockets: "five minutes past eleven" was the remark. We ran two or three rings round it, and there was evidently a leash on foot. "Now, Gentlemen," said the Colonel, "be kind enough to move away from this side, or we shall probably chop one of these, and we cannot afford to lose one in this fine country." He was obeyed, and obeyed he will be, and ought to be. About two minutes after, out came a fine lengthy fox, as bright and as cleanly as if just let out of a band-box, with a brush two feet long, and a tag at the end white as the driven snow. As he went with it borne above his back, and his head up, lashing down the field, "Oh, what a fine fellow!" was the general exclamation. L—t "viewed" him, and, blowing away, waited till he had with him about two-thirds of us. He then cantered up to the line, when, oh horrible! we all flashed over it. One or two of the old ones touched it, flew back, and took it up, and speaking to it, we soon joined them, and now to our grief we found we had a very bad scent. He held on to the bottom hedge, where he saw him go through; we carried it into the next unstained field, but could not, although so near him, get on: we were obliged to stop and feel for it. The Earl, seeing this, cantered up to L—t, and said, "it is now very evident the hounds can do nothing; they have had a good chance and a fair trial: let us see what *you* can do." When he got to the top of the hill, he threw his strong eye forward, which would embrace a whole parish, and seeing a hat up a mile forward, took out his horn, and, as we were off our noses, flew with us to the signal, we were told under the hedge-side, to the top of the hill, whence looking forward, he saw some bullocks evidently hunting him, and the sheep in the next field running. He ventured on a bold spec, and, as he was going, said to William, "I hit beyond the sheep, get forward as fast as you can on the other side of the covert he is pointing for, and as soon as he comes out crack your whip and head him short back up the wind; then come to the corner of the covert, and hold your cap up: I'll look out for you, and when I hold mine up to you, get back as fast as you can, and hold him in." When we got beyond the sheep, we hit it, and found it improving; carried it rather slowly over two or three fields pointing for the covert, when round the corner came William, up went his cap, and up went L—t's in reply. As he knew better than to make a noise up wind of him, he capped us on to the other side, when William sung out about ten yards to the right of the gate; we were soon there, and telling George to go to the upper side and not let him go away, he found the scent every minute improving. 'Now, my boy,' says L—t, "we will give you a twenty minutes owelling that shall open your pores and mouth too;" and we did

press him most unmercifully. "Mind you don't change, L—t," said the Earl.—"No fear of that, My Lord; they were pheasant-shooting here yesterday."

The day had altered much for the better, and I do not know whenever I enjoyed a scent more. L—t, viewing him over a rack way pretty well blown, touched his cap to the Colonel, and said, "I think, Sir, we may now venture to let him go: he has been running the outside of the covert lately, evidently wishing to get away, and if he finds he cannot do so, he will pop into some of these rabbit-holes." He went to the upper end of the covert, and motioning the Field away, left him an opening, of which, when he came round again, he gladly availed himself, and out he came; but how different from the proud and lofty bearing with which he left the gorse! L—t "viewed" him away; exclaimed, "Now, young gentleman, you will not be in quite such a hurry: I mean to be with you." As we had been running so hard in covert, we were getting rather chokey: the old ones said, "Keep on, we shall have the Smite in another field or two, where we can get a cooling plunge." We did so; and a farmer having turned him up wind, we did shove him along for thirty minutes most cruelly. The Colonel, who made for a bridge over a brook, said to George, "What are those crows nobbing of? Keep your eye forward over the barley stubble." He did so, and presently exclaimed, "Tallyho! he is going over the corner of it."—"Then go on; you have got the wind of them, and halloo them forward to it. L—t cannot get over there." The hounds flew to the "halloo," and going to it struck the line, which the Colonel perceiving, cried out, "Hold hard, George! They have got it; let them alone now." We pressed him forward to some thick hedgerows and little spinnies, which he began to thread, and running short, L—t viewed him at the top, but prudently held his tongue, as the old ones were pressing and threading the covert after him, and quite near enough. At that moment, a violent screaming and hallooing burst out behind us. "Let them alone," said the Earl; "never mind that noise; they cannot be on better terms."

William now came up with four couples of hounds; "What was all that noise behind?" said the Earl.—"A Fresh fox, My Lord, and I have stopped and brought back the hounds that were at him. Pray, My Lord, send L—t to stop the Field, and don't let them get up wind of this, for if they head him back on their foil, and another fox up, we shall be halloo'd to that, and lose ours." We drove him through all the little coverts till he came to the last, from which he was obliged to fly, and came out at the top in view of us all, and ran round the corner of some farm-buildings, where, when L—t came, he stopped, and stopped the Field. As we were high on our mettle, of course we flashed forward enough; but L—t, seeing that his pilots would not have it, stood perfectly still, when old Richmond came back, and hit it up a low fagot stack, and, creeping up, he plunged his head into a hollow part of it, and dragged him out by the neck. When we had eaten him, the Earl said, "L—t, you know it is my plan, when you do not act alto-

gether to my mind, to reprove you in private; and as I always wish to give honor to whom honor is due, I think it right to applaud you in public whenever you make any display of genius. I must do you the justice to say, that I have seldom seen a fox more satisfactorily killed than this to-day. While the scent was bad, and your fox evidently getting away from you, you pressed on your hounds, and kept near enough to avail yourself of any favorable circumstance: you displayed a sound judgment in sending William forward to hold him in the covert; and although in general I dislike bullying a fox, and killing him in a manner unbecoming a Sportsman, yet a strong fox, with so many chances in his favor, would have run you out of scent. Fortunately there was a better scent in covert than out, and you badgered him long enough to reduce him, if I may use such a term, to your own weight. You then let him out, and his going up wind was a lucky turn in your favor. On that I congratulate you, and I always rejoice to see a huntsman have such a chance, for if they did not now and then, I don't know who would be a huntsman, as, Heaven knows, they have difficulties enough to encounter. When you viewed him several times in the hedge-rows, you did not take your hounds off their noses, or lift them to him, and you found they kept much nearer to him than if you had got their heads up: but what delighted me more than all was, when you viewed him round the barn corner, you went there, and *no further*. You saw my old favorites would not believe it was forward: you waited patiently till they came back, and the result was a glorious finish. To mark my high opinion of your conduct on that occasion, I present you with the horse you have ridden cub-hunting, of which you will have no difficulty in making £20." L—t, pulling off his cap, very respectfully thanked His Lordship, and turned his head towards home.

Some of the Field asked His Lordship, as it was only two o'clock, if he would not try for another? "Certainly not," said he; "I have a duty to perform to my hounds: they have killed this fox well, and they will go home satisfied. We have been in luck with this, and may not be so with another, and it will undo all we have done; neither will I forego the gratifying reflection on all our proceedings by risking another, besides we are twelve miles from our kennel."

"You will admit then," said I, "that one of our tribe at least has displayed something like a little common sense."—"And that," said he, "may be attributed to the excellent education he had received under our worthy Master. Had he done, as many foolish huntsmen would have done, galloped on round the farm, followed by the whole Field, he would have got our heads up, and prevented us by the crowd from trying back, and our fox would have lain snug among the fagots, laughing at us. He prudently went no further than where he saw him *last*; and the reason the Field obeyed him was, we had, on some previous occasions, when the Field had pressed upon us and improperly interfered, been sent home, and as no individual chooses to bear the odium of a whole

Field for spoiling the day's sport, rather than risk it, they pulled up. If Masters would now and then send the hounds home, it would be a great check on the hasty ones."

"I admire," said I, "the candor of the Earl in giving L—the whole credit of killing his fox: for I have seen some Masters who always take the credit of killing to themselves, and throw the blame of losing him on the huntsman, who in his turn throws it on one friend, who throws it again on another, till the fox is lost, and nobody to blame. I have always remarked, if you meet men returning from hunting, and you put the usual question, 'What sport?' the answer invariably is, 'a very pretty thing, but *they lost him*;' or, 'a very good forty minutes, and *we killed him*.' It is always, *they lost him*, or *we killed him*, and perhaps *we* had as much to do with it as the two flies on a stage-coach, who said to each other, 'Lord what a dust *we* do kick up!' Although, like yourself, I have a most contemptible opinion of the human understanding, yet I have occasionally met with instances of such quickness and acumen that have excited my admiration. I remember to have read an anecdote of Sergeant Vaughan, with which I was particularly struck, and which, with all your fastidiousness, I think you must applaud. Whenever the Sergeant went the Circuit, as often as he could he rode on the outside of the stage-coach. Being once on a journey to Chelmsford, as usual on the outside, the coach stopped and took up a very respectable looking man, who also got up outside and seated himself by the side of the Sergeant, who with a sort of American curiosity asked him where he was going?—'Why, Sir,' said he, 'I am going upon a very unfortunate business: my brother, a very industrious man, keeps an inn at Chelmsford, and, about three months ago, three Gentlemen came down by one of the coaches. After they had breakfasted, they sent for my brother into the room, and told him they had come down to buy corn at the market which was held on that day, but (said they) if we all go into the market as buyers, we think it will make the sellers shy. We have therefore agreed, that this Gentleman, pointing to one, shall buy for us all. We, therefore, place in your hands £250 each, with this injunction, that you will not part with it until all three of us come to demand it, and you had better call in the waiter to witness that you have received it. They then left apparently for the market: shortly after one ran back, and said, that they had altered their minds, and that each was going to buy on his own account, 'so I will thank you for the money,' which he very foolishly gave him, and he bolted with it. The other two have brought an action against him for the £250 each which they deposited with him, and, poor fellow! it has almost driven him out of his senses, for everybody tells him he must pay it.'—'Well,' said the Sergeant, 'send your brother to my lodgings: I am Sergeant Vaughan.' He went, and stated his case as narrated. 'When is it set down for trial?'—'To-morrow,' was the reply.—'Well, let it come on, and perhaps you will get better out of it than you expect.' The case came on; the men swore positively to having placed the money with him, and to the injunction they

gave him, and which was supported by the testimony of the waiter. As the defendant was much esteemed in the town, a general gloom pervaded the Court, as there appeared no doubt but he must pay the £500; when the Sergeant rose, and said, 'My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury, we admit that all the witnesses have sworn is perfectly correct, and you perceive I did not cross-examine any of them.' Then looking at the plaintiffs, 'you have sworn that we were not to give up the money till all three came to demand it,' and taking a great silk purse, which he had purposely crammed for the occasion, and placing it on the table, said, 'there is the money; now where is your *third* man?' The whole Court rose, and clapping their hands, laughed at the two swindlers who had brought the action, and who had all the costs to pay."

THISTLEWHIPPER.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for March, 1844.

ENGLISH RACING STATISTICS.

THE Messrs. Weatherby, in their Book Calendar for 1843, just published, give the following very interesting tables:—

TABLE I.

Showing the amount run for in Great Britain in the undermentioned years. The winner's stake is included in all the sweepstakes and in the matches run.

. The public money comprises the Royal and other Plates, and the money added to sweepstakes. To this head properly belong the contributions by gentlemen who are not proprietors of race horses, in the shape of subscriptions to stakes in the counties in which they are connected, and to the great handicaps, but in the following Tables these could not conveniently be separated from stakes in general. The amount of such contributions may be estimated at not less than £4,000 per annum, on an average of the last three years.

Years.	Stakes.	Matches.		Public Money.	Total.
		Run.	Forfeits.		
1762	£22,500	£26,160	£1,320	£11,460	£61,440
1767	19,030	28,130	3,000	13,330	63,490
1772	33,310	103,030	9,580	14,730	160,650
1777	59,290	53,520	6,780	16,800	136,390
1782	44,200	43,160	7,680	14,060	109,100
1787	35,940	39,410	4,160	14,910	94,420
1792	59,010	40,580	4,830	14,250	118,670
1797	27,550	18,260	3,380	13,920	63,110
1802	25,590	30,040	1,410	14,740	71,780
1807	45,090	48,470	5,580	16,810	115,950
1812	81,110	35,260	5,270	19,320	140,960
1817	77,840	19,140	1,980	16,710	115,670
1822	83,920	20,100	2,270	20,760	127,050
1827	107,490	20,900	4,000	26,180	158,570
1832	118,500	25,850	2,830	29,860	177,040
1837	113,870	15,000	2,220	38,110	169,200
1842	125,520	20,350	2,440	34,600	182,910
1843	137,870	23,240	3,820	34,060	188,990

TABLE II.

Showing the number of places of sport, and the number of races of different kinds which have been run in the undermentioned years.

Years.	Places of Sport.	Sweep- stakes.	Plates.	Matches.		Total Number of Races.
				Run.	Forfeits.	
1762	76	38	205	49	7	261
1767	91	47	250	59	21	377
1772	100	81	280	170	63	494
1777	97	141	299	145	63	648
1782	88	107	263	148	62	580
1787	87	111	260	175	56	602
1792	81	146	257	179	59	641
1797	76	148	248	111	36	543
1802	83	157	259	93	28	537
1807	85	263	269	182	68	782
1812	97	347	294	136	57	834
1817	88	359	253	78	31	721
1822	106	482	268	105	28	883
1827	126	676	272	85	46	1,079
1832	117	723	269	144	46	1,182
1837	138	757	269	87	28	1,141
1842	141	832	210	73	31	1,146
1843	136	897	191	86	44	1,218

TABLE III.

Showing the number of horses of different ages that have run in the undermentioned years.

Years.	Two Years.	Three Years.	Four Years.	Five and Upwards.	Total.
1797	48	161	122	262	593
1802	31	117	108	280	536
1807	33	230	148	280	691
1812	55	324	183	254	821
1817	78	309	174	239	800
1822	112	285	194	387	988
1827	142	361	210	453	1166
1832	200	395	267	407	1239
1837	215	326	210	462	1213
1843	213	384	236	456	1289

The following interesting statistical information respecting the time in which the St. Leger has been run as far as can be ascertained, is published by "Vates," in the London "Era":—

THE TIME IN WHICH THE ST. LEGER HAS BEEN RUN, AS FAR AS CAN BE ASCERTAINED

Years.	Time.	Years.	Time.	Years.	Time.
1810	3:30	1824	3:29	1837	3:23
1812	3:31	1825	3:23½	1838	3:17
1818	3:15	1826	3:25	1840	3:20
1819	3:18	1827	3:24	1841	3:22
1820	3:26	1833	3:38	1842	3:19
1822	3:26	1835	3:20	1843	3:25
1823	3:23½	1836	3:20		

Notes of the Month.

M A Y .

New York Jockey Club.—At a meeting of the Club convened at this office on the 18th ultimo, the following new rules and regulations were unanimously adopted:—

Residents of the city of New York and Long Island will not be admitted within the enclosed space without paying \$20 per annum. Non-Residents will enjoy all the privileges of the course upon the payment of \$5 each meeting. Members of the Club (whose annual subscription is \$50,) and those paying \$20 per annum, will be admitted to every race coming off over the course during the year. The Ladies' Stand will be reserved exclusively for Members of the Club, their families, and Invited Guests. No person will be permitted to dine with the Club unless invited and introduced by a member. The price of admission upon the Grand Stand (covered) \$1—to the Stand and Course, 50 cts. Field Stand, 25 cts.

Louisville Spring Races—We learn from the "Daily Dime" of the 8th ultimo, that Heusohn and Greer's stable, with Consol Jr. at its head, had arrived at the Oakland Course from New Orleans. The stables of Messrs. Kirkman, Kenner, Bingaman, Duplantier, etc. were daily expected. A match for \$1000 a side, between the stables of Messrs. Greer and Duplantier, is to come off during the ensuing meeting, which commences on the 3d of June.

New Jockey Club in Louisiana.—We learn with great pleasure, from the Baton Rouge "Gazette," that a meeting of the most influential and wealthy planters in that parish was recently convened in that city for the formation of a Jockey Club. Here is the Secretary's report:—

A meeting of a large number of citizens, favorable to the formation of a Jockey Club in the Parish of East Baton Rouge, in the vicinity of the city of Baton Rouge, was held on the 22d March, 1844. On motion,

Doct. B. F. Harney was called to the chair, and Capt. O. Cross was appointed Secretary.

Whereupon on motion, it was resolved—

That the President appoint a committee of three, to obtain subscriptions for the Jockey Club, in the vicinity of Baton Rouge, for the Parish of East Baton Rouge, two for the Parish of West Baton Rouge, and two for the Parish of Iberville.

The following gentlemen were then appointed on said committee. Messrs. Sosthene Allain, J. B. Kleinpeter, and J. J. Odom, for East Baton Rouge. J. McCalop, V. Leblanc, for West Baton Rouge. Col. J. Robertson and David Chambers for Iberville.

Resolved—That those who shall subscribe and pay annually the sum of twenty dollars or upwards, be considered members of said Club, and that they meet at a time to be hereafter designated in the public papers for the purpose of adopting rules and regulations, for the government of the Club.

Resolved—That those who subscribe and pay annually, the sum of ten dollars, be admitted to the course during the meeting of the association free of charge, and that the principles set forth in the above resolutions be embodied in the programme of the several subscription lists.

Resolved—That the Editors of the Baton Rouge Gazette and Democratic Advocate, be requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting.

O. CROSS, Secretary.

B. F. HARNEY, President.

WILLIS GAYLORD, Esq., the senior editor of "The Cultivator," at Albany, died last week greatly regretted.

Sweepstakes of the Louisiana Association.—Several highly interesting stakes have been recently opened by the Association to come off within the ensuing three years, some of which promises to rival any stakes made up in the country for a long time. The "Grymes Stake," especially, has filled with nominations of the most fashionable blood in the Union. It is to come off in the Spring of 1846, with colts and fillies foaled in '42; there are twenty-three nominations; subscription \$300 each, \$100 ft., Two mile heats. The stake is named for the Hon. JOHN R. GRYMES, the able and efficient President of the N. O. Jockey Club. The first subscriber is the Hon. BALLIE PEYTON, who nominates the

Chesnut Filly by *Eclipse*, out of *Trifle* by *Sir Charles!* and
Chesnut Colt by *Boston*, out of *Atalanta* by *Industry!*

There's stock for you! With such tools it is no wonder our Louisiana friends cut it into the thirties, every pop! In the same stake VAN LEER names a brother to *Reel*, and a brother to *Peytona!* Capt. MINOR nominates an own brother to *Sarah Bladen*, an own sister to *Grey Eagle*, and fillies by *Glencoe* and *Pacific*, out of the renowned *Betsey Malone* and *Britannia!* DUNCAN F. KENNER nominates a sister to *Giantess*, and a sister to *Bude-Light!* Maj. RAGLAND fillies by *Othello* and *Eclipse*, out of the dams of *Sartin* and *Mary Thomas!* The produce of *Picayune*, *Angora*, *Susan Yandell*, *Fanny Wright*, *Hibernia*, *Wax-Light*, *Taglioni*, and others, by *Leviathan*, *Glencoe*, &c., are also in nomination in "the Grymes Stake."

In another stake, for 3 yr. olds in '45, Three mile heats, MESSRS. KENNER & BOSWELL name *Ha'penny* by *Birmingham*, out of *Picayune* by *Medoc*, while Col. BINGAMAN names *La Bacchanté* by *Imp. Glencoe*, out of *Tachechara*. These gentlemen have an inside stake of \$1000, on their respective nominations.

In other stakes we see nominated a half-brother to *Ambassador*—an own sister to *Thornhill*—an own brother to *Peytona*—an own sister to *Grey Eagle*—an own brother to *Dart*, etc. etc.

Several of these fine stakes are still open, as will be seen by reference to an advertisement in the "Spirit." Nominations are to be addressed to Mr. THOS. E. LEEFE, the Secretary of the La. Association, New Orleans.

New Orleans Races.—They do contrive to "pile up the agony" at New Orleans, in the way of *time*, in a manner ranging from *amazon* to *onkimmon!* No matter whether the horses are untried or not—no matter how many start—no matter whether the weather is entirely favorable or not, yet day after day, the horses "pop it into the thirties" just "like falling off a log!" Young things that were scarcely heard of before, we see making time that would be creditable in the highest degree to *Fashion* or *Boston*—*provided the same weights* were carried! The performances of *Post Boy*, *Grey Eagle*, *Trifle*, *Andrewetta*, *Lady Cliffden*, *Monarch*, *Bascombe*, and others, "the cracks of the day" of a few years since, sink into perfect insignificance, *on paper*, when compared with those made by the 3 and 4 yr. olds [!] at New Orleans! Look at each report and it will be seen that not one horse only makes remarkable time in each race, but all the field run well up, a horse being rarely distanced no matter how fast the time may be! For example, look at the result of each day's race at this meeting:—

Four mile heats are run in 7:36½—7:42. Four start—none distanced.
Three mile heats are run in 5:40½—5:36. Three start—none dist.
Two mile heats are run in 3:43½—3:42½. Five start—one dist.
Mile heats are run in 1:51½—1:51. Five start—one dist.
Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in 1:47—1:48—1:46½—1:47—1:47. Four start—none dist.

Are *all* the horses running at New Orleans better than the choice of the very best ever bred in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi, to say nothing of New York and New Jersey? They may think so at New Orleans, but people elsewhere don't believe a word of it! Indeed, the breeders and turfmen of other States do not accord to horses running at New Orleans a title of the reputation they really merit! They look upon the system there, of running four year old colts in March and April with 86lbs. on their backs (thereby throwing off *eighteen pounds!*) as a regular hum-

bug! Horses might as well run stark naked there for all the credit they get in making fast time. We are sorry to say so, but such is the fact, as very many South-western turfmen well know, and if the owners of horses there would consult their own interests, they would immediately change their system of weights.

DEATH OF JOHN BOARDMAN, ESQ.

It is with poignant regret that we learn by a note from the postmaster at Holly Springs, Miss., of the recent demise of one of our most gifted correspondents. Mr. B. removed to Mississippi a year or more since, from Huntsville, Ala., where he was connected with his brother, E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq., in breeding stock for the Turf. Mr. B., both before and after his visit to England, was a frequent and most acceptable correspondent on the subjects to which his latter years have been almost exclusively devoted. Few have written so well on the different strains of English blood, and of the systems of training and racing pursued in that country. Over the signature of "B." (though he occasionally adopted others) he has, until within the last few months, been a constant contributor to these columns since 1836. His great practical experience and familiar acquaintance with the pedigrees and characteristics of different families of horses in England, as well as in this country, made his communications peculiarly valuable. He had the happy faculty of making himself understood by readers of all classes, and his essays were remarkable for their force, originality and good sense. In his last letter to us he spoke of his feeble health, but said that should not prevent him from keeping up his correspondence with the "Spirit;" the perplexities and cares consequent upon establishing himself on a new plantation in Mississippi, were manifold, yet he hoped, in a short period, to be so settled, as to indulge in those congenial pursuits which had occupied so much of his valuable time and attention. Mr. B., like his brother, was a native of this State (or of Connecticut), and was educated here. Early in life, with several other enterprising young men, (including JOHN CONALLY, Esq., a native of Pennsylvania, the breeder of John Bascombe and other good ones,) they established themselves in North Alabama, near Huntsville, where they "won golden opinions from all sorts of people," by their industry, probity, and the faithful discharge of their public and private duties. The contributions of Mr. B. to the Sporting Literature of the day will vie with the most valuable and interesting essays in the language. A great number of his essays on breeding, training, and kindred topics, have been adopted by our English contemporaries, while they have contributed in an eminent degree to the usefulness and interest of the "Spirit" and the "Turf Register." Mr. B. leaves behind him a wide circle of friends to regret his loss, which is emphatically one of no ordinary character. To his surviving brother and other relatives we beg to tender the assurance of our sincerest sympathy under this bereavement.

GEORGE W. CHEATHAM, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn., a breeder and turfman of celebrity, died lately in that city, very suddenly. Ambassador won the great Alabama Stake as his nomination. His decease will awaken much sensibility at the present moment, from his connection with the turf and its interests. He was greatly esteemed, and his memory will be respected and cherished.

Another Shining Light Gone Out!—We have omitted to notice until now, the recent demise of the Hon. GABRIEL DUVAL, of Prince George's County, Maryland, in the 93d year of his age. This venerable man had been a member of the House of Representatives, Comptroller of the Treasury under Jefferson, and for nearly a quarter of a century associated with Chief Justice Marshall on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. For more than half a century Judge D. was connected with the Turf, and few gentlemen in the country were more familiar with "the old Maryland blood," and that of "the Olden Time." Within a few years he has done us the honor to address several communications to the "Spirit," on these subjects.

JOHN FORD, the celebrated Jockey—(he rode Grey Medoc in his race with Altorf and Demizen)—is no more! He was in the employment of the Brothers KIRKMAN at the period of his death. TOM MOONEY, also, a rider of

scarce less repute also died lately in the South. We learn these facts from a Louisville correspondent.

SALE OF THE LATE MR. JACKSON'S STUD.

A draft from the extensive breeding stud of the late JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Florence, Ala. was sold at auction by his executors, on the 12th March, at New Orleans. The following returns of the sale are given in the "Picayune:"—

YEARLINGS.

No. 1—Gr. c., brother to Reel and Cracovienne, was sold to Mr. Hopkins, for.....	\$700
No. 2—Ch. c., brother to Peytona, was sold to Mr. Hopkins for.....	760
No. 3—Ch. c., by Imp. Glencoe, out of Taglioni by Imp. Leviathan, g. d. Susan Hull by Timoleon, g. g. d. Harriet by Sir Archy, g. g. g. d. by Roanoke, the dam of Sir Charles and Mercury, was sold to Mr. Duplantier, for	210
No. 4—B. c., by Imp. Glencoe, out of Harriet by Sir Archy, g. d. by Roanoke, g. g. d. (the dam of Sir Charles), was sold to Mr. Adrien Frere, for	220
No. 5—B. c., by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Refugee by Wanderer—grandam the Orville mare bred by the Duke of Queensbury in 1809—g. g. dam the Alexander mare, dam of Selim and Rubens, was sold to Mr. Minor, for	170
No. 6—Ch. f., by Imp. Glencoe, out of Gas-light by Imp. Leviathan,—Pigeon by Pacolet—Imp. mare by Waxey, was sold to Mr. Hiddleston, for	300

THREE YEAR OLDS.

No. 7—Ch. f., by Imp. Glencoe, out of Extant by Imp. Leviathan, g. d. Imp. Refugee, was sold to Dr. Mercer, for.....	170
No. 8—B. c., by Pacific, out of an Imp. mare by Trevisias, g. d. by Haphazard—Precipitate—Calebri—Camilla—Coquette, was sold to Gen. Lewis, for	200

FOUR YEAR OLDS.

No. 9—B. g., by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, was sold to Mr. J. W. Slack, for.....	150
No. 10—Gr. g., by Imp. Fop, out of Lisinska by Imp. Leviathan, was sold to Mr. Guernon for.....	205
No. 11—Ch. f. by Imp. St. Giles, dam by Imp. Leviathan (sister to Taglioni), was sold to Dr. Mercer for.....	155

We learn that some of the above are already nominated in the great "Grymes Stake," being just now of the proper age.

J. B. CARTER, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn., has purchased from Dr. JOHN SHELBY a fine Belshazzar colt, 4 yrs. old, for \$500, for which he claims the name of *Bledsoe*.

Col. METCALFE, of Louisville, Ky., in connection with ex Governor POINDEXTER, is going largely into the business of breeding thorough-bred stock. They have already a large number of fashionably bred brood mares.

Bonnets o' Blue foaled on the night of the 12th March, a brown colt (about Mariner's color,) by Shadow. He is a colt of fine size and shape, and is named *Lofty*. *Bonnets o' Blue* is now with John Blount on Long Island.

Wagner's colts in Tennessee and Kentucky are acknowledged to be as promising as those of any horse in either State. He remains another season at Gallatin, in the hands of Maj. WYLLIE.

Priam, the sire of so many winners, is to stand this season near Nashville, Tenn., at \$50. He formerly stood at \$150. He is now under the patronage of Gen. W. M. G. HARDING.

Maj. Geo. A. Wyllie, of Gallatin, Tenn., claims the name of *Vete Bush* for a 2 yr. old b. c. by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Leviathan.

Col. METCALFE and Gov. POINDEXTER claim the name of *Little John*, for their b. c. by Hickory John, dam by Imp. Truffle, 4 yrs.; also that of *Oakland Belle*, for their b. f. by Birmingham, dam by Brimmer, 3 yrs. old

The Racing Calendar.

LOUISIANA ASSOCIATION SPRING RACES.

ECLIPSE COURSE.

We are indebted to the editors of the "Picayune" for the annexed report of the second meeting of the Louisiana Association, which commenced on Wednesday, the 6th March. We quote:—

The races commenced yesterday, and we grieve to say, under auspices most unfavorable, so far as the weather was concerned. It rained during the night previous, but not violently. On the morning of the race, there was something like a prospect of a change, but before noon it turned into raining again, and Heaven knows when it's going to stop. Nevertheless there was a good number of amateurs on the ground, and the sport amply repaid them. We feel bound to introduce the following brief report of the results of the running, with an acknowledgment of the manner in which Mr. Leefe had prepared the stands and the course itself for the meeting of the Association. Everything connected therewith gave indication of the most untiring application, and we feel assured that the Association could not have employed a more competent agent.

The sport was made up of two sweepstakes. To the first there were four subscribers, and each nomination came to the post. Mr. Duplantier named old "Dan Tucker," and for once we can positively assert that that venerable and most respectable gentleman was *not* "too late to come to supper." Yet he was not the favorite; Reverie, a filly by Imp. Ainderby, had the call in the betting. Little money, however, was laid out any way. The only incident worth attending to in the race was the start for the second heat, when Monk was so exceedingly anxious to obtain a good place that it took a long while for them to get away. The President of the Association was determined that no advantage should be gained, and the start was what you may call "pretty fair, considerin'." The result of the race may be found in the summary.

In the second stake, to which there were but three subscribers, one paid forfeit, thus reducing the race to a match between Pat. Gallwey and Consol Jr. Before the start, the first named was the favorite most decidedly. We heard two to one repeatedly offered and declined—so much had Pat's great race on the Louisiana Course astounded all. We have full notes of the running, but we shall probably do as much justice to the colts and all parties concerned by saying, in brief, that Consol Jr. won pretty handily. Pat. Gallwey cannot run with him in the mud, supposing Pat. to have been right yesterday. Neither colt, however, was quite up to the mark. The only interesting point in the race was the struggle down the back stretch in the second heat. For a quarter of a mile they ran dead locked—'twas "pull Dick, pull Devil," but the Consol proved the stouter, and won in hand. The following summary best tells the story:—

WEDNESDAY, March 6, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, (age taken from 1st May.) colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs, at \$50 each, h. ft., with \$50 added by the Association. Mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's ch. c. <i>Daniel Tucker</i> , by Imp. Belshazzar, d. by Pulaski. <i>Monk.</i>	1	1
Linnæus Coch's br. f. <i>Ellen Walker</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Plenty by Emitus	4	2
John H. French's br. f. <i>Reverie</i> , by Imp. Ainderby, out of Betty Martin by Giles Scroggins	3	3
W. S. Tyson's (A Lecomte & Co.'s) b. f. <i>Laura</i> , by Tarquin, out of Sarah by Imp. Sarpedon	2	4
Time, 1:57½—1:56.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Heinsohn & Greer's br. c. <i>Consol Junior</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Boardman's Imp. Filho da Puta mare	1	1
Duncan F. Kenner's ch. c. <i>Patrick H. Gallwey</i> , by Imp. Jordan, d. by Shakspeare	2	2
John H. French's b. f. <i>Ann Hays</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific	pd.	ft.
Time, 3:58—4:03. Course heavy.		

In consequence of the excessive inclemency of the weather, the races have been postponed until Friday, but we have little expectation of seeing them re-

commence before three or four days. Of course they will be duly announced in our columns.

SECOND DAY.

As well as we could judge, the knowing ones were rather taken aback by the result of to-day's race. It will be recollected that there were five entries for the purse, namely, Sally Shannon, Norma, Narine, Susan Hill, and Red Oak. Of these we should think Susan Hill was first, and Sally Shannon second favorite. The betting was light, however, none being so adventurous as to back any named nag even against the field. We have but a few words to say of the race, but we should, perhaps, commence by saying that the weather was most delightful, and that, although the course was heavy in the morning, it was rather improving until nightfall.

Norma won the first heat in the race very much at her ease, although she did not take the lead till they had gone about a mile and a quarter. Up to that point Susan Hill had led, unless in the first quarter, and she was very generally booked as a winner. Norma passed her handily, however, and then the aim seemed to be who should be the last. This distinction was awarded to Narine, but the order in which all but Norma were placed depended upon the comparative strength of the jockeys in pulling up. The time of the heat was 4:02.

In the second heat, after a deal of trouble to make a start, they got off, and Narine made the running for a mile and a half, or thereabouts, when Sally Shannon challenged her. The bay filly was speedily shaken off, but renewed the struggle in coming home. She was beaten off at length, however, although she looked vastly like a winner inside the draw-gates. The others just dropped in, the time of the heat being 3:54.

There was so little money bet, that it would be idle to say how the odds were after the second heat. Both Sally and Susan had friends, however, who never dreamed of giving in. There is no use of describing the heat. After running something more than a mile, Norma, who had been in a nice place in the rear, challenged for the lead, won it, and came home a winner in 3:50—remarkably fine time for the state of the course. The following summary best shows the result of the race, so far as the others are concerned:—

SATURDAY, March 9—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, (dating from 1st of May), 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. <i>Norma</i> , by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty by Blacklock, 4 yrs	<i>French</i> .	1	3	1
Sewell T. Taylor's b. f. <i>Sally Shannon</i> , by Woodpecker—Darnley's dam, 4 yrs ..		4	2	2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. <i>Red Oak</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs ..		3	5	3
Jas. Kirkman's (Thos. Kirkman's) ch. m. <i>Susan Hill</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Susan Hill by Timoleon, 5 yrs		2	4	4
Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. <i>Narine</i> , by Imp. Jordan, out of Louisianaise, 3 yrs ..		5	1	5
Time, 4:02—3:54—3:50. Course rather heavy.				

THIRD DAY.

There were three entries for to-day's race. Peytona won in two heats without any great difficulty. The track was in much better order than one would have supposed from the late rains. Many sporting men were on the field; in fact, it was altogether a very fine race. We give the following summary:—

THIRD DAY, March 10—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Thos. Kirkman's ch. f. <i>Peytona</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess by Imp. Levathan, 4 yrs		1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. c. <i>Ruffin</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archy, 3 yrs		2	2
Duncan F. Kenner's gr. f. <i>Blue Bonnet</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 3 yrs		3	3
Time, 5:50—5:54½.			

MONDAY, March 11, 1844.—Match, \$400 a side, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Lin. Coch's b. c. <i>Hardened Sinner</i> , by Imp. Philip, dam by Bluster, 4 yrs	<i>Ford</i> .	1	1
W. S. Tyson's (A. Lecomte & Co.'s) b. f. <i>Laura</i> , by Tarquin, out of Sarah by Imp Sarpedon, 3 yrs		2	2
Time, 1:55—1:58. Won handily.			

SAME DAY—Second Race.—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Sewell T. Taylor's b. f. <i>Sally Shannon</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam, 3 yrs	<i>Monk</i> .	2	1	1
Duncan F. Kenner's ch. c. <i>Pat. H. Galwey</i> , by Imp. Jordan, dam by Shakspeare, 3 yrs		1	2	2
Jas. Kirkman's (Thos. Kirkman's) gr. f. <i>Cracoviennne</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Gallopade, 4 yrs		3	dist.	
Time, 8:04—7:56½—8.15.				

We need not occupy our readers with a long description of the races of yesterday. The match for \$400 a side was won handily, and attracted little attention. The race at Four mile heats was another affair. The betting commenced at 100 to 50, and at last increased to 100 to 40, and even 30 on the grey filly against the field. Between Pat. Gallwey and Sally Shannon, the former was the favorite. Cracovienne went off with the lead, followed at a considerable interval by Pat, Sally Shannon trailing. In this order, varying only so far as to increase or diminish the distances between the different entries, they ran out three miles, Pat being then well up to the favorite. He then set to work, and as they went into straight running on the back stretch, he passed Cracovienne, and had the rest of the heat all his own way, each of the fillies pulling up as soon as they had passed the draw-gates. Cracovienne had been observed to falter in running the last mile, and in consequence Pat became first favorite at odds.

The second heat was most gallantly contested between the favorite and Sally Shannon, the former, however, watching the grey so closely as to allow Sally to open a considerable gap upon him. He went to work upon entering the last mile of the heat, and came and came again, rushing at the bay like a trump as he is, but she beat him with something in hand, while Cracovienne was pulled up nearly half a mile from the stand, and it was subsequently discovered that she had let down in her near fore leg.

Though the betting was now nearly even between the other two, Pat had rather the call, in consequence of the recollection of his great race on the Louisiana Course, where he made the best Three mile time ever ran in America. They went off beautifully for the third heat, and ran well together for two miles, Pat appearing, however, to have the advantage of the filly. Upon entering the third mile Sally tackled him again, and again seemed to be beaten off, though with difficulty; but at about the half-mile post in this same third mile, the colt "caved in," and thence out the bay filly had the race her own way, the last mile being run in 2:17—quite the slowest in the race.

We should state that the course was by no means fast; in many places it was decidedly heavy. The attendance was altogether respectable, and a large number of ladies graced the stand by their presence.

TUESDAY, March 12—Jockey Club Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Duncan F. Kenner's ch. m <i>Aduella</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of <i>Giantess</i> by Imp. Leviathan, 5 yrs.....	<i>ChiseVem.</i>	1	1	1
Hon. Balie Peyton's (J. G. Shegog's) b. f. <i>Ann Hays</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs.....		2	2	2
S. T. Taylor's (Linnæus Coch's) b. c. <i>Vagrant</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga, 4 yrs.....		4	4	3
N. Abram's (B. Davis's) br. c. <i>Little Trick</i> , by Imp. Tranby—Diamond, 4 yrs....		3	3	4

Time, 1:51½—1:51—1:51½.

Aduella was the favorite, and won the first two heats quite handily. In the third, *Ann Hays* put her up to everything she could do, and had they had much further to go, might have beaten her. But it should be stated that a good deal had been taken from the mare in an effort to distance one of the colts in the first heat.

NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB SPRING RACES.

COL. OLIVER'S METAIRIE COURSE.

The "Picayune" informs us that Col. Y. N. OLIVER expended several hundred dollars in improving this superb course before the meeting commenced, (on the 13th March.) The beautiful shell road, too, on the bank of the canal—the principal approach to the course, save by railroad—has been fenced, so that there is less danger of a wet jacket than before. "Every body knows," saith the "Pic.," that "hitherto, notwithstanding all the precautions which have been taken to avoid accidents, there have been more than a few capsize into the canal, which lies in a proximity too nice for young gentlemen who prefer an early entrance into town to the security of their own persons. But we grieve to say that this same class of youth are the best supporters of the Sports of the Turf, and that their pleasures in such matters should be consulted in preference to the opinion of more elderly turfmen. But we do not see how even their fun can conflict with the prospect of sport."

The following gentlemen comprise the officers of the Club, connected with the Metairie Course :—

HON. BALIE PEYTON, President.	
Col. Wm. Christy,	M. Rowzan, Esq.
Col. A. L. Bingaman,	Wm. H. Avery, Esq.
James Kirkman, Esq., Secretary.	Vice Presidents.

FIRST DAY.

Quite to our disappointment, it rained yesterday, (Tuesday, 12th March,) with great violence, so that the prospect of sport on the Metairie Course was very considerably marred. Nevertheless, "the racing men"—those who stake their money on the various "events"—turned out in good style, and there was quite an array of amateurs on the stands. We had no idea before we reached the Course how admirably Mr. Oliver had laid out his money in improving it. He has levelled it off, cut ditches, made culverts—in fact done every thing that ingenuity could suggest or liberal outlay execute—to put the Metairie in tip-top order. It was indeed a surprise to find it in the state we did, with such a torrent of rain pouring down.

As to the sport itself we have little to say. Of the seventeen nominations to the stake but three came to the post, namely :—Col. Bingaman's *Corporal Casey*, an own brother to Capt. McHeath; Capt. Minor's Doncaster colt *Dart*, and Mr. Kenner's Birmingham filly—called Elizabeth *something*. Each nomination had sanguine friends, who backed their judgment, and each owner appeared to think his own a trump. The doubts of all were very *speedily* set at rest by Capt. Minor's *Dart* winning in two heats, and in time which we deem most extraordinary. Before they had gone a half of a mile in the first heat, it was apparent that *Dart* had it all his own way, and as they entered the quarter stretch coming home, his jockey was ordered to "go along" with the view of ending the race by a single heat.—French, however, took a pull on the colt when he got inside the gate, and so shut out only *Corporal Casey*.

The time of the heat was 1:50—most extraordinary, in our opinion, as it had rained all the morning.

The heat was scarcely over before it began, to use a common expression, "raining pitchforks" and "pouring cats and dogs," so that before they started in the second heat, the course was one sheet of water. Capt. Minor was shrewd enough to introduce his colt to the honors of the club; in other words he took him into the basement of the Judge's stand, while Elizabeth *something* was biding the "pitiless pelting" of the rain outside. The second heat was run while a shower was pouring, and won in a style much like the first, in 1:55—a most notable performance in our opinion. We would state, however, that Mr. Kenner's nomination carried eight pounds over her appropriate weight. We subjoin a summary :—

WEDNESDAY, March 13, 1844—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds (*dating their age from 1st of May*). Seventeen subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's b. c. <i>Dart</i> , by Doncaster, out of Jane Grey by Orphan Boy...	1 1
Duncan F. Kenner's b. f. <i>Elizabeth</i> , by Birmingham, out of Picayune by Medoc ...	2 2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. <i>Corporal Casey</i> , own brother to Captain McHeath ...	dist.

Time, 1:50—1:55.

SECOND DAY.

There would have been no race yesterday but for the fact, we presume, that the engagement entered into by the two parties concerned was of such a nature that it could not be postponed without the consent of both parties. We had no gallant of seeing any race at all, but drove down to the course like the most gallant pioneer of a "forlorn hope," and we were repaid for our pains.

In Turf parlance, the race of yesterday was a "post match," in which Mr. Duplantier and Mr. Greer were to name each the produce of his own mares, for \$1000 a side, half forfeit. The attendance was not numerous, the weather continuing unpropitious. The course was in as good condition as any course can be in this latitude, and with such rains as we have had for some days past. The winner was rather the favorite before starting, and the result proved that the judgment of her backers was correct. The following summary best tells the story :—

THURSDAY, March 14—Post Match for \$1000 a side, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds, bred by their respective owners. Mile heats.
 Wm. P. Greer's br. f. by Tarleton, dam by Tiger..... Enos. 1 1
 Fergus Duplantier's ch. c. by Imp. Jordan..... 2 2
 Time, 2:01—2:02.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE RACES.

The rain poured in such torrents yesterday that it was deemed proper to postpone the races on the Metairie Course. There were five entries, and each one of them had friends so numerous that the attendance was much larger than any one had a right to anticipate. But the course, which was previously very deep in mud, was each moment becoming deeper. Several gentlemen declared that they dared not start their horses, from apprehensions as to the security of the course. The proprietor very properly called a meeting of the members on the ground, Col. Bingham presiding, and Mr. Kirkman acting as Secretary—and they decided, by a majority of two, to request the judges, who alone have authority in such matters, to postpone the races to some day next week. The judges acquiesced, and Wednesday next the sports will recommence with two sweepstakes. Thursday will be the Two mile day, to be followed by the other races in their usual succession. The number of horses upon the ground is so large, and the opportunity thus afforded those which have already ran to recuperate, give us promise of capital sport when the races shall actually commence. Picayune of the 16th inst.

THIRD DAY.

WEDNESDAY, March 20—Sweepstakes for all ages (horses taking their age from 1st May!) 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Six subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 B. Davidson's b. c. *Little Trick*, by Imp. Tranby, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs. *Elijah*. 1 1
 Linnæus Coch's b. c. *Vagrant*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga, 4 yrs. 4 2
 Wm. Tyson's b. f. *Laura*, by Tarquin, out of Sarah by Imp. Sarpedon, 3 yrs. 2 3
 Wm. Baird's b. c. *St. Patrick*, pedigree not given, 3 yrs. 3 4
 J. Kilpatrick's bl. g. *Blind Irishman*, by Eclipse Archy, d. by Mucklejohn, 3 yrs. 5 dist.
 Time, 1:51½—1:51.

The turn out for the race was not very imposing, everybody holding back for Thursday's race. Of the six subscribers to the stake, one paid forfeit. Of the others, the Trustee colt *Vagrant* was decidedly the favorite. There is no necessity for attempting a description of the race. We can say, however, that both heats were very gallantly contested, but were won by *Little Trick* very cleverly. The course was in most admirable order, and the sky clear, but it was blowing "big guns" all day.

FOURTH DAY.

THURSDAY, March 21—Proprietor's Purse \$400, free for all ages, (horses taking their age from 1st May!) weights as on Wednesday. Two mile heats.
 Linnæus Coch's b. f. *Ann Hays*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs. *John Dillahunt*. 1 1
 Fergus Duplantier's ch. c. *Damel Tucker*, by Imp. Belshazzar, d. by Putaski, 3 yrs. 4 2
 Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. f. *Sunbeam*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury, 4 yrs. ... 2 3
 Duncan F. Kenner's gr. f. *Blue Bonnet*, by Imp. Hedglord, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 3 yrs. 3 4
 John F. Miller's b. f. *Bellissima*, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Rattle, 3 yrs. dist.
 First Heat. Second Heat.
 Time of first mile..... 1:51 | Time of first mile..... 1:49
 " " second mile 1:52½ | " " second mile..... 1:53½
 Time of First Heat 3:43½ | Time of Second Heat..... 3:42½

The sport to-day was of the very first order. To our minds, a race of two miles is nearly the finest race you can manage to make. The distance is not too great to allow the horses to run out each mile; it is rarely made a waiting race. We had five entries for the purse—viz.: *Sunbeam*, *Blue Bonnet*, *Ann Hays*, *Daniel Tucker*, and *Bellissima*. Of these, Mr. Kenner's entry, *Blue Bonnet*, was decidedly the favorite, the backers of the field laying only three to two against her, and doing that with reluctance. *Ann Hays* had a good number of staunch backers, and so in fact had *Sunbeam*. It was thought a tolerable bet that *Bellissima* would win one heat, and *Dan Tucker* had friends who would take "long odds" that he would "pop the crowd." 'Twas very easy to find those who would take any two against the field. So much for the betting, which was the most important part of the business, as it was the heaviest betting race altogether, which we have seen for some years. We need only say

further that the course was in the finest possible order, that the attendance was numerous and most respectable, and that there was but one drawback upon the speed of the horses—the high wind which prevailed.

The race itself requires but little description, beautiful as it was. In both heats the horses got away very well together, and throughout the first mile of each heat they ran all in a crowd, the pace being first rate, as the record above will show. But the truth is, that Ann Hays was quite too fast and too stout for the rest of the lot. She won both heats in good style, having to contest the first with Sunbeam, and the second with Dan Tucker. We do not recollect to have seen a mile better contested than was the first in each heat; but in going the next half mile in both, Ann Hays showed her superiority. She took the lead, and the rest could never get well up to her, much less pass her.

FIFTH DAY.

Another capital Race! Three Mile Heats run in 5:40½—5:36!

FRIDAY, March 22—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions and weights as before, (horses dating their age from 1st May!) Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. c. <i>Ruffin</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of the Duchess of Marlborough (Luda's dam) by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	1	1
John F. Miller's (Jas. Porter's) ch. f. <i>Berenice</i> , by Imp. Skylark, out of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Linnæus Coch's b. f. <i>Sally Shannon</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs.....	3	3

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>	
Time of first mile.....	1:53	Time of first mile.....	1:51
“ “ second mile.....	1:53	“ “ second mile.....	1:50
“ “ third mile.....	1:54½	“ “ third mile.....	1:55
Time of First Heat.....	5:40½	Time of Second Heat.....	5:36

We have so often recorded what was the *then* “best race ever run in America,” that we fear our readers may cease to put trust in us; yet we cannot but consider that *Ruffin's* race, which we are about to describe, is the best at three mile heats ever run in the United States. The circumstances which lead us to this conclusion we proceed to give.

There were three entries for the three mile purse, as our readers will recollect, namely—*Berenice*, *Ruffin*, and *Sally Shannon*. From their previous performances, the last two alone were thought to have any chance for the money, *Ruffin* being decidedly the favorite. They had previously met at Natchez, where *Ruffin* beat *Sally handily*, as the race was described to us. The evening prior to this race the backers of *Ruffin* were able to lay out their money at even against the field. On the morning of the race the odds on him fell to 3 to 2, and then 2 to 1 were bet upon him. This bait was too rich for the fielders, and they rushed to take it with such eagerness that the odds fell back to 3 to 2, at about which the horses started. Even money was offered that *Ruffin* won in two “straight” heats, and 3 to 2 were laid that *Sally* won if the heats were broken. The betting was very general and spirited, and in some cases very heavy.

The race itself requires but little description. The only difficulty about it was to induce *Ruffin* to start. He was plunging about “in every which way,” *Monk* very patiently laboring to bring him into line. When the drum was tapped in both heats he was behind, but he sprang off for the lead as though *Old Nick* were after him, and he soon had the inside, and with *Monk* hauling upon him with all his strength, he could not be restricted until he had gone two miles and a half, when his opponents were thoroughly beaten off.

In the first heat he was so far ahead in entering the quarter stretch that *Monk* was ordered to take him up, and the jockey had nearly succeeded in his purpose, when the sable jockey on *Berenice*, seeing a chance inside the draw-gates, made a rush at the colt, and came within an ace of stealing the heat. Had they had fifteen feet further to go, it would have been awarded to the filly. But this was a slip of *Monk* only. In the second heat they had not gone beyond a mile and a half before *Sally* was out of her distance, and *Berenice* very far behind. The colt moved along most sweetly in hand, but with a killing stride which would beat the stoutest. Before the last half mile was run no one thought of him; all the interest was engrossed by the two fillies, between whom there was much betting for the second place. After *Ruffin* had passed

the stand, an easy winner in 5:36, the two fillies came brushing down the stretch in very gallant fashion, and the judges awarded the second place in the race to Berenice by eighteen inches only.

And now let us say why we think this race the best at three mile heats ever run in America. In the first place, the time is unexampled; in the next, it was blowing almost a gale during all the time of the race. Although the course was in perfect order, the lowest time marked in our presence for the heat was 5:40½, and yet Ruffin was expected to run it as fast as any colt that ever showed here. His trainer declared before the start, we learn, that but for the high wind he could run one heat in 5:33. We took the opinions of the most experienced trainers on the ground, and they assured us before the race that they thought the violence of the wind equal to a second or a second and a half in the mile; and, to conclude, Ruffin was pulled from end to end in each heat. He ran at a very steady rate throughout, and at the head of the quarter stretch in the last mile of each heat, trainer and stable boys vied with each other in urging Monk to pull the colt up. It would be impertinent in us to say what time he *could* have made; but from the style in which Ruffin came in—never extended once after the first quarter, and pulled and hauled, and yawed about all the way, instead of being urged—we do sincerely believe that there was that in him which would have beaten his present performance much further than that beat all preceding ones. And now were we right in anticipating that we should have a race that would frighten the Northerners for time?

SIXTH DAY.

Another Immense Race! Four Mile Heats in 7:36½—7:42!

SATURDAY, March 23—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions and weights as before. (Horses dating their age from 1st May!) Four mile heats.

Linnaeus Coch's b. f. *Ann Hays*, pedigree before, 3 yrs *John Dillahunt*. 1 1
 Capt. Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. *Norma*, by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty by Blacklock, 4 yrs 3 2
 Heinsohn & Greer's br. c. *Consol Jr.*, by Imp. Consol, d. by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs. 2 dist.

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>	
Time of first mile.....	1:55	Time of first mile.....	1:57
“ “ second mile.....	1:52	“ “ second mile.....	1:54
“ “ third mile.....	1:53	“ “ third mile.....	1:52
“ “ fourth mile.....	1:56½	“ “ fourth mile.....	1:59
Time of First Heat.....	7:36½	Time of Second Heat.....	7:42

The race was in every aspect an exceedingly fine one. The issue was deemed extremely doubtful by the most sagacious turfmen; each of the three entries had strong backers; the speed at which it was run was much better than the most sanguine had anticipated, and—what always makes a race most satisfactory—“the fielders” were for once right.

The entries were *Norma*, *Consol Jr.*, and *Ann Hays*. Of these *Consol Jr.*, had decidedly the call in the betting, which was very general. Commencing at even on him, the odds rose to 3 to 2, and at length to 2 to 1, but before the start they receded to 3 to 2 again, or even further. The reliance of “the fielders” was undoubtedly *Norma*, and yet *Ann Hays* had friends from her very fine performances two days previous.

There was a good deal of speculation as to time, and in every quarter they were getting up lotteries, marking time and the like. The slowest time we saw marked was 7:44, and the fastest 7:37, and between these two points there was a great number of speculators anxious to operate. The course was in consummate good order, and the wind which had prevailed with such violence for some days, lulled before the start. We may add to these preliminary details, that the attendance was altogether respectable and numerous. And now for the race, upon which we have no occasion to detain our readers to any great extent.

In the first heat *Ann Hays* took up the running in making the first turn. She placed herself in a good position, and without forcing the pace, went along at a firm steady rate, with the other two trailing and watching each other—*Norma* being behind. Thus they ran out the first, the second and third miles, the only point of interest being the slight variations in the relative positions of *Norma* and *Consol Jr.* They once or twice exchanged places within the three miles, but in passing the stand at the end of each of them the colt was a little

ahead. Upon entering the back stretch in the fourth mile, Consol Jr., made his run in earnest to beat Ann Hays. Near the half mile post he caught and passed her, and his backers yelled and shouted. In turning the semicircle leading into the straight run home, Ann went up to him, and the first moment we could judge of their relative positions, Ann was leading; and she maintained her lead steadily and gallantly, beating Consol Jr. home a length, under all the persuasion which could be urged upon him. The time of the heat was 7:36½—most admirable time for a three year old to make. We should add, that Norma gave up running early in the last mile, finding that the other two were disposed to contest the heat.

After this heat, the betting opened at 3 to 2 on Ann Hays against the field, but when men had reflected more on Consol's condition, 2 to 1 were offered on Ann;—it was deemed that Consol had no chance. The second heat needs no description. Ann took the lead at an early stage, and she was never caught in the heat, which she ran out in 7:42, with a great deal to spare. The contest was between the other two, but that in fact was no contest after three miles and a quarter—Consol Jr. by that time was dead beat. There was a beautiful brush between him and Norma in running down the back stretch of the third mile. She beat him however, and thenceforward there was no interest in the race, for Norma was unable to get to Ann Hays—who will now probably be allowed to dispute with *Ruffin* and *Pat Galway* the title to being the best three year old of 1843.

SEVENTH DAY.

LAST DAY, March 24—Proprietor's Purse \$250, conditions and weights as before. (Horses dating their age from 1st May!) Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. <i>Sunbeam</i> , pedigree before, 3 yrs	<i>Robin</i> .	3	3	1	1	1
Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. <i>Narine</i> , by Imp. Jordan—Louisianaise, 3 yrs ..		2	2	3	3	2
Duncan F. Kenner's ch. m. <i>Aduella</i> (own sister to Peytona), by Imp. Glencoe, out of <i>Giantess</i> by Imp. Leviathan, 5 yrs		1	1	4	2	3
Linnæus Coch's b. c. <i>Hardened Sinner</i> , by Imp. Philip, d. by Bluster, 4 yrs.		4	4	2	4	4
Time, 1:47—1:48—1:46½—1:47—1:47.						

We have again to record the best race at mile heats we ever knew to be run in the United States. We have been anticipated by our contemporaries who publish on Monday morning, but we can say one word, nevertheless, of the race. Of the four entries, *Aduella* was decidedly the favorite against the field, and at odds. The principal betting was whether she would win the first three heats, and 2 to 1 was laid freely that she did not. She appeared to win her first two heats very handily, but in making the first turn in the third heat, she ran against the inside fence in endeavoring to go past, and she hit her jockey's knee so severely against a post that he could not stand firmly in his stirrups afterwards. Whether this had any effect upon the result the knowing ones must say. *Sunbeam* appeared to us to win pretty cleverly. The attendance was immense.

In a subsequent paper, the "Picayune" indulges in the following speculations:—

It will be recollected that *Sunbeam* won a race on the Metairie Course on the 24th inst. in the extraordinary time of 1:47—1:48—1:46½—1:47—1:47. Seeing a calculation made elsewhere, has suggested us to make one on these data. The aggregate time of *Sunbeam's* third and fourth heats is 3:33½—the aggregate of her last three miles, 5:20; and the aggregate of the last four miles (as well as of the first four), 7:08½. The reader, recollecting that the best four mile heat ever run in America was 7:32½, will think, perhaps, that distance as well as pace "will tell."

Yes, and it strikes us that *weight*, likewise, "will tell."

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match for \$500, h. f. Mile heats.

S. T. Taylor's ch. c. <i>Gen. Du Buys</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Voltaire, 3 yrs..	0	1	1
B. Davidson's b. f. <i>Garter</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Trumpator, 3 yrs	0	2	2
Time, 1:49—1:52—1:55.			

SAVANNAH (Ga.) SPRING RACES.

OGLETHORPE COURSE.

We are indebted to our friends of the "Republican" and the "Georgian" for the annexed report of these races, which commenced on Tuesday, the 19th March. The stables in attendance were numerous, the course in good order, and the weather fine.

TUESDAY, March 19, 1844—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.

W. Chisholm's b. g. <i>John Watson</i> , by John Dawson, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. McAlp n's b. c. <i>Bill Gordon</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Y. S. Pickard's b. m. <i>Lucy Long</i> by John Richards, dam by Diomed, 5 yrs.....	3	3
Col. G. Edmonson's ch. c. <i>Morgan</i> , by John Bascombe, dam by Crusader, 4 yrs....	4	4

Time, 3:57—3:54.

The day was delightful, and the course in fine order. John Watson was the favorite against the field for the first heat, and a shade of favoritism flitted between each of the other nags for the race. At the appointed time, each horse appeared giving by their appearance additional confidence to their backers. The tap sounds and off they go. John Watson having the track, Bill Gordon next, bay filly next, and the sorrel outside; it is a fine start. Not more than fifty yards is run before Bill Gordon takes the track, followed close by Watson, and trailed by the filly and sorrel. This position they maintain until the last quarter of the first mile, when Watson brushes, takes the lead by about ten yards, which he maintains throughout the heat. Bill Gordon second, sorrel third, and filly fourth. Time—3:57.

Second Heat.—The horses all cooled off well. Backers were found for each nag and no odds given. At the signal, off they go, having pretty much the same positions as in the first heat. Whip and spur were freely used on all but John Watson, who appeared to have it all his own way. The first mile was run at a killing pace, but no alteration in position. On the second mile the Sorrel and Miss Lucy picked up a little and were evidently striving their best for the heat. Nose touched tail, making a perfect string, and so they ran for three quarters of a mile. On the last quarter they scattered, Watson and Bill Gordon leading; the thing was now out, the heat being evidently Watson's, the only fear being that the Sorrel and Miss Lucy would not save their distance. When lo! and behold they passed the stand all in a heap. Watson atill first, Bill Gordon second, Miss Lucy third, and Sorrel fourth. How the Sorrel and Miss Lucy got there no one could tell, but there they were, and the universal remark was, "if they were to run another heat there would be no telling which was which." Time—3:54.

WEDNESDAY, March 20—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.

A. Bell's ch. f. by Penoyer, out of Sally McGraw.....	1	1
W. H. Holmes' gr. c. <i>Blacklock</i> , by Tom Tunstall, dam by Falstaff.....	3	2
F. Latine's ch. c. <i>John Crowell</i> , by John Bascombe, dam by Gallatin.....	2	dist.
Geo. A. Reed's ch. c. <i>Thunderbolt</i> , by Wm. Gibbons, dam by Fire Fly.....	pd.	ft.

Time, 1:55—1:56.

Previous to starting, Blacklock was the favorite for the first heat, and several offers were made on him and accepted; the sorrel filly had her friends also, who knew her speed, and the betting was principally between these two.

1st Heat.—The horses were brought to the string in good order, and at the tap they were off, Crowell in the lead, Blacklock second; they had not, however, proceeded more than one hundred yards before Blacklock and Crowell changed positions—the latter was then passed by the filly, who took the lead before they reached the quarter stretch and kept it to the end of the race, winning the heat by about half a length from Crowell, who made a beautiful brush. Time—1:55.

The backers of Blacklock now began to hedge, finding the sorrel filly too much for him. The filly became the favorite against the field, and in some instances at odds. They all cooled off well, and after the lapse of the usual time, were brought to the string for the

2d Heat.—They got off well together, Crowell again in the lead, but half the distance was not accomplished before he had to yield to the filly—when they reached the quarter stretch, the filly was still in the lead, Blacklock second. From this point the contest was animated between the last named horses, and

the whip and spur were freely applied to Blacklock, but to no purpose, for the filly came in about a length ahead. Crowell was shut out—more the fault of the boy than horse, as he was taken up too early. Time 1:56.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes. Three subs. at \$— each. Mile heats.

Col. H. McAlpin's b. c. <i>Crockett</i> , by Crockett	3	1	1
W. H. Holmes' ch. h. <i>Robert Rowton</i> , by Imp. Rowton	2	2	2
W. Chisholm's ch. m. <i>Ella</i> , by Young Virginian, dam by Harwood	1	3	3

Time, 1:53—1:59—2:01.

This was an interesting race, and created much excitement in the crowd. There were three entries, viz: Mr. McAlpin's *Crockett*, Mr. Holmes' *Robert Rowton*, and Mr. Chisholm's *Ella*. *Ella* was the favorite for the first heat, which she took, after a severe struggle with *Rowton*, in 1:53, *Crockett* just dropping within the distance stand. The second heat was contested by *Crockett* and *Rowton*, *Ella* having lost the start, apparently not running for it. It was won by *Crockett*—time 1:59. *Crockett* now became the favorite, as *Ella* was thought to have no chance for the race, and the backers of *Ella* began to hedge, but to do so, had to put out a good bait, the knowing ones freely giving two to one, *Crockett* against the field.—They got a fair start, *Crockett* in the lead, which he kept to the end of the heat, *Rowton* second. Time 2:01.

In justice to *Ella*, we would state that she was entered with no expectation of winning, but merely to make up the race.

THURSDAY, March 21—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Jas. Williamson's br. h. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs	1	1
Col. G. Edmonson's ch. m. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, aged ..	3	2
Col. H. McAlpin's ch. m. <i>Ruby</i> , by Duke of Wellington, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs ..	2	dist

Time, 4:04—3:58.

This race created much interest. *Brown Stout* was the favorite at odds against the field—*Mary Elizabeth* second choice.

First Heat—At the signal, the horses were brought to the string *Mary Elizabeth* had the track, *Brown Stout* second. At the tap they were off in a slow gallop, which was continued for about half a mile, when *Ruby* shot ahead, closely followed by *Brown Stout*, *Mary* apparently not making much effort for the heat. At the coming out of the first mile *Brown Stout* was in the lead, *Ruby* second; the pace now quickened, and they went to work in earnest, and when half round *Mary* took the running in hand, and soon closed the gap between herself and *Ruby*; but she could not overtake *Brown Stout*, and he came in winner by about two lengths—*Mary* drawing up after passing the distance stand and allowing *Ruby* to come out second at the string. Time 4:04.

After the heat, it was generally thought to be an open and shut game, and bets of fifty to ten, and in that proportion, were offered and taken, *Brown Stout* against the field. The horses cooled off well, *Mary* looked as fresh as when she first entered, and after the usual time allotted for rubbing down they were again called up for the

Second heat.—This was a beautiful heat, and it has been a long time since we have seen one in which more interest was felt. The knowing ones had been piling up their fives to one on *Brown Stout*, and *Mary* and *Ruby* had the wishes of the crowd on their side. At the tap they were off, *Ruby* in the lead, *Brown Stout* second. The start was a good one, and they went off at the right pace, keeping in a huddle during the first mile—on entering the quarter stretch they were in line, and rattling it off like quarter horses—on they came, *Brown Stout*'s head just beyond *Mary*'s, and *Mary*'s just beyond *Ruby*'s. After the first mile was accomplished, however, *Ruby* began to fall off; not so with *Mary*—she stuck to the horse like a leech, and before the half mile post was reached she passed him; every one now thought she had the heat, as the rider of *Brown Stout* applied both whip and spur freely, and he was observed to fling up his tail several times on the back stretch. *Mary*, however, kept her distance until they reached the quarter stretch, when all were on tip-toe to witness the struggle—steel and whip were again applied to *Brown Stout*, and his tail was again at work—on they came, the horse gradually gaining until they reached the distance stand, when they were look and lock, the rider of *Brown Stout* still applying the whip and spur lustily until they reached the string, when he came in winner about half a length; *Ruby* shut out. Time 3:58. *Ruby* was amis when brought on the turf.

After the main race, an interesting sweepstake was run by saddle horses, which was won by Mr. Bell's horse in 1:58.

FRIDAY, March 22—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Col. G. Edmonson's (Capt. Donald Rowe's) b. f. *Sally Morgan*, by Imp. Emancipation, out of Lady Morgan, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Col. James Williamson's b. h. *Eutaw*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs..... 2 2
 Col. H. McAlpin's ch. c. *Bill Gordon*, pedigree before, 4 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 5:56—6:00.

The "Georgian" states that "this was the most interesting race of the week. The horses were well known, two of them being winners, at the same distance, more than once. Previous to the start, the betting ran pretty much in favor of Eutaw against Sally Morgan, and in a number of instances odds were given in his favor. Bill Gordon was put in merely for the purpose of making sport, and with no expectation of winning the purse.

First Heat.—The horses were stripped and brought to the stand; Sally drew the track, Gordon second. At the tap they were off at a slow pace, Eutaw in the lead, Sally second; before reaching the half mile post Bill Gordon began to let out, his rider being unable to hold him in, and he took the lead without much opposition, Eutaw and Sally lying close up to him; they kept this position for the first mile, but before half the second was accomplished the pace quickened and Eutaw took the lead, closely followed by Sally—the struggle between these two was beautiful when they reached the quarter stretch on the second mile; for about two hundred yards it was nose to hip, and so they continued until they reached the back stretch, when Eutaw made a desperate push, and succeeded in locking Sally, and for about three hundred yards it was impossible to decide which horse was ahead—both hard at work; after passing the half-mile post on the third mile, however, the mare gradually dropped Eutaw, and without further struggle for the heat she took it by about two lengths—Bill Gordon distanced. Time 5:56—the last mile was run in 1:55.

A number were disappointed with the result of this heat. The friends of Eutaw began to lose confidence, and some few went in for hedging, but it was no go, for the only horse that bets could be made on was Sally, and odds were now offered on her. Both horses cooled off well, and were brought to the stand as fresh as ever for the

Second Heat.—The first was acknowledged by all to be a beautiful heat, but we never saw a better contested one than the second. At the tap they were off, Eutaw in the lead, at moderate speed, Sally well up and waiting. In this position they kept for the first mile and three quarters, but when they entered the quarter stretch, Sally commenced closing her distance until within a neck of Eutaw; on they came, with full stride, but without any change in position until they had passed the Judges' stand, when Sally caught up with her opponent, and for about half a mile it was the most beautiful contest we ever witnessed—nose and nose it was, and the riders could not have walked them and kept as steady a position; Eutaw strove hard to take the track before reaching the quarter stretch, but it was not in him; as long as he kept in his place Sally appeared satisfied—every effort made by him to pass her proved of no avail, and when they entered on the quarter, she gradually gave him the slip, inch by inch, until they reached the Judges' stand, when she came out winner by about a length and a half. Time, 6:00.

SATURDAY, March 23—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Col. Jas. Williamson's ch. f. *Taglioni*, by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs 1 1 1
 Col. G. Edmonson's ch. m. *Mary Elizabeth*, pedigree above, aged..... 2 2 2
 Time, 1:57—1:56—1:54.

This race, says the "Georgian," created some little interest; Taglioni was known to be a good one at mile heats, and Mary Elizabeth from one mile to three. Notwithstanding the weather was unfavorable for field sports, the attendance was good.

First Heat.—Taglioni drew the track, and at the tap they got off well together, Taglioni in the lead, which she kept to the end of the heat, winning by about three lengths. Time, 1:57.

Second Heat.—This was but a repetition of the first. It was obvious to all that Mary's weight was too much for her to carry with any expectation of competing with Taglioni. They were off again, Taglioni in the lead, which she kept, coming out about the same distance ahead. Time, 1:56.

Third Heat.—Both horses cooled off well, and neither showed the least distress, notwithstanding the course was heavy, and the running up to the top of their speed. Taglioni again took the lead, and came out an easy winner by about the same distance. Time, 1:54.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Four subs. at \$— each. Mile heats.

Col. H. McAlpin's b. h. <i>Crockett</i> , pedigree before, 5 yrs.....	1	4	1
A. Bell's b. h. <i>Billy Gay</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Director, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2
W. H. Holmes' gr. c. <i>Blacklock</i> , pedigree before, 3 yrs.....	3	1	3
Y. S. Pickaid's b. m. <i>Lucy Long</i> , pedigree before, 5 yrs.....	4	3	4
Time, 1:58—1:58—1:53½.			

After the main race [we quote again from our friend of the "Georgian,"] an interesting sweepstake came off, for which there were four entries—Mr. Pickard's *Lucy Long*, Mr. Bell's *Billy Gay*, Mr. Holmes' *Blacklock*, Mr. Young's *Jane Tunstall*; but before the start *Jane* was withdrawn, and Col. McAlpin's *Crockett* substituted in her place, by the consent of all parties. This race created more excitement than any race during the week. Each horse had his friends, but the betting was principally that *Blacklock* would take a heat, and *Billy Gay* win the money. But few seemed to give *Crockett* a thought, and as for *Miss Lucy*, from her previous race, it was thought she would take her time in this, which she did. In a number of instances *Billy* was taken against the field; he is a strong, powerful horse, and well suited for the state the turf was in on Saturday, and withal is a horse of speed—but on this occasion he was no match for our little favorite *Crockett*, who gathers too quick for *Bill*, and some how or other jumps just about as far.

First Heat.—The horses were brought to the string in good order; there was, however, some little difficulty in getting a start, which is generally the case in mile heats, for every inch then counts. After one or two attempts they got off, *Crockett* in the lead, *Blacklock* second, *Lucy* third. They went off at a smashing rate, and before reaching the half mile post *Billy* succeeded in passing *Lucy* and *Blacklock*, but he could not overtake *Crockett*; on entering the stretch he succeeded in placing his head about *Crockett's* haunches, and in that position the latter kept him, coming in winner, after a hard struggle, by about half a length. Time, 1:58.

Second Heat.—*Crockett* now became the favorite, as it was evident to all that he had the heels of *Billy*—as regards his bottom, no one doubted it. *Blacklock's* friends still stuck to him, and were willing to renew their first bet that he would take a heat. *Billy's* friends were not so sanguine, but still some few were found to back him for the purse. They all cooled off well, and were brought to the string in good order—the drum is tapped, and away they go all in a huddle, *Lucy* in the lead, *Blacklock* second, *Billy* third; but half the distance was not accomplished before *Blacklock* changed positions with *Miss Lucy*, as did also *Billy*, *Crockett* laying back. In this position they kept to the end of the mile, *Blacklock* taking the heat with ease. Time, 1:58.

Third Heat.—All parties were now in the woods, and betting run every way—some backed their judgment on *Blacklock*, and some on *Crockett*—while some few were still willing to bet on *Billy* if odds were given. They got a good start this time, *Lucy* in the lead, *Crockett* second, and they went off at a rapid pace. *Crockett* soon passed *Lucy*; she was then passed by *Blacklock*, and also by *Billy*, so that when they were half round *Crockett* was in the lead, *Blacklock* second, *Billy* third, and *Lucy* fourth. The contest from this point was between *Crockett* and *Billy*, the latter having passed *Blacklock*, and a beautiful contest it was. *Billy* got within a length of *Crockett* when they reached the quarter stretch, and whip and spur were freely applied, but he could not come it, "no how it could be fixed," for *Crockett* was at his work, and fully under the control of his rider, who kept *Billy* at his distance, and came in about one length ahead. Time, 1:53½.

Thus ended the week's sport over the Oglethorpe Course, and it was one of the best since the organization of the Club.

A M E R I C A N

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

J U N E , 1 8 4 4 .

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

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A PORTRAIT OF MARINER

Was to have accompanied the present number of the "Register," but the artist has disappointed us. It will appear next month, and also an original Portrait of SHADOW. It is due to Mariner (the half brother to Fashion), and to his liberal owner, that ample justice be done to his "counterfeit presentment," so that the engraver has been charged to "take his time," and make it as perfect as possible.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BOSTON, Mass. - - Cambridge Park Trotting Course, 2d Monday, 10th June.
 LOUISVILLE, Ky. - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d June.
 NEW YORK CITY - Union Course, L. I., J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday in June.
 " " " - Beacon Course, N. J., Four mile stake, 2d Tuesday in June.
 " " " - " " " " Trotting Match, \$1000, a side, Ripton v. Confidence in harness, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, 3d Saturday, 15th June.
 NEW ORLEANS, La. Association, Eclipse Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
 RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Sweepstakes, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.

ENGLISH RACES TO COME.

JUNE.		
Ascot - - - - 4	Newton - - - - 12	Bibury Club - - - 19
Whitechurch - - - 5	Hampton - - - - 12	Stockbridge - - - 20
Sutton Park - - - 12	East Surrey - - - 18	Newcastle - - - - 24
JULY.		
Newmarket - - - - 9	Lancaster - - - - 24	Goodwood - - - - 30
Liverpool - - - - 17	Wenlock - - - - 25	Leominster - - - - 31
Tewkesbury - - - 24	Bridgnorth about - 25	
AUGUST.		
Huntingdon - - - - 6	Ripon - - - - - 19	York - - - - - 21
Brighton - - - - 7	Bromsgrove - - - - 20	Stourbridge - - - - 26
Horwich - - - - 7	Hereford - - - - 21	Egham - - - - - 27
Wolverhampton - - 12	Tunbridge Wells - 21	Stockton - - - - - 29
Marlow - - - 13 or 14	Reading - - - - - 21	Chelmsford - not fixed
Lewes - - - - - 14		
SEPTEMBER.		
Warwick - - - - - 3	Doncaster - - - - 16	Walsall - - - - - 25
Abingdon - - - - 10	Brewood - - - - - 23	Lincoln - - - - - 25
Lichfield - - - - 10	Richmond - - - - 25	Liverpool - - - - 27
Leicester - - - - 11		
OCTOBER.		
Newmarket - - - - 1	Wrexham - - - - - 1	Newmarket - - - - 28
Kelso - - - - - 1	Newmarket - - - - 14	Worcester - - - - 31
IRISH RACES TO COME.		
Curragh - - April 23	Heath - - - July 9	Kilcock - - Aug. 13
Tullow - - - May 7	Down Royal Corporation - - - 22	Killarney - - - 13
Castletown Park - 21	Lusk - - - - - 30	Ballyeigh (Kerry) - 21
Curragh - - June 11	Carlow - - - Aug. 6	Curragh - - Sept. 3
Bellewstown - - - 25		Curragh - - Oct. 15

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

ON Monday, the 22d of April, the First Spring Meeting opened with brilliant weather, and company in a concatenation accordingly. The racing began at half-past one with a £50 plate, three last miles of B.C., won by The Brewer, who fainted at the finish: it was an awful journey so early in the year, under a broiling July sun. Following this we had a sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each (4 subs.), left a match to the most amiable and unfortunate brace of Olympians under the stars—the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Glasgow. Well, they ran a dead heat—an indication that Fortune did not know which to treat the worst; but she soon made up her mind, for she broke down the Earl's horse before he could even come to the post, and thus deprived the Duke of the probable possibility of winning a race—he scorned the dirty dross without the glory. Lord Exeter's Meropé beat Example and a filly of Lord Glasgow's (of course), for a filly stakes of 100 sovs. each (5 subs.), and Minatour beat Æsop for a four-year-old stakes, like value (4 subs.); and then we had the 50 sovs. sweepstakes that ought to have brought out Running Rein, and that did bring out Keeley—and prove him worthless. It was won in a field of five, after a decent race by Skeleton, that Running Rein beat twenty yards in the autumn. Still they say he'll go at Epsom, and win—which I'll believe when I've seen it. Lord Glasgow ran a dead heat for a match with the worst mare in Newmarket, and so the day's sport finished.

Tuesday brought down half London, and brought up three-fourths of the provinces to see the crack, and we had the most crowded heath I ever remember. It was a day of burning summer—without a cloud in the sky—but rather gloomy, in the matter of men's brows, towards evening. The sport opened with a couple of indifferent matches, which brought us to the all-important issue of the week—the race for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes. Out of a nomination of twenty-five, but seven came to the post—more than one subscriber throwing away the certainty of winning from fear of The Ugly Buck, who was backed at any odds to be got; from 5 to 10 to 1 on him: this is a fact. I saw him saddle at the R. C. stables, and take his preparatory canter—and felt that his friends were sanguine. Seven mustered for the start, namely, The Ugly Buck, The Devil to Pay, Joe Lovell, Algernon, the Wadastra colt, Elemi, and Dr. Phillipmore; and at the first offer got off admirably—the favorite in front. As soon as they were under way, Sam Rogers came out as hard as he could split with The Devil to Pay—his orders being to sacrifice his horse's chance to find out what the Buck was made of. The Wadastra colt was next, and the others beaten before they reached the bushes—for the lot was a sorry one. Down the fall from the bushes I really thought the Devil was going to win, for he collared the pet, ran head and head with him to the bottom, and once I imagined had caught him. As it was, after a fierce set-to, the

Buck won by a neck, the Devil being subsequently found to be good for nothing. By subsequently, I mean on the following morning. Joe Lovell was a respectable third, for a lame one; the others, being rubbish, where it became them. I do not intend to insist that the Ugly Buck will not run better for the Derby than did Coldrenick; but I'm sure he will not have a better chance of winning. He's a lathy leggy weed, not within two stone of a race-horse, to my estimate. Wee Pet won the Queen's hundred, for mares, the Round Course; and Red Deer the Coffee-Room Stakes, weight for age, beating Voltri and two others; a tolerably flattering trial for a steed weighted *four stone and a half less*, for the Chester Cup. The rich 300 sovs. sweepstakes, for four-year-olds, worth £800, which Cotherstone did not come for, being not quite in form; Minotaur, ridden by James Robinson, quite in his form, won, beating New Brighton. The pair walked very nearly to Choke Jade, and even then were awfully beaten; it's terrible work, your four mile heats, whatever our grandfathers might have thought of it. As the betting is not likely to assume any settled character until towards the close of the meeting, I delay any allusion to it till then.

Wednesday's list was a truly slender one—three poor affairs, not worth, altogether, four hundred pounds. The first was a £50 plate, B.C., a match—I won't, out of compassion, even name the competitors. And next was a veritable T.Y.C. match, in which Oakley gave Pergularia *three stone* and a beating. The last a 50 sovs. sweepstakes, T.M.M., won by Hycarnian, beating I-am-not-aware, and Barbarina. It was a day, in fact, devoted to private business—trials, stable inspections, and such like. It is to be feared the results were not very satisfactory to the owners of racing stock. Probably a worse general lot of horses has not been known for many years at Newmarket. Rattan is the only superior animal in training there, so far as present experience teaches, and the future looks unpromising enough.

Thursday.—Although the attendance to-day was by no means so great as that on Tuesday, there was no lack of evidence that considerable interest attached to the *debüt* of the fillies for the One Thousand Guineas Stakes. The tone of confidence, however, in which The Bee was spoken of by his party, very materially damaged speculation in the town; while on the heath many backed her at a point of odds against the field, though her current price was even with it. How the public is thus gulled is not my affair; that they humbug themselves a hundred times every season is past peradventure. This animal was as dark as if she had only landed from the South Pole that very hour, and yet there were *rouleaus* lavished on her as if she had the previous day beaten Cotherstone a match, giving him half-a-dozen stone over the course. *Apropos* of Cotherstone, he is a little off, but no more; and therefore made Minotaur a present of £800, as shown on Tuesday. The day's sport opened with a brace of matches won by the Duke of Bedford (that Captain Rous is hard to get to windward of in match-making), and a small sweepstakes, and then the

Thousand was on the carpet. It gave us nine at the post, and a race that cheered the drooping crests of the fielders. The favorite never ran a furlong on terms with her horses; was the first beaten, and the last by a score of lengths at the finish. Some said she was hocused—her friends were at all events. The race lay, if race it may be called, between Sister to Martingale, who ought to have won the Column, and Meropé, a likely mare of Lord Exeter's; the former won (pulled to her opponent by the fine artist James Robinson) by a couple of lengths. This filly, if well on the day, and with Robinson on her (he will ride her if he can get off Lord Albemarle's mare), will be hard to beat for the Oaks; she is a very resolute animal, with great stride and good hind quarters; a racer to look at, especially for Epsom. Meropé, too, will be dangerous to stand against. Lord Exeter is running very promisingly this season, and he is as straightforward a sportsman as ever did honor to the British Turf. The exhibition of Cockamaroo for the Ginton Stakes gave another kick down to the hopeful in Scott's lot. Elemi, a little horse of very mean pretensions (though cried up for the Derby for forty-eight hours), ran him to a head, and would have beaten him had they much further to go; the pace, too, was bad. All the three-year-old colts out are bad, except Rattan, whose form is first-rate for the Newmarket courses.

Friday's list contained but two events—the Newmarket Stakes, and a match in which Oakley gave Celia 6lb., T.Y.C. This was the fastest thing I have seen for many a year. It was timed, by the falling of the flag, at *three quarters of a minute*, and as this course is only 84 yards less than three quarters of a mile, it will be seen the performance was not a bad one *for our degenerate race of horses*. Eight went for the Newmarket Stakes, which were won very cleverly by the Duke of Portland's Tragedy colt, bought a few days previously by the Duke of Rutland for £300, without contingencies: no bad bargain. To be sure he is not in the Derby (and if he were he couldn't win it), because the Duke of Portland has not had a horse in that race since he won it in 1819 with 'Tiresias. At that time he was annoyed with certain applications and busy-bodyings about his jockey, which made him come to the resolution to have nothing more to say to Epsom or its "doings." His Grace is the most honorable man alive, and the kindest; his philosophy would put even Sir Isaac Newton's to the blush. He used to be especially fond of scrutinizing his horses in their trials.

Now, it came to pass, that on the occasion of 'Tiresias' being tried, previous to the Derby, as they were saddling him, the Duke got off his hack to examine his points; and when they set off for the gallop, he looked in vain for his hack to cut across to the most interesting point of the trial course, for the groom had gone off with himself and his master's horse to boot, being as sanguine in such matters as his lord. One of the Duke's friends, who saw what had occurred, when the trial was over, cried out, "Oh! caitiff groom, your last hour is at hand—say your prayers: here comes His Grace—you're a dead man." But, when His Grace did come, instead of despatching the wretch's ghost to Hades, he merely

observed, as well as his respiration would let him, "William, it wasn't well done of you to set off in that way—indeed, I may say it was ill-done—*without giving me any notice.*" Now, if that was not philosophy in the superlative, I should like to know what stoicism, or taking it easy may be.

CRAVEN.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for May, 1844.

BENCRAFT'S PATENT SADDLE.

HAS anybody got a great, raw-boned, rough-actioned brute of a horse, that he never mounts without a dread of loosening his teeth, and an inward consciousness that the moment he puts him into a trot, the labor of the last half hour spent on his toilet will be completely nullified—neck-cloth forced out of tye—hat shook down over his ears—and, in fact, the whole man put into the most admired disorder? Is there any man with such a horse? Then send him, lend him, give him to us; we have a saddle, and all we want now is a horse to put it on."

"Why, sir, I have just the sort of horse you describe, which I should be disposed to part with, though I think he would hardly suit you; for, between ourselves, he'd shake every idea out of your head and every bone out of your body; otherwise—"

"Oh! my dear fellow, leave that to us. We'll undertake to ride 'Shake-my-rags' to-morrow morning, with only a plain snaffle in his head, and our new saddle on his back, to Windsor; despatch a beef-steak with 'mine host of the Garter,' and be in town again by six p.m. And as for the fatigue, the stiffness, or the soreness—why we shall be prepared to play Harlequin that same night, against any professional or amateur in London; and that's a bold word too, considering Messrs. Wieland and Cobden are both in strong work."

Has anybody got a fiery, long-striding, raking little devil of a pony, that it's quite a pleasure to see rattling along, but an absolute torture to be upon? If any unfortunate man has such a blessing, and has already worn out his patience and the knees of his breeches in endeavoring to cope with it, let him start with all speed for our office, and we'll not only show him a saddle, but give him—

"Thank'ee, thank'ee, I'm so very much ob—"

But give him all the necessary information, as to where he may procure one like it; and, if he don't like it—pony and saddle, the first time he tries 'em together, he must either be a fellow that there is no pleasing, or his galloway the essence of all that is uncomfortable, and that there is no riding.

Has not "the very best-natured chap in the world," after riding fifteen miles to cover, eighteen miles across country, and eight-and-twenty home again, felt a *leetle* sore as he sat down to dinner,

and shown some slight signs of a loss of temper and *leather*? Is there one in a hundred that has not? And now, then, for the remedy. Buy, beg, borrow, or steal (don't come to that if you can possibly avoid it) one of the new patent saddles, and give it only one fair trial. Well, instead of lying, growling and tumbling, all the evening on a sofa, if you don't volunteer to sit on the highest polished, hardest oak-stool from the entrance hall, and go, game for game, with your two maiden aunts and the family doctor at whist; if you don't, we say, tire 'em out, never try another article on our recommendation; and, what's more, go bang at once to Mr. J. Tilbury, 35, Gloucester-place, New Road, London, and denounce the patent and all belonging to it as a regular swindling concern, with the additional pleasing piece of information that you have instructed your solicitor to commence proceedings for the recovery of your five pound five.

Nimrod, in his celebrated "Q. R." Turf article, says—"Go to Newmarket for a seat;" but we say, go to Mr. Bencraft for a seat and a saddle too—a saddle that you can't help feeling at home in—a saddle built on no selfish one-sided principle: but that benefits your horse equally with yourself. Nay, a saddle that has power sufficient of itself to carry you cleverly over a four-foot wall, when all the jump is taken out of Veteran, and all the jumping powder worked out of his master.

But a truce to joking, in which strain we fear that we may have already gone too far. A trial is all Mr. Bencraft desires; and, from experience, he has good reason for thinking that the first will not be the only saddle of his pattern introduced in an establishment. Of us, however, he needs but little assistance, while he possesses the unqualified and strongest testimonials of approval from many of the highest, oldest, and best sportsmen; amongst others, the late Lord Lynedoch, Lord Fortescue, Lord William Lenox, Mr. Spooner, of the Royal Veterinary College, and Mr. Davis, huntsman to her Majesty's stag hounds; Nimrod, we ourselves heard speak frequently in favor of it.

London Sportsman for April, 1844.

H O R S E - T A M I N G .

Last week I bought a well-bred three-year-old colt, which had, from the day he was foaled, been left entirely to nature and chance, and which was perfectly unacquainted with grooming or handling of any sort; and having a spice of temper into the bargain, was not a very easy one to deal with.

This morning, April 4th, I had him brought into a loose box, and after a good deal of manœuvring and patience, I managed to get hold of a headstall which I had put on him: he backed immediately away from me until he got his quarters into the corner of the stable, and of course was then stationary. I then told my groom

to cover one eye with his hand, and succeeded in covering the other with mine. I own I was rather shy of putting my mouth very near his, as I have a regard for my teeth, which might be in some danger from tossing his head about and struggling to get away. At last, during a lull, I got a chance, and breathed gently in his nostrils: from the very first inspiration which he took of my breath he never moved; and I even took my hand from his halter, and allowed him to stand as he chose. The only movement he ever made during the (perhaps) five minutes that I continued breathing upon him was gently to advance his head as if he enjoyed the sensation: and when we removed our hands from his eyes, he still stood perfectly calm and quiet. I was in hopes to be able to finish the first lesson by catching him again; but at this he rebelled, and I did not choose to tire or worry him; therefore I let him alone for the time, with the intention of renewing the experiment to-morrow.

April 5th.—The colt was again brought into the loose box, and the same process was gone through: he evidently enjoyed the breathing, which was to-day continued for ten minutes, and never stirred during the operation: but he was in the first instance just as unwilling to be caught as yesterday, and, after it was over, again refused his head precisely in the same manner.

April 6th.—The same proceedings with the same results; therefore leaving the breathing-system to those who have more time and clearer wind than myself, the old lunging-rein, mouthing-bit, surcingle, and cavesson of former years have resumed their occupation; and "Outlaw" has had his first lesson in walking along a turnpike road, which he performed very much after the usual manner of all colts who have had the breath of life in their nostrils since the days of Adam.

Here then I close my experiment, and I confess with much disappointment. If I were to proceed constantly in the same method of haltering, coaxing, and breathing, I have no doubt of its ultimate success; but then I think I may fairly expect the same result to arise from the two former modes of rendering a wild colt docile by degrees, without any advantage being gained by the latter. The plan may, and no doubt has succeeded with some. I only give a plain statement of its entire failure with me; and I cannot help thinking that Mr. Catlin, who witnessed the adventure of Beatte taming his wild horse through a telescope, after a chase of two or three miles, was a little too much prejudiced in favor of the breathing or "puff" system, from the recollection of the wonders he had himself achieved in domesticating a bull-calf; and forgot the more cogent arguments of the *lasso*, the fall, the hobbles, the noose under the jaw, and, lastly, the brute courage and long spurs of the Wild Indian. No—Jumper and Sullivan are no more; and until a second Jumper or a Whisperer Redivivus shall re-appear, we have lost the art of breaking a wild colt by a charm.

I am, sir, although no longer boasting the "Tassel" of Cambridge, or the "Scarlet" of the hunting-field, your quondam Correspondent.

A PRETTY OLD HORSEMASTER.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the April Number of the "Turf Register," page 269.

INSTRUCTIONS TO RIDING BOYS.

Instructions to be given by the Training-Groom to half-a-dozen of his lightest and best Riding Boys, such as will have to receive his principal or secret orders, when they are put up to ride horses of a particular description.

Boys, as I have elsewhere observed, are most of them, more or less, tricky; and on no account should they ever be trusted with race horses by themselves, either in or out of the stables. I beg strongly to recommend these precautions being taken by my readers, yet not more strongly than my own early experience has warranted; for I confess that when a boy I have, when opportunities offered, been almost as mischievous as my companions in playing off very dangerous tricks with horses. The best course for the groom to adopt, is, to select for instruction from the number of boys he may have (perhaps fifteen or twenty) half a dozen of the lightest of them, that are the best conducted, best riders, and least inclined to talk. The course of discipline I would recommend is, by mild and civil treatment, progressively to make them acquainted with their duty, so as at last to thoroughly understand such secret or scientific orders as he may have occasion to give them. It is true, that boys should be kept in the dark; but this is not at all times practicable, especially with those that are good riders, as these are often wanted to ride horses under particular circumstances.

A groom should take occasional opportunities of talking to those boys in whom he has often to place confidence, and endeavor to instil into their minds, how necessary it is for them to be secret with regard to what is going on in the training of the horses; and to point out to them the consequences that may arise from their being too communicative with boys of other stables, or, indeed, any persons they may come in contact with in the neighborhood in which they may live, and more particularly with strange persons whom they may meet when they are travelling with their horses on the road. He should talk to them on the subject of such orders as he is aware he shall now and then have to give them, and point out to them the causes and effects of such orders, especially as to how they are to ride some particular horses; and further, he should explain the consequences that may result from their deviating from the orders given them. He should occasionally, when talking to those boys in whom he will often have to place such confidence, mention the very essential parts that a good riding boy

should be well acquainted with ; one of the first of those is, that of his being a good judge of pace, so as to be able to economize the powers of the horse agreeably to the state of his condition, with that of the state and length of the ground over which he may have to ride different horses, so as not to over-mark any of them, but rather to take care to have a little left in them to finish or come home with. It is the severity of the pace that horses go in long lengths that is the cause of their being over-marked, perhaps at a time when they may be a little too fat in their insides, from their having been kept too short of work. Now, it is on such occasions as the above, that the groom should caution his boys, and endeavor to make them acquainted with the different paces, as that of the slow-gallop which the horses take to set them on their legs, and which is had recourse to on hot summer evenings ; and next, the pace termed "half speed ;" then the pace termed "three parts speed."—"You must mind, boys, on no account, ever to increase or decrease from the orders I give you, as to how you are to rate your horses. To find out the different degrees of paces, you must all of you attend to Charles, (the head lad), when he is upon any horse leading a gallop or sweat for you, as you will always hear the orders I give him on those occasions ; and I will take care he shall be up sufficiently often to rate you, till the clearest headed boy among you can distinguish one from another of each of the above-mentioned paces ; whichever of you can first discover this, I shall put up to lead the gallop of a class of horses himself ; and if he is attentive and steady on horseback, I shall put him forward, and let him ride in public some of the light weights."

Again, the groom should point out to them the symptoms of distress that horses will show in going along, should the pace they are going be too fast for them. In speaking to his confidential boys, he says, "If any one of you find that the horse you are riding, from not being in very good condition, cannot keep his place in the string, and should reach out his head as he is going along, as if he wanted more liberty of rein, it denotes he is tiring ; you must instantly take a pull, and hold him together for a little way ; never mind the other horses passing you ; let the horse you ride that may be distressed come quietly on after them. On the other hand, if you act otherwise than I tell you, by persevering in the pace, your horse will soon show further symptoms of distress : he will, to relieve himself, take a heavy sigh, and, in his doing so, you will find he will spread your knees out. You must mind, boys, never to persevere with the pace of any horse you are riding, either in his gallop or sweat, until he becomes so distressed as to cause him to give the sigh I have just mentioned ; if it comes to this with him, he will require a much longer time to be held together to recover his wind, than he would have done in the first instance, when he stretched out his head. Therefore, mind, always take a pull in time, and never let it come to the last-described symptom of distress with any horse. Nor must any of you, on any account, get up your ash plant, even to flourish it over your own head

or that of a hearty horse ; and this more particularly stands good in your riding of young ones, as yearlings or two year olds. The only instance in which you may, now and then, have occasion to raise your plant, is, when any of you may be riding a craving, idle, game sort of horse ; such a horse will not only bear a blow patiently, but will answer to it by increasing his pace ; and it is necessary that such an one should at times be roused in coming along with him, so as to make him keep his place in going on in his sweat, and more particularly when he comes to that part of the ground where he is to be made to further extend his stride, as when he is about to finish his last two or three sweats."

Such are the discourses, when opportunities offer, that grooms should have with their boys, so as to bring them not only to understand the orders given them, but to understand such orders in as few words as possible. For, bye-and-bye, when he comes to the training of horses that have been some time in strong work, he will most likely have occasion to call out to some one boy or other, who may be riding rather an unruly horse, to tell him what he is to do, to enable him to manage his horse under any particular circumstance ; as, for example, a horse may be making rather too free with himself in leading a gallop, and the groom may see it necessary to speak to the boy, to give him confidence, by calling out to him as he may be passing, " Sit well down, Tom, get your feet before you, and keep fast hold of your horse's head." To another boy, that may be on an idle horse, the groom may say, " Get at your horse's head, and twist him along, Frank." It will, therefore, be better to give names to the half dozen boys in question, which may be as follows—Francis, Samuel, James, Henry, Thomas, and William. We, when speaking to these boys, by way of brevity, will call them Frank, Sam, Jem, Harry, Tom, and Bill. The orders to be given to any of the other boys that may be but inferior riders, and not likely to improve, are merely to tell them to keep their places in the string, and follow the horses in front of them.

It may be considered by some of my readers, that I have been rather too minute on the subject of exercise boys ; but, by others, as those who train horses, and have known the want of good riding boys, and are best capable of appreciating their value, my minuteness will, I hope, be readily excused. To prevent the groom from encountering any difficulty from a boy unexpectedly leaving him, the better way to obviate such an inconvenience, and hold the boys in some little check, would be to keep one or two spare ones on the premises, that know tolerably well what they are about.

Having spoken of how boys that have to ride race horses in their exercise are to be disciplined, so as to make them useful to their employers, we will now describe the sort of man we wish our jockey to be, and the necessary requisites he should be in possession of. His height should be five feet five, he should be proportionably well made, and very strong on horseback, have good nerve, good hands, with a cool, clear head ; added to this, he should be bold, ready, active, and as quick of apprehension as oc-

casation may require of him, so that he may know well when to take any momentary advantage that may offer in any race in which he may be riding; and he is, of course, to be a secret, sober, honest man, and an experienced good rider, in riding both young ones and old ones, in trials as well as in races, under all the various circumstances in which they take place; in addition to these, he should know well how to win any race he is put up to ride in, that is, if he is on the best horse in the party; and he should do this without discovering the whole of the properties such a horse may possess. If our jockey can do these things snugly, it is all we will ask of him, as the best one among them can do no more.

I feel a little at a loss how to address the trainer and jockey. Mr. Holcroft, in his interesting Memoirs, observing upon the change of manners, says, that there were no *Misters* among training grooms and jockeys in his time; nor, indeed, were there in my juvenile days, and I came several years after the above celebrated author. However, such, it appears, has since been the progress made in the march of intellect, that most of the above-mentioned persons at the present day are, I believe, when spoken of by their exercise boys, or spoken to by persons on business, who may be employed in bringing the necessary supplies to a racing establishment, addressed as *Sirs*. Indeed, so respectable a man as Mr. Robinson, late trainer at Newmarket, and many other trainers as well as jockeys that we could name, may fairly be entitled to those ceremonious distinctions of etiquette from such persons as those above mentioned.

There has of late years been a further change in the style of addressing trainers and jockeys by the noblemen and gentlemen of the turf themselves: in speaking to the trainers and jockeys of their establishment, and in whom they repose a familiar sort of confidence, they address them by their surnames, instead of their Christian names: and, on some occasions, as that of sending a verbal message by an exercise-boy, they generally add the title of *Mister*. This change of manners, now infused among the above class of persons, adds to their respectability, and appears to us to be justly fair, at least, towards those among them who have proved themselves to be worthy of high trust; for in very high trust they certainly are, at least those of them who may have to train and ride such race horses as may be deeply or heavily engaged; and as we shall consider our own private jockey to be a man of high integrity, we shall class him with those of the *Misters*, and call him *Mister Day*.

FISHING IN THE SHANNON.

BY N. S.

“God did never make a more calm, quiet, or innocent recreation than angling.”
WALTON.

To the lovers of the “angle” there are few finer countries to enjoy that amusement than Ireland. To those who pursue the trout and such small fry, the Blackwater, the Loune, and the Lee, and their tributaries in the south, are perhaps the best in that country; but for those whose aim is to “fly” at nobler quarry, give me the Shannon, which is, without doubt, *the* salmon river of that country. From Killaloe to Limerick its succession of rapid falls provide a certain haunt for that sporting fish, and in “the season” it must be a bad day indeed when the sportsman will be disappointed in having “a rattling run from a real good ’un.”

I recollect some few years ago—before Father Mathew succeeded in his crusade against “the dhrop of the creature”—that I had my first, and as fair a day’s, sport on that river as the most passionate admirer of the “gentle art” would wish. By the bye, I do not think “old Izaak” right if he intended that phrase to apply to salmon fishing—unless that, in the exertion necessary to bring to land a good twenty-pounder, he means you are made “gentle indeed,” as my arms can testify; for often have I seated myself exhausted on the grass “after the battle,” powerless as an infant, both from the excitement and exertion necessary to ensure his safe arrival; and, following the advice of council to “take a small drop, sir,” I found it most refreshing.

It was on a Patrick’s day, “of all the blessed days in the year,” that, attended by the well known fishermen, Ter Keane and “little Bill Brian” (in contradistinction to his uncle, “Boy Billy”), I wended my way from Cruise’s Hotel, in “the City of the violated,” as the great Dan calls it, to Captain Hickie’s fall, one of the most sporting holes on the Shannon. Ter’s cot was placed there “over night” in order, as he said, “to secure his honor” (meaning myself) “the first af de hole in de morning.” After a walk of about two miles, we arrived at our destination, with a very fresh south-west wind, which, in this part, blew right up the river, thus causing a heavy wave on the spot we were to fish. The river here is about from 800 to 1,000 feet wide, and a large mill wear runs across and upwards more than two-thirds of the way, thus giving the main stream of the river a passage of only about 200 feet to escape, the fall being about 16 or 20 feet in 100 yards, and immediately in the rapid water over this fall is the “favorite lie” of the salmon.

“Now sir,” says Ter, “be alive, as I tink dere’s a chap dere will open your eye afore long—and dere he is, sir, right on de drop af de fall,” and he pointed to where a splendid fish rose and threw

himself in sporting style. "Be quick, sir, or dat lad will run ahead af you don't put de hook in his puss." After a short time spent in tying up our rods, and mounting two flies and a bait, and providing ourselves with a "priest,"* we pushed off from the land and proceeded to stretch our lines.

To those who have never been to the "lordly Shannon," it will be necessary to describe the manner in which they fish out of cots, for you may as well fish in a wash-hand basin as from the land, for salmon in that river. The cot-man sits at the stern, having only a paddle in his hands, with which he guides it with the greatest ease; the gaff he always keeps near him, as it is his duty to land the fish, when you "play him" to his hand: the man who rows sits in the stem seat, and "the sportsman" on the seat immediately before him; a rod is projected from each side of the cot at an angle of about 30 degrees, and at the stern the other rod is placed—the length of line being about 20 yards to the "north and south rods," as the side ones are called, and 16 or 17 to the stern or "tail rod." They commence at the top of the hole or stream they intend to fish, and crossing from side to side of the river, with the stem of the cot always to the stream, they drop her each time about one foot until they fish the entire; this they call "dragging."

On this day we had not taken more than three or four turns from land to land, when I perceived one of the side rods get, as Bill said, "an awful drag," he, at the same time, placing it in my hand with this trite remark—"There he was, sir." Away the fish plunged, taking in his first race about 50 yards of line, and then spinning himself at least six feet into the air. Ter, with the utmost coolness, drew both the other rods together, and coiled the lines in on the stern of the cot, lest in the struggles of the hooked game he should make a mess of tangle; in the meantime I wheeled him up a little, thinking to lead him from the strong stream to the dead water at the back of the wear, but it was "no go;" headstrong he was, and away with him again.

"Hould him, sir, or he'll go down the fall, and be d——d to him," roars Ter, while my heart was beating pit-a-pat against my ribs most audibly; the fish at this time was rolling himself over and over on the very verge of the fall; having slacked my hand very gently, I thought I perceived an inclination in the fish to move up the river, so "I wound my tackle gently back again." I now thought that all was right, he came along so quietly, while, seated in the cot, I could see him down, in about six feet water, scudding along. Upon my calling to Ter to take the gaff, as he was within reach, he coolly said—"Yerra, what a fool you tink dat chap is; by my sowl he is only going to begin de amusement." Having now stood up to have more power of the fish, he evidently saw me, for before I had time to steady myself, away he went like a shot from a gun, taking every yard of line (over 100) to the bar of the wheel, and pulling me on my knees on the seat before me.

* A short stick about two feet long used to strike the salmon on the head after he is landed; this they call "*giving him the benefit of the clergy.*"

"By my sowl, I did not tink your honor was so ugly," says Ter; "you frightened him dat time any how: and now, by all de sticks in Cratloe, down he goes; get up off your knees from your prayers, and sit steady, sir, and we'll follow him."

It was, to me, at this moment, a most exciting scene, when they wheeled the cot round, and pulled as hard as they could through the roar of waters down the fall: one heavy wave caught us in the stem, and we shipped about fifty gallons of water; but the whole was so sudden, I did not mind it, or know where I was, until I found we were five hundred yards down the river—the fish all the time going ahead like a greyhound; but at the tail of this stream (Snawmucka) came the tug of war. The fish was hooked outside under the fore fin—I suppose by his having overreached the fly in rising to it, he was thus caught going down—so that he played like a lion, having the command of his head; but after a good hour's hard work, with a succession of springing, racing, and plunging, he at last came along side "dead beat," and it was not till the gaff was in his side that I found my first essay on the Shannon was a perfect beauty of twenty-three pounds, evidently not half an hour from the salt water, as the sea-lice were thick on his shoulders and side.

Ter and "his partner Bill" at once claimed the "dhróp," which they took in the shape of two stiff glasses each, when we proceeded up again to "the fall;" and twice again were my exertions rewarded, by one sixteen, and another twelve, pounder.

But Doonas, beyond all question, is, in the peal season (about the beginning of June), the most sporting part of this splendid river. A day's sport in Doonas for the true lover of "single fishing" is the "*ne plus ultra*" of excitement, and it will be a bad day indeed, and the sun must be "plumpendicular down in dere eyes," as Ter says, if your industry is not rewarded by a dozen of sporting fish, averaging from four to twelve pounds, with the sprinkling of an odd salmon or two into the bargain.

Above the Leap of Doonas are a couple of streams that are seldom fished without hooking or killing half a dozen; but for sport, give me the "dancing hole." Let me get a tyro in the art, place him on the rock above this spot, and throw in his fly gently—there can be no mistake about hooking him, and then!—oh yes, then—"What am I to do with him?" Why hold him—ay, and "hold hard," I say; if you let him down you cannot follow him. No boat (supposing that he would give you time to get into yours) would live through that stream, should you run down with the speed necessary to keep up with a fish once caught by the rapid here; and hence—from the bearing required to be kept on him, and the constant succession of springs and plunges he makes in endeavoring to shake you off—has this place been designated "the dancing hole."

It was in the current passing though this hole that the boat was upset, by which Mr. Craven and his servant, some few years ago, were drowned; and some eight or ten years previous, Lady Massey and her two boatmen were lost in the same spot: in crossing the

river to Hermitage to spend the evening, a sudden fog came on, the boatmen could not see which way they were going; they were sucked down by the violence of the current, and next morning the broken boat gave evidence of the fatal catastrophe.

The circumstances connected with the loss of Mr. Craven, an English gentleman, who was on a visit with Mr. Gore, to enjoy the season's fishing, were more melancholy still. He was after killing a fine salmon above the leap, and sending it home by the boatman, when the girl who went each evening to Castleconnell with the post bag for Sir Hugh Massey's letters came down to the bank of the river to cross in her boat: Mr. C. volunteered his services to paddle her over, which she accepted, as he assured her he could do it with the greatest ease. After they left the shore, she perceived that instead of being a proficient he was quite a novice, and unable to the task: she entreated he would give her the paddle or turn back; but he was fatally positive, and persisted in his endeavors. She, seeing the danger, and that the cot was fast nearing the gulf from which escape was impossible, begged that he would give up the paddle and sit down steady in the bottom of the cot. He got alarmed, and as the cot neared the rock of the dancing hole, he sprung for the rock; whether it was the slippery state of the gunnel of the boat, or what other cause is not known, but he missed his footing and fell heavily against the rock, rolling thence into the boiling stream beneath, and sunk, to rise no more. The boat upset, and his servant instantly shared the same fate; but the woman clung to the frail bark with the tenacity of a cat, and was thus hurried along the rapid full one thousand yards to Morreagh, where Mr. Gore was at the time fishing; he and his boatman pulled immediately to her assistance, and rescued her from her perilous situation—her nails being firmly embedded in the bottom of the boat, such was the strength of the grip with which she held on; yet the first question she asked on being rescued was, "Ned Brion, is the post bag safe?"

Mr. Gore got such a shock that he left his year's sport behind him, and has not (I believe) since visited Doonas, though he invariably spent his summers there. Poor Mr. Craven and his servant were not found for some months after, and then many miles from where the boat upset.

The principal part of the river here, from the small island above the leap to the spawn beds (nearly a mile and a half), is private property, and rented out by the landlords at either side as regularly as their fields or dairies, with the exceptions of Sir Hugh Massey and Francis Spaight, Esq. These gentlemen, I understand, never refuse a "stranger sportsman," if respectable, a day's amusement. The boatmen here, as indeed, generally speaking, on the entire river, are very civil, and use their best endeavors to give you sport; and although the Limerick men are *all of them* "temperance men" now, or as the Doonas boys call them "temporary people," yet no one *here* will refuse the "dhrop" when they can get it, though I never found them take it to excess.

And now a word or two as to the flies necessary for the Shannon.

They must be invariably tied with silk bodies for salmon or peal, ribbed with gold tinsel (seldom with silver), and any fancy hackle you like over the body. In the spring of the year, from the height of the water, your fly must be very large, and your tackle consequently coarse; six links of strong salmon-gut twisted together is not considered a heavy link for the fly: I have seen nine. The golden pheasant's topping are used very freely in wing and jib. This is a great favorite and very killing fly, used in the spring of the year by those who can afford to have it; it is an expensive fly, a very poor one costing a pound; it is called the "goldfinch," and entirely composed of the golden pheasant's toppings. I have seen as many as a dozen feathers in the jib or tail, and from four to six dozen in the wing; it is generally tied on a black and orange-silk body, gold tinsel and olive or red hackle.

Half a dozen of flies is quite enough to be provided with, of the size necessary, for the day; and *half that number for one who is certain he will not divide his property, leaving the fish the fly and casting-line, and keeping the remainder himself.* The bodies may be black and orange, or plain orange, light green, or light blue. The best feathers next the pheasant is the red-and-orange macaw-shoulder-feather (that with the red tip is considered best); and the tassel of the wing plentifully filled with fancy-colored feathers; this is necessary to float the fly, in consequence of the size and weight of the hook used at that season.

For the peal-fishing, in the months of May, June, and part of July, in the commencement, or, as it is called, "the first run" of the season for that merry fish, you need not be very particular; "he'll take any thing," they say, "jist for the fun of it." But after the first six weeks they begin to get "roguish," and then the sportsman's patience and ingenuity are tried; about this time, "when Massy Ryves' meadow is cut," the Doonas fishermen say "the peal cut you;" and unless at "early morn or dewy eve," the fishermen do not care to go out.

I have found here, as well as in many other rivers I have fished, that experience and close observation alone can make the angler an adept; and by closely watching the natural flies that then swarm the rivers, you will form some pretty accurate idea of what they feed on at this "dogged" season. Coming home one evening rather late from trout-fishing, I found my hat and clothes full of the large, natural "evening-fly," and on my entering the parlor they flew towards the candle, attracted by the light. It immediately occurred to me to catch a few and examine them next day with the microscope, which I did in the sun, when I saw the different colors of their body distinctly and beautifully; the consequence was that I tied on that day the following fly, which I have found beat every other at that season. Gold tinsel and grey-mallard jib, orange and green-jointed body, and on the green joint (next the wing) run a pair of wren-hackles (tail-feathers are the best); rib with gold twist, and put a small jay-hackle immediately under the wing, which is to be composed of grey mallard, brown turkey, and yellow-dyed guinea-hen, with a single sprig or two of

blue-and-yellow macaw-tail-feather, and finish the head with black ostrich. At Doonas this fly will be recognised at once as "the dandy wren" by the fishermen there, as each newly-begotten fly, as well as new-born child, is at once christened by "Father Dinny Considine of that ilk."

Another fly I have found seldom fail, which I have tied from directions given me by the present Lord Doneraile, who is allowed to be the best sportsman that ever took rod or gun in hand in Ireland. The account his lordship gave me of his invention was this—"Coming home one evening without stirring a single fish, though I had unquestionably the best water there (Sir Hugh Massey's), and the peal were throwing themselves around me in dozens, I was struck with the beautiful gloss of purple on the wing-feather of a crow I picked up on the walk. I thought if I had a black fly tied with the pile of this feather for a wing, it would be something new. I gave directions to old Ned Brion, my fisherman,* to tie me a fly with black-ostrich body, silk tinsel, red-cock's hackle, and a sprig of jay under the wing, which was to be composed exclusively of the glossy part of the feather I gave him; he brought it next morning, I tried it on that day and for the remainder of the season, and, when they would not look at any other fly, I invariably hooked and killed them with this." I can also recommend this sooty-looking fly to the angler on other rivers, as I have tried it on the Blackwater, in the county of Cork, and the Loune, in Kerry, with right-good effect; and I feel satisfied that one trial will satisfy the most sceptic that, in July and August, when all other flies fail, either of these two last mentioned will be eminently successful. My own opinion (since formed from observation) is, that this fly imitates the "clock or carogue," which in the hot season abound in the beds, under stones, of potatoe gardens, and which fly about in the evenings at this time of the year; great numbers of them fall into the river, and form the food of the salmon. Float your fly in the water along side of you, and you will at once see the resemblance to that insect.

One word more on peal-fishing in the Shannon. I always found, after the first run of the fish, that the less gaudy the fly is, the better; in that river the fishermen are too fond of yellows and reds. I have found by experience that they are often out; and with my plain grey wing and sombre body (brown-olive,) I have doubled the number killed by the best hands in a day's fishing.

"I in my fishing-cot would be;
Those rapid streams would solace me,
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice."

I have often, since then, enjoyed even better sport on this magnificent river, from Gabbett's wear to William's Town, and will in your next month's number (should you think this to be worthy a place in your truly sporting publication) give you, for the benefit

* Since dead, but his son Ned is alive, and a worthy successor of his father.

of your readers who may wish to visit that country, some few useful hints as to the description of fly required (and they are but few) at the several seasons of the year, together with those necessary to lure "the gillaroo," a splendid species of trout which are to be had upon the Upper Shannon.

POPULAR ENGLISH RACING STALLIONS FOR 1844.

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

Concluded from the last number of the "Register," page 296.

THAT splendid stallion *Bran* will "accommodate" during the season at Mr. Bradshaw's, Stratford-on-Avon, at 10 gs. each mare and one guinea to the groom; half-bred mares at half-price. *Bran* was foaled in 1831, got by Humphrey Clinker, out of Velvet (now the property of the Marquis of Exeter) by Oiseau, &c. The running of this *Bran* when three years old was remarkably good, and the place he obtained in the memorable Touchstone St. Leger will not be forgotten by those who were against him, for to the very finish he looked "amazingly alarming," as Crutch Robinson would say. *Bran* is the sire of the following good performers:—Combermere, Fishfag (very fast), Knightsbridge, Our Nell (winner of the Oaks in 1842), The Biddy, Ernestine, and Meal. It may be in place here to state, that, like *Elis*, the fillies of *Bran's* get have completely out-run the colts. I have been told that many well-bred mares are in store for this stallion.

One of the descendants of that fine and well-bred animal *Rubens* will be met with at Drewitt's Training and Hunting Stables, Carsalton—I mean *Oppidan*. This horse was foaled in 1825, got by *Rubens*, out of *Dorina* by the celebrated *Gohanna*. *Oppidan* raced very little indeed: in 1829 he won the Gold Cup at Leicester, won other stakes at the same place, and fifty pounds at Newmarket. There is no doubt that *Oppidan's* winnings would have been much more valuable but for the fact that he was, in more than one instance, sacrificed to serve his then stable companion, *Cadland*. I do not consider the price named for this stallion serving mares at all extravagant, it being only 5 gs. for thorough-bred, and 2 gs. half-bred. *Oppidan* is the sire of *Emily*, *Isabella*, and other horses of some note in the Racing World—he is a remarkably well furnished animal, with a commanding figure.

The Prime Warden will be found during the present season at Hednesford, 10 miles from the Walsall Railway Station, 12 miles from Wolverhampton, and 10 from Stafford. His figure is very moderate, if pedigree and performances be the criterion—viz., 10 gs. each mare, half-breds 3 sovs., and 5s. to the groom. I have

frequently called attention to this animal in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, and have only to add that if I had Sultan or Velocipede mares I should unquestionably send them to this son of the renowned Cadland.

I have also on a previous occasion alluded to that game animal *King Cole*, who now remains with The Prime Warden; his price is 6 sovs. each mare, and 5s. to the groom; half-bred mares 2½ sovs., with 5s. to the groom. To those gentlemen who are undecided about sending their favorite hunting mares, I recommend most strongly this gallant son of the famous Memnon. *King Cole* would make a capital travelling stallion, he being as sound as when foaled.

The Tulip will cover this season at Bletsoe, near Bedford, at 10 gs. thorough-bred mares, and half-bred mares at 2 sovs. each, and 5s. to the groom. He was got by Wamba, out of Young Cryseis by Dick Andrews, &c. (Dick Andrews was a trump!) This horse is the sire of many winners, and, as may be seen by his pedigree, is one of the best-bred stallions in the kingdom. His stock are magnificent, and he is the sire of many winners, amongst them *The Lily*, who won the Chillington Stakes at Wolverhampton in good style, beating What, Cane, and Titania. This horse is likely to get good hunters from half-bred mares.

At Wood's Farm, Cheadle, near Stockport, stands *Tory-boy*, a brown horse, got by Tomboy, out of Bessy Bedlam by Filho-da-puta. *Tory-boy* ran twice, and was first in both races; after which, he met with an accident, and was turned over to the stud. Tomboy, the sire of *Tory-boy*, was got by Jerry, out of the famous Bee's-wing's dam; he was a runner of considerable note, and, amongst many other horses of celebrity who "bit the dust" to him, I may mention Muley Moloch, The Saddler, Colwick, and Consol. To follow up this well-bred *Tory-boy*, I have to state that Bessy Bedlam was the *speediest* two-year-old of the year 1827, having, amongst many others, beaten the flying Velocipede. The stock of Tomboy have been numerous, and their running generally good; one of which, Nutwith, won the St. Leger last year, beating Cotherstone and many others. It only remains for me to add that *Tory-boy's* price of covering is, thorough-bred mares 10 gs. each, and one guinea to the groom; half-bred mares 3 gs. each, and 5s. to the groom.

My old respected friend *Theon* may be found at the Crown and Anchor Inn, Ripon, where he will do his duty to thorough-bred mares at the small sum of 5 gs. each, and 5s. to the groom; half-bred mares 2 gs. each, and 2s. 6d. to the groom. *Theon* is rising eight years old, of a beautiful dark brown color clear of white, stands 15½ hands high, has great power, with fine symmetry, and possessed, when two years old, extraordinary speed and endurance. He was got by Emilius (winner of the Derby in 1823), out of Maria by Whisker; Maria is sister to Emma, the dam of Cotherstone, Mundig, &c. Many of my readers may recollect how *Theon* was "sent up and down" in the Derby betting 1840, and no doubt some of the up-hill legs made something handsome by

the fluctuations : as it was, Theon all at once trained off, and was *nowhere*, as the term goes, in that great race. Theon is own brother to Euclid and Extempore. If any further particulars are required, apply to Mr. Blacker, or to Mr. Orton (keeper of the Match-book), York. This horse, from the cheapness of the price of covering, may get a decent supply of mares.

I now wend my pleasing way to South Wales. At Ynisedwin House, ten miles from Neath and thirteen from Swansea, Glamorganshire, stands *Ulick*, who will no doubt be happy to see "company" at 5 gs. each "aristocracy," and 3 gs. each "plebeian," with a "*bull*" to the groom. Ulick was bred by the Duke of Grafton, got by St. Patrick, out of Turquoise by Selim, &c. St. Patrick won the St. Leger in 1820, beating *twenty-six* others; and Turquoise carried off the Oaks in 1828 from a nice field of *thirteen* other fair companions. Ulick was rather an uncertain performer on the turf, but is a good-like and well-bred animal.

That true and honest runner *St. Francis*, another of the St. Patrick get, is booked to cover mares at Mr. Pettit's, Newmarket, at 10 gs. each mare, and 10s. 6d. to the groom. The dam of this valuable horse is Surprise by Scud. St. Francis ran very well in 1838, and was unfortunately left behind in the Derby race in that year, or there is no knowing how he might have run Amato in. When four years old, St. Francis won £200 and £50 at Newmarket, and the Queen's Guineas at Ascot, Chelmsford, and Ipswich. The other splendid doings of this capital horse are too well known to require any notice from me; therefore I will be content by observing that any breeder having *speedy* blood mares requiring a judicious cross cannot do better than to send to the *stout* St. Francis.

Plenipotentiary is at Mr. W. Edwards's Stud Farm, Newmarket, where he will serve mares at 15 gs. each, the number to be limited to fifty. *Plenipotentiary* is a chesnut horse, was bred by Mr. Batson, foaled in 1831, got by Emilius, out of Harriet by Pericles, her dam by Selim, out of Pipyline by Sir Peter—Rally by Trumpator. Emilius has been covering for several seasons at 50 sovs. each mare: he won the Derby easily in 1823, beating *ten* others. *Plenipotentiary* stands upwards of 16 hands high, and has capital legs and feet. He is one of the most powerful horses in this country, and was beyond doubt the best three-year-old of 1834, as the following notice will testify:—In the Newmarket Craven Meeting he won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, beating three others; and in the same meeting he won a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, beating Glencoe. At Epsom, ridden by Connolly, he won the Derby in a canter, beating Shilelah, Glencoe, Bubastes, Bentley, and *seventeen* others. At Ascot Heath he walked over for the St. James's Palace Stakes of 100 sovs. each, *eighteen* subs. He was beaten at Doncaster by Touchstone and others for the St. Leger, but was undoubtedly not fit to run for a "row of pins." In the next year, *Plenipotentiary* won the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, beating Nonsense, Shilelah, Glencoe, and five others; and at the same meeting he won the Subscription Plate uncommonly

easy, beating Clearwell and Rosalie. He walked over for the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, and so ended his racing career. It may be said that he went to Ascot to run for the Gold Cup, also that he was a great favorite nearly up to the day of starting, when he most unaccountably got an "awful leg," which put many other *Legs* into the hole. Plenipotentiary is the sire of Potentia, Envoy (winner of the Drawing Room Stakes at Goodwood in 1842), Poison (winner of the Oaks in 1843), Olive-branch, Nuncio, Grasshopper, The Era, Humbug, Metternich, Barbara, and Vakeel. His stock are in general large and sound, with good action, but I cannot refrain from observing that not one of them has been within a stone of what he was in his day. He is a sure foal-getter. Any other information may be gained by writing to Jos. Burge, stud groom, Newmarket.

At the same stables (Mr. W. Edwards's) stands that nice little horse *Assassin*, whose price is 10 gs. each mare. *Assassin* was foaled in 1837, got by Taurus, out of Sneaker by Camel, grandam by Selim or Soothsayer, out of Hare, the grandam of the wonderful Camarine. *Assassin*, at a very fair weight, won the Nursery Stakes, beating Little Wonder, Garry Owen, Raymond, Nicholas, and three others. In the following year, *Assassin* won the Column Stakes in the Craven Meeting, beating, to the dismay of his numerous backers, Angelo, and a good field. The great ease with which *Assassin* disposed of this engagement, and the private trials amongst the "Palace horses," sent him up in the Derby, so that 4 to 1 was scarcely obtainable on the day. Everyone knows that Little Wonder won, that Launcelot was second, Discord third, and *Assassin* fourth. That race will not be forgotten soon!

The Provost will be ready for "favorites" this season at Catterick. This horse was foaled in 1836, got by The Saddler, out of Rebecca by Lottery. Rebecca is dam of the splendid running Alice Hawthorne. At two years old he won £140 at the York August Meeting, beating Imogene, La Sage Femme, a Varnish colt, Zoroaster, and a Saddler colt; and at Richmond he won £40, beating a filly by Langar, out of Lady of the Tees. At three years old he won the Scarborough Stakes of £220 at Doncaster, where he also ran well up in the St. Leger race; and at Northalerton he is recorded the winner of £60. I do not intend to wade through the other performances of this valuable horse, and shall content myself by observing that *The Provost's* terms are 10 gs. each mare, which includes the groom's fee.

The next stallion I have to name is one of everlasting fame as a three-year-old in 1828—of course I mean *Velocipede*. This horse was bred by Mr. Armytage in 1825, got by the famous running Blacklock, out of a Juniper mare; his color is a light chestnut. I do not intend to enter into the various glorious performances achieved by the "fastest horse of his year," but will merely allude to a trial that took place with Scott's horses a few days before the St. Leger 1828, when *Velocipede*, after "running round a flock of sheep," beat his competitors in the easiest way that can be described—*one hundred yards!* Whether this great exertion

at so short a period previous to the "great fact" coming off, was the means of "straining the *sinew department*" (one party's assertion), or whether a great portion of that useful commodity, which will always "*command*" influence, "money," was invested in a certain animal called The Colonel (another party's opinion), "this deponent sayeth not;" but all the Racing World agree in this one thing, namely, that Velocipede lost the St. Leger by making the tremendous running forced by his jockey, who no doubt rode strictly to order. Velocipede ran amazingly well at four years old, and won at a very high rate the Liverpool Tradesmen's Cup, beating a large field of first-rate horses, to all of which he gave weight, and to many immensely. I could fill a page about the spirited doings of this capital stallion's progeny, but the horse does not require a "character;" therefore I draw attention to owners of first-rate mares to the fact, that Velocipede covers this season, by subscription, fifty mares at 15 gs. each. If anything else is required, a letter addressed to John Burden, stud-groom, Morton-on-Swale, Northallerton, will meet with the greatest attention. Lord Exeter in 1841 hired Velocipede for the season, and the Noble Lord has six very promising Derby colts for 1845; amongst the finest may be named Golden Fleece (out of Green Mantle), Adrianople (out of Galata), and Tunic (out of Toga). The Noble Lord has also six Oaks fillies by Velocipede engaged in that race for the same year, two of which are very racing-like, viz., Jet (out of Lucetta) and Topaz (out of Marinella). Lord Exeter in 1842 engaged Colwick for the season, and the cross no doubt will suit the Sultan mares.

That good "mile-horse" *Redshank* is stationed at Euston Park Stables, at the moderate price of 8 sovs. each mare. Redshank was "dropped" in 1833, got by Sandbeck, out of Joanna by Selim. I am tempted to give this horse's performances when 3 yrs. old (1836): He won the Craven Stakes of £70, twice £50, £40, and £81 at Newmarket, and £50 and the Gold Cup at Lincoln. At four years old, he is thus *chronicled* in the Racing Calendar: won £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 gs. at Lincoln, the Gold Cup with £50 and the Queen's Plate at Nottingham, and £240 at Holywell Hunt. In the following year, when five years old, Redshank won £70 and the Queen's Guineas at Newmarket. The stock of this horse are, without an exception, very fine and racing-like. For the benefit of those who "don't know," I beg to observe, that Sandbeck is a son of Catton, who, in the popular Lord Scarbrough's colors, shone most brilliantly in 1814.

At the same place stands *Montreal*, a horse of some consequence in his day. Montreal was bred by the Duke of Grafton in 1836, got by Langar, out of Legend by Merlin. As a racer Montreal must be placed above mediocrity; when three years old, he won the Newmarket Stakes of £800, the St. Leger Stakes of £325, and £350 at Newmarket, in 1829. He was a favorite in 1840 for the Ascot Cup, for which race he ran most "respectably." The

price for covering is 6 sovs. each mare (the groom's fee included both in this case and that of Redshank).

At Mr. R. Gibson's, Castle Bromwich, five miles from Birmingham, there are two racing stallions of some consequence, namely, Picaroon and Gibraltar.

Picaroon was foaled in 1835, got by Voltaire, out of Handmaiden (Inheritor's dam) by Walton, &c. He is a black horse, standing $15\frac{1}{2}$ hands high, and was a tolerable performer in the racing way. His price for the season is 10 gs. each mare, groom's fee included, and he will be allowed to cover a limited number of half-bred mares at half-price. Picaroon is the sire of Emma, the property of Lord George Bentinck, also of Coal Black Rose, the property of Sir Richard Bulkeley. Emma is a great favorite for the coming Oaks. Picaroon's stock, generally speaking, are very large and exceedingly promising.

Gibraltar was bred by General Yates in 1837, got by Muley, out of Young Sweetpea by Godolphin, out of Sweetpea by Selim—Peablossom by Don Quixotte—Pipator, &c. &c. Gibraltar ran Crucifix a dead heat in the race for the Criterion Stakes in 1839 (he, however, received 9lb. *from her*). Gibraltar is a rich bay, 16 hands high, with great power and fine action; nevertheless, as he always *was* an inferior horse, he well get no recommendation from me. Any information as to price of covering, &c., may be known by applying to Mr. Gibson.

One of the most fashionable stallions of the present season is Mr. Crockford's *Buzzard*, by Blacklock, out of Miss Newton by Delpini, &c. This valuable animal has been so "long on the cards," that I shall make short mention of him. The number of mares is limited to 20 at 15 gs. each, and an early application to Mr. Leonard Lilford, stud-groom, Newmarket, is indispensably necessary to any breeder wishing to send a mare, as the subscription is rapidly filling. Buzzard is the sire of Rattan, the great favorite for the coming Derby. He is also the sire of Gorhambury (second to Cotherstone for the Derby, and winner of the Queen's Vase at Ascot last year), and many other good runners. Buzzard himself was a first-rate horse in his day.

Voltaire, foaled in 1826, got by Blacklock, out of a Phantom mare, is fixed at Mr. Smallwood's, Middlethorpe, near York, where mares may be taken to him at the charge of 15 gs. each, and one guinea to the groom. This horse was never beaten at two years old, and only once at three, when he ran second to Rowton for the St. Leger in 1829, and was at the time supposed to have lost the race entirely through Sam Chifney's waiting too long. On the Thursday following, Voltaire won the Doncaster Cup in *crack* style, beating all the best horses of the time. He is the sire of Charles the Twelfth (winner of the St. Leger in 1839), The Dean, Escort, Henri Quatre, Heslington, Jack Sheppard, Semiseria, Thirsk, and Voltri—the latter at one period was first favorite for the ensuing Derby. Voltaire is one of the most magnificent creatures ever known, and is a sure foal getter. Any gentleman sending five mares will have one of them covered gratis.

That well-known stallion *Sheet Anchor* may be seen at Rawcliffe Cottages, near York, where he will cover mares at 15 gs. each. *Sheet Anchor* is a black horse, was foaled in 1832, got by Lottery, out of Morgiana by Muley, &c. As a runner, *Sheet Anchor* gained much celebrity, but his reign was short. He ran well home in the Queen of 'Trumps' Leger, and in the following year (1836) he carried away the Great Portland Handicap quite in a canter from a good Handicap Field; he then became a great favorite for the Ascot Cup, but went, like Plenipotentiary in 1835, amiss, and disappointed his numerous admirers. *Sheet Anchor* is the sire of Kedge, Arcanus, Ben Brace, Sally, Topsail, Best Bower, Cable, Egidia, Merry Andrew, Sirikol (the best of his get), Tripoli, Wee Pet, Sequidilla, Norma, and Canoe. Many of Lord George Bentinck's best mares have been sent to this favorite stallion.

That well-known stallion *Clearwell* will cover this season at Aylsham, near Norwich: thorough-bred mares at 5 gs. each, half-bred 2 gs., and a "crown" to the groom. *Clearwell* is a beautiful grey horse, was bred by Lord Orford in 1830, got by Jerry (winner of the St. Leger in 1824), out of Lisette by Hambletonian, &c. *Clearwell*, when two years old, won at Newmarket the *Clearwell Stakes* (hence his name), value £970, beating Nonsense, Cactus, Tarantella, Dirce, Octave Janissary, Solitaire, Temperance, Marpessa, filly by Muley out of Miss Wasp, Tigress, Emery, Malibrán, Emperor, and Wonford—he won easily. He was beaten in the Houghton Meeting in the same year by Glaucus, in a Match for 500 sovs.—Glaucus won cleverly, *Clearwell* was what is termed a "miller," and his sons and daughters, without exception, have turned out after him—hence I cannot recommend him to my friends. Angelo, a Derby colt in 1840, with very powerful patronage, greatly disappointed his most sanguine admirers. It may be said that *Clearwell* won the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes in 1833, but the field he beat was wretched in the extreme. Lord Orford has two *niceish* colts by *Clearwell* in the forthcoming Derby, namely, Arragon (out of Angelica) and Boots (out of Goldpin). The terms of covering mares will no doubt get a sufficient number to "make it profitable."

I now write about a horse that I know very little about, I mean *Ascanius*, reported to be a "black," got by Priam, out of Lucy (sister to Leviathan) by Muley—Windle, &c. From the pedigree of this horse I should say that he ought to get a good supply of mares, and the price being only 5 gs. each, there seems no doubt about the matter. I am told that this horse is good in symmetry. I like to act fairly, and will give the "Calendar performances" of this horse: when three years old he won £50 at Newcastle, Staffordshire—but I believe he never afterwards figured as a winner.

I am now getting into *better* company, and have a word or so to say about *Liverpool*. *Liverpool* was foaled in 1828, got by the gamest animal of his day, Tramp, his dam by Whisker, out of Mandane (the dam of Manuella, winner of the Oaks in 1812; and

of Memnon, winner of the St. Leger in 1825). Mandane was also the dam of Altisidora (winner of St. Leger in 1813), Lottery (the best horse of his year), Brutandorf (the sire of Hetman Platoff), Physician, and many others of goodly note. Tramp was got by Dick Andrews, dam by Gohanna, out of Lord Egremont's Fraxinella by Trentham—Woodpecker—Everlasting by *Eclipse*. Liverpool is the sire of Lanercost, A British Yeoman, The Commodore (the best two-year-old in the North in 1838), Moss Trooper, Calypso, and many other first-rate horses: and with the exception of Little Rover, Liverpool is the only stallion in England now covering that can boast of having Tramp for his sire. The accommodation for mares and foals cannot be exceeded, and every attention will be paid to them. The Railroads from London and all parts of the kingdom afford a safe, expeditious, and economical mode of conveyance, for brood mares to York. Any other particulars may be had by applying to Mr. Orton, Keeper of the Matchbook and Clerk of the Course, York. Last year I gave Liverpool's doings.

I have a notion that the Duke of Richmond's *Mus* will get some good "useful stock." This horse was foaled in 1834, got by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse by Godolphin—Mouse by Sir David—Louisa by Ormond, out of Orville's dam. *Mus* is own brother to Rat-trap, who distinguished himself so much in 1837, and was a great favorite for the Derby in that year. *Mus* is 16 hands high, has great length, is a dark bay color with black legs, and no white about him. He is one of those examples (and they are few) of a horse standing *active training* and *trialing* for eight years—he is now ten years old. *Mus*, when eight years old, carrying 9st 9lb., won the Orleans Cup, value 500 gs., at Goodwood, beating Hyllus, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb., over the Two-miles-and-three-quarters Course. Were I to enter into all *Mus*'s performances I should crowd my "coach too full." *Mus* stands at Goodwood, near Chichester; and his terms are 10 sovs. each mare, and one sovereign to the groom.

The Doctor may be met with at Barnton Stud Farm, five miles from Edinburgh, on the Great Northern road, where he will remain during the season to cover mares at 10 gs. each, the groom's fee included. *The Doctor* is a black horse, was foaled in 1834, got by Doctor Syntax, out Elizabeth by Walton, &c. After running very respectably at the tender age of two years, *The Doctor* won the following sums at three years old:—The St. Leger Stakes of £175 and £70 at Liverpool Spring Meeting, £140 and £75 at Doncaster, 70 gs. and the Queen's Plate at Carlisle. *The Doctor* ran well up to the end in the Great St. Leger at Doncaster, for which race he was a great favorite. When four years old, *The Doctor* gained the following prizes in good form:—£130 at Doncaster, and the Gold Cup and Her Majesty's Guineas at Carlisle. At five years old, *The Doctor* was even more than ever successful, for he won six times, namely, £140 and £40 at Eglinton Park, £130 and £200 at the Liverpool July Meeting, the Gold Cup of £156, and the Challenge Whip with £50 at the Caledonian Hunt

Meeting. No one can deny that The Doctor was a good and honest runner, nor that his pedigree is an unfashionable one amongst those breeders who understand the beauty of "crossing the blood." He is a certain foal-getter, and his stock (now yearlings) are very promising.

At the same place stands that well-known racer *Inheritor*. This horse was foaled in 1831, got by Lottery, out of Handmaiden by Walton. I am not going to enter into all the wonderful exploits recorded in *Inheritor's* favor, but I must observe his performances in 1837—they run thus:—Mr. Ramsay's *Inheritor* won the Tradesmen's Cup, value £200 with £575, and the Stand Cup with £150 at Liverpool July Meeting, and the Silver Bells with 120 gs. at Paisley. *Inheritor* is the sire of Best of Three, Lady Skipsey, and others well known to the frequenters of the Northern District. Some of his stock have been sold for large sums, and he is deservedly esteemed a first-rate stallion. *Inheritor* will stand at Barnton Stud Farm till the 1st of June, when he will be removed to Berwickshire for the remainder of the season. For price of covering, and any other information, apply to Mr. William Bowman, Barnton Lodge, near Cramond. *Inheritor* won the Liverpool Cup *twice*.

There are four stallions standing at the Hampton Court Paddocks, viz., Slane, Ion, The Dey of Algiers, and a roan horse by Augustus, out of Constantia by Camel.

Slane was foaled in 1833, got by Royal Oak, out of an Orville mare. His terms are 15 gs. each mare, and one guinea to the groom. As every racing man knows the good doings of *Slane* as a race-horse, I shall only observe that he is the sire of Murat, The Princess, Zenobia, and many others of goodly note. In his advertisement I read as follows:—"Although *Slane's* stock are now but four years old, the gross amount of their winnings up to the present time is £6,820."

Ion was foaled in 1835, got by Cain, out of Margaret by Edmund. *Ion* ran second to Amato for the Derby 1838; also second to Don John in the same year for the St. Leger—his other performances were good. *Ion's* price for covering mares is 15 sovs. each, and one sov. to the groom; he had only two thorough-bred mares the first season he covered, the produce of which (*Ionian*, and the colt out of Mary Ann,) came out gallantly in the Newmarket July Meeting last year, beating large fields of what were supposed to be "good horses." *Ionian* is a good favorite for the Derby.

The Dey of Algiers was foaled in 1836, got by Priam, dam by Bustard (son of Castrel), grandam by Walton, &c. The price of covering is 10 sovs. each mare, and 10s. to the groom—half-bred mares at half-price. *The Dey of Algiers* won the Chester Tradesmen's Plate in 1840, beating a large handicap field, carrying a fair weight. He may be said to be the best stallion by Priam now covering in this country.

Of the other stallion (the *Roan Horse* by Augustus, out of Constantia), I can only say that he is to be let, and would make a good

country stallion. For particulars apply to the Stud groom, Hampton Court Paddocks.

The somewhat popular Irish stallion *Freney* stands this season at Sharavogue, King's County, where I understand several first-rate English mares have already arrived to be put to him; his terms are, for thorough-bred mares 7 gs. each, and half-breds 3 sovs., with 5s. to the groom. *Freney*, the winner of *twenty-seven races*, was got by Roller, out of Promise (own sister to the well-known Partisan) by Walton, out of Parasol by Pot-8-o's, out of Prunella by Highflyer—Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank, out of Spectator's dam by Partner. Roller was got by Quiz, out of Paleface by Young Woodpecker; her dam Platina (sister to Silver) by Mercury—Herod—Skim, &c. &c. *Freney* is the sire of Fireaway, Fanny Callaghan, Fakeaway, Rapture, Despatch, and Paragon—the latter a capital runner last season in Ireland. *Freney's* half-bred stock are spoken most highly of, and are, with scarcely an exception, large and powerful. Any other particulars may be gained by writing to Michael Hough, Sharavogue, Roscrea, King's County.

That fine animal *Belzoni* is still at Mr. Lucas's, Lutterworth, Leicestershire, where he will serve mares during the year; thorough-breds 10 gs., and 5s. to the groom; half-breds 3 gs., and 5s. to the groom. *Belzoni* is own brother to Belshazzar; he is a brown horse, was foaled in 1823, got by Blacklock, out of Manuella (the dam of Memnon, winner of the St. Leger in 1813). *Belzoni* was a rattling favorite for the St. Leger in 1826 (won by Tarrare), but did not run so well in the race as was expected. At four years old he performed some good things; and, taking him altogether, I am free to confess that he was a very good second-rater on the "slippery sod." *Belzoni* is a remarkably fine stallion.

My old respected acquaintance *Charles the Twelfth* has "cut the turf," and is now "boxed up" at Sheffield Lane Paddocks, three miles from Sheffield, on the Barnsley Road. The pedigree and performances of this noble animal are so well known, that it would be quite useless to say more than that he was foaled in 1836, got by Voltaire, out of Laurel's dam (see the pedigree of Laurel), and that he beat all the best horses of his time; amongst them, the celebrated Bee's-wing, Hyllus, Lanercost, and The Squire. Few horses stood the test of severe training better than *Charles the Twelfth*; and although now turned over to the Stud, *his constitution* and *understandings* are as "sound as a roach." The price named is very low, taking all circumstances into consideration, it being only 12 gs. each mare, the groom's fee included. There is the best accommodation for mares and foals, and every attention will be paid them. For any further information, direct a line to "Francis Croft, Stud-groom, Sheffield Lane Paddocks, near Sheffield."

At Mr. Harvey's Veterinary Establishment, Bath, may be found *Barnacles*, a very good and useful stallion. He was foaled in 1833, got by Cain, dam by Bourbon, out of Tabosa by Don Quix-

otte. As I have never written about this horse, I must be allowed to note the winnings of Barnacles in 1838:—£50 at Bath, £505 at Cheltenham, £65 at Southampton, £100 at Abingdon, and £65 and £100 at Monmouth: in the next year (1839) Barnacles put into his owner's pocket the handsome sum of £1175, being the amount of the Goodwood Stakes—won easily; also £235 at the Plymouth Meeting. He is a dark chesnut horse, 16 hands high, with capital feet and legs, and one of the best-tempered horses in England. The price of covering is amazingly low, viz., 5 gs. thorough-bred, and 3 gs. half-bred mares. His stock, now yearlings, are very promising. This horse is pretty certain to become a "fashionable article" in the market.

Carew is at Balchin's Stables, Sutton, Surrey, where he can see mares at any time this season. *Carew* was bred by Mr. Robert Ridsdale in 1833, got by either *Tramp* or *Comus*, out of *Young Petuaria* by *Rainbow* (by *Walton*)—*Petuaria* by *Orville*—*Mandane* by *Pot-8-o's* (by *Eclipse*), the dam of *Manuella*, *Altisidora*, *Lottery*, *Brutandorf*, &c. &c. I will only give a short sketch of *Carew's* running: At three years old, after being a great favorite for the Derby, he ran second to *Touchstone* for the *Doncaster Cup*, beating *Bee's-wing*, *Venison*, and *General Chassé*; at four years old he won the *Goodwood Cup* easily, beating *Hornsea*, *Slane*, and many other good horses. For price of covering, &c., apply at head-quarters, where every information required will be given by Mr. Balchin.

That fine specimen of an English racing stallion *Gladiator* will serve mares by subscription at Althorp, near Northampton, at 20 gs. each, the groom's fee included. *Gladiator*, a chesnut horse, was foaled in 1833, got by *Partisan*, out of *Pauline* by *Moses*—*Quadrille* by *Selim*—*Canary-bird* by *Whisker* or *Sorcerer*—*Canary* by *Coriander*—*Miss Green* by *Highflyer*—*Harriet* by *Matchem*—*Flora* by *Regulus*—*Bartlett's Childers*—*Bay Bolton*—*Belgrade Turk*. There's a pedigree to boast of! *Gladiator* ran a good second to *Bay Middleton* (as far as the beaten ones were concerned) for the Derby 1836, but never ran afterwards. He is the sire of *Prizefighter*, *Napier*, and *Peter the Hermit*—all good runners; also of *The Bee* and *Joan of Arc*, two great favorites for the coming Oaks. Althorp is six miles from Northampton, and the same distance from the Weedon station on the London and Birmingham Railway. Apply to Mr. John Elliot, Althorp, Northampton, from whom any other information may be obtained.

The Riddlesworth Stud boasts of old *Emilius*, at 50 sovs. each mare, and *The Commodore* and *Euclid*, at 10 gs. each, and 10s. 6d. to the groom. There is the addition of *Erymus* (who takes *Albermarle's* place), who also covers at 10 gs. each thorough-bred, and £2 12s. 6d. half-bred mares. I have before given the pedigrees and performances of the three first stallions in Mr. Theobald's establishment, therefore have only to report that *Erymus* was foaled in 1827, got by *Moses*, out of *Eliza Leeds* by *Comus*, &c. *Erymus* started twice when two years old, and was unsuccessful, but he made amends in the following year by winning the *Drawing*

Room Stakes at Goodwood, beating a strong field of *qualified* horses. Mr. Thornhill has put some of his choice mares to this stallion—amongst them the well-known Equation, by Emilius, out of Maria. On application to W. Tyler, Riddlesworth, any further information may be gained. Riddlesworth is near Thetford, Norfolk.

At Maresfield Park, Sussex, may be found *Envoy*, foaled in 1839, got by Plenipotentiary, out of Ayesha by Sultan, out of Marinella by Soothsayer, &c. *Envoy*, receiving eight pounds, beat Attila and the *knowing ones* in the race for the Drawing Room Stakes in 1842; Seahorse was second. The price for covering 7 gs. each mare. Maresfield Park is forty miles from London, and ten miles from Hayward's Heath Station on the Brighton Railway.

The "lion" of 1836 is stationed at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster—of course I allude to the celebrated *Bay Middleton*. This horse was bred by Lord Jersey in 1833, got by Sultan, out of Cobweb (winner of the Oaks in 1824) by Phantom, &c. *Bay Middleton* won, besides other rich Stakes, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and the Grand Duke Michael—he was never beaten. He is the sire of eighteen winners of last year: amongst the number, I may name Gaper, Aristides, Bramble, Modesty, the colt out of Silvertail, Whaler, Pastoral, Physalis, All-round-my-Hat, and the Margellina gelding, as having "earned their corn," and left something in the "coffers." The price of covering has been reduced to 10 gs. each mare, and one sov. to the groom. Further particulars may be obtained by applying to Mr. W. Cunningham, stud-groom, at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster. There are several promising colts by *Bay Middleton* in the forthcoming Derby.

The *thought-to-be-flying Auckland* of 1842 may be met with at Mr. Hartshorn's Farm, Eccleston, near Chester, where he is doomed to serve mares at 10 gs. each. *Auckland* was bred by the Marquis of Westminster in 1839, got by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honor by Champion. From the blood running in this horse's veins, I have no doubt that he will get patronage: still I must add, that there are many stallions at half his figure to whom I would decidedly prefer sending a valuable mare—Barnacles for instance.

Cæsar stands at Hampton Court, where mares may be sent to him on the payment of 10 gs. each. This horse was bred by Lord Jersey in 1836, got by Sultan, out of Cobweb by Phantom—he is own brother to *Bay Middleton*. After winning the Riddlesworth Stakes in 1839, beating Euclid, *Cæsar* became a great favorite for the Derby, but his defeat for the Two Thousand Guineas by The Corsair shook the confidence of his admirers. *Cæsar* was nowhere in the "snowy Derby," won by Bloomsbury; Deception second, and Euclid third.

That fine specimen of a racing stallion, *Coronation*, is at his owner's, Chadlington, three miles from Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire. *Coronation* was bred by Mr. Rawlinson in 1838, got by Sir Hercules, out of Ruby by Rubens, &c. After winning his

two-year-old engagements, Coronation won the Trial Stakes at Warwick 1841, and became a great favorite for the Derby, which race he won in a *canter*, beating *twenty-eight others*. His price of covering is 20 gs. each mare, and one sov. to the groom. Winners, or dams of winners, of 100 sovs. or upwards at any one time will be served at half-price. The greatest care and attention will be paid to mares sent to him.

Don John, about whom last season I wrote largely, is at Bretby Park, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where he will cover mares at 15 sovs. each, and one sov. to the groom. He was foaled in 1835, got by either Tramp or Waverley, out of Hetman Platoff's dam by Comus. Don John won the St. Leger 1838 in the easiest style ever remembered.

The Earl of Richmond is at Lowfold, Wisborough Green, five miles from Petworth. This horse was foaled in 1840, got by Touchstone (winner of the St. Leger 1834), out of the Queen of Trumps (winner of the Oaks and St. Leger in 1835). The Earl of Richmond ran only once, when he won quite easy. The terms of covering are 5 gs. each mare.

Jerry, the gallant winner of the St. Leger in 1824, beating Canteen and twenty-one others, is fixed for the season at Elden, fifteen miles from Newmarket, where he will cover during the season at 15 sovs. each mare, the groom's fee included. Jerry was bred by the late Mr. Gascoigne in 1821, got by Smolensko, out of Louisa by Orville, &c. He was a good runner, and is the sire of Black Diamond, Fair Jane, Mayflower, Jerry, Nicholas, Canadian, *cum multis aliis*. Application may be made to Mr. C. Brown, Elden, near Thetford. Jerry is a nice black horse and well proportioned.

Our old friend *Lanercost* is under the careful management of Mr. Kirby, Murton, near York, where mares will be served at 15 gs. each. Lanercost, a brown horse, was foaled in 1835, got by Liverpool, out of Otis by Bustard. I will not tease my reader by going over all the *ground covered* by this very superior horse, but shall only say that he ran capitally, and that at the present time many of our best mares are at Mr. Kirby's to be put to him.

Melbourne, a famous runner in his day, is at the Royal Horse Bazaar and Turf Tavern, Dringhouses, one mile from York. Melbourne was foaled in 1834, got by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Cervantes, &c. His price for covering is, thorough-bred mares 10 gs. each, and 10s. to the groom; half-bred mares at 4 gs. each, and 5s. to the groom. Apply to G. Foster as above.

There is a son of Velocipede at Mr. George Spedding's, the Angel Inn, Catterick, Yorkshire; I mean *Meteor*. This horse was bred by Mr. Bowes in 1839, got by Velocipede, out of Dido by Whisker, &c. Meteor won the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes in 1842 in a *canter*, and then his star was set. Price, 5 gs. each mare, and 5s. to the groom; half-bred mares 2 sovs. each, and 2s. 6d. to the groom. Meteor may get hunters, but I do not think that he will have many thorough-bred mares of goodly pedigree, inasmuch as he was always an inferior animal.

I now come to an old favorite, but I am free to confess that he

has not produced the stock I anticipated. I am writing about *The Saddler*. This horse was foaled in 1828, got by Waverley, out of Castrellina by Castrel. As a Turf performer few horses ran, under abused circumstances, better than *The Saddler*, and his stock are, to the eye, very fine; yet somehow or another, with one or two exceptions, they do not "carry out appearances." *The Shadow* and *The Currier* have "run on," and *The Squire* looked well at three years old, but none of these surely can be called first-raters. *The Saddler* is now at home-quarters, viz., Eberston Lodge, near Snainton, York, where he will serve mares during the season at 10 gs. each. There is a *niceish* *Saddler* colt in the coming Derby—*Mr. Bowes' Saddlebow*—which I quite expect to see a much better favorite than his present figure, 40 to 1.

One other stallion, and I have done. *Dick* is at Cross Heath Farm, Newcastle, Staffordshire, where he is "booked" to cover mares at 10 gs. each, and 10s. to the groom. *Dick* was foaled in 1833, got by Muley, dam by Comus, out of Margrave's dam. *Dick* was a tolerable performer as a racer—certainly not first-rate.

And now I conclude, by stating that I have given a plain unvarnished statement of the Racing Stallions of the present season, with such remarks as I have deemed necessary.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for April, 1844.

LIFE OF A FOX-HOUND, DICTATED BY HIMSELF.

Continued from the April Number, page 303.

SITTING the other day in my den with the door and windows open very earnestly reading, "Forester" walked in, and receiving no answer to some questions he put to me, shoved his head against my knee, and rather petulantly inquired what work I was so intent on? "The Diary of a Huntsman," was my reply.—"I am very glad you have it," said he, "for when I was at Cottesmore 'the Chancellor' read it to us, and if I recollect right there were some good remarks, and others that we most seriously condemned. As it is rather a leisure day with you, I shall be most happy to go into it with you: but what is your fancy for sitting, as I often perceive you do, half naked and exposed to the wind and weather?"—"Why," said I, "you would not have me sit before the fire with a great coat and gloves on? The advantage I find is this, that when I am buttoned up and mounted, I defy the noxious vapor: I then 'laugh at the whirlwind and deride the storm:' and as there are no ladies here to catch me by the head and keep me straight, I am apt to dwindle by the sliding scale into slovenliness."—"But," said he, "as the women all like to see those whose affairs they conduct as smart or smarter than others, does not the spider-

brusher now and then grumble?"—Said I: "she chatters now and then, but I book it all as babbling, and take no notice of it."

"Now," said I, "shut the door and window, sit down, and give me your opinion of the advice tendered by that Author who killed ninety foxes in ninety-one days."—"Aye," said he, "I can tell you a little about that when we come to the proper place."—I read on till I came to the passage that a "slow huntsman will make a quick pack slow, and a quick huntsman make a slow pack quick."—"That," said he, "is perfectly correct. There are times when a huntsman should be quick as lightning, and there are times when he cannot be too slow, and it is the judicious exercise of those qualities that constitute the perfect huntsman. We are as much divided in our opinions as to which is the best as you are. In the various kennels I have been in, I have met with hounds from all parts of England, and I have generally found that they prefer that kind of huntsman under which they have been entered. It is curious, after a day's work, to hear the different opinions they give of the huntsman. If he is quick, those of the slow School exclaim, 'what a mad-brained harumrscarum fool of a huntsman ours is! He keeps hallooing, blowing, and galloping us about; won't give us time to put our noses down; makes no distinction between good ground and bad, whether up wind or down, till he gets us in such confusion that he does not know where the fox is gone, and we cannot show him. We are then trotted or galloped to another covert three or four miles off; find another fox; the same system is pursued, attended by the same result, and then hounds and horses go home jaded and defeated with galloping about and doing nothing.' On the contrary, if he is slow, those of the quick School say, 'What a stupid inactive brute he is! why he stands as if he meant to gain a settlement in the parish. When a point is tried, it is tried, and if the scent is not there, it must be somewhere else, and if he will move himself, we will assist him to recover it.' 'Yes,' say the slow ones, 'and when he does recover it, as we have had nothing taken out of us, we are enabled to make the best use of it.' I have nowhere seen the excellence of the two systems so beautifully blended as at Cottesmore. The vigilant eye and quick decision of our worthy Master discovered when both should be exercised. The flyers from the Pytchley and Quorn always met us when we went within a reasonable reach of them, and although they called us the *tollers*, they admitted that they met with nothing approaching to such runs as we showed them in their own countries."

I asked him if they had not often considerable difficulty in distinguishing the Huntsman and the Whips from the field, as they are all clad in scarlet?—To which he replied, "When we are halloo'd or blown into a ride, down which at least fifty men are galloping, we are often much puzzled, and have often said to each other, that if the men were ordered to wear a clean pipe-clayed belt over their shoulders, we could discern it a mile off, and it would much facilitate our getting to them. When I was in the kennel at Harold," continued he, "under Mr. Berkeley, himself

and men wearing yellow-plush coats, which were discernible at a great distance, scarcely any of us were left behind. But in many kennels we are obliged to gallop about from one batch of horses to another, and as so many men are now wearing caps, we are obliged to look in their faces to see if it is the Huntsman or not."

"It is the fashionable remark of the young men of the present day that at the 'pace hounds go now,' they must ride well-bred horses: do you think that hounds are faster than they were forty years ago?"—"If it is all true," said he, "what the Chancellor used to read to us from Daniel's *Rural Sports*, I say decidedly not. When we read that in the great Match between Barry and Meynell two couples ran a drag over the Beacon Course, upwards of four miles, in seven minutes and fifteen seconds, and that Merkin, a bitch of Colonel Thornton's ran the same distance in seven minutes and one second, I must confess, among all my kennel acquaintances, I do not know where I could select two couple to do the distance in the time."

"Although," said I, "I detest any measures that have a tendency to make hounds wild, I should very much like to see a trial run with a couple from each of the following packs; viz. Mr. Mure's, the Puckeridge, the Cambridgeshire, Mr. Brand's, and the Oakley, over the same course at Newmarket, for the Stakes of £20 each, to be raised by subscription from those who attend the different packs. The Master of the winning couple would find it very useful to pay the earth-stoppers, keepers, &c., for I know of no pack of subscription hounds where £100 would not be very acceptable to supply the continual and everlasting drain upon the Master's pocket. People who have had nothing to do with the management and keeping of hounds cannot have the slightest conception of the continual demands that are daily and hourly made upon it; and if he had a cask of ale that would contain the Mediterranean Sea, and listen to every application that was made to him, they would sink it a hoop per day—some, because they have three years ago picked up his whip for him; another, because he opened a gate; and a third, because he halloo'd a fox from a certain covert, headed him back, and spoiled a day's sport. As all the kennels I have named are within a reachable distance from Newmarket, the trial might be made at a very little expense. We are in the Agricultural World continually hearing of the *improved* short-horns, of the *improved* Leicesters: why, they can show nothing like the Durham ox or Smith's Leicester, which I saw at the first sheep-shearing held by Francis Duke of Bedford more than forty years since; and of another thing I feel thoroughly convinced, I shall never again see two such men sitting together at dinner as I saw on that occasion. The Duke was in the Chair, and Mr. Coke on his right hand: they were Englishmen every inch of them, in shape, in mind, in principle, and they looked it all. As the young men of the present day are apt to fancy that nothing that has been done in by-gone days can equal what they are now doing themselves, I feel anxious to see the trial made, that they may be convinced that

there have been as good men, fleet hounds, and stout horses as any that are in use by the butterflies of the present hour.

"Now," said he, "go on with the Diary."

I read on till I came to the part where the Author tells us to ask Tom Sebright if any money would have induced him to continue in the Hambleton country?—"Then," said Forester, "I can tell you why nothing would induce him to stop there. The fact was, he stopped while he had killed all the foxes, and till they could not find one—a very sufficient reason for not wishing to stop. But," continued he, "the most surprising part of the affair is, that shortly after Sebright left that country in which he could not find a fox with Mr. Osbaldeston's celebrated pack, how comes it that the Author of the Diary could kill his ninety foxes in ninety-one days? It is fair to suppose that he did not kill *half* the foxes there were in the country. There must therefore have been in the country at least ninety brace. Now where could this ninety brace have come from? As we are not credulous enough to believe that a vulpine Deucalion and Pyrrha had passed through Hampshire, I ventured to ask some of ours that had been on the Author's establishment about that period, if they knew how the Hambleton country became so suddenly and so abundantly stocked? They said they did not know where they came from, and they all agreed that they had a strong metropolitan smell about them, and were so weak that they snapped them up as the dog Billy would rats in a pit. It is singular too that this same Sebright, who was so unsuccessful in Hampshire, has been killing almost every fox he has run at this season, when all other packs have been complaining of the scent."

"How is it," said I, "when his hounds were strapped three together, that himself and his men could not stop them from deer without a six weeks drill?"—"Why," said he, "his men or horses, or both, must have been dead slow, or were not in their proper places. To tell me that hounds tied together in bundles could break away from any men properly mounted is truly ridiculous, if at least they knew any part of their business. But," continued he, "what is that picture you have just turned over? Let me look at it."—When I showed it to him, he burst out laughing, saying, "it looks like a sparrow-dumpling with the lid off. What is it intended to represent?"—"He intends by this," said I, "to show that if you want to catch a fox, you must try for him where it is very unlikely he should have gone."—"Well," says he, "that bangs Banagher, that beats cockfighting into fits; but you cannot be serious: let me look at it again. Why, it appears by this that his first cast is *up wind*. Bah! I'll defy him, or the cleverest man that ever wore a head, to make hounds try up wind till they have fully satisfied themselves it is not down. He may convert his whole Field into Whippers-in, and they may by the force of whipcord drive us up to him, but I will answer for it every hound will fancy he is stopped, and not one will put his nose down."—"With all submission to so great authority," said I, "I think on the part of the hound it is a great obstinacy; I have been so enraged with

them when I have viewed the animal to find that they would not come to me till they were satisfied they should not leave the scent behind them, that I could have shot them all."—"The fact is," said he, "we *dare not*, for we know, if we are hurried by wind over the line of scent, our chance is out. Look at a pointer when a bird is running with a side-wind in turnips; see, when he touches the line, how he drops down the wind, and how cautiously he draws up to it again. But a still more serious objection arises to this cast where a fox is not likely to go. Suppose the check to occur the first mile or two from the covert in which he was found, the Field are coming up from all sides of it, and a wrong cast of three minutes' duration will enable 150 horses to spread themselves four fields wide of your line. Then see what an extent of country is stained. All the horses will not stop in a bunch, as they are represented in the sparrow-dumpling. He says, it may appear paradoxical that the best hounds seldom appear at head in a run, but it is nevertheless true; and he might have added horse-men too; for I have always remarked that the leading hound is flashy, and the leading horseman no sportsman."

"I observe," continued Forester, "that you cut all your dog hounds; what do you calculate you gain by that?"—"In the first place," said I, "it enables me to take them out with the hot bitches, which are worked all through their heat, and are always fit to go when the heat is off. The dogs also last longer. Look at Monarch, who has been better this season than ever, and I entered him in 1834. There was poor old Challenger too who was put away at the end of last season; he came at the same time: I don't know how old he was, for when he was operated upon he had scarcely a tooth in his head; yet how stout he went to the last. There are two points wherein the Author quite agrees with us, or perhaps I should say we with him; that is, in the opinion that a line hunter such as we have described is the standard of excellence in a fox-hound. He says also, that as the bitch packs do not give their tongues so freely as the dogs, it would be quite as well if they had a little *conversation* when they got home. He also quotes several instances of the wonderful *sagacity* of a fox-hound. He says, and I believe with great truth, that foxes do not destroy pheasants to the extent it is represented. I was informed by James Habbizam, keeper to Mr. Needham, and afterwards to Earl Manvers, that when he was in Nottinghamshire, they had a breeding earth in the Park in which every year there was a litter of cubs. On the top of the earth there were a great many nettles growing, and on going one day to the earth, while looking among the nettles he found a hen pheasant sitting on her eggs: of course he did not disturb her, but in due time she hatched eight young ones, brought up and took away seven of them, and all this on an earth in which were five cubs and the old vixen. The Author states that there are foxes that no hounds can kill. There was one in the Brampton country, which, from his great similarity to the picture of the wolves in Lloyd's *Wild Sports in the North*, I christened Mr. Lloyd, and the Cambridgeshire hounds ran him

eight seasons before they could get hold of him. They were one morning in Brampton Wood, when I said to the Master, 'I hope they won't get on old Lloyd to-day.'—'I don't know him,' said he; 'if he goes over the ride show him to me.'—'Then,' said I, 'you must not move your head, for he goes over these broad rides like a streak of greased lightning.' There were two or three went over: at length, bounce he came into the middle of the ride, and with one bound went out of it. 'That's him,' said I.—'Oh!' said he, 'there is no mistaking him, for he is as long as a cart rope and black as the devil.' However, his hour at length came: they found him one day in Limage Wood, and at the end of four hours and twenty minutes they went down into Ellington meadows by themselves, for *every* horse was brought to a walk, when a tally-ho farmer, who was in the meadows, seeing him come with his back up scarcely able to move, and the hounds not much better, in the same field with him, he *ran* after them up to Graffham Wood, where after taking him one turn round, he had the gratification to hear the woodman, who was in the wood, halloo 'Who-whoop.' He got to them as quick as he could, but of course they had eaten him, and there stood the farmer 'alone amid victorious hounds.' The next consideration was what was he to do with them, for not a horse was visible; nor did any one come up: he therefore took a pad away from a hound, and by holding it up, and cheering them, he took them back in the direction they had come from, and in the Ellington road he found those of the Field who were left standing off their horses, looking at them, poor things, that were ready to drop from exhaustion. One bitch, Cora, was missing, and the Whipper-in ran back into the wood, and found her with Mr Lloyd's head in her mouth, which he brought away with him: and after all this severe work, the hounds were by the road eighteen miles from their kennel. As the distance was great, I did not go on that day; but about nine o'clock in the evening there came a violent ringing at the front-door, accompanied by a rattling 'view-halloo.'—'What's up now?' said I: when the door opening in rushed a young tally-ho friend, swinging in his hand the head of the supposed invincible Mr. Lloyd, and smacking it on the table, said, 'There's the head of the old boy; he is done at last; but, by Heavens, he has nearly killed all of us. For the last forty-five minutes such a scene of distress in all your experience you never witnessed; out of the whole Field not a single horse could make a trot. I am fearful we shall hear some fatal news to-morrow, for horses were lying about in all directions.'—'But,' said I, 'how did you get home?'—'Why,' said he, 'you know I am pretty active, and I walked almost all the way, occasionally driving Cashier before me: but, d—n it,' said he, 'give me some wine, for I cannot mention or think of the day without feeling as if I was on fire.' We then examined the head, and found it more like a wolf's than a fox's, with a pair of jaws like a man-trap."

"It is very odd," said Forester; "but I was listening to an account of this very run about a week before I came here, from Wakeful, Marquis, and Pontiff, who were in it, and who all declare

it the most distressing thing for hounds they ever met with. Most of them were very ill for a week afterwards, and I am not surprised at it, when they told us the woods they ran through; for I have hunted in almost every country in England, but have never been through such coverts as these: they are all briars and black-thorns. A look at us the next morning after a hard day in them, with the bloody marks upon us, must satisfy any one that he sees no such appearances in any other pack; and they tell me he was killed at last by a trick of Marmion, who was behind, and, hearing them turn down wind, planted himself behind a great stump near a run down which the fox happened to come, and, as he passed, dashed at him, knocked him down, and, being a powerful hound, held him there till the others came up, and so savage were they that they soon gave him a 'most almighty chaw-up.'—And, now," said he, "go on with the Diary."

I read on till I came to page 183, where the Author says, "It has been asserted in a sporting publication not long since, as well as on other occasions, that if a fox is not pressed he will only keep a certain distance before hounds;" and he goes on to reprobate the ideas: but I will read it all to you, and I shall be happy to hear your opinion of the arguments he urges in opposition to it.—"Why?" said he.—"Because," said I, "it is an uncalled-for slap at me. In another work I recommended unwearied *perseverance* to recover the hunted fox, and quoted Meynell as a proof of it. My advice was 'never to give up your fox so long as a hound could show you his line;' and remarked, that from a knowledge of country and the run of foxes from certain coverts, I had got forward on hills, and often saw them coming along and taking it very leisurely, stopping and listening, hanging in small coverts and hedge-rows, that a huntsman need never despair. I remember a singular instance of it once with Mr. Brand's hounds. They met at Wilstead Wood, and as the wind was fair for me, and a good hearing day, I went no nearer to the meet than Hammer Hill, about a mile and a half down wind of the covert. I heard them thrown in; I heard him found and halloo'd over the main ride; they took him one turn round the covert, and checked. Shortly after I beckoned Clark, the under-keeper, to me, and said, 'Is that fox that is *walking* under the second hedge from us lame?'—'Well,' he says, 'I cannot perceive that he is lame, but he does not seem in a hurry.'—'Now,' said I, 'you run across the field towards the wood, and you can see all over the valley; I'll go down the hill, and if when he crosses the road I perceive he is all right, I'll hold my hat up to you, and if this is their fox, and they are coming, you can then office them forward.' He came into the road very near to me, stopped, and looked at me. I gave my whip a crack and over the hedge he flew, and went for Exeter Wood like a bullet. It is very strange the Writer should be so very severe upon the remark that a fox will hang, when, in page 27, he acknowledges the very same thing; and in page 183, to prove the *contrary*, states an instance of a fox having been seen two or three times to go over an open country *where there was not a bush to hide him.*"

“Why,” said Forester, “he must be very little acquainted with the animal he is writing about not to know that from his shy nature a fox takes every opportunity of concealing himself, and that is the reason why he *hangs* in coverts and *does not hang* in the open. Indeed it is a lucky thing for us he does hang; for if he was to go away at the pace he is seen to leave the covert in which he is found, and to continue it long, he would run us completely out of scent. How often do you say ‘we are getting on better terms with him,’ it is only because he has waited.”

I read to him the remarks in the *Diary on Scent*, and that it proceeded from the foot. “Here again,” said he, “he is wilder than before. If we were to hunt a fox only by the foot scent, we should not catch one in a century, unless we dropped on him when fast asleep; and I should not think the Writer likely to catch a fox, or weasel either, asleep. How can he reconcile this remark with what he must often have seen, that in a *side wind* a fox has been viewed down the ridge of a land, and every hound running, enjoying, and crying it, and not a hound within five or six lands where the fox went down. If we were to hunt by the foot only, we must follow each other like a team of cart-horses; in which case a couple of hounds would be plenty. If it proceeded from the foot, how should we be able to carry it through *water*? See a fast stage-coach come in, and when the horses are taken off, if it be a *sharp frost* every horse appears enveloped in steam, which is exuded through the pores, and, being condensed by the cold air, becomes visible to our otherwise imperfect organs. If in cold weather so much perspirable matter escapes through the skin, how much more so must it when the weather is warmer? but as it is not condensed, we do not perceive it. Now when this steam is wafted by the air over a certain space of ground, it enables every hound to have a share, and all to carry a good head. We are said to be wild and flashy in a gale of wind, and it is so: the scent being so widely dispersed, one touches it here, another there, and, speaking to it, we fly about, first to one, then to another, and all fancying that some are on the main line, and that they may slip away with it down the wind, and we be unable to hear them. It is a singular fact, that on the going off of a frost we can run, and run hard, the drag or tail quite up to the kennel or form, push them out of it, and not be able to run a yard afterwards. I can only account for it by supposing, that if it is a still frosty night, the particles of scent which escape the animal cling or adhere to the herbage or earth, and the rays of the sun having loosened them, enables us to take it up: but as this drag or trail was made by the animal moving more slowly, and often stopping to listen and clean itself, there is a much greater portion of it emitted, and which is *preserved* by the frost as stated: whereas, when it is pushed up, the rapidity with which it moves, and the pores of the skin being closed by the cold, a very small stream of scent escapes them, which cannot overpower the exhalations from the earth occasioned by the thaw. Before I close this subject on scent, I wish the following injunction to be deeply and indelibly engraven on the minds and memories of all men who hunt—*never*

to approach down wind a hound that is feeling for a scent. You who have not a nose to exercise can form no idea of the mischief it occasions, and the difficulty it creates. Reflect one moment, and you must be convinced it is impossible for us to make it out. When we are running hard down wind, as is generally the case, and come to a check, when we require the most pure and uncontaminated air, down upon us come forty or fifty horses in a high state of perspiration, each bearing a brute stuffed with all sorts of villanous compounds, and whose coat envelopes a barrowful of garbage. We so nauseate it, that we feel more inclined, as the elegant song says, 'to vomit our wittels than feel for a scent.' However deficient you may be in common sense, you have abundance of other scents."

"The constant running of foxes down wind has been attributed to them as a proof of their sagacity. It has nothing to do with it. He is a shy timid animal, with a quick eye and ear, and a good nose. When found, he is obliged to break where he can, and as few men wish to be up-wind of the hounds, that side is more generally left open, and away he goes; but he does not go far before he hears, sees, or smells something he does not like, which turns him to the right or the left: another obnoxious something gives him another turn, and so on, till he gets his head down wind, where, hearing and smelling nothing before him, but a most infernal rattle behind him, he keeps on to get out of the way of that, not choosing to turn round and face such a noisy rabble. I think, but I am not certain, that I have read in some other publication by the Author of the Diary, that he strongly recommended fox-hounds not to be worked too hard, and I gave him great credit for the very sensible and judicious advice; but it is one thing to preach and another to practise. He was on a visit to Cambridge-shire, and to please him the hounds met at Stow, about three miles from where he was visiting, and about twelve from the kennel. When they came up, their stripped sterns and scarred faces showed they had been doing strong work in those beastly Brampton Woods, and had been out of luck and very unsuccessful. A fox was found and soon killed. After a little time, another was found, and not being a very stout one he was also turned up. Now let me ask, if any man with the smallest pretension to the character of a *Sportsman* ought not (taking all their former ill-luck into consideration) to have asked the Huntsman to pack them up and take them home? But no: because this visitor was within a couple of miles of the residence of his friend, they must find another."

"Yes," said Forester; "so disgusted were we that we would not try to kill him, and went toiling over Whaddon Field, scarcely a couple of us together; and when they found that we would and could not try, we were taken fourteen miles home. Now, had we been taken home, as we ought to have been at the death of the second fox, we should have gone on our way rejoicing: as it was, we went sullenly and grumblingly on; and vowed that if no more consideration was shewn to us, they might hunt their foxes themselves. As you seem angry about it," continued he, "we will go

on no further at present on that subject, but as I have meditated a good deal on the anecdote of Sergeant Vaughan, and am desirous, if possible, to entertain a good opinion of your senseless tribe, perhaps you can relate something else that may raise you a little in our good opinion."

Well (said I), since you consider it very ingenious for a Counsellor to defeat a prosecutor, I will tell you how a prisoner defeated the Judge, Jury, and Counsellors too. A man was indicted, I think at Cambridge, for stealing a horse on the 21st of July. The first witness swore he saw the prisoner in the neighborhood the day before the horse was stolen: the next witness swore that he saw the prisoner on the horse: and a third, that he bought the horse of the prisoner. When the evidence was all gone through, the Judge said—

"Now, prisoner, have you any questions to ask?"

"I don't see the use of it, my Lord," said he: "the witnesses have all sworn so positively, I don't see what the Jury can do but convict me."

"Have you anybody to speak to your character?"

"No, my Lord; I am a stranger here;" when, pausing and looking very earnestly at a gentleman on the other side of the court, "except that gentleman in the drab great-coat will."

"Who, me?" said he.

"Yes, Sir."

"Why, I never saw you in my life before."

"Perhaps, Sir, I can convince you you have. What profession are you, Sir?"

"Why, I am a commercial traveller."

"And pray, Sir, may I ask where you were on the 21st of July, the day named in the indictment?"

"That I am sure I cannot recollect."

"Have you any means of satisfying yourself where you were?"

"Yes, my books will show it."

"Have you them with you, Sir?"

"No, they are at the Inn."

The prisoner then turned to the Judge, and said, "My Lord, as this gentleman's evidence is very material to my defence, will you allow him to go to the Inn to refresh his memory?"

"How long shall you be, Sir?"

"Oh, not many minutes, my Lord."

"Very well, we will wait your return."

He soon came back, and looking at the prisoner with a sneer, said—

"Why, on the 21st of July I was at Mullingar, in Ireland."

"I know you were, Sir; and pray, Sir, do you remember two men fighting in the market-place?"

"No, indeed I do not."

"Why, Sir, you cannot forget it, for you seconded one of them."

"Eh!" said he, pausing; "I *do* recollect seeing an Englishman

very ill-used in a fight in Ireland, aye and it was at Mullingar when I stepped in to support him."

"Well, Sir, look at me, and say if I am that man."

"Oh!" said he, "I cannot swear to you, for when I went to you your face was so knocked about I should not know you again. I can only swear he was about your size, and had a large mole on his left shoulder."

"Is that the case, prisoner?"

"Why, my Lord, I cannot see behind me; but the Jury may;" and pulling his shirt on one side, there was the mole as described. When the commercial traveller saw it, he exclaimed, "My Lord, I have no doubt now."

The Judge, in summing up, told the Jury, "that although the witnesses had sworn positively to the prisoner, there may be, and often are, mistakes as to identity. But here was a combination of circumstances sworn to that had raised a considerable doubt in his mind, and if the evidence had operated in a similar manner on the minds of the Jury, they would give the prisoner the benefit of it."

He was acquitted.

"Well," said Forester, "what ingenuity was there in all that?"

"Nothing more than this," said I; "the commercial traveller and the prisoner had never been in Ireland in their lives; they were regular thieves and confederates, and the story was got up for the occasion."

"And a capital one it is," said he.

THISTLEWHIPPER.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for April, 1844.

ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

BY COTHERSTONE.

Resumed from our May Number, page 282.

TRAVELLING TO MEETINGS.

The means of transit are so completely changed, and the system of locomotion is so greatly improved within a very few years, that our fathers, much more our grandfathers, would be lost in amazement could they just burst "the cerements of their tomb," and take a peep at our present mode of progression.

The accommodation afforded by the railways presents an unexceptionable facility for removing race-horses from one place to another, in whatever directions they may be required to traverse, and with ordinary care there is not much risk; the greater danger being in taking horses into and out of the boxes, on which occasion all the legs should be protected with bandages, and the fore ones with knee caps; the former, in order to avert the evils which

might arise from the animal kicking, the latter to defend the knees in case his impetuosity should cause him to slip as he is being led over the platform. It is wonderful how quietly many very shy horses will approach these fearful-looking machines; but for the sake of ensuring their tractability, it is advisable to put a pair of winkers on them, which will permit them to see where they are placing their feet; and consequently, allow them to discern the ridge which the platform presents, at the same time will prevent their beholding objects on either side which might alarm them. The principal fault which is to be complained of in the horse-boxes belonging to the railway companies is their not being padded at the back, so as to prevent horses from injuring their hind legs and hocks by lashing out against the timber with which that part of the machine is constructed. It is in order to obviate this neglect on the part of the builders of their carriages that it becomes the more necessary to preserve the hind legs from being bruised, by the application of bandages; which, with horses prone to the habit of striking out, should be double. It is difficult, indeed almost impossible, to protect the hocks, as the mere fact of securing them with bandages would induce many horses to kick until they had disengaged them. Many horses will very quietly submit to be led into the railway boxes, and when set in motion will commence striking at the planks which are behind them; as a matter of course, the boys always accompany their horses, and they should be instructed to use every method to reconcile and keep them quiet. It is wonderful the influence which a boy may acquire over the horse that he looks after: a sort of companionship is established between them, that is, if the boy behaves well to his horse—so that the animal will be much more readily pacified by him than by any other individual.

It is a custom with the attendance on the railways to recommend a horse's head to be tied quite short. It is evidently very wrong: if he be disposed to kick at the back of the box, he will not inflict half so much injury upon himself if he be close to it, as if he be at some distance; besides, many a high-couraged horse will hang back and become violent when they find themselves closely secured. Plenty of straw should be thrown on the flooring of the box.

By way of insuring the accommodation, it is advisable to give notice at the railway station, a day or two previously to that on which a horse box will be required; in which case the conveyance will be secured; otherwise, if they all happen to be at another station, or other persons have secured their wants beforehand, much disappointment may arise.

The next method of removing race-horses is with the assistance of a van; which, with post horses, can be sent in any direction, so that, by means of the two auxiliaries, a horse may be conveyed an immense distance in a very short lapse of time. It is a great desideratum if the van be built sufficiently low to admit of its going on the railway, a consideration which ought to be invariably attended to. Since these conveyances have been in vogue, the inge-

nunity of coach builders has been on the alert, and several have competed with each other which should construct them on the most convenient principles. Herring, of the Westminster Road, London, built most of the first that were introduced; since which, he and other builders have made vast improvements. Upon the whole, no man puts them together with the grand objects combined equal to him: capacity, lowness, strength, and lightness of draught are concentrated. Hunnybun and Venden, of Newmarket, have turned some out in a very creditable manner; but some that have been put together—for the term built would be inapplicable—by country makers, especially in the West of England, are execrable; and it is only wonderful that gentlemen can be found to purchase such rubbish at any price, but the strange temptation of a pounds' reduction in price has an extraordinary effect upon the calculations of many false economists.

If time and weather will permit, it is advisable to take the horse out of his van five or six miles before he arrives at his place of destination, so that he may walk that distance; it will stretch his legs, circulate his blood, and prepare him for being dressed in a more natural way: not but what he may be fed, if required, in the van; but, as a matter of course, he will require feeding when he arrives at the end of his day's journey. The boy who attends him should be particularly desired to consult the warmth of the horse; if the ventilators be not sufficiently open to admit of fresh air, or the horse be at all alarmed or nervous, he will probably break out; and in case opening the ventilators more freely does obviate the breaking out, he should be ordered to reduce the quantity of clothing which the horse has on him, at the same time watching carefully that he does not become chilled; similar attention is requisite on the railway.

The first vans that were built were sufficiently large to contain two horses; consequently, they required four posters to draw them; these were found to be inconvenient in many respects, and those most generally used now are made to accommodate one inmate only: of course these latter vans are materially lighter, more convenient to move about, and are readily conveyed by one pair of horses.

When horses are to travel by the road, they should set off in good time in the morning, providing the weather be mild; in hot seasons an early hour is indispensable, but early in the spring and in the autumn, half past eight or nine o'clock is the best time to start. From eighteen to twenty-five miles per day is the usual distance that horses are required to perform; but it must of course be regulated by a variety of circumstances, such as the distance from one place to another at which accommodation can be obtained, the time that can be afforded, and on some occasions the weather, for if that be very boisterous, it is encountering a great risk to expose horses to it, and on this account, one of the very great advantages is derived by the van system. It must be invariably remembered that there are only particular inns where race horses can be accommodated with any degree of comfort; at many good houses,

which are frequented by the numerous classes of travellers who can obtain anything they require, loose boxes and quiet stables, such as are necessary for race-horses, are not always to be met with, and as a matter of course they must have private stables where they can be locked up by themselves. —

It is usual for the trainer, or head lad, to accompany the horses on their route, who should make a practice of riding forward on approaching the place of rest, for the purpose of having everything prepared, unless it happens that the head lad be employed in taking a horse that is in training, which of course will prevent his augmenting his pace beyond that of the others; in which case, a line should be forwarded by post, to desire that stables may be prepared, and if they have not been occupied, some horses should be put in to air them; such places are not always kept in order, consequently much confusion ensues when three or four horses arrive without previous notice. It very frequently happens that the best accommodation is to be found three or four miles distant from a principal town, especially if such place happens to be in the vicinity of the race-course, near to which good stabling is in general provided; this may be some guide to persons when they are travelling in a strange country.

When a man sallies forth with race-horses, every one he meets seems to accost him thus :—

“ I wish thee, Vin, above all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Not too much wit or wealth come to thee,
For much of either might undo thee.”

Every inn-keeper, every individual whom the owner of race-horses has any transaction with, impressed with the foregoing moral, appears to be so wonderfully interested for his happiness, so earnestly solicitous for his welfare, that they would rather take upon themselves the evils of too great an abundance of riches, than permit him even to run the most remote risk of suffering from such a diabolical evil. Why it should be the case I never could conceive, but racing-men are charged enormously for everything.

The man of pleasure, who travels for his amusement, who seeks the enjoyments of the coffee-room at the first hotel in the town, is charged fairly for what he has; the commercial man, who travels for his own or his employer's profit, is charged moderately; but the owner of race-horses, who moves himself, his horses, and his servants from one place to another to show sport and encourage one of the noblest diversions of the age, for the benefit and amusement of others, who evinces the most patriotic feeling by maintaining the first breed of horses in the world, not only for the honor, but for the welfare of his country, is charged *enormously*. I have been charged extravagantly for bed, fire, and lights, and such like extras, while some man-milliner, making his £3000 or £4000 a year, under the denomination of a commercial man, enjoyed equal luxuries, for which he passed off scot free; and why? because I had brought a horse or two to promote the amusement of

the town, to assist in drawing company together, and thereby causing a general distribution of the circulating medium, much of which was deposited at the very hotel at which these excesses have been levied.

Warwick was formerly an infamous place for exorbitant charges, but now that Leamington has grown into a place of magnitude, and affords superior accommodation, the former town is deserted during the races, and the demands at either are moderate; such is the benefit of competition, which secures the public from fraud. Similar reform has been established at Doncaster, because rather than submit to the excessive demands and disagreeables of a crowded inn, all men who are alive to their comforts and their interest, form themselves into little parties, and ensconce themselves in lodgings, which are procurable for the week at a moderate rate.

In adjusting the clothing and apparatus necessary to be taken on a journey, some care and practice is required to prevent their becoming disarranged on the road. All the implements required for dressing must be taken, such as comb and brush, sponge, and rubbers; they are to be tied up and put into the muzzle, which, having the strap drawn through the buckle so as to secure them, has the other end reversed so as to form a loop by which it is slung to the near-side stirrup leather, and the muzzle thrown over the shoulder to the off side. The clothing is put on in the usual way, and the quantity determined by the weather; the head collar goes on over the hood, the rein of which must be rolled up and secured to one of the strings; a rack chain with a strap and buckle should be taken in the muzzle, as those conveniences are not always to be met with at strange stables. Although not always provided, a pair of saddle bags are exceedingly convenient to carry boys' clothes and such like paraphernalia: if made of ticking they are very light, and quite as good as leather for the purpose. Unless the stable door be very wide, they and the muzzle should not be put on till the horse is led out, in order that they may not catch the door-post. If the weather be too warm for the horse to wear a rug under the quarter piece, it is to be folded up and carried on the saddle, but by no means under it.

When horses are travelling on the road, some persons are very particular in having them led all the way. For my part, I cannot on all occasions recognize the propriety of such a custom: in the first place, in cold weather, a horse in high condition will not be kept warm enough; indeed, to keep up the circulation at a healthy standard, it will be necessary, when a nice piece of road presents itself, to trot him on now and then; and I am quite satisfied that the shortening the period during which horses are out, by thus increasing the pace, is highly desirable. I do not recommend horses to be ridden all day by heavy boys, but their riding them occasionally and leading them at other times, is the most likely means of both reaching the stable fresh and well; and if a boy be exhausted by walking long journeys during a succession of days, he cannot do justice to his horse when he has to dress him; moreover, horses that are in the habit of hitting their legs, will be caused to

do so when led, by the position in which their heads will frequently be drawn.

The expenses of each horse and boy generally average from 10s. 6d. to 12s. per day; those of a trainer or head lad with a hack, from 12s. to 15s. It is therefore evident that the expense of one horse is greater in proportion than when two or more travel together, unless the single horse be intrusted to the care of a steady lad, whose experience and trustworthiness will guarantee his being sent without a trainer to overlook him; such, however, cannot always be arranged, and it should be remembered that false economy is the worst principle that can be devised in a racing establishment, at the same time exorbitant charges should be discountenanced on all hands.

London Sporting Review for April, 1844.

CLOSE OF THE SHOOTING SEASON,

OR

A FEW WORDS FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND.

“TIME and tide wait for no man;” all shooting is over for the season, and the Knights of the Trigger may shut up till the “Glorious Twelfth” re-opens the campaign. The past season was one to be marked with a white stone in the Shooter’s calendar—the weather delightful, and game of all sorts, with the exception of pheasants, plentiful.

The grouse season was most propitious up to its very termination, there not having been more than eight or ten days which might be called bad; even the Grampians were free from snow, which is a rare occurrence; and those sporting friends who remained among the mountains to its close mounted the hills with freedom, and bagged their six, eight, or ten brace a day without encountering the difficulties heretofore experienced. The slaughter was immense; but as the winter has been mild, and plenty of birds left in fine condition, should we have a favorable breeding time, the next season may be looked forward to with the brightest prospects.

The advantages of long leases for grouse-moors and good trapping are now well understood; and, notwithstanding the great quantities of game that are sent South, grouse are increasing on all grounds where their natural food, *heather*, is plentiful, and the vermin cleared off.

In announcing the results of our “doings,” in the Highlands, I commence with Prince Alexander of the Netherlands, who paid a visit to the Grampians, and killed 33 red deer in the Forest of Mar.

At Drummond Castle, Lord Willoughby’s party comprised Lords

Chelsea, Chesterfield, and Sefton; the Barons Rothschild; Hon. — Craven, — Drummond, — Forester, and Fox Maule; Sirs J. A. Mackenzie and W. M. Stanley; Colonel Anson, and Mr. Crawford Sterling. It is needless to say they enjoyed themselves "righte merrilie" in the princely hospitality of the Noble Host, and had extraordinary fine sport, having brought to bag, "in four short weeks," without reckoning the wounded left on the battle-field, and not including snipes and ducks, no fewer than *three thousand one hundred and fifty-six head of game*, as follows:—66 red, 78 fallow, and 56 roe deer, 113 black-cocks, 1116 grouse, 137 pheasants, 122 partridges, 21 woodcocks, and 1447 hares.

The Marquis of Brædalbane's book at Taymouth Castle, made up to the end of December, gives 50 red-deer, 31 fallow-deer, 1165 grouse, 63 pheasants, 221 partridges, 22 woodcocks, 36 snipes, and 309 hares. His Lordship does not begin roe-deer shooting till the 1st of January. No black-game was killed this season, as the Noble Marquis was desirous to send a number of these beautiful birds to Prince Albert, and 35 live ones have been forwarded to His Royal Highness, and I understand a greater stock will be despatched on a future occasion.

Major Moray Stirling and friends had good sport at Abercairney, the "tottle of the whole" amounting to nearly *three thousand head*—10 roe-deer, 52 black-cocks, 900 grouse, 46 pheasants, 226 partridges, 21 woodcocks, 106 snipes, 72 wild-ducks, 650 hares, and 833 rabbits.

Mr. Stirling, of Strowan, on the Ochtertyre moors, killed 100 black-cocks and 700 grouse.

At Redcastle, Colonel Bailie and his friends the Marquis of Douro and Mr. C. Eversfield had good sport, and killed a vast quantity of game of all sorts. The latter gentleman made a most remarkable shot at a large seal in the Beaully Frith, killing him at the distance of 150 yards with a ball. In this noted salmon-water, he no doubt had "fared sumptuously every day" on the choicest food, and must have demolished many a thumper ere he could have attained the enormous weight of *twelve stone*, and a length of 6 feet 8 inches.

At Invercauld, Colonel Tower killed 11 red and 11 roe deer.

At Ballmacaan, Lord Redhaven and the Hon. James Grant booked 3 red harts, 7 roe-bucks, 1210 grouse, 150 black-cocks, and 90 partridges.

Captain Vansittart and Mr. B. Chapman, at Erchless Castle, killed 2 stags, 12 roe-bucks, 1000 grouse, and 600 head of partridges and other game.

Mr. E. Ellice, M. P., at Glenquoich, killed 9 harts.

Mr. F. Graham killed 12 red-deer at Torrick Lodge, and 4 at Lochcarron; and Mr. Meredith, 12 ditto at Torrick.

At Ardverike, the Marquis of Abercorn had excellent sport, having brought to book 9 fine stags.

At Strathavon, Lord H. Bentinck booked 22 red harts, this being the greatest number from a single gun.

And last, though not least, that Prince of Sportsmen, Mr. A.

Campbell, of Menzie, had excellent sport in the Forest of Dallness; but are not his doings already written in the pages of *Maga*? We are not able to give a correct list of the actual number brought to book, as Mr. Campbell was absent when we were closing our "report." We know his book was well filled; and of the *quality* we can speak more to the purpose, having received a fine haunch from one of the splendid denizens of his ancient Forest.

Of the acts and deeds of several other sportsmen I have already given full accounts. Taken altogether, the last season may be ranked among the very best that we have experienced in the Highlands for several years; and in the anticipation that our future prospects may be equally bright, I bid my brother Sportsmen farewell till the next merry meeting.

HAWTHORN.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for April, 1844.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE FORTHCOMING DERBY AND OAKS.

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

THE DERBY.

WE are now quickly approaching an event on which, I have no hesitation in asserting, more *legitimate* racing money depends than ever before was known. The "rotten sheep" have been driven from the "sound fold," and if they mingle with the little bettors who indulge in public-house wagering, 'tis to be hoped they will not infect that humble class. The coming Derby has not been very profitable to those who have adopted the betting round principle, for the favorites in most instances have maintained their *ground* with the greatest consistency. I am not going so far as many, who tell me that the race remains to be decided between "two only," for I am too old a stager to be *hit* that way, recollecting that in each of the years 1829, 1831, 1833, 1837, 1838, 1839, and 1840, the "great event" was carried off by an outsider. Undoubtedly Mr. Crockford's Rattan, by Buzzard, out of Bamboo's dam, is deserving of the first position in the Derby odds, inasmuch as he has won all his engagements in an Eclipse-like style, without telling us the extent of his goodness. He is a remarkably neat horse, about 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ hands in height, with a sweet temper and sound constitution. He is trained by Joe Rogers, and will, in all probability, be ridden by "Samuel," who can "do the *agr able*" as well as any of his profession.

When The Ugly Buck ran at Goodwood last year, the "select ones" betted all sorts of odds on him to beat *seven others highly trained*—amongst them, the filly out of Margravine, All-round-my-Hat, Emerald, and Best Bower; the last bet on that occasion that

I heard laid was, 5 to 1 in fifties on The Buck to beat the field! The race for the Two Thousand Guineas does not *shake my confidence* at all, for every one *must* know that the Venison blood can "stay a distance:" and I have no hesitation in stating, if the race had been run Across the Flat instead of over the Rowley Mile, that The Ugly Buck would have won in a canter. As it was, notwithstanding the "artful dodge" used by the Goodwood adviser, the Stockbridge nag won with *something* "kept behind." *Mark me* on the eventful day!

I have a very great opinion of Mr. Forth's training both for Epsom and Ascot, and I apprehend that his strength lies in Leander, who ran very decently last year. Some "evil disposed persons" say that this colt is five years old! From the last accounts received, I know that Leander is well, and must become a better favorite before the day—hence the policy of "getting on" early. Colonel Peel's horses generally "go to pot" when wanted at Epsom, and the only instance to the contrary was in 1838, when Ion, blooming and well, ran a capital second to Sir G. Heathcote's Amato. I am by no means *fond* of Cooper's horses this year, and would suggest to the gallant Colonel, if he has an eye to the Derby, to keep his horses more *quiet* at the tender age of two years. If I were to pick, Ionian would be my *fancy*, but his chance is remote.

Sir Gilbert Heathcote of course will run something, and that something will run well up to the finish. The bettings say Campanero is the best; but from what I have seen of the pair, I think Akbar the "better half;" at the same time I must observe that I have no inclination to back the "crimson, and grey cap" for the Derby 1844—I wish I may be deceived in my opinion!

Mr. Copeland's Imaum, under the care of Walters at Hednesford, will, if well on the day, prove a most *dangerous outsider*, and those speculators who venture *little* to win *largely* can scarcely do better than invest their money at Imaum's present odds (66 to 1), for he is sure to see a better day. Marlow rides for Walters' Establishment generally, and knows his duty well.

Mr. Lawyer Ford's lot has been backed freely, and the Six-mile-bottom party think *Qui Tam* is sure to be the winner; they, however, shall not, on the present occasion *poison* my mind, for in truth I do not fancy the Learned Gentleman's chance a good one—moreover *Qui Tam* is *dark*, and that circumstance alone makes me not like him.

I have not of late heard anything about Mr. Sidney Herbert's colt by Elis, out of Delightful, and fear that something has gone wrong with this once highly-promising colt. I hope I may be deceived, and see the Hon. Gentleman's horse at the post on the eventful day in good trim, and then I shall be prepared to see him run in the first rank.

I do not think that the backers of Scott's lot are well in on the coming Derby; 'tis true they might have made some money in hedging to that *cruel* impostor Voltri, who once stood at 9 to 1 for that race! Bay Momus, it now appears, is to be the "Samson,"

but he shall win no money for me. Cockamaroo I consider the best horse of the Mallow lot, and his race at Newmarket last week does not say much for his character—to be sure the race was only T.Y.C., and that short Course is no criterion to test the merits of a Derby colt.

Loadstone was a *crack* performer last year in Ireland, inasmuch as he is recorded the winner of four races. This colt was got by Touchstone, out of Ildegarda, and at one time was backed as low as 14 to 1 to win the Derby, Mr. Gregory, the Hon. Member for Dublin, purchased this colt after his “splendid victories,” and sent him to Northleach, to be “instructed” by that clever teacher, Isaac Day. I know well enough that the Irish division have backed him to win a tremendous Stake, and I know *also* that their *pet* had a “*leg*” some short time ago, and I have yet to learn how Isaac Day, clever as he is, can win with a *cripple*, and such no doubt Loadstone is—with offers of 50 to 1 agst. him!

Bebington is the property of Sir R. W. Bulkeley. I have had a great deal of flattery “*drummed* into my ears” respecting this animal, and no doubt he has been backed heavily in the Liverpool, Manchester, and Chester circuit: he is well bred, being a son of Birdcatcher, his dam a daughter of the celebrated Tramp; but with all these recommendations he shall be a loser to me if he pokes his nose first on the grand day: nevertheless I have no doubt about his being a fair horse.

The Marquis of Westminster has a good outside chance with his good-looking colt Lancet, by Touchstone, out of Laura. In the beginning of the Spring, I took the odds (on commission) of “thousands to fifteens” to win a large amount of money, and now, if my friends think fit, I can *hedge* their bets to great advantage. I cannot go so far as many who insist that Lancet must run well. All I have to observe is, let him get over his Chester “difficulties” before he ought to be thought of for the grand event of the 22d—the “*criterion*!”

In concluding, I beg to observe, that I leave the race to be fought out by *Rattan*, *Leander*, and *Imaum*, and *perhaps* the three may be first, second, and third, at the end, but I will not attempt to say which absolutely will be *first*. I shall leave that delicate duty to my learned friend Judge Clark.

THE OAKS.

I will now say a word or two respecting the *Oaks*. Looking at Barricade's running last year at Goodwood, I unhesitatingly award her the first place in the betting; yet I am informed that she is a very “*delicate goer*,” and requires all Treen's judgment to keep her right.

Mr. Osbaldeston's Sister to Martingale has run well, and her race for the One Thousand Guineas Stakes last week clearly convinces me that she is a good and stout runner.

I do not think that either of Scott's fillies has the shadow of a

chance, notwithstanding the popularity of The Princess, who certainly appears the most popular of the list.

Mr. Copeland's Assay, *said* to be a *roarer*, will run well, and those who are heavily against her will *roar* when the lot go by Judge Clark.

Of Lord Exeter's lot, I fancy Merope, but "*The Squire's*" filly must take care of her. I fancy about a score will run, and either *Sister to Martingale* or *Assay* the winner.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for May, 1844.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From the London Magazines for May, 1844.

Goodwood.—The Goodwood Cup has closed with 52, and the Maidstone Stakes with 35 subscribers.

Sir Gilbert Heathcote's two-year-old Brother to Bokhara, by Samarcand out of Zenobia, has been named Gwalior.

Lord Westminster has changed the name of his c. by Touchstone out of Decoy from Grotosque to Falsaff.

Dorothy, by Whisker out of Elizabeth, is now called "Chesnut Dorothy;" and Dorothy, by Dr. Syntax out of Miss Tree (foaled in 1839), "Bay Dorothy."

Bee's-wing's first foal has been named *Old Port*.

Sally, bred by Colonel Cradock in 1839, by Sheet Anchor out of Fanny by Jerry, has been purchased for 1000 gs. by Mr. Nevin of Vienna.

On the 12th of April, the Aurora Oaks filly (sister to Lasso) fell in her gallop at Beverley, and rolled over a son of Mr Peck, the trainer, by which he was so much injured that he died the same evening.

On the same day, died at Middleham, Mr. John Smith, one of the most celebrated trainers of the North of Yorkshire.

On the 13th, when riding a trial on Lord Orford's Derby colt, Boots, at Newmarker, the horse broke down badly, and Wakefield was so severely bruised that he will not be able to ride again for some time. The horse also, once a favorite for the Derby, was so much injured that it was found necessary to destroy him.

In the Redditch Steeple Chase, Mr. Robert's Birthday broke his neck; in the Irish National, Captain Armit's Fieldfare, and in the Windsor, Lord Glamis's Stranger and Mr. Newton's Napoleon severally broke their backs by falls.

The sale of hunters belonging to R. Evans, Esq., of Pendeford Hall, took place about the middle of last month, and was attended by many gentlemen from all parts of the kingdom. The following are the lots, prices, and buyers:—

Bk. g. Sambo.....	96	guineas.....	Duke of Cleveland.
Gr. g. Marle.....	133	"	Duke of Beaufort.
Ch. g. Splendor.....	135	"	} Mr. Davenport, master of the North Staffordshire H.
Ch. g. Judex.....	121	"	
Br. g. Vagabond (Hack).....	41	"	} Mr. Harvey, Liverpool.

Fox Hunting at Rome.—Captain Longford appears to have made an excellent M. H., his pack, "The Chesterfield," having shown both natives and foreigners many good runs. In conjunction with Lord Powerscourt, Lord Brabazon, and, indeed, the majority of the Roman nobles, subscriptions have been entered up for continuing as usual at two days a week. Captain Longford has also taken effective measures for having the country well stopped; and by his exertions the best feeling has been kept up between the farmers of the Campagna and the members of the hunt. A paper is now in the course of signature, by all the chief landed proprietors, expressing their approval of the hunt, and giving it every facility. *Floruit scientia*, all the world over.

A limited reduction in the royal stud, comprising some of her Majesty's valuable saddle-horses, which, it is said, are to be sold, is likely to take place shortly.

We regret to announce a fatal accident to Lieutenant Vigors, of the 87th regiment, when riding his mare Princess, in the first of "the Irish Grand Military Saddle Chases;" it occurred at an up fence, having a rather wide grip beyond. Mr. Vigors, at the time, had a lead of about forty yards, and going at the fence at his top speed, the mare missed her hind legs on the bank. The force at which she was going threw her rider a summerset into the next field, and he alighted on his back with his head downwards in the grip, the mare rolling on the top of him the next moment, crushing his chest and head, and he breathed his last in about an hour afterwards. Mr. Vigors had been thirteen years in the service, and was generally beloved both by officers and men.

In connection with the above the following paragraph has appeared in some of the papers, which we insert without vouching for its authenticity:—

Remarkable Dream.—The late Lieutenant Vigors, whose melancholy death while riding at the Dublin Garrison Steeple Chase has already been noticed, was sojourning with his relative, Mr. Doyne, the banker, at his residence in Merrion Square, Dublin. On the morning of the chase, Miss Doyne (a lady of mature years), told Mr. Vigors that she had had a horrible dream the previous night concerning him, and importuned him not to ride his intended race that day, but he passed off the caution as a joke. After breakfast he called on a friend who had promised him the loan of a cab to ride to the moor of Meath; here again he met Miss Doyne, who repeated her admonition, adding that, from her dream, she was led to think some great evil would befall him, and begged him not to ride on that day. As he still unheeded her, Miss Doyne became so uneasy that she sent her servant after him to the course, with orders that the moment the race in which Mr. Vigors rode was over, to return with the result. The melancholy death of her young relative proved her forebodings to be but too true.

"Catch a Weasel Asleep."—As Mr. Compton, of Southfield, near Lea, Wilts, was walking through a field, in the parish, with his gun, his attention was engaged by a hawk hovering over what he imagined to be a mouse: after due deliberation he suddenly made a dart at his intended victim, which proved to be a weasel. The old adage, "Catch a weasel asleep," held good in this instance; he was, however, soon "wide awake," and instantly seized the hawk by the head: a severe struggle ensued, though, at last, the hawk succeeded in disengaging himself and got away; but, nothing daunted, he returned to the conflict as game as at first—the struggle re-commenced, and, very soon after, the weasel was seen dragging the hawk towards the hedge, when Mr. Compton shot him and found the hawk quite dead, with his head bitten through in several places.

Fly Fishing.—Salmon rods are becoming in requisition in the neighborhood of Worcester, and many fine fish have been seen sporting in the waters of the Severn. A silver medal is offered by the members of the Worcester Anglers' Society to the fortunate member who takes the first fresh run salmon, this season, with a fly. It is now a long while since one of these kings of fresh water has been taken in that neighborhood with the angle.

Match Extraordinary at Ostend.—A match has been made between some English and Flemish gentlemen, residing at Ostend, in which the former have

agreed to find one London waterman to row against four Flemish men, who are to be allowed a coxswain, for £100 aside. The distance to be rowed from Os end to Bruges. This took place on the 25th of April, but we had not heard the result in time for the present number. Newell was chosen as "The Champion of England."

Several lots of blood stock were put up for sale during the Newmarket Races, but none sold; Susan, by Alpheus, out of Leopoldine, was disposed of by private sale for fifty pounds.

The racing establishment of Mr. Pettit, the trainer, was put up for sale on Wednesday last, at Newmarket, in two lots. The first, including the house, stabling, &c., was bought in for 2,700 guineas; the second, a house adjoining, with paddock, &c., was knocked down to H. I. Hirst, Esq., of Yorkshire, for 780 guineas.

THE LAST BETTINGS ON THE DERBY AND OAKS.

We are now recording our last "speech and confession" on the *doings* about to be decided at Epsom 1844—made up at the Coach and Horses, Dover-street, on Saturday night, the 27th (as most of the Influentials will be absent from Tattersall's on the 29th, in attendance on the Chester Races). From what we can learn, "book-keeping" has not been so profitable on the Derby as in times of yore: still several of the "industrious" have more than made "both ends meet," and now stand upon *velvet*. Public running and private money tell us that *Ratan*, health permitting, must be there or thereabouts:—not a fraction more than 3 to 1 can be obtained, and *even* at those *odds* his enemies are amazingly shy. Col. Peel's horses, according to "spring custom," have retrograded at a great pace, and we are fain to confess the gallant gentleman's chance *hopeless*. Mr. Forth's "lot" has apparently *sobered* down to *Leander*, who will prove to our thinking a *dangerous customer*. Lawyer Ford's lot has been extensively supported, and in a whisper at Newmarket we heard an excellent character given to *Qui Tam*. *Campanero* is now at 16 to 1; still our money and advice is with *Akbar*. Three or four of the "remote ones" have been in request, at the underneath figures. The running of *The Ugly Buck* has done him no good; in short, 4 to 1 has been freely laid since his *desperate victory*; yet we have not given up our opinion that he is a good horse, and will run well.

THE DERBY.

(On Wednesday, May 22.)

5 to 2 agst	Mr. Crockford's <i>Rattan</i> , by Buzzard (taken)—trained by	Joe Rogers.
9 to 2	Mr. John Day's <i>The Ugly Buck</i> , by Venison	John Day.
12 to 1	Mr. Lichtwald's <i>Leander</i> , by Scamander	Forth.
16 to 1	Sir Gilbert Heathcote's <i>Campanero</i> , by Velocipede	Sherwood.
17 to 1	Mr. John Scott's <i>Bay Momus</i> , by Bay Middleton	Scott.
22 to 1	Col. Peel's <i>Orlando</i> , by Touchstone	Cooper.
28 to 1	Mr. Goodin's <i>Running Rein</i> , by The Saddler	Smith.
28 to 1	Mr. Ongley's <i>King of the Gipsies</i> , by Russelas	Flintoff.
33 to 1	Lord Westminster's <i>Lancet</i> , by Touchstone	Horsley.
33 to 1	Col. Peel's <i>Ionian</i> , by Ion	Cooper.
40 to 1	Sir G. Heathcote's <i>Akbar</i> , by Rockingham	Sherwood.
40 to 1	Mr. Osborne's <i>Mount Charles</i> , by Slane	Osborne.
40 to 1	Mr. Ford's <i>Qui Tam</i> , by Elis	Fisher.
40 to 1	Mr. Bowes's <i>T'Auld Squire</i> , by Breyby	Scott.
40 to 1	Mr. Bowes's <i>Saddlebow</i> , by The Saddler	Scott.
40 to 1	Sir R. W. Bulkeley's <i>Bebington</i> , by Birdcatcher	Peck.
50 to 1	Mr. St. Paul's <i>Telemachus</i> , by Inheritor	Dawson.
50 to 1	Lord Maidstone's <i>Cockamaroo</i> , by Emilius	Scott.
50 to 1	Mr. Gregory's <i>Loadstone</i> , by Touchstone	Isaac Day.
66 to 1	Mr. Thornhill's <i>Apprentice</i> , by Albemarle	S. Chifney.
66 to 1	Mr. Copeland's <i>Imam</i> , by Jereed	Walters.
100 to 1	Mr. Thornhill's <i>Elmi</i> , by Emilius	S. Chifney.
100 to 1	Mr. Forth's <i>The Ashted Pet</i> (h. b.), by Grey Surrey	Forth.
200 to 1	Mr. Sadler's <i>Johnny Broome</i> , by Defence	Sadler.

THE OAKS.

8 to 1	Mr. Gregory's <i>Barricade</i> , by Defence (taken)	Treen.
9 to 1	Mr. Osbaldeston's <i>Sister</i> to Martingale, by The Saddler (tk)	W. Butler.
12 to 1	Lord Westminster's <i>Fanny Eden</i> , by Touchstone	Horsley.
14 to 1	Col. Anson's <i>The Princess</i> , by Slane	Scott.
15 to 1	Duke of Rutland's <i>Crenoline</i> , by Liverpool	Boyce.
18 to 1	Lord Exeter's <i>Merope</i> , by Voltaire	Harlock.
22 to 1	Baron Rothschild's <i>Emerald</i> , by Defence	Messer.
22 to 1	Mr. Copeland's <i>Assay</i> , by The Prime Warden	Walters.
22 to 1	Mr. Lichtwald's <i>f.</i> by Muley Moloch, out of Barbara	Forth.

Notes of the Month.

J U N E .

JOCKEY CLUB DINNER AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

On Friday, April 26, a meeting of the *Friends of the Turf* was convened at the Astor House, when, after the election of Officers, and the transaction of other business, the company sat down to a most sumptuous and recherche entertainment, in Colman & Stetson's best style. To the rarity and profusion of the various delicacies, both solids and fluids, the company, which was made up of choice spirits, did ample justice. Mr. WALTER LIVINGSTON was in the chair, with Mr. HALL as his *vis a-vis*: Mr. DUER acted as *croupier*, while Mr. TOLER, when the wine was removed, mixed the punch! Of course every one "had a good time," and "nothing else!" The party broke up in the vicinity of the small hours, perfectly "easy in their boots." Everything went off charmingly. Each gentleman present not only joined the Club, but determined to put his individual shoulder to the wheel, and help to place the Sports of the Turf here upon a better footing. We trust the meeting will exert a most salutary and gratifying influence. The matter is in good hands, and we confidently anticipate a large accession to the members of the Club, and increased sport of the first order.

Subjoined is the official record of the proceedings previous to the Dinner:—

"At a meeting of the members of the N. Y. Jockey Club and Friends of the Turf, convened at the Astor House, on Friday, April 26th, 1844, WALTER LIVINGSTON, Esq., was called to the chair, and W. BUNKER CHASE, Esq., appointed Secretary.

"Upon motion, J. PRESCOTT HALL, Esq., was unanimously elected President of the Jockey Club for the ensuing year, and WALTER LIVINGSTON, JOHN C. STEVENS, GOUV. KORTRIGHT, and DENNING DUER, Esquires, were, with the greatest unanimity, elected Vice Presidents. WM. T. PORTER, Esq., was appointed Secretary, and HENRY K. TOLER, Esq. Treasurer.

"Upon motion of D. DUER, Esq., it was

"Resolved, That until the 1st of October next, the Officers of the Club shall decide upon the application of persons applying for membership.

"Upon motion of Mr. TOLER, it was

"Resolved, That any member of the Club subscribing \$50, shall be entitled to invite any gentleman, non resident of the State, to a participation of the privileges of membership of the Club, upon presentation of the member's signature.

"Upon motion of Mr. PORTER, it was

"Resolved, That the President of the Club be authorised to invite strangers to occupy the stand and enclosed space, during the races, as Guests of the Club.

"Upon motion of Mr. TOLER, it was

"Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and furnished to the "Spirit of the Times" for publication.

W. LIVINGSTON, *Chairman.*"

"W. BUNKER CHASE, *Secretary.*"

On Tuesday, the 4th inst., the regular Spring meeting of the *New York Jockey Club* will commence on the Union Course. It is confidently anticipated that the Southern stables will attend, and that there will be a good field for each of the Club Races. Notwithstanding he is so well known here, and is deemed by all, second only to Fashion, among all the horses on the American Turf, Blue Dick has never made his appearance on Long Island. Beside him, there is Patsey Anthony (from Virginia) and the "dark" Trustee filly out of Miss Mattie, from New Jersey, whose respective friends, flatter themselves

that either is as competent to "take Fashion's measure" as anything untried wearing hair! We make no doubt the meeting on the Union Course will be a regular out-and-outer. A proper spirit is abroad among the Friends of the Turf, and on the part of the proprietor, we are confident nothing will be left undone to secure first rate sport, and give general satisfaction.

Fashion, in Mr. LAIRD's stable, has returned from Baltimore, and will remain at home until the N. Y. Jockey Club Races on Long Island. Her friends think that in the arrangement of the purses at the Camden Course, the Philadelphia Jockey Club have paid her the highest possible compliment. We have received from one of the oldest and most distinguished turfmen in the country the following note on the subject:—

Dear Sir: I perceive that the proprietor of the Camden and Philadelphia Course does not intend to give a purse for Four mile horses, in consequence of which, *Fashion* is excluded. I regret it much, as in the first place, it was owing to her that a stimulus was given to racing; the good effects of which are not only felt at present, but will be for a long time to come; besides, her owner acted in the most liberal manner, asking no compensation for her services in the match between her and Boston, and is entitled to every pecuniary remuneration; and as it is only horses of extraordinary powers that will attract a great concourse of people, I think it was, to say the least of it, a very impolitic measure; and as no horse has been prevented from running over the Union or Camden courses previously to this, I think it is making a bad precedent, which may lead to retaliatory measures by other clubs, and create much dissatisfaction, instead of the harmony and good will which now exists. L.

Æsop, a clever son of Imp. Priam, in Mr. HARE's stable, broke down on the 17th ult., in a three mile race at Belfield, Va. An Andrew mare of Mr. PUCKERTT's fell and threw her jockey in the same race. See the report of the meeting in another page. It is the commencement of the Northern Spring campaign.

Col. A. L. BINGAMAN, of Natchez, Miss., has bred *Arraline* to Ambassador, and will probably breed *Sarah Bladen* and *Sunbeam* to Ruffin. Mr. PRYOR will train this Spring, for the Colonel, a large lot of young things, some of which are very promising; particularly a 3 year old filly by Leviathan, out of Eliza Bailey's dam by Stockholder.

WM. J. MINOR, Esq., of the same city, has bought of Mr. MORSE one half of his ch. c. *Envoy* by Leviathan, out of Ambassador's dam, and ch. f. *Bracelet* by Eclipse, out of Imp. Trinket by Woldsman; both 3 yrs. old. Mr. M. will train the above and several other promising 3 and 2 year olds; among the latter gr. f. *Hebe Carter*, own sister to Grey Eagle and Javelin, own brother to Dart by Doncaster.

At the sale of the late Mr. JAS. JACKSON's yearlings, in New Orleans, Mr. D. F. KENNER bought ch. f. *Beaconlight*, (own sister to Budelight) and named her in the "Grymes Stake," in which much of the best blood of the nation meets.

SIDNEY BURBRIDGE, Esq., of Frankfort, Ky., one of the leading breeders and turfmen of that State, is no more! He died a few weeks since after lingering for many years in very feeble health. It was while in his stable that Rodolph and Grey Eagle so greatly distinguished themselves. Mr. B.'s family has been connected with the Western Turf for near half a century, and the utmost reliance has ever been placed in his probity and intelligence. The late Mr. B. was a gentleman of great amiability of character, and has left a very wide circle of friends to regret his loss. We trust some of our Kentucky correspondents will do justice to his memory; we shall be gratified if our columns are made the medium of furnishing to the Sporting World, some account of Mr. B.'s connection with the Turf, of which he was an eminent ornament.

Mr. W. LIVINGSTON's fine brood mare, *Jemima*, the dam of Job, Dunvegan, etc. got halter cast a few days since at Treasurer's stand on Long Island, and died in consequence.

Mr. MINOR's mares *Tellie Doe* and Imp. *Orleanna*, have each dropped uncommonly fine colt foals to Doncaster this Spring, and have been bred to him again. *Britannia* missed to Wagner last year, and will be bred to him this season.

Successful Hunting Party.—We always take an interest in any expedition that tends to make our citizens familiar with the country; "hunting parties" are pleasant and efficient "exploring expeditions." Haile, of the "Planter's Gazette," has been on a voyage of discovery, and seen "sights," got away entirely from houses and plantations, and went clear into the woods, until he got to "Maraguouin." The following is the list of game given as killed by Haile's party:—

One duck,	One owl,	Several alligators, and
One rabbit,	One darter,	"Sum" mosquitoes!!!
Four paroquets,	Three hawks,	

As the party started with one day's provision only, and remained out four, their sufferings may be imagined, but not described.

We would advise the "Adjutant" next time to come up to "Old Concordia" if he wants to see the real thing; here we have mosquitoes as big as young chickens, rattlesnakes too numerous to mention, bar, and deer all about, and corn-cakes growing luxuriantly in the very swamps.

Importation of Arab Horses.—The barque "Eliza," Capt. WALLIS, at St. Helena on the 15th March, bound for Salem, Mass., has on board two Arab horses, presents to the President of the United States from the Imam of Muscat. The "Eliza" is reported as leaky, but was to sail on the 16th.

PIGEON SHOOTING AT TRENTON.

Trenton, N. J., May 20, 1844.

The Pigeon Shooting which was advertised to take place on the 16th and 17th ultimo, on the Eagle Course, having been a little extra, I herewith give you the result.

The sweepstake for \$25 each subscription, was contended for by Mr. STOCKTON, of Philadelphia, Mr. HORNER (who shot for Mr. B. PRICE, of Philadelphia,) and Mr. SMITH, of Trenton N. J; Mr. SLAYSMAN, of Baltimore, who was a subscriber to the stake did not show, and will of course, pay forfeit, as it was advertized as a play or pay stake. Mr. Smith killed 9 out of 10 shots and severely wounded his tenth bird. Mr. Stockton lost his third and eighth bird; his eighth bird falling perfectly dead just out of bounds. Mr. Horner lost his second and third birds, both falling perfectly dead just out of bounds. Judges deciding, of course, in favor of Mr. Smith.

The second day's shooting for the \$50 purse was contended for by Messrs. Dickinson, White, and Smith, of Trenton, Mr. Horner, of Bordentown, Mr. Sharp, of Middletown Point, and Mr. Lanning, of Princeton, N. J., and resulted as follows:

1st Round.	2d Round at 3 birds each.
Mr. Horner.....	1 1 1 1 1 Mr. Horner.....
Mr. White.....	1 1 1 1 1 Mr. White.....
Mr. Smith.....	1 1 1 1 1 Mr. Smith.....
Mr. Lanning.....	1 1 0
Mr. Dickinson.....	0

3d Round at 3 birds each.

Mr. Horner.....	1 1 0
Mr. White.....	1 1 1
Mr. Smith.....	1 1 1

Mr. Smith and Mr. White divided the purse.

After which Mr. Horner, Mr. White, and Smith shot a sweepstakes of \$10 each, shooting at eight birds each, at 25 yards from the spring, which resulted as follows:—

Mr. Horner.....	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1
Mr. Smith.....	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1
Mr. White.....	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0

The tie between Mr. Horner and Smith is to be shot off on Thursday, the 23d, at the Eagle Course.

Both days the wind was blowing fresh, and the birds were all in good order, there being no squabs or laggards among them.

With much respect, I remain your friend, &c.

H. S.

Quebec Turf Club.—We gather the following information from our respected friends of the Quebec "Mercury":—

The annual meeting took place on Saturday, the 30th April, and was numerously attended. The day fixed by the rules is the first Tuesday in April, but in consequence of this day falling in Passion Week, it was thought advisable by the Officers of the Club to hold it a few days earlier, so as to bring the annual meeting within the current year, which was to terminate on the 1st April. The change of the day for this year was unanimously approved by the members present.

A report of the affairs of the Club was read by the Secretary, which was satisfactory to the friends of the Turf, and ordered to be inserted in the minutes. The number of members is 105.

Three new members having been admitted, the Officers for 1844 were ballotted for, and the following was the result, viz.:—

GEORGE B. SYMES, Esq., President.

Sir H. J. Caldwell, Bart., Vice Pres't. | Lieut. Burnaby, R. E., Secretary.
Chas. Gethings, Esq., Treasurer.

W. H. Anderson, Esq.,	} Stewards.
Hon. R. E. Caron,	
G. H. Parke, Esq.,	
John Gilmour, Esq.,	
Capt. Hope, A. D. C.,	
Lieut. Shakespeare, R. A.,	
Lieut. Col. Walker, R. A.	}

The above form the Committee.

Thanks were voted to the Officers who retired for their successful management of the affairs of the Club during the year ending 1st April, 1844.

As her Majesty's Plate of Fifty Guineas will this year be run for on the Quebec course, the race will take place at an earlier period of the year than September. The days will be fixed at the first meeting of the Committee just elected.

Great regret was expressed that the removal of the 68th and 82d Regiments will deprive the Club of some of its most efficient members.

Pedigree of GRISETTE, the property of JOHN JAQUELIN AMBLER, Esq., of Glenambler, Amherst County, Va.:—

Grisette, b. f., with a star in the forehead, foaled on the 7th day of April, 1844; was got by Cedric, (who was by Imp. Priam, out of the dam of Altorf,) out of Spangle (the dam of Seagrave) by Orphan Boy; her grandam Multiflora, by old Sir Archy; great grandam Weazle (out of the dam of Contention) by Shylock, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Dare Devil, g. g. g. g. dam by Symmes' Wild-air, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Batte & Maclin's Fearnought, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Col. Baylor's Godolphin, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Hob or Nob, g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Valiant, g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Tryall, and he by the imported horse Morton's Traveller, out of Blazella, she out of Jenny Cameron. *Blaze* was got by Flying Childers, and he by the Darley Arabian.

Countess Plater.—This valuable brood mare, the property of PHILIP St. GEO AMBLER, Esq. of St. Moor, Va., now 18 yrs old, produced on the night of the 24th April a ch. c. of unusual size by Seagrave. Seagrave was got by Imported Margrave out of Spangle. Spangle was got by Orphan Boy out of Multiflora, own sister to Betsey Archer. Orphan Boy was got by Sir Archy out of the dam of Bolivar and the Beggar Girl. The Countess will be stinted again this season to *Seagrave*. St. Moor (the name bestowed upon the little fellow, the subject of this paragraph) promises to rival the fame of his half-brothers Altorf and Cedric.

Racing in Arkansas.—The following paragraphs are quoted from the "North Arkansas," a capital paper published at Batesville:—

A match race, two mile heats, came off on Wednesday, 27th ult., over the Walnut Grove Course in Jackson County, between Col. Jno. Drennen's g. c. *Tyree Mussett*, by John Belcher, and Col. Asa M. Carpenter's b. f. by *Volcano*—both 4 yrs. old, which was won in two heats by the colt.

The Racing Calendar.

BELFIELD, VIRGINIA.

From a Correspondent.

MONDAY, April 15, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Fanny Wyatt by Sir Charles.....	1	1
Dr. Thos. Payne's ch. c. <i>Meteor</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Gohanna.....	2	dr
Otway P. Hare's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Patsey Anthony's dam.....		pd. ft.
Isham Puckett's nomination (not named).....		pd. ft.

Time, 1:56.

TUESDAY, April 16—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's b. f. <i>Patsey Anthony</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of the dam of Telemachus by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. Thos. Payne's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Nancy Blunt by Sir Archy, 4 yrs ..	3	2
Isham Puckett's b. m. <i>Fanny Robertson</i> , by Imp. Priam—Arietta by Virginian, 5 yrs	2	dr

Time, 4:11—4:06.

WEDNESDAY, April 17—Jockey Club Purse \$350, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

J. A. T. Martin's ch. h. <i>Prince Albert</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Eutaw's dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. Thos. Payne's ch. f. by Imp. Priam—Nancy Blunt by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	4	2
Isham Puckett's b. m. by Andrew, dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs.....	3	*
Otway P. Hare's ch. h. <i>Æsop</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Mons. Tonson, 6 yrs.....	2	†

Time, 6:47—6:10. * Fell. † Broke down.

I send you the above sketch of the Belfield races. Every one anticipated fine sport and good running; but you can judge of the disappointment from the time and the accidents. *Æsop* did not start for the 2d heat, having let down in the first. Mr. Puckett's Andrew mare fell in the first quarter of the 2d heat.

I have no excuse to make for the slow time, unless it be that a hard rain fell the night after the last day's race !

P.

PETERSBURG, VA., NEWMARKET COURSE.

HICKSFORD, May 9, 1844.

Dear Sir :—I observe in the last "Spirit" that you have received no report of the Newmarket or Fairfield races. I send them to you as nearly as I can recollect, so that you may make them out. Here is the report of the meeting at Petersburg :—

TUESDAY, April 23, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Dr. Thos. Payne's ch. c. <i>Meteor</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Baltimore's dam by Gohanna.....	2	2	1	1
Otway P. Hare's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of the dam of Josephus, Patsey Anthony, etc. by Virginian.....	3	1	2	2
Mr. Fairbank's ch. c. <i>Brother to Prince Albert</i>	1	3	dr	
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. f. by Foreigner, dam by Mons. Tonson.....				pd. ft.

Isham Puckett's nomination not made in time.

Time, 1:57—1:54½—1:56—2:02.

WEDNESDAY, April 24—Post Stake for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's b. f. <i>Patsey Anthony</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of the dam of Josephus and Telemachus, by Virginian.....	1	1
Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's dam) by Comus.....	2	2
T. R. S. Boyce's nomination.....		pd. ft.
Isham Puckett's ".....		pd. ft.

Time, 3:49—3:58.

Thursday's race was postponed (on account of the election) to

FRIDAY, April 26—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Capt. John Belcher's b. h. <i>Midas</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Roanoke, 5 yrs	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Senator</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs	2	2
Isham Puckett's b. m. by Andrew, dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs	4	3
Otway P. Hare's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Contention, 4 yrs	3	4
Dr. Thos. Payne's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Nancy Biunt by Sir Archy, 4 yrs ..	dist.	
Time, 4:04—3:48.		

SATURDAY, April 27—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 7 yrs ..	1	1
J. T. A. Martin's ch. h. <i>Prince Albert</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Eutaw's dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	*	
* Broke down.		
T. P.		

EAST FELICIANA, LOUISIANA.

The Spring Meeting of the East Feliciana Jockey Club commenced on Wednesday last, the 24th of April, under the most favorable auspices. The day was delightful, and the race-course in fine order; and let it here be said, that the "Fashion" is one of the finest courses in the United States, as the time of the horses will clearly indicate. It is just long enough, and yet short enough—just hard enough, and elastic enough—just rolling enough, and yet level enough; and the turning points are said to be of the most approved model, enabling the horses to maintain their stride all the way round.

Among the *fair* who graced the Fashion Course with their presence, we noticed much of the wealth and fashion of East Feliciana, who are not surpassed by the *fair* of any portion of this *little Republic*.

WEDNESDAY, April 24, 1844—Sweepstakes for a Service of Plate, divided into three prizes—1st prize, Chased wrought Pitcher, value \$100, and a Sheffield crape-bordered Waiter, value \$50. 2d prize, a Large Goblet, value \$60. 3d prize, a Small Goblet value \$45. Six subs. at \$42 50 each. One mile.

W. B. Davidson's b. c. <i>Little Trick</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs	1	
John Turnbull's br. f. <i>Lady Frances</i> , by Trumpator—Nell (grandam of Pressure), 4 yrs ..	2	
John C. Walker's ch. f. <i>Ellen Johnson</i> , by Birmingham, 4 yrs	3	
R. Woodward's gr. f. <i>Mary Douglass</i> , by Jerry, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	4	
J. A. Harbour's b. g. <i>Glencoe</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, 5 yrs	5	
Time, 1:48.		

THURSDAY, April 25—Proprietor's Purse \$125, ent. \$20, added, for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Daniel Field's ch. f. <i>Viola</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Mary Langfitt by Pacific, 3 yrs ..	1	1
W. B. Davidson's b. c. <i>Little Trick</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	2
Carter & McKneely's ch. m. <i>Ann Stewart</i> , by Eclipse, out of Kitty Hunter, 5 yrs ..	4	3
John Rist's ch. f. <i>Triplitz</i> , by Sparrowhawk, 4 yrs	3	dist.
Time, 3:47—3:45.		

FRIDAY, April 26—Jockey Club Purse \$250, ent. \$25, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. <i>Maria</i> , by Imp. Jordan, out of Polly Powell by Virginnian, 5 yrs	1	1
G. W. Graves' gr. f. <i>Bonnets Blue</i> , by Imp. Hedgford—Grey Medoc's dam, 5 yrs ..	2	2
Daniel Field's Imp. bl. f. <i>Queen Ann</i> , by Camel, dam by Langar, 3 yrs	3	3
W. B. Davidson's b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Trumpator, 5 yrs	4	dist.
Time, 5:57—5:44.		

SATURDAY, April 27—Proprietor's Purse \$150, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Fergus Duplantier's b. c. <i>Uncas</i> , by Imp. Jordan, 5 yrs	1	1	1
Carter & McKneely's ch. m. <i>Ann Stewart</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	3	2	2
John C. Walker's ch. f. <i>Ellen Johnson</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs	4	4	3
G. W. Graves' ch. m. <i>Aduella</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, 5 yrs	2	3	4
Time, 1:45½—1:48—1:47½.			

This race was won by *Uncas* in three straight heats, to the great astonishment of the knowing ones.

Thus ended the Spring Meeting of the Jockey Club of East Feliciana; but the *sport* did not end here. Many were the saddle horses and scrubs that had been kept back to be tried on this last occasion, which were now produced, each one with a goodly number of backers; and to the uninitiated it would have appeared that the races had just commenced, instead of being at a close. The crowd continued to amuse themselves until sun-down, when all hands packed up their tents and marched away, with a solemn vow to make another trial at the Fashion next Fall.

RICHMOND, VA., FAIRFIELD COURSE.

TUESDAY, April 30, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's bl. c. by Imp. Margrave, out of the dam of Emily Thomas by Tom Tough	1	1
Dr. Thos. Payne's ch. c. <i>Meteor</i> , by Imp. Priam—Baltimore's dam by Gohanna.....	2	2
Mr. Fairbank's ch. c. <i>Brother to Prince Albert</i>	3	3
J. K. Simpson's ch. c. by Imp. Priam.....	pd.	ft.
Otway P. Hare's (S. Biddle's) b. f. by Imp. Priam.....	pd.	ft.
Time, 1:55—1:56.		

WEDNESDAY, May 1—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Fanny Wyatt by Sir Charles.....	1	1
J. T. A. Martin's ch. c. by Imp. Margrave, out of Bandit's dam by Virginian.....	bolt.	
Maj. Thos. Doswell's bl. f. by Pamunky, out of Ruth	pd.	ft.
No time kept. Mr. Martin's colt threw his jockey.		

THURSDAY, May 2—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. m. by Andrew, dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs	3	1	1
Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. m. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Imp. Priam, d. by Director, 6 y	1	2	2
Thos. D. Watson's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Contention, 4 yrs.....	2	3	dist.
Time, 6:10—6:06—6:15.			

FRIDAY, May 3—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Thos. D. Watson's ch. m. <i>Yellow Rose</i> , by Andrew, out of Tuberoze by Arab, 5 yrs	1	1
J. T. A. Martin's ch. c. by Imp. Margrave, out of Bandit's dam by Virginian, 3 yrs.....	2	dr
T. P.		
Time, 4:00.		

BALTIMORE, MD., KENDALL COURSE.

Our report is compiled from the letters of half a dozen friends and correspondents, including the Secretary of the Club, to all whom, and especially "THE BARON," we beg to express our acknowledgments.

SATURDAY, May 4, 1844—Proprietor's Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's dam) by Comus, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Midas</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Roanoke, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 3:45—3:50.		

Won cleverly, The Colonel having improved since his defeat by Patsey Anthony at Petersburg.

MONDAY, May 6—Proprietor's Purse \$350, the second horse to receive \$50, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 7 yrs	1	1
Peyton R. Johnson's b. m. <i>Kewana</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of the dam of Passenger and The Colonel, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.
Time, 5:50—5:46.		

As the 2d heat was to decide whether Blue Dick got but \$350, or the whole \$400, he let out a link and distanced the mare! We are glad to hear he is as fine as a star this season.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson & F. Green's gr. f. <i>Kitty Thompson</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler.....	rec.	ft.}]
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TUESDAY, May 7—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's b. c. by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady (the dam of Passenger, The Colonel, etc.) by Comus.....	2	1	1
John Gooding's b. f. <i>Kate Coy</i> , by Critic, out of Nancy Bond.....	1	2	2
Col. F. Thompson & F. E. Green's gr. f. <i>Fidelity</i> , own sister to Register.....	3	3	3
Time, 1:50—1:51—1:54.			

We are somewhat in the dark as to this report, for our correspondents, without exception, refer us to the advertisement in the "Spirit" for the pedigrees, while they place three nominations of the four as being started or owned by Col. Johnson, P. R. Johnson, and Mr. Worthington! Now, as neither the names of Col. J. nor Mr. W. are mentioned in the advertisement, it is not quite so clear as mud which three of the four nominations did actually start!

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for Maryland bred 3 yr. old colts and fillies, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Edw. H. Pendleton's ch. f. by Critic, dam by Tuckahoe.....	2	0	1	1
Col. Francis Thompson's b. c. by Duane, dam by Imp. Trampy.....	1	0	2	2
Hoffman & Perry's ch. c. by Duane, out of Maid of the Neck.....	3	3	3	3
Time, 1:54—1:54—1:55—1:53				

This was quite a pretty race, the 2d heat being a dead one.

WEDNESDAY, May 8—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Senator</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs.....	1	1
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. c. <i>Oh See</i> , by Foreigner, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Col. F. Thompson's b. h. <i>Prior</i> , by Imp. Priam—Queen of Clubs by Eclipse, 6 yrs	3	3

Time, 3:46—3:46.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$50, entrance \$10 added, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's b. m. by Imp. Priam, out of Julia Burton's dam, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. g. <i>Lapdog</i> , by Imp. Emancipation—Mary Granville, 4 yrs.....	2	2
E. J. Wilson's br. c. by Andrew, dam by Contention, 4 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 1:50—1:50.

The winner is advertised as out of Julia Burton. If so, she must have been foaled before Julia was withdrawn from the Turf. Her dam (by Tom Tough) is probably correct.

THURSDAY, May 9—Purse \$200, the second horse to receive \$50, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Midas</i> , pedigree before, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Samuel Laird's b. h. <i>Delaware</i> , by Mingo, dam by John Richards, 5 yrs.....	2	2
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. c. <i>Will See</i> , by Foreigner, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs.....	3	3
Jas. B. Kendall's (Gen. Forman's) ch. h. <i>Cripple</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Imp. Hedgford, 6 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:46—3:46.

As our correspondents disagree in their reports of this race, we adopt that of the Secretary.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$50, ent. \$10, added, weights as before. Mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's b. h. by Zinganee, dam by Imp. Hedgford, 5 yrs.....	2	3	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. f. <i>Ellen Lyon</i> , by Drone, out of Ecarté, 4 yrs.....	3	1	2	2
T. R. S. Boyce's b. h. <i>Alexander</i> , by Buccaneer, 5 yrs.....	1	2	3	3

Time, 1:50—1:52—1:55—1:57.

The winner deserves a name. We presume he was got by Garrison's Zinganee, and not by the imported horse of that name.

FRIDAY, May 10—Jockey Club Purse \$700, of which \$100 goes to second best horse, if three or more start, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Sami. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. f. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 7 yrs.....	<i>Jos. Laird.</i>	1	1
Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....		2	dr

Time, 7:50.

Fashion was not extended in any part of the heat. She went away with the lead, pulled to the colt all the way through, was never lapped, and won like open and shut.

TRIAL MEETING, UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

A very pleasant day's sport was had on the Union Course, on the 7th May. Of three races which came off, two were exceedingly well contested, the interest of the spectators being prolonged and magnified up to the last stride. It having rained violently the afternoon previous, the course was stiff and heavy, so that the time made, under the circumstances, was deemed first rate. The attendance was not very large, as the public generally care little for short races, and every one knew that Fashion was at Baltimore; but all promise themselves good sport at the regular Jockey Club Meeting here on the 1st of June, when the Northern Champion will probably meet Blue Dick, The Colonel, and others who have yet to make their *debut* on the Union Course.

The races came off in the following order:—

TUESDAY, May 7, 1844—Criterion Stake for 3 yr. olds, col.s 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four suts. at \$200 each, \$50 ft.. Mile heats.

Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) b. c. by Imp. Langford, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy.....	<i>Johnson.</i>	2	1	1
Chas. S. Lloyd's b. c. by Hornblower, out of Henrietta by Henry.....		1	2	2

Time, 1:54½—1:56—2:04.

The Langford colt drew the track, but gave it up on the first quarter to the Hornblower, who cut out the work for half a mile before he was caught. The Langford laid well up with him around the last turn, and they came up the quarter stretch neck and neck. Before reaching the drawgate, the Langford colt crowded his opponent up close to the grass, and once touched him, as he did again before reaching the stand, his jockey being unable to pull him out. Little Bill Haggerty, on the Hornblower, had no chance to use his whip, and the result was that the Langford colt came through half a length ahead. If he

had not been impeded, it is by no means certain that the Hornblower colt could have won the heat, but the Judges awarded it to him, a complaint of [unintentional] foul riding having been made. The 2d and 3d heats were won cleverly by the Langford colt.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$50 each, added, 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.

Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) br. h. by Imp. Mercer, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	Johnson.	1	1
H. A. Conover's (Maj. Jones') gr. m. <i>Young Dove</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Dove (Treasurer's dam) by Duroc, 6 yrs		2	2
F. T. Porter's ch. m. <i>Princess</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Hope by Sir Archy 5 yrs	dist.		
Time, 4:02½—3:53.			

Princess, who was short of work, went off with the lead, "the Mercer colt," as he is still called, lying 2d, while Young Dove never made a stroke for the heat. Princess carried on the running for about a mile, but suddenly shut up at "the hill," and Young Dove took her place. The horse kept up his stroke to the end, so that Princess was "no where." He was in superb condition, as were all the horses in young Van Mater's hands. The time was 4:02½. The grey mare (Young Dove) had been but a short time in training, yet her friends well knew that in the first heat she had not run a yard. In the 2d heat, notwithstanding it was run in 3:53, it was evident that the horse had something to spare in hand. He pulled to the mare on the turns, and twice gave up the track, but she could not maintain it. It struck us that Dolan might have got more out of his mare; had Gil. Patrick been on her back the time would certainly have been improved. But it would have taken a good 'un to have beaten the horse on this occasion. There is an *on dit* that he has a half sister, now 4 yrs. old, that is "one of 'em," at any distance, as will probably be demonstrated before the close of the campaign.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Purse \$50, ent. \$25 each, added, conditions as before. Mile heats.

H. A. Conover's (David W. Jones') b. c. <i>Livingston</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 4 yrs	<i>Abr. Remsen.</i>	3	1	1
Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) b. m. <i>Diana Syntax</i> , by Dr. Syntax, out of Imp. Diana by Catton, 6 yrs		1	2	2
Chas. S. Lloyd's ch. c. <i>Brother to Clarion</i> , (by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar,) 4 yrs		2	3	dr
Time, 1:52—1:53—1:54.				

The 1st heat was a very close thing, little Diana Syntax winning it from the Brother to Clarion by a neck only, after a rattling brush, in 1:52. It was now thought that Capt. Stockton would make a clean sweep of the purses, but the weight told on Diana, who is a very light mare. Livingston, a fine son of Trustee, appeared to be in difficulty in the 1st heat, but in the 2d he "ran like a scared dog." He jumped off with the lead, but the Brother to Clarion colored him on the 1st quarter, and they ran locked to near the half mile post, where Clarion's brother faltered, and soon after gave back. Diana now took the track, as Remsen very sensibly took a pull on his colt around the turn. At the head of the quarter stretch he again made play, and after a desperate struggle, won on the post by about his saddle skirts, in 1:53. The Brother to Clarion was now withdrawn. The 3d heat Livingston won cleverly, in 1:54.

Altogether the day's racing was of quite a brilliant and exciting character. The betting, though light, was general, and the pace—taking into consideration the state of the course—was capital. The Langford colt, which won the sweepstakes, was not only the first of his get that has started in public, but is the produce of the first mare he covered. His promise, coupled with the size and bloodlike appearance of others of his get, will induce Capt. Stockton, we trust, to order his return from Ohio. By the way, Capt. S. has a pretty formidable string just now, and we hope to see him, ere long, with Messrs. STEVENS, THOMSON, TILLOTSON, and WILKES, again occupying their appropriate positions on the Turf.

The Hornblower colt of Lloyd's, is the first of the get of that flyer we have seen; he is a nice colt—to our taste a finer one than the Brother to Clarion, who has a deal too much daylight under him. Mr. Jones' Livingston, barring his sour-looking head, is a very stylish colt. His grandam was the dam of Robin Hood, if we are not mistaken, and bred by the late NELSON LLOYD, the breeder of Post Boy and other cracks.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NATIONAL COURSE.

The following report is compiled from those given in the "National Intelligencer":—

TUESDAY, May 14, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, \$75 ft. Mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's b. c. by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady (the dam of Passenger and The Colonel) by Comus.....	2	1	1
Col. F. Thompson & A. Green's gr. f. <i>Fidelity</i> (own sister to Register), by Imp. Priam, out of Maria Louisa by Mons. Tonson.....	1	2	2
Hoffman & Perry's ch. c. by Duane, out of Maid of the Neck.....	pd.	ft.	

Time, 1:54—1:54—2:02.

The winner is said to be a good one; a gentleman who has seen him informs us that he goes much in the style of his half brother Passenger. We hope he will be more fortunate.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*.—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's b. m. by Imp. Priam, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs.....	1	1
H. Walker's b. c. by Mazeppa, dam and age omitted.....	2	2
Wm. Holmead's b. h. by Zingane, do do.....	6	3
Col. F. Thompson's b. c. by Duane, do do.....	3	4
W. H. Watson's br. h. by Imp. Felt, do do.....	5	5
D. Crawford's <i>Rosa Matilda</i> , by Thornton's Rattler, do do.....	4	dist.

Time, 1:51—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, May 15—Proprietor's Purse \$200, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Senator</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Roanoke, 5 yrs.....	1	1
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. c. <i>O See</i> , by Imp. Foreigner, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Peyton R. Johnson's b. m. <i>Kewana</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's dam) by Comus, 5 yrs.....	3	3
Jonathan Beard's ch. m. <i>Ceta</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Harriet Heath, 6 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:52—3:53.

For the purse of \$300, Three mile heats, on Thursday, The Colonel, Will See, Midas, Pryor, and Representative were entered.

THURSDAY, May 16—Proprietor's Purse \$300, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Midas</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Roanoke, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Francis Thompson's b. h. <i>Pryor</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	3	2
Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's dam) by Comus, 4 yrs.....	2	3
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. c. <i>Will See</i> , by Foreigner, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.
Wm. Holmead's b. c. <i>Representative</i> , by Andrew, dam by Contention, 4 yrs.....	5	dist.

Time, 5:54—5:58.

FRIDAY, May 17—Jockey Club Purse \$500, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 7 yrs.....	1
Henry Walker's ch. h. by Emancipation, out of Betsy.....	dist.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*.—Proprietor's Purse \$100, weights as before. Mile heats.

Henry Walker's b. c. by Mazeppa, dam by Goliah, . yrs.....	1	1
Peyton R. Johnson's b. m. <i>Kewana</i> , pedigree before, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:54.

NOTE BY "OBSERVER."

The racing on "the National" this Spring seems to have been very much after the "Johnsonian order." Mr. P. R. JOHNSON won the Sweepstakes; and those of the regular meeting were won by Col. WM. R. JOHNSON; the Two, Three, and Four mile heats with Senator ("the big Priam,") Midas, and Blue Dick, sons of Priam, Rowton, and Margrave, the best horses of their day in England, and winners of the Derby and St. Leger. The winner of the Sweepstakes was by Cetus, winner of the Ascot Gold Cup. A "Native" won only a single race, Mile heats, beating one of the beaten horses of a prior day. The course was heavy, and the winners won without difficulty; or the time would have been better.

The excitement in and around Congress Hall prevented as large an attendance as was expected.

OBSERVER.

JOHN BLOUNT'S RACE AT LAWRENCEVILLE, VA.

FALL OF 1840.

A correspondent has kindly furnished a report of this race of Blount's, which was a

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$300 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. <i>John Blount</i> , by Marion out of Mary Blount's dam by Sir Alfred.....	1	1
John D. Kirby's b. f. by Imp. Shakspeare out of Maria West by Marion.....	3	2
Wm. McCargo's br. f. by Imp. Shakspeare—Polly Peacham by John Richards.....	2	3

Time not given.



In the original paper by J. C. Cooper.

MARTINEE.



Drawn & Engr'd by J. V. Ambrode

STANDARD

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Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

J U L Y , 1 8 4 4 .

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Drawn and engraved by J. N. GIMBREDE.

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

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

- ALBANY, N. Y. - - Bull's Head Course, Trotting, 10th July, 18th July, and 25th July.
FORT GIBSON, Arks Sweepstakes, etc., 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
FORT SMITH, Arks Sweepstakes, etc., 2d Friday, 8th Oct.
GODERICH, C. W. - Maitland Course, Spring Meeting, 4th and 5th July.
HAYNEVILLE, Ala. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th Nov.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Dec.
MONTREAL, C. W. - St. Pierre Course, 3d Tuesday, 20th Aug.
NEW YORK CITY - Racing Sweepstakes, four and two mile heats, 1st and 2d Oct.
" " " Foot Race for \$1000, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
NEW ORLEANS, La. Association, Eclipse Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Sweepstakes, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
SELMA, Ala. - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th Jan.

MARINER AND SHADOW.

Portraits of these fine horses embellish the present number of the "Register." It was the intention of the Editor to have visited both before the Portraits were issued, that he might write understandingly of their characteristics, not having seen either for a long time. Before the next number of this Magazine appears, he hopes to accomplish this purpose, and to be able to say something, from personal observation, of their stock, which is understood to be of very high promise.

A GOSSIP IN SEASON.

BY AN OXONIAN.

“Who beholds his mortal foe
Stretched at his feet, applauds the glorious deed.”—SOMERVILLE.

THE great Lord Byron abused angling—

“He did! then he could not have been good as well as great.”

The great Lord Byron, we repeat, abused angling. As to his being a great man, there is very *little* doubt about that; and, what is yet more, his opinions generally carried a great deal of weight with them; and weight, as we say on the turf, must and will tell.

“Then you mean to say that—”

No, we don't; we don't mean to say anything of the sort. But what we *do* mean to say is, that his lordship, in this case, knew nothing whatever of the sport which he took upon himself to condemn; and as to paying any attention to these kind of opinions, why we should as soon think of asking Sir Robert Peel what's to win the Goodwood Cup, or the well-known Mr. Gregory how to amend the law of libel.

“O come, come—now you speak something like a—”

Stop a minute, good friend, we haven't done with him yet. The same noble lord and noble poet sneered at fox-hunting; and the Englishman who could do that would abuse his own country or his own abilities.

“Bravo, bravo!”

The man who delights in snarling at the rational amusements of his fellow-men—we don't care who or how high he is, lord-lieutenant for the county, or six feet three without his shoes—we would say it to his face, is *not* a man, but a man-hater; and why for a moment should really manly fellows, and right good sportsmen, trouble themselves as to what a wretched tub-hugging cynic thinks or says about them?

“Lord Byron and his opinions be—”

Gently, gently, gently! Come now, we won't give his ideas another thought, but go regularly on as if we had never heard his name. A more unpretending, or a more harmless, recreation than fishing we know not, nor one by which the powers of mind or body could be more benefited; and yet, setting aside the attacks on the disciple of Master Izaak, which sheer malice and all uncharitableness alone are accountable for, even brother sportsmen cannot resist now and then having a rap at him.

“Eh! Patience on a monument, had much sport?” and then, without waiting for an answer, going off with an aside—“The old story, I see, a fool at one end and a flat at the other—must be a flat fish indeed to be gammoned by such a fellow as that.”

But Piscator can well afford to echo the laugh, and keep the

even tenor of his way rejoicing, though perhaps unnoticed. This last fact, by-the-bye, has often struck us as the reason why angling, though so gentle and (in many respects) so lady-like an amusement, is still far from enjoying a very great share of aristocratic or fashionable patronage; and why those who continue, season after season, to frequent the burn-side must be really fond of the sport as a sport, and not be induced rather by something appertaining to it to declare themselves, and appear as fishermen. There is here none of that blaze of beauty and fashion that attend the high-mettled racer to lure the exquisite to study "the gentle science;" small field have we for the would-be hero to disport his prowess and his turn-out, in comparison with the crowd and pomp he is certain of meeting by meeting the foxhounds. The expense is less, the danger less, the excitement less, and—

"Anything you please, but the real pleasure, and on that point we yield to none."

Look at him creeping down of a May morning, through the dewy meadows or long winding lanes, in an almost seedy jacket and really "shocking bad hat," perhaps without a companion to cheer him on his way, or, if he has one, as in the moment of victory so beautifully depicted in our print, it must be *one*, and not a whole party; at such a time he delights not to hear the shouts of thousands proclaiming his success; he raises not the maddening who-whoop, in the outbreak of ecstasy, which shall draw together the neighboring villagers to admire the triumph he has achieved; even the good report with which "the dead shot" announces every feather bagged, he gladly dispenses with; and though all is "triumph now and joy," all is quiet and unassuming. For all this, Master Piscator is as pleasant a companion and as welcome a guest, wherever he goes, as any of his more rattling and seemingly more important contemporaries—quite as agreeable, if not quite so troublesome; and if he does not value himself at exactly so high a figure, not a bit the worse for that.

Let us indulge ourselves with our favorite watchword—"Proof," and, as the lawyers say, "take a case or two in point." Well, you are a country gentleman, a magistrate, a clergyman—or, if you will, take the yokel's definition, "a man as does nothing at all for his living"—you are blessed with a tidy little fortune, with a wife, and an establishment on the same moderate terms, and in fact, in a small way—and that is the *only* way—as comfortable as need be. To proceed:—About the middle of September, October, November, or somewhere about that time, we won't be nice to a day or two, you are agreeably surprised, at breakfast, by the information, that your old friend Ram-jam Poppleton will do himself the pleasure, and you the honor, of visiting your Penates, for the purpose of a little exercise among the hares, birds, pheasants, and such like flesh and fowl, to be found in your neighborhood. Having satisfied your wife as to his moral character, the color of his hair, and the amount of his family and income, and also assisted in the debate on the expediency of introducing giblet soup or rabbit curry, you hear no more of the matter until an hour before sunset,

when the sound of wheels announces the approach of your friend at a regular American trotter pace, and in a trap much resembling those patronised by town travellers to ginger beer and soda water manufactories. That you are at the door in an instant, have him by the hand, and show in the well-covered double-barrel, are matter of course; but, just as you expect him to follow, he has let down the back board of "the pop shop," and discovered three travelling companions, a couple of spaniels, and a great big brown pointer.

"Fine dog this, Green, come and have a look at him."

"He is, indeed, magnificent!"

Ponto brushes up amazingly at this, and, taking the hint of "hie, hie!" proceeds to show off in a good wide range in the shrubbery. He is out of sight for a minute, and the next appears with—"Why damn the dog! Ponto, Ponto, drop it sir!"

It is dropt accordingly; *to wit*, a favorite, and very diminutive game cock.

"Confound the dog! but never mind, Green, Cock-a-doodle-doo is not hurt—live to win a Welsh main yet; all the better for it, if anything."

"Yes, I think he is; [*aside*] as clear a case of broken wind as ever was seen."

"Now, do you know I like him the more for this—shows there's some devil in him, and I would'nt give a sixpence for a dog without a little."

Tinkle, tinkle—crash—mash—screech—"Gracious goodness! all the glass in the house broken! What *can* be the matter?"

Round the corner you both hurry, when John meets you,

"With dismal face,
Long as a courier's out of place
Portending some disaster."

"What is it, John?"

"O, nothing's the matter, sir; only the gentleman's dog see the stuffed fox in the library, and made a dash at him through the bow-window, and knocked down some of Missus's China."

We pity the dull wight who cannot picture to himself "the sweet smile" with which "Missus" *welcomes* "my old friend, Mr. Ram-jam Poppleton."

For a second, we will go to the turf—the tip-top at once; as the higher on the list, the more likely shall we be to have a strong case. Well, then, some other old friend has determined to win, or, at any rate, to try his chance for the Warwick, the Wolverhampton, Abingdon, Stamford, Nottingham, or some cup, the line for which, from his horse's stable, is close by your door. That the nag should halt one night with you, is a compliment he cannot resist paying; and, really, receiving such a lion as a thoroughbred race-horse, with all his travelling accoutrements, his valet, his boots, brushes, night-cap, &c. &c., is no small honor, according to some people's notions. Finding good entertainment for one horse and man being such a mere *bagatelle*, you never say a

word to any of your establishment as to their coming at all ; until, one afternoon, the very day in fact the horse is to arrive, but you'd forgotten it, the privacy of your "study" is broken in upon by a message from James (the groom) who "wants to know what he's to do with the *half-a-dozen* racers as is just come into the yard?"

"*Half-a-dozen!* Nonsense, man! *one*, you mean—*one* is coming, I know."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but James said there was *six*, as well as he could count them."

James's arithmetic is quite correct. Your friend's horse has taken the usual liberty of bringing a few *friends* of his—the trainer's whole string, in fact ; and now comes the question, what's to be done with them ? We are not supposing your stabling to be a copy of that at Woburn Abbey or Houghton, where they would take a troop or two of horse, and think nothing of it. No, you are limited for room, and the new comers are *rather* particular. "Lord Steady-stake's mare never slept in anything but a loose box in her life ; the Camel colt would kick a stall to pieces almost before he was in it ; and Mr. Markham (that's your friend, indeed) will have a mighty poor chance of winning the cup if his horse, too, don't have a good, large, roomy, warm box." These observations, by the way, are put very much in the style of indignant demands. You have *three* boxes certainly ; but then your *three* favorite hunters are in them. "But, never mind *them*, out they must come—put them any where—into the pigsty, barn, or any shed that will hold them ; only, pray make haste, for these horses, the head lad swears, are all catching their deaths of cold, and he can't answer for the consequences." The demands for hot water, sponges, and cold meat, or the injury the attendant pigmies, who have something of Ponto's "devil," assisted by a Newmarket education, do to the orchards, the game-preserves, and the heads of the maid-servants, is a state of chaos at which we dare only hint.

But surely, all this time we are straying "far, far away" from Piscator. Nay, was it not for his advantage that we did deviate ? And is he, too, one of those welcome guests who, when they *cut*, you hope will never come again ? *He*, what "dear, quiet Mr. Silk-line," as everybody in the house calls him, from your wife down to the scullery-maid—"a gen'leman as never gives no trouble to nobody," as the shoe-boy says, "but who always behaves like a prince ; though he *will* clean his own fishing-boots." That's his character, wherever he goes ; and such it always must be, for it depends on himself. He has no sins of "horses, hounds, and men" in attendance to answer for, and, in lieu of that very engaging devilry, has a temper as gentle *as a gentle*, and as harmless as one of his self-manufactured flies. Then again, if you are not a sportsman, there is still pleasure in talking with him, and of his sport ; he abounds not in the puzzling technicalities of the man with one thought, that "gave him a stone ; 'F. Y. C. ; weight for age ; collared him directly ; then he was challenged ; P. P. ;" or, "a widish cast ; threw up their heads ; sterns down ; never recovered him ; war heel ; Skirters, Taylors, and Master Reynolds."

Piscator seasons his discourse with nothing of this kind; he can speak of a cloudy, rainy morning, and observe the effect it has on a man's spirits, perhaps, sooner than he would on a fish-pond; and can refer to the paste of an apple-tart without bounding off to the best paste for killing a chub. He has an eye, too, for scenery, and delights in the picturesque perhaps as much as Clarkson Stanfield himself; he can, for instance, look at a hawthorn hedge, without inwardly resolving how he should "go at it," or wondering whether there is a ditch on the other side; and can call admiration to a beautiful range of meadow land, without suggesting "what a devilish good two-mile gallop might be made there." In short, take him either by the side of the stream, or over the mahogany, whether with pencil or fly-rod in hand, at home or abroad, we cannot conscientiously recommend a more agreeable companion than the gentleman who is now engaged in throwing his artificial ephemera,

"To walk the waters like a thing of life."

Of all varieties of fishing, from harpooning whales to pinning minnows, we vote in favor of that which our artist has chosen to illustrate; it draws out all the energy and talent of the sportsman, and is practised without so many of those drawbacks which in other kinds of angling are unavoidable. Who has not, over and over again, experienced the miseries that live and other baits bring upon the bottom fisher—the dirtiness, the delay, and the continual manual labor required in making them "ship-shape?" How different is the case with the fly-fisher—the real artist, who wanders along, mile after mile, doing tremendous execution with his "gay deceiver," and all without soiling his fingers! Then as to the ability requisite, why, any half-baked lout may loll over a fat float watching for a bob, as a hint to make his clumsy attempt; but, for the trout stream, we must have as great a command of the arm and wrist, as good a whip hand, in fact, as Charley Jones himself or any other knight of the "tapering crop," a delicacy of touch equal to Paganini, and an elegance of attitude that may rival Macready. There is nothing can compare with it in the practice of Walton and Cotton but trolling: and that is decidedly far inferior, being less a scientific amusement than *bonâ fide* hard labor: we have tried it, and, not possessing the strength of a Hercules, found one trial quite sufficient. Again, look at the reward—a great coarse un-eatable pike or a *trout*? The very word is enough, without any endearing and well-deserved epithet we could have found worthy of it. This, by the way, reminds us that if any of our distant friends should fall in with a specimen or two, which they think would look well in black and white (*i. e.*, engraved), we shall be happy to receive them: it is hardly necessary to say that the *fresher* they are the more justice will be done them by the *artist*, to whose hands they will immediately be consigned.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1844.

FINE ARTS.

PORTRAITS OF SIR HERCULES AND BEE'S WING.

WE think these Portraits are designed to advantage, by making something more of a picture of them, instead of painting a dry facsimile upon a path of green, or the equally uninteresting floor of a stable. We have here a Park landscape, intersected by a stream that forms the boundary of Sir Hercules' domain, and separates him from Bee's-wing. Apparently in the merest courtesy, he is wading across to make a morning call upon his neighbor, who is quietly observing his politeness *sub tegmine fagi*. They are good portraits, rather fat perhaps, but worthy the patronage of the men "i'-the North" who take any interest in Turf Annals.

THE ENGLISH FIRESIDE—BY JOHN MILLS, ESQ.

Mr. Mills is already known to our Readers as the Author of "The Old English Gentleman," and "The Stage Coach, or the Road of Life," both of which obtained well-merited patronage. "The English Fireside" is a tale of the past, in which the celebrated King of the Gipsies, Bamfylde Moore Carew, appears in a different light from the "birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour," hitherto published of that eccentric individual. The leading characters, however, embodied in the three volumes before us, are two poachers, the one a youthful devil-may-care haired-brained fellow, who sets all authority at defiance and beards the keeper in his den in the pursuit of his "unlawful livelihood;" the other, under the assumed character of a crippled rat-catcher, following his vocation, without suspicion of his real craft, even with more success than his adventurous and high-spirited friend. Then we have a warm-hearted ancient spinster and her niece—an exemplary Vicar and his daughters—a Sporting Squire, who has outrun his ample fortune, but still lives in the present, and forgets the past, and his son—a daughter of the wandering tribes of Egypt, the mother of the reckless poacher—all mixed in a pleasing narrative of events and adventure, which, whilst they excite the sympathies of the Reader, bring back to his feeling the joys and pleasures of "the old house at home." The characters are well sustained throughout, as they were in his previous works: and Mr. Mills may rest assured that his "English Fireside" will *not* find its way to the trunkmakers' shops in the time specified for the reception of modern publications in literature."

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1844.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILI, VET. SURGEON.

Continued from the last number of the "Turf Register," page 332.

WALKING EXERCISE.

To lay down all the precise rules for exercising the different descriptions of horses, would occasion the extending of this work to a voluminous size, a thing of all others I very much wish to avoid. Yet I shall endeavor to lay down, in the most explicit manner I possibly can, the different sorts of exercise that should be adopted, according to the circumstances that are likely to occur in the training of a number of race horses, with reference to the effects such exercises may produce on horses of different tempers and constitutions. In this chapter I confine myself alone to the various uses or advantages to be derived from walking exercise being properly administered to horses, according as they may require it.

This exercise first commences in the morning in the stable-yard. The horses should all walk round here, as long as the groom considers it is requisite, which will depend on the season of the year, as also the state or condition the horses may be in. In winter, should the weather be unfavorable, as frost, their principal exercise will daily be here; but in the summer they walk here only for the purpose of allowing the saddles to get settled to their backs, or rather until some of them may have done setting up their backs. But the time they may have to walk here in winter will depend on whether they are in strong work, as being in training: or whether, from indulgence, they may have become pretty hearty: if they are in the latter state, they will require a longer time to walk here, to steady them, before they are allowed to be walked out on to the downs: unless these precautions are taken, accidents will, as I have already observed, sometimes occur. If horses are in strong work, the walking exercise they have to take in the morning on the downs, previous to taking their gallops, need be but for a very short time; they may walk here in a large circle, merely for the purpose of allowing them to stretch their legs and empty themselves, during which time the groom is to give his orders to the boys, as to what classes each of their horses are to go into, prior to the whole of them going up their gallops. Their gallops being done, they may return to the usual walking ground, where they are to walk until they are perfectly cool and collected; they then proceed to the troughs to water, and then, after taking a short slow gallop, they are walked into the stable; this, generally speaking, is the usual or daily arrangement of their walking exercise. But to what further extent this sort of exercise may occasionally

be continued must depend on a variety of circumstances, such as the physical or mechanical powers of different horses. The walking exercise formerly given to horses gluttonously inclined was often carried to too great an extent, and more particularly after they had been sweating. For my own part, I am not partial to more of this sort of exercise than is absolutely necessary.

Walking exercise will be found requisite, first, to allow all horses time for emptying themselves, to give flexibility to their muscular system, and keep fine their legs; and more particularly to those among them that may have to be often in strong work. Secondly, to assist in steadying those horses which may be too hearty, and full of their gambols. Thirdly, to give delicate flighty horses an appetite for their food, as well as to assist in steadying them.

To describe the precise time that may be required for horses when in training to be at walking exercise, to accomplish the purposes I have just mentioned, would be too tedious; suffice it, therefore, to say, that some horses may not require to be at this sort of exercise more than half an hour, some others an hour or an hour and a half; on some occasions two hours may be given to very delicate flighty horses, for the purpose of increasing their appetites and steadying them. Horses that are in strong work, when kept too long at walking exercise, get careless and become stale and weary on their legs. There is no greater proof of this, than that when they are in the stables, and have been dressed and fed, the stables are no sooner shut up, than they immediately lay themselves down at full length, and thus they lie stretched out until the stables are again opened. Now, generally speaking, unless horses are over fatigued in their work, they have no natural propensity to lie down more than six or eight hours out of the four-and-twenty.

Whenever horses may be at walking exercise on a course, up between the rails, the groom is to bear in mind never to let them turn to come back, until they have passed the winning-post, for the usual length at which the horses are pulled up after running, previous to their going home to the stables. This rule stands good when horses take their gallops on a course, and the same when they may have to sweat over one.

To conclude this subject, we will suppose a number of horses (say a dozen) to have had their physic, and to have been long enough at walking exercise, to have given sufficient strength and tone to the tendons of their legs, so as to allow them with safety to commence their gallops; the use and effects of which we will speak of in the next chapter.

GALLOPING EXERCISE.

The gallops given to race horses in the morning, when they are in training, is to a certain extent for the purpose of improving their wind, and increasing the strength of their muscular and tendinous powers. Yet this sort of exercise must be regulated, as

to pace and length, just according as it may be found to affect different horses, as it produces very different effects on some to what it does on others. Horses, therefore, in an early state of their condition, should begin their gallops very gradually. Now, as the trainer will have to increase the pace and length of their gallops, previous to the horses beginning their sweats, he will soon be able to judge how each horse is likely to become affected by this sort of exercise, as it is not at all an uncommon occurrence for gallops to produce much more severe effects on some horses than even long slow sweats would produce on others. It must, therefore, be ascertained what sort of exercise is best likely to suit each horse, or class of horses. The pace and length horses may go in their gallops may very well be regulated by their ages and constitutions, and the state of their condition; yet these are not the whole of the criterions by which the groom is to form his judgment: he is attentively to look at and examine his horses when they are stripped and being dressed; and if he should observe any horse drawing suddenly fine (losing flesh), or if he perceive that any horse has become alarmed at this sort of exercise, the daily repetition of his gallops should immediately be discontinued, and a different manner of treating him adopted; walking exercise should be substituted for that of galloping, and should be continued until he has again put up flesh, and become reconciled in his temper. When that he is again put to go up a gallop, he should go by himself, for the length that suits him, or, if his disposition will allow of its being done, he may follow the horses, being last in the string, the groom ordering his boy to pull him up after he has gone perhaps half a mile. But even this short gallop is only to be taken occasionally, as it may suit the horse; and when he has taken it, he may be sent to walk by himself, or if it is thought he will be happy by following the other horses at walking exercise, he may do so; the method we shall take to bring him stout for the length he may have to run, we shall state in due time.

The gallops given morning and evenings (but more particularly in the mornings) to horses in training, are principally for the following purposes:—First, to teach them how to go up a gallop, and to bring them into a knowledge of their own stride. Secondly, by increasing the pace to improve their wind. Thirdly, to steady those that may be hearty. Fourthly, to prevent those that are gluttonously inclined from putting up flesh too quickly from one sweating day to the other. These objects are to be effected by occasionally increasing the length of the galloping ground, (for the length of the different gallops, and the description of ground on which they should be chosen, see vol. 13, page 665), as circumstances may require, or according as the ages and constitutions of different horses may vary.

The groom must bear in mind, that he is, on no account, to allow of his boys being out of his sight while they are riding the horses at any sort of exercise. Boys are tricky; at least, they were so when I was one, and if they are at any time allowed to take horses up their gallops alone, they will suddenly spring and spurt them

along here and there ; this not only makes young ones unsteady but they get into the habit of striding too quick and hurrying themselves. Horses in training are not to be hurried in any part of their exercise or work ; they are at all times to go a fair even pace, and when it does become necessary to increase the pace in the concluding of a gallop or sweat, it should be properly put into practice by the groom ordering it to be gradually increased from any one point or object on the ground to that of another, and which I shall presently take an opportunity of mentioning. Among the boys of a racing establishment, there are invariably some of them that ride much better than others ; and from among those that are light and ride the best, the groom should take care to select those to lead the gallop as have been accustomed to do this sort of thing. Indeed there should always be, at the time the horses are at exercise, an experienced riding boy (in whom the groom has confidence) placed in front of any class of horses, however small. From the repeated orders the groom is in the habit of giving to an intelligent boy who leads the gallop, as to how he is to rate the horse he is on, he will soon be brought to be a tolerable good judge of pace, and from custom, in the riding of different horses in their exercise, he will know pretty well at what rate any horse he has before ridden is going ; and, according to the orders he may receive from the groom, he urges the horse on in the concluding of the gallop to as near the top of the horse's pace as he (the boy) may have been required to do, without drawing the horse quite out, in other words, extending him to the extent of his stride.

Another circumstance to be attended to is, that, among a number of horses in training, there are occasionally some much more difficult to ride than others. Such horses have sagacity enough to discover very quickly the sort of riders they have on them ; they will almost instantly take advantage of those that are bad ones, as they will also of small light boys that may be incapable of holding them, or of forcing them on at such times as it may be necessary for them to go at a breathing pace, as in the concluding of a certain length of their last two or three sweats, or in the last two or three gallops, they will have to take on the two or three last days previous to their coming out to run.

Whenever a groom intends giving any of his horses a good brushing gallop, as perhaps a day or two before sweating, or indeed more particularly at the time I have just mentioned, as when horses are about to finish their work before their races, the groom must bear in mind, that, generally speaking, those that are free goers are much more difficult to be held when going a good pace in company with others, than they would be in going a slow pace when alone ; while others that are idle and lurchingly disposed will be quite as difficult to be made go at the pace required of them. Under the above-mentioned circumstances, the groom must change the light or bad riding boys for bigger ones of much more power and experience, who, when they are put up to ride, are well able, as soon as they have got the horses they are riding well off and settled in their stride, to take a pull and keep them together ;

those that may be on the class of free goers, (for as I have repeatedly observed, all horses that have to go a good pace occasionally in their exercise must be classed according to what they are), as well as those that may be on the idle, lurching sort of horses, will, as soon as they have them settled in their stride, get determinedly at them, and not only keep them straight in their gallops as they are going along with them, but will also draw them well out, and continue them on to the end of the gallop at the pace the groom may have ordered them to go. Nor will the additional weight of the bigger boys be of any consequence, at least at the particular time to which I am now alluding, that is, the time the horses are about to finish their work before they come out to run; for, although at this period they have to go faster in their gallops, the length they go in them is somewhat shortened. In fact, it is always the best plan, when horses have to go a telling pace in any part of their exercise or work, if firm and well on their feet and legs, to put up boys of power to ride them, as they not only make them go straight, and keep them within their stride, but make them do, as to pace, what is necessary they should; and horses go better and more kindly with good riders upon them than when they are ridden by bad or inferior ones, as with those last-mentioned they are apt to take liberties. Unless, as occasion may require, grooms regulate the selection of their boys, as I have directed them to do in respect to the riding of different horses, some of them would get into bad tricks or habits, which it may afterwards be difficult to get them out of. Those among them that may be idle, lurching horses would become cunning; they would, what is termed, "shut up" with bad riders in their gallops and sweats; in other words, they would sulk, and not go in them at the pace they ought. Horses having got into tricks of this sort, it is not only difficult, but often next to impossible, for even a good and determined jockey to rouse them out of such habits at the time they may be running. If a jockey cannot succeed in getting a horse to give his race kindly, the horse will of course be beat. Other horses that pull a little and are rather determined goers, and that may sometimes require to be taken along at a tolerable good pace in their exercise, if on such occasions they are ridden by light boys, most of them will endeavor to get the advantage of such light weights; if the horses succeed in so doing, they will then go farther and faster than it was intended they should; from these circumstances they soon get to know their speed in their exercise—a sort of thing that should be avoided as much as possible; for, when a horse gets to know his speed in his exercise, it is but seldom he can afterwards be got to struggle well in a severely contested race.

We now come to make our remarks on the classing of horses in their exercise, the arranging of which will depend on a variety of circumstances. First, as to the different ages of the horses. Secondly, as to their physical powers, as regards their stoutness. Thirdly, as to their mechanical powers, as regards their speed. And lastly, as to their tempers; but those that are very irritable

cannot well go into any class ; these will have to take singly, that is, alone, what little exercise may be required of them.

I have already observed that yearlings are invariably in their own class. Two-year-olds are to be in theirs ; three-year-olds in theirs : and four-year-olds in theirs. Five-year-olds, six, and aged horses, may be in any class. Yet the reader must bear in mind, that some one or other of the horses we have just classed according to their ages, will occasionally have to be removed from their own class (the yearlings excepted) into that of a senior one, (taking care that the length of the gallop is not too far for the young ones) ; or a horse or two will have to be removed from a senior class into a junior ; but this is merely to ascertain, in some degree, how good the best colt of a class of young ones may be ; there is no great difficulty in observing which is the best colt or horse of any class ; but it is necessary, if possible, to know in due time how much one colt may be better than others in the same class in which he is. This cannot be accurately known but by a private or public trial, or removing the best colt of a junior into a class of older ones, that are pretty well known : or by putting an older one into a junior class to lead the gallop for them. This brings us to the subject of one horse leading others in their exercise.

The horse that leads in their gallops or sweats is, of course, the one that goes first in any string or class of horses ; and when it is not intended that horses are to go a fast pace in their exercise, it is not of much consequence what horse leads them, provided he is a kind goer, that is to say, is not inclined in any way to be tricky. But when horses are in strong work, and have to go long lengths at a breathing pace in their gallops and sweats, that the training groom may not be deceived, and that the horse that leads others may not be abused or over-marked, it is necessary that he should be of superior powers, as to speed and stoutness, to those that have to follow him ; or, if he is not, the thing may be managed by putting up on the horse a much lighter boy, but then you must take care that the boy is a tolerable good judge of the pace his horse is going. But, if a horse is very superior to the class he is leading, he should have a strong, good riding boy on him, that can rate him at such a fair and even pace as will not be likely to over-mark those that may have to follow him ; and more particularly should the horse in question be leading others in their sweats.

It is also to be understood that a horse is not, on every occasion, to be put to lead other horses in their work, just because he is capable of doing so ; if he is too often made use of in this way, he not only becomes stale and slow, but he soon gets below his proper form, and he will, unless he is very placid in his temper, want to be first in every thing, which may not, under all circumstances, be exactly what is required of him ; in other words, he becomes difficult to be held when going in company with other horses, not only in his exercise, but what may be of more consequence, in his races ; and if he is difficult to be held in those, a

jockey may not be able, when riding such a horse, to get him to run agreeably to the orders he (the jockey) may have received from the trainer. It is therefore not only advisable that a horse should not too often lead the gallop for others, but that such horse should be put into a string to follow others; or if a horse cannot be got to do this sort of thing quietly, he should be allowed to go by himself in his gallops.

Further, with regard to selecting a horse to lead others in their work; the training groom of a private establishment has the power of selecting any one he may best approve of; but he must recollect that the horse that leads is in want of the same sort of treatment as those that are to follow him. The public training groom may sometimes have more difficulties to encounter in selecting a horse for this purpose than the private trainer; as the former may be directed by some of his employers to work their horses by themselves while others may leave the working of theirs entirely to his better judgment; and as we shall here consider him to be an honest man, the latter arrangement is to be preferred. (See chapter on the Duties of the Public and Private Training Grooms, and on Jockeys).

We next come to make our remarks on the speed or pace of horses. How much faster some can go than others, in their exercise or running, must depend on a variety of circumstances. First, on their physical powers, as to the strength of their constitutions. Secondly, on their mechanical ones, as to how they may be formed in the length, depth, and breadth of the different parts of their bodies and extremities. Thirdly, on their muscular strength, and on the state of perfection to which their whole muscular system may have been brought by their being well trained. Fourthly, and indeed almost principally, on the weight they may have to carry, and which must ever regulate the length of rally that different horses may be capable of continuing on at their best pace. Fifthly, as to how horses may vary in size; this last-mentioned circumstance very frequently regulates their manner of going as to stride.

We will first make some remarks as to how different horses go in their gallops according to their size and structure, and how each description of horse is generally found to vary in maintaining their best pace either in their exercise or running. A small-sized, close-made race horse is mostly what is termed a "round goer," that is, he is rather short, but quick in his stride; when drawn out to the top of his pace, to use a common expression, he is generally a sticker in a pretty long rally, and a good goer in deep ground. A horse somewhat larger than the one above mentioned, as from fifteen hands one inch to fifteen two, if he has substance, and is well formed over the heart and loins, with a good straight back and a moderate length of body, and not too high upon his legs, and has good action, that is, can get his fore legs well out, and can bring his haunches well under him, is the sort of race horse I very much fancy for general purposes—he can mostly go on with the pace, and in good company too, for any racing length. The large-sized

horse, bred at the present day, is mostly from sixteen to seventeen hands high. Horses of the above size are generally engaged, at two and three years old, to run rather short lengths, for a few of the good things at Newmarket; and, as the season advances, they (principally the three-year-olds) also run for other good things, at Epsom, Ascot Heath, Goodwood, York, and Doncaster. From those horses being so very over-sized, their length of stride is amazing; it is by their stride when running that they tell out almost all other horses that are lower in stature. These very large-sized horses can seldom come but certain lengths, as from three quarters of a mile to a mile and a half; which lengths generally suit them best; when these horses are called upon to come for the rally they can live in, in the finishing of their races, their speed is tremendous, if the ground is dry. But as such big horses are not always so well proportioned in their make as the smaller ones, they cannot go so well through dirt, as in their stride they pitch their feet, when running, farther in the ground, if wet, than the close-made horse that is more of a round goer. Another thing is, those large, long-striding horses cannot continue for so long a length at their best pace as the last-mentioned close-made horse, as they cannot so readily collect themselves in their stride, by quickly bringing their haunches well under them. In noticing the action of a race horse, that may be a speedy good galloper, it will be seen, that, generally speaking, when drawn out pretty well to the top of his pace, he can (without bending his knees too much) put his fore feet well out, and bring his haunches well under him, that is, his hind feet will mostly be seen to come nearly opposite, or quite in a parallel line with the outside of his fore ones.

The stride of different horses depends on their size, varying from eighteen to twenty, or even to two or three and twenty feet. But how long a horse will be able to continue on this last mentioned length of stride, will depend on the weight he is carrying, as also on his formation, structure, and muscular powers; and, as we have already noticed, he must have a moderate well-proportioned length of body and breadth of loins, together with lengthy, muscular, strong hind quarters and well-formed back. Those unaccustomed to observe the stride of different horses, when going at the top of their pace, may not immediately see exactly to what extent they bring their haunches under them. Should a person, under such circumstances, have a doubt as to the action of any horse, he had better, if a pretty good horseman, ride the horse himself; and, to be certain of drawing out the horse he rides, he should, if necessary, have another to go head and girth with him in finishing the gallop, for whatever length of rally it may be; and as the horse alluded to is pressed on to the top of his pace, he naturally, although fairly, pulls pretty strong at the rider, which occasions him to sit well down in his saddle, keeping good hold of its flaps with his knees, as well as a tolerably good hold of his stirrups with his feet, which, to give him power in holding the horse with his hands, he places rather more forward than is usual. The horse now being drawn out to nearly the top of his pace, it is

just at this time the rider should, for a few strides, lean a little over to either side, and, by looking down on the ground, see how near the horse he is riding will bring his hind feet up or close to the outside of his fore ones. The rider is not to be astonished, if, in riding a number of horses in this way, he should occasionally find a horse bringing his hind feet a trifle beyond his fore ones. If the horse can do this sort of thing to the extent above-mentioned, he will be found to be a difficult horse to beat, and therefore a dangerous one to bet against, unless he gives away a great deal of weight to those horses that he may be running with. The manner above mentioned of finding out a horse's stride was practised in my juvenile days, and I have often had recourse to the same method myself. I allow it is an old fashioned way, nevertheless it will not be found to be a bad one; and I think it more certain than that of measuring a horse's stride on the ground he has gone over; as, to do this, the ground must be wet, with some degree of foot hold.

Having mentioned all that appears to be necessary on the subject of the action of race horses, the next thing to notice is the pace they have to go in their different sorts of exercise, and how, on various occasions, it is to be arranged. However slow the pace race horses may have to go in their gallops, they, from the manner in which they are taught to go in training, mostly put their fore legs better out, and their hind ones better under them, than horses in common use, and which gives them (as has already been noticed), a more settled and advantageous sort of stride or gallop along, instead of going the up and down cantering pace of hacks and chargers. The slow pace is mostly had recourse to, when the horses have done the stronger part of their work, as in the mornings after they have been watered. On a hot summer's evening, the orders given by the groom to the boy who leads the gallop, should be—"Tom, do not hurry them this evening, or we shall have some of them breaking out in a sweat." If the evening is cold, the groom's orders are to be reversed, by saying to the boy who leads—"Just go fast enough with them to keep them warm."

Having noticed the slowest pace horses have to go in their gallops, we will now rate them at a little faster pace, which is termed half speed; this pace is generally had recourse to by way of moderate exercise, that is to say, it does not come under the denomination of horses doing work. This pace is proper for horses on the morning following the day on which they may have sweated, that is, if the groom is of opinion that any of them have been a little over-marked in their sweats, perhaps from the horse that led the sweat breaking away with the boy, and coming too fast for some of the other horses; or it may be adopted when stronger gallops do not suit them so well as slow frequent sweats.

The next pace to notice is called "three parts speed." This pace horses have to go in finishing a certain length of their gallops, at the time the groom may be doing what is usually called a "bit of work" with them. This also the pace horses go in their brushing gallops, which they take the morning before sweating;

and it is also the pace they have to go in the finishing of a certain portion of the last two or three sweats they have to take just previous to their running. It is also the pace that some of the horses have occasionally to go in their sweating gallops; and it is this sort of pace a little increased that they have to go on the first, second, or third day (according to their constitutions), previous to their coming out to run. But the different paces, and the lengths that different horses will have to go in them, under a variety of circumstances, will be more fully explained hereafter.

MATTERS CONNECTED WITH THE GUN.

A word or two respecting Dogs, Retrievers in particular, and the artful dodges of the Red-legged Partridge laid open.

BY RINGWOOD.

WHILST writing upon Shooting, and registering matters connected with the Gun, something respecting our allies the Dogs will be expected, and will be marked down. Although we fully agree with Col. Hawker in the commencement of his chapter upon the Canine races in his "Instructions to Young Sportsmen," which runs thus:—"Dogs have been a universal subject for every sporting writer, that scarcely a word can be said about them but that of which we may find the counterpart in some publication or other. Every one has his own caprice, or fancy, about pointers, setters, and spaniels; and we meet almost every day with some fresh man who has got the best dog in England;"—so far so good; and the general tenor of his remarks respecting discipline, &c., are in perfect unison with our own: but when we come to his "check-collars for breaking pointers," &c., look at the plate, and read the explanation, and pass on to the "iron-puzzle for ditto," with instructions for the use of it, we almost fancy we are perusing some Indian Journal in which the best breaking tackle for gentling alligators or wild elephants is advertised. The one piece of machinery is to bring an impetuous dog up "all standing;" and the other is negatively to urge a slow one on. Now in our humble opinion, dogs that (after more simple methods have failed) can only be coerced or assisted by such artificial means as those above alluded to, had better be given up for yard-dogs or sentinels for hawkers' carts. Dogs of a pure and distinct breed do not take so much breaking.

Here is the rock on which so many have been wrecked; they do not get the raw material pure. Look at the portraits by good masters of our pointers many years back, before those who wished to be thought in advance of the age in which they lived had crossed

with the foxhound, and even with "curs of low degree," for the avowed purpose of giving some new quality to the original pointer, such as each theorist fancied was wanting, forgetting in most cases, that, as some adventitious gift was bestowed, something from the original instinct of the animal was proportionably taken away. And this is the reason why we see so few good pointers in general use in the present day; handsome dogs (not handsome pointers) we see every day, dogs that can go, as their owners say, like the wind, and, by dint of something short of brutality, have been made to drop when a gun goes off; but what we complain of is a want of stanchness. The dog does not seem to delight in standing to game, but shows a restlessness to be up and doing; his eye and stern both indicate a strong desire to see you shoot, and he tells you plainly to be quick, for he won't *stand* it much longer: and for this disposition to dash, you must not blame the dog in question, but his grandfather, who was a foxhound. Surely a thorough-bred pointer (and such animals we are told do yet exist), of good proportions and in good condition, can go long enough and fast enough three days in a week for any man who knows how to beat for game. I say three days in a week, although they are capable of more; but should any one have room enough for six days in a week, he will assuredly keep dogs in proportion—remembering there is no greater evil, nothing so prejudicial to good sport, as having too many either in the kennel or the field. And, does a man really wish to enjoy shooting and fill his bag, let him take out one pointer and one retriever, each knowing and sticking to his own department. No pointer should ever be allowed to retrieve or catch wounded game (although some of them in this respect are beyond all praise), if his master can keep two dogs; and for this reason—the perfection of the pointer when strong on the scent is to stop; that of the retriever, to dash on. Now the pointer that is encouraged to pursue and catch wounded game soon delights in this amusement, and, after having picked up two or three winged birds cleverly, and received caresses for his prowess, is very apt to try his cunning upon single birds running in turnips, whose wings are in full force. It is all very well to tell us that dogs can distinguish between wounded birds and others, and under favorable circumstances some of them can; for instance, if a bird is bleeding freely, and the scent on the ground good: but how many wounded birds do we pick up that show no jot of blood, and, saving their powers of flight are curtailed, are as strong and fresh as ever? The temptation to get close is at all events too strong, and all the retrieving pointers that I have ever met with will frequently put single birds up. And how many good dogs (barring this) have I seen, on committing this blunder, turn round and look at their master, evidently ashamed, and perfectly conscious of their blunder, and saying, as plainly as dogs can speak, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but really I mistook it for a wounded one."

A pointer puppy that at ten months old will not hunt off and point at game through instinct (which Walker defines as the

power which determines the will of brutes) will not do for me. We all know the story of the sow that was taught to stand at game; I could give more than one instance of men who have shot to terriers and veritable mongrels, and made these dogs stand or stop; but then they were men who were out every day early and late, and would, had they desired it, have made the same animals walk about with a hat in their mouths and beg for coppers; but all this is the result of great severity, the very thing we wish as much as possible to avoid. And if we possess a dog that points instinctively, how simple comparatively is what is termed his breaking? Yet how many a man has paid five or six guineas to have a promising young dog spoiled by putting him into the hands of a professional dog-breaker, a fellow half ratcatcher, half poacher, made up of lies and cruelty? The only breaking that a thoroughbred dog wants is to be made to stop or lie down when a signal is given: as to teaching dogs to hunt, quarter their ground, find game, and point at it—"teach your grandmother to suck eggs." Let no young ardent sportsman expect a young dog to know everything in one season. My experience has convinced me that they will continue to improve for three or four years, and with constant practice into the bargain. We all know that dogs possess extraordinary memories, and that from certain premises they can draw just conclusions. Thus it is, that the good steady sportsman, always working by rule, invariably has a good dog; nay it often borders on the ridiculous to observe the great similarity in manners between the man and the brute, where companionship has been established in the house as well as the field; but although many men are not able to teach dogs much that is good, they are capable of instilling into them much that is evil, and one very great and common error is this—if they are out with a young dog, who begins to touch upon game, they begin hallooing, "to-ho! to-ho! steady there! take care!" crack goes the whip, and the dog stops; but there is no game, perhaps—*i. e.* immediately before him; the birds have moved within the last half hour either to another corner of the field, running and stopping occasionally, and consequently leaving the clue of their whereabouts, which the dog, if left to himself, would find out, and come to a point; or, suppose the birds have really taken wing recently, leaving a strong scent, which your dog, although noticing, would have passed over and renewed his hunting; or admitting the thing most dreaded takes place—*i. e.* the dog puts up a covey—then rate him, make him drop, hold the whip over him, occasionally letting him know that it is a whip, talk to him, and keep him in this humiliating posture for some minutes—he will soon find that this is the "great crime;" and you will find it much better than teaching a dog to make false points, which the *to-ho-ing* system is sure to do, and which he will eventually have recourse to when somewhat tired, and where game is scarce, one of the most trying and worse faults that a dog can possess. Again, I beg to observe that the genuine pointer, unless encouraged to retrieve, delights in standing at game, not in putting it up; or how is it that we observe the greatest jealousy in the best dogs not to run up the game, but to get the point and keep it!

What I have said of pointers may also be applied to setters, provided also that they are of original blood, and not crossed with the rough greyhound to give them speed, or with the Newfoundland dog for the sake of the black color. Of spaniels, I shall only observe, that they ought to be of middling size; and the *multum in parvo* particularly applies to this species; they are only fit companions for young active sportsmen, who can work six days in the week, and if any one of these gentlemen has a thorough-bred spaniel about three parts worn up to give away, he need not pay the carriage, but send him to our kennel.

The dog used as, and known by the name of, a retriever, is becoming a *sine qua non* to every man who now carries a gun, and in some shooting districts has, as I have before hinted, superseded the setter and pointer. But what is a retriever? many will exclaim; and the answer may be given—any dog from a Newfoundland to a pug that the fancy of any man may select to find and fetch wounded game; and although I can believe that almost any mongrel, if entered young enough and well handled, may be made useful, yet there are certain dogs that appear pre-eminently qualified for this particular purpose; and to procure a puppy for this use, I advocate a cross, but not between two half-bred dogs, but the first cross between the thorough-bred setter and the water-spaniel. From this description of dog I have seen animals “all my fancy painted,” of good size, very handsome, tender-mouthed, good-tempered, fine-nosed, and amphibious. Being in possession of a dog with these attributes, the only difficulty in his education is in regulating his conduct towards hares and rabbits. He must *chase or not to orders*. When in covert and sitting at his master's foot, and again waits (motionless) till further orders. This is the most difficult task to get up perfectly, and I can scarcely believe it possible for any man to *teach* a dog to do this, so as at all times and under all circumstances to be thoroughly depended upon, unless the dog is of that fine temper and powerful sagacity that allows him fully to comprehend this great move of the game as well as the man himself.

Again: the first lessons given to a puppy in retrieving winged game are mostly very imperfectly managed. A partridge, for instance, is knocked down in turnips, evidently a runner; the breaker, gentle or simple (as the saying is), loads his gun and hurries up to the spot where the bird fell: the dog is then encouraged to go to work with, “*leigh, lost!*” The puppy immediately begins to search for something, but whether it is a ball or a bird he does not yet know, and very likely sets to work in a contrary direction to whereabouts his master *thinks* the bird is gone. The man immediately runs to the line of scent, calling in angry terms to the pupil, who, half afraid, takes off his nose, and *looks* for what he is in search of; and it will sometimes happen (but unfortunately, I think) that the man sees the bird and chases with the dog, who, now eyeing it, catches it, and is caressed; and so far so good, for the game is bagged. But what follows next? why, the young one soon knows, from the gun going off and the orders given, that a

bird is down, and off he sets to *look* for it; and so long as he continues to use his eyes without first calling on his nose as the one thing needful, he will never become a retriever. But, on the other hand, if a man has patience and temper to lose a bird or two at starting, and, after having put the dog upon the scent, to stand perfectly still and silent (I should advise him, if nervous, to light a cigar and sit down), it will not be long before the young one will by his nose get up to wounded game, and consequently begins to get confidence, and having unassisted retrieved consecutively three runners in one day, the dog is made for life. I repeat, never go near a retriever when once on the scent, nor speak to him. As to encouraging him when you see him "hot upon it," with such words as "good dog! good dog!" you only distract his attention, forgetting that the dog is now in the height of enjoyment. Your turn will be all in good time, when he brings the game to you. Again: by leaving the dog to himself, he is not likely to become too cautious—a great fault. There is a certain style in doing everything, and a retriever that knows his business will begin slowly and with caution; but the moment he is certain of the scent, down should go his stern, and he should race like a foxhound. The consequence is, that when he comes close upon winged game, the bird attempts to fly and flaps his wings, and the business is over; but with a slow pudding dog, an old cock pheasant or red-legged partridge just pinioned would go through two parishes whilst "old slow-and-sure," as his master calls him, was getting out of the first field.

To those Sportsmen who are not much acquainted with the habits of the red-legged partridge the following incident relative to their running propensities, and of the confidence they have in their pedestrian powers (one out of a hundred that I could relate), may serve as an illustration. Returning from a ride one afternoon in the early part of October, I observed two Sportsmen with a leash of dogs (pointers, or half-bred setters I think they called them) busily employed in looking for a wounded bird, a red-leg, which one of them had just knocked down in high turnips: they persevered for about twenty minutes without the slightest chance that I could perceive of recovery, and gave it up. The next morning I took out my old lady retriever (now lying at my feet whilst I am writing this account of her, and whose extraordinary performances would fill a volume), and on arriving at the turnip-field in question, requested she would endeavor to find up the wounded bird that had been left the day previous. Now there were about eight acres of high white turnips (above one's knees), and the remainder of the field (about as much more) was fallow, ploughed perhaps about a fortnight. In a few minutes it was evident that she was upon game, and equally so that it was wounded. I sat myself quietly upon the top of the gate that commanded a view of the whole field, and observed the strictest neutrality. The day was rather windy, and the turnip-tops not having been yet broken by frosts, but turning and twisting about, afforded great obstacles to the progress of the pursuer, and great advantages to the pursued: sometimes it was evident that the bitch was close upon her game; and then again

it was equally clear that the bird had stolen a march. Thus matters progressed for some time, when to my utter astonishment I viewed the Frenchman (for it was the identical bird I was in search of) *break covert*, and take down one of the furrows of the fallow at a pace that only those who have witnessed can believe. Now it would have been all fair had I gone to the spot, halloo'd my dog, and put her on to the scent, but in no wise did I interfere, but kept my seat. In due time, the retriever had worked through the mazy labyrinth of the turnips, and came upon the fallow, and, making a cast, hit it off in the furrow, and went away as if in view up the field, *over* the next fence, and into a hard road, where I lost sight of her; so I took out my watch, determined to stick to my gate and wait the result. In three minutes, old "Flush" returned into the field, and down to my whistle almost at the pace she left, and with the bird alive and unruffled. But this is not all: for a farmer whom I knew happened to be coming on horseback the way the chase was, and saw the finish, and came up to me, and said, "Do you know, Sir, where the bitch has been to?" On my answering, "I could only see to a certain point," he said, she crossed the road nearly in a straight line over a barley stubble, and into the next field, where she caught the bird still running.

Yarrell tells us, the red-legged partridge will go to ground, which I do not doubt, though I have never yet proved it; but this I know, as long as they have the use of their legs (till pursuit is over), they will not stop or hide in ditches or long grass, as will both the common partridge and pheasant. In some parts of England (in Suffolk in particular) they have increased so fast that they are become a nuisance, and every means almost is resorted to to thin them; such as, not keeping an exact account of the last day allowed by Act of Parliament for destroying their nests, and taking all advantages; one of which is to pursue them on the first morning of a deep fall of snow, when they will burrow beneath it, and lie till they are driven out. Fearful slaughter has now and then been accomplished by this plan. The reasons for their increasing in spite of the malice of their enemies may be traced to the following causes. In the first place, their nests are placed in more secure situations than those of the common partridge; for instance, under strong old thorn-bushes, in very dry and well covered old hedges, where neither the mower nor the sharp-eyed weeder of corn interferes: in the next place, when set free from the shell, they are very hardy strong chicks, and in the field, when pursued, are even in the early part of the season difficult of approach, and take their rest at night commonly by furze or thorn-bushes, where the poacher's drag-net cannot touch them. The reasons why they are disliked by the sportsman are, that from their superior size and strength they are enabled to beat and drive away the common partridges, spoil young pointers by their continual running, and, when brought to table, are very inferior. The common weight of an old cock in the early part of the season when corn is plentiful is about eighteen ounces; but two within our own knowledge has been killed in the neighborhood of Beccles, in Suffolk, that

weighed upwards of twenty-two ounces. These birds and snipes (when slightly wounded) are the most difficult of all game to retrieve, and the dog that does both well will at any time command a high price.

Again: never suffer more than one dog to pursue wounded game at a time; and in the early part of the season, should you knock a bird down out of a covey (and this applies to English partidges as well), and lose him, always try to recover it in the direct line the rest of the covey have flown. Birds in September are commonly found for several days following in the same spots, and fly in one direction; and having, whilst feeding, walked over the same ground, the wounded bird runs after the family, and I have frequently found them in about an hour settled again with the covey—the proofs of their identity being, fresh blood on the wounded wing, and no one else shooting over that particular ground at the same time.

RINGWOOD.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for May, 1844.

THE RACE FOR THE DERBY.

They wait for the signal to fly o'er the ground,
 With speed never equall'd by stag or by hound;
 Only look at their beauty; what pow'r, tho' slim,
 Is disclosed in the thoroughbred haunches and limb!
 They *will* not be quiet; the sun streameth down
 Upon bay, upon chesnut, on grey, and on brown,
 And its beams o'er their shining coats rapidly fly,
 Like the flash which the summer wave frogs to the sky.
 They are off! they are off, with a bound and a spring,
 Outstripping the speed of the hawk on its wing;
 They pass like a meteor, shoot by like a star;
 Upon you one moment, the next they're afar.
 On, on they are rushing, while some drop behind,
 Still the foremost keep on as if chasing the wind.
 Look at those in the van; mark their wonderful stride,
 As they're glancing along in their beauty and pride;
 The favorites they, and the fame of his speed
 Is supported right well by each swift-pacing steed.

There is one in that group that keeps stealing along,
 Who needs not the spur nor the sharp-cutting thong;
 How he skims o'er the turf! how he stretches away!
 As if the wild pace to his sinews were play.
 They bound on before him—no matter to *him*,
 He keeps on unwearied in spirit and limb;
 Behold him! he passes the group on his right,
 With the speed and the grace of the eagle in flight.
 His rider is murmuring low, as they fly—
 "We'll tell them a story, my steed, by-and-bye;
 Only keep to this pace, my bold, gallant bay,
 And we'll show them the trick for the Derby to-day."

Fly on in the van, there ! away like the wind !
 Ye need all ye know, for there's one hard behind
 Whose mettle and speed have been strangers to fame ;
 But, scorn'd tho' he may be, unknown but by name,
 He has *that* in his action which seems to defy
 The fleetest of those who rush gallantly by:
 How gaily, how gracefully speeds he along,
 As many fall back on the now beaten throng !
 Only five are before him, they number no more ;
 There's a swerve and a bolt, and their number is four.
 He gains on the latter, shoots by like a bird,
 And is fast stretching on at the heels of the third ;
 He is up with him now, and his rider's glad view
 Beholds in advance but the favorite two.

"O, softly, my beauty !" he whispers with pride,
 "Though they once scorned thy name and thy paces decried,
 Keep a rush for the finish, and then they shall tell,
 If thou *losest* the race, 'twas lost nobly and well."

On thunder the three ! eager glances are thrown
 On the favorite two ; some shout for the brown,
 While others are ready their fortunes to lay
 That the laurel of triumph will fall to the grey.
 Head and head they are striving ; some seconds have flown,
 And the grey steed hath yielded his place to the brown,
 Who hath shaken all off, and is winning, they say,
 For his rider looks back with a sneer on the bay.
 He is nearing the goal, but, behold ! can it be !
 The bay gains upon him ! by heaven ! see, see !
 That change of the stroke ; and his speed gives a check,
 The bay is beside him—they race neck and neck !

There's a hush in the crowd ; eager glances are bent,
 Watching keenly, intensely the coming event ;
 Each nerve, as they gaze, feels a quickening thrill,
 While the blood and the heart and the breathing stand still.
 Yet they hope, for a moment, their favorite brown,
 Whose thorough-game bottom and speed are well known,
 Will, in spite of the doubts which their panting breasts fill,
 Secure them the long-wish'd-for victory still.

They're yet locked together—they're almost at home,
 And the brown from his nostrils is tossing the foam ;
 Every nerve, every muscle he gallantly strains,
 It cannot be fancy—see ! mark how he gains !
 No, 'tis but a moment ; the bay cannot tire ;
 Only look at his eye full of spirit and fire.
 How splendid his action ! how mighty his stride !
 You can read how defeat his brave heart hath defied,
 And he springs from the brown like the flash from the gun,
 Flies *alone* past the goal—and the Derby is won !

New Sporting Magazine, for May.

THE MARTINGALE.

BY HARRY HIE'OVER.

"Humanum sum, nihil a me alienum puto."

I HAVE used the above quotation, being quite aware that my subject will appear at first to be one of very minor importance. So it would had I chosen a perch-bolt as a subject to write about. Now a perch bolt most persons know is a common-place round piece of iron of some nine or ten inches long, and of about one diameter; yet upon this simple piece of iron depends in a great degree (or rather depended when perches were more in use) the limbs and lives of perhaps some sixteen or eighteen passengers. I mention this to shew on what trifles we often rely for our safety or comfort, or perhaps both; and if I can shew that we owe both these to a martingale, it will appear, that, small and slight as it is in bulk and strength, and trifling as it is in value, it is not altogether a subject of such utter insignificance as we at first suppose it to be. Should I fail to do this, I shall not only candidly allow, but strenuously maintain, that the fault rests with the stupidity of the writer, and not from the want of utility in his subject. As I never venture to write on any subject from theoretical principles, but draw my premises from practical experience, I am quite willing to admit that where I am wrong I have very little excuse to bring forward, and must take it for granted that with me the bump of intellectuality is very faintly developed, if developed at all. I am in about the same situation as a man who has passed the last twenty years of his life cutting pegs for shoemakers. If, during that time, he has not learned the best mode of making a point to a wooden peg, what a glorious fellow he must be! I will tell you, Reader, what he must be—he must be as stupid a fellow as myself. As, however, I am sure that *all* I write is not wrong, I beg to remark that I throw out my ideas just as the husbandman does his chaff from the barn-door, leaving my Readers to pick out the few grains of corn it contains, rejecting the rest or the whole together just as it suits their judgment or fancy.

Little as this subject may call for any very erudite polemical discussion, its use or disuse has nevertheless given rise to many differences of opinion among riding men; and though all perhaps quite competent judges of horses and horsemanship, still prejudice or habit has induced them to form very opposite opinions of its merits—some at once anathematising the martingale as an adjunct only used by those resolved on self-destruction, as in fact a kind of suicidal instrument, the sure prelude to an inquest of *felo de se*; whilst others as strongly advocate its utility. Among those who ride, but are not horsemen—which comprise at least ninety-nine

out of a hundred of those who do ride—I scarcely ever found one who at the bare mention of a martingale did not at once exclaim against it; and though they might not exhibit quite as much horror in their countenance as Priam did of old when he found the ghost wishing to cultivate his acquaintance in his bed-room, still throwing a very sufficient degree of terror into their looks at the idea of using one, and a very fair proportion of surprise and contempt at my ignorance in offering a word in its favor, though you might see them very composedly riding the next day on some stumbling brute absolutely fastened down by a *nose* martingale. And why? because they were not aware it was a martingale, and a martingale of really a dangerous description. If you asked them why they had it put on, probably half of them could give no better reason than that they thought it looked becoming. Probably the same man could give you about as good a reason for wearing mustachios. If he had but an ostrich feather stuck in his horse's tail, or his own, they would be complete.

I have mentioned one description of martingale as being a very useful adjunct; of another, as in nine cases out of ten as useless; and in all, as it is generally put on, as more or less a dangerous appendage to a horse's head. I will presently state my reasons for these opinions; but, first, we will enumerate the different kinds of martingales in use. The term martingale I consider as applicable to anything we attach to a horse's head in order to keep him from raising it higher than we wish; and I consider there are five different modes of doing this, all of which may be termed martingales.

First, the running rein (as we generally call it), which is fastened to the girths, passes through the ring of the snaffle, and thence to the hand. By this, if a man knows what he is about, and has hands, he can bring his horse's head as low as he pleases, and keep it there. This is of great use to a regular star-gazer; but should never be put on to any other.

Secondly, we have the running rein fastened near the points of the saddle, and, as the other, passing through the snaffle-rings to the hands. This is commonly used to young horses, and is of the greatest use in keeping their heads steady, in proper place, and preventing them from avoiding the restraint of the bit by throwing them up. Now with both these assistants a man may add to or relax their restraint by his hands, or, in more riding phrase, may give and take with his horse: in fact no description of bridle or martingale is fit for *general* use that in any way prevents his doing this to its fullest extent.

We will call No. 3 the racing-martingale, coming from the girths to the hand-reins. This is the martingale whose utility I contend for *con amore*.

No. 4 is the severest of all descriptions of martingales, and only to be used on a very determined rearing or plunging horse, and as a severe punishment in case he does either. It consists of a ring of iron made in the shape of a heart, with rings on each side to fasten the head-stall to, and two more near the bottom to

receive two billets, which end in a strap that goes to the girths, supported by the neck-strap, similar to the one in common use to the racing or hunting martingale. This strap, like the common one, may of course be lengthened or shortened to any degree, by which latter process the severity of the restraint is increased. The way it should be put on is this. Put the wide part of the bit in the mouth, and the narrow part under the jaw; the headstall must be left just long enough to allow the bit to rest on the bars of the mouth, behind the tusks, and beneath the riding bit (of whatever kind that may be); then bring your horse's head as low as you wish it to be. If he is only moderately restive, about the ordinary place in which a head should be in a gallop will do: if he is more violent, or is apt to rear, but not dangerously, bring his nose to about a level with the point where the neck is set into the chest: if he is a determined rogue, an old offender, and one disposed to hog up his back, plunge violently, and then vary the entertainment by rearing, so as to leave it an equal bet whether he falls backwards or not, bring my gentleman's nose nearly on a level with the point where the forearm is set into the shoulder. In either of these cases, fasten his head to the level you bring it to by the strap going to the girths, and mind the strap be of sufficient strength to prevent his breaking it. Should he set plunging, which he is likely enough to do on finding himself restrained, it then becomes, in magic lantern terms, "pull devil, pull baker;" it is, in short, which tires first—the martingale holding him, or he hurting his mouth in trying to break the martingale. "Ten to one on martingale:" martingale has it all the way, and wins in a canter. I have seen several set-to's in this way, but never saw a different result, or anything even like a dead heat.

I should always recommend as a proper precaution, the first time this martingale (or rearing-bit as it is called) is put on, that it be tried in a meadow, or some place where a horse cannot bark his knees or hocks should he throw himself down, which, though rarely the case, he might do, if a very determined one, when restrained to a very great degree for the first time. I never saw one do so, however vicious, but it might happen; nor did I ever see one that was not cowed after a few plunges. He gets such a lesson in a few minutes, that he generally leaves the *da capo* to less experienced pupils. The great merit of this bit with a plunger or rearer is, that it makes him practically feel that whenever he attempts to do wrong he hurts himself; and he also finds himself so completely baffled in every attempt at violence, that he gives it up, or, in recent slang, *cuts it*. The way it acts is simply this: before a horse plunges or rears, he is sure to begin by flinging his head about, and this he generally does suddenly: the moment he does so, or flings it up, the bit acts on the bars of his mouth, and being firmly held by the strap to the girths, no elasticity or yielding can take place; consequently he gets a positive sharp blow on the bars every time he calls the bit into action. By his own violence he soon finds this out; finds also he cannot break it, and submits: in short, is completely subdued. I do not mean

to say it would be impossible for a horse to rear with this bit on, inasmuch as we see a goat do so, with his nose between his fore-legs; but the goat has been practising this all his life; the horse has not, nor did I ever see one attempt the feat. The same thing holds good with plunging: he cannot well plunge and keep his head quiet; and if he does not keep it so with this bit on, I wish him joy.

I had a horse which had sense enough to be quite aware that though a canter with light summer clothes on and six stone on his back was rather a pleasant recreation, a four-mile sweat with heavy sweaters and eight stone over them, was *toute une autre chose*: in short, he knew as well when he was to sweat as I did. His usual exercise-lad could not get him along at any pace at all, and when a stronger and consequently heavier lad was put up, though he by dint of a good ash-plant and rating him might hustle him along for a couple of miles, more or less, before he had got him more than half his proper sweating-distance he would begin shaking his head, throwing it as high as the martingale would let him, then throw it nearly to the ground, and away he would bolt *anywhere*, in spite of fate, or at least of any lad. I got one of these bits for him, put it on moderately tight, and sent him up the gallop: he began his old tricks, but found himself hampered; had a short fight, was beat, and never attempted the least resistance afterwards. I must, however, remark, that this bit, or martingale, whichever we may term it, is by far too severe to be trusted in the hands of any common groom, who it generally happens has no riding hands at all; but, with the management of a man who has, it is in extreme cases a very useful and efficacious assistant.

No. 5, and last, comes the nose-martingale. This is a very mild counterpart of the last; and its being in any degree a counterpart is the very reason why I reprobate its use for general purposes, for which, as I before said, no bit or martingale can be proper where we are, as with both these, unable to relieve our horse of its restraint by our hands. This martingale, like the rearing one, fastens to the girths; no elasticity or yielding exists here; but the reason why this does not possess the severity of the former is, the one acts on the horse's *mouth*, this only on his nose; but even this is often made a mode of punishment, or, to say the least, of great annoyance to the horse if he is ridden by a man with bad hands. A rider of this sort never keeps them down; consequently he is constantly pulling his horse's head up: the poor brute naturally gets into the habit of poking out his nose and carrying his head too high, and, in order to get some relief for his mouth, keeps continually tossing his head up, by no means a pleasant trick to the rider, whatever it may be to the horse, particularly if he happens to be one who foams at the mouth, and is ridden against the wind. That all this has been taught him by bad hands never enters his rider's head; consequently on goes a nose-martingale; this remedies the evil it is true, but the result is, the poor horse is punished for the rider's awkwardness: for, mind, he makes no difference in the disposition, and consequent

effects of his hands ; so it just amounts to this, the martingale pulls the horse's head down, and the gentleman pulls it up ; and thus his mouth is kept in a kind of vice of the rider's own invention—(I wish he would take out a patent for it to prevent any one else from imitating it). If it is not put on short enough to produce the wished-for effect, it is useless : if it is, it is converted into a mode of punishing a well-disposed animal, which would willingly learn to carry his head as the rider would wish him, if he had knowledge enough to teach him how to do so. I am only surprised a horse does not at once turn sulky and restive under such unreasonable treatment ; for were he endowed with the faculty of the renowned ass of Balaam of olden memory, would he not naturally say, “ If I attempt to carry my head high in compliance with your hands, a strap on my nose pulls it down ; if, in obedience to that, I attempt to carry it low, your hands pull it up : how the hell *am* I to carry it ? ”—I really know not.

But there is one occasion in which I could tolerate the use of the nose-martingale, and that is in harness, where horses have learned this truly annoying habit of constantly tossing up their heads : and here again I am satisfied it in fact arises from improper treatment, namely, having horses kept on a tight gagging or bearing rein till their necks ache to that degree that they are fain to throw their heads up to gain a temporary relief from an unnatural and consequently painful position. This habit having been attained, no matter from what cause, we must endeavour to cure him of it, which it will require a little justifiable severity to effect. The rearing-bit will do this in a very few days ; first of course taking off or easing the bearing-rein, then put on the rearing-bit, but loose, so as in no way to restrain or inconvenience him so long as he carries his head at any reasonable or allowable height. But the moment he tosses it up, he gets a rap on his jaw ; and this repeated as often as he repeats the offence, a few hints of this sort will suffice. This is better than constantly using a nose-martingale, even in harness.

I may be asked why I so decidedly object to the nose-martingale for general use in riding, while, as will be shortly seen, I as strongly advocate the use of the racing-martingale when it is in the slightest degree required ? My objection to the nose-martingale then is this : if a horse makes a blunder, whether a trifling one, or one likely to end in a pair of broken knees, up goes his head : now though this is by no means necessary to enable him to recover himself, but on the contrary prevents the rider helping him to do so, still from the very sudden violence with which he generally chucks his head up, the nose-band gives him virtually a sharp blow on his nose. Now it would be rather a curious experiment, if we saw a horse falling, to give him a blow with a stick on the front of his nose to induce him to exert himself to raise his forequarters. I should say it would rather help him to fall plump on his knees ; yet the *nose-martingale* in a limited sense positively does this ; and should he recover himself (in spite of this), the next time he commits a similar *faux pas*, he remembers

the blow he got the last time, and is afraid to exert himself, dreading a similar return for his exertion ; for the rider cannot of course in any way cause the *fixed* martingale to relax one inch of its tension, which with all other martingales except the rearing-bit he can do. For ladies (who more frequently use the nose-martingale than men) I hold it in utter dread and abhorrence, unless put on so very long as merely to act if the horse tosses his head so high as to greatly annoy them. Even in this case I should say, *cure* him of the habit, then he will not want any martingale at all. But if he is so incorrigible as to render the *nose*-martingale necessary, he will never be fit to carry a woman : get rid of him at once, unless you want a chance of getting rid of the lady. This common courtesy obliges us to consider as an impossibility even among married men.

Having now vented my spleen on all and every fixed martingale, except on very particular occasions—and which I trust will occur to my Readers about as often as angels visits, or those of real friends—I will venture my opinion on the use of the simple racing or hunting martingale, to which I never found but one objection during twenty-five years of hunting experience. Without a little attention, it will sometimes, when you are opening a gate, catch the upright bar ; and in very thick strong coverts it sometimes is caught by a stragglng bough. This little occasional inconvenience is, however, counterbalanced a hundredfold by its general utility. I do not of course mean that it is useful on a horse who does all you wish, and nothing that you do not wish, without one. If his head and neck are so formed by nature that he carries them both in a proper place, we cannot improve on nature : but unless this is decidedly the case, practical experience has taught me that a martingale can alone insure our comfort and safety, and enable us to render our horse obedient to the rein, which we never can make him if his head is in an improper degree of elevation. We will suppose, that from carelessness, the pole pin of a carriage has not been properly put in, or put in at all ; we probably find no inconvenience arise from it so long as we go on a level road or up hill : but suppose, on beginning to descend the hill, we find the end of the pole on a level with our horses' ears, I can make a quotation tolerably apt to our situation—*facile descensus averni*. I think we should wish there had been such a thing invented as a pole-martingale. A horse getting his head up is not perhaps likely to lead to so serious a catastrophe ; but whenever he does get it proportionably above the proper level, we have no more command of him than of the carriage. I believe every riding man (I mean horseman) will allow that all our command over a horse while riding him both begins and ends in our command over his mouth. This I shall consider as a point given. I have thus endeavoured to prove getting his head up loses us this command : if this point is also ceded to me, I think we may fairly come to the conclusion, that whatever prevents his doing that by which we do lose our command of him is a resource never to be

dispensed with where we run the slightest chance of wanting it, and this resource is of course the martingale.

I do not know whether race-horses were better tempered a hundred years ago than they are now, whether they had better mouths, or jockeys had better hands (I should think none of these suppositions likely to have been the fact); but certainly long since that period martingales were but rarely used in races: now we as rarely see a race ridden without one. This may probably arise from more two-year-olds being brought to the Post than there were in the time of our forefathers. These young ones, we know, take at times all sorts of freaks and gambols; and let me ask what could any man do with these without being able to command their mouths? Of course, nothing. They would be all over the course, or perhaps out of it, just as their fancies led them; nor could all the Chifneys, Scotts, or Days in England get them together at the Post. The martingale has been found to steady the heads of such horses, and to enable the jockey to keep them in command while running. This has probably led to its general use on almost all race-horses: if therefore a perfect command of a horse's mouth has been found necessary on a level race-course, it must be also necessary when we ride over all descriptions of ground and all descriptions of fences.

I have heard many persons express a fear that in hunting a martingale would confine a horse, and perhaps prevent his rising at his leaps. I have heard others at once assert that it did so, allowing at the same time that they had never tried one. I cannot but think the latter gentlemen rather too fast. Now, as I have before not only tried them, but constantly used them on every horse I ever rode that in the slightest degree wanted one; and I have universally found it to be the case, that whenever he does want a martingale, he will be made to rise better at his fences with one than without one. In illustration of this, I must again allude to the demi-perpendicular pole. We will suppose that we wanted the fore-wheels of the carriage to rise so as to get over any obstacle on the road, would the pole rising up in the manner I have described in the remotest way contribute to raise the wheels? Not at all: the pole only would rise, the wheels would remain dead on the ground. We will say by way of hypothesis that the carriage is a living object: the four wheels correspond to the legs of a horse, the body to his body, and the pole to his head and neck: the driving seat is the fulcrum from which we act. If we wish to induce the carriage to elevate its forepart, should we take out the pole-pin, when by so doing we could affect nothing but the pole itself? I humbly conceive we should rather take care that the pole was retained in its proper place; then, by acting on its extremity, the carriage, finding it could not lift up its pole *alone*, would lift up its foreparts altogether. Now I consider we act in a very similar manner on a horse, and that a loose-necked one, with or without a martingale, bears a close affinity to a carriage with or without a pole-pin. In fact, if I may use the expression

without having a pun added to my other sins, our great object is to keep both their *poles* in their proper places.

I have attempted giving something like an ocular demonstration of what I mean, by scratching with my pen in a rough way the parts of three horses, which, from the downward inclination of their bodies, may be supposed to be either coming over a drop-leap, descending a steep declivity, or tumbling on their knees, whichever the Reader pleases to imagine, for in either case all the support we can give is by the bridle, or, in more sporting phrase, keeping fast hold of their heads. "Keep fast hold of his head, Jem," is no uncommon direction to an exercise-lad. This is all very well and very proper where it can be done; but I should like to see the lad or man who could do so with a devil carrying his head like No 1. The rein on the martingale shews whereabouts it should be, and would be if the martingale was used, but where it is, we have no earthly hold of the brute. No. 2 has his head in a position that may enable a man just to guide him; but any support is out of the question: attempt to give it, and his head would go to position No. 1. Now No. 3 has his head just in the place that would enable the rider to give him support, and by throwing his body back, and slightly clapping the spurs to his horse's sides, he would induce him in a drop-leap to throw out his forelegs, or, if in the act of blundering, would prevent his actually coming on his knees.

I have thus far endeavored to shew that permitting a horse to throw up his head when and as high as he pleases can in no way be advantageous, and that preventing his doing so can, by no mode of reasoning, be attended by disadvantage. I have not yet done with arguments to prove this. I conceive most men will agree with me that a horse which does not require *any* martingale is preferable to the one that does. Why does the one require none? Simply because he never puts his head in a position to require one. He does all we can ask a horse to do, carrying his head properly. If he does this, it must be quite clear that an undue elevation of the head is quite unnecessary in any exertion, and that preventing a loose-necked horse doing that which no perfect horse ever attempts, can in no way curtail his powers or action on the road or in the field. In short, he can do everything at his ease, except look out for the Aurora Borealis; and I conceive his astronomical researches can be dispensed with without prejudice to his value.

I have been led to a much greater length than I intended by this subject. I shall therefore only make another remark or two upon it. Let it be remembered, that if we do confine a horse too much by a martingale, it can only arise, first from its being put on too short, and next from the rider's want of judgment and *hands*. The man who possesses these always can and will give his horse all the liberty required for his safety and comfort as well as his rider, while hunting or on the road. I can only add, that I would never put a bad rider on a horse of my own without a martingale; for then, give him an easy snaffle, and he may keep his

hands where he pleases, up to his ears, or in his pockets. My horse's mouth will not be affected by them. God forbid they should.

Finding now that my pen has got her head up, and has for some time been going away with me much farther than I intended she should have done, the Reader will I dare say be glad to learn that I here punish her by clapping on martingale No. 4. This has stopped her career, and affords me the opportunity of very respectfully taking my leave.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for May, 1844.

AN IRISH RACE COURSE.

BY A NEW ORLEANS IRISHMAN.

OH! the fun and frolic of an Irish race course! There you may see the very extremes of society meet, if not in absolute equality, at least the social character of the nation is so very apparent, and its elements are brought into such close contact, that, strip them of the appendages of rank and fortune, and hardly will you be able to distinguish which is the high born descendant of a thousand years of illustrious ancestry, and which the hereditary beggar. It is a high and beautiful quality that of natural humor and mirth; and my country, thou hast never lost it, amid the trying scenes of thy bondage, the pressure of thy unmerited poverty, and the constant admixture of foreign blood, that wretched current of haughty domination, with which the policy of thy Saxon oppressors have sought to dilute it! Thy perennial fountain of ever pleasant anticipation, of ever gushing animal pleasure, is too abundant to be dulled by the phlegm of the stranger, or the preachings of the hireling apostle of a sadder creed; and the green of thy native hills is but a type of thy verdant mind, that received from the Creator in its pristine gifts, the eternal traits of thankfulness and joy! Mark that elegant turn-out, with its four sparkling bays, without the shadow of a shade of opposition in their color; with a similarity of height that defies the detection of a line of difference; look at their thorough-bred points, and confess that they would honor even a royal equipage: within and without are displayed the most recherche appliances of all that art can invent or luxury supply. It is the carriage of Ireland's only Duke, the head of the sept of the Geraldines, Hibernior pusquam iisdem Hibernii, who, in all that ennobles and benefits his father-land, is foremost to take a part. He is here, according to his constant annual custom, to adorn by his presence, and enliven by his example, the matchless Curragh, in comparison with which Epsom and Ascot, Newmarket and Goodwood, are but sandy walks. The beaux of Dublin, the bucks of the surrounding country, from the titled patrician to the

boisterous squireen, are all here to sport their bit of blood, and make known their judgment in horse flesh to all around. With book in hand and voice of riotously loud mirth, they thread their devious way through a motley crowd of pedestrians, that would defy even the pencil of a Hogarth to portray with fidelity their individual avocations. Paddy shows his characteristics in every walk of life here. The peasant with his frieze coat and brogans of ample size; the middleman with his "bated breath" and servile aping of his superiors; the mendicant, with his rags of every possible color, fluttering in the wind; men, women and children, of all ages, from country and town; itinerant instrumental musicians, ballad singers, vagabonds of both sexes abound, and all are hedged in by a body of *Polishmen*, on horseback and foot, to whom the peace and safety of the whole mass are confided. What say the Groves of Blarney of this incomparable scene?

The Duke of Leinster
 Wid the lovely spinster,
 Ye all may see, in clastical array.
 Oh! Crom a boo, man,
 Y'ell ne'er get through, man,
 Though ye thry all night, until the brake of day.
 Och, Tim, my darling,
 Now don't be snarling,
 But stand foremost one while we kape the line.
 There's Dinny Clancy
 Wid purty Nancy,
 Like Mars and Vanus, who to love incline.

It was in the year 18—, when the 87th Foot, commonly known in the British service by the true Erse name of "Faugh a ballaugh," or "clear the way," was stationed in Ireland, that a detachment, consisting of a subaltern's party, was on its road to Head Quarters, from a *still* hunting in the mountains, or hostile excursion after native contrabandists, or distillers of that delicious fluid, Potheen whiskey, and in its route passed the Curragh at the time of the races. By the way, I may as well in this place relate an anecdote respecting this captivating beverage, which contains, perhaps, the only authentic story of a Monarch's breaking the revenue laws of his country that the history of modern times presents. During the short visit which Geo. the Fourth, the British Tiberius, that "cold blooded voluptuary," as he was publicly designated by one of the brightest luminaries of the English judicial bench, paid shortly after his accession, to his Irish dominions, he very eagerly inquired, when in Dublin, if he could be furnished with a taste of this proscribed article. The courtiers, of course assumed a proper degree of surprise at the expression of the royal wish, and testified, no doubt, an abundance of well expressed ignorance of its existence, &c. &c. However, he was not to be foiled in any of his extravagances, and some pliant worshipper of the throne was soon found, to administer to the sovereign's palate. It is related that when he had drained the first glass that was presented to him, he declared that he could now understand why the Irish peasantry were willing to risk life and liberty in its illegal

production—it was the real elixir vitæ—the only stuff fit to fuddle a prince with—royal in its flavor, royal in its odor, and super-royal in its effects! That Poteen.”

To our story. The officer in charge of the command, took the favorable opportunity thus afforded him, of visiting the course, quartering the men in the vicinity, and giving them the wise discretion of following his laudable example, or going whither their taste directed them. It may therefore be presumed, there was a good sprinkling of red coats amongst the crowd; lads who were neither too fastidious, nor too moral, to aid in giving their quota of embellishment to the scene. I shall pass rapidly over the amusements of the day, merely observing that the racers were the pride of the island, the betting was spirited, and the day most propitious. Unlike his phlegmatic neighbor in the sister country, who bases his hazards on his solitary calculations, and rarely swerves from the tenor of his book, which is his talisman for the day, the Irish gentleman carries his fitful, wayward, but ever generous nature with him, wherever he goes, and too frequently from contact and conference with similar unsteady materials, which in such places surround him, sudden impulse defeats the current of his previous meditations, and his interests materially suffer in the result. With him it may be truly said, that his heart usually runs away with his head. “Barney Brallaghan against the field—long odds, and where’s the harrem?” exclaims an equestrian, in those rich Milesian tones, which so enchant my little friend, Sidney Florence Owen-son, now my Lady Morgan, who calls them “the liquid accents and flowing articulation of my own loved Erin!” “Six to four on Calliope,” (a favorite,) barring Signor Paganini in the *hate!*” cries out another on the grand stand, making his big, manly voice resound over the noisy multitude below. “I’ll down with me three tin pennies on Brian Boru, and we’ll drink it out, Mikky Doolan, whichever wins,” whispers a countryman in a caubeen and corduroy inexpressibles, unbuttoned at the knees, to show his tightly gartered new hose to a friend by his side, whose round, plump and ruddy face, with a joyous twinkle in his full dark eye, is directed in eager scrutiny of the animal, rejoicing in that, to every Irishman, captivating name. Their money is destined never to change hands, for poor Brian Boru has nothing but his sobriquet to recommend him. “I am the boy for the *leedies!*” roars out a ballad singer, at the top of his lungs, amidst the shouts of every humble stander by, to whom that popular song is ever an announcement of unbridled merriment.

The important sports of the day, including a few handicap sweepstakes made on the spot, concluded while the sun was high in the firmament, Signor Paganini, as was expected, distancing every competitor, when the officer I have before alluded to, inspired by that spirit of fun which is so redolent in the Irish character, proposed to form a small purse, to be run for by donkies, of which there was an abundance, grazing about the green sward that skirted the course on all sides. The idea was eagerly embraced by the gentlemen around, and soon getting wind, the mob was agi-

tated throughout its whole extent, and instantly exhibited such a scene of grinning faces that one glance at it would have sufficed to cure the deepest hypochondriac of his malady forever. A few men were despatched, *instanter*, to catch a dozen or so of the poor animals, which were quietly pondering, in their usual solemn manner, on the general ways of the world, and the fate of asses in particular, little dreaming of the plot which was working against their modest tranquillity; and, in a few minutes, a regular stud of them were clustered in front of the grand stand. Six of the best conditioned were soon selected, regularly entered as Jerusalem ponies, age, height and genealogy of course inserted, with all due regard to the rules of the turf, and notices were hastily posted, in manuscript, on the most conspicuous objects in sight, from which it was learned that it was to be a two mile heat open to all comers, subject to rejection however, without appeal, by the committee. A purse of five pounds was to be the prize of the winner, and thirty shillings to the second in, provided he saved his distance. There was some little difficulty experienced in taking the riders from the overwhelming multitude, who vociferously advanced their claims to the honor and perspective advantage of jockeyship; there were some hundreds of competitors, amidst whom such a variety of skirmishes took place, that at one time the whole affair threatened to wind up in a general row, but the police riding in, after a sharp scuffle dispersed the more combative portion of them, and order was again restored. Many broken heads and a good deal of tattered country finery, however, plainly showed the keenness of the short conflict, and gave another fine proof of the inflammable nature of the materials by which we were surrounded, and the ruling propensity of the "Gems." Six finely proportioned fellows were at length mounted, the donkeys were brought to the starting post, amidst the cheers and loud laughter of the assembled spectators, each animal exhibiting a long streamer of ribbon, pendent from his ample ear, hastily furnished by the ladies, who very readily cut off their bonnet ties for the purpose, and each rider, with outstretched neck and attentive mien, waited impatiently for the trumpet to sound Off! They were Green, Red, Blue, White, Yellow and Tartan. Amongst them, conspicuously distinguished by his glaring uniform, was a soldier of the 87th, one of the detachment to which I before alluded, set down in the cards as Patrick Rooney, of whom we shall have more to say anon. The signal was at length given, and away they went, followed by the whole field, on the edge of the sward, screeching, yelling, and animating their separate favorites, in every variety of tone and conventional country phraseology. It would be lengthening the communication beyond all fair bounds, to particularize every event in this strangely hilarious match; suffice it to say, the donkeys displayed all the obstinacy of spirit common to their race, now jogging on with tolerable evenness, now stopping doggedly, as if engaged in the solution of some abstruse mathematical theorem, thoroughly insensible to the showers of blows, which fell on them from thong and butt in quick succession from the enraged

riders, who were again and again thrown out of their seats, by the plentiful contortions which these animals use when bent on getting rid of an unaccustomed or distasteful burthen. Two of them declared off before they had set on half a mile, resolutely rolling on the ground with their hoofs in the air, and intimating most significantly that they had no ambition, and would go no further. The other four kept on, with various fortunes, sometimes one and sometimes another in front, until a mile and a half of ground was cleared, when, most unfortunately, a lady member of the asinine community, grazing near the spot in which they were all huddled together, in most admired confusion, set up a loud and lengthened bray, which operated with magical effect on two of the remaining competitors, rampant stallions, who immediately responding in gallant congenial strain, pricked up their ears, kicked up their heels, and in spite of whip and spur, off they bolted, in their amorous pursuit, nor could they ever more be again brought on the track. Two now only remained to dispute the prize, on one of which was Rooney the soldier, who had managed his dubious steed with much skill, moving forward uninterruptedly with "solemn step and slow," and yet, by the perverse disposition and uncertain gambols of the rest, he generally led. The other hero, presenting a rich specimen of native characteristic physiognomy, a face so truly milesian, that to use a figure, invented on the other side of the channel, "you might pick a potato out of it," now came prominently into notice, whose name, uttered in tones of encouragement by a score of violently excited partizans, close at his heels, revealed to history the euphonious epithet of O'Shea, Dennis O'Shea! "On wid ye, Dinny darling! and ould Ireland forever! Don't let the red coat bate you, anny how, and bring shame on the counthry that nursed ye! Whoo!" These and similar ebullitions, of alternate applause and invective, resounded from all sides. The comrades of Rooney now began to evince some sentiments of hope and fear, as they contemplated his mild and unexcited bearing. "Paddy! what are ye after! y'ere sowl! y'ere sitting there like ould Nosey,* on the stone horse, and the karakther of the regiment at stake! Thry yer hand at the butt, stick him in the crupper, the baste!"

They were now at the distance post, and the goal, with all its golden advantages, was plainly in view: both animals were nearly even, O'Shea, pelting away with whip and spur, and Rooney, now getting a little anxious, began to urge on his charger, with rather more violent appliances than he had hitherto used. Just at this moment, O'Shea, who was rather in advance, by an unlucky sway on one side of the donkey, originating in an ardent desire to hit him on the nose, which he had suddenly turned round, to take a glance at the space he had compassed, or to look for his absent friends, fell headlong to the ground, dragging the poor beast on top of him. A shout and a groan from the accompanying crowd, testified the anguish and triumph of the friends of the two parties. On went the soldier, confident in his success, and glowing with

* The statue of King William the 2d on College Green.

his anticipated victory, when at about a hundred yards from the winning post, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." The perverse devil, as if he had reserved his independence to this point, for the sole purpose of making his rider's mortification the more bitter, as he had the prize almost within his grasp, extended his four legs, in a lateral direction, for the purpose, no doubt, of holding more ground in the discussion he was about to challenge, stood stock still, refused to budge an inch, and was alike insensible to prayers, reproaches and blows. O'Shea in the meantime had remounted, and was approaching fast. "Och! hone, thin, I'm ruined entirely! Jewel! darling! oh! you desaiwer, is this the way ye are? Murther! he's close be-hint!" Thus did poor Rooney alternately cajole, entreat, push from behind and drag before. Now he belabored him and now he coaxed, but it was no go; as each furious blow descended on his head, he shook it mildly, yet with a significance that could not be misunderstood. It seemed as if each iron hoof had met a magnet in its path, and was chained to it forever. "Och! thin," cried he, as he gazed in despair on his rival, now within a dozen paces of him, "what shall I do? I'm as wake as a piece of wet paper, wid the toil and the fright and the thrimbling I'm in! I do be thrimbling like a sthraw upon the water!" At this moment a thought struck him, which he acted upon with the rapidity of lightning, there was no time to lose. He drops the whip, runs to the head of the obstinate brute, turns his back on him, and stooping low, lifts his fore legs off the ground, and places them on his shoulder. Then pulling with all his might, he gets him on a run, and in this grotesque and violent way, amidst thunders of applause, gentlemen shouting, ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the mob yelling in triumphant accord, rushed past the winning post, breathless and exhausted, thus beating his antagonist by a couple of lengths.

A curious question was started as to the legality of the soldier's claim to the purse, but the ingenuity of the device, and the promptitude and ready invention of Paddy Rooney, were so conspicuous in their effect on the whole field, (none so ready as my countrymen to bow before a scintillation of genius, and Paddy *was* a genius,) that the faint murmurs of O'Shea, evidently made with shame on his mind at the injustice, were drowned in a simultaneous burst of admiration from all parts, which came like a tempest on victor and discomfited, and his money was handed to him, with a hearty shake of the hand, by the chairman of the committee.

I do not know whether a case of similar nature has ever come before the Jockey Club, or not: if any of your readers choose to make it a subject of grave discussion, I shall always be ready to afford all the authentic information respecting the match, as I possess or can collect.

En attendant, I can assure them that the story lives, and will continue to live, in the traditions of the far-famed Curragh of Kildare, and I regret that the poor ass thus compelled to win, in spite of himself, has not had her name chronicled, with that of her memorable jockey, the renowned Paddy Rooney!

HIBERNICUS AURELIANENSIS.

EPSOM RACES.

THE DERBY AND OAKS OF 1844.

OFt has a description of Epsom Races been sent forth to the public through the medium of these pages—oft has that description been varied in a flow of words; but still the same, or nearly the same, chain of incidents has been represented. As usual at this season of the year, multitudes of high and low, rich and poor have flocked to the Metropolis, some in search of pleasure, some for the purpose of business, and consequent upon their trip, after the custom of former days, have joined their London friends in seeking the pleasure of this annual festival. To many the excitement of the journey is a sufficient temptation; whilst others, caring but little for that, are ambitious for once to witness the scene for the sake of talking about it during the remainder of their lives. Some come down in the expectation of seeing a race; an event existing more in the anticipation than in the reality with a certain portion, whose sole object is the profit or loss of what results from their speculations. The extraordinary circumstance of two horses, Ratan and Ugly Buck, having for many months maintained nearly equivalent positions in the betting, is almost without a precedent. Whenever any event took place to raise the one in the estimation of the public, the partisans of the other came forward with alacrity to uphold the position of their pet. Ratan, from his victory in his race at Newmarket Craven Meeting, at the same time that it raised him in public favor, could not make any sail from his competitor, who came up in nearly the same ratio. The Ugly Buck's running for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, although won by him, did not give him much of a lead from his companion; yet it caused a little feeling to exist against him in consequence of his not winning in that commanding manner that many considered imperative from a horse of Derby pretensions. Numerous other horses have been touched upon at various, but, generally speaking, high odds, with the exception of Loadstone, Orlando, Leander, Running Rein, and Akbar, each of which found favor at quotations under 20 to 1. Bay Momus was also complimented at the low figure of 12 to 1, but not to any great amount. These, however, with the exception of the two favorites, fluctuated considerably, affording opportunities for those who make books on the race to take advantage of such variations for their profit and emolument.

The betting on Monday (20th May), when the assemblage was about an average, was as follows:—

5 to 2 agst. The Ugly Buck	30 to 1 agst. Qui Tam
5 to 2 agst. Ratan	30 to 1 agst. Ionian
12 to 1 agst. Orlando	40 to 1 agst. Mount Charles
14 to 1 agst. Leander	50 to 1 agst. King of the Gipsies
16 to 1 agst. Akbar	100 to 1 agst. Mainstay
17 to 1 agst. Running Rein	100 to 1 agst. Campanero
18 to 1 agst. Bay Momus.	100 to 1 agst. Telemachus.

The almost unprecedented continuation of dry weather which we have lately experienced rendered the course as hard as adamant, the effect of which upon the legs and feet it is not requisite to explain. On *Tuesday* morning lowering clouds proclaimed the approach of rain, and a little moisture fell, enough to cool the surface of the earth, but by no means sufficient to reduce the hardness of the ground. Towards one o'clock, the atmosphere began to brighten up: by two, the hour when the first race was proclaimed to take place, the rain had abated, and as the evening grew, it became bright and fair, with little or no prospect of more moisture.

THE DERBY DAY.

Wednesday, May 22.—The unerring hand of Time, passing on with its accustomed punctuality, at length brought on the day which to the Sporting World ranks as the most important in the year. Thousands of mortals anxiously anticipate the occasion when thousands of pounds are destined to exchange owners.

The delight of the road from town through a suffocating cloud of dust I will leave to the description of those who experienced it, or to the imagination of those who are inclined to contemplate it. Being located at the quiet little hostelrie, the Bull, at Leatherhead, where I have invariably taken up my quarters for the last seven or eight years, the toil of travelling to and fro is dispensed with. The small portion of moisture which fell on *Tuesday* was completely dissipated; the *Course of course* was hard as iron, to obviate which a light coat of tan was thrown over it, but the benefit produced could be but very trivial; at the same time, if regularly laid on a little as the grass grows through, the good effects on *Ep-som Downs* could not be questioned.

A full average number congregated to witness the eventful race, and a great assemblage of the betting population attended the Ring, where their negotiations were carried on to a considerable extent at about the following terms:—

9 to 4 agst The Ugly Buck	20 to 1 agst Akbar
5 to 2 and 3 to 1 agst Ratan	20 to 1 agst Qui Tam
10 to 1 agst Running Rein	20 to 1 agst Bay Momus
14 to 1 agst Leander	1000 to 15 agst Loadstone
15 to 1 agst Ionian	1000 to 15 agst Delightful colt
20 to 1 agst Orlando	1000 to 10 agst British Tar,

And various liberal amounts offered against other outsiders.

A formal protest was sent in signed by Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Bowes, and John Scott, against the identity of Running Rein, the result of which was that the Stewards allowed him to start subject to a future investigation—a course somewhat unsatisfactory, inasmuch as the case might have been previously decided as readily as hereafter. Both plaintiffs and defendants knowing well what was intended, the *cause* should have come on *before* the race, and as Colonel Peel, whose horses ran second, had not been a party to the protest, he stands in the position of an objector *after* the

event, and consequently the proof lies with him. Of the probability of substantiating it deponent sayeth not.

A positive determination emanating from the Home Secretary to suppress gambling, especially at the booths, on all race-courses, had the effect of completely putting a stop to such proceedings; and the police being instructed to prevent play of any kind, the numerous booths which had been erected at a very considerable expense by their respective proprietors were all closed. Without the slightest disposition to enter the lists as a champion of gaming, and however disreputable the characters may be of the clique forming the owners of the said tables, in justice to them, notice ought to have been given prior to their taking the ground and erecting their establishments, and for which purpose the Magistrates of the County ought to have been made the medium; instead of which they were not even apprised of the intention.

The Jockeys having weighed, they were summoned before the Stewards, Sir Gilbert Heathcote and Baron De Teissier, from whom they received a very wholesome lesson on the impropriety of attempting to take undue advantage of each other in starting, blended with admonitions that the laws of racing in such case made and provided would be put into effect should any in the exhibition of wayward temper disregard the mandates of the Starter; explaining that fines would be levied for disobedience, and which fines were to be accumulated. Thus a jockey ran the risk of being fined a much greater amount than the fee for riding. Whether extra fees were to be given under such circumstances did not transpire.

Contrary to expectation a large Field of horses came to the Post: no fewer than twenty-nine were mounted on the usual tingingnabulary notice being given. The condition of the two cracks, Ratan and The Ugly Buck, was most minutely criticised, each calling forth encomiums from their respective admirers—the former looking exceedingly blooming, and the latter in the way which John Day's accustomed strong preparation is calculated to produce. Bay Momus, as bright as satin, a cleanly speedy-looking animal when stripped, with Cockamaroo and T'Auld Squire, comprised John Scott's lot: of Colonel Peel's, Orlando, a small horse with somewhat extravagant action, and Ionian, each doing credit to their trainer. But it is only justice to mention that Running Rein evinced the bloom and perfection of condition to quite as great an extent as any horse on the course. With regard to the others, their appearance was such as to indicate that due care had been taken of them.

After two failures, which scarcely come under the denomination of false starts, they all got off together, when having somewhat settled to their stride, Voltri was distinguishable as having the lead: he was, however, soon dispossessed of it by Leander, who carried on the running at a great pace to about two hundred yards beyond the first turn, when he broke his off hind-leg. At this point, Akbar, The Ugly Buck, Orlando, and Ratan were lying up, with Running Rein in their company, who, immediately after the

accident to Leander, emerging from the crowd, went on and took the lead, which he never afterwards lost: he was followed by Akbar and The Ugly Buck nearly to the Road, when these declining, their places were taken by Colonel Peel's two, which were, however, unable to reach the leading horse,—Running Rein, and he was declared by Judge Clark's unerring eye to have defeated Orlando three quarters of a length, Ionian being about three lengths from the winner, and Bay Momus a neck farther off; all of which were placed. It would be in vain to assign places to more, as they were beaten so far.—The following list comprises the lot that started for

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, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police regulations of the Course; one mile and a half; one hundred and fifty-five subs.:—

Mr. A. Wood's b. c. <i>Running Rein</i> , by The Saddler, out of Mab	Mann.....	1
Col. Peel's b. c. <i>Orlando</i> , by Touchstone, out of Vulture.....	Nat.....	2
Col. Peel's b. c. <i>Ionian</i> , by Ion, out of Malibran	G. Edwards.....	3
Col. Anson's b. c. <i>Bay Momus</i> , by Bay Middleton, out of Sister to Grey Momus	F. Butler.....	4
Mr. J. Day's b. c. The Ugly Buck, by Venison, out of Monstrosity..	J. Day, jun.....	0
Mr. J. Day's br. c. Voltri, by Voltaire, out of Myrrha	W. Day.....	0
Mr. Crockford's ch. c. Ratan, by Buzzard, out of Rainbow's dam...	Rogers.....	0
Mr. Bowes's b. c. T'Auld Squire, by Bretby, out of Oblivion	Holmes.....	0
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Akbar, by Rockingham, out of Stately....	Chapple.....	0
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Campanero, by Velocipede—Nannette.....	Perrin.....	0
Mr. Ford's b. c. Qui Tam, by Elis, out of Rodice	Robinson.....	0
Mr. Ford's ch. c. Phalaris, by Bran, out of Taurus's dam	Whitehouse.....	0
Mr. J. Osborne's ch. c. Mountcharles, by Slane, out of Mamsel Otz..	Rumby.....	0
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Croton Oil, by Physician, dam by Capsicum	W. Howlett.....	0
Mr. A. Hill's b. c. Beaumont, by Marcian, dam by Mulatto	Calloway.....	0
Mr. Lichtwald's b. c. Leander, by Scamander, out of Sister to Mus- sulman (1836)	Bell.....	0
Mr. Gratwicke's ch. c. Needful, by Elis, out of Frederica.....	Cotton.....	0
Mr. Forth's c. The Ashted Pet (h. b.), by Grey Surrey—Echo.....	Boyce.....	0
Mr. S. Herbert's ch. c. by Elis, out of Delightful.....	Sly.....	0
Lord Glasgow's b. c. by Velocipede, out of Amulet.....	Hesseltine.....	0
Mr. Gregory's b. c. Loadstone, by Touchstone, out of Ildegarda.....	Darling.....	0
Lord Westminster's bl. c. Lancet, by Touchstone, out of Laura ...	Templeman.....	0
Mr. St. Paul's b. or ro. c. Telemachus, by Inheritor, out of Calypso	Marson.....	0
Mr. F. Ongley's br. c. King of the Gipsies, by Rasselas—Queen of the Gipsies' dam	Marlow.....	0
Mr. M. Jones's br. g. British Tar, by Sheet Anchor, out of Lillah	M. Jones.....	0
Mr. Cuthbert's b. c. Beaufront, by Muley Moloch—Gallipot's dam...	J. Howlett.....	0
Lord Maidstone's b. c. Cockamaroo, by Emilius, out of Velocity.....	Simpson.....	0
Mr. Dixon's ch. c. Dick Thornton, by Medora, out of Orphan.....	Darling, jun.....	0
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Elemi, bro. to Mango, by Emilius—Mustard..	Chifney.....	0

Colonel Peel, not having entered a protest against Running Rein prior to the specified time for doing so in order to throw the *onus probandi* on the owner, gave notice to the Stakeholder not to pay the Stakes, which amount to £4,250, to the proprietor of Running Rein: consequently it rests with the Colonel to substantiate his grounds for objection.

Scarcely had the deafening shouts of the spectators ceased to vibrate on the ear which on all similar occasions welcome the winner of the Derby, when a general disposition began to display itself of doing homage to the stores of delicacies which each party had brought down for themselves and friends, whilst beverages of all kinds became in requisition, from humble ginger-pop to aristocratic champagne. Winners and losers appeared to amalgamate

each others' feelings, so that the unreasonable excitement of the former and the sadness of the latter kept each other in order.

The racing which takes place after the Derby is of such minor importance that scarcely any one notices it, with the exception of those who have horses engaged.

THE OAKS DAY.

Friday, May 24—With a continuation of weather precisely similar to that which has characterized the former days of this meeting, the morn of the conclusion of Epsom races (*Friday*) was ushered in, and being calculated to bring forth pleasure-seekers and holiday-makers, a full average share of the Metropolitan multitude found their way to the Downs by the varied means of conveyance.

The subject of the alleged disqualification of Running Rein has since the race been a general topic for remark among racing men, upon which various opinions have been formed: but it is idle to comment thereon beyond the expression of regret that it was not settled prior to the race. The confusion which it must create in the settlement of bets will be most serious. Some new regulations as to the pedigree and identity of blood stock are imperatively called for.

On perusing the list of fillies engaged to run for the Oaks, no fewer than 30 presented their names as candidates for the contest, twenty-five of which came to the Post, and, from the known pretensions of several, a considerable amount of speculation resulted.—The Princess, under the especial care of John Scott, stood first favorite with her friends in the ring on the evening prior to the race, and her appearance fully justified their most sanguine hopes. Sister to Martingale and Barricade were also highly thought of, especially the former, with her very superior jockey, James Robinson, on her back; and although it was reported a few weeks since that she was a little out of sorts, her return to perfect convalescence was as unequivocal as her most sanguine admirers could desire.

The betting on the previous day was on the following scale:—

9 to 2 agst The Princess	18 to 1 agst Buzz
6 to 1 agst Sister to Martingale	20 to 1 agst Fair Charlotte
6 to 1 agst Barricade	20 to 1 agst April Noddy
12 to 1 agst Merope	22 to 1 agst Miss York
12 to 1 agst All-round-my-Hat	25 to 1 agst Emerald
14 to 1 agst Barbara Filly	1000 to 30 agst Joan of Arc.
15 to 1 agst Moor-hen Filly	

The only change at starting was the increased favor in which "The Squire's" filly was held, and the longest odds obtainable against her was 7 to 2.

The morning commenced with gloomy clouds and a chilly atmosphere which during the day turned to a bright and heat similar to what we have experienced for so great a length of time, and the Course which was well attended, presented the same dusty un-

comfortable condition of which we had to complain on the Derby Day.

A larger Field than was expected came to the post. The condition of all Scott's—and, as will be seen, he had four—was greatly admired, also that of Barricade.

The Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. each; the owner of the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police regulations of the Course; Last mile and a half; one hundred and eighteen subs.

Col. Anson's ch. f. <i>The Princess</i> , by Slane, out of Sister to Cobweb	F. Butler	1
Lord Exeter's b. f. <i>Merope</i> , by Voltaire, out of Velocipede's dam	W. Boyce	2
Mr. Gregory's sbl. f. <i>Barricade</i> , by Defence, out of Europa	Marson	3
Lord Albemarle's b. f. <i>Robinia</i> , by Liverpool, out of Ralph's dam	Whitehouse	0
Lord G. Bentinck's br. f. <i>All-round-my-Hat</i> , by Bay Middleton, out of Chapeau d'Espagne	Rogers	0
Mr. Lichtwald's br. f. <i>Julia</i> , by Muley Moloch, out of Barbara	Bell	0
Col. Anson's ch. f. <i>The Buzz</i> , by Muley Moloch, out of Scandal	J. Holmes	0
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's bl. f. <i>Coal Black Rose</i> , by Picaroon— <i>Jemima</i>	Darling	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. <i>The Bee</i> , by Gladiator, out of Arachine	Nat.	0
Lord Chesterfield's ch. f. <i>Joan of Arc</i> , by Gladiator— <i>Anchorite's dam</i>	Simpson	0
Mr. Denham's b. f. <i>Fair Charlotte</i> , by Camel— <i>Compensation's dam</i>	J. Howlett	0
Mr. Dixon's ch. f. <i>Arethusa</i> , by Elis, out of Aunt Bliss	Lye	0
Lord Exeter's ch. f. <i>Pergularia</i> , by Belram, out of <i>Datura</i>	Mann	0
Mr. Gratwicke's b. f. <i>Stomacher</i> , by Elis, out of <i>Cestus</i>	Cotton	0
Mr. W. S. Standish's ch. f. <i>Susan</i> , by Elis, out of <i>Tesane</i>	Francis	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. <i>Sister to Martingale</i> , by The Saddler, dam by Partisan	Robinson	0
Col. Peel's b. f. <i>Zenobia</i> , sister to Murat, by Slane, out of Hester	Chapple	0
Mr. Rawlinson's ch. f. <i>Charming Kate</i> , by Sir Hercules	Calloway	0
Mr. J. Robinson's ch. f. <i>April Noddy</i> , by Confederate or Mulatto, out of Calista	Marlow	0
Baron Rothschild's ch. f. <i>Emerald</i> , by Defence, out of <i>Emiliana</i>	J. Day, jun	0
Lord Stradbroke's b. f. <i>The Boarding School Miss</i> , by Plenipo, out of Marpessa	G. Edwards	0
Mr. Thornhill's br. f. <i>Example</i> , by Emilius, out of Maria	Chifney	0
Lord Westminster's br. f. <i>Fanny Eden</i> , by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honor	Templeman	0
Maj. Yarburgh's b. f. <i>Miss York</i> , by M. Moloch or Phoenix—Easter	E. Edwards	0
Mr. Rogers' b. f. by Albemarle, out of Moorhen	Bartholomew	0

Charming Kate, somewhat overpowering her jockey, took up the running as soon as the Starter had given the word "off," and carried it on about a quarter of a mile, when Calloway became more able to control her, although not exactly to his wishes. Barricade then made the running, with Emerald, All-round-my-Hat, and Fair Charlotte at hand. At the corner, Princess took the third place, and near the road passed Barricade, Merope having got up and looking like a winner, but was unable to reach Princess, who without anything bordering on difficulty passed the Winning Post two lengths in front of Merope. The pace was slow.

Most of the company left the Course after the race for the Oaks, nor was the result of the two minor races of sufficient moment to create any regret at the loss of not seeing them: they were both won with ease, and further notice than that of the horses which started is therefore rendered unnecessary.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1844.

THE "DERBY" AND THE "SETTLING."

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

We have now gathered to their fathers no fewer than sixty-five "Derbys," and the one whose "lease has just expired" has caused more confusion than any on record. In the first place, Running Rein is objected to on account of his not being supposed to be the foal purchased of Dr. Cobb, of York; also that from "his own mouth" we convict him of being a year older than he ought to have been on the great and important day. Leander too, who was objected to by Lord Maidstone and others on similar grounds, put his "spoke in the wheel;" but, alas! he has retired to that *course* from which no racer ever returned. We may here state, that after the unfortunate accident to this animal, he was destroyed, and quietly buried with all his "imperfections on his *head*;" but owing to the joyfulness of Scott's party at The Princess winning the Oaks, some after-dinner discussions led to wagers, and the result was a fixed determination, "by way of a frisk," to have Leander up again. Acting upon the impulse, the "spade and shovel" were immediately sought after, and the "whereabouts" *speedily* discovered at Ashted, and in a short space of time the grave of the unlucky Leander was re-opened: when, lo! he was found *minus the lower jaw*. As a matter of *course*, the Northern Division looked upon this singular circumstance with great suspicion, and without "let or hindrance" took upon themselves the responsibility of beheading the unfortunate remains of one which I had calculated to carry off the great event of the year 1844. On Sunday morning the remaining part of the head was submitted to Mr. Bartlett, the Veterinary Surgeon of Dorking, who, after examining the upper jaw, pronounced it most decidedly to be that of a *four-year-old*. The fun, if I may be allowed the expression, did not end here, for Mr. Forth, hearing of the "discovery," went *instantly* to Mr. Field, of Oxford Street, who also declared his opinion to be on the side of his "Learned Brother," Mr. Bartlett. Forth then, in the presence of Lord Stradbroke, declared that he had been most grossly imposed upon by the Messrs. Lichtwald, and that it was only the vicious temper of the colt that had prevented an earlier discovery of the *fraud that had been practised upon him!!!* To me it seems passing strange that such a person as Mr. Forth, connected as he has been with horses all his "seventy years," should not have been more awake to the impositions of the Turf, and more particularly so because Leander was *stated* to have been foaled in Germany. To carry out the singularity of this mysterious affair, I learn that Leander's death-blow was received from Running Rein's striking his leg when going up to make the running more desperate. To crown all, the Messrs. Lichtwald have been "found wanting" since the *tragedy*. It may be remembered

that I have on more than one occasion written well of Leander's chance for this great race, and it was a consolation to me, when told by one of the *keenest* judges of racing ever known, borne out also by Bell the *Jockey*, that the colt would have won cleverly but for the "untoward event." Of course I had nothing to do with his age: I wrote from a private channel, and my information said that the colt "went well, would be ridden by Bell, and was tolerably certain to win." So much for the departed Leander.

And now for a word or two about the *Settling* (?)—a startling word, not very easily understood by the generality of Betting men. If either of the favorites had won, the said *Settlement* would have been awfully bad; as it is, owing to Colonel Peel's objection and the death of Mr. Crockford, with other matters connected strongly with the ring, the great race will be long remembered by all classes.

As the pedigree of Running Rein (open to objection), as entered, may be of interest, I beg to state that he was foaled in 1841, bred by Charles Cobb, Esq., Surgeon, Low Street, New Malton; was got by The Saddler out of Mab (bred by E. Ewbank, Esq., who sold her to W. Allen, Esq., of the Lodge, Malton, from whom she was transferred by purchase to Mr. Cobb), by Duncan Grey; grandam (bred by the late G. Crompton, Esq., of York), by Macbeth; great grandam, Margaret, by Hambletonian; great great grandam, Rosamond (the dam of Barefoot, winner of the St. Leger in 1823), by Buzzard; great great great grandam, Roseberry (Sister to Hubby), by Phenomenon; great great great great grandam, Miss West (the dam of the celebrated Quiz), by Match'em—Regulus—Young Ebony, by Crab—Ebony, by Flying Childers, &c.—Thus it will be seen that the best Northern blood is flowing in the *said* Running Rein's veins, combining the Eclipse and Flying Childers blood.

I may here observe, that at a meeting of the influential Subscribers to the room at Tattersall's on Monday, those interested in the Derby and Oaks "Settlement" came to the conclusion that no possible impediment could exist to the arranging all accounts for the former in which the names of Running Rein and Orlando do not occur, and that therefore the settling would take place as usual, with the above exceptions.

As regards the late Mr. Crockford's accounts, the following letter was received by Mr. Tattersall from the relict of the deceased:—

"SIR—I trust that the circumstances which cause me to address you will be a sufficient apology for doing so.

"Being ignorant of the custom in use at Tattersall's in situations parallel to the one I now find myself placed in, I consider it best for me at once to place in your hands the betting-book of my deceased husband.

"You will perceive, that in case Running Rein shall receive the Stakes, there will be a loss of £604, and in case Orlando shall receive them, of £724.

"I inclose you, therefore, a cheque for the large sum, and would

wish you to apply it, together with the receipts from the several losers, to pay as far as may be the claims of the several winners.

"It is possible that in a case of this sort it is not customary to settle the book; should it be so, I am not anxious to establish a precedent.

"With a deep sense of the trouble I am about to impose upon you,

"I have the honor to be, &c.,

"S. F. CROCKFORD."

"*Carlton House Terrace, May 27, 1844.*"

Mr. Tattersall immediately handed this letter to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who gave their opinion as follows:—

"We are of opinion that every person indebted to the late Mr. Crockford on his Epsom account is bound to pay the amount due to the person deputed to settle the same.

(Signed)

"STRADBROKE.

"May 27, 1844."

"GEORGE BYNG."

And now of the "Settling"—I am truly happy to say that it passed off, as far as it went, quite as well as the most anxious anticipated. Of course, those bets touching Running Rein and Orlando stand over. The "book-men" seem to be the greatest receivers at present: whether any of them will have to refund at some future period is a question only to be decided by *Law*. If Running Rein get the Stakes, his party, which consist of Mr. A. Wood, Mr. Glenn, Mr. Goodman, &c., will have a *creditable* balance in their favor of something like £50,000. This large sum will, if gained, put two or three absentees since Attila's year on their *legs* again in the fascinating "Room." There was some bickering respecting the lost Leander, and Mr. Forth made, what I and nine-tenths of the "Room" thought, a lame defence; but as the "Old Gentleman" had lost his money and *the* horse, I will say no more on the subject.

Mr. F. Clarke, at the request of Mr. Tattersall, undertook the settlement of the late Mr. Crockford's "Book," and I am happy to say the accounts were nearly closed.

Colonel Anson is reported to be a good winner on the OAKS, and I shall be glad if the report, which I have no reason to doubt, be true, for a more straightforward and sincere Patron of the 'Turf does not exist than the Gallant Colonel. When I left the Yard, I saw £500 even betted between Running Rein and Orlando for the "Golden Apple."

The Racing Public will learn with extreme regret, that that great Patron of the Turf, T. Thornhill, Esq., of Riddlesworth, at the time of our going to Press, was lying dangerously ill at his residence in Berkeley Square, and with scarcely a hope of recovery. [He has since died.]

Notes of the Month.

J U L Y .

IMPORTANT TURF MOVEMENTS.

Two events are likely to take place immediately, which are fraught with momentous consequence to the American Turf. One enterprise has already been positively determined upon, and we hope and trust the other will be persevered in. It has been definitely arranged that Col. JOHNSON, of Virginia, "the Napoleon of the Turf," in this country, will have a most formidable corps of cavalry next winter at New Orleans! About the 1st of August his stable will leave Petersburg for Kentucky, where it will be trained (at Dover,) and go down the river in November. [The Association meeting at New Orleans, on the Eclipse Course, commences on the 9th of Dec.; the date of the meetings on the Louisiana and Metairie Courses there, has not yet been officially announced.] Col. Johnson's string will be accompanied by ARTHUR TAYLOR and GIL PATRICK, and at the opening of the campaign "Old Nap." will take the field in person. Of the horses which are to compose Col. J.'s stable it is only known positively that *Blue Dick* and *Midas* will be comprised in it, but it is confidently expected, by those best informed, that these two cracks will be accompanied by Messrs. TOWNES and WILLIAMSON's *Regent*, and Mr. HARE's *Patsy Anthony*.

Great inducements have been held out to Turfmen in distant States to visit New Orleans, by the splendid Stakes recently opened there, as advertised in the "Spirit," and to which we have more than once invited attention. On the Metairie Course there is a stake for all ages, four mile heats, with a subscription of \$2000 each, \$500 forfeit. Also one for all ages, two mile heats, sub. \$1000 each, \$250 forfeit. There are already a large number of subscribers to each stake, both of which close on the 1st Aug. On the Eclipse Course, there is a Post Stake for all ages, four mile heats, which has already closed with seven subscribers, at \$500 each, to the winner of which the "Louisiana Association" gives \$500. Several other stakes are open to come off over the two courses named; the programme of the meeting on the Louisiana Course (formerly GARRISON'S) has not been published.

The other event to which we have referred is the flattering prospect that a crack stable from the South-west will "carry the war into Africa" next season! It is not at all unlikely that the stable alluded to will embark from this city for England! We know that the N. Y. Jockey Club and the Proprietors of the Union and Beacon Courses here, have made the distinguished Turfman in question the most liberal offers to bring on his stable here. Before leaving it is presumed that the choice of the stable will give Fashion a turn, and should it be demonstrated that the Northern Champion is still too fleet for the fast, and too stout for the strong, it is altogether likely that she herself might be added to the string. We know that her owner lately offered her, in the handsomest manner, free of charge, to an eminent Northern Turfman, who suggested her going to England, simply insisting that she should be accompanied by the LAIRDS, her sole trainer and jockey since she came on the Turf.

For the principal stakes in England, such as the Cups at Goodwood, Liverpool, Doncaster, Chester, Ascot, etc., which are free for all ages, "horses got" by Arabian, Turkish, or Persian mares, are allowed 18 lbs., both 36 lbs.,— "horses bred in America, or upon the continent of Europe are allowed *fourteen pounds*. Horses never having won £100, including their own stake, at any one time in Great Britain, previous to the day of starting, are allowed *five pounds*. Four year olds and upwards, never having won or received as second horse £100, including their own stake, at any time in '43 or '44, and not having been placed in the Derby or St. Leger of '43 or '44, are allowed *ten pounds*. Maiden horses [those which have never won in England] of 5 yrs.

"old, are allowed 18 lbs.; maiden 6 yr. olds, allowed 28 lbs.," etc., etc. "*Horses having won abroad not to be considered winners in this stake*"

Such are the principal conditions of the *Goodwood Cup*, which is of \$1500 value, added to a subscription of \$100 each, with \$500 added, from the Racing Fund. The distance run is 135 yards short of three miles [a single heat], the course being two and a half miles and 305 yards in length. Three year olds carry 102 lbs.—4, 127 lbs.—5, 135 lbs.—6, and aged, 138 lbs., mares being allowed 4 lbs. and geldings 7 lbs. It will be seen that horses bred in America are allowed about *twenty-eight pounds!* Nor is this all. English horses of repute as winners are obliged to carry *extra* weight. For instance, "the winner of the Gold Cup at Ascot has to carry 5 lbs. extra, the 2d horse 3 lbs. extra; the winner of the Oaks 7 lbs. extra. the 2d, 2 lbs. extra; the winner of "the Drawing Room Stakes, 5 lbs. extra;" etc. etc.

Now is there a horse living that can give such flyers as Fashion, Blue Dick, Peytona, Ruffin, Ann Hays, Cracovienne, Gallwey, Sartin, and others, *twenty-eight pounds*, or any thing like it, in a race of a single heat of less than three miles? We do not believe it. Yet the odds against a horse bred in America or on the Continent would be \$15,000 to \$1000 at least, and probably much greater. The average number of subscribers to the Goodwood and other Cups and Stakes is from fifty to sixty, so that the prize itself amounts to about \$8 000, while not unfrequently it reaches \$15,000. The Goodwood races commences on the last Tuesday of July. The subscription closes at Messrs. WEATHERBY'S, at Newmarket and in London, on Tuesday in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, (which is held in the 3d week of April,) and Subscribers name to them, in London, on the Tuesday following the Epsom Meeting, (which is held in the last week of May, the Derby being run on Wednesday and the Oaks on Friday.)

Our readers may rely upon being promptly advised of the progress of these movements, which are interesting and important, to the last degree.

Blue Dick and Fashion—The owner of Fashion has declined accepting a challenge from the owner of Blue Dick—declaring that he did not intend running the mare again this season. Richmond Compiler.

The above paragraph is going the rounds of the press at the South and West, derived probably, from some obscure source in this city. We copy it for the purpose of stating that it is grossly and gratuitously false in all respects. Blue Dick's friends have never offered to match him against Fashion, and so far from her declining a challenge we know that her owner has given her friends permission to accept of any challenge to run four mile heats, from any quarter whatever. *Fashion's friends challenge no one*, but they will accept one to run four mile heats for from \$20,000 to \$100,000.

On the evening of the race between Blue Dick and Fashion, an offer was made to run *Midas* against Fashion, over the Beacon Course *within a fortnight*, for \$5000, which offer, of course, was declined by her friends.

In our report of the race between Blue Dick and Fashion, we spoke of Craig's bringing Blue Dick up "under the whip." Craig informs us that he did not use one, but that he raised his arm over him and made the motion of using one; he was so far from us at the time that we took it for granted he had a whip in his hand, and thus fell into error. When Dick bolted Craig got him back into the course in an incredibly short time. One gentleman *timed his bolt* [!] and states that it occupied nineteen seconds! We think it was longer, judging from the immense gap Fashion opened on him; he must have run the heat in about eight minutes. We hardly ever saw a more gallant run than Blue Dick made in his 15th mile. He had not so much "foot" as the mare, who beat him the 1st heat cleverly on a brush. Laird rode the 1st heat without a whip. Fashion subsequently weakened from want of condition.

Harkforward, the brother to the renowned Harkaway, has had a limited number of fine mares bred to him this season, which had been previously engaged. Among them we may mention Luda, Arraline's dam, Prima Donna, Wingfoot, Ellen Ferguson, Berenice, etc. It is understood that he will stand in Louisiana next season also, and be limited to sixty mares.

Cabinet of Sporting Curiosities.—To an esteemed friend at New Bedford Mass. we are indebted for two very interesting and valuable additions to our Sporting Curiosities, in the shape of a *Harpoon* and *Lance* used in the Whale Fishery. Each instrument looks as "savage as a meat axe," and has been repeatedly used in securing Jonah's favorite fish, by the hardy seamen of New Bedford. The Harpoon is about three and a half feet in length, the Lance about five feet; their weight is between four and five pounds each. To each of them the whalers attach a staff or rod ten feet in length, and to the harpoon some hundred fathoms of line. The probability is that this same harpoon has "travelled" at a "lick" that would put Fashion "behind the red flag!"

Mr. JAMES P. M. STETSON, of the Astor House, has also immortalized himself by sending us the head of a *Pike*, which weighed when dressed, twenty-two pounds! It was a remarkably fine fish in shape, color and flavor; it was taken in Lake Ontario, and its head differs materially in shape and size from the immense Pike taken in some of the Western rivers. We received some time since from Pittsburg the head of a Pike the live weight of which was twenty-five pounds, but, judging from the size of his head this sockdologger, from Lake Ontario could have swallowed the other without "shedding a tear!" Such a mannikin as Gen. Tom Thumb he could have gobbled down as the whale did Jonah, and he would have kept him there, too! whereas when the whale got Jonah down he couldnt keep him down! Jonah must have been "one of 'em."—he must!

A *New Yacht*, we hear, is now on the stocks at Pittsburg, building for our gallant friend Com. JOHN T. McLAUGHLIN, of the U. S. Navy. It is to be of iron, 100 feet in length, and named *Hunter*, after the ingenious inventor of the submerged wheel or propeller.

Death of DUKE W. SUMNER, Esq.—We learn with regret from a Tennessee correspondent, that Duke W. Sumner, Esq., died at his residence, near Nashville, Tenn., on the 15th ult., in the 67th year of his age. Our correspondent states that Mr. S. was a native of Edgecombe County, North Carolina, and represented his county in the State Legislature, in 1806, and the following year removed to Tennessee; he afterwards resided for a time in Louisiana, but returned to Tennessee and lived on his farm till his death. Mr. Sumner was a man of warm and ardent feelings, but kind and hospitable, honest and correct in his dealings—a liberal and successful breeder of blood stock; his old grey mare Matilda, the dam of Country Maid and other good ones, has survived her master. She is descended from a mare brought by him from N. C. B.

Mobile Races, next winter, are likely to be "a touch beyant the common." A friend informs us that Messrs. FISHER & VALENTINE [trumps, both!] intend offering such stroog inducements as will ensure the attendance of every crack stable in Alabama. It is "a sin and a shame" that the Louisiana and Mississippi stables at New Orleans never cross the Lake to give the good folks of Mobile a taste of their quality. The passage is made in less than twenty-four hours, and we hope *this* year that "every man will do his duty" in the premises. Alabama has contributed as much to the repute and attraction of the Sports of the Turf in New Orleans as any State in the South-west, and it is really due to the citizens of Mobile, who have so handsomely supported their Course, that the Turfmen at New Orleans should pay them a visit. The Bascombe Course is both safe and fast; Mobile boasts of many fine hotels, and her citizens are characterized by no stronger feature than their hospitality. Next season, gentlemen, we shall expect you to give "the Mobile boys" a turn and no mistake!

Turf Prospects in Kentucky.—A friend at Louisville, in a private letter, states that—"Racing is again looking up, all over. Our new man, METCALFE, is a horse—a perfect trump! He has got Kentucky by the wool. The Meeting next Fall will be a perfect crowder."

The fine little mare *Ann Hayes*, is said to be "almost another Miss Foote." She is worthy to succeed Sarah Bladen as a daughter of Leviathan, who has—since his stock came on the Turf—had a son or daughter near "the top of the

heap." Ann Hayes has run Mile heats in "the forties," Two mile heats in 3:43½—3:42½, and Four mile heats in 7:36½—7:42. She is or was the property of J. H. FRENCH, Esq., of Tennessee, and when last heard from was in the hands of LINN. COCH, of Memphis.

A fine stake, two mile heats, has already filled well, to come off over the Kendall Course, at the ensuing Fall Meeting, Victor, Vagra, Gaines, Kate Coy, and two Priam colts are already nominated. The stake is to close on the 1st of July.

The Toronto Races, over the Union Course, commenced on Tuesday last, and continued three days. The following gentlemen comprise the Officers of the Club:—ROBERT P. CROOKS, Esq., President; I. A. Smith, John Duggan, R. Machell, and R. Northcote, Esqrs., Stewards; Richard Tinning, sen., Esq., Treasurer; William B. Armstrong, Esq., Secretary.

Henry Cargill, and several other young things of high promise, from Florence, Ala., have been added to VAN LEER's string at Mobile.

A Louisville correspondent writes us that *Alex. Churchill*, the winner of a four mile heat there lately in 7:41 is "a rouser!" He adds that "H—in harness could not have caught him if his leg had stood!" With the exception of MISS Foote's 2d heat at Lexington in 7:40, *Alex. Churchill's* heat is the fastest ever made in Kentucky.

Death of ORIOLE—A letter from Montgomery, Ala., informs us of the recent death by accident of Maj. D. MYERS' fine filly *Oriole*, by Imp. Leviathan out of Object, (the dam of Linnet, Wren, Falcon, Nightingale, etc.) by Marshal Ney.

John Dawson, a race horse and stallion of repute in Tennessee and Alabama, lately died in the latter State, of grubs. He was the property of R. B. HARRISON, Esq.

E. H. PENDLETON, Esq., of Baltimore, claims the name of *Myra Gaines* for his f. by Critic out of Testimony's dam by Tuckahoe. This fine filly was the winner of the Sweepstakes at the Kendall Course.

ANDREW HIKES, of Jefferson Co., Ky., claims the name of *Sultana* for a ch. filly (foaled 14th ult.) by Imp. Jordan out of Kitty Turner by Clifton, entered in "Galt House Stake" to be run Spring 1847.

MILE.—The following exhibit of the number of yards contained in a mile in different countries, will often prove a matter of useful reference to readers.

A mile in England or America,.....	1,760 yards.
Russia,.....	1,100
Italy,.....	1,477
Scotland and Ireland,.....	2,200
Poland,.....	4,400
Spain,.....	5,028
Germany,.....	5,066
Sweden & Denmark,.....	7,223
Hungary,.....	7,800
League in America or England,.....	5,280

FOOT RACE ON THE BEACON COURSE.

On the afternoon of Monday, June the 3d, the Beacon Course was thronged with a vast multitude, which has been estimated as high as 30 000. The day was remarkably fine, and the course in capital order. There were seventeen entries for the Purse of \$800—the prize of him who should run Ten miles and a quarter within an hour. The odds were 3 to 1 on Time, notwithstanding several cracks were entered. The favorites were STANNARD, LIVINGSTON, and MYERS. The "*Mr. Livingston of New York*," was understood

by the community generally as identical with a gentleman of this city, of family and fortune, of that name, who has on several occasions distinguished himself by his pedestrian performances in private. He never, for an instant, thought of entering for this purse, and very properly conceives that an unwarrantable liberty was taken with his name. His acquaintances, however, felt such confidence in his remarkable powers that for a day or two previous it was even betting between him and Stannard, while the two were backed *vs.* the field.

It was half-past 4 o'clock before the start took place, when the following entries answered to their names:—

- Maj. H. Stannard, of Connecticut.
- Samuel Clemmons, of Syracuse.
- George Whitehead, of New York.
- David Myers, of Poughkeepsie.
- John Smith, of New York.
- John Guildler, of “
- James Leroy, of Brooklyn.
- James Stewart, of New York.
- J. C. Oberteuffer, of Philadelphia.

They started from opposite the quarter mile post at near the head of the quarter stretch, at the sound of the bugle. No one on horseback rode by the side of either, except in front of the stands; this was done to keep the course clear, as the crowd was terrific.

Stewart jumped off with the lead, but in a quarter of a mile four were abreast. Soon after, Stannard drew out in front and was never caught afterwards; Guildler was 2d, Smith 3d, and after three miles, Oberteuffer 4th. The placing will best explain the running:—

	MILES.									
	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
Stannard	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Guildler	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Smith	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	Stopt
Oberteuffer	6	5	5	4	Stopt					
Clemmons	5	3	4	Stopt						
Myers	3	Stopt								
Whitehead	Stopt									
Leroy	Stopt									
Stewart	Stopt									

At the end of the 9th-mile Stannard led Guildler about ten rods, while Smith was half a mile behind him. Finding he could not win the \$500 purse, (by doing the 10½ miles), Stannard, in the middle of the 10th mile, walked for several rods more than once. He was sure of the purse of \$300, “any how,” provided he came in 1st, and did not wish to over-fatigue himself. That he could have accomplished ten miles within the hour is beyond a doubt, as he was within 215 yards of it when the time was up. We should have premised that the bugle was sounded every six minutes. Smith was about a mile behind when Stannard finished his 10th mile, Guildler only about twenty rods behind Stannard at the finish, but exceedingly exhausted. Stannard's last quarter of a mile (after finishing the 10th mile) was the fastest in the whole race, while Guildler soon after finishing his 10th mile, fainted and was taken off the course by his friends. He recovered during the night and was said to be as fine as a star the following morning. [“Hope he had a good time!” exclaims a wag at our elbow.] Stannard's time for the 10 miles was 62:10½, and for the 10½ miles 64:35. He ran his 1st mile in 5:28, and his 2d in 5:47. Upon coming in Stannard did not appear to be much distressed. He was enthusiastically cheered, and before we left the upper Judges' Stand he had already mounted a fine horse and was showing off his equestrian abilities! Subsequently he rode up in front of the Club and Citizens' Stand, and addressed the spectators—according to the Sun's report—in the following terms:—

“I take this opportunity of thanking this vast concourse for the kindness which has been shown my competitors and myself during the trial which has

just terminated. Nine years ago Connecticut sent her son and her flag here, the one still waves by your courtesy on yonder hill, and the other returned saying, 'Vini, vidi, vici'—I came, I saw, I conquered. May I hope that Connecticut has no reason to be ashamed of her representative on this occasion? (Great cheering.) Again I heartily thank you, in the name of my competitors, for the attention and kindness shown to all of us this day."

Of course this pithy speech was received with universal applause, after which Stannard retired to take some refreshment, apparently by no means exhausted.

The prizes were to have been apportioned as follows: In case the 10½ miles were made within the hour, a purse of \$500 to the first in, to the second \$200, and the third \$100. In case the distance was not done within the time, \$300 to be given to the first in. Stannard therefore received the last mentioned sum, while the proprietors presented Guilder with \$50, and a collection of several half-hats' full of small change was given to the renowned John Smith who appears to be a monstrous long time a-dying.

The great Foot Race—ten miles within the hour—won by Stannard, in 1835, came off over the Union Course, on the 24th of April. He was in his twenty-fourth year, and weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds; his present weight is not so great by nearly twenty pounds. His most formidable competitors on that occasion were GEO. W. GLAUER, a Prussian, and PATRICK MAHONEY, an Irishman. The latter ran his first mile in 5:24. Stannard's time for the ten miles was 59:44, winning by sixteen seconds. As JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq. (who made the match, and rode at Stannard's side, watch in hand,) would not allow him to increase his speed, but kept him at a steady pace, Stannard, at the end of nine miles and three quarters, had exactly time sufficient to perform the match, provided he kept up his rate; but at this point Mr. S. allowed him to make play, and he consequently won with sixteen seconds to spare. As a matter of considerable interest at this time, we re-publish from a former number of the "Turf Register" the "placing" on that occasion:—

	MILES.									
	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
Stannard . . .	3	4	3	3	3	2	2	1	1	1
Glauer . . .	2	2	1	1	2	3	3	3	2	2
Mahoney . . .	1	1	5	5	5	4	4	4	3	3
Downes . . .	5	3	2	2	1	1	1	2	gave in.	
McGargy . . .	6	7	7	7	4 gave in.					
Wall	4	5	4	4 gave in.						
Sutton	8	8	6	6 gave in.						
Mallard	9	9	8	8 fell and gave in.						
Vermilyea . . .	7	6 gave in.								

Bets upon Running Rein.—Innumerable questions have been put to us on the subject of the bets on this horse. It has been asked, in the event of his disqualification, if bets laid upon him are to be paid? Our answer is, Yes. If he be not *the b. c. by Saddler, out of Mab*, entered for the Derby, then *the b. c.* in question did not come to the post, and, as with any other non starter, bets must be paid as a matter of course. With respect to Leander no question has been raised, and the bets laid upon him have been paid without hesitation at Tattersall's.

A correspondent of "Bell's Life" states that the Running Rein party have retained Mr. Edwin James, who has had the papers and the evidence in this remarkable case submitted to him, and has given a very decided opinion as to the completeness of the case. Mr. Martin is retained for Col. Peel.

The Racing Calendar.

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

Mr. CLARKE, the able editor of "The Arkansas Intelligencer," furnishes the annexed report:—

WEDNESDAY, May 15, 1844—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Sub. \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Capt. J. B. S. Todd's ch. c. <i>John Ross</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar.....	1	1
P. Madden's ch. c. <i>John Belcher Jr.</i> , by John Belcher, dam by Stockholder.....	2	dist.
Maj. Lear's <i>Oregon</i> , by Imp. Leviathan	pd.	ft.

Time, 3:51—3:52.

This race was a perfect "open and shut" case after the first quarter. John Ross took the lead, and was never lapped, winning the heat hard in hand. The second heat was a repetition of the first, "only more so." Considerable betting, and a few dropped their whole "pile." Capt. Tunstall's stable arrived too late to enter his fine mare Elizabeth Jones, or, in all probability, we should have had a much better contested race.

THURSDAY, May 16—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. W. S. Coodey's b. c. <i>Festivity</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.....	rec.	ft.
J. A. Scott's <i>Rapidity</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Eclipse.....	pd.	ft.
S. May's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Mary Ellen.....	pd.	ft.
T. Musset's <i>Johanna</i> , by Belcher, dam by Stockholder	pd.	ft.

A saddle race came off between Capt. Todd's horse *Billy Dixey* and Capt. Tunstall's *Eruption*, by Volcano; Billy slayed him easily, and the knowing ones fell heavy; such shouting was never heard.

Several Sweepstakes are made up to be run at Fort Gibson on the 24th and 25th September next. Also several to come off at Fort Smith, on the 8th Oct. Handsome purses will be given at both places, sufficient to induce fine stables to attend; and there appears to be a general disposition to improve the breed of horses in Arkansas, by ascertaining which is the right sort of stock. In a few years we will be equal to any State in the Union for fine horses.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C., MOUNT VERNON COURSE.

Dear Sir,—I was only a spectator of the following races; and, understanding that no regular report had been made to you, you will please excuse the liberty I have taken. I have no bills of either day's race before me, therefore have to make the report entirely from recollection; however, with the exception of the pedigrees of the young things, I think the report is, in the main, correct.

TUESDAY, May 21, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's bl. c. <i>Tom Payne</i> , by Imp. Margave—Emily Thomas' dam	1	1
Col. E. H. Pendleton's ch. f. <i>Myra Gaines</i> , by Critic, dam by Tuckahoe.....	2	2
Col. Francis Thompson's gr. f. <i>Kitty Thompson</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler	3	3
Dennis Ferry's b. c. by Duane, out of Maid of the Neck	pd.	ft.

Time, 1:53—1:55—1:56. Track heavy from rain.

WEDNESDAY, May 22—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's b. c. <i>Victor</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's dam) by Comus.....	2	1	1
Maj. Thos. Doswell's bl. c. <i>Tom Payne</i> , pedigree above	1	2	2
Col. Francis Thompson's gr. f. <i>Fidelity</i> , own sister to Register	3	3	dr
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. f. <i>Do See</i> , by Foreigner, dam by Mons. Tonson	pd.	ft.	

Time, 1:53—1:55—1:56.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$50. ent. \$10 each, added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Isam Puckett's b. m. by Imp. Priam, out of Julia Burton's dam, 5 yrs.....	1	3	1
Maj. Thos. Doswell's bl. f. <i>Mary Hume</i> , by Pamunky, out of Ruth, 3 yrs	2	1	2
Col. Francis Thompson's b. c. by Duane, dam by Imp. Tranby, 3 yrs.....	3	2	dist.

Time, 1:53—1:54—2:00.

THURSDAY, May 23—Jockey Club Purse, \$200 ent. 10 per cent., weights as before. Two mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's dam) by Comus, 4 yrs.....	1	1
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. c. <i>O See</i> , by Imp. Foreigner, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Jas. B. Kendall's b. f. <i>Ellen Lyon</i> , by Drone, out of Ecarté, 4 yrs.....	3	3
J. Beard's b. c. by Imp. Felt, dam by Rokeby, 4 yrs.....	4	dr
Time, 3:55—4:02.		

FRIDAY, May 24—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$20, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's b. h. <i>Pryor</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs....	3	1	1
Isham Puckett's b. f. by Imp. Priam, dam omitted, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. m. <i>Sarah Washington</i> , by Garrison's Zinganee, dam by Contention, 7 yrs.....	4	3	dr
J. Beard's b. c. by Imp. Felt, dam by Rokeby, 4 yrs.....	2	dr	
Time, 6:01—5:55—6:13.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$150, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. m. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Director, 6 yrs.....	1	1	5	4	1
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. g. pedigree not given, 4 yrs.....	5	5	3	1	2
Wm. Holmead's b. c. by Mazeppa, dam not given, 4 yrs.....	2	2	1	2	3
S. F. Mankin's ch. m. <i>Ceta</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Maria Heath, 6 yrs.....	3	4	4	3	4
James Fossett's b. h. by Imp. Felt, dam by Rob Roy, 6 yrs.....	4	3	2	5	5
Time, 1:53—1:52½—2:00—2:02—1:55.					

LEXINGTON, KY., ASSOCIATION COURSE.

We learn from the "Observer and Reporter"—from which paper we compile the annexed report—that these races commenced under favorable auspices, there being quite a number of fine horses on the ground, and that the attendance was very good.

TUESDAY, May 21, 1844—The "Brennan Stake," being a Silver Pitcher, value \$100, the gift of John Brennan, Esq.; for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fifteen subs. at \$100 each. h. ft. Mile heats.

Geo. W. Bradley's (John R. Smith's) ch. f. <i>Anne Harrod</i> , by Hickory John, dam by King William.....	4	1	1
James Shy's (J. L. Downing's) br. c. by Shark, dam by Tiger.....	1	2	2
H. W. Farris' b. f. <i>Ann Bell</i> , own sister to Jim Bell.....	3	3	3
Dr. E. Warfield's br. f. by Celestion, dam by Lance.....	2	dist.	
Time, 2:04—2:01½—2:12½. Track very heavy from rain the night previous.			

WEDNESDAY, May 22—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—A, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Jas. Shy's gr. c. <i>Billy Tonson</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs.....	1	1
S. Davenport's (S. W. Taylor's) b. c. <i>Wendover</i> , by Medoc—Queen of Trumps by Trumpator, 4 yrs.....	4	2
Jas. K. Duke's b. f. <i>Magdalen</i> , by Medoc, out of Keph's dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	2	3
Dr. E. Warfield's b. m. <i>Isola</i> , by Bertrand, out of Sasette by Aratus, 5 yrs.....	5	4
John Brennan's (Mr. Jeffers') ch. f. by Medoc, dam by Spread Eagle, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.
Johu G. Chiles' (H. W. Farris') b. c. <i>Mingo Bell</i> , by Mingo, out of Jonquill by Little John, 4 yrs.....	6	dist.
Jas. L. Bradley's (F. Harper's) ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Moses, 4 yrs.....	7	dist.
Time, 3:58—3:53½.		

THURSDAY, May 23—"Contractor's Stake" for 3 yr. olds, being a Silver Pitcher of the value of \$50, given by the contractors and stable-keepers; colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$50 each. h. ft. Mile heats.

H. W. Farris' ch. f. <i>Liz Tillet</i> , by Frank, dam by Medoc.....	1	1
Jas. L. Bradley's b. c. by Grey Eagle, dam by Moses.....	2	2
Time, 1:51—1:54½.		

FRIDAY, May 24—"Megowan Stake" for 3 yr. olds, being a Silver Pitcher of the value of \$50, given by Thomas B. Megowan, Esq.; colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$50 each, P. P. Two mile heats.

John R. Smith's ch. c. <i>Gold Eagle</i> , by Grey Eagle, out of Eliza Jenkins.....	1	1
Jas. L. Bradley's ch. c. <i>Edward Eagle</i> , by Grey Eagle, out of Directress.....	3	2
Dr. E. Warfield's b. f. <i>Flight</i> , by Celestion, out of Lances.....	2	dist.
S. Davenport's b. f. by Frank, dam by Aratus.....	4	dist.
Time, 3:58—3:50.		

SATURDAY, May 25—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as on Wednesday. Three mile heats.

H. W. Farris' b. c. <i>Denmark</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs.....	4	1	1
Willa Viley's b. m. <i>Argentile</i> , by Bertrand—Allegante by Imp. Truffle, 6 yrs.....	1	2	2
Dr. E. Warfield's b. c. <i>Marco</i> , by Sir Leslie, dam by Lance 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	
James Shy's gr. c. <i>Billy Tonson</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Cherokee, - yrs.....	3	dist.	
Time, 5:52—5:50—6:00.			

This was a beautifully contested race, and excited the highest interest from the commencement to the close. The betting was spirited, and in every variety of form which can well be imagined. The race was won in three heats by Denmark, after a most gallant contest with Argentile each heat.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

The following incomplete report of these races is compiled from the "Banner" and "Whig" of that city:—

TUESDAY, May 23, 1814—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Twenty-nine subs. at \$300 each, \$50 ft. Mile heats.

Henry Dickinson's b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard..... 1 1
 G. W. Parker's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan—Charlotte Hamilton by Sir Charles..... 2 2
 Time, 1:53—1:50. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. Samuel Ragland's ch. g. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Clara Howard by Imp. Barefoot..... 1 1
 G. Richardson's gr. c. by Imp. Autocrat, dam omitted..... 2 2
 M. D. Simmons' ch. g. by Snakeroot, dam by Stranger..... dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, May 29—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Maj. Samuel Ragland's bl. c. by Othello, out of Polly Bellew by Timoleon..... 3 1 1
 Miles Kelly's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard..... 2 2 2
 Thos. Alderson's ch. f. by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Mary Davis..... 1 3 3
 J. B. Carter's b. c. by Eclipse, out of Sally Nailor..... dr
 Time, 3:54½—3:52—3:53. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, May 30—Proprietor's Purse \$100. out. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. B. Johnson's b. f. Purity, by Imp. Ainderby, out of Betty Martin, 2 yrs..... 1 1
 Col. George Elliott's ch. g. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Barefoot, 4 yrs..... * *
 Willie Taylor's ch. c. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Alpha, 4 yrs..... * *
 R. Skinner's gr. m. Cripple, by Imp. Philip, out of Gamma's dam, 5 yrs..... * *
 Maj. Samuel Ragland's ch. f. by Badger, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 2 yrs..... * *
 Thos. Alderson's ch. f. Maria Martin, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Merlin, 4 yrs..... * *
 M. D. Simmons' ch. h. by Stockholder, dam by Aristotle, 6 yrs..... * *
 B. Pitts' b. h. by Imp. Whale, dam not given, 6 yrs..... * *
 Time not given. Track heavy. * Not placed.

Will the Secretary furnish a complete report ?

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA,

CAMDEN COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, May 29—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 104lbs., fillies 101lbs. Three subs. at \$500 each, \$200. ft. Two mile heats.

James Long's (John Goodram's) b. f. Patsey Anthony, by Imp. Priam, out of the dam of Josephus and Telemachus by Virginian..... rec. ft.
 Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. c. Yamacraw (half brother to Fashion), by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles..... pd. ft.
 Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) b. f. by Imp. Trustee, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy..... pd. ft.

Patsey Anthony was fortunate in having no competitor, the Miss Mattie filly by Trustee being lame, and Yamacraw otherwise amiss.

SAME DAY—Purse \$50, 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. Mile heats.

H. A. Conover's (D. Jones') b. c. Livingston, by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 James K. Van Mater's b. m. Diana Syntax, by Dr. Syntax, out of Imp. Diana by Catton, 6 yrs..... 3 2
 Samuel Laird's br. c. Neptune, by Shark (dam omitted), 4 yrs..... 2 3
 Wm. Green's b. m. Kit Ford, by Shylock (dam omitted), 5 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 1:54—1:50.

A capital race, writes our correspondent. In the Philadelphia papers we see that they make two other horses start as follows—we quote verbatim:—

Col. Hugg's b. c. by Duan, 4 yrs..... dist.
 Mr. Ghee's bh. l. mare by Tuckeyhoe, dam by Southern Eclipse, 5 yrs..... d st.

Who the deuce is Col. HUGG, and who is Mr. GHEE? The same papers state that the 2d heat was won by Livingston in 1:49, and that Neptune was distanced! Wonderful men, these Philadelphia editors!

THURSDAY, May 30—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. Midas, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Roanoke, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 H. A. Conover's ch. m. Grace Darling, by Imp. Trustee, 5 yrs..... 3 2
 Otway P. Hare's ch. m. Yellow Rose, by Andrew, out of Tuberoze by Arab, 6 yrs..... 2 3
 Time, 3:49—3:53.

FRIDAY, May 31—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's b. f. Patsey Anthony, by Imp. Priam, out of the dam of Telemachus by Virginian, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Jas. K. Van Mater's br. h. by Imp. Mercer, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. Senator, by Imp. Priam, dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs..... 3 3
 Time, 6:15½—6:02½.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Jas. K. Van Mater's b. c. by Imp. Langford, 3 yrs	1	1
Wm. Green's ch. m. <i>Kitty Ford</i> , by Shylock, 5 yrs	*	*
P. Hugg's b. c. <i>Alfred Duane</i> , by Duane, 4 yrs	*	*
Time, 2:00—2:00. * Not placed.		

SATURDAY, June 1—J. C. Purse \$700, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. John L. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 7 yrs	1	1
Otway P. Hare's (Thos. D. Watson's) ch. m. <i>Yellow Rose</i> , pedigree before, 5 yrs.	2	dr
Time, 5:51.		

NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB SPRING MEETING,

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

The meeting commenced on Tuesday last under most favorable auspices; the only drawbacks were the lameness of a crack in Capt. Stockton's stable, and the absence of Dunvegan, who was amiss. Owing to these circumstances, the projected four mile stake for 4 yr. olds, in which Patey Anthony was nominated, did not fill.

The entries for the Club purses, two mile heats, were Col. JOHNSON'S *Senator*, Mr. LAIRD'S *Delaware*, and Mr. JONES' *Livingston*. *Senator* is the largest of Priam's get in this country, not excepting Monarch or Regent. He has prodigious length and height, as well as bone and muscle, which he takes from his dam, Ariadne, a slashing daughter of Gohanna. *Delaware*, by Mingo, is another "Great Mogul;" indeed, Mingo's colts are nearly all of them sixteen hands, under the standard. *Livingston* was the most bloodlike horse in the field; forehanded—i. e. forward of his girth—he is particularly fine.

The course was rather heavy, from recent showers, so that a lugging race was anticipated. *Senator* was the favorite vs. the field, notwithstanding his long campaign. The 1st heat was run exactly to suit him, for his forte is a brush. *Livingston* went away with the lead, *Senator* 2d, all under a hard pull, so that the first half mile was run at the rate of 2:12 (being done in 1:06). After passing the half mile post the pace improved somewhat; the field came through lapped. Nothing occurred to change the betting until the horses came opposite the half-mile post, where Joe Laird, on *Delaware*, was ordered to take him in hand. *Senator* now went up and challenged *Livingston* for the lead, and after a long and severe brush he won the heat, under the whip, by a head and shoulders. Remsen yawed *Livingston* off his stride no less than three times while coming down the quarter stretch, in his endeavors to use his whip; his only chance was to have taken a good pull at his horse, and let him stride along all the way from the start. It was now all China to a Chica orange that *Senator* must win, though some of the Jersey Blues still "thought no small beer" of *Delaware*. He and *Livingston* made play in the second heat, and carried on the running for a mile and half, when *Senator* got up to them; he soon passed *Delaware*, and after brushing around the turn, came in front at the head of the quarter, and won cleverly in 3:50—capital time, under the circumstances.

A second race, at mile heats, immediately succeeded, in which *Grace Darling* pulled all the way to a fine saddle horse—a gelding, as fat as a quarter horse—whose friends were very sweet on him. *Luchinvar*, a son of *Sir Lovel*, was also entered, but did not come to the post.

Recapitulation:—

TUESDAY, June 4, 1844—Jockey Club Purse \$300, with \$50 to the second best horse, 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.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Senator</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Ariadne by Gohanna, 5 yrs		
	<i>Gil. Patrick</i> .	1 1
H. Alfred Conover's (D. Jones') b. c. <i>Livingston</i> , by Imp. Trustee, d. by Henry, 4 ys		2 2
Samuel Laird's b. h. <i>Delaware</i> , by Mingo, dam by John Richards, 5 yrs		3 3
Time, 4:00—3:50.		

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$50, entrance \$10 each, added, weights as before. Mile heats.

H. Alfred Conover's ch. m. <i>Grace Darling</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 5 yrs		
	<i>Abr. Remsen</i> .	1 1
H. K. Toler's (Mr. —)'s b. g. <i>Snaky Hyacinth</i> , by Sir Simon, d. by Eclipse, 3gd.		2 dr
Time, 2:03.		

SECOND DAY.

There were but two entries for the Three mile purse, owing to the fact, very likely, that *Midas* was regarded as second only to *Blue Dick*. His com-

petitor was *Grace Darling*. *Midas*, a son of *Imp. Rowton*, was bred, we believe, by the Brothers MERRITT, of Virginia. Last season he was started at Nashville by the Hon. B. PEYTON, having been trained by Belcher. He suddenly went amiss on the day of the race, and was ingloriously defeated. Capt. Belcher, on his return to Virginia, brought home *Midas* with him, and soon after disposed of an interest in him of one half to Col. JOHNSON. Since his establishment in the stable of "Old Nap." ARTHUR appears to have given him the power bestowed on his namesake, whose touch turned everything into gold. *Midas* has become a most formidable horse: so much so, that the friends of Fashion would as lieve run her against Blue Dick as him. He is remarkably bloodlike—measures 15½ hands under the standard, and is a blood bay, without white. His style of going is superb; and to a fine turn of speed, he adds unusual strength and stamina.

Grace Darling is also a very promising mare, but CONOVER did not consider her near up to the mark on the present occasion. She is wonderfully like Fashion, not only in color, but in shape and action, but on a reduced scale. The betting was extremely limited, the odds being very heavy on *Midas*.

The Race:—*Grace Darling* was allowed to cut out the work for about two miles, when *Midas* collared her, and after running with her for sixty or seventy yards, he passed; "\$100 to 1, barring accidents!" was "the state of the odds" at this point. *Midas* won in hand in 5:58½. The second heat was a repetition of the 1st, *Midas* having it all his own way, like the bull in the china shop.

Recapitulation:—

WEDNESDAY, June 5—Jockey Club Purse \$500, with \$100 to the second best horse, weights as before Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Midas</i> , by <i>Imp. Rowton</i> , dam by <i>Roanoke</i> , 5 yrs.....	<i>Gil. Patrick</i> . 1 1
H. Alfred Conover's ch. m. <i>Grace Darling</i> , pedigree before, 5 yrs.....	2 2
Time, 5:58½—6:06.	

THIRD DAY.

FASHION SAVED FROM DEFEAT BY ACCIDENT!

NINE CHEERS FOR BLUE DICK!

Bolting of Blue Dick through the fence when victory was sure!

Thursday was a day of almost unparalleled excitement on the Union Course. An immense concourse was assembled to witness the sixth encounter of Fashion and Blue Dick. The stands were crammed and the field in front, from drawgate to drawgate, was lined with carriages three or four deep; not less, probably, than six hundred were on the ground. From 9 o'clock until 2 p. m. extra trains of cars of great length were constantly running from the Brooklyn Ferry to the course, all densely packed with passengers. The course was rather heavy and the wind was strong,—in both respects similar to what they were on the occasion of the match between Bascombe and Post Boy.

Upon stripping, Fashion appeared unaccountably high in flesh, and it was suspected in the course of the day that certain indelicate notions in her head detracted from the fleetness of her heels. She had not had a hard race during the campaign and it was for some time a matter of doubt, whether she would have a competitor on the Island at all, or, at least, one of any note. The consequence was that she was indulged, and took on a great deal of flesh. She never started so short of work as on this occasion. ARTHUR TAYLOR had Blue Dick in condition to run for a man's life; we do not recollect to have ever seen a more highly conditioned horse. Dick had Craig on his back, while Joe Laird, as usual, rode Fashion, who was the favorite at 4 to 1. We must premise that Young Dove was also entered, but she had no chance whatever, not being up to the mark in condition.

THE RACE.

Blue Dick led off at a very moderate rate, Young Dove being 2d, with Fashion lapped on her, all under a strong pull. The 1st mile was run in 1:59, and the 2d in 1:58, Fashion coming through second. On commencing the 3d mile the pace mended, but there was no change in the relative positions of the horses; this mile was run in 1:53. Soon after coming through on the 3d mile, Fashion went up close and laid with Blue Dick to near the head of the quarter

stretch, where Craig and Joe both went to work in earnest, and claret was tapped on both sides. At the drawgate it looked to be anybody's heat. Fashion, without much of a scuffle, outfooted the horse, and won by near a length in 7:46½, Young Dove being nowhere!

Fashion seemed to be considerably distressed after the heat, and it was manifest she did not cool out well. Those familiar with her style of going could not but remark that her action in the 1st heat was unusual; she appeared to labor a good deal, and we could see that Joe was obliged frequently to use his spurs. Blue Dick on the contrary, was as fresh as paint before time was called. The odds on Fashion, notwithstanding, were \$100 to \$15.

Second Heat: Young Laird gave up the track to Craig, but he being ordered to put the issue on a brush, would not cut out the work; for a quarter of a mile the pace was a mere hand gallop; at length Laird cut loose with Fashion, who led by half a dozen yards, at a very indifferent rate, for about three miles, but on commencing the 4th mile Blue Dick increased his stride, which for some time had been gradually mending; at the quarter post he challenged, and ran locked with the mare for several lengths, when Craig thinking he had the foot of her took a pull on his horse up the hill opposite the half mile post, and then went up and collared her. The struggle was short and sharp; the horse seemed to pass with quite a degree of ease, and when he swung into the head of the quarter stretch he must have been two lengths ahead. Here both jockies made strong play, and a tremendous struggle ensued which continued to the very last stride at the stand! Never was there a finer, a more gallant brush, and never were ten thousand spectators more excited! The shouts were deafening on all sides, the friends of each horse appearing to exert their lungs to the utmost, in cheering and disputing about the winner. The President immediately announced that "a majority of the Judges pronounced this a *dead heat!*" [His own opinion was that Fashion was the winner and he informed the owner and trainer of Blue Dick, while it was the opinion of the writer of this report (who was an associate judge,) that Blue Dick came through ahead some five or six inches; the third judge entertained the confident opinion that it was a dead heat, and after a few moments consultation a *dead heat* was officially announced.]

This decision excited considerable remark, a great majority of the spectators believing that Blue Dick was the winner by from six inches to two feet; but of course they did not occupy places exactly in front of the Judges' stand and consequently were unable to decide accurately. How people who stand from two to two hundred yards from the line, know so much more about the result of a heat than three gentlemen who are placed in the Judges' Stand expressly to decide the matter, is really somewhat remarkable, and yet they do not scruple, on all occasions, to set up their judgment in opposition to the constituted authorities.

We may add of this dead heat that the 1st mile was run in 2:10½—the 2d in 2:02½—the 3d in 1:57—the 4th in 1:54½, making the heat in 8:04½.

Betting now commenced in earnest, Blue Dick having the call. He cooled out superbly, and Fashion much better than after the 1st heat. By most of her friends she was considered done. "After five trials Blue Dick *has fetched her at last!*" was the remark of the knowing ones, though a few still thought her chance about an equal one, and took the odds against her. The thirty-five minutes having expired, the drum was tapped and the horses started for the

Third Heat: Fashion led off with Blue Dick well up, and carried on the running at about three parts speed for nearly two miles, the 1st being run in 2:05, and the 2d in 1:56. On finishing the 2d mile Dick got up closer and forced the pace without attempting to pass. Fashion led through as before (in 1:55). Soon after passing the stand, Craig called on Blue Dick who responded like a trump. He looked ripe for mischief, and Joe clapped spurs to the mare, so that for three or four hundred yards the pace was first-rate. On reaching the hill opposite the half mile post, he nearly reached her, but a desperate stab of the spur got another link out of her; her want of order, however, told but too plainly. After going over the hill Craig brought up his horse with a furious rush, and the thing was out! He passed her at once, made at strong play and finally came home a gallant winner by two lengths, running the last or 12th mile in 1:57, and the heat in 7:53.

Two and three to 1 on Blue Dick now went begging; barring accidents, he was "bound" to win. The mare was covered with perspiration each heat, and could not be dried up, while Blue Dick recovered in an extraordinary degree. Having been trained with a curb-bit, he appears to have lost something of his remarkable turn of speed, while his stamina and game seem to be increased in an equal ratio. But we must saddle and bring up our horses for the

Fourth Heat: Neither Craig nor Joe seemed willing to lead, and the former jerked Blue Dick about so that he was in danger of throwing himself. At length Fashion set off at a racing pace, with the horse within two or three lengths of her, hard in hand. Near the half-mile post the trainers had taken down a length or two of the paling on the inner side of the course, so as to admit their horses on to the training track on the inside. Fashion passed the open paling, with Blue Dick well up, but as Craig was pulling his neck double, no sooner had Blue Dick reached the opening than *he dashed through it and bolted into the field fifty yards or more*, before Craig could pull him up! With great nerve and presence of mind Craig yawed his head around, and having got it in the direction of the open paling, he rammed in his spurs up to the rowels! In an incredibly brief space he got his horse back into the track and then made play at the very top of his rate. Before this unfortunate circumstance occurred the odds on him were turtle to tripe, or "the Royal Proclamation to a Penny Ballad!" Fashion must have opened a gap on him of nearly 400 yards before he was fairly in stride again, but so gallantly did he respond to the calls upon him, that it was the opinion of many that he would catch her. He would have done so had the distance been increased half a mile. Fashion was dreadfully tired and leg weary, while Blue Dick showed the most invincible game. She ran the 1st mile in 2:12—the 2d in 1:59—the 3d in 2:09, and the 4th in 2:03, making 8:23. On the latter part of the 4th mile Blue Dick made a desperate struggle, and for a few moments he looked like a winner, but Laird forced his mare all the way, and she finally came in ahead by four or five lengths; thus, by the merest accident, winning the race out of the fire!

Both jockeys acquitted themselves admirably, and the race, while it does not disgrace Fashion by any means, confers vast renown on Blue Dick. He must have run his 4th heat in about eight minutes. Although she would undoubtedly have lost the race, but for Blue Dick's bolting, the "old Nap." assures us that Fashion's performance, in the condition she was in, was most extraordinary.

For more than twenty years no such mishap has occurred as this bolting of Blue Dick. In a race ran at Broadrock, Va., many years ago, nearly the same thing occurred to Col. Johnson, "with a difference." A field of six or seven started, Col. J. running Nullifier. In the 2d or 3d heat Nullifier bolted into the field, and his jockey forced him across it and actually made him leap the fence back again! He came in nearly half a mile behind the other horses, but two of them having run a dead heat Nullifier was allowed to start again, *and he won the Purse!* Upon this the Club altered its rules in regard to horses distanced in a dead heat, as they stand at this day.

Before the main race Mr. LIVINGSTON'S *Dunvegan*, who looked extremely well, galloped for the Mile purse, Delaware, who was entered, having fallen lame.

THURSDAY, June 6—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, with \$200 to the second best horse, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Saml. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. f. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner and Edith's dam) by Sir Charles, 7 yrs	<i>Jos. Laird.</i>	1	0	2	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. John L. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 7 yrs	<i>Craig.</i>	2	0	1	2
Maj. Wm. Jones' gr. m. <i>Young Dove</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Dove by Durroc, 6 yrs					dist.

Time, 7:46½—8:04½—7:53—8:23. Course rather heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$50, entrance \$10, added, weights as before. Mile heats.

Walter Livingston's b. c. *Dunvegan*, by Imp. Trustee, out of *Jemima* (*Job's* dam) by *Rattler*, 4 yrs..... walked over

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) SPRING MEETING.

OAKLAND COURSE.

LOUISVILLE, June 10, 1843.

Dear P.,—In my last I predicted a brilliant meeting at the Oakland Course, and by the annexed account you will perceive that my prediction was fully realized. The weather was unusually pleasant, and the attendance on each day much more numerous than upon any like occasion for years past. The Colonel's (METCALFE)'s success is now certain. The whole of Kentucky appears to join heart and hand in the matter. During the week there were some very fine stakes filled to be run in the Fall, when the purses will be increased in amount.

The races came off under the management of the following officers:—

ROBERT J. WARD, Esq., *President.*

Vice Presidents:

Capt. Wm. Preston,	F. A. Kaye, Esq.,
Col. S. Ormsby,	Jno. Joyes, Esq.,
W. H. Walker, Esq.,	Capt. A. P. Churchill.

Stewards:

J. R. Throckmorton, Esq.,	Richard Phillips, Esq.,
W. P. Shepherd, Esq.,	Chas. H. Robards, Esq.,
Collis Ormsby, Esq.,	J. S. Mosby, Esq.

Ladies' Committee:

W. H. Churchill, Esq.,	John Barbee, Esq.,
W. J. Heady, Esq.,	B. W. Pollard, Esq.,
A. J. Ballard, Esq.,	J. S. Speed, Esq.,
William Robards, Esq.,	J. H. Crittenden, Esq.

The following will give you some idea of the sport of the week:—

MONDAY, June 3, 1844—Annual County Stakes for 3 yr. olds, for a Silver Pitcher, given by the Proprietor, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Nine subs at \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Lewis Geiger's (F. Herr's) ch. c. *John Anderson*, by Cadmus, out of Kate Anderson's dam..... 3 1 1
 B. Maloney's ch. f. by Cadmus, dam by Rattler..... 1 3 2
 Samuel Deyes' ch. f. by Brimmer, dam by Bertrand..... 2 2 dist.
 John Anderson's bl. f. by Imp. Valparaiso, out of Kitty White by Aratus..... dist.
 Time, 1:56—1:59—2:02.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—"Stable Stake"—a Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, weigh'ts as before, to which is added a handsome Silver Pitcher, value \$100, given by Messrs. P. N. Frederick, E. Levi, Jr., T. B. Satterwhite, J. W. Lynn, S. Sanders, P. R. Barnes, Jno. B. Heater, M. Loach, J. W. Robards, Z. D. Parker, and James H. Miller. Six subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Jas. L. Bradley's ch. c. <i>Edward Eagle</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Director.....	4	1	1
Gen. M. M. Rawlings' b. c. <i>Hydra</i> , by Imp. Chesterfield, dam by Wanderer.....	1	3	2
H. Gray's bl. c. by John Richards, dam unknown.....	3	3	dist.
Benj. Luckett's ch. f. by Grey Eagle, dam by Jackson.....	2	4	dr
J. H. Miller's (Col. Wm. R. Johnson's) b. c. by Imp. Priam, d. by Sir Charles.....			pd. ft.
Throckmorton & Johnson's b. f. by Birmingham, dam by Mercury.....			pd. ft.

Time, 1:54—1:55—1:59.

TUESDAY, June 4—Proprietor's Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings Mile heats.

Wm. Buford, sen's b. h. <i>Mirabeau</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs.....	1	1
James Shy's ch. f. <i>Calanthe</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Andrew Hikes' ch. f. <i>Roseberry</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	2	3
H. W. Farris' br. m. <i>Lucretia Noland</i> , by Imp. Hedzford, dam by Frank, 5 yrs.....	4	4

Time, 1:55—1:55.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for untried 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

H. W. Farris' ch. f. <i>Liz Tillett</i> , by Frank, dam by Medoc.....	1	1
Capt. Wilia Viley's b. c. by Woodpecker, out of Missetoe by Cherokee.....	3	2
J. R. Smith's ch. f. <i>Ann Harrod</i> , by Hickory John, dam by King William.....	2	3
Joseph Metcalfe's gr. g. by Birmingham, dam by Winter's Arabian.....		pd. ft.

Time, 1:53½—1:53.

The second race was a most beautiful one, notwithstanding it was perfectly evident to every one after they had started, that *Liz Tillett* could easily run away from the other two. She won both heats easily, and under a heavy pull all the way round. After the first heat, there was considerable betting as to which would be the best, Viley's bay colt, or Ann Harrod. They both came in under whip and spur, Viley's colt being half a length ahead. Before the race *Liz Tillett* was the favorite against the field.

The winner is a perfect picture, and I shall be greatly disappointed if she does not make a "stir" in the South.

WEDNESDAY, June 5—Proprietor's Purse \$300, weights as before. Two mile heats.
 A. Hikes & Co.'s ch. f. *Miss Clash*, by Birmingham, dam by Cumberland, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Col. Metcalfe's (W. Palmer's) b. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 D. Field's ch. f. *Viola*, by Imp. Lewathan, dam by Pacific, 4 yrs..... 4 3
 James Shy's gr. c. *Billy Tonson*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs..... 3 dr
 Time, 3:46—3:43. Track in good order.

A very beautiful race, although won *easily* by Clash. She took the lead in each heat, after rounding the first turn, which she maintained throughout; the bay colt making several tremendous but ineffectual efforts to "head" her. Before the start the betting was very spirited. *Viola* was much thought of, and "her party," from the fact of her winning at Clinton (La.) in 3:44, thought her *invincible*, and keeping the affair entirely quiet, had the satisfaction of laying out as much money as they wished upon the result.

I think *Viola* a capital race nag—she will no doubt retrieve her lost character upon the first favorable opportunity. *Clash* was trained by Mr. John Armstrong, who deserves no little praise for the superior condition in which he led her to the post. You will find ere long that she is an "A No. 1" in any crowd. *Nous verrons*—as Ritchie would say.

THURSDAY, June 6—Proprietor's Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Capt. Willa Viley's b. m. *Argentile*, by Bertrand, out of Imp. *Allegriante* by Truffle 6 yrs..... 1 1
 W. Buford, senr's br. c. *Cathn*, by Imp. Hedgtord, dam by Medoc, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Benj. Maloney's ch. h. *Hemlock*, by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs..... 3 dist.
 S. Davenport's b. c. *Wendover*, by Medoc, dam by Trumpator, 4 yrs..... dr
 Time, 5:42—5:51.

A "soft snap" for the old mare. What a form she has to be sure! And yet her race with Miss Foote (7:42—7:40!) is thought and talked of, as though it were an every day occurrence! I do not know what chance she has had, but I am decidedly of the opinion that she is the best nag that has been raised in Kentucky in years.

FRIDAY, June 7—Proprietor's Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5
 Frederick Herr's b. f. *Kate Anderson*, by Columbus, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs..... 2 2 4 3 1 1 1
 W. Buford, senr's b. h. *Mirabeau*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 3 4 1 1 2 2 2
 Jas. Shy's gr. c. *Billy Tonson*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 1 2 2 3 3 3
 Joseph Metcalfe's b. c. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs..... 4 3 3 dist.
 Time, 1:56—1:53—1:55—1:51½—1:52½—1:55½—1:54.

An extremely interesting race. The course was heavy in the morning from rain the night previous. As the race progressed the course improved, which partly accounts for the time of the heats being so much "in the same notch." While the race was pending, there was scarcely any way to be found that somebody would not bet. The result was that everybody who "hedged" found themselves *minus* in the end.

A mule race followed, which was won by Pleasant Fowler, Esq., (alias Monk) but as "the animals" did not run fast enough to break the Sabbath in Connecticut, we "took no note of time."

The Four Mile Day.—The feature of the meeting was reserved for the last day, which brought together Kentucky's champion *Alex. Churchill, Consol Jr., Motto*, and *Denmark*, for the J. C. Purse, four mile heats. The excitement was very great, as was also the crowd that assembled to witness the race. I never saw a *grandeur* (that's the word) display of beauty and loveliness than the ladies' stand presented on this occasion. The field and public stands were also completely lined with people. The betting commenced early in the evening previous—*Consol vs. the field*, and large amounts changed hands. It would have been much more fatal to the *Consol* party, but fears were entertained of *Alex.*'s leg; and the others were not thought of in the race. At starting 100 to 80 went begging. The story of the race is easily told. In the first heat *Denmark* went off with the lead at a steady pace, and maintained his position until rounding the last stretch of the 3d mile, when *Consol Jr.*, who had been lying in the wake of the party, moved up to *Churchill*, and visibly increased the pace—there had, in fact, been a gradual increase of pace from the start until this point, but all apparently running at ease. The run home at the close of the 3d mile, was beautiful. *Denmark* resigned his position, as the others drove up, and quietly dropped in his distance. The last mile was contested by *Consol Jr.* and *Churchill*, the latter caught and passed the former coming down the

quarter stretch, and at the stand it looked as if he mastered him quite easily. It appears that John Ford, who rode Consol Jr., became exhausted in the first quarter of the 4th mile, and from that time to the close of the race, could give his horse no support. It was with difficulty he could get into the judges' stand to be weighed. His place was supplied by Bunn, who rode the remainder of the race. John Ford reduced 16lbs. to enable him to ride to 100lbs.!! The time of the heat was 7:41!—the quickest ever made over the Oakland Course.

2d heat—Denmark bounced off with the lead, Motto second, and opened a gap in the 1st mile of about 60 yards, which he increased at the end of the 2d mile to nearly 100 yards, the others stringing along in the wake of Motto. Denmark moved along at a steady pace, and keeping the gap he had made, won the heat in 7:54, without being put to the least inconvenience. Consol Jr. was behind, and there he remained, just "dropping in." The horses (all but Churchill) appeared improved after this heat. He was quite lame, and from appearances must give way in the left fore-leg. Motto was now coming into favor with the crowd. Consol Jr. stood rather better in the eyes of his backers than he did after the first heat, and in consequence the faces "shortened up" a little.

3d heat—Motto made play from the score, Churchill second, Denmark in good position to "lay up," and Consol Jr. well placed although behind. At the end of the 2d mile it was painfully apparent to all that Churchill had given way, and at the middle of the 3d mile, I think, he was stopped. Two miles were run without much alteration in their positions, when Consol Jr. made play, and passing Denmark and Churchill, collared Motto, and at it they went full tilt, nor was it until the termination of the heat, that the best judge in the world could have told which would win the heat—Consol won it by about saddle-skirts. But, oh! how tired they were. I thought they never would reach the goal. Denmark dropped in his distance quietly—time, 8:03.

Motto was of course now ruled out, and Denmark and Consol Jr. started for the

4th heat—Denmark took the lead, and ran away from Consol Jr.; all interest in the race was now at an end. In coming down the quarter stretch (1st mile) Armstrong (Consol's trainer) found that Consol would not or could not run, and stopped him. Denmark slowly went on his way, rejoicing the hearts of the fielders. No time was kept of the heat.

The result of the race, then, is this, in brief: *Denmark distanced the field in four heats of Four miles each, without being collared in the race, or being touched with whip or spur!* "Hurrah, my Denmark!" His owner's luck has changed, this Spring, and all his friends (and he has as many as the "next man") rejoice at it—I for one. A better man, to my notion, is never met; his equals very seldom. Long may he live to enjoy this turn of fortune, and long may it continue. The day closed as it opened, and the cheerful throng that the surrounding towns and country sent forth, went home in high glee. The sound of the last shout I heard as I left the Course still rings in my ears—"Hurrah for Denmark!" I will add—hurrah for The Oakland and its worthy proprietor, Joe Metcalfe.

SATURDAY, June 8—J. C. Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Henry W. Farris' (Mr. Perkins') br. h. <i>Denmark</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Betsey Harrison, by Aratus, 5 yrs	3	1	3	1
H. Heinsoln's br. c. <i>Consol Jr.</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Nun's Daughter, 4 yrs	2	4	1	dist.
F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. m. <i>Motto</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Tompkins, 5 yrs	4	3	2	r. o.
Capt. Willa Viley's b. c. <i>Alex. Churchill</i> , by Imp. Zingabee, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs	1	2	dist.	

First Heat.		Second Heat.		Third Heat.	
First mile	2:01	First mile	2:04	First mile	2:05
Second mile	1:57	Second mile	1:56	Second mile	1:55
Third mile	1:51	Third mile	1:53	Third mile	1:59
Fourth mile	1:52	Fourth mile	1:56	Fourth mile	2:04
First Heat	7:41	Second Heat	7:54	Third Heat	8:03

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match for \$1000. Mile heats.
 Fergus Duplantier's ch. c. *St. Charles*, by Imp. Jordan, dam by Mercury 1 1
 Wm. P. Greer's b. f. *Lizzy Simms*, by Tariton, dam by Tiger 2 2
 Time, 1:53—2:00.



Engraved by J. A. Limbrecht

BONNET'S O' BLUE

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

AUGUST, 1844.

Embellishments :

PORTRAIT OF BONNETS O' BLUE,

THE DAM OF MARINER, FASHION, YAMACRAW, EDITH, ETC.

Drawn by J. N. GIMBREDE, and engraved by him on Steel Plate.

PATENT SAFETY REIN :

Engraved on Wood by CHILDS, from a Drawing by THOS. BLAGDEN, Esq.

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

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

- BALTIMORE, Md.** - Kendall Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
FORT GIBSON, Arks Sweepstakes, etc., 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
FORT SMITH, Arks Sweepstakes, etc., 2d Friday, 8th Oct.
HALIFAX, N. S. - Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Aug.
HATNEVILLE, Ala. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th Nov.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sep.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Dec.
MONTREAL, C.W. - St. Pierre Course, 3d Tuesday, 20th Aug.
NATCHITOCHEs, La Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Oct.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Nov.
 " " " " " Bob-tail Stakes, 20th Oct.
NEW YORK CITY - Beacon Course, Racing Sweepstakes, 4 and 2 m. h. 1st and 2d Oct.
 " " " " " Hurdle Race, last Monday, 30th Sept.
 " " " " " Foot Race for \$1000, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
NEW ORLEANS, La. Metairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 4th Dec.
 " " " " " Great Four mile Stake, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
 " " " " " Association, Eclipse Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
NIAGARA, U. C. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Sept.
OAKLEY, Miss - - Hinds Co., Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, 4th Nov.
PORT HUDSON, La. Fashion Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 5th Tuesday, 29th Oct.
RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Sweepstakes, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
SELMA, Ala. - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th Jan.
TORONTO, U. C. - - Steeple Chase, 4th Wednesday, 25th Sept.

BONNETS O' BLUE,

THE DAM OF MARINER, FASHION, YAMACRAW, EDITH, ETC.

ACCOMPANIED WITH A PORTRAIT

DRAWN BY J. N. GIMBREDE, AND ENGRAVED BY HIM ON STEEL PLATE.

THE pedigree, performances, and produce of this fine mare having been given at length, in previous volumes of this magazine, it is not deemed necessary to re-publish them on the present occasion. For her own performances she is well entitled to a place in the gallery of "Cracks of the Day;" but her illustrious lineage, and the fact of her being the dam of the Champion of the American Turf, eminently entitle her to the highest consideration. She is still in fine health, and it will be the sincere wish of every friend of the Turf, and every lover of horseflesh, that her days may be long in the land. Mr. GIBBONS, her owner, has again stinted her to his horse Shadow, whose portrait graced our last number. In the expectation of examining all this gentleman's blood stock ere long, we defer, at present, any detailed notice of it.

HOW TO FORM AN OPINION RESPECTING A RACER.

BY Q. E. D.

SOME notice of the method of judging of the capabilities of a race-horse, uncertain though it at all times must be, may not prove unacceptable to those who are uninitiated in the mysteries of the course.

Of those people who take a general interest in racing matters, and more particularly in those large stakes for which many young horses are brought to the post, and whose running at the commencement of their career may determine the degree of future favor in which they are to stand with the sporting public, there are few who adopt any certain mode of obtaining the length of a racer, as it is commonly termed, or, in other words, of ascertaining his speed and endurance by his public performances; the majority very generally suffering their opinions to be led astray by fancy, frequently unfounded on any just and promising grounds by common report, or by the outlay of a tolerable sum of money on any particular horse, by some one generally reputed to be pretty well up to what he is about; a fact that is subsequently made painfully manifest to those who allow their better judgment to be biassed by

the schemes and machinations of such men as are not over scrupulous as to the means they employ to attain a certain end. Numerous as are the points to be considered before the just estimate of the powers of a racer can be formed with tolerable safety, and great as is the requisite degree of discrimination for becoming a first-rate judge of matters connected with the turf, there are yet some particulars, to which I shall briefly advert, without a tolerable knowledge of which any man who indulges his fancy for betting, chooses not only the most certain method of getting rid of his superfluous cash in an incredibly short space of time, but likewise speedily discovers that he is himself going at racing speed on the royal road to beggary; a reckless species of gambling that has converted many a simpleton who has lost his fortune on the turf, into a black-leg of the deepest dye, ready to take all those advantages of the just-fledged novice by which he has himself learned a lesson of dear-bought experience, at the expense first of property, and lastly of character.

A very general plan of forming an opinion of any horse by those who have not had the advantage of seeing him race, is the following:—Let us suppose two horses, A and B, to be considered before they run as of nearly equal goodness. Subsequently, A race against C and D, and beats them both. These horses are likewise beaten by B in another race, and consequently, A and B have each their admirers, and no absolute proof may yet have been obtained of their relative degrees of merit. But A beats E, and E afterwards beats B. A and B never having met, A is therefore considered the better of the two, from having beaten the successful opponent of the latter. In judging of the goodness of two horses by the above method, we must further suppose them to have carried equal weights, and to have run their races over the same course; otherwise the different circumstances under which they have severally raced must be taken into the account, and receive due consideration from their backers; and it is this power of nicely weighing the various differences occurring in the several races in which horses annually make their *début* all over the kingdom, and of drawing a just inference therefrom, that constitutes the quintessence of racing knowledge.

Every man who lays out money on a race, be he the best judge of horses that ever lived, must run his chance of the various ills to which these animals, and more particularly those whose career is on the turf, are constantly subject; and hence, the best formed expectations may on many occasions be frustrated by the merest accident which may prevent the same horse from running a certain distance, with a certain weight on his back, at different periods within the same space of time, even should the difference in his speed amount only to a single stride. But, since all are on a par in this particular, and what may be one man's loss to-day, may be his gain to-morrow, it is useless to advert more particularly to this fact, which is only touched upon to show how uncertain are all events depending upon the reiterated exertions of any living animal, be his goodness what it may. Nevertheless, in spite of the

numerous chances which may beget a dissimilarity of power at different times in the same horse, it would be absurd to imagine that for that reason the result of a race must always be a purely fortuitous event, and that sound judgment in the choice of a racer is therefore unnecessary. On the contrary, there are few matters that demand so many and so careful considerations as those on which a rational opinion of the powers of a race-horse should be based; to prove which, I shall briefly advert to some of those circumstances attending the performances of different horses that require deep attention before a well-grounded judgment of the probable superiority of any one of them can fairly be formed.

Setting aside the public performances of race-horses under precisely similar circumstances, which, unless they run together, is a criterion of their respective merit that is seldom afforded, the following considerations are ever carefully to be borne in mind, ere a decided opinion of the probable result of any race can be safely entertained.

The form and action of a racer are two principal points to be attended to, and in some respects possess different degrees of merit, according to the species of course to run over. Thus, a lengthy, striding horse, moderately long on the leg, and covering a good deal of ground, may be likely enough to win over the two-year-old course at Newmarket, but be totally unfit to last through a race over the Derby course of a mile-and-a-half, with a tolerable hill into the bargain. This fact is proved almost every year: those horses that signalize themselves at short distances over the flat, being frequently found wanting in stamina on Epsom Downs, and the first to cry "*peccavimus*" soon after getting round Tattenham corner. Over a long, a hilly, or a deep course, a horse of more trussy mould, short in the back, and well let down behind, with muscular thighs and good loins, if he have any pretensions at all to public favor as a racer, even although known to be less speedy for a mile than his more lengthy opponent, will be the more likely of the two to run in a winner.

Should both horses be *dark* on the day of running, the pedigree of each is also to be maturely considered; the stock of many stallions—as Sultan, The Colonel, and Bay Middleton—being more renowned for speed than endurance, while the latter quality has been frequently possessed by the descendants of some others, combined in many instances with considerable speed into the bargain. Thus, Taurus, Defence, Voltaire, Emilius, and Liverpool, have all at various periods begotten horses noted as both swift and stout; while many inheriting the blood of Physician and Dr. Syntax have been more famed for the latter than the former quality. Those deriving their origin from Velocipede, and many others, seldom have fore-legs that last in training more than a year or two, and the progeny of Colwick, Actæon, Jereed and Clearwell, *cum plurimis aliis*, are generally found as soft as butter in a long race, and perhaps not likely to run so freely *fulgente Phæbo*.

The most material points in the form of a racer that denote superiority have been so frequently discussed, that to repeat them

would be but to tire the patience of the reader. With respect to his action. I shall only remark that the horse that fights much with his fore legs may be strong, but is rarely gifted with extraordinary speed; that if the hind legs be not thrown well under the belly, he will seldom be of an enduring nature; and that if he turn his toes in or out, it is a fault that will generally be found to interfere materially both with his swiftness and lasting qualities.

The temper of a horse is likewise a point that is not lightly to be passed over, as many a fiery, impatient animal may be half-beaten by three or four false starts before he actually run his race, and cannot frequently be pulled up until he have raced a considerable distance, to the utter annihilation of the little strength such horses generally possess, consequently a hot-headed racer should be backed with caution, as he is generally an uncertain prop to lean upon.

Of condition, it is superfluous to say that it should be first rate to ensure a chance of success; but as most people back horses prior to the day they run, and very frequently never have an opportunity of seeing them until they are stripped for their race, they must rely in this particular upon the trainer; not, however, forgetting that some of these men have the reputation of generally bringing their horses to the post in better order than others, and are known to put the racers committed to their charge into such hard work, that they must be stout to stand it; and likewise that some few of the most renowned trainers of the day, from the great number of horses entrusted to them—many of which consist of those bred by noblemen or gentlemen who keep up large breeding establishments—have opportunities of obtaining a flyer, which those who have fewer horses in training are not likely to possess. Hence the policy of backing the lot or stable of such men.

The next points for consideration prior to backing any horse for a race are, what weight he has already carried if he have appeared in public, or may be capable of carrying if he have not yet raced. The first will of course be ascertained by his performances on the turf (or in private, if the report of his trials may be relied on); and the last may be judged of by his form and growth. In addition to these important particulars, the backer must remember that for some races, certain horses may be entitled to claim an allowance of weight; that there is a little more hazard in backing a filly than a colt, at certain periods of the year, as she may be very considerably reduced in condition from natural causes; that a racer trained on the course on which he is subsequently to run, thereby obtains a great advantage over other horses, both from his knowledge of the ground, his being accustomed to finish his race at a particular point, on nearing which he is in the habit of putting forth his greatest powers, his not having to travel any distance to reach the scene of action, and being consequently always kept in the same stable, acclimated to the spot, and not subjected to change of air and water. Nor should the jockey by whom a favorite horse is to be mounted be altogether overlooked. There are some few of these men, the shining stars of their calling, whose style of

riding is vastly superior to that of the common herd ; whose judgment is more to be relied on ; whose knowledge of pace (a matter of great importance) is extremely correct ; whose ability to keep their place in, and at the proper moment to get clear of a throng, is conspicuous ; and whose quiet and steady seat will eventually enable them to get more out of an inferior horse, than all the rolling, lifting, and kicking of a second-rate jockey can elicit from an animal of very superior powers. Where it is possible, then, to ascertain that any horse will be ridden by a jockey of eminent repute, such knowledge will, in most instances, give an advantage to the animal he is to bestride.

Having thus taken a sweeping glance at some of the most material points for consideration, ere a just estimate of the probable conclusion of a race can be made, it must be evident that a great deal of thought, and a great deal of acute discrimination are absolutely requisite in the man who sets up for a good judge of racing ; that it is absolutely necessary that he be able to form an accurate opinion of those points in a racer that betoken superior qualities of speed and power ; that he have a good memory, that shall not only furnish him at once with the pedigree and public performances of the leading horses on the turf, but also of the weight they have carried in their several races ; and that he shall possess an intimate acquaintance with the form, length, and nature of the most frequented courses in the kingdom, so as at once to be able to make up his mind whether such a horse be merely fitted to shine on the flat, or such another be peculiarly adapted for breasting a hill, or running stoutly in deep ground.

Until those who betake themselves to sporting their cash upon race-horses make themselves thoroughly masters of the above and many other particulars, divers of which will be impressed upon them in their career on the turf, they would do well to keep their money at their bankers, or in their pockets, for most assuredly they will at every turn meet with men who have made racing their study, and who will generally manage to be on the safe side when they bet with a novice (who is likely enough to back a horse that will never come to the post) ; and moreover those who trust to fancy instead of judgment, can never hope to make a lucky guess at the issue of a handicap, a species of race that requires a deep acquaintance with all the points I have enumerated, in order to be able to foretell its probable result, and of which it may be truly said, that it is the test of all racing knowledge.

The above hints have been thrown together as a beacon and a warning to juvenile turfites. When they have booked them, they will still have to learn to be somewhat awake to the trickeries of racing to understand what is meant by confederacy ; by running a horse to lose, not only in the more important races where a favorite may earn a fortune for his master by not being suffered to win if he can, but likewise by running badly against inferior horses for the purpose of being lightly weighted for a valuable handicap ; by making a flyer safe, either with cold water, antimony, opium, or any other pretty little nostrum of equal efficacy ; by

• bribing a jockey ; purposely carrying short weight ; compounding a race of heats after the first is run ; and a host, an interminable host of plots, schemes, agreements, of which the public are ignorant, &c., &c., which it would be as tedious as disgusting to enumerate.

Open well your eyes, therefore, ye little sprats and gudgeons, for sharks and ravenous pikes surround you ; and as you swim along your *course*, take heed that ye fall not into the ever-open jaws of the devouring enemies that swarm about the *banks*.

London Sportsman for July, 1844.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

A very convenient book has been published with the table of distances. We subjoin the following, as convenient for reference :

The distance from Philadelphia to New York, <i>via</i> Rail Road.....	96 miles.
New York to Baltimore, <i>via</i> Rail Road routes.....	182
New York to Washington.....	220
New York to Boston, <i>via</i> Stonington and Providence Railroad...	224
New York to Boston, <i>via</i> Norwich and Worcester Rail Road.....	237
New York to Springfield, Mass, <i>via</i> New Haven and Hartford Rail Road.....	143
New York to Albany, by Steamboat.....	145
New York to Albany, east side of Hudson river, by stage.....	154
Albany to Boston <i>via</i> Rail Road.....	200
Boston to Portland, <i>via</i> Eastern Rail Road.....	105
Portland to Bangor, by stage.....	129
Portland to Quebec, <i>via</i> Augusta and Norridgewock, by stage....	300
Boaton to Bangor, by Steamboat.....	245
Boston to Montreal, <i>via</i> Concord and Burlington, Vt., by Rail Road, Stage and Steamboat.....	317
Albany to Montreal, <i>via</i> Lake Champlain.....	250
Montreal to Quebec, by Steamboat.....	180
Albany to Buffalo, by Rail Road route.....	325
Buffalo to Kingston, Canada, <i>via</i> Lewiston.....	222
Kingston to Montreal, <i>via</i> St. Lawrence river.....	212
Buffalo to Detroit, by Steamboat.....	372
Buffalo to Chicago, <i>via</i> the Lakes.....	1047
Ditto, <i>via</i> Detroit and St. Joseph's.....	640
Albany to Troy, by stage.....	6
Albany to Ballston Spa.....	30
Albany to Saratoga.....	37

Travelling, perhaps, was never cheaper, than at the present moment. The conveniences were never greater in this country. Care should be taken to guard against rogues and pickpockets, and too much vigilance can not be exercised in looking after baggage.

Daily Albanian.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILI, VET. SURGEON.

Continued from the last number of the "Turf Register," page 402.

W I N D .

If the lungs of horses are sound, their inspiration and expiration are equal, and forms what is called "their respiration," or breathing. Race horses that have large circular chests, formed by their ribs being well arched over their hearts, and that are moderately straight in their carcasses, have mostly good wind; indeed, it is principally from the circumstance of the chests of well formed, thorough-bred horses having a more spacious capacity, that their wind is brought to the highest degree of excellence, or rather that it may soon be brought to great perfection by the management and exercise they have to undergo in training, which enables them to run on for long lengths with comparative ease to themselves.

To improve their wind, galloping or sweating exercise is to be had recourse to, whichever of these two may best suit the constitutions of different horses. But it is to be observed, that it is the first-mentioned exercise with which we must in the first place commence, and which is to take place as soon as the horses have been sufficiently long at walking exercise to recover from the effects of their physic, which may be in about a week, depending upon how their physic may have operated on them. Now, when the horses first commence their gallops, it is with a view, in some degree, of improving their wind, so as to enable them to go through their first sweats. A groom having sent his horses for a few days up their gallops, is to begin to think about sweating some of them; but, previous to his allowing them to undergo this exertion, he is to find out whether the horses he may intend to sweat are all sufficiently clear in their wind to admit of their going through it without becoming unusually distressed. To ascertain this fact, he must in due time speak to the boy who leads the gallop for the class of horses that are to be sweated, by saying to him, either in the stable or as the horses are going to the ground—"Bill, keep fast your horse's head this morning, and go along with them, and finish them at something near a breathing pace." To the other boys the groom says—"Mind you all keep your places; do not be losing or gaining ground in going along."

These orders being given, the groom on his hack is to cross over, or, if the gallop is straight, to go in time to that part of the ground on which the horses have to be pulled up; here he is to wait for the horses to arrive, and, on their pulling up in front of him, he is narrowly to watch their breathing, and observe how

soon any one or two of them may blow their noses. Those that can do this in half a minute or a few seconds more (allowing for their structure), after they are pulled up, may be considered as being sufficiently clear in their wind to go through their first gentle sweat; others, that may not blow their noses for some time longer than the first period mentioned, should not be sweated on the following morning; the better way will be to allow the latter to go on for a few mornings more with their gallops at rather a better pace; and on some morning after these horses have been ordered to go at a tolerable fair pace up their gallops, the groom must, as before, be at the top of the gallop in time to see them pull up, and attentively observe what improvement they have made. By this time their wind to a certain extent will no doubt have improved, which may be seen by their blowing their noses in a shorter time than when they were first examined with the other horses. If the groom has any doubt on his mind, as to the time horses may take in blowing their noses, for they will not all do this equally alike as to time, he may in a quiet way count them out: that is immediately on the horses pulling up, the groom may begin to reckon to himself, dividing the time of each numbering, as near as he can, to the sixtieth part of a minute. If the horses blow their noses within the above-mentioned time, or in the counting of seventy, or at furthest eighty, they may sweat.

It is by the exertion which horses undergo in strong exercise, as in their gallops and sweats, that their wind is improved; but it is more particularly so by this their lungs are brought into strong action, not only from the pace they go in their sweats, but from the additional quantity of clothing which they have to stand under in the rubbing-house after they are pulled up, which not only causes them to sweat profusely, but forces them to blow hard. The great absorption produced throughout their whole system, by sweating, relieves them of their superfluous fat, and gives room for their lungs to expand: and from the increased action of the lungs being so long continued, they acquire a habit of quickly dilating and contracting them. From these circumstances the air-cells, if not actually enlarged, are improved and strengthened in their action to such an extent as to enable horses to go at a tolerable good pace for a considerable length (as, four miles, for example,) with comparative ease to themselves; and when they are drawn out or called upon to go at nearly or perhaps quite the top of their pace, to finish the above length, they will be found to do so without feeling the least or very little distressed; or, if they are a little distressed on being pulled up, it is but for a short time, during which period they may be seen to blow hard, but free, clear, and strong, until they blow their noses.

Light, delicate horses, are generally in good wind, or, if not, they require but little in the way of exercise to bring them to this state; to use the common expression of the stables, they will scarcely blow a candle out after being pulled up from a gallop. But hearty horses, and those of still stronger constitutions, if short of work, cannot be in good wind; and were such horses called

upon to go for any thing like a length, at a breathing pace, they would soon be obliged to slacken ; or, if from bad judgment they should be persevered with to go on, they would soon stop of themselves, when they would shew marked symptoms of distress ; instead of blowing strong and clear, they would stand panting with extreme difficulty, and be a long time before they would sufficiently recover themselves to blow their noses ; for horses, unless in the act of coughing, never breathe through their mouths.

When a horse has been pulled up from his gallop or sweat, and is heard to blow his nose, or snort with his nostrils, it is commonly supposed that the horse is sneezing ; this we shall not dispute ; but, in the language of the stable, it is termed "a horse blowing his nose," on being pulled up from either of the exercises we have mentioned ; and it denotes that his lungs have recovered from the efforts they may have just undergone, to their usual or natural tranquil state of respiration ; and the sooner a horse can blow his nose on being pulled up from a brushing gallop, or from having finished his sweat at a good telling pace, the clearer and better he may be considered to be in his wind. Some horses, while in training, and that are getting forward in their condition, and that are going along in their exercise, get into a habit of snorting, as they are expelling the air from their lungs ; but this is not the snorting we above alluded to, nor is it to be considered as any criterion for the reader to judge of the state of his horse's wind.

I shall mention another practice, for the purpose of expressing my disapprobation of it, which though perhaps of little or no importance, yet, as it was of no utility, ought long since to have been done away with. Exercise boys, in my time, were very apt, on the horses being pulled up from their gallops, and being, as is the custom, let stand for a short time to recover their wind before they walked away, to begin making a noise with their lips similar to that the horses made with their nostrils when they blowed their noses. As horses mostly follow the examples, tricks, or habits, of each other, the noise thus made by the boys probably often induced the horses to blow their noses quicker after they were pulled up than they naturally would have done had not such example been set them ; for, I well remember, that, if we stopped a little longer than usual at the top of the gallop, the horses would keep on blowing their noses, as we kept on repeating the noise with our lips. Whether they did this sort of thing from the example set them by the boys or not, I will not pretend to say ; but, as there certainly can be no good derived from such noise being made by the boys, it should not be allowed to be done.

FEEDING HORSES IN TRAINING ON CORN.

Various are the different articles of food, either in a fluid or a solid state, by which the bodies of animals are supported. Among the different sorts, that which has been found the most nutritious and wholesome for horses that are kept in an artificial state (as

race horses), appears to consist of hay, oats, and hulled split-beans. On the qualities of the various sorts of food, and the different effects they produce on different horses, see Vol. 1. Chap. 4.

As the feeding of horses in training will require the most scrupulous attention on the part of a training groom, it may not be amiss here, previous to my speaking more at large on the subject, to give a plain statement of the course of the food, as well as also a brief sketch of the process of digestion. The food on being taken into the mouth is immediately conveyed by the tongue to the upper or back part; here it is acted upon by the teeth or molars, which grind it down, and by the fluids of the saliva glands, previous to its passing into the pharynx, down the œsopagus, or throat, into the stomach. Here the food undergoes a further change, in being acted upon by the gastric juice, which forms it into a pulpy solution; this solution is propelled by the muscular contraction of the stomach into the intestines. Here, the food again undergoes a further change, by its being mixed with the bile and other fluids of the body; and, by a process wisely ordained by nature, the most nutritious parts of the food are now converted into a fluid called chyle. This chyle fluid is taken up by a system of absorbent vessels, called lacteals, and by those vessels it is conveyed into a tube called the thoracic duct, which conveys it along the spine to the left jugular vein, where it mixes with the blood. That part of the food which remains separated, is acted upon by the muscular powers of intestines, and propelled forward to the rectum to be evacuated. By the chyle thus formed from the nutritious parts of the food, nature is recruited and refreshed, or, in other words, the waste of blood is supplied. I will just here remark, that this last-mentioned fluid is propelled through all parts of the body for the growth and support of animal life, and from which all secretions are supplied.

At a large public training establishment, it will scarcely be possible for a training groom himself to look minutely into every little individual circumstance relative to the training of a very considerable number of horses. If a groom has not more than ten or a dozen horses under his care, he may, by strict attention, and the assistance of a steady head lad, and a sufficient number of good riding boys, get on well enough. But, if a training establishment should consist of more horses than above mentioned, as for example, from twenty to thirty, or perhaps even more, the business of so large an establishment must necessarily be divided; therefore, in proportion to the number of horses to be trained, so must the groom augment the number of persons he may want to assist him. He is himself to work and water the whole of the horses while they are in training; he is also to direct and arrange the different departments allotted to each of his assistants. Among them there should be a quiet, steady man, and experienced in the training of horses. This is the person who should be placed next in authority to the principal trainer, and to whom the feeding of the whole of the horses (if the number of them is to the extent I have mentioned) is to be intrusted. It occasionally happens that a horse

will now and then go off his feed—a thing which, when it occurs, is of course immediately to be reported to the principal trainer; for, as at the time of their being out on the downs, he works and waters the horses, he may at once be able to account for such a circumstance. A flighty horse may go off his feed from the boy and horse not agreeing as they ought, while out at exercise, as, the boy may in some measure have been too severe with such horse, and alarmed him; or, a hearty horse may have gone off his feed from being rather over-marked in his work; or, a gluttonous horse may, in his strong work, have been kept too short of water, which may have caused him to refuse his corn. No matter from what cause it arises, it is a circumstance that must be immediately attended to. The groom must quickly turn the thing over in his mind, and consider whether it may have taken place from any unintentional little mismanagement on his part in the working or watering of such horse, or, as I before observed, from the rash treatment of the boy who may have ridden a flighty one. If a horse should have gone off his feed from either of the above-mentioned causes, the groom must change his system of treatment, in the working and watering of his horses, for one of less severity, and which may be more suitable to the horse's constitution. If, on the other hand, the cause originates in the rash treatment of the boy who rode him, one of a more placid temper should supply his place. From whichever of the causes just mentioned, a horse goes off his feed, his work must be stopped, and the necessary steps are to be taken to bring him again to his usual manner of feeding: of this, we shall have occasion to say more presently. But, should a horse go off his feed from indisposition, this would be of much more serious consequence than either of the first-mentioned circumstances; therefore, a minute inspection must immediately take place, so as accurately to ascertain with what disease he may have become affected: and which can only be judged of from the symptoms that may be present, as that of an increased action of the horse's pulse and respiration, and the degree of temperature of his mouth, ears, and extremities; or if he has a difficulty in swallowing his water, and which may be generally known by his coughing immediately afterwards. Now, if a training groom is not well versed in the knowledge of those symptoms, or any others that may be present, as well also as the effects which may be likely to follow them, and the treatment to be immediately adopted for the relief and permanent cure of the horse, I should strongly recommend him to call in, with as little delay as possible, an experienced veterinary surgeon.

I confess, I have digressed a little from the immediate subject of feeding the horses; but I have done so with a view of giving a brief sketch of the course of the food, and making a few remarks on the process of digestion, and the causes likely to occasion horses to go off their food. I have been induced to make these remarks in due time, so as to prevent, as much as possible, any inconvenience from arising, should any of them go off their food at the time of their being in strong work.

But to return to the feeding of them during the time of their being in training. Now whether an establishment for the training of horses is on a small scale, and the horses are fed by the training groom, or on a large scale, and the horses are fed by an assistant, the greatest care must be taken in the feeding of every description of horse, agreeably to his constitution, and to add or diminish to each horse's feed of corn according as each may be inclined to feed. Horses that feed more voraciously than others, not only put up flesh quicker, but they put up more, in proportion to their height, than those that are larger, and that feed and drink less sparingly. Such are the natural effects observed to take place as the size and structure of different horses may vary; and however much flesh any of them may put up, they must all be well fed. Most of the light flighty horses are but indifferent feeders; the principal object to be attended to in the feeding of these, is to feed them in small quantities, as a dishful (a double handful) at each feed, gradually increasing their different feeds, until it is ascertained what portion of corn they can be got to eat during the day, and to observe that, whatever portion of corn may be given in each feed, each horse eats up all that is given him. Any horse that may not have eaten the whole of his corn, should have that which he has left immediately taken away, and his hay given him. The means whereby the horse is again to be brought to his appetite, we shall bye-and-bye describe, when we are on the subject of doing a little bit of work with such horses.

The hearty horses are those that have often been noticed as being in the medium as regards their constitutions; these are moderate good feeders, will eat from a peck to a peck and a half of corn in the course of the day, and some few of them will now and then exceed this quantity. Strong constitutioned, hearty-feeding horses will eat, by measure, in the course of the day, from a peck and a half to two pecks; and I have known some very gluttonous horses that would now and then exceed this quantity. Now, if we speak of the feeding by weight, and suppose the oats to weigh, which they should at least, forty pounds per bushel, the above horses would eat a stone and a half, or perhaps rather more, during the day. The very strong constitutioned horses are mostly inclined to eat a great quantity of corn, which, to a certain extent, is necessary, not only with a view to nourish and strengthen them, for they should be liberally fed, but with a view to prevent them, as much as possible, from eating too much hay, or, what is still worse, and which many of them will do, eat a great deal of their litter. Yet, notwithstanding this, these horses should not at all times be permitted voraciously to gorge themselves, by having their corn given to them in very large feeds. There are times when a little relaxation from such high feeding would not only be advisable, but beneficial; as, for example, on wet days, when the horses have to stop in; on such days, those that are gluttonously inclined should have each feed diminished a little, and, if not too near the time of their coming out to run, they should have a good mash at night. Indeed, if they were to have, at each stable hour, as much corn as they could eat, most of them, from being thus over-fed,

would soon loathe their food, in the same manner as they would, from being over-worked, get sulky when at exercise; if these horses were kept long in strong work, merely because they are good feeders, they would become not only stale on their legs, but stale in themselves, and perhaps fall amiss constitutionally.

At the time of my early days in the stables, I have known all the above circumstances occasionally to have happened in the working and feeding of different horses. Nor have I any hesitation in acknowledging that such things have now and then occurred to myself at the time of my having horses to feed and work under my own directions; and this it is which has induced me to be so explicitly minute as to the precautionary measures I conceive are necessary to be strictly observed by those of my readers who may be engaged in the training of horses to run. I will here give a good old-fashioned maxim, and which should never be lost sight of in the feeding and working of race horses—that the horses should love both their food and their work; I mean by this, they should go cheerfully to both, for, as the one ever governs the other, if they are over-marked by either, they cannot come out in their best form to post.

Chaff being manger food, we will here make a remark or two on its being given to race horses. It should be cut from the very best and sweetest of the hay, and may be advantageously given, as we have already advised, mixed with the corn, to all the horses in the winter that are out of training; but horses that are gluttonously inclined, and mostly idle in their wind, had better be well fed with corn alone, and afterwards have their hay in the usual way. To some of the light-carcassed hearty horses, it may be given occasionally; but for the light, flighty, delicate feeding horses, some sweet rich clover hay cut into chaff is preferable on account of its very nutritious qualities, and may be given to them mixed with their corn at any time, as they are always in good wind. Chaff being thus mixed with their corn, causes them to grind it more perfectly.

RAIL v. ROAD;
OR,
ANCIENT AND MODERN TRAVEL.

BY WHISKAWAY.

“All the world’s a stage.”—SHAKESPEARE.

* * * Our last placed the traveller in his circumscribed dwelling—a stage coach—three insides and himself. I don’t know, if I were choosing, whether I would select male or female companions; three women to one man would never do, and four men would be worse; two ladies and two gentlemen, I think,

would be the thing : by ladies I mean nothing under ladies' maids—none of your cook, housemaid, or scullion order, though really servants do dress so finely now-a-days, that it is difficult to guess what they are ; veils, however—not money veils, but bonnet veils—I think do not descend below ladies' maids, at least not in my part of the world, and a veil to my vulgar mind is strongly associated with gentility. I think more of a veil than I do of a feather ; everybody has a feather ; a fat woman in a feather is to be seen everywhere—not so veils, I think. Somehow, I like a ladies' maid ; most of them have a demi-fashionable air about them, which, in the country, often passes for the real thing. I remember, as a young man, meeting with an exceedingly nice one in an Exeter coach, and continuing my journey on from Glastonbury, whither I was booked, for the mere pleasure of accompanying her. I really believe if it hadn't been for a frowsy old devil getting into the coach near Tiverton, I should have offered to her. She had the finest, fairest complexion I ever looked on, clear and beautiful transparent, with the largest, richest, most lambent blue eyes fringed with the longest silken lashes that ever penetrated human heart ; her eyebrows were slightly though regularly pencilled, and her glossy, silken, light brown hair clasped the sides of her exquisitely shaped temples ; her nose was Grecian—at least, suppose it would be called Grecian—I should have called it a slightly turned-up one ; at all events, it wasn't one of those confounded pack-thread cutter-looking things, yclept Roman. And her mouth ! O, her mouth ! I never saw such a mouth either before or since. It's fourteen years since, and yet I have that girl's face as fresh in my mind as though it were but yesterday. *It was* a mouth ! The lips were exquisitely formed—full where fulness is desirable, and fining away where slightness and delicacy is required. Chantrey should have had it for a model ; the lips and teeth would have been a fortune for a dentist—Deseriabode, or any of those advertising dogs. And yet she didn't keep smirking and smiling, and showing her ivories at every opportunity, as your regular-built pirateering frigates do ; but, on the contrary, there was a quiet, modest reserve about her, especially during the early part of the journey, that did far more execution than art or coquetry ever effected. She played the real lady well ; she got in at Hatchett's, in Piccadilly, and that was a favourable start, looking as though she lived at the west end ; a gold-laced-hatted footman handed her in, but it was dark, and the veil was down ; all I saw was a light drawn bonnet and a large dark silk cloak, and, like most stage-coach passengers, not being inclined to be talkative during the early part of the journey, especially at night, I divided legs with her as soon as possible, and, after a few common-place remarks, fell, or pretended to fall, asleep.

I passed the night without the slightest idea ever crossing my mind that she was anything but some respectable female in a front or false ringlets, with most likely wrinkles etched, if not "bit," into her forehead, as the engravers call it, by the hand of time—in short, a boat cloak housekeeper sort of body ; but when day dawned, and

the sun's prying rays shot upon my uncurtained eyes, and, half waking half sleeping, they wandered opposite, and I saw the fair, fresh, youthful, beautiful face, now locked in the arms of balmy, unconscious, innocent sleep, I started at the rudeness I had been guilty of; she was like a beautiful wax doll,—made full size to order for a man.

As I lay looking at her, I thought I had never seen so fair a maid before: not a "lady's maid," for, to tell the truth, I thought she was a countess "*incog.*;" as an old friend of mine used to say, when he went out gallivanting in a white hat, "*he was 'incog.;*" and, good easy man, he thought nobody knew him, whereas all old maids used to exclaim, "There goes that horrid old Tom Brown *again*, in his white hat!" But, however, I had no doubt my fair friend was a lady; that she was a very beautiful one was most apparent; and, before a sudden turn of the road shot the sun-ray upon her well fringed eyelids and awoke her, I had inwardly resolved to be intensely polite to her during the rest of the journey, by way of atoning for over-night dereliction.

The sun awoke her, not with a sudden start, but returning animation glided softly across her fair face, as with a half-suppressed smile her delicate little white hand swept over her features, catching, as it were, at the truant ray. Her large blue eyes seemed to wander for a moment, as she cast them over her fellow-prisoners in the vehicle, as though she did not know exactly where she was, which I put down to consternation at her unusual situation.

She was now awake, and there she was to perfection—rich, ripe, and luscious-looking. I wouldn't have given a farthing for the man that wouldn't have fallen in love with such a girl; I wouldn't have given a farthing for the father who would have found fault with his son for marrying such a piece of perfection. Dash me! if the coach would have waited long enough, I would have married her off hand at the first change—married her without asking her name, age, weight, pedigree, performances, or anything whatever. What more could a man (of nineteen) wish for than what he saw—a young, fair, blue-eyed, beautiful maid, with light silken hair, and a skin like alabaster tinged with roses? Perhaps some of your old, white-hatted, "Tom Brown" style of readers may say they would like to have seen her foot and ankle; but I beg to observe that I had seen her hand and wrist, and, though but nineteen, I held, and still maintain, that a good hand and wrist is the best guarantee for a good foot and ankle.

I don't know how it is, but I have always felt shy, and had a greater difficulty in breaking the ice, with pretty girls, than I have with plain ones. This has been my misfortune through life, and, I verily believe, lost me a considerable heiress once; but that story must keep for another time. Suffice it to say that my present charmer's beauty, coupled with my over-night inattention, made me feel more than ordinarily awkward; and the little monkey, as if by way of resenting my want of gallantry, didn't drop her handkerchief, her reticule, her glove, or any of the little female appendages usually "let go" on occasions of this sort, but kept herself

and her traps scrupulously within the limits of her half the coach, in a "*nemo me impune lacessit*" sort of style that savoured strongly of aristocratic bearing—at least, to my unsophisticated mind. One thing I did see, and that was a coronet worked on the corner of her cambric.

The damp, chilly world wasn't half aired when the old slow pulled up at Old Sarum to breakfast. A coach breakfast—what horrible recollections these words conjure up! what head-achery, weary, crampy, teeth-chatter, dusty, dirty, dingy reminiscences! what backslum, stable-yard, bare-armed, red elbowed, bed-gowned, slip-shod associations they present to one's too-vivid recollection!

Some—too many—innkeepers used to think anything good enough for coach-passengers, and any place good enough to put them in. Innkeepers knew they were customers of compulsion—customers they might, and in all probability never would, see again—and, like the advertising tailors and wine-merchants, they always bit them severely when they had a chance. Who ever ventured on a second cheap coat? But where is the man that has not tried one? And echo answers "where?"

But to our abomination, the coach breakfast. Coach proprietors regulated their customers' appetites and digestive powers by their own position on the road; and no matter what time the coach reached them, certain parties claimed the victualling of the victims. I have been turned out at all hours, from six in the morning till eleven A.M.; turned into rooms, fit emblems of the coach—small, dirty, dark, unaired—very likely stale tobacco-smelling holes, with a newly-lighted fire, puffing its damp, gassy, yellow smoke up the dingy marble and fan-ornamented mantel-piece, instead of up the chimney, with cups like slop-basons, a tea-pot like a watch-case, and a table-cloth like nothing but itself—a veritable coaching inn table-cloth. Then the coffee: oh, talk of coffee at a coach breakfast! ditch-water in a pewter-jug—roasted corn—"Hunt's particular," as it used to be called. Then the outsiders used to come straddling and stretching themselves into the room, yawning and gaping, and peeling red, white, blue, or green worsted comforters, fur caps, cloaks, shawls, and great coats, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. I declare, what between doctors' bills for curing colds, and the interest of money invested in great coats, railways have effected an absolute saving of five-and-twenty per cent, upon travelling, to say nothing of giving additional longevity, it being a mathematical calculation—of Babbage's, I believe—that every night passed in a stage-coach shortened life a day. I should say the calculation was moderate. Well, the passengers, insiders and outsiders, having got themselves huddled into the apartment, pocket-combs used to ply in all directions, making loose hairs fly, while some of the desperately cleanly passengers used to avail themselves of the yard-pump, or cock of the kitchen cistern, to give their dusty faces a slight morning polish, until the half-heated cakes and clumsy wedges of bread were browned at the fire, prior to being daubed over with butter with a painter's brush. The uninitiated may think this

latter a traveller's story; but it is a well-established usage, as an inspection of almost any coaching kitchen would prove. "Butter the toast, Tom!" And Tom daubed it over with a whitening brush: three licks and a polish.

What a contrast a coach breakfast used to present to the same meal on ordinary occasions! Breakfast is usually a quiet, sociable meal. People come and go, and sit, and dawdle, and saunter, and lounge over it; while a coach one was more like an eating match, or the feeding of a pack of hounds—every one for himself, hand over hand as hard as ever he could lay to. No time for politeness; no "I'll trouble you for this," or "I'll thank you for that;" but "Put out your arm and get it" was the order of the day. Every man for himself; and, in many cases (ugly ones especially), women too.

The gaming-house keepers talk about the "apres" being the sole profit of the table, which considering they come every night, doubtless amount to a good sum in the year; and coaching innkeepers had a sort of similar pull at coach meals, by getting an unfortunate victim into the chair. That was a scandalous shame, particularly upon females, whose principal meals are breakfast and tea; and, by setting them to do the work of a servant, by making and handing about the tea, they effectually precluded them from doing much havoc themselves.

Contrast all this with the fairy palaces of the railways, and let me ask who regrets the downfall of the old stage coaches? No one, I should think, pities the coaching innkeepers; for, with few exceptions, they did not attempt to go with the times. The coach proprietors improved their coaches, swiftened their horses, brightened their harness, polished their coachmen, and reformed their blackguards—I beg pardon—*guards*; but the culinary department of the road, when the road ceased to be, was no better than the culinary department of the road was twenty years before. Still the same smoked or half-boiled water, the same dingy eggs, the same wedges of toast, the same remnants of tongue and ham, the same unsightly lumps of dusty carrion on the side-board, or the same antediluvian pigeon-pie, or teeth-defying fowls on the table. Oh! it was nasty. Some of the innkeepers hung their meat under the arched gateways, so that the outside passengers, by a coach turning into the yard—as some of them did even to the end—had the luxury of running their heads among the dust-catching legs of mutton and ribs of beef that after-comers had to eat. Then there was a sort of minor museum of curiosities, kept in glass cases, that one saw immediately on entering the house, containing joints in course of consumption, varied with crabs and lobsters, pale-faced tarts, and sticks of celery in cut-glass vases, with not unfrequently a strong-smelling cheese placed in the centre to perfume the whole. The attendance was in keeping with the repast: the lowest of the low, out-of-place servants—squinting, knock-knee'd, bow-legged, lank-hair'd caitiffs, who wiped the perspiration from their brows with the same duster napkin that polished one's plate. Breakfast was generally done by women—women with their hands

black from polishing the grate, and listen slippers down at the heel. How they used to roll the things to and fro, and push about!

One would think that railway directors had had a malicious gratification in exposing the demerits of the coach system by making their stations as opposite to the old coach "houses of call" as things can possibly be. Look at the splendour of the places. If any creative pantomimic genius had pourtrayed such an establishment on the stage, some dozen years ago, as one of our best railway stations of the present day, with an arriving train in all its long extending glory, its inspectors, its guards, its porters, with its in-door phalanx of servants, male and female, he would have been set down as the most wonderful man and the most perfect Baron Munchausen of the day. And yet I do believe the stations and railways, generally, outstrip the most extravagant conception of the most imaginative mind. I shall never forget gliding into the Birmingham station by gaslight—with its light iron-raftered roof shining with the bright effulgence of a hundred lamps—it was like a scene in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." How different to the Hen and Chickens' yard! In-doors, a railway station is quite as marvellous as outside. Formerly there was a certain style and description of article peculiarly the property of inns, and to have seen such a thing in an inn was enough to exclude it from better quarters. "Oh, it is a nasty country inn looking thing," people used to say, and there was an end of it. Now, the railway stations act as a sort of bazaar or show-rooms for the exhibition of the newest and most approved inventions in glass and china, and knives and forks, and cheese holders and butter boats, and trays and stands, breakfast and dining-room furniture of all sorts, from the stove to the carpet. No time there for a carpet to get old—as soon as it begins to fade, away it goes, and down comes a new one in its place.

Look at the London hotels—the Victoria or the Euston—can anything surpass the comfort or the management of these establishments?

But, confound my unpoliteness! here have I been indulging in a dissertation on railways, stations, furniture, and all sorts of matters, leaving my little blue-eyed charmer sitting in the old slow at Old Sarum. I have already intimated my ardent desire to atone for my over-night remissness, by showing the young angel every possible attention in the morning, and the stopping of the coach, with the shawl-enveloped guard's frosty face appearing at the opened door announcing that we "breakfasted here with half-an-hour allowed," afforded me an opportunity of commencing my "new series of manners" by jumping out of the coach preparatory to handing her down. And here let me observe that handing a lady out of a stage coach was a sort of substantial service; for though the descent was not so perilous to petticoats in those days as it afterwards became, when some ingenious gentleman placed a mud scraper between the hind wheel and the step, for the ladies to draggle their flounces against, still it was a nasty, muddy, hard, precipitous, break-my-shin affair, that a novice at iron steps—and,

as I said before, all ladies were or professed to be novices at iron steps and "straw in the bottom"—would very likely happen an accident with. Well, little blue eyes seemed sensible of this, for, placing her pretty gloveless little hand on my footman-like raised arm, she descended from the coach with a grace that Brocard (the great dancer of those days) might have envied. It was well done! A sweet smile passed over her lovely countenance as, after alighting on the ground (showing, by the way, just as much of her exquisitely turned leg as would measure about an inch above the top of her laced boot), she dropped a slight curtesy, and thanked me for what I had done.

"Allow me to carry your shawl in," said I, grasping at it; but she had it over the left arm in an instant, and was gliding onwards to the door.

It is an old saying, and time still proves it true, that if there is a looking-glass in the room, a woman is sure to find it. The little monkey made straight for it, with that round-about sort of action, if I may be allowed the expression, that sends the petticoats round in a whiss and a flutter. She did not go stealthily past, catching a glimpse as she went, but walked honestly up to it, and took a good stare at her beautiful features. She seemed satisfied with the inspection, for a slight adjustment of her bonnet-cap was all the alteration she made. I liked her for her honesty, and not the less for a faint smile she gave when she saw I had witnessed the performance.

There are times in this world when every thing seems to go favourably and propitiously, especially in the love-dreams of early life. This was one of dame fortune's favourable days. Even the inn at Old Sarum seemed favourably disposed, for it was a clear bright stuccoed building outside, with a projecting porch, if I recollect right; and the room into which we were shown for our half-hour's repast was well windowed, with a fine geranium trellised pattern paper, all radiant with the flowers of that many-coloured plant. The breakfast set too was smart and bright, green and gold, instead of that eternal old blue and white set, with China men walking backwards with parasols over their heads, with an old willow tree drooping by the side of a bridge. I believe the old thing is called the willow pattern.

The outside passengers, also, were less dusty and repulsive than outside passengers, especially night ones by heavy coaches, were wont to be, and seeing me in close attendance on the lady, they accommodately conjectured that "we belonged to each other," as they call it; and instead of any of them setting-to to make love to her themselves, they seemed to vie in giving me the greatest assistance in their power. I may particularly mention one tall gentleman in a military cap, with mustache, whom I entertained serious apprehension about, as he came ringing his long brass spurs into the room, and, should he be still "to the fore," I hope he may read this my public expression of gratitude for his politeness. All things, in fact, were propitious. My charmer took the chair, and, in laying aside her well wadded black silk cloak,

exhibited such a beautiful waist and swelling figure, enrobed in blue watered silk, as effectually drove all muffin and crumpet ideas out of my head. I was all for her!

I never saw the honours of a table so neatly, so gracefully performed. As each succeeding cup passed from before her, on its voyage down the table to some thirsty, unromantic consumer, she rose in my graduated scale of aristocracy, till she touched the ducal beam of life. So busy was I in attendance, that the guard's screech of a horn sounded in the street before I had got through my first cup of coffee; and presently the coachman, hat in hand, and peeled down to half the man he was on alighting from his box, entered the room, with a sort of grin on his countenance, to perform the ceremony of what was uncourteously called "kicking the passengers." That was a term I never could understand; it was one of Nimrod's, I believe; at least he gave it currency on paper, though doubtless, it was in familiar use on the road, or he would have accompanied the expression with an explanation. "Kicking" certainly was somewhat expressive of the parting scene between a coachman and a penurious passenger, for the dialogue, in general, was anything but complimentary; coachmen seemed to have a certain scale of remuneration in their minds, below which came remonstrance and incivility, while the ascending scale was marked with a louder "*thank ye, marm,*" or "*thank ye, sir,*" accompanied with a smile, a bow, a kick out behind, and perhaps a hoist of the hat at parting. And, by the way, the writing of that very word "kick" suggests the idea that the term "kicking the passenger" may have originated in this movement of coachee's leg, in acknowledging the munificence of a liberal customer. For the sake of posterity we will hope it was, otherwise what will future ages think, when some voracious historian records that coach-travelling was held in such utter contempt by the present generation, that even the very coachman kicked the passengers at parting! No wonder, the future reader will exclaim, that railways were established when such humiliation attended road travelling. Be that as it may, however, railway promoters deserve the thanks and gratitude of the present generation for doing away with the nuisance of fees from travellers. The old coach system was a terrible evil; it was an imposition to begin with, for the proprietors, on booking the seat, entered into a sort of contract to deliver the passenger at the prescribed place, which it was quite clear they could not do without the intervention of a coachman, and then the agent of conveyance claimed what he called his *reglars*, which was about the greatest misnomer that could be applied, for the only regularity in the matter was getting as much as they could. Nobody ever knew what to pay; the only way of guessing was by seeing what others gave, and watching coachee's tone and manner on receiving.

Coachmen must have made a good thing of it, and made their money very easily too, especially before they were magnified into professors, and taught to ape the gentleman. Some of them got so fine and smart that one was afraid to offer them less than half-a-crown, when very likely their brothers were labouring away at the

plough, or perhaps as horse-keepers to Mr. Coachman himself, for as much pay for the whole day as Mr. Coachman got from a single inside-passenger for the journey.

Take the average daily earnings of one of them at eight or ten shillings, does not it seem preposterous that men of the same class and rank of life, with the same education and acquirements, should be so differently paid; that one should stand, spade in hand, in clogs, in a wet ditch, for half-a-crown, while the other sat driving for a far fewer number of hours, and got perhaps four times as much. If coachmen had been paid by coach proprietors we should have had less of the "doe-skin" and sherry and soda-water style of coachmen. The fact was coachmen were over-paid, over-praised, and under-worked. High keep is a bad thing both for servants and horses, and latterly coachmen were well clothed, and, doubtless, fared sumptuously every day; for my part I never thought the prominent position with which, at one time, they were written, was desirable, judicious, or beneficial to the public. True it is that civility, and a certain amount of manner in a servant is desirable, but then it must be the civility of the servant, and not the attempted politeness of the gentleman; it was one thing for a coachman to touch his hat, another for him to bow to you. The terms of equality on which some mistaken individuals allowed coachmen to exhibit themselves was detrimental to passengers and injurious to many of the rising generation. There was nothing more offensive than the slangey apeing of a coachman, which at one time was the bad taste of the day. Then these embryo coachmen paid their "magnus Apolloes" the *real* ones so well, that, of course, Mr. Coachman considered them the models of perfect gentlemen; and any unfortunate, humble-minded individual, in pepper-and-salt, or black, with short gaiters, and an umbrella under his arm, who hazarded an opinion or question, was met either by a look of superlative pity, or such an answer as plainly said "Hold your tongue, and don't talk nonsense." It was not until "kicking time" was near approaching that a coachman seemed to think it worth his while to know of the existence of any passenger, save the box-seat one. On some coaches the box-seat was as good as an annuity, either to the book-keepers or coachmen, or perhaps both. They made no scruple of charging half-a-crown for booking this post of honourable ambition. Happy youth who got it. He had the honour of holding coachee's reins when he alighted, or of passing his tumbler of sherry and soda-water to and fro, when the inn stood on the wrong side of the coach. A guard was a curious sort of an animal: something between a coachman and a watchman. The face, the clothes, and the manners of a coachman, without the coachman's sole acquirement, the art (science I believe the professors called it) of driving four-in-hand. In point of usefulness a guard was quite upon a par with the old "Charleys." "He never knew nothin' where nothin' was put," but he could tell any *real* gen'lman where a drop of uncommon good stuff was to be had on the road. If railways have lowered the upper scale of society by inducing those who never travelled but in their

own luxurious carriages to adopt public conveyance, they have elevated those in the other scale, by drawing a line between travellers and the servants of the concern. Formerly the guard was considered a sort of entertaining partner of the coach. There he sat, in what was classically called the gammon-box, with two passengers alongside of him (if their breadths admitted it), and three or four ranged opposite, face to face; cracking nuts and old jokes, telling the same old stories, answering the same questions day after day, year after year, through summer's heat and winter's cold, till the guards got so fat they could hardly hoist themselves into their seats. The gammon-box was certainly the last refuge for the destitute, only one remove from the stage-waggon. It was frequently a moving larder as well as a conveyance for human beings. Oyster-barrels, Norfolk turkeys, hares, pheasants, fish-baskets, rabbits, joints, yeast-cans, piled and hung about, with not unfrequently a dog or two in a hamper, to remind people of the old adage that those who lie with dogs will rise with fleas. Now this is all reformed. Hard though the second class fare seats may be, they afford ample room, and passengers are not encroached upon by luggage, or boxes, or baskets, or any of the thousand and one little articles of merchandise that guards were continually soliciting the consideration of the passengers for. The guard, too, is ejected—stories, coats, capes, cravats, and all—and passengers associate with passengers as they ought to do. Above all, if travellers take the ordinary precaution of labelling their luggage, they feel something like security for its safe finding at the end of the journey. Those who travel to the great absorbing point of London, may reckon upon it with perfect confidence, for the London luggage-van, on the generality of railways, disgorges nothing till it gets there. The majority of coach guards, as I said before, never knew anything about luggage. The porters, or horse-keepers frequently loaded the coach for them, and all the guards seemed to interest themselves about, was the possibility of cramming something extra upon or about the coach. Then at the journey's end they were far too busy kicking the passengers, and looking after those who had no luggage (generally the bolting breed) to be able to attend to the unfortunate victim of trunks, carpet-bags, bundles, band-boxes, and bird-cages. I wonder no unfortunate wight ever died of a luggage fever during the days of coach travelling.

But my censures of the old, and congratulations of the new, era of travelling, are running my observations to a greater length than I anticipated, particularly as, on reading over what I have written, I find I am keeping my fair charmer in the breakfast-room at Old Sarum, instead of progressing onwards with her to Exeter. It will hardly be expected that I should detail any of the soft nothings that passed; indeed, to tell the truth, it was chiefly *eye* work, for we never had less than one, and sometimes two other women in the coach—a situation altogether impracticable for *viva voce* love-making. For a few miles, to be sure, we were left together, and just as I was drawing gently on to my game, a toll-keeper hailed the coach as it approached, and in answer to the inquiry if

he had room for a passenger, I heard coachee exclaim, "*plenty inside!*" and presently, in squeezed a great fat woman sideways, wheezing and blowing with the unwonted exertion, who squatted herself down, and horrified me by informing the guard she was going to Exeter. She was a nobleman's house-keeper in the habit of "using the road," as they called it, and at every change she put her great beastly head out of the window, and inquired kindly after Lord this, and the Marquis of that, and whether the Duke of anybody had gone up or down lately; making sundry inquiries after their respective healths, and also after the healths of divers Mr. and Mistresses; doubtless, the servants of the various establishments. As I said before, if it had'n't been for her, I believe I should have offered to my darling, though whether I should have been accepted, rejected, or used as a cat's paw, the three alternatives to which an offer is subjected, remains a matter of mystery; for a tall, handsome, black whiskered, smart dressed youth, met her at Exeter, and handed her out of the coach in a manner that plainly showed his delight at the meeting. She too, seemed better pleased than I liked.

* * * * *

Good God! what a ravager is time—and *brandy* and water! or brandy, perhaps, without water.

Ten years after I was passing through Launceston, and stopped by chance at the sign of "The man loaded with mischief." Within the bar was a face I thought I had seen in this to and fro, up and down hard working world, but when, or where, or how, all recollection had passed away. That old gentleman with the scythe, I suppose, had dealt more leniently by me, for my coach friend recognized me; but it was not until she recalled the particulars of the journey to Exeter, that I could believe the woe-be-gone, pimpley nosed, lustreless eyed, slipshod wench, was the bright blue-eyed morning star I had travelled on from Glastonbury to accompany. Yet, so it was. The story is soon told. My divinity married the butler—the gentleman who met her. They took an inn (public, rather), and supplied the deficiency of custom by drinking themselves. The butler, from being a smart, straight, upright, active fellow, had swelled out into a Daniel Lambert sort of figure, and all that remained of my divinity were a pair of large, crows-footy grey eyes, with gammy lids, *sic transit gloria* blue eyes! I never think of Launceston without a shudder.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1844.

HEADS, HANDS, AND HEELS.

ON reading the heading of the following pages many may indulge in a little satire, and say, "Oh! we see *HIE'OVER* is driven to extremities." Now, if I was under any engagement or even

promise to supply a certain quantity of pages to MAGA, I have not a sufficiently good opinion of the fecundity of my brain to doubt for a minute that I should very shortly be driven to extremity : but as this is in no way the case, I beg to assure any one who has made such a remark, that the shaft of his satire falls perfectly innocuous, and though I do select the extremities of the human body as subjects to make a few observations upon, it is not the extremity of the case that induces me to do so.

The head *par excellence* is generally considered as entitled to more respect than those other extremities to which I have alluded ; not that I consider it is by any means always entitled to this pre-eminence, for we very often find it to be the least effective part of many people. We have people with weak heads, and shallow heads (and these great people too) ; nay we have had such things as even Ministers with such heads ; and, "*infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem,*" we have had Kings and Queens without any heads at all ; though as I conclude, after the little ceremony of decapitation had been gone through, the sovereignty probably ceased. I must most willingly therefore recall my assertion of there having been Kings and Queens without heads, though "when that this body did contain a spirit" it was a Sovereign. My humble observations shall not, however, soar so high, but content themselves by merely alluding to that plebeian sort of head that is necessary for common sporting and riding purposes ; and for these let me assure my Readers more head is required to do the thing *well* than many may imagine. This leads me to mention an anecdote I once overheard. A wicked young dog of a riding-boy in my stables remarked to a regular chaw-bacon of a fellow who was filling a dung cart, that "no one but a born fool would stand filling a dung cart."—"Wouldn't he?" says Whapstraw ; "why there's twice as much room each side of the cart as there is in it, so a born fool would throw two forkfuls each side and one in!" Now it certainly does not require that the calibre of a man's mind must be of extraordinary diameter to fill a dung-cart ; still, "*sic parvis componere magna solebam,*" there was a good deal of pith in Whapstraw's remark ; and if we could so far overcome our *amour propre* as to apply it to ourselves before we undertake a thing, we should much less frequently find ourselves "nowhere" than we do.

But to allude to head as it relates to the management of horses—The first proof of the want of head is exemplified in the breeder : he goes on either making injudicious crosses, or breeds in-and-in till he yearly produces that nondescript sort of animal that we daily see, and which is not calculated for any one useful purpose. He is made it is true to do a something, but he only does that something *somehow*, and can do nothing well. The same trouble and expense would have produced a really good sort of animal for at least some purpose, but the breeder wanted a *head*.

Then, to make things worse, the animal (I will not call him a horse) is put into the hands of some Yahoo of a country-breaker : he, I will back at twenty (or a hundred if you wish it) to one, wants a head ; and consequently it will be found, that if he gets

an awkward ill-disposed colt into his hands, he makes him worse ; and give him a clever promising one, he turns him out of his hands a brute. I fully maintain, that a man to break young horses should be a man of education, at least of sufficient education to have taught him to *think* ; but, unfortunately, any totally ignorant fellow who happens to have a firm seat, strong arms, strong nerve, and of course an enormous whip, fancies he possesses all the requisites of a colt-breaker. By opposing brute force, he certainly generally succeeds in making the colt carry quiet when turned out of his hands, kept down by work, and often by low keep ; but he has most probably so far ruined the temper of the horse as to make him fear and hate the very sight of a rider ; and so soon as from proper keep and ordinary work the horse recovers his spirits, we find we have a wilful restive brute on our hands. Most probably he is then sent back to the same breaker, who, by the same means he used before, again puts him into the stable of the owner quiet, with this exception that his temper is worse than before, which he will not fail to show so soon as he has opportunity and spirits to do so. Now let a trainer for the turf get a colt into his hands, first to break, and then train, how widely different is his management of a young one ! These persons have generally some head, which if they have not acquired by education they have by practical experience, from having been probably through the duty of extra lad, regular riding-boy, riding the light weights, head-lad, probably jockey, and finally trainer. By this time, the man has learned to think, to combine circumstances, to look to causes and effects, to study the different tempers of horses, to circumvent, by his superior sense, experience, and cunning, their cunning and evil propensities, of which some possess a very considerable share. By evil propensities, I do not mean absolute vice, for very few young horses are naturally vicious ; but still they have various tricks and propensities that would shortly degenerate into absolute and most determined vice if they were put into the hands of a common country colt-breaker. I do not consider that young racing-colts are on an average naturally more vicious than other colts ; but I have always found them disposed to play those pranks that coarser-bred horses seldom dream of. In short, if I may use the expression to a horse, they are always ready for a lark if you give them the slightest chance. Now if, in one of these larks, they were to throw a boy off, and which they certainly would do or attempt to do if he began taking improper liberties with them, the colt will probably become trickier ever afterwards ; and if he does, he becomes of little use as a race-horse. To render these colts steady and amenable to the hand and will of the rider and jockey requires more patience, contrivance, foresight, and head than many people imagine. They must not be allowed to have their own way with you : you must have your own way with them (of course supposing it to be a right one). They must be brought to a state of subjection ; but at the same time they must neither be flurried nor frightened, and must be on high feeding. Starving down would not do here : no damp must be put on their spirits : the stamina must be kept up,

and you have a high-couraged customer to deal with: and if he is once provoked sufficiently to exert his powers, once comes to know them, and gets the best of the set-to, which in such a case he is very likely to do, no race-horse will ever be.

Now the difference of the system of the common colt-breaker and the trainer is this: the first, by punishment and brute force, breaks his colt of doing wrong: the latter teaches his colt to do right: he takes care to avoid his being placed in situations and under circumstances that might induce him to rebel. Let the common breaker get a colt that is nervous, timid, and apt to be frightened at anything he meets or sees, what would he do? He would take the horse purposely where he would be sure to meet constant objects to alarm him: every time he starts, the whip and spurs go to work—in other words, the *heels*: now, if he had a *head* that was of any use to him, he would reflect a little, and this would shew him the folly and brutish ignorance of his conduct. So because the colt is alarmed already by what he sees, he frightens him ten times more by voice, whip, and spur. Hence we so often find that after a horse has shied, say at a carriage, when the object has passed it takes a considerable time before he becomes pacified. All this arises from the dread of punishment which he has been accustomed to. Horses have good memories, and do not easily forget ill usage. We frequently see a man (if he be not a timid horseman), on a horse refusing to face an object, determine that he shall do it, and immediately forces him up to it: the very exertion used to make him do this increases his terror of it, and a fight ensues, when, should the rider gain his point and get him up to the object, the moment his head is turned to leave it he bolts off as quickly as possible: he has not been reconciled to it, and will shy at it just as much (perhaps more) the next time he sees it; for now he recognises it as an enemy, and has been taught to know by experience what he only feared before: namely, that it was a something that would and (as he found) did cause him annoyance and injury. Had the rider, as soon as he found his horse alarmed on seeing this object, stopped him, let him stand still, caressed and encouraged him, the horse would have looked at it, and, finding no attempt made to injure him, would have gradually approached it; then smelt at it if a stationary object, and finally have walked away coolly, collectedly, and satisfied, and the next time he saw it, or a similar object, would care very little about it. A little reflection would tell us that these would be the different results of the two different treatments; but, unfortunately for horses, reflection or consideration are not the predominant qualities of the generality of horse-breakers or grooms. Race-horses it is true are not used much on the public roads, still they frequently have to go there, and as on a race-course they must see all kinds of strange sights, it is quite as necessary to teach them to face such objects without alarm as any other horse. Indeed a race-horse liable to be alarmed by crowds or noises never could be depended upon; but they are taught to be fearless of both, and in rather a different manner from that used by the colt-breaker or groom. Now we

will suppose a trainer had a colt which was easily alarmed by passing objects, other horses galloping near him, or persons coming up to him, how would he be treated? he would be sent away by himself, where it was certain no objects would approach close enough to alarm him: here he would be exercised, whether for three days or three weeks, till he had gained composure and confidence; he would then be brought a little nearer the subjects of his alarm, where they might attract his observation, but could in no way annoy or frighten him. Day by day he would be brought still nearer to them, till they became so familiar to him that he would cease to notice them at all, or merely as indifferent objects. Assuredly this is rather a more reasonable mode of treatment than the one generally resorted to, what is more, it never fails—the fault or infirmity is got over and for ever.

There is one description of horse with which I might be tempted perhaps to oblige a common colt-breaker; namely, some brute which appeared so incorrigibly sulky and vicious that I might not wish men who were valuable for better purposes to undergo the trouble and risk of having anything to do with him; not but that I should be quite aware that a man with a better head would be more likely to succeed; but for the reasons I state, I would perhaps give the savage to one of these kill-or-cure gentry, and let the two brutes fight it out.

As I said before, all men about horses require head, but few more so than a trainer; not that there is any mystery in training: proper feeding, properly watering, proper physic, exercise, work and sweating, are all the means that can be employed to bring a race-horse into the highest or rather best condition his constitution is capable of: but it is in properly administering and adapting all and each of these to *each particular* horse where the head of the trainer is required; and in doing this is shewn the difference between the mere practical trainer and the man who has discrimination enough to watch his treatment as it affects these different horses, and vary it accordingly—that is, if he will give himself the trouble to think about the subject. This requires a degree of integrity and devotion to the interest of his employer that every man is not disposed to shew, ingenuity and mind that few men in such situations possess. This leads me to make a few remarks on large and first-rate racing or training establishments. These are no places to send a third or fourth rate race-horse to: first-rate trainers hate *even* second-rate horses: they feel they will do them no credit: their whole and sole attention is devoted to the pets of flyers of their stables; while the inferior horses (who by-the-by require the greatest attention to their training in order as much as possible to make superior condition make amends as far as it will go for their want of speed or stoutness) are turned over to the head-lad, and may think themselves fortunate if they engross much of his attention: consequently, bad as they may be, they are rendered worse from their not being brought out in their best form. A very little from being *quite* right will bring a first-rater to the level of a second: what then will, being very far from

up to his mark, bring an inferior horse? why, he will have no chance with anything but a road wagon.

There can be no doubt but many valuable race-horses are lost by the obstinacy and prejudice of trainers: they take a dislike to a colt; fancy he can't be good: what is the consequence? the owner of course wishes him to be tried. Now a horse requires to be pretty much in the same condition to be fairly tried as he does to race. This unfortunate colt will not be got into this condition; takes his trial, and of course is beaten by the more favored ones "as they like:" the trainer's prognostic is fulfilled (nobody could doubt that), the bill is paid, the colt is sold by Messrs. Tattersall, and "so much for Buckingham." There can be no doubt but the best trainers and the most enlightened men in their business are the best men to send a horse to; that is, if they will exert their knowledge and abilities in his favor: but if they will not, though they may have as I call it a *head*, their not using it is as fatal to the horse and his owner as if they had no head at all.

I can exemplify a little of the effects of trainers disliking a horse by a case in point. I bought a horse—which had been in a public training establishment—a bad one at best, and, what was worse, a nervous, fretful, and at all times a very difficult and vicious one to dress. He had run several times, and never won, nor had a chance of winning anything. When I bought him, he had not an ounce of flesh or muscle on his bones, and looked as blooming in his coat as a singed cat, and she with the hair turned the wrong way: in fact, I took him in exchange for an unpromising yearling, or I should never have got him. Now it required no great share of head to see that something in his treatment had been wrong, and that, bad as he was, he had been made worse. What that wrong was forty-eight hours were sufficient to shew: he *looked* frightened to death, and in the stable was ready with his heels the moment any one went near him, as if he expected that whoever did intended him some grievous bodily harm: in short, he had been over-worked, got frightened at his work, and equally frightened in the stable. The latter part of the story I found out before he had been in the box half an hour, from hearing the boy who brought him, and was attempting to dress him, bullying him all the time he was doing so. Thinks I to myself, if you lived with me, I need not wish (for I know) you would get it. I threw the horse totally out of work, and gave him long walking exercise by himself, with a particularly placid good-tempered boy on his back. By this time he came to his appetite, and I made the boy during this time invariably give him his oats out of a bowl from his hand. This brought them on good terms with each other, and in one month this boy could do anything he pleased with him. I then put him gradually to work, gave him but two sweats where in his former hands he would have had a dozen. He gained confidence in himself and with people; I ran him five times, taking care to put him where he would only meet his own sort of company. He won four times, and the fifth ran second, the good Stewards allowing a horse to start which had no business there: but

though he was proved disqualified, I was chiselled out of the Stakes: at all events I never got them. Now there was no ingenuity required about this horse; but it shews if the head had been a little more employed about him in his former training, and the heels much less in his races, he would always have done better.

I could instance, however, several horses which have always been trained by the same men, they not by any means men of superior intellect, and yet have brought their horses out in good form, and have been very successful with them. This, however, in no way militates against my axiom, that the more mind a man possesses the better trainer he is likely to be, provided he *uses* that mind. Such men as I have alluded to have probably lost their horses many races during the first season they had them under their care, from not discovering for some time how to treat them, so as to bring them out in their best form—like a botch of an amateur watchmaker, who attempting to regulate your watch, moves the regulator a mile too far to the right, by which he converts it into a locomotive under high pressure: he then moves it as much too far to the left; so when you wish to get up at nine and look at your watch, you find it pointing to a quarter to four. He blunders at last on the right medium; so do such trainers: from finding what does *not* succeed, they at last find out what *does*, then wisely keep to it; whereas a man with more head would have found out in one month what it took them twelve to discover. Still I would rather send an inferior horse where I might suspect he would suffer in a *temporary* way from want of ability in his trainer, than to where I should be nearly certain he would *permanently* suffer from want of attention. I should as soon think of asking William Scott to ride a pony for a bridle and saddle as I should of sending a *leather-plater* to John to train. People who know little of horse affairs really consider that any stupid blockhead is equal to the management of them. This is, however, quite a mistake: he would be no such thing. I have no doubt the most blundering thick-headed attorney that ever commenced the commonest action at law would think himself much degraded by any comparison being made between his abilities and those of Scott, and would fancy, though twenty years had failed to beat law into his thick skull, that as many weeks would make a trainer, however obtuse his faculties might be. So they might make as good a trainer as he a lawyer. Preserve me from the hand of the one, and my horse from those of the other! I think we might anticipate the *action* being spoiled in both cases.

Nothing looks prettier or more easy to do than to see a jockey give his horse the preparatory canter before a race: I scarcely know any ordinary situation that sets a man off to greater advantage; and certainly, with a tolerably good seat and hands, the head is not much in this case called in question. But this is only the manual, and, if I may use the expression, the handicraft part of the business. This is not riding *THE RACE*. We will not, however, as yet look quite so high as the jockey, but shall find some head is required even by a very subordinate little personage—the

ordinary riding-lad, who rides the horse in his exercise, work, and most probably sweat. He, little as we may think of him, will never be worth his keep if he is a stupid fellow. Some boys *never* can be taught to know what they are about, never can be taught what many persons would think very easy to learn—the pace you wish them to take their horse along, or in fact the pace they are going when they are on him. Others with clearer heads and more observation learn this very shortly: when they have learnt it, they become valuable to a trainer. Such a boy will take directions, and implicitly obey them: so would the other if he could: but he would not, because he could not be a judge of whether he was obeying them or not. Such a lad would never be fit to lead a gallop if he lived to the age of old Parr. I remember once seeing a trainer in (I think) one of the most frantic passions I ever saw a man, and with good reason. He had put a lad on a fidgetty flighty horse to get very gentle exercise. This lad was notorious for two qualities; stupidity was one, but perfect steadiness was the other. I heard the trainer give this boy these simple directions:—“When you get to the Turn-of-the-land, turn about, let your horse come away of himself; sit still, and keep him at a quiet gentle half gallop.” The first part the boy obeyed; but he soon allowed his horse to steal away with him, and the trainer saw he was extending his stride every stroke he took. As soon as he got within hail, he held up his hat: the boy took the hint but instead of getting his horse by degrees off his speed, he pulled him off his stride altogether into a canter of six miles an hour. The hat was off again, and gently waved to come on; and on he did come with a vengeance, at a Leger pace. Up went the hat again, and if ever a man was mad in a temporary way, that trainer was the man. The boy was now near enough to see his master’s gesticulations, and stopped his horse the moment he could, and *walked* him up to us. I saved the poor fellow a thrashing, but he was turned off that evening as incorrigible. He was hired by a Clergyman, and made an excellent servant: no power on earth ever could have made him worth a penny in a racing-stable.

The learning to be a good judge of pace is really very difficult. The walk, the trot, and top speed are all distinct definite paces that every ploughboy knows; but the intermediate paces that a race-horse at exercise and in strong work has to go become distinct to the rider only by practice and observation: the different style of going and action in different horses deceive very much. Some feel to be going much faster under you than others, though they really are not, and *vice versa*. A lad to lead a gallop to-day on a smooth-going long-striding horse, and to lead one the next on a compact quick-striking one, and make the pace exactly the same on both, requires no small share of discrimination and judgment. A boy may be told, on a horse in strong work, to “bring him away the first mile at his usual pace, to hustle him along a bit the next mile and a half, and to come along the next half mile at a good telling pace.” This is all A B C to a clever and practised lad, and he would do it to a nicety. But to begin, what is the “usual pace”

he is told to go? Now many boys, though they had followed half a dozen horses for a fortnight up the same gallop at a given pace, send them by themselves, would no more go the same pace than they would fly, or know more of the pace they were going than how many knots an hour a ship was going. — Allowing me a little latitude of idea, I will compare the learning all this to learning music and to sing. Tell a man to strike F natural on the pianoforte; there it is defined: so is the walk, trot, and gallop. Tell the same man to sound F natural on his own voice: this is "*bien autre chose*:" nothing but practice, judgment, and ear will teach him to do this; so will nothing but practice, judgment, and observation teach a lad to know pace, easy as people may think it.

I hope by what I have said I may have induced those unacquainted with these matters to raise the qualifications of my little friends (riding lads) a line or two in the scale of their estimation, and have shewn that not only a *head*, but a tolerably good one, is required even by them to be worth anything.

We will now ascend the ladder of pre-eminence, and get to the top, where the jockey and trainer have been stationed while we have been alluding to the lads, who have taken their stations on its different steps according to their pretensions. We now come in contact with the jockey, to whom I have much pleasure in introducing my country cousins. The jock to whom I introduce them is not quite that sort of animal they have been accustomed to see, with a red pocket-handkerchief round his neck, a redder face, and red or white glazed jacket, corduroys and mahoganies, a whip weighing half a pound, and spurs drooping on his heels. No, no, my jockey in his jockey dress is a shade different from him: his boots are beautifully made; his trousers cut as riding trousers should be cut, well strapped down and fitting well to the foot; his waistcoat rather long (as a sporting man); his coat a singlebreasted riding coat; his cravat well put on, an aristocratic hat, and doe-skin gloves (quite clean): this is his dress. In looks, he is rather pale, a reflecting looking face, a keen black eye, head well put on, and gentlemanlike; no thick muscle at the back of it (I hate a man who has), with a modest respectful manner and carriage, but with just enough confidence to shew that he feels himself a respectable, and is known to be a clever man in his profession (or calling if you please). This, ladies and gentlemen, is my jockey in mufti. When dressed to ride, everything is well made, put on in good taste, and he is neatness personified. He is now, we will suppose, on his horse; he is giving him a canter. Here many a young aspirant for fame wishes himself in his place, and no doubt thinks nothing could be more delightful or easy. How he would like to shew off before the ladies! and so he might on some horses. But our jockey happens to be on one who sometimes would give a man something else to think about, and who, quietly as he goes now (ridden as he is), would, if our young aspirant was on him, in all probability gratify his heart's desire and shew him off to the ladies. Our jockey is, we will say, on Bay Middleton: how still he sits on him; his hands in the right place,

motionless, but just feeling his horse's mouth. And now he is pulling him up: how gradually he does this, as if he fancied his reins made of a silken thread, and a rude pull would break them. It is not so, however: he knows no rude pull would break *them*, but it might his horse's temper. We will suppose them running: could our would-be jock be by their side, he would see that the Bay Middleton he had seen taking his canter had become a very different animal when extended with from 15 to 20 horses running with him, and some perhaps *at* him. He would find, if on his back, it was not exactly like riding up Rotten Row; and I fear that what his ladye love might think *of* him would engross less of his thoughts than what his horse might do *with* him.

This, however, is still only the manual, and, though difficult, is by far the least difficult part of the jockey's business. He thinks little about how he is to manage his *horse*, but he must think a great deal about how he is to manage the *race*: that is, not how he is to keep his horse in the place he wishes him to be, but where that place should be for the best. Many things have to be considered before he can determine on this. Here the *head* goes to work, and has been long before the day of running. Doubtless the trainer, the jockey, and the owner (if he interferes in the matter) know perfectly well the kind of race that would suit their own horse best; but they will not be allowed to run the race as *they* like, for others will make a pretty shrewd guess at the kind of race our jockey would wish for his horse, and will therefore (if they consider him dangerous) take care it shall be run in a diametrically opposite way. And could a man even command a race to be run as he wishes, a good deal would have to be considered when this was accorded to him: for possibly the very kind of race that suits his horse would also suit two or three others that he is afraid of; so, all he could *ensure* even by this would be beating sixteen out of twenty. This is in no way insuring winning the race. He may have, and probably has considered, as far as human foresight will go, how such horses as he is afraid of are likely to run in the race, and has made up his mind how to act under every circumstance. We will say he has done so, and feels he has *them* beaten; but he finds others a good deal better than he thought. He has then to think again; for here is a new feature in the race: but, worse than all, he may find some unthought-of devil shew in front full of running; he may have patience to wait, hoping this new customer may shut up: but suppose he finds he does not, he must let this new comer run in shaking his tail at him without a struggle for it. He knows if he calls upon his horse before he gets within the length he can live at his best, he will beat *him*; and if he lies too far out of his ground, we have been taught lately that a few strides will not always take a race away from another horse, though he may be on a flyer. What is he to do now? He can do but one thing: he knows his horse's speed; he must judge how he feels under him, what powers are left in him, and time it to such a nicety, that when he does *set-to* with him, those powers shall last just to the winning-post, but would fail in three strides

beyond it. And to this nicety will a perfect jockey ride his horse.

Does this, let me ask, require no *head*? Is this a mere mechanical business that any blockhead is equal to? He may learn to ride, and even make a fair horseman; but before he can be a jockey he must be taught to *think*: and what must be the quickness of observation and decision required where a man has only perhaps three minutes given him to observe, decide, and act!

I have only represented a supposed circumstance or two to shew the difficulties a jockey has to contend with, when in fact they are innumerable. It is not merely that he may ride four or five different horses on the same day, all of which may require to be differently ridden; but under different circumstances the same horse requires it also. Horses under the best training will sometimes (mares frequently) go back a little, and not be quite up to their usual mark on the day of running: he may be running under higher weight than he has been carrying, or the reverse: all this the jockey must consider, not merely as it will affect the running of his own horse, but of others in the race. Talk of *head*, why a State Trial does not require more to carry it on, and possibly it may not be of as much consequence whether it is lost or gained as many of our races.

I stated in the commencement of these lucubrations that a certain degree of education would be very desirable in a person who undertakes breaking young horses, and also in a trainer: I trust my Reader will think that it would be equally advantageous to the jockey. That there are many good jockeys *without* we know; but I maintain that they would probably have been still better *with*, with of course the addition of practice as well. I remember to have spoken in a few opinions lately in no flattering terms of Gentlemen-jockeys (that is, as jockeys); but this says nothing against theory. I must have education and practice combined to produce better jockeys than we have, and it is from the want of practice only that Gentlemen fail; but though they seldom ride a race well, if they were ignorant men, with the little practice they have, they would ride it still worse than they do. I know theoretical principles alone will never make a workman in anything; but the man who commences with a good stock of them will much sooner become one than a man who has none. No Gentleman will undergo the necessary ordeal to make him a perfect jockey; yet there are some Gentlemen whose names I could mention who could tell most jockeys a great deal more than the latter know of their business (the practical part excepted). I will mention one of our Aristocracy who can ride very nearly as well as our best professional jocks, and much better than nine out of ten of the others—General Gilbert. He only wants the ordinary jockey's practice to be perfect. Here education (the precursor to fine judgment in anything a man undertakes) has led to what most jockeys want—*head*. If poor Pavis had had the General's head, he would have been a still more perfect jockey *on* his horse, and about twenty times a more sensible man when *off*. Some jockeys will perhaps

ridicule the idea of education improving them: I dare say they will: all, or nearly all, ignorant persons are self-sufficient enough, and hate any theory. I should say to such, "*Quid rides? de te fabula narratur.*"

In these "piping times of peace," in this era of general distress, when we see close relatives of Nobility toiling their eight hours at the desk of a Public Office for £80 or £90 per annum, we are led to think that it matters little in what way a man can make his £300 or £400 a year, provided the occupation is not in itself disgraceful. We might, therefore, expect that we should have some very superior men now following the occupation of professional riders; but there are many things that will always prevent this being the case. With a very few exceptions, I do not call to my recollection more than a very few—Powell, the M'Donoughs, Mayne, and a few others, for instance—though Mayne was hardly to be called publicly professional, as he only trained and sometimes rode for Lord Howth. But these can only ride at high weights, Powell particularly so, who never would deny to himself or his friend any of the good things of this life (if he could help it); and these can be only considered as steeple-chase riders. I think I am within the mark when I say, not one man in a thousand can ride the weight of a flat-race rider, and certainly no man can hope to make a good income as a jock who cannot get on his horse at Derby weight; and many of those who can do it at an expense of bodily discomfort that nothing but habit enables a man to bear, and of which few persons are aware. It is not quite agreeable to see every one enjoying themselves but one-self. After a good dinner, it is all very fine to say it matters little what a man eats; but when the quality and the quantity of these vulgar creature-comforts are both limited to the smallest extent the frame is capable of enduring, the thing is not quite so pleasant, particularly when to this are added certain little walks of a diaphoretic nature that are in no way pleasing addenda to the banyan days. Nothing can be pleasanter than to go on a visit to the Noble Patrons of the Eglinton Park, Croxton Park, or Bibury Meetings (where the weights are made to suit Gentlemen), and there to shew off as one of the jocks. We will suppose a jock that is to be on to-morrow at the dinner-table: a few sips of white soup or julienne, with a glass of sherry, prepare him for two or three forkfulls of turbot, or John Dory, or the fish most in season: "Champagne, Sir!" a slice of venison (the sauce is exquisite): "Champagne, Sir!" the capon *farçé aux truffes* is magnificent (Champagne): a minute particle of the *vol-au-vent* brings on another "Champagne, Sir." As our jock considers he must keep on the muzzle, he determines to be abstemious, and finishes with merely an orange fritter and some jelly. Stilton, parmesan, or Gruyere? Neither. Macaroni is lighter for a jock, who is now enabled to wait for the dessert, the more so, as, from having taken *so little*, he has had a glass of Mareschino to prevent any cramp in the stomach: and this emboldens him to venture on a little ice, and then an olive, taken to prepare him for the Claret, where we will leave him till we find him revelling in

the greater enjoyment of the society of the Ladies in the drawing-room. Here conversation, music, charades, *tableaux vivans*, and perhaps a quadrille got up at the moment, bring on the tray-supper, only a *tray-supper*, but constituting every delicacy that can tempt aristocratic appetite. There he eats—that is, vulgarly *eats*—nothing; but, bird-like, pecks a grain of many things. In short, his abstemiousness amounts in point of fact to the same thing as if he had devoured a couple of good mutton-chops. He now begins to think that with the aid of his valet he can get to bed. In the morning, breakfast: jocks should not eat breakfast; he will only therefore take something light. Chocolate? No. A cup of Mocha enlivens, and gives energy to the nerves: three or four plover's eggs are light; so are prawns, a potted lamprey, and a mere forkful of *galantine de gibier aux truffes*. Fearing his wasting system may not have produced the effect of making him lighter, he determines on a walk after breakfast; and really takes one as far as the conservatory with the Ladies, visits the gold fish in their marble ocean, and takes a peep at the gold and silver pheasants. It is now time to dress, and on go the gossamer boots; ditto ditto unmentionables and satin jacket: over this such a love of a Chesterfield or Taglioni! Notwithstanding all this, he is no puppy or fool, and perhaps rides his race well, and with plenty of nerve (considering the deprivations he has submitted to), and that with a 4lb. saddle he can ride 12st.

I am afraid *my* jock, who has to ride 7st. 12lb., has not passed his time quite so pleasantly. While the one was at dinner, the other was getting his tea; dinner he had none; some toast and a cup or two of tea suffice in place of the other's three meals: notwithstanding which, he finds himself over-weight in the morning. He also takes his walk, but rather in a different way: a couple of flannel waistcoats, ditto drawers, a great coat, flannel cap, and a fast walk of two or three miles out and back is not the visiting gold fish. Nor would one cup of tea and bit of dry toast be quite agreeable to our Gentleman-jock. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that we have so few men of education making riding races a profession: still, as some boys select this occupation, if as boy they were brought to *think* more than they are, I maintain they would become more scientific, and consequently much better jockeys from this sort of education.

H. H.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for June, 1844.

NIMROD'S ANALYSIS
OF
"THE DIARY OF A HUNTSMAN."

BY THOMAS SMITH, ESQ., LATE MASTER OF THE CRAVEN.

On the important subject of hounds at check, Mr. Smith thus very judiciously expresses himself—"It often happens when a fox goes straight away for several miles at a pretty good pace, it is evident, from a sudden turn the hounds make, that he is afraid to go on, and begins to head back; if on occasions of this sort he beats them out of scent, all hunting is at an end, and the best plan is to finish with trotting back to the cover where he was found, and most likely he will be got there, unless you go back with the hounds too quickly, for they often stop and listen when they find they are not pressed: and should he hear the huntsman, or get wind of the pack in their way back, he will bear off, or lay down. For on bad hunting-days these sort of foxes are apt to stop and listen, and this is one reason why they are not more easily beaten; if, instead, they were to go on straight, best pace, they would not stand it as they do. Therefore it requires judgment in not getting back to cover too quickly: this may be called, though unfairly so, *lifting* hounds; but it is not so, for it would not be done until every other cast had been made."

Speaking of halloos by the field, our author says it is a common observation that they do more harm than good, which, he observes, is in some measure quite true. "But there are times," he says, "when a man would give half he is worth for one. But even," continues he, "when it is so valuable, few huntsmen have coolness enough to take the best means of profiting by it, by riding with his hounds up to the spot, and coolly, distinctly, and most deliberately inquiring where the fox was seen—the *identical spot*, if possible; which way he was going; where came from, and how long since?" No doubt, taking hounds hurriedly to a halloo is wrong, inasmuch as confusion, as to the required information, is too often the consequence, and hounds are either blown or so much excited as not to put their noses down, and sometimes they will break away upon heel or fly over the scent.

The following advice is good. When a huntsman takes his hounds to a halloo in a cover, and finds the fox has crossed a ride, Mr. Smith recommends his pulling up his horse to a stand-still about a dozen paces before he comes to the spot, and by turning his horse's head out of the ride the same way the fox has gone, he will get them into the cover on the side he wishes; whereas, had he ridden quite up to the spot, there would be danger of the heel-way being taken.

Although aware that much cheering and hallooming to hounds by

a huntsman is disapproved of, still Mr. Smith thinks that, in large woodlands, it keeps hounds together, and often makes foxes fly—the hunted-one especially. He also thinks it makes other foxes fly on future days, as, having escaped on one occasion, they do not forget the alarming note. Add to this the fact, that hounds will come to a good shrill view-halloo much quicker than to a horn. If too much used, Mr. Smith thinks it loses its effect on hounds; but that in bad scenting countries, when it is necessary to cheer hounds a good deal to get them together, and to make them work, it must be had recourse to, inasmuch as no man's voice can last long, if his constitution does, with perpetual hallooing to hounds.

Mr. Smith offers an opinion that huntsmen are given to imagine their fox to be more beaten than he really is, and often hang about at a check, trying every hedge-row, expecting his hounds to catch him; but, says he, "it would be wiser, instead of dwelling so long, if they first made all their forward casts completely, and *then came back*. It is no uncommon thing for a fox to lie down and be left behind altogether; and it has often happened that he has been found lying in a ditch on the return of the hounds; but had he gone on during the time they were ferreting out all those places, it would be of little use, probably, afterwards if the hounds did hit off the scent."

Our author is very liberal in his allowance of instinct, and something beyond it, to the animal, fox. He says it is no uncommon thing for a good fox to go up wind for a mile or two, and then head short down wind, and never turn again. He thinks instinct tells him that hounds will go such a pace up wind, that they will be a little blown, and that the change of scent, down wind, creates a slight check which gives him an advantage over his pursuers. My opinion is, that foxes do not consult the wind *at starting*; they make their point with a determination to reach it *if they can*; but *if pressed* they will turn, and perhaps the sooner if running up wind, because the pace is then severe. When he has turned, I admit that he rarely turns again unless headed.

Mr. Smith insists on the necessity of a huntsman having a thorough knowledge of the country he hunts. He says he should have a map of the country in his head—a very good idea. It is true that unless he knows the exact situation of the neighbouring covers, he cannot be prepared, off-hand, to make a proper wide cast, so as to take the narrowest parts between the covers.

Our author very properly cautions masters of hounds and their huntsmen from imputing the death of an injured or a mangy fox to a wilful desire of destroying him by the owner of the cover in which he is found, unless they have positive proof of such being the case. Should there, however, be grounds for suspicion, he recommends the interference of a mutual friend, inasmuch as it is, he says, a mistaken notion, that any man will be bullied into the preservation of foxes.

On the subject of countries where deer are occasionally met with, Mr. Smith has given very useful instructions. A huntsman, he says, as once was his own case, may flatter himself that he

has got a steady pack of hounds, when a trifling accident of this nature may make them otherwise. To guard against this, he recommends young hounds to be taken among deer *before they are entered*; the accident he alludes to with his own pack enforced the necessity for this precaution. Happening to be from home in the month of August of one year, when he hunted the Hambleton country, his men, unknown to him, took out his young hounds with the old ones to exercise, and were passing through a park full of fallow deer, where they had constantly been all the summer without having shown any disposition to riot; on a hare, however, jumping up in some fern, a few of the young hounds broke away after her directly into a herd of deer; the men, "foolishly," as he says, riding after them and rating them. This set the deer running, and with them the young hounds; the rating of which started some of the older ones, and at length the whole pack. When Mr. Smith came home and was informed of the circumstance, he took the same pack cub-hunting, and after six hours hard work ventured to take them among deer. At first, he tells us, they were quiet, but at length a young hound broke away, followed by two-thirds of the pack. It was not, it appears, until at the expiration of six weeks *daily* punishment (!) of the most vicious in the pack, that the consequences of this trifling accident were removed. But I am rather at a loss to account for Mr. Smith's attributing this mishap to his whippers-in riding after and rating the young hounds who broke away with the hare; what else could be done? although perhaps it would have been well that only one of the two should have ridden after them.

This alarming circumstance is followed by an admission, on the part of the writer, in part confirmatory of my often repeated assertion, that huntsmen set too high a value on blood. It appears Mr. Smith lost the greatest part of his cub-hunting—consequently much blood—in consequence of the accident alluded to; notwithstanding which, when his pack got to work and became steady, he killed more foxes than in any other season in which he kept hounds.

London Sportsman for June, 1844.

A WORD OR TWO ON STEEPLE-CHASING;
WITH A LIST OF THE WINNERS OF THE PRINCIPAL CHASES
IN 1843-4.

"By different means men strive for fame,
And seek to gain a sporting name:
Some like to ride a steeple-chase;
Others at Melton go the pace."

George the Fourth, after establishing for himself as clear a right to the title of *arbiter elegantiarum* as he ever had to the sovereignty of these realms, in some strange mood, by some extraordinary

abuse of power, thought proper to banish Madeira from the table of an English gentleman; and Nimrod, almost as great a man in his way—another “perfect gentleman from top to toe”—after choosing the line for one, acting as judge for another, and chronicling both in his best style, wound up by declaring that the steeple-chase could never rank amongst the legitimate sports of this country. Was it well done of either the mighty monarch or the mighty hunter to act in this wise? The royal whim had ruined half India, and the professor’s decree made more enemies than friends. We really wonder Tom Ferguson, “Brother William,” or some other sporting gentleman from ould Erin did not call him out the moment he dared to make public such an opinion; or we should not have been surprised had the whole body of them—the turf club, however loyal and royal they might previously have been—on this national insult to a rational amusement, joined hand and heart in the call for “*repale*.”

How often do we see some novel introduction for a time regarded with doubt and distrust, now promising to be all the rage, and now on the brink of utter annihilation, tossed from side to side, up and down, in the long and severe trial of “sink or swim!”

“A time there was, ere railroads came in force,”

that the notion of steam ever running a coach-master, dismounting a coachman, or easing a coach-horse, was deemed as keen a piece of facetiæ as ever travelled round a bar parlour, or a commercial room. The first man who took to Taglionis, or continued to take fifty to one about Cotherstone for the Derby, was once thought but a soft article. And yet what wonders time works! Steam, Cotherstone, and the Taglioni (mark, reader! *not* the Windsor or Chesterfield Taglioni) are all in the ascendant. In like manner the steeple-chase has long been buffeting to and fro, supported by hosts of friends and opposed by whole armies of foes. That in the twelve or fifteen years during which it has been practised in England, a decided feeling has been shown towards it by, we should say, the majority of the sporting world, is what few will care to dispute; that, however, its advancement has not continued in the same ratio which it so signally enjoyed but a few years back, is equally apparent; while, “on the whole,” to use Mr. Whopstraw’s favorite expression, we think it has unquestionably triumphed over Nimrod’s unfavorable opinion, and may, by all the laws of custom and right, be included in any future Encyclopædia of British Sports that another Blaine or a second Daniel may see the necessity for compiling.

Until very lately we never saw any remarks on steeple-chasing, but which were altogether one-sided, and that side invariably the worst. Why this should be we do not profess to understand, as much might also be said against the turf and other acknowledged legitimate sports, if, as some sportsmen seem to think, it be politic to run down all but their own peculiar favorite. For our own part, we perfectly acquiesce in the opinion of “*quot homines, tot*

sententiæ ;” and, though going three or four miles best pace across country may not suit the elderlies, we can see no reason why the younger and more ardent should not occasionally indulge themselves in such a method of testing the abilities of man and horse. Making one in an eight-*oar* might not be the most agreeable amusement for the man who has seen his fifty summers, and the temptation of waiting half a frosty night in January for wild fowl might fail to draw him out ; yet he would think it, as would the world, unmanly and mean-spirited to abuse such pastimes merely because his day for pursuing them had passed away. Now, surely this reasoning will apply equally well to our present subject, with only this slight difference, that such, whose age is a bar to their trying it now, never in their youth had the opportunity ; and that, while more allowance on this account must be made for the opinions they express on it, less weight must be attached to these opinions, from the fact of their wanting that great virtue of age—experience, to support them. As regards the argument that, though it may be patronised by *sportsmen*, it is still not a *sport* ; this appears to us the next thing to affirming black is white, and just about as easy to prove. Without going to book, we should say that, at the present time, there are more steeple-chase than coursing meetings ; that there are more “big-wigs” names to be found amongst the patrons of the “break-neck” than those of the “leash,” and that, either with regard to the amount of spectators or *specie*, the balance would, at nearly every rendezvous, be much in favor of the former. That comparisons are odious we know full well, but, at times, it is necessary to draw them ; and though nothing be farther from our wish or intention than to disparage coursing, we yet think that the steeple-chase, in any respect, can rank with it on the list of field sports. Indeed, as regards the general popularity of the latter, we have the statement of one of the first writers on sporting, and to whose *dicta* perhaps more attention was given than to any before him, we allude to “Judex,” who, till lately, furnished “The Morning Post” with turf papers ; and who, in one of these essays, immediately after his return from the Liverpool chase of 1843, declared that he saw a greater assemblage that day on the Aintree than he had ever witnessed on any race-course in his life. The grand objection, however, in the opinion of your true aristocrat, who swears by Debrett and the stud-book, is, that the steeple-chase “never had a grandfather,” that even in his time such a thing was not, and that, consequently, it is infinitely inferior to falconry and other ancient and noble arts of venery, of which we now have little more than the name. But, away with such sophistical pleas as these, while we proceed to consider what evils there really are or have been in this much-practised, and more libelled—we scarcely know what to term it.

One of the most perfect farces—one of the greatest abuses on the turf, three or four seasons since, was the system of gentlemen-jockeys ; nothing could be worse, at least, so people said ; but the Solons of steeple-chasing proved they could go even beyond their brethren of the flat on this point. “Members of a fox-hunting or

“racing club” was generally added to this condition in racing, and certainly had the effect of making the array of amateurs somewhat more select; but, for the across country trials, it stood, season after season, thus:—“Sweepstakes, so much; *gentlemen jockeys*”—not a word more, and we were left to draw the inference from this, that the steeple-chase possessed the virtue of transforming every man who rode one into a gentleman! It might have been so in print, but wofully different in matter of fact. The receipt for a self-created gentleman of this class was much after the following, which we give in the vernacular of Mrs. Glasse.

“Take a fellow, too heavy, too lazy, or too scampish for steady work: if possible, it is preferable to have him from a racing stable: stuff with oaths and insolence, add a thick paste of velvet and leather, and just previous to using, season plentifully with fool-hardiness or French brandy.”

That this was approved of and adopted we could call many witnesses in support, at the same time we are in justice bound to observe that we believe there are many professed steeple-chase jockeys, who are highly respectable men, who can always conduct themselves properly, but who, nevertheless, are not a bit more gentlemen than any of our Newmarket men, who have shewn their sense by never attempting to claim such a title. Take Mr. M., the horse-dealer, Mr. O., the saddler, and another Mr. O., the inn-keeper, in their proper callings, and they are tradesmen; but yet, forsooth, when they strip for a steeple-chase they are gentlemen—gentlemen who, it is well known, ride quite as much as a matter of business, and for which they are as well paid as when engaged in showing off a screw, asserting that “there is nothing like leather,” or intent on providing “good entertainment for man and horse.” Let a man’s private character be ever so bad, still, provided his name helps to swell out the list of attorneys, by law he is a gentleman; this is deemed right and good among the legal profession, but, for the life of us, we cannot see the benefit of adopting such a precedent in steeple-chasing. On the turf measures have been framed to ensure gentlemen jockeys being *bonâ fide* gentlemen, and the same are about to be introduced in the steeple-chase, that is, where gentlemen wish to exhibit, for in the common regulation the mere “gentleman jockey” has latterly been most judiciously omitted. Otherwise, had it still been in use, the most successful rough rider of the past season, Crickmere, a lad brought up in the stables of, and high in the confidence of, Mr. Isaac Day, of Northleach, must per force have added “gentleman” to his name, and as a good servant, and a quiet civil young man, quite or far more worthy than many who, on mounting the cap and jacket, have assumed it.

From all accounts, the very best authorities in fact, Harry Lorrequer and Shamrock to wit, they are blessed with a gentleman jock in Ireland, who, from having the *entree* into good society, has the power of doing far more mischief than our gentleman, in one character and for one day only; still for all this, bad as he may be, his countrymen endure him, nay, are almost proud of him, for the one

redeeming quality, superior ability in their peculiarly national sport. The steeple-chase, indeed, appears as necessary to the existence of the Irishman, as the bull-fight to the Spaniards; it is mixed up with their hunting and racing (of which it is a compound), and they are at it nearly all the year round, closing one season in June, and beginning another in August. It is a sport on which they can talk for ever, and for which they think nothing too good. Look at our friend Venator's paper of last month, which he calls, "Irish hounds and the men who ride to them:" he may style it what he likes, treat of the crack men with the Limericks, the Dhuhallows, or any other hunt, fast or slow; but we will pound it, though he be determined at starting that it shall be all hunting, by the time he has finished we shall be able to "make it out" here and there, with allusions to "the last heat, the stone wall, the challenge cup," and so forth. And as to anything being too good for it, who ever saw or heard of Harkaway's equal, or Lord Waterford's superior? The celebrity of his lordship as a sportsman and as a patron of the steeple-chase is well known. But what says the reader? How about Harkaway? Why was he not at one time reported to have been in work for the Liverpool chase? It might have been true, it might not; but with us, "hearing was believing," and we fully expected to see him creating a sensation and a shindy at Liverpool which should put all his previous "botherations" to the blush.

Still, notwithstanding they claim it as their own original, the sleepie-chase has not been improved upon so much on that side of the channel as on this, more particularly with regard to another grand item in the list of objections—danger to horse and rider. In England, since common sense and humanity have abolished all impracticable places, serious and fatal accidents are of very rare occurrence; while, on the other hand, in Ireland the danger seems but little diminished; one, two, or three horses not uncommonly falling victims in the same chase. Whether this arises from the reckless style in which they are put at their fences, or the practice of running heats, we leave to those better versed than ourselves in Hibernian olympics to determine. We cannot, however, help thinking that too much weight is in general attached to any accident which may happen to parties engaged in this sport; indeed it strikes us some humanity humbugs go far out of their way to trump up lamentable cases of this kind: an instance of which we can quote from the paper of the very day we are now writing; it appears under the head of "Death of another steeple-chaser." "Ah! poor unfortunate, ill-fated man," sighs some philanthropist, on getting thus far into the paragraph—but, hold hard! it's not the death of a man, only a horse, who is thus honored by having a dozen lines all to himself in the *Herald*. And how does the reader think he came to this unfortunate end? "Broke his back in a brook, perhaps." O dear! no; worse than that. "Ridden to death, then, by some brute in the human form, and dropping down *coram populo* from sheer exhaustion." No; wrong again: no case for Mr. Thomas and the Society this time: no verdict returned on the evi-

dence of the veterinary in attendance of "Death from a broken limb or a broken heart." No; this dreadful death of a third-rate steeple-chaser, never heard of before, but whose horrible fate was alone sufficient to bring his name into notice, was occasioned by a *cold, caught* in travelling from one meeting to another! This is the true state of the case; the zealous advocate in the cause of humanity who forwarded it could make nothing more—nothing worse; and yet, such is the force of "give a dog a bad name," that we are convinced this "death of another steeple-chaser" will make more impression on some men, ay, sportsmen, than the fatal accident to Lord Oxford's colt the other day at Newmarket, which occurred while *in action*, and from which his rider was also seriously injured.

Take the opinion of some people, and we must regard the steeple chase more as the amusement of horse-dealers* than any other class of the community; take our opinion; and for horse-dealers read horse-soldiers; but, even admitting that some horse-dealers have engaged in and profited by this sport, we ask whether the fact of Mr. Elmore or Mr. Anderson, whose trade it is to buy and sell horses, hunters more particularly, appearing as the owners of steeple-chasers is more inconsistent, or a whit more to be cavilled at, than Mr. John Day or Mr. John Scott keeping race-horses to beat their employers, or Mr. Webb, of Babraham, or Jorrocks's great gun, Mr. Smith, of Deanstone, winning prize cups and medals with fat cattle. Then, as to our notion that it is more a military than a coper's pastime, where do we find some of the largest fields during the past season, taking either England or Ireland? Why, at Northampton and the Moor of Meath, when the regulations were that the horses all must be the property of, and ridden by, officers on full pay: no admitting all sorts, comers and goers from every quarter, but binding it down to one profession, from the veteran colonel to the last joined cornet, turning their attention towards it as one of their grandest "field-days." Look, again, at those aristocrats of the army, the Blues, and others stationed between London and Windsor, have they not had from the first their public and private chases; the Windsor, the Uxendon, the Egham, and other really superior exhibitions in particular? If it became us to adopt the enthusiastic, we should style the steeple-chase forthwith "the sport of heroes." Somebody, by the by, at this moment we do not recollect his name, has classed cavalry officers amongst the most indifferent of horsemen; all we can say is that we should like to see this Mr. Somebody (we cannot help thinking he must be a No-body) do all he knew against Lord Drumlanrig, Capt. Oliver, and others we could name of that branch

* We have heard a story of a young gentleman, whose name, without the courtesy of "By your leave," was put down as one of the stewards for the Oxford Handicap Chase, in 1842; and who, on finding himself thus honored, immediately ordered it to be erased, politely adding, "That it was not his desire to preside over an assemblage of 'legs' and horse-dealers." Civil this, considering a noble lord, and right good sportsman, a master of hounds in fact, was also nominated, and did act, and that a leading country squire started two horses; the compliment, however, was no doubt duly appreciated by "Lord Oxford," and others learned in horse-flesh.

whose equestrian ability he holds so cheap; and when he has taken the shine out of them, then, we say, we will give his opinions and his titles a prominent place in the *New Sporting Magazine*; and, as "the barkers" tell you when they wish to impress that they have made a wonderfully honest proposition, "We couldn't say more if we were to talk for a month."

Apropos of that last sentence, we couldn't say more. "Egad!" perhaps says some reader, "I should hope not; for you have said a vast deal too much as it is." Most indulgent lector, we thank you for that most delicate hint, and to show it is not lost, here we stop. The steeple-chase appears to us to be established as a British sport, and consequently we feel bound to give it a place in the *Magazine*, which we commence with the following summary of the sport of the season, and from which it will be gathered that Mr. Quartermaine's (a horse-dealer we admit) Discount by Sir Hercules, out of Minikin by Manfred, ridden by Crickmere, *alias* "Snowy," has played first fiddle in England; and Mr. Preston's Brunette, also by Sir Hercules (both thorough bred), ridden by Mr. Allan M'Donough, an equally good part in Ireland. *Apropos* again, we have had occasion in the article to allude in no very favorable terms to certain Hibernian gentlemen jockeys: we need scarcely say that against the Messrs. M'Donough we have not a word to offer; and we think all who know them will agree with us in saying that two more popular or more honorable men are not to be found. But, do we know "when to leave off?" We hope so, and that as we have treated the steeple-chase we may be treated.

"Be to our faults a little blind,
Be to our virtues very kind."

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1844.

THE LATE Mr. CROCKFORD.

"With nought but calculation in his brain,
And nought revolving, save the way to gain."

To make a *millionaire*, particularly when the ingredients allowed for that purpose consist of little or nothing beyond a clear head or a determined perseverance, is in these days a much more difficult receipt to follow out than it was half a century or so back; for one man who *is* just now springing up mushroom fashion, we think we could name ten who *have*; and yet that in almost every instance the apparent difficulties at starting would be on the side of the veterans. Notwithstanding that laudable piece of advice so generally given to young men—"that industry and sobriety are the only roads to fortune," we are inclined to agree with Sir Balaam, in fancying the greatest have been acquired by what the city knight

would term "a lucky hit." The exercise of the spinning jenny, the execution of "a side-long glance of love," and the rattle of the dice-box, have eclipsed all that industry and sobriety alone could have effected during five times the period in which their immense riches have been amassed. The stage of a theatre, a place at the hazard-table, or a look on the Derby, are much shorter cuts to distinction and estate than the milliner's back room, the butcher's shambles, or the fish-monger's shop. With this for her motto, "A lucky hit," a second-rate actress in a strolling company may picture herself amongst the highest in the land, superior to all in wealth, and equal to any in rank and title; with this to cheer him on, the needy tradesman may become the nightly associate of the most renowned and honored—may clothe himself in purple, and feed on the fat of the land. And

"Some there be, by fortune favored yet,
Who've gained a borough by a lucky bet."

Class pleasure or amusement under any head we will, one almost certain result must be money out of pocket. Whether our taste be indulged in the ball-room or the open field, whether engaged in listening to the music of the Bohemian Girl or the Warwickshire lads, whether feasting our eyes on the beauties of an Ellsler, our palate on the delicacies of Ude, or our whole senses in a run with the Quorn, a portion of our time and cash must necessarily be sacrificed. We have nothing to offer against this: strange indeed if we had, considering we may be classed amongst those who say, "what is fun to you is *life* to us," or, to borrow again from Apollo—

"And, if allowed we may be the expression,
What you make a pleasure we make a profession."

But, alas! this is not all; we cannot stop here. Pleasure in moderation, rational amusement, the cost of which we might reckon before entering on it, is *not enough*! Life requires higher seasoning and *excitement*, anything for excitement, "the pulse's maddening play" is seized on, and health, happiness, and fortune set upon the hazard of a die.

Nimrod in his excellent series of papers—"The Anatomy of Gaming"—declares that in his numerous circle of acquaintance he could not name one man who had benefited by play or gambling. This is sufficient to show that the writer was not himself in the ring, though, had he been ever so well versed in the practice of Play-fair, he would have found it almost equally difficult to identify any nobleman or gentleman of fortune whose honor or estate was the better for this unfortunate passion. Indeed, there appears to be a kind of tacit understanding, that though all apparently have equal chances, none but adventurers and gamblers by profession shall, in the long run, have a profit side of the account to show. Nimrod knew no man who had benefited by play, but how many who had been ruined? Where went "the domain of Blythe, the pride of Mellish and his ancestors? where the splendid fortune of Mytton? where upwards of two-thirds of the sixty thousand a year

the present Lord C—— (now called a *knowing* man) came into possession of on attaining his majority? Why are Lords L—d and S—d, and others, aliens to their native country? Where, in short, are *the* thousands of thousands who have left their families in misery and want? For what use and for whose advantage has all this waste been applied? For what? To build a hell on the plan of a palace, and make a black-leg Cræsus to rule over it.

The foregoing remarks are levelled rather at a system than an individual. What we complain of and regret is, that society should have allowed, nay, absolutely encouraged and supported a man in such an undertaking as this. We are no advocates—indeed, we do not see the necessity—for that clean-sweeping some people would have. The legs in their places are all very well, and men we know *will* play, whatever H. R. H. Prince Albert or Sir James Graham may say or do to the contrary. So far so good; but surely this might have been done with some degree of privacy and propriety. Let a gambling house be a gambling house and nothing more, instead of as at present associating Crockford's with life in the west, and proclaiming *coram populo* the dice-box and cards as the chief business of our aristocracy. It is said there will be some difficulty in finding a man fit to take Mr. Crockford's place; one as worthy of the support of the club, and equally capable of pandering to the taste of his patrons. For our own part, we could wish never to see the situation, at least with all the duties hitherto appertaining to it, re-occupied; a hope, however, in which we place but little confidence.

The history of nine betting or gambling men in ten would, we think, be found very similar—all rising from little or nothing, and *gradually* reaching the rank of influentials. Here and there we might have the fortune to stumble on “a character,” rich in contempt for his superiors and English grammar; but the more generally, coolness and quietness mark the man, and this, with the secret manner in which he exercises his vocation, makes a lengthy memoir scarcely necessary, if indeed it be practicable. Mr. Crockford was one of the last of a swarm of heavy betting men of the old school.

“Crockford and Cloves, O'Mara, Holland, Bland;
Pupils of Cocker! Calculating band!”

have all passed away; while, of the whole band, the subject of this notice was undoubtedly what Brother Jonathan would have called “one of the most remarkable men in our country.” He began life as a small fishmonger, and even in this calling is said to have displayed his genius for speculation, frequently going to Billingsgate and buying a whole bench of fish on the chance of there being a demand for it from other retail consumers; this appears to have given him a taste for higher game, and he soon became a nightly frequenter of a hazard-table in King's Street, at which he continued to play with indifferent success, until, profiting by “the office,” he made a hit on a Derby outsider, and thus laid the foundation stone of his future elevation. The fishmonger soon after

this entirely gave way to, the leg; or sporting-man: the last shop, we believe, which he occupied in the former capacity being within one of Temple Bar, and open at this moment for the sale of the same commodity. In his new calling, 5, King Street, St. James's, was the first house he appeared in as hell proprietor; subsequently he made a fourth partner at 81, Piccadilly, and some time between 1820 and 1825 took upon his own account, but with the private support of some noblemen, 50, St. James's Street, previously known as Fielder's* Gambling House, and opened it as Crockford's Club House, with what success the fact of the houses 51 and 52 being quickly added to it and the whole thrown into the present magnificent pile, is of itself ample evidence. To go through the list of men who within those walls have to-day revelled in all the luxuries of life and fortune, paying thousands for a dinner and hundreds for a glass of claret, and the next have been turned away from the door as beggars, absolutely praying for a few shillings to supply the very necessaries of existence, is a task we would gladly spare our readers and ourselves; and consequently with a brief sketch of Mr. Crockford's more peculiarly sporting life, that is, as a racing man, we hasten to conclude.

The first visible sign we have of Mr. Crockford's being on the turf was in 1808, when, at the death of Mr. Panton, he purchased that gentleman's house, the best in Newmarket, as his private residence; it was not, however, until 1811 he became an owner of race horses, and as from that time up to his decease his cracks have been but few and far between, we shall give the names of the principal performers without further date or distinction:—Remnant, Pandora, Touchstone, Marplot, Democles, Gossamer, Spy, Nadga, Nora Creina, Merrymaker, Rob Roy, Sultan, Tablet, Fairy, Romp, Hope, Emperor, and Brutus.

This carries us up to 1825, from which period there was a *longum intervallum*, as we do not find his name again until 1841. The best of the horses whose names we have given, we need scarcely say, was Sultan, who in 1819 was second favorite, and ran second to Tiresias for the Derby; in 1820 won two gold cups and a thousand guinea match, and the next season was sold to Lord Exeter for a thousand. Brutus, Merrymaker, Spy, and Democles may have paid their way, but nothing more.

Chummy, filly by Buzzard, Sister to Cardinal Puff, Pine-apple, and Ratan, comprise the second division, all of which have been so lately before the public that comment upon them or their performances would be superfluous.

As a betting man, few were more looked up to than Crockford, and none enjoyed greater confidence; but as far as real judgment in racing, or a knowledge of the animal went, we believe he was to the last but a mere novice. This, however, was never a drawback on his game, relying on his experience not in horses but men, and with nearly as much advantage to himself as he had derived from the same sources over the hazard-table. We should say that

* We think it was Fielder's, but do not give it as an authority.

he had won more money on *one* event than any man before or cotemporary with him; on one particular Derby indeed (we rather think it was the General's year), he had nothing to do but receive.

Mr. Crockford died, after a short indisposition, on Friday, May 24th (the Oaks day), at his house in Carlton Gardens, leaving a widow, a large family, and it is said a fortune of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

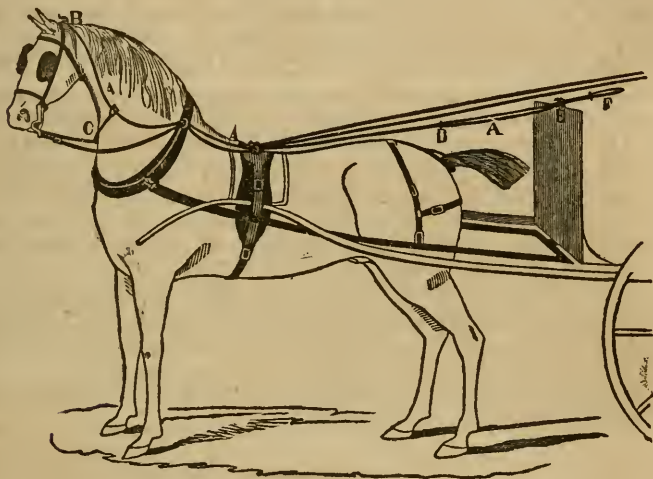
Mr. Crockford's stud were sold at Hyde Park Corner on Thursday, the 22nd, and realized the following prices:—

BROOD MARES.		GS.
Honoriam, br. m. 8 yrs. old, by Camel, out of Maid of Honor by Champion, with colt foal by Gladiator, and covered by Alpheus		200
Ratan's Dam, with a filly foal by Buzzard (sister to Ratan), and covered by Buzzard		160
A Brown Mare, 7 yrs. old, by Tiresias, out of Emma by Orville, covered by Venison		71
A Chesnut Mare, 6 yrs. old, by Bentley, out of Ratan's dam, covered by Venison		61
A Chesnut Filly, 3 yrs. old (sister to Cardinal Puff), covered by Alpheus		57
A Chesnut Mare, 5 yrs. old, by Buzzard, out of Emma, with a filly foal by Gladiator, and covered by St. Francis		53
Battersea Lass, by Phantom, d. by Young Election, out of Miss Manager by Giles, with a filly foal by Bentley, and covered by Buzzard		41
YEARLINGS.		
Brown Colt by Bentley, out of Ratan's dam		185
Bay Colt by Cæsar, dam by Tiresias, out of Emma by Orville		110
Brown Filly by Pantaloon, out of Honoriam		61
Chesnut Filly by Bentley, out of Battersea Lass by Phantom		35
Chesnut Colt by Bentley, out of Emma by Orville		31
HORSES IN TRAINING, ETC.		
Ratan, 3 yrs. old, by Buzzard, dam by Picton, her dam by Selim—Pipator—Queen Mab, &c		800
Pineapple, 4 yrs. old, by Yoxley, dam by Blacklock, out of Muta, &c. &c		390
Bay Colt, 3 yrs. old, by Bentley, out of Emma by Orville		155
Bay Colt, 2 yrs. old, by Cæsar, d. by Tiresias, out of Emma by Orville, &c		105
Chesnut Colt, 2 yrs. old, by Bentley, out of Ratan's dam		105
Chesnut Colt, 2 yrs. old, by Bentley, out of Emma		57
Roan Gelding		40
Brown Mare, a good trotter and able to carry great weight		35
Chesnut Filly, 2 yrs. old, by Bentley, out of Battersea Lass		32
Grey Gelding		27
Chesnut Colt, 3 yrs. old, by Bentley, out of Battersea Lass, &c		26
Brown Mare		18
Black Pony		14½
Bay Gelding (thorough-bred), a good lady's horse		8
Grey Gelding		5

THE PATENT SAFETY REIN.

Dear P. : You will, perhaps, deem worthy of a place in the "Register" the accompanying diagram of the patent "safety rein" bridle, and direction for its application to runaway and restive horses. For my own part I have bought, hired, borrowed and ridden horses under a caution to "mind, he's a devil of a runaway !" but have rarely found one that would run fast enough and long enough.

J. S. S.



WASHINGTON, July 3, 1844.

J. S. Skinner, Esq.—Dear Sir : According to your desire I send enclosed the drawing and paper description of the *Scotch Safety Rein*, "for the control of horses, under all circumstances," which I received from Edinburgh a few weeks since. I hope you will, as you intimated to me your wish, communicate the knowledge of this simple, but in my estimation, most valuable invention, to the editor of the "Spirit of the Times," in order that it may be at once known to those who will duly appreciate its value ; but a man must have been run away with and have a narrow escape with his life, as was my experience not very long ago, in order *fully* to estimate this invention.

It is patented, as you will notice, for Scotland, England and Ireland, and I intended to have had it patented in this country, for the benefit of the inventor, but abandoned the idea on learning that the cost of doing so to a *foreigner* or his assignee would be as high as \$500.

I have had the rein made at Polkenborn & Campbell's, on Pennsylvania Avenue, and use it constantly both with single and double harness. I have not tested its power on a horse running off, but from my experiments in "holding up" a hard-mouthed, hard-pulling, high-spirited Northern horse, when excited and trotting at a speed of a mile in about three and a half minutes, I feel satisfied that all said of the Safety Rein by the inventor is true, and I am more-over assured of it from what I have been told by a Scottish clergyman who lately passed a few days at my house, who says that "MILLER'S Safety Rein" is celebrated in Scotland, and that he has seen accounts in the newspapers of that country of cases where its use has been, in all probability, instrumental in saving human life.

I have found it much more convenient to have the rein attached to the driving reins instead of the splash board, by passing it loosely through two loops attached to the driving reins about a foot forward of that part of the latter usually held in the hand when driving; arranged in this way, I find it not at all inconvenient to carry the safety rein, and not one person in ten of casual observers would notice its presence.

Very respectfully your obd't. serv't.,

THOS. BLAGDEN.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE OF SAFETY REIN.

In putting on the rein for a gig, keep the buckle to the left hand, or near side; that will place the loop, which is on the middle of the rein, below the hook or head of the bridle, which prevents it from being thrown out by the motion of the horse's head. For a pair of horses, keep the two short chapes outmost, and the loops on the middle downwards. For saddle, keep the buckle to the left hand.

When the rein is used either for running, rearing, kicking or going backwards, it should be applied suddenly with a strong arm, keeping up the pressure until the horse is still; it should then be relieved suddenly, at same time motioning the horse to go on. If he is only a runaway he will obey it at once, such horses being generally of a willing good temper. But should he possess the other vices, or any of them, it frequently proceeds from a stubborn, sulky temperament; with such horses the above process may require to be repeated, until he is subdued, and obey the motion, which will be effected, even in the worse cases, after a few times.

To derive the full benefit of this rein, it is recommended after the horse has been a few times firmly gripped with it, to use it occasionally, and it should frequently be used instead of the bit-rein to stop him on ordinary occasions; this will remind the horse of his subjection, and will accustom the rider or driver to the ready and accurate use of it in case of an emergency.

By attending to the foregoing directions, the most troublesome horse will, to a certainty, become quiet and manageable.

TO OWNERS OF HORSES GOING TO ENGLAND.

The following is a copy of the official report of the late meeting of the English Jockey Club:—

A general meeting of the Jockey Club was held on Saturday, June 15, 1844, present the Right Honorable G. S. Byng, the Earl of Stradbroke, the Marquis of Exeter, stewards; the Earl of Albemarle, the Hon. Col. Anson, Sir D. Baird, S. Batson, Esq., Duke of Beaufort, Lord George Bentinck, C. C. Greville, Esq., General Grosvenor, John Mills, Esq., W. A. Roberts, Esq., Col. Peel, George Payne, Esq., Hon. Capt. Rous, Earl of Rosslyn, J. V. Shelley, Esq., W. S. Stanley, Esq., John Stanley, Esq., the Earl of Verulam, Sir. W. W. Wynn, Bart.

A letter was read from Baron de Teissier, one of the stewards of Epsom Races, stating his full concurrence in the desire expressed, that Epsom Races should in future be under the control and management of the Jockey Club for the time being.

It was resolved, That the Stewards of Newmarket for the time being should act conjointly with the Stewards of Epsom in the management of Epsom Races. Several resolutions were proposed, and, after some discussion, their further consideration was postponed till Monday, for which day a meeting was ordered to be called.

MONDAY, JUNE 17.—Present: Right Hon. G. S. Byng; the Earl of Stradbroke; the Marquis of Exeter, stewards. The Hon. Colonel Anson, S. Bat-

son, Esq., C. C. Greville, Esq., Viscount Maidstone, Lord C. Manners, the Marquis of Normanby, George Payne, Esq., the Hon. Captain Rous, J. V. Shelley, Esq., W. S. Stanley, Esq., the Earl of Verulam, Viscount Villiers, Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.

The members of the Jockey Club having assembled, to take into consideration some circumstances which have lately occurred on the turf, and which seem urgently to require that the attention of the club should without delay be directed to them, have come to the following resolutions:—

First, That cases have occurred in which persons have fraudulently entered to run for stakes (which by the published conditions were limited to horses of a specified age) horses above the age so specified; gaining for the horses so entered an unfair advantage over their competitors, and thus races have been won by horses which were in reality not qualified to start.

Secondly, It appears to the club that such proceedings not only tend to defraud the owners of those horses which would otherwise have been winners, but are calculated to inflict an injury upon the turf by bringing racing into disrepute, and by deterring honorable men from entering into a competition in which they run the risk of being encountered by such dishonest rivals.

Thirdly, That the club, as patrons of racing, have in this matter a direct interest, separate from that of the individuals who may happen to be sufferers by such frauds; and that it behoves them to take care that in all such cases the law by which such frauds are punishable should be duly enforced. But it may frequently happen that the individuals upon whom such frauds have been practised, may, on application to the stewards of the race, obtain redress, so far as regards the payment of the stakes, and being content with this, may not choose to incur the trouble and expense of prosecuting the offending parties, and thus such parties, or other parties of a similar description, may be induced by the expectation of impunity to repeat attempts of the same kind.

Fourthly, That in all cases in which it shall be established to the satisfaction of the Jockey Club, that a fraud has been practised, or attempted by any person in regard to the entering or running any horse for any race, or that any other fraudulent proceeding, which is punishable by law, has taken place in regard to any race, the Jockey Club shall, if they think fit, with the consent of the party aggrieved (in case such party should decline to prosecute), take such steps as may be recommended by proper legal advisers, for the purpose of inflicting on the offenders the punishment to which they have rendered themselves liable.

Fifthly, When the age or qualification of a horse is objected to, either before or after running, for any race in which he is engaged, the stewards, or those whom they may appoint, being members of the Jockey Club, shall have power to order an examination of the horse's mouth by competent persons, and to call for all such evidence as they may require, and their decisions shall be final, unless they shall think fit to recommend that the question in dispute be carried into a Court of law.

Sixthly, If a horse shall run in any race in England, or elsewhere, and it shall be proved to the satisfaction of the stewards, or of those whom they may appoint, that the horse was not of the age represented, the owner, or part owner, trainer, or groom, or person having the care of such horse at the time, shall be for ever disqualified from running or training any horse where the rules of the Jockey Club apply, and from being employed by any member of the said club.

Seventhly, No horse foaled out of the United Kingdom shall be entered for any race where the rules of the Jockey Club prevail, unless the owner shall at the time of naming produce to the person appointed to receive such nomination, and leave with him a certificate from some racing club of the country where the horse was foaled, or from the mayor or other public officer of the district, stating the age, pedigree, and color of the horse, and the marks by which it is distinguished.

The appointment of the Marquis of Exeter as steward of the Jockey Club, under rule 4, was notified to the meeting, and unanimously confirmed.

London Morning Post, of June 19.

CANINE SAGACITY.

Mr. Editor—I send you the following instance of the memory, the sagacity, and the friendship of the dog, which you may insert in your valuable magazine if you think it worth the space it will occupy.

Some years since, wishing to get a good Newfoundland dog for myself, and some for my friends, I mentioned the fact at the Jail office, where they had some fine stock, and was offered a slut. I had her put with a dog famous for his stock and his intelligence, and had a litter of fine pups. I got the slut accommodated in the loft of a stable and fed her regularly on raw lean beef, from the butchers' stall during her nursing. After I had distributed the pups, the slut returned to her old quarters at the Jail yard. The next year, happening to be at the Jail office, I was informed that the slut, "Fanny," as she was called, had a fine litter of pups; I was invited to go and see them, and directed where to find them. I asked if their dogs were perfectly safe, and was told, that they would not meddle with me. I accordingly passed down into the yard, round the Jail, and passed between a high pile of broken stone and a ten foot building; on passing which, I came suddenly in front of a shed, or shop in which "Fanny" and her family were. The moment she saw me, she raised a sort of alarm howl, which was immediately answered by the dogs in another and remote part of the yard. I heard them coming round the stone, on my track, uttering sharp, angry yelps. I spoke to her, "Fanny!" and smiled. She immediately recognised me, and appeared very much mortified that she had given me so unfriendly a reception. I stood terrified at the approach of the dogs, expecting to be torn to pieces in an instant, as there was no mode of escape! Fanny was immediately aware of my danger, and rushed past me, and placed herself across the path, determined to protect me! She stopped the dogs, and by wagging her tail and kissing them, and by other signs, made them understand that I was a friend, and that all was right; and got them perfectly pacified before she would let them approach me. She then led them up to me, making the most friendly demonstrations, and assuring me of my safety. I then spoke to the dogs and caressed them; and after looking at the pups, I withdrew. "Fanny" accompanied me to the door, which led out of the yard, seeming much pleased with my notice, and saw me safe out of the premises before leaving me!

I was satisfied that I owed my life to the memory and gratitude for former kindness of this noble animal.

Yours, NIMROD.

Boston, June 24, 1844.

GOOD RIFLE SHOOTING.

Mr. Editor: Col. SMITH, of Texas, went out on Thursday last to try a new rifle manufactured by WRIGHT & POLMATEER, of this place. His friends measured off with a tape-line 300 yards, and put up a 16-inch bull's eye, which he hit twelve times in succession while sighting or regulating his gun! They then put up another 16-inch bull's eye, which he hit ten times in succession, making a string of 42½ inches—weight of barrel 9 pounds, calibre 72 to the pound.

If you will give this a place in your very valuable and interesting paper, you will oblige a

YOUNG RIFLE SHOOTER.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 15th, 1844.

N. B.—This shooting was made without wiping.

The Albany "Evening Journal" of the 13th would seem to "imagine vain things" of some shooting in that vicinity. Read:—

Sharp Shooting—We saw yesterday a specimen of rifle shooting which

cannot easily be beat. The target was of white paper, six inches in diameter, pasted on a board. The distance was 115 yards. Of ten consecutive shots, nine struck fairly in the paper, and the tenth cut the circumference. Three of the shots hit the exact centre of the target, and the average distance of the whole ten from the centre was less than *one* inch. Mr. Van Valkenburgh, who fired the shots, also made the rifle used on the occasion, and it was to test the accuracy of the weapon that this trial of skill was had. The rifle was fitted with a patent sight, of Mr. V.'s own invention, and in its finish, mountings, &c., it is a beautiful piece of workmanship.

Since the above paragraph was in type we have received the following communication on the subject:—

Mr. Editor: I read an account yesterday in one of our city papers, of some Rifle Shooting, made by Mr. VAN VALKENBURGH of Albany, with a rifle of his own manufacture, at the distance of 115 yards, 10 successive shots at rest, which measured in the aggregate 9 7-8 inches. Without detracting from Mr. Van V.'s merit as a rifle shooter, or his rifle as a superior instrument, I will give you the result of a trial with a rifle, and the first one of three that he ever made, manufactured by Mr. J. OGDEN, a highly respectable citizen and a carpenter by trade, and shot by Mr. D. B. PHILLIPS, both residents of our city.

One day last week, at the distance of 110 yds. at rest, Mr. Phillips shot 10 successive shots which measured in the aggregate *seven and five eighth inches!* What made this shooting rather novel was, that on the 9th shot (within about 12 inches of the bull's eye) a large hog passed his bull's eye at the instant he pulled his trigger, the ball passing through the upper part of the animal's neck and striking the bull's eye 1 3-4 of an inch over the centre! This was the worst shot of the 10. Mr. Van Valkenburgh's worst, as I perceive, measured 2 1-4 inches. Now, sir, if you have any readers who will be willing to undertake to beat 7 5-8 inches, and at the same time shoot through a hog, he is a bold man. Mr. P. assures me that he is willing to stand on this feat; if any body beats it he is perfectly willing to acknowledge him a superior shot.

Your humble servant,

S. L.

NEW YORK, July 17th, 1844.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Sporting Intelligence by the steamship *Hibernia* is most interesting and important, as our extracts will demonstrate. *Leander* has been pronounced a *four year old*, and the Messrs. LICHTWALD (of Germany) have been excluded, with disgrace, from the English Turf!

The trial of the case, *WOOD vs. PEEL*, came off on the 1st ult. before Baron ALDERSON and a Special Jury, in the Court of Exchequer. The attendance was immense, comprising the most distinguished gentlemen on the Turf in Great Britain. After a most patient and impartial examination, occupying two days, Mr. Baron Alderson thus charged the Jury:—

Gentlemen of the Jury,—This is a case which I have listened to with a great degree of sorrow and disgust, for to my mind it is clear that a most atrocious fraud has been practised. I have seen, with great regret, that some gentlemen of high standing in society have gone and associated themselves with fellows infinitely below them in rank and character, and can any wonder at the result? If gentlemen would race with gentlemen, then such practices as have been exposed would not exist; but if they will condescend to race with blackguards, they must expect to be cheated. You will find a verdict for the defendant.

The Jury accordingly, without hesitation, found a verdict for the defendant.

His Lordship, in his short address to the Jury, expressed himself with a warmth and emphasis which escaped the observation of no one present in the Court.

After the finding of the verdict his Lordship withdrew, and thus terminated a case of so much interest to the sporting world.

Great Sporting Match for 2,000 Guineas—A match for 2,000 guineas was made during the Newcastle race week, between Mr. W. H. Johnston's br. h. *William le Gros*, by Velocipede, 5 yrs, and Mr. Jaques's br. c. *A British Yeoman*, by Liverpool, 4 yrs; to carry 12st. each; two miles; Mr. Johnston to ride his own, and Mr. Jaques to "put up" whom he thinks proper. The match is to come off at Doncaster, and to be run immediately after the Champagne, on the Monday in the next meeting. Sunday Times.

The bustle at Epsom during the visits to the owner and trainer of *Running Rein* on Thursday was most extraordinary, and the excitement scarcely less than at the race for the Derby itself. After the departure of the *Orlando* phalanx there was a dinner at the King's Head, at which there were some curious discussions, to which it would be injudicious to refer at present, but which may obtain light next week. Bell's Life.

Ratan and *Extempore*, we are authorised to state, were not bought for Mr. Robertson, nor has that gentleman anything to do with them. They were bought by Mr. Shackell, for, we learn, a Mr. Williams, a south country gentleman. Ib.

Mr. Shelley has purchased *Lucy Banks* of Mr. Forth.

Captain Price's horses *Retriever* and *Broken Down* are declared not to start for any of their engagements.

Running Rein was out at exercise on Friday morning, 28th June.

Mr. Hornsby has sold *Revoke* to Earl Fitzwilliam's agent, to be put to the stud at Northampton.

Mr. F. Clarke's *Priscilla Tomboy* was sold at Tattersall's on Monday for 250 guineas, and Mr. Parr's *Young Lochinvar* for 200 guineas.

Mr. Robertson, the owner of *Little Wonder*, is the purchaser of *Ratan* and *Extempore*. It is not known whether they go to Forth or Scott.

Mr. Hesselstine has sold *Dr. Husband* to Mr. Worthington; the price is said to be £600.

Lord Normanby's *Lorimer* has rejoined Scott's stable, and is again one of his (Scott's) St. Leger lot.

Sporting Match.—Mr. Jennings, of the 60th Rifles, having backed himself for £50 to ride his brown mare, by *Economist*, over a five feet stone wall, to be jumped in sporting style, the match came off on Saturday last on the race course, King's Park. Mr. Jennings won, the horse taking the wall very cleverly. Stirling Journal.

J. J. Skennett, Esq., arrived at his residence, Carnanacnow Castle, on Monday last, after a lengthened tour in Egypt and Persia. This sporting gentleman has taken Moore Hall, in the county of Mayo, and will hunt that country next winter with his deservedly celebrated pack of fox-hounds.

Newmarket.—We understand that Mr. Hirst, who purchased Mr. Pettit's racing establishment, is likely to become the proprietor of the late Mr. Croxford's elegant and spacious mansion at Newmarket.

Breed of Horses in France.—An entirely new race of horses has been introduced into France, called *Nedjdi*, the pure blood of which will be preserved by means of stallions and mares presented to the king in 1842, by the Viceroy in Egypt. Crosses between the stallions and the finest French, German, and English mares promise a great improvement of the breed of horses in France. The *Nedjdi* are kept at the Arab stud-house, founded by the King, in the Park at St. Cloud. Galignani.

Great Match at Draughts.—The match at draughts, for 65*l.* aside, betwixt Mr. Anderson, of Carluke, and Mr. Wylie, called the "Herd Laddie," terminated on Wednesday, at Carluke, after a lengthened contest of seven days' continuance—having commenced on the 11th, and ended on the 18th instant—when the "Herd Laddie" was declared victor. The match excited a great deal of interest both in Edinburgh and Glasgow among the amateurs of the game, on account of the celebrity of the players. Sunday Times.

In our "Town Edition," last week, we referred to the meeting of the Jockey Club on the previous day, to enquire into the case of *Leander*, on which occasion, as we announced, a unanimous decision was adopted that the animal was "a four year old." We now publish the official notice of the meeting, and the resolutions adopted by the Club.

A meeting of the Jockey Club was held on Saturday last, pursuant to advertisement.

Right Honorable G. S. Byng, }
The Earl of Stradbroke, } Stewards.

Hon. Colonel Anson, T. Houldsworth, Esq, J. V. Shelley, Esq,
Earl of Chesterfield, Colonel Peel, W. S. Stanley, Esq,
C. C. Greville, Esq., Earl of Rosslyn, J. R. Udny, Esq.,
General Grosvenor.

This meeting having assembled to consider the question of the age of the horse *Leander*, and having heard evidence, are fully satisfied that *Leander* was four years old when he ran for the Derby. They therefore resolve:—

1. That Messrs. LICHTWALD, the owners of *Leander*, shall be forever disqualified for entering or running any horse in their own name, or in the name of any other person, at any race where the rules and regulations of the Jockey Club are recognised.

2. That Mr. Ley, whose horse ran second for a two year old stake at Ascot, in 1843, when *Leander* came in *first*, is entitled to those stakes.

Bell's Life in London.

The Bloodstone Case.—We have already announced that Mr. Herbert, the owner of *Bloodstone*, the alleged winner of The New Stakes at Ascot, but which have been awarded by the stewards to Mr. John Day, as owner of *Old England*, on the ground of *Bloodstone* being a three year old, has commenced an action against Mr. Weatherby to recover the stakes. The same course has been taken by Mr. Weatherby as in the Running Rein case, under the interpleading act, and he has offered to pay the money into court, and leave Mr. Herbert and Mr. Day to settle the question between themselves. The question was to have come before Mr. Justice Williams at chambers on Friday, Mr. Petersdorf attending for Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Gale for Mr. Weatherby, but Mr. Willis, counsel for Mr. Day, not being in attendance, the matter stands over till to-morrow at one o'clock. Mr. Herbert expresses his determination to sift the case to the bottom.

Bell's Life in London of June 30th.

Cheltenham.—The second walking match between Warren and Williams was completed on Saturday evening, 29th June. Both men took what food they pleased; but, in drinking, Williams was restricted to water. The distances accomplished each day were as follows:—

	WARREN.	WILLIAMS.
First day	60	57
Second day	49	47
Third day	40	40
Fourth day	47	40
Fifth day	51	7
Sixth day	53	0

The ill success of Williams is attributed to an accident, by which one of his feet was much injured.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

Monday, June 24.—The interest felt in the Running Rein case, of which we have given a separate notice elsewhere, operated so far prejudicially to the Newcastle Races, that several of the leading subscribers resisted the attractions of what in its results appears to have been a moderate list, and were this afternoon "in their places" at "the corner." A little business was done on the *Northumberland Plate*, of which the only remarkable feature was the fact of Parthian and Poussin, two *non-starters*, being the principal favorites at only 5 to 1 each. [A correspondent from Newcastle, in alluding to this circumstance, states that these horses had a nominal standing in the betting up to the day of the race, and that no declaration was made until within two or three hours of the starting; thus, those who were not on the spot, and were "picked

up" by others, who had received the office from Newcastle, will be enabled to "get out" only by paying.] Enough was done on the *Goodwood Stakes* to allow a quotation of prices, but not to call for any explanatory observation.

Thursday, June 27.—A new favorite made his appearance for the *Goodwood Stakes* in *The-best-of-Three*, who ran second to *The Era* for the Northumberland Plate at 18lb. for the year, less by 11lb. than he will receive from him at Goodwood; 20, 18, and finally 17 to 1 was taken about him, and, after a bet or two at 18 to 1, 20 to 1 laid against *The Era*; 20 to 1 was taken to a small sum about Gunter, 25 to 1 about Subduer, his backer anxious to go on, and the same about *The Currier* and *Ajax*, plenty of layers against the latter; 9 to 1 offered against *Reed Deer*, but no business done.

THE LATE DERBY.		<i>Thursday.</i>
<i>Monday.</i>		
Orlando.....	2 to 1 on	3 to 1 on
GOODWOOD STAKES.		
Red Deer	10 to 1 agst. (tk)	9 to 1 agst
Lucy Banks	18 to 1 (tk)	_____
Elegance filly	20 to 1	_____
Canton	22 to 1	_____
Franchise	25 to 1	_____
<i>The Best-of-Three</i>	_____	17 to 1 (tk)
Gunter	20 to 1	20 to 1 agst
Pride of Kildare	_____	20 to 1 agst
<i>The Era</i>	_____	20 to 1 agst
Subduer.....	20 to 1	25 to 1 (tk)
Croton Oil.....	_____	25 to 1 agst
<i>The Currier</i>	_____	25 to 1 (tk)
<i>Ajax</i>	25 to 1	25 to 1 agst
ST. LEGER.		
Red Deer.....	12 to 1 agst (tk)	_____
DERBY.		
Alarm	_____	38 to 1 (tk)
Golden Fleece	_____	40 to 1 (tk)
Columbus	_____	40 to 1 (tk)

Notes of the Month.

AUGUST.

Long Island Races.—Attention is invited to three new Stakes which have been opened to come off over the Union Course. From the number of promising 3 yr. olds in training, we indulge a confident hope that these will fill well. The Jockey Club Purse for the ensuing Fall Meeting will be announced in due time.

SWEEPSTAKES, UNION COURSE, L. I.

UNION STAKE.—We, the subscribers, agree to run the following named colts or fillies over the Union Course, Long Island, on the first day of the Fall Meeting in the year 1844, then 3 yrs. old, Two Mile Heats. Sub. \$300 each, \$100 ft. To name and close the 1st September next.

ALSO

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. \$100 each, \$25 ft., Mile Heats, to name and close the 1st September next.

Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. \$300 each, \$100 ft., Three Mile Heats, three or more to make a race, to name and close on the 1st Sept.

New York, July 26, 1844.

WM. T. PORTER,
Secretary of N. Y. Jockey Club.

Trustee.—We understand it is Mr. LIVINGSTON's intention to send Trustee to North Carolina this Fall. He will occupy Marion's stand, at the Falls of Tar River, Nash County. A Kentucky breeder informs us that his colts in that State are of very high promise.

Niagara Races are to commence on Wednesday, the 18th Sept. The following gentlemen comprise the officers of the Club:—

President.—Colonel ELLIOT, Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment.

Vice-President.—Hon. ROBERT DICKSON.

Stewards.—Capt. CHAS. BENTLEY, Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment,

Dr. MAITLAND, Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment,

Dr. HUME, 82d Regiment,

WM. CAYLEY, Esq.,

A. W. STRACHAN, Esq.

Treasurer.—WALTER H. DICKSON, Esq.

Secretary.—F. TENCH, Esq.

Marion.—A gentleman from the South informs us that this fine horse died suddenly a few weeks since in North Carolina. We hope such is not the fact, but our informant, who is a citizen of that State, is positive. Marion is the sire of John Blount, Am. Citizen, Maria West, and other good ones.

Death of Miss GOLBORN.—This fine English brood mare was killed by lightning on the 11th ultimo, on the stock farm of Mr. THOMAS FLINTOFF, near Nashville, Tenn. She was imported by E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala. Miss Golborn was bred by R. Turner, Esq., in 1831; she was got by Lottery, out of The Nun by Blacklock—Whisker—Orville, etc. The Nashville Gazette states that "it is somewhat singular, that on the same farm last summer, another imported mare, with her foal, were also killed by lightning."

South Alabama Stables.—The following extract of a private letter to the editor, dated Montgomery, June 12th, gives a very encouraging account of matters and things in that section:—

"You enquire what are the prospects of racing in South Alabama? The sports of the turf have been at a low ebb here for several years, but I think the prospect is brightening up a little, and promises something better for the future. Mr. JOHN CLARKE of Virginia, has become the proprietor of the Bertrand Course at Montgomery, and also the Course at Selma; and has subscriptions at each place of about one thousand dollars, which will afford tolerable good purses considering the hard times.

"I will now give you a memorandum of several stables that will be trained in South Alabama this fall for the winter races—Col. J. S. HUNT, of Dallas county, has two or three fine colts and fillies with his horse Grattan at the head—Dr. BROUGHTON of Lowndes county, has several, with Hedgiana at the head—FIFER and M'QUEEN have some three or four now moving—CLARKE and SMITH will train a stable at Selma—D. MYERS & Co., will have a string of some ten or a dozen, consisting of Glencoes, Leviathans, Bill Austins and Belshazzars; with Hannah Harris and St. Cloud at the head; and last, though not least, Col. JOY is on the track at Hayneville with several of the 'Paddy Bull atock,' challenging the world for one quarter of a mile.

"Our next races in this quarter will come off at Hayneville on Tuesday the 26th of November next; and at Montgomery, on Tuesday, the 17th of December, and at Selma on the second Tuesday, the 14th January next."

Harkforward.—Our readers may recollect that the late Judge PORTER imported at great cost, this colt, a brother to the renowned Irish *Harkaway*. He was severely injured on the voyage, and again on the plantation, Oak Lawn, but he had so far recovered from these injuries, and had so improved in form, that it was hoped he would stand training. We are sorry to learn from the Western Louisianian of the 29th ult., that about a month ago he again injured himself by kicking through his stable, and that all hopes of his appearing upon the Turf are abandoned. N. O. Picayune.

Harkforward has been most unfortunate. He had a passage of more than ninety days, during which he received an injury in one of his legs. Immediately subsequent to his recovery he was bitten by a snake in the "game leg," and now, by another mischance, he is utterly incapacitated from appearing on the Turf. We are heartily sorry, for all who have seen him represent him as a colt of extraordinary promise. He has been limited this season to a very few mares, but they are of the highest character.

The Racing Calendar.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

TUESDAY, May 28, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Twenty-nine subs. at \$300 each, \$50 ft. Mile heats.

Henry Dickinson's b. f. *Fanny King*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard 1 1
 G. W. Parker's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan—Charlotte Hamilton by Sir Charles..... 2 2
 Time, 1:53—1:50.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Sub. \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. Samuel Ragland's (Geo. Elliott's) ch. g. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Clara Howard by Imp. Barefoot, 4 yrs 1 1
 G. Richardson's gr. c. by Imp. Autocrat, out of Allphan, 4 yrs 2 2
 M. D. Simmons' ch. g. by Snakeroot, dam by Stranger, 5 yrs dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:57.

WEDNESDAY, May 29—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Maj. Samuel Ragland's bl. c. by Othello, out of Polly Bellew by Timoleon..... 3 1 1
 Miles Kelly's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard 2 2 2
 Thos. Alderson's ch. f. by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Mary Davis..... 1 3 3
 J. B. Carter's b. c. by Eclipse, out of Sally Nailor..... 4 dr
 Time, 3:54½—3:52—3:53.

THURSDAY, May 30—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$20, free for all ages, weights as on Tuesday. Two mile heats.

B. Johnson's b. f. *Purity*, by Imp. Ainderby, out of Betty Martin by Giles Scroggins, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 R. Skinner's gr. m. *Cripple*, by Imp. Philip, out of Gamma's dam, 5 yrs..... 5 2
 W. Taylor's gr. c. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Alpha, 4 yrs..... 4 3
 Thos. Alderson's ch. f. *Maria Martin*, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Merlin, 4 yrs... 2 *
 Maj. Samuel Ragland's ch. c. by Badger, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs..... 3 dist.
 M. D. Simmons' ch. h. by Stockholder, dam by Aristotle, 6 yrs..... dist.
 B. Pitts' b. h. by Imp. Whale, dam not given, 6 yrs..... dist.
 George Elliott's ch. g. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Clara Howard by Imp. Barefoot, 4 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 4:02½—4:02.

FRIDAY, May 31—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$100 each, \$25 ft. Mile heats.

N. Davis' ch. c. by Scipio, out of Imp. Design 2 1
 B. Peyton's ch. f. * by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Charles 1 dist.
 Time, 1:56½—2:03. * The filly's rider fell in the 1st quarter of 2d heat.

SATURDAY, June 1—Association Purse \$300, free for all ages, weights as on Thursday, ent. for subscribers, \$5, non-subscribers, \$50. Three mile heats.

Geo. Elliott's (M. Kelly's) ch. f. *Virginia*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Sir Richard, 4 yrs 0 1 1
 B. Johnson's b. f. *Purity*, pedigree above, 3 yrs 3 2 2
 W. Mitchell's ch. c. by Skylark, dam by Constitution, 4 yrs..... 4 3 dist.
 Maj. Saml. Ragland's b. f. by Othello, out of Polly Bellew by Timoleon, 3 yrs 0 dr
 Time neglected to be registered.

H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

The "Advocate" furnishes us with the bare result of the first day's race. We are pleased to see it was carried off by our time-honored friend Capt. DAVIS, who has named his fine colt after the Whig candidate for the Vice Presidency — for whom, by the bye, he voted, as one of the delegates from Alabama.

WEDNESDAY, May 15, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Twenty-three subs. at \$200 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Capt. Nicholas Davis' ch. c. *Frelinghuysen*, by Scipio, out of Imp. Design (sister to Delight, Dangerous, etc.) by Tramp..... 1 1
 A. P. Yourie's ch. f. by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Imp. Leviathan 2 2
 Time, 3:50—3:56.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

The adjourned meeting of the St. Louis Jockey Club commenced, we believe, on Monday, but of the race we have no report. The following details are furnished us of the other races by the editors of "The Reveille," which is getting on famously, we are glad to hear.

TUESDAY, June 18, 1844—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

W. McMullen's b. f. <i>Victress</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Royal Charlie, 3 yrs	<i>William Duck</i> .	1	1
Col. John P. White's ch. g. <i>Frosty</i> , by Eclipse, out of Martha Holloway, 5 yrs.....		3	2
Col. Geo. Elliott's ch. g. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Clara Howard by Imp. Barefoot, 4 yrs.....		2	3
P. Fowler's br. g. <i>Diamond</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, 5 yrs..	dist.		
Time, 1:55—1:50. Course heavy.			

Notwithstanding a cloudy sky, and the prospect of rain, this race brought out a concourse of people much more numerous than could have been expected, and richly were they repaid for their pains.

The Leviathan was the favorite against the field, at starting, and no small amount changed hands upon the result. The story of the race runs thus:—

First heat: At the tap, the Leviathan took the lead, closely followed by Frosty, Diamond third. Victress, notwithstanding orders to "let go" at the tap of the drum, was held until the party had made a gap of nearly thirty yards, when off she bounced in good earnest. In less than a quarter of a mile, she gave Diamond the go-by, and, on the back stretch, was in good position to serve the others the same way. This, however, she reserved for the run home, when she darted by them, winning the heat in gallant style, in 1:55, distancing Diamond.

Second heat: The start was excellent—Frosty and the Leviathan made play from the score, Victress lying in their wake, about 20 feet behind. At or near the half mile post, Frosty took the lead, opened a gap of about three lengths upon the Leviathan, and, rounding the turn, looked like a winner, when, contrary to all the opinions of the "knowing ones," Victress made play, and by a burst of speed, such as we have rarely witnessed, came home a winner in 1:50, beating Frosty by about two feet. The rain in the morning had made the course heavy and wanting in elasticity, and the atmosphere was dense and unpleasant. We look upon the winner as an extraordinary filly of her age, and well calculated to add to the growing reputation of her sire, the renowned Grey Eagle. She is of proper age to run in the great "Stallion Stake" next Fall, and we have little doubt but that her services will be claimed for that great event.

WEDNESDAY, June 19—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Miles Kelly's ch. f. <i>Virginia</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs.	<i>Wood</i> .	1	1
Wm. P. Miles' b. h. <i>Harkwood</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs.....		2	2
Jas. C. Frost's gr. f. <i>Wild Cat</i> , by Jerseyman, dam by Royalist, 4 yrs.....	dist		
Time, 4:11—4:14. Track muddy.			

The attendance was confined to the judicious few, who are willing to risk the chance of a rainy, unpleasant day, to witness an interesting contest, even in the mud. The heavy rains, which fell the night previous, completely ruined the track, although it added to the chance of the fielders, who bet pretty briskly upon the result, and, for once, were disappointed. The favorites this spring, throughout the whole country, have been generally beaten; not so, however, yesterday. The race was for the Proprietor's purse, Two mile heats, which brought out Virginia, Harkwood and Wild Cat—the former the favorite against the field, and nobly did she respond to the call of her backers by winning the race in two heats; and although in the first heat she was severely pressed, she was an easy winner of the race. The want of variety in the race precludes the necessity of detail.

It will be seen by the annexed notice, that the races were incontinently postponed for a few days.

The Races.—The proprietor of the St. Louis Course has authorized us to announce, that, on account of the inclement weather, and at the suggestion of the numerous Turfmen in attendance, he has concluded to postpone the remaining races until Saturday, when the race for the purse, Two mile heats will be run for, and the others follow in succession, as advertised. We think

the arrangement an excellent one for all parties. The horses which have already run can be recruited, and will again enter the lists with renewed vigor. The continued rains have been the only drawback to a successful and brilliant meeting, and we may all look for better sport in better weather.

FRIDAY, June 21—Match \$250 a side, weight 97lbs. Mile heats.

Jas. C. Frost's b. f. <i>Lady Plymouth</i> , by Flagellator, out of Black Sophia by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	<i>John Frost</i>	1	1
S. L. Berry's b. f. <i>Ann Kender</i> , by Mingo, out of Geneva's dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....		2	2
Time, 1:55—1:56. Course in good order.			

SATURDAY, June 22—Purse \$300, conditions as on Tuesday and Wednesday. Three mile heats.

Miles Kelly's ch. f. <i>Virginia</i> , pedigree before, 4 yrs.....	<i>W. Stringfield</i>	1	1
Jas. C. Frost's ch. h. <i>Statesman</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, d. by John Richards, 6 yrs		3	2
Col. John P. White's ch. g. <i>Frosty</i> , pedigree before, 5 yrs.....		2	dr

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>	
Time of first mile	2:02	Time of first mile	2:00
“ “ second mile	1:59	“ “ second mile	1:59
“ “ third mile	1:50	“ “ third mile	2:02
Time of First Heat	5:51	Time of Second Heat	6:01

A lovely day and the promise of excellent sport attracted a numerous assemblage to witness an interesting race at three mile heats. The entries were Virginia, a tried nag, and the favorite, from the fact of having, two days previously, won at two mile heats. Frosty, another favorite, trained by Col. John P. White, of Missouri, and celebrated for his performances at Lexington and Louisville, having run a third heat of three miles, at Lexington, in 6:40; and, lastly, Statesman, a winner at two and three mile heats.

The first named was the favorite against the field, at about two to one—the betting spirited. The course was in excellent condition. All the expectations of the “knowing ones” were fulfilled, in their prophecying that the time would be quicker than was ever made in St. Louis, three mile heats.

First Heat: Frosty took the lead at a moderate pace, Virginia second, Statesman, third. They ran the first two miles without any change of position, at a gradual increase of speed. In the commencement of the third mile, Frosty made a dash and opened a gap of nearly three lengths upon the filly, which she endeavored, without being forced, to close, and was nearly lapped with him upon the back stretch, before reaching the hill, which appeared to be the favorite ground of Frosty, who again darted ahead and led, apparently at ease, until rounding the turn at the head of the home stretch. At this point, about ten yards in the rear of Frosty, Virginia made play—she closed the gap gradually, lapped him at the draw gates, and, after a violent though short struggle, passed him, winning the heat by about two lengths. The heat was run in 5:51, the quickest ever made over the course. The last mile was run in 1:50—after the heat Frosty was drawn, and Virginia and Statesman started for the second heat.

Virginia took the lead at the start, and maintained it throughout. Statesman ran a steady race, but had not quite speed enough to reach her. Virginia was well rode by Woodford Stringfield, a pretty little fellow, who, if he pays proper attention, will, ere long, be ranked among our best riders.

MONDAY, June 24—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Miles Kelly's bl. c. <i>Iago</i> , by Othello, out of the dam of Julia Fisher and Saartin by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	<i>Stringfield</i>	1	1
Win. P. Miles' b. h. <i>Harkwood</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs.....		2	2
Jas. C. Frost's ch. h. <i>Statesman</i> , pedigree before, 6 yrs.....		dr	

<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>	
Time of first mile	1:55	Time of first mile	2:00
“ “ second mile	1:55	“ “ second mile	1:55
“ “ third mile	1:55	“ “ third mile	2:02
“ “ fourth mile	2:00	“ “ fourth mile	2:01
Time of First Heat	7:45	Time of Second Heat	7:58

The best race ever made over the St. Louis Course was run to-day; although the day was pleasant, and the track in excellent condition, the attendance was unworthy of the occasion. This may be in part attributed to the state of affairs in our city, where, at this time, our strongest sympathies are called forth by the distress which the rise in the great “Father of Waters” has created.

But to the track. The race was for the Jockey Club Purse, four mile heats which brought out Iago, hitherto unknown to fame, and Harkwood. Statesman

was entered for the purse, but was hurt in a gallop in the morning, and, consequently, did not start. The betting was about two to one on the "Tennessee stable," and but little changed hands.

First Heat : At the tap, they started off at a rapid pace, Iago outside, who took the lead in the first quarter of a mile and opened a gap of about three lengths upon Harkwood. In this position they ran three miles, the only variation being the distance between them, which was sometimes thirty yards, and, as they approached the judges stand, rarely more than two lengths. Upon entering the fourth mile, Iago darted off in good earnest, and, with the best judge it was a matter of speculation whether or not he was running to distance Harkwood. The fears of the party were, however, suddenly removed by Harkwood's making a beautiful run down the back stretch and lapping Iago, who darted off and opened again a gap of about 30 feet; this position he maintained until they were both fairly into the last stretch. Iago's rider now took a hard pull upon him, and Harkwood ran home under a press. The time of the first three miles was 5:45—of the heat, 7:45.

It is somewhat remarkable that both riders should have made the same mistake, in thinking three miles, *only*, had been run, when the heat of *four* miles was finished. Little Woodford Springfield, who rode Iago, (and capably, too,) made a mistake at Nashville about three weeks before, which had nearly proved fatal to him, in pulling up before he had finished the heat; and to guard against a similar occurrence, he was ordered "to run on, until the hindmost nag had stopped." At the close of this heat he partly stopped Iago, but finding that Harkwood's rider was about to pass, he kept on, and they ran *five* miles without being informed of their mistake.

The horses cooled off remarkably well after the heat, and the friends of Harkwood, astonished and delighted at the unexpected *time* of the heat, risked some more money, at "long odds," upon the result of the race. Iago, however, justified the expectations of his backers. The following is the result of the

Second Heat : Iago took the lead at the first turn, and, by a rating and steady stride, kept Harkwood about twenty feet behind, for nearly three miles. Upon entering the fourth mile he made a desperate struggle to reach Iago, but to no purpose, and Iago won the heat, hard in hand, in 7:58.

We shall be much surprised if "the South" does not acknowledge the pretensions of Iago to a higher position than winning a race *here* can give him. He claims propinquity to a *certain* brown gelding, called "Saartin," who opened the eyes of the southwestern world last winter. It must be remembered that amongst the vanquished, the renowned Ruffin held the first place. If to an easier and much better *rating* stride he adds a better form, with decidedly more strength than his half brother, why not be a better race horse? *Nous verrons*.

The winners of the two, three, and four mile purses have been trained by Mr. Jas. Davis, who deserves much praise for the manner in which he brought them to the post. This is his first visit amongst us, and the worst wish we have is, that if he comes once more to pay his respects, we shall be prepared to turn the tables upon him.

TUESDAY, June 25—Citizens Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wm. McMullen's b. f. <i>Victress</i> , pedigree before, 3 yrs.....	1	1	1
S. L. Berry's b. f. <i>Ann Kender</i> , pedigree before, 4 yrs.....	4	3	2
Miles Kelly's ch. g. <i>Handy Andy</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Clara Howard, 4 yrs.....	2	2	3
P. Fowler's ch. f. <i>Roseberry</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	3	4	4

Time, 1:52—1:49—1:53.

This race attracted the largest crowd of the meeting. The weather was propitious, and the course in the best possible condition. The entries were *Victress*, *Ann Kender Handy Andy*, and *Roseberry*—the former the favorite against the field. Large amounts changed hands upon the result. In some instances *Handy Andy* was backed against *Victress*; the others were thought lightly of, and, consequently, but little mentioned in the betting. Of the favorite, *Victress*, we have before spoken in no very measured terms, and the race of yesterday fully justifies the opinion we expressed when she won the purse for Mile heats. She is a perfect picture to the eye of a "horseman," and, as we before remarked, well calculated to sustain the growing reputation of her sire, the renowned *Grey Eagle*. Of the second nag in the race, as it

resulted, (Ann Kender,) a word *en passant*: she was trained as a stable companion of Harkwood, of whom, in the race the day before, we omitted to make favorable mention, on account of his being defeated by the Tennessee crack, Iago. Both these nags were trained here, under no very favorable circumstances, by Mr. Wm. P. Miles, formerly of Virginia, and we should be doing great injustice to a very worthy young man in allowing him to pass unnoticed; and although he was unfortunate enough to meet with nags above his mettle, it must be satisfactory to all the parties concerned to know, that he brought his horse to the post in condition to "run for a man's life." He must not despair; his course is most assuredly onward.

First Heat: Roseberry took the lead some three lengths in advance of the party; Handy Andy 2d, Victress 3d. Handy made a dash at Roseberry in the first quarter, and her rider, thinking that "wait and win" was not the order of the day, darted off at a rapid pace, when Victress came up on the back stretch, and quickened the pace. The positions, however, were not changed until rounding the turn coming into the quarter stretch, when Victress made play, and, passing Andy, took a tilt at Roseberry. This state of affairs was watched with a jealous eye by the rider of Andy, who, when he saw that Roseberry was colliared, and must inevitably be beaten, applied the whip and spur finely, and drove her home, passing Roseberry, and losing the heat only by a neck, in 1:52. The result altered the betting but little, and Handy Andy was placed on equal terms with Victress. The whole party cooled off to admiration, and came up beautifully for the

Second Heat: When Handy Andy made play from the score, Roseberry second, Victress third. Roseberry and Andy "went it" with a rush for the first quarter; the former resigned position, and Andy "moved like a buck," opening a gap upon the party of nearly two lengths. Victress, placed well, was "hard in hand" for a brush, which she made in the home stretch, and passing Roseberry, ran with a flight of speed at Handy Andy, who, prepared for her, ran with increased vigor and spirit. The run home was beautiful—the filly, however, had the foot of her competitor, and won the heat, with a deal of persuasion, in 1:49!

The story seemed to be told, but, for form sake, they were saddled, and started for the

Third Heat: Handy Andy tried the same old game of getting the lead, but Ann Kender was not so easily to be shaken off, and, upon entering into straight work in the back stretch, she took the track. She maintained this position until rounding into the home stretch, where they were "all in a ruck," when up came Victress to "settle the hash." She darted around the turn with the velocity of a locomotive engine, and catching the party at the drawgates, made a closing scene, in beautiful style, in 1:53. The shouts that rent the air, plainly showed the feeling in favor of Missouri's favorite nag.

The meeting has gone off with great éclat. The proprietor, in all his appointments, has given general satisfaction, and, we hope, has reaped an abundant harvest. We have been, during the meeting, badly beaten by the stable from Tennessee, but we do not despair. In the Fall, we hope for a better result, and, on all future occasions, we shall be found "armed for the fight and ready for the fray."

We learn from the Montreal "Gazette" that there was to be good racing at Caledonia Springs, on the 11th ultimo. The "Gazette" states that "Two trotting horses came up from Quebec on Saturday last, and have proceeded to Caledonia to test their speed at the races. There will also be present several horses from Canada West, and it is said one from Whitehall, to contend with the Lower Canadian horses." Will the "Gazette" oblige us with a report? By the way "what on airth" has become of our friend "The Shingle Splitter?" Cannot he give us a few more of his "Chalks on a Slab Fence?"

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

S E P T E M B E R , 1 8 4 4 .

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

ORLANDO, WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1844.

“I come but in, as others do, to try with him *the strength of my youth.*”

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SUCH of our readers who are in the habit of reading ancient history, the Racing Calendar, and other entertaining and useful works of that kind, have no doubt a tolerably clear recollection of two gentlemen, the mainstay of whose celebrity was delay, whose motto was or is *festina lente*, and whose names we may add, for the information of all who have not Goldsmith and Weatherby at their fingers-ends, are Fabius Maximus, surnamed Cunctator, and Samuel Chifney, surnamed Old Screw. Now, in this mile-a-minute age of steam, aerial, and such like infernal machines, one would naturally suppose that this brace of heroes would have gone right out of fashion, but, so far from this being the case, we pride ourselves no little on having taken a leaf out of their book within this last three months. Only just fancy that we, instead of biding our time, and watching every move of the enemy, had taken every word those Jews and Gentiles had sworn to as gospel, and given the horse *called* Running Rein as the winner of the Derby. Only fancy the pertinent remarks we should have made about “gold tried in the fire; upright conduct; justice no respecter of persons; how glad we were to see an humble individual like Mr. Badger Wood carrying off the great stake,” and a vast deal more hyperbolic humbug of this sort: and *then* only fancy the “fix” we should have been in at this moment to work ourselves right again. If any of our friends cannot sympathise with us on this occasion—if they cannot echo the good judgment we have displayed in backing out of this hobble, still we are sure there is not one who will hesitate to join in with three cheers for the “good cause” (as they say at the political spreads). Hurrah for the Colonel! hurrah for justice! hurrah for Lord George! and one more—one cheer more—hurrah for *the gentlemen!*

Having devoted a separate paper in the present number to the consideration of the late Derby, and the rascally proceedings connected therewith, we neither see the necessity nor feel the inclination for renewing it here, and gladly confine ourselves to our immediate and far more agreeable subject. In our remarks on the state of the odds for April last, we thus spoke of the veritable Simon *Pure*, the real winner of the Derby, and no mistake:—

“While Orlando, the ostensible, and certainly (from the past) deservedly second hope of the Newmarket men, still keeps his own, if not on the improvement. The Colonel, as the Hedgford lads say, is generally “nigh handy;” but this hitherto has been all. We know of no color more worthy in every respect of the Epsom honors than the purple and orange, and none that we think would be hailed with more pleasure as number one.”

So said this magazine three months since, for every word of which the writer is prepared to stand by now, and heaven bless us, we only wish all our turf oracles could do the same. We thought Orlando coming out two or three times a week, and winning all his races in a canter, ought to find favor in the eyes of some; but, confound our stupidity! there was as many capital reasons *against* him for winning by as many lengths as he chose in a canter, as there were *for* The Ugly Buck, after winning by a short head with the greatest difficulty. It was a canter certainly, but then "one of the ugliest canters ever seen;" or "though it was all very well at Newmarket, his long stride will never do for Epsom, and Colonel Peel's lot shall be no winners for me." There, Craven and Uncle Toby, Olympic sages, how say you—how plead you to this? Got by Touchstone, ridden by Nat, trained by Cooper, winning everything, and all backed by Col. Peel. With this before our eyes, and the legs offering thirty to one against him, why it is absolutely coining money! And how is it that we are not this moment making a start for Glen-something, with Irish setters, Scotch keepers, a French cook, and a Swiss valet, ready to fly at our very nod? How is it? But we need not to repeat the question, after hearing those withering, knock-down opinions, given and founded on *common canters and long strides!* By all the laws of common sense and common justice, we think we are entitled to compensation.

PEDIGREE.

Orlando, a bay colt, was bred by Colonel Peel in 1841, and is by Touchstone, out of Vulture by Langar, her dam Kite by Bustard (son of Castrel), out of Olympia by sir Oliver, Scotilla by Anvil.

We have occasionally alluded to the influence John Scott has over the great events, but we really think that it is just on the cards that an old friend of his may yet take the shine out of him—not his namesake "honest John," but his pupil, honest Touchstone, whose progeny have regularly claimed one of the three crack stakes since 1842, when his first three-year-old appeared; and in that very year did not Lord Eglinton's Blue Bonnet by Touchstone win the Doncaster St. Leger; in 1843, Mr. Bowes's Cotherstone by Touchstone, the Epsom Derby; and in '44, Colonel Peel's Orlando by Touchstone, the same race? You have got Priam, we know, brother Jonathan; but you have *not* got Touchstone, so we'll neither cry nor fight about that; but we'll tell you what we *will* do—we'll show you a son of Touchstone that shall give your best son of Priam a year, a stone, and a licking, over any track you like from two miles to twenty, and for any sum you like from five hundred to five thousand!

Vulture, the dam of Orlando, was bred by Mr. Allanson, in 1833, in whose colours she appeared for the first two seasons of her career on the turf, and with very great success, winning every thing she started for, but the St. Leger and a two year old stake; in 1837 she became the property of Colonel Peel, who matched her against Grey Momus for a thousand, one of the heaviest betting

matches of late years, and in which we need scarcely add, the mare proved the better horse. She was put to the stud in 1839, and produced in '40 a chesnut colt, by Slane, whose performances hitherto have been no ways astonishing; in '41, as we have already shown, she dropped the winner of the Derby, with whose history we at once proceed.

SUMMARY OF ORLANDO'S PERFORMANCES.

In 1843 he started five times, and won four:—

	£
The July Stakes, value clear	580
Match at Newmarket	250
The July Stakes	2600
Stake at Goodwood	125

In 1844 he started five times, and won five:—

The Tuesday's Riddlesworth	1400
Stake at Newmarket	300
Stake at Newmarket	250
The Derby	4250
The Dinner Produce	850
Total	£10,555

Orlando is not in the St. Leger; indeed, he has not any engagement at all on the list at present: and having thus furnished the full particulars, we take our leave of him, repeating that we have hailed none with greater pleasure, and know no colours more worthy of the Epsom honors, than the purple and orange of his gallant owner.

London Sportsman for August, 1844.

 THE LATE DERBY.

IN an action brought by Colonel Peel against Messrs. Weatherby, the holders of the Derby Stakes, in the Court of Exchequer, the defendants obtained an Interpleader Rule, and it was finally ordered by the Court that the money should be paid into Court: that Mr. Wood, the owner of Running Rein, which came in first in the race, should be plaintiff in the action: and Colonel Peel, the owner of Orlando, the second horse, defendant; and the issue directed to be tried was, "whether a certain horse called Running Rein was a colt foaled in 1841, whose sire was The Saddler, and dam Mab."

The cause was tried at Westminster on Monday the 1st of July, before Mr. Baron Alderson and a Special Jury. The plaintiff's case, the speech of the defendant's counsel, and the examination of a portion of his witnesses, lasted till seven o'clock, when the

court rose. The second day's proceedings terminated soon after 11 A. M.—The result of the case is so universally known that it is only necessary to give a brief statement, merely as a record of one of the most atrocious frauds that ever occurred in the annals of the Turf.

The plaintiff's case was, that the horse Running Rein, which came in first for the Derby, was bred by Mr. C. R. Cobb, of Malton, Yorkshire, foaled in 1841, got by The Saddler out of Mab by Duncan Grey: that the colt was purchased for Mr. Abraham Levi Goodman in November 1841—brought to London by railroad in January 1842—sent to Mr. Goodman's stables in Foley Place—thence to Pearl's stables in Milton Street, Dorset Square—thence at the end of January 1842 to Mr. Bean's paddocks at Finchley—*thence on the 24th September 1842 to Hayne's stables in Langham Place*—thence on the 27th of the same month to Smith's, Mr. Goodman's trainer, at Epsom—and thence in February 1843 to Mr. Goodman's stables at Sutton, from which place he went to Newmarket to run in the Second October Meeting: that he returned to Smith's stables at the end of November 1843, as the property of Mr. A. Wood, of Epsom, the plaintiff in this action.

The defendant's case was, that Running Rein, the colt which came in first for the Derby, was a bay colt by Gladiator (Maccabeus), dam by Capsicum, bred by Sir C. Ibbotson in 1840—purchased by Mr. Goodman at Doncaster Races 1841—sent thence to Northampton—thence to the paddock of Mr. Worley at Siwell near that town, where he was very frequently seen both by Mr. Worley and by Mr. Odell, and where he remained till after Christmas 1841; that he continued at Northampton or in the neighborhood till the 21st of September 1842, when he was led to London, stopping the first night at Woburn, the second at St. Alban's, the third at Barnet; and that it was this Gladiator colt, and not The Saddler colt, which was *delivered at Hayne's stables in Langham Place on the 24th of September 1842*. This was the important part of the case, because the identity of the colt which went from Hayne's stables to Smith's at Epsom to be trained, and the horse which came in first for the Derby, was not disputed.

It was stated by the defendant's counsel that he had witnesses to prove that The Saddler colt remained at Bean's till February 1843, but before the evidence was brought down to this part of the case, the trial terminated.

In the week preceding the trial, the Judge gave an order for the horse to be shown to certain veterinary surgeons and others to obtain an opinion as to his age, and to identify him as the horse which ran for the Derby, but this order was not complied with on the part of the plaintiff.

On the first day of the trial, the Judge again intimated that he should expect the horse to be produced.

"I regret, my Lord," says the plaintiff's counsel, "that this circumstance has made so great an impression on your Lordship's mind; but if you will only"—

Mr. Baron Alderson: I tell you what makes an impression on

my mind, and a very great one ; that is, your anxiety to conceal the horse.

Mr. James : But, my Lord—

Mr. Baron Alderson : Produce your horse—that's the best answer to the whole question. Is it sufficient to hear the surgeon's deposition as to the appearance of a dead body ? and shall the Jury be told they are not to see that body ?

At the commencement of the second days proceedings, the plaintiff's counsel stated that Mr. Wood concurred with his legal advisers in the propriety of producing the horse after the observations made by the Learned Judge on the preceding day, but that *it was quite out of his power to do so*, as the horse had been removed by some parties without his knowledge or consent, and he did not know where it was to be found.

Mr. Baron Alderson : If Mr. Goodman, or any of that sort of people, have taken away that horse, for the purpose of concealing it, against Mr. Wood's will (which I suppose), I have no doubt it is a case of horse-stealing, and a case for the Central Criminal Court ; and I can only say, if I try them, I will transport them for life to a dead certainty.

After this, Mr. Worley and Mr. Odell were examined, and spoke positively to the identity of the horse which had been in the paddock of the former and the horse which they saw run for the Derby.

The plaintiff's counsel then rose and said, that his client, Mr. Wood, had become satisfied that some fraud had been practised on him with reference to the horse, and that he was therefore determined to withdraw from the inquiry.

Mr. Baron Alderson then said, there was nothing in the evidence to show that the plaintiff had had any part in the fraud—he bought the horse with his engagements : then addressing the Jury, His Lordship said, “ Now, Gentlemen of the Jury, you have only to return a verdict for the defendant, the plaintiff, as you have heard, declining to contest the question any further. There is, therefore, an end of the case ; but before we part I must be allowed to say that it has produced great regret and disgust in my mind. It has disclosed a wretched fraud, and has shown Noblemen and Gentlemen of rank associating and betting with men of low rank and infinitely below them in society. In so doing, they have found themselves cheated and made the dupes of the grossest frauds. They may depend upon it that it will always be so when Gentlemen associate and bet with blackguards.”—VERDICT FOR DEFENDANT.

By this verdict, the backers of Orlando are entitled to receive, and those who backed Running Rein to pay. The funds which have been locked up in the Derby “ Sweeps ” will be distributed—those holding Orlando, as the legitimate “ first horse,” receiving the first prize, Ionian the second, and Bay Momus the third ; and the *real* Running Rein not having started must be treated as a “ dead'un,” the actual fate of his unfortunate representative.

On the evening after the trial, at a meeting of Gentlemen connected with the Turf, a resolution was passed to present to Lord George Bentinck a piece of plate, in token of the high sense en-

tertained of his indefatigable and successful exertions, not only in this case, but for the services which he has rendered in promoting the stability and prosperity of racing in general. Three hundred pounds were contributed in a few minutes, in sums of £25 each; and subscriptions were ordered to be received by Messrs. Weatherby, in Old Burlington Street, till a Committee be formed.—The subscriptions already amount to upwards of £1500.

Mr. A. Wood, the plaintiff in the action, is neither related to nor connected with the plaintiff in the action "Wood v. Ledbitter," recently tried, for having been turned out of the Doncaster Stand. He is a corn chandler and coal merchant at Epsom, where he has resided and carried on business for nearly twenty years.

On the Thursday after the trial (July 4), the following communication, received by Messrs. Tattersal from the Stewards of the Jockey Club, was posted at the entrance of the Subscription Room:—

"The opinion of the Stewards of the Jockey Club having been asked as to the day on which the Epsom account ought to be settled, they recommend that Monday, the 8th inst., should be fixed for that purpose, and that notice should be given at Tattersall's accordingly.

(Signed)

"GEORGE BYNG.

"STRADBROKE.

"EXETER."

At a General Meeting of the Jockey Club, held at Mr. Weatherby's, Old Burlington Street, on Saturday, July the 6th, present—

STEWARDS—Hon. G. S. Byng and the Marquis of Exeter.

Duke of Beaufort.	Marquis of Normanby.	J. V. Shelley, Esq.
Lord George Bentinck.	Lord W. Powlett.	Lord Stanley.
J. Bowes, Esq.	George Payne, Esq.	J. Stanley, Esq.
Earl of Chesterfield.	Colonel Peel.	W. Sloane Stanley, Esq.
T. Houldsworth, Esq.	W. R. Phillimore, Esq.	Sir W. W. Wynn.
Viscount Maidstone.	Earl of Rosslyn.	J. R. Udny, Esq.
J. Mills, Esq.	Hon. Capt. Rous.	

It was resolved,

"That it being now proved that Running Rein was three years old when he ran for the Two-year-old Plate at Newmarket, Crenoline must be considered the winner of that race, and that the Duke of Rutland is entitled to the Plate.

"That the thanks of the Jockey Club are eminently due and are hereby offered to Lord George Bentinck for the energy, perseverance, and skill which he has displayed in detecting, exposing, and defeating the atrocious frauds which have been brought to light during the recent trial respecting the Derby Stakes."

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for August, 1844.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILI, VET. SURGEON.

Continued from the last number of the "Turf Register," page 463.

WATERING HORSES WHILE IN TRAINING.

THE precaution to be generally observed in the watering of horses in training is, principally, to regulate properly the quantity of water they are to take at different intervals, which must be arranged by the groom, according to what he may be going to do with the horses.

We will first notice the watering of the light flighty horses. As these drink so very sparingly, they may at all times, unless immediately before they are coming out to run, not only be allowed to take what quantity of water they like, but they should by attention, patience, and kindness, be encouraged to drink when they come up to the troughs. If they are not inclined to drink the whole of their water at one time, they should be allowed to sip it, until they are quite satisfied. Their heads are not to be pulled up so long as they are disposed to drink, with a view of making them take half their water at a time, as is necessary to do with some other horses that we shall presently have to water. Any of the light horses that may not drink at the troughs should be offered water in the stables, when they are round in their stalls having their heads dressed; if they will not take it at this time, try them again immediately before they are fed; when, as the stables are less disturbed by the noise of the other horses, they will sometimes drink, and they will feed better afterwards.

As the hearty horses (those in the medium as regards their constitutions) are mostly moderate drinkers, they may be allowed to take their water as they like, unless on the days before sweating, trying, or running. Now, with regard to the watering of the gluttonous craving horses, this is a subject that will require our most particular attention. The reader is to bear in mind that the feeding of all horses in training, and watering of them, is invariably governed by the working: if a horse is over-worked, he will refuse his corn; if he is too much stinted of his water, he will also refuse his corn; and if he is over-fed, he will, of course, refuse his corn. In proportion to the quantity of food that craving horses consume in the course of the twenty-four hours, a greater or less quantity of the different fluids of their bodies will be exhausted in the process of digestion, and which of course produces a greater or less degree of thirst; besides this, these horses are much oftener sweating than any others. Such are the predisposing causes which occasion them to drink large portions of water, at different

intervals, than the lighter horses that feed more sparingly and sweat less frequently.

As some few of the craving horses may be disposed to drink larger quantities of water than is absolutely necessary, either for the digesting of their food, or quenching of their thirst, that the groom may not be led astray in the watering of such horses at the troughs, or perhaps sometimes at ponds, he should in the commencement of training them measure the quantity of water that each may be disposed to drink when they are very thirsty. This is to be done by keeping the above horses for a certain time short of water; as, for example, instead of allowing them to drink almost as they like, let them take in the evening fifteen or twenty go-downs (swallows of water). On the following morning, previous to the groom going out with his horses to exercise, he should speak to the head lad, and tell him that he wants to measure the quantity of water that two horses gluttonously inclined may be disposed to drink. The head lad, therefore, takes care to have a couple of buckets full of water, (with the chill well off), and puts them on the lid of one of the troughs in the yard at about the usual time he knows the horses will be coming to take their water, as when they have walked for a sufficient time to cool after their morning gallop. Now, when the two horses in question come into the yard to take their water out of the buckets, the groom, being by, says to each of the boys that are on the horses, "Mind that each of you be very particular in speaking distinctly in counting out the number of go-downs each of your horses makes in emptying his bucket." Now, with regard to the common size of stable buckets, they are generally made to hold, when full to the brim, three gallons and a half; but they are rarely filled to this extent, as, for the convenience of the boys carrying them, they seldom contain more than three gallons. When, therefore, the number of go-downs a horse makes in emptying a bucket is ascertained by the groom, he may easily regulate the quantity to be taken at the troughs or a pond, by ordering the boys to allow the horses to take such a number of go-downs as is sufficient for them. The measuring of the water of gluttonous horses is highly necessary, for, as horses differ in size, so do most of them differ more or less as to the capacity of their swallows. Some horses, when thirsty, will drink three gallons of water in forty or forty-five go-downs, other horses in fifty, others in sixty. I have known some make eighty go-downs in emptying a bucket of three gallons; and, unless we know pretty nearly the quantity of water that those craving horses take in a certain number of swallows, we cannot by-and-by set them for their sweats, trials, and races, with that degree of nicety it will be requisite we should do.

As the gluttonous horses in training are mostly in strong work, they must occasionally be stinted of their water; yet this must be done judiciously; for, if they are allowed to drink large quantities of water, their bowels will become too much relaxed, and, instead of their being moderately straight and handsome in their carcasses, they will become coarse and large in them. The best criterion

for a training groom to go by is, in the early part of such horses' training, gradually to stint those that are inclined at one time to drink larger portions of water than may be proper for them, by letting them take a few go-downs less, morning and evening, until they begin to get a little off their feed, when the stinting of their water should be discontinued, and they should now be allowed to drink more liberally until they feed as they usually did. The groom is to bear in mind the number of go-downs of water that any horses may have taken less than they would have done at the time were they allowed to take what they chose out of the buckets, in order that, when there is again a necessity for stinting them, he may be better able to ascertain the quantity to be diminished. The groom, by the above arrangement in watering of gluttonous horses, cannot well be led astray in the stinting of them, at a time when he may be going to set them, as when he wishes to send them a good pace in their gallops, on the day before they may have to sweat, or for a certain period of time previous to their coming out to run.

The proper course to be adopted in watering the gluttonous horses, when they go out only once a day, as in spring, in the commencement of their training, is to water them frequently in the course of the day, in the same manner as the delicate flighty horses are watered; only with this difference, that, whatever quantity is to be given the former at one time, the latter are to be made to drink it at twice, by pulling up their heads, and letting them wash their mouths, and then allowing them to take the remainder. By watering those horses in this way, they will become more satisfied with the portion of water that may be allowed them each day, than they would be were they permitted greedily to swallow their different quantities of water at one time, either out of the troughs in the yard, or out of the buckets in the stable.

In summer time, when the horses go out twice a day, those among them that are great drinkers, if the weather is very hot, should be indulged a little, by allowing them to take a few go-downs of water more at each time, merely to prevent them from becoming so thirsty, as to take them off their usual way of feeding.

Now, a groom in ordering his horses to be watered in the evening should be regulated by their different constitutions, and the different sorts of work or exercise he intends them to do; on the following morning, therefore, he is to give his orders accordingly to each of his boys as they are riding their horses up to the troughs to be watered. Speaking to the first boy, who may be on a horse that is a moderate drinker, (one that takes from twenty-five to thirty go-downs of water, morning and evening), he says, "Let your horse take twenty go-downs." To a second boy, "Let your horse take twenty-five go-downs, and let him take it at twice." To a third boy, "Let your horse" (one that if allowed to do so would take from fifty to sixty go-downs of water) "take half his water, and let him take it at twice;" and so on with any other horses, allowing them to take more or less water on all such occasions, ac-

ording to the sort of drinkers they are, or the time in the morning as before or after breakfast, that they may be going to perform any particular exertion.

Before I conclude this chapter, I will give a few precautionary hints on the subject of bad water. I have already spoken on the qualities of water, and on such as may be most proper for horses, as also the effects it has on their constitutions when hard, and the remedies to be adopted to soften it, so as to prevent as much as possible any injury arising to the health of race horses from a change of water, as when they are travelling from their home stables to others in a distant neighborhood.

Grooms cannot be too particular in their inquiries as to the quality of water at different inns on the road, or at any of the stables which their horses may have to stand in near to the course it is intended they are to run over. Travelling and change of air will occasionally alter horses for the worse, notwithstanding every attention may be paid to them. But what will still make a much greater change in them is, their having to drink bad water, such as hard pump-water, drawn perhaps from very deep wells. Horses, when in training, being accustomed to drink of the most soft pure water, the effects of bad water will be immediately evident; however well the chill may have been taken off such water, they soon begin to tremble and shake, and their coats are to be seen staring or standing on end; which is to be attributed rather to the effects of bad water on the constitutions of race horses when travelling, than to the change of either air, stables, or food. Such water as may have been found to agree best with horses, and which they may have been accustomed to take in the neighborhood in which they have been trained, is of course the water to be depended on. And under very particular circumstances, as a horse being deeply engaged, or that has been so well tried as to induce the owner to think he might, barring an accident, win the Derby or Leger, water might be sent on from the home stable to the place where the horse may be engaged to run. But this cannot well be done on a general scale, in consequence of the inconvenience and expense that would be incurred.

TEACHING YEARLINGS.

In the last Chapter of my first Volume, I have described the manner in which colts or fillies are to be broken, either as yearlings or two-year-olds, and I have there made my remarks on the early and temporary trials of yearlings made by breeders, for the purpose of ascertaining how to value their different colts and fillies, according to the good or bad qualities each may possess. For the same purpose some noblemen have also been induced to put their yearlings into regular training, that they may ascertain whether it will be worth the expense of keeping them on or not.

It will require eight or twelve months, from the time of the young ones leaving their paddocks, before they can be sufficiently well broken and trained, or what is usually termed "brought out

ripe to post." But the reader is to bear in mind, that of the two periods we have given for the getting of yearlings ready to run, the last is mostly to be preferred, as some colts require much longer time than others. It is further to be remarked, that the training of either yearlings or two year olds will not require twelve months, that is, it will not take so long a time for the regular feeding, working, and watering of them, to bring them into the proper condition to run; but it will require fully that time in teaching them, before they can be said to be thoroughly well capable of doing whatever may afterwards be required of them as race horses, and for the trainer to perfect them in all those little matters, of which we shall make mention as we proceed, and to bring them out, as we have said, fully ripe to post.

Young ones, that come out to run thus early, should be thoroughly well broken, and by the first of November they should be in the training stables, under the care of the training groom: the colts in one stable and the fillies in another; and, by way of example, we will suppose there is a dozen of them to be trained. As yearlings can only run with yearlings, at least in my opinion they ought not, they are to be considered as being in their own class until they are two years old.

Now, by way of putting grooms on their guard, so that mistakes or accidents may not unexpectedly arise, it will be necessary to put those yearlings we are about to train into separate classes, and describe what are the probable habits or propensities, good or bad, of each class.

The first class to notice are those of strong constitutions; these colts are powerfully made: they are short in their backs, wide over their loins, are well arched in the anterior part of the ribs, and have large carcasses; they are termed in the stables "the craving ones, or gluttons." These colts, as they advance in age, become stout horses; they are long comers under high weights, and not being very speedy, they are mostly used as country platters.

The second class are those which have their constitutions in the medium; if they are good ones, they are well arched in their ribs, they are wide over their loins, and rather straight in their carcasses; if they are not too leggy, they can come almost any racing lengths under moderate weights; they have generally good speed, and are pleasant horses to train. They are termed in the stables "the hearty ones."

The third class are those of delicate constitutions: they are, generally speaking, much too lengthy in their constitutional points, as well as in their speedy ones; if they are deep in their girths, they are more or less straight in their ribs, that is, their ribs are sufficiently well arched; they are often long in their backs, narrow over their loins, very straight or light in their carcasses, and are high upon their legs. For want of more space in the former of these essential parts, and less in the latter of them, they are but very middling race horses. It is true they have good speed, but they are almost invariably great jades; the shorter their races

are the better they like them, as they cannot run but short lengths. Newmarket is the most likely place to do any good with them. Their being easily alarmed, either in or out of the stables, makes them unpleasant horses to train ; nor, generally speaking, are they of much profit to the owners.

The fourth class I shall suppose to consist of three fillies, which makes up the number, twelve yearlings, I proposed to train. Now, with regard to their physical or constitutional powers, they do not vary from the colts, but, like them, are craving, hearty, and flighty ; and upon their structure, the same as with the colts, will depend their different racing properties ; and their tempers also are similar. But, as they advance on to mares, they become in training more troublesome and uncertain than horses ; this proceeds from their natural propensity to sexual intercourse, which is greater in racing fillies and mares than with other fillies and mares in common use. The former require to be highly fed and warmly clothed ; and from their standing in stables of a warm temperature with entire horses, (which was almost invariably the case when I was a boy), their natural propensity more often predominates, and which, as I have before noticed, is the cause of so strong and frequent a desire in them for sexual intercourse ; and this, not only as the spring advances, but at various other times in the course of the year ; if the weather is hot (to use a common expression) they become very keen a-horsing. During the time they remain in this state, they are more or less debilitated and unhappy for the want of intercourse with the horse. They frequently turn their heads as far round in the stall as they can, looking disconsolate about them. They often refuse their food, or rather they eat but little for the time they continue in season. The groom cannot, therefore, send them along in their work as he could wish. When this happened to mares near the time of their running, they were usually considered to be seven or ten pounds below their proper form. Indeed, however capable they may have been of winning, it has sometimes been found difficult for a jockey to make them do so, in consequence of their being so much disposed to lean or hang to the horse or horses with whom they may be running ; and thus occasionally have mares lost races in which they have been engaged. When it is known that mares are thus so repeatedly troublesome in training, the better way is to stint them in the spring ; they then go on very well. These are my reasons for recommending fillies to be invariably kept in stables by themselves ; nor should mares (as of course their nature is not changed) ever be allowed to run in the company of horses, and certainly not in the company of entire horses ; for the less frequent they get to wind entire horses, the less likely they are to become a-horsing. For a similar reason, horses in training should also be kept by themselves, as they will be more quiet and contented, and will be less frequently calling after mares.

I shall now proceed to give directions how these yearlings are to be got ready to go on to the down, (say in the month of October), as by this time the others (the older horses and mares) will

have done their running. The groom, having looked out what clothing and saddles and bridles are necessary, is next to select from among his steadiest and best riding boys those of the lightest weights, and, putting one to take charge of each of the yearlings in question, he orders the whole of them to be dressed; their body clothes and saddles are then put on, as with the other horses. The stables then being locked up, they are all left to stand with their heads up and muzzles on, until the boys have got their breakfasts; when they return with the groom to the stables, the bridles and hoods are then put on to both horses and colts; each boy now mounts in the stable the horse or colt he looks after; and the whole of them are then rode out into the stable-yard: here they are to walk for a short time, till their saddles may get settled to their backs. They then walk on to the downs, followed by the groom on his hack. The old horses, for the present under the care of the head lad, may go to any convenient part of the ground to exercise by themselves, as directed by the groom; but the yearlings must now be under the tuition of the groom himself, so that he may be able to obtain a thorough knowledge of how they are likely to turn out. For, although we are to consider them as being well broken, yet it is likely there are some among them who may, from the necessary indulgence occasionally allowed them, have become hearty, and some others may show some little hereditary vice. A colt or two, becoming unruly from either of those causes, may swerve or bolt out from the string; if he do not break way, he may rear up, spring forward, and then lash out behind; in doing of which he may get the better of a small light boy and throw him. If a colt does this, he will, the first opportunity that offers, (as the boy being off his guard), have recourse to the same sort of thing again, with a view to be master; and if he should become headstrong in this way, no matter how good he may be as to stoutness or speed, he is most likely spoiled for ever as a race horse, or rather there is no dependence to be placed on him when running. A colt being unruly from being too hearty, and a colt being unruly from vice, are two very different things; the former, with proper management, is soon got the better of, and perhaps with changing the boy, as we shall presently shew; but the latter requires the immediate attention of the groom, who will soon find he must change the small light boy for one that is bigger, stronger, and more determined on horseback, and that knows well how to forward a young colt.

The groom should have his eye as much as possible on both boy and colt, so as to give directions to the former, in case he should at any time be inclined to be too severe in correcting the colt for a fault. I have in the first volume, in teaching boys to ride, directed that they are, under various circumstances, to be kind to colts and horses, with a view to preserve their tempers. Yet those orders of kindness are not to be carried to the extreme with any of them, and more particularly towards a colt that may from hereditary vice be resolutely inclined to become decidedly restive. A colt of this sort, as a yearling, may be got the better

of by keeping upon him at all times a good riding boy, who, from being accustomed to ride tricky ones, is mostly on his guard, and soon finds out or feels when a colt of this sort is inclined to be what is called "a little botty." The moment the boy finds the colt is about to begin any of his tricks, he should immediately set to with him as determinedly as possible—by getting resolutely at him, and rousing him, or rather frightening him, by taking suddenly a determined pull at him, and chucking up his head, then quickly shortening the rein on the reverse side to that which the colt is inclined to go, and, if possible, pulling his head round with a certain degree of violent force, chucking up his head again and handling his mouth roughly with the bit, and, if he can with safety to himself, he should send both his heels back with great force against the colt's sides. If the boy finds he is getting the better of the colt, he should take a straight, strong pull at him, and make him stand for a moment, just now using rather loud and rough sort of language to him, then make him go quietly up into his place in the string with the other colts; and here the boy should have a constant eye upon him. I have often found this sort of rough treatment answer far better than striking a colt with an ashen plant. I do not, as I have already observed, approve of fighting with colts or horses, if it can be avoided; yet, it may sometimes be necessary to have recourse to blows as a last resource, to endeavor to get the better of a thick, sulky, ill-disposed colt.

I have given these precautions to the groom and boy, with a view to put them on their guard with a tricky colt on his first appearance in the string on the downs. I will now put the groom and boy again on their guard, with respect to colts commencing and going on with their work, as some of them get cunning after having gone up a few gallops. Craving colts, and hearty colts, may occasionally require such correction as I have just noticed; but the flighty irritable colts must never be corrected; for what, by many, are considered as faults in them, principally arise from their natural timidity; so that to fight with them would alarm them, and in short spoil them as racers. In what manner they ought to be treated, I shall of course state when I come to the training of them.

A craving or hearty colt, become cunning from having gone up a few gallops, may some morning, as he is approaching to, or commencing, one of his gallops, look at what he is going about, that is, if I may so say, he looks at the work he is going to begin; and, unless the boy is on his guard, he is very likely to rear up and bolt round, and perhaps try to break away; or, if he do not do this, he may, if a tricky one, in going up the gallop, shut up and go out; in other words, he will sulk and slacken his pace, and then bolt suddenly out from the string, break away, and get some distance before he can be pulled up. An ill-disposed colt will sometimes rather unexpectedly take these advantages of a small light boy; when he does this, to prevent a repetition of it, the slight boy must be taken off the colt, and another put up, of more power and experience; and, as he is apprized of the sort of colt he is

going to ride, he strictly watches him, not only as he is walking to the gallop, but after he has commenced it. Now, a few lengths previous to the colt coming to that part of the gallop which he may before have gone out at, the boy should there persevere with him, to make him keep his place in the string; and, if he finds it necessary, he should have recourse quickly to such methods of correction as have already been spoken of, with the additional aid (in his right or left hand, whichever is found to be most convenient) of his ashen plant, raised over his own head or near to the colt's, and using occasionally rough sort of language, in going along to the end of the gallop. If the boy has been able to keep the colt straight throughout the gallop to the end of it, he should, after having pulled him up, notice him a little, but not too much. If a thick craving rogue of a colt, or a hearty one, similarly disposed, cannot be got the better of by the treatment I have advised, further severities, as having repeated recourse to blows, will seldom be found to answer. Many a hearty colt may become a little tricky merely from being too fresh; such a colt only requires the quiet treatment of a good riding boy, with an occasional increase of work to steady him.

It is to be understood, that all these young ones are to be taught in turn, not only to lead the class to which they belong, as well in walking out from as in returning to the stables, but also occasionally to lead the gallop.

After these yearlings have gone through what I have laid down relative to them, it may fairly be concluded that they have been long enough under the care of the groom for him to have become thoroughly acquainted with what they all are, as regards their constitutions and tempers.

In getting ready the first class of these young ones, (the craving ones), either to try or to run, something like regular work should be given them. The second class, the hearty ones, will require less work, with more teaching. The third class, the flighty ones, require very little more than teaching alone; that is to say, if they are properly taught, they are generally sufficiently trained.

Now, according as the disposition of a colt of the third class is steady or flighty, so must his treatment be varied; those that are steady enough to follow each other in their exercise may do so; but those that are easily alarmed had much better go by themselves. All the colts of this class should have good and patient riding boys, not only for their exercise, but to look after them in the stable. No matter where they are alarmed, or at what they are alarmed, if once they are so, it will be some time before they get the better of a fright. The groom must therefore carefully watch them and the boys; and he must caution the latter never, scarcely under any circumstances, to strike them, or even to pull more rashly at them than is absolutely necessary to pull them up, or to prevent them, when hearty, from getting the better of them. If any of these colts become alarmed by going constantly to one particular part of the downs, where they may occasionally have

had a few gallops, the groom should immediately take them to another part, and let them be there at walking exercise for a few days; then take them back to the old ground, but, instead of galloping them, let them walk these gallops, and walk about other parts of this ground for two or three days; then he should take them back to the ground at which they were not frightened, and, if they appear here pretty hearty, he should endeavor to steal a gallop into them, just letting them go off as they like.

If any colt among these flighty ones will not bear even the sort of treatment I have just described, he should be taken on to the turnpike road early in the morning, where he should do the most of his exercise, and the more like a hack he does it the more reconciled he will become; and if he has good action, he may walk long lengths, which will give an appetite. If there is in the neighborhood a gradual good sort of lengthy hill, that may perchance have a narrow strip of turf running by the side of it, the colt in question should occasionally go up such hill, and at other times, by way of change, and with a view to warn him, he should (putting him to a trot some way before he comes to the hill, and giving him his head,) be allowed to trot on up any portion of the hill as may be thought sufficient to bring his lungs into pretty good action. If the hill is short, he should trot up the whole length, and, instead of pulling him up at the top, he should be made to continue on, on the level, for half a mile, then pull him quietly home, if possible, by a different road from that by which he came. At other times of his going out, there should be a steady hack rode out with him, by the side of him, following, or before him, whichever the colt appears to be the most reconciled to. At other times, with the hack along with him, he should proceed to any of the neighboring markets or fairs; here let them walk quietly about in the noise and bustle of the crowd, making very much of the colt, who cannot here be treated too kindly, with a view to make him rather fond of the crowd, so that he may not be alarmed on being walked out from the rubbing-house into the crowd on the course the first time of his being brought out to run. Indeed, unless a colt or horse will walk out of the rubbing-house into the crowd, and remain unconcerned, and, in his running and concluding a race, go freely up between the rails of the course, and boldly pass through the crowd, and is not more pleased than annoyed by their cheering as he passes the winning-post, I say of him, as Shakspeare has said of man, "Let no such horses be trusted."

The next thing the groom has to do is to teach his colts, as they are approaching towards two years old, to go by the side of each other in their exercise, and also to stop by the side of each other when pulled up on finishing their gallops. But, previous to the groom practising his colts at this, he should take an opportunity of steadying them, by giving them, for two or three days, such long walking exercise, with occasional lengthy gallops, as their ages and constitutions will safely bear; then, on the morning he commences teaching his colts to go in the way just mentioned, he should put upon the colt he intends to lead the

gallop an experienced good riding boy, who from practice knows well how to forward a colt on this or any other occasion, or perhaps as more preferable, if light enough, the head lad, as the groom would only have to say to the latter—"We must see how these young ones will go by the side of each other as they approach the close of the gallop, and whether we can get them to stop pretty nearly opposite each other when pulled up at the end of it." Two or three of them may now and then be practised together.

If it is a good riding boy that is to lead this sort of gallop, he had better be put on a good sort of hack, or a steady horse that has been some time in training; but we will suppose the head lad to lead the above-mentioned gallop, as he may do it on one of the colts. In the morning, either in the stables, or as he is going along on his hack to the ground with the colts, the groom cautions the boys, first, by telling them what he wants done with the colts, and then bids them be steady, and mind and attend to what will presently be said to them by the head lad. The head lad, on arriving at the ground, should say to the boys, as they are approaching the gallop—"Keep fast your colts' heads, and follow me." When he sees that the colts are off and settled in their stride, he again says to them—"Come gradually on with your colts until you are nearly head and girth with my colt; but mind that you keep your colts sufficiently wide apart, so that they may have no inclination to fly at each other." By the time the colts have got in their places on the gallop, as we have here described, they will have arrived within a quarter of a mile of the end of it. The lad, seeing them go on as they ought, should again speak to the boys, and tell them to take a steady pull at their colts, and direct them at the same time to finish the gallop at a little faster pace; but to be careful not to pass him if they can avoid it. On their having made this little run together, they are to be pulled up as nearly as possible in a line with each other. They should now be let stand to blow their noses, if they like, during which time they should be made much of; and, previous to their going to the troughs to water, they should be walked quietly about in line with each other, but, as has been just observed, not so close as to allow of any colt becoming unpleasantly familiar with the one that may be next to him.

Thus should colts be practised, not only until they go quietly by the side of each other, but until they will let other colts or horses come rather suddenly up by the side of them, in a gallop, a trial, or a race, without being alarmed or swerving away from them; and until they will, when pulled at, easily stop nearly in a line with each other, under either of the above-mentioned circumstances.

Any colt that may swerve or break with a boy while at this sort of exercise should on the next, and every succeeding day, be ridden by the head lad, until he has got the colt to do what is necessarily required of him; and when the head lad gives up riding such colt, one of the best riding boys must at all times ride him in his exercise. All the colts we have here mentioned should

in succession be ridden by the head lad, who should practise them occasionally to go to what is called "the head," that is, a little in front of the other colts, he (the lad) having previously cautioned the boy that may be riding a colt against him, to sit steady and not urge his colt on beyond the pace he has been accustomed to go, while he steadily goes, for a short way up the gallop, head and neck with the colt against him. The lad, then taking a pull, should go head and head for a few strides; then for a short distance, before finishing the gallop, he should go out to the front, and take the lead for a few lengths, just previous to the pulling up of the two or three colts, whichever it may be.

Thus should the colts occasionally be practised on the downs: or, which is to be preferred, up between the rails of a course, passing the winning post, and pulling them up at the usual or convenient distance beyond it; and after they have recovered their wind, they should be turned about, and walked back to the weighing-house; here the boys, if not too small, may dismount and make much of them, then get on them again, and walk them quietly away.

Such are the precautionary measures to be observed in the teaching of yearlings and two-year-olds on their first coming on to the downs to be trained, with a view to preserve their tempers, and prevent their becoming tricky; no matter how good the racing properties of a colt may be, if, from improper management, he should, at the above early age, get into any of the habits already mentioned, he is, as I have before noticed, most likely spoiled for ever as a race horse, or, rather, there is no dependence to be placed on him when he is called upon in severe running, nor can his owner ever think of backing him for a single guinea.

Yearlings that are thus far forwarded by teaching are many of them sufficiently well trained for the length they have to come; and with those that are not so, as the thick ones and the hearty ones, the groom may do a bit of work, and get them into something like condition, that is, he may get them about three parts ready, if the weather keeps open, and they have not been tired; they also may, if the owner wishes it, at the usual weights and lengths, have a spin together just before Christmas, merely to see what may be good or bad among them.

This sort of trial gallop being over by the end of December, the yearlings may now be laid by, that is, they should be indulged for a month or six weeks, coming out only on occasional days to be lounged, with a view merely to keep them in health. Two or three of the first class, more particularly if a little queer in their tempers, would perhaps be the better of being ridden quietly about, either daily or every other day, until about the middle or end of February. Which of these two periods must depend of course on the time they are to come out to run as yearlings, that is whether it be in the middle or end of April.

All that we have stated in this chapter, with regard to the teaching of yearlings, also stands good in the teaching of two-year-olds, that is, if the latter do not leave their paddocks until they are two years old.

“ A T F A U L T ; ”

OR,

A SPORTING ADVENTURE WITH (or rather WITHOUT) NIMROD.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

“ One of these men is genius to the other ;
 And so of these, which is the natural man,
 And which the spirit ? Who deciphers them ?
 * * * * *

“ And thereupon these errors are arose.”

SHAKESPEARE.

It is now nearly five-and-twenty years since the anecdote I am about to relate took place at Windsor. I was then a stripling of twenty, and was doing duty with my regiment, the Blues : like the military hero mentioned in one of O’Keefe’s excellent farces, I might have sung—

“ How happy’s the soldier that lives on his pay,
 Who spends half a-crown out of sixpence a-day ! ”

for out of a very small income I had expended some hundreds in getting together a few good hunters. With these I intended to surprise the “ natives ; ” for, in the days I write of, steam had not made Windsor a suburb of London, and a ride of one-and-twenty miles, oftentimes more, to the meet, was a bar to the Cockney sportsman joining in the sport. The winter of 1820 had set in with unusual mildness, and the King’s stag-hounds had been advertised to meet at Salt Hill. Upon the morning of the Hunt, a large party had assembled at Botham’s, that prince of publicans, and, among others, I was one of the number. Whilst we were discussing his excellent repast of hot rolls, devilled kidneys, broiled bones, fried sausages, with a jumping powder or two, in the shape of a glass of Curacoa, we were joined by a larking young Irishman, then as popular and as agreeable an officer in the Guards, as he is now in the more arduous, and, we trust, much more profitable duty of an army agent in Dublin. “ Ah ! my boys,” exclaimed the new comer, “ there’s nothing like eating and drinking to bring out the humanities. Here, gossoon, kidneys for two, a broiled bone, and a glass of the ‘ creature.’ ” After welcoming our friend, who, during the waiter’s absence, had made a pretty substantial attack upon a cold beefsteak pie, we commenced a “ keen encounter of our wits ” under the denomination of “ selling bargains.” “ What a horrid shame,” exclaimed a young Blue, just emancipated from Eton, “ there’s Mrs. Sparks been lying for the last ten days at Slough, and they wont bury her.” “ Shameful,” responded a dozen voices, “ the authorities ought to be informed of it.” “ And what’s the reason they wont bury her ? ”

asked a quiet, modest-looking youth, who had lately come up from Cambridge. "Why should they?" responded the other. "Though she's been *lying* there for more than a week, it would be rather hard to bury her alive." A shout followed this attempted sally of wit, which was followed by others of the same nature. "Holloa, Tom," said our young Irishman to a middle-aged friend, who, instead of turning out in tops and cords (for in those days, leathers were deemed "rural"), sported a pair of what had been once *white duck* trowsers, "I hope we may cross the Thames to-day." "Why?" asked the other. "Because," responded the Emerald, "I think you ought to give your *ducks* a swim." Whilst laughing at this really ready sally, one of the most popular and sporting noblemen of that day, then holding a place about the court, entered the room; and, after inviting a chosen few to dine at the Equerry's table at the Castle, told us that we must all ride our best to-day, as Nimrod was to be one of the party. I had heard of the mighty "Nimrod, the founder" of the sporting race of writers, and longed to be mentioned in the pages of his Magazine as "a promising young one." To accomplish this, I determined not only to ride my best, but to attach myself to this literary lion, in the hopes that, as they say in the House of Commons, I might be "named." "How is Nimrod mounted?" I exclaimed. "On a flea-bitten grey," responded the noble lord who had given us the information, "a snaffle bridle and a martingale." "Martingale!" thought I—"this must be some new fancy; we shall read his reasons in the next month's Magazine." The hour of meeting had now arrived; after paying our bill, we mounted our horses, and proceeded to a field near the road side, where Davis and his excellent pack of hounds were in attendance. A large field of sportsmen were collected, consisting of officers of the garrison, country squires, a sprinkling of fashion from London, some Metropolitan dealers, and a few Cockney Sportsmen. Before the deer was uncarted, which Davis told us would give us a capital run, I looked in vain, for some time, for the far-famed chronicler of the sports. "You have not seen a gentleman on a flea-bitten grey," I inquired of all my friends. No one had seen "the gallant grey." At last one of my brother officers told me that there was a horse that answered that description standing at the Red Lion, Slough, and that the groom had told him his master was coming from London; upon this intelligence I rode up to the huntsman, and, telling him how important a gentleman was momentarily expected, he kindly gave five minutes' grace. In those "good old days," the master of the buckhounds contented himself with staying at home and receiving the "rint," seldom or ever attending the hunt, and then merely to see the deer uncarted—as has not been the case within the last ten years, when such truly popular sportsmen as the Earls of Erroll, Chesterfield, Rosslyn, and Lord Kinnaird, have occupied the post, and done every justice to it. To resume. No sooner had I gained the huntsman's sanction to a five minutes' law, than I made the best of my way across the fields to Slough. As I reached it, a very gaudy-looking dog-cart drove up to the door of the Red Lion, out

of which got a gentleman equipped for the chase. His costume was peculiar: a grass-green cut-away coat, with gilt buttons, upon which were embossed sporting subjects of every description—hunting, racing, shooting, cocking, fishing, coursing, and prize-fighting. His “smalls” were white—not as the driven snow, but rather whitey-yellow—and were made of leather; they looked as if they had not been “made to measure,” but had more of the cut of the Blue-coat School, or a “reach-me-down shop.” At the knees—where the buttons had evidently fallen out with the button-holes, for they could not be prevailed upon to meet upon any terms—there was a display of white ribbons which would have done credit to any recruiting serjeant’s cap in the service. The boots were of the Wellington make, with a pair of brown glazed and highly polished tops drawn over them, displaying a large hiatus, in which the calf of the wearer protruded considerably. A waist-coat of striped marcella completed the costume—with the exception of a hat, of the Joliffe form, tied to the button-hole by a small piece of red tape, and a hunting whip. The horse was a tall, raw-boned animal, one that quite came under the denomination of “a rum one to look at, but a devil to go.” The saddle was not of the most fashionable shape, and the saddle-cloth of white, bordered with light blue; surcingle of the same, with a dirty snaffle and worn-out bridle, faced with light-blue satin, gave the whole the appearance of a costermonger’s horse at Epping Forest on Easter Monday, or at Tothill-fields during Gooseberry Fair. For some time I could scarcely believe my senses; but, recollecting that “great wits to madness nearly are allied,” I attributed the strangeness of the turn-out to the eccentricity of the owner. To be certain as to the party, no sooner had the new-comer mounted his “Rosinante,” and coaxed him into a trot, amidst the grins of the gaping clods that stood about the door, than I rode up to the groom, and said, in an off-hand sort of manner—“That’s Nimrod, is it not?” “Yes, I believe you,” answered the man; “I should like to drink your honor’s health, and success to Nimrod, eh, eh, eh!” For the life of me I could neither see the joke, nor understand the reason for the cockney’s laughter; I, however, threw him a shilling, and lost no time in gaining upon this mighty hunter, which I accomplished just as he had reached the field, from which the deer had been some ten minutes uncartered. To account for this, I must remark that although I have given a brief and hurried sketch of my proceedings, in order that I may the more quickly arrive at the *denouement* of my tale, a considerable deal of time had been lost at Slough, after the arrival of the far-famed Nimrod, some portion of that time having been devoted to his giving instructions to his groom, taking care of himself at the bar of the Red Lion, mounting, altering and arranging his stirrups, and, as he said, getting into his seat. I proceed. The gate that opened to the field was at the farthest extremity of the road, and finding the hounds laid on just as I had got up to my friend, I put my horse at a small fence, and called upon him to follow me. “There’s no ditch on this side,” I exclaimed, as the hero of the flea-bitten

grey "craned" most awfully. What could be the cause? thought I to myself. At last an idea came across my mind: the field, as I have already said, was numerous; and as the hounds were now running parallel to the road, and seemed disposed to cross it, I fancied my friend was waiting until they had crossed it, that he might get a start, and take a line of his own, instead of following the tail of the tailoring field. My anticipations, although I afterwards found out were not *his*, were realized; the deer had taken towards Eton playing fields, and the hounds crossed the road within a few yards of Slough. I jumped back into the road, and then found that my Nimrod had gone away in earnest; sticking his spurs into the flanks of his highly-couraged, though low-conditioned steed, he went away at a pace that would have almost eclipsed that of the far-famed Herne the hunter; still he kept to the road that leads from Slough to Eton. Albeit, no macadamizer myself, so anxious was I to keep well with this celebrated sporting character, that I hammered my hunter along the road in a way that called down the risible remarks of my brother officers and friends. Just as we reached the playing fields, the hounds again crossed the road, and I then saw that we could "take the road" no more. During a temporary check I doffed my hat to the new comer, a compliment he immediately returned.

"As you do not know this country, sir, as well as I do," said I, politely addressing the great Nimrod, "perhaps I can be of some service to you. Your horse seems a little out of condition; by nursing him at first, I have no doubt but that you will get him through the run, which, from the line the deer has taken, will, I think, be a brilliant one." My newly formed ally was all attention and civility.

"Why as you say, sir," he replied, "my horse is a little out of condition; he's been in rather sharp work lately; ten miles a day with a heavy drag, is no child's play."

"Ten miles a day after a drag!" I exclaimed, in a tone of surprise; for none but the hero himself would have convinced me that Nimrod was addicted to hunting a drag, and patronizing the anniseed and red herring pack.

"Yes, sir, last week at Croydon, then at Romford, now at Epping, all in the way of business."

"Oh, I understand," said I, "you publish your proceedings in the magazines and papers."

"Right again," replied my affable friend, "could not carry on the war without the papers. Why, sir, a man might make his fortune by selling brick-dust, charcoal, old bottles, or any other commodity, if he only advertised enough; puffing is the order of the day, and without it even my article would be a drug in the market."

"Impossible," I responded, "while there's a particle of taste, or intelligence left in the world, your *articles* must always command attention."

"You are very kind sir," replied my friend, "and although I say it, as should not, they are certainly very much sought after by the public."

I had now, as I thought, broken the ice, and having hinted at, and complimented the popular writer upon his avocations, I proceeded to point out the line the deer was likely to take.

"We shall first cross Charvey ditch; then skirting Eton, he will take to the river, whether at Surly-hall, or Maidenhead, I know not, as he has already probably been headed a dozen times; if he crosses the water, he will then lead us a merry dance to Ascot Heath and Bagshot."

"Charvey ditch, cross the Thames, Ascot, and Bagshot," echoed my brother sportsman; "prodigious!"

This enumeration of the places made me immediately think he was treasuring these all in his mind for an article in a London newspaper, and the December number of the "Sporting Magazine." I was now anxious that my new acquaintance should get at my patronymic, feeling without that it would be impossible for him, however willing, to record my prowess in the field. To accomplish this required some tact, and I immediately set my brains to work. At this moment none of my friends were near, so, by way of a beginning, I tried to lead my companion to a conversation that would make him acquainted with my profession and residence.

"Charming country this, sir," I said; "in winter hunting, in summer boating and cricketing; all the year round a most hospitable neighborhood; only two hours' ride from London." (In these days, in parenthesis, I might have said only five-and-twenty minutes by the rail.) "It's one of the best quarters out of the metropolis," I continued. My friend seemed a little awe-struck.

"Oh you're quartered here," said he, recovering his usual manner; "but you forget to enumerate one of the delights of country quarters—standing on a bridge, throwing a piece of wood into the water, and crossing to the opposite side to see it float through."

"Nimrod's breaking out;" said I to myself, and then proceeded. "Yes, I am quartered at the Cavalry Barracks, at Spital."

"Spital," echoed my friend; "that's very well of you." "Yes, it was 'spittle' that made the sport at the bridge, not the piece of wood. I see, sir, you're up to a thing or two."

My friend was getting familiar, and, as I thought, extremely vulgar; still, as a genius; I felt every allowance ought to be made, and I proceeded: "Yes, we are at the Cavalry Barracks, where at any time I shall be delighted to see you. I can show you something in your line: you are fond of horses."

"Oh yes," responded my now attentive companion; "and if my services ever should be required, you may command me; anything in my line shall meet with the most prompt attention."

Before I had prepared a suitable answer, I was greeted by the then mayor of Windsor.

"Ah, my lord," said that truly popular and universally respected man, "that's a nice horse; more than up to your lordship's weight."

"Your servant, Mr. Mayor," I responded; "I am proud of the compliment; for, as the man says in the play, 'approbation from

(Mr. John Bannister) is praise indeed.' Your mare, too, is quite of the right sort ; and I warrant she's a good one."

"Why, I have seen worse, my lord," replied the chief magistrate, who *en passant*, be it said, never had a bad bit of horse flesh in his possession, and who proved to me that he had one of the good old sort only last Easter ; when, after benefiting by his hospitality in the shape of an excellent cup of tea, distilled by his fair daughter's hands, he insisted upon driving me to Detosio's Hotel, at Slough, where I was then sojourning.

In case this article should ever meet his eye—and as an old, thorough-bred English sportsman, I have no doubt he occasionally (to use poor Theodore Hook's joke) sets *his face against* the review—I hope he will excuse the mention of his name ; and if I do not couple it with those eulogiums which his character, public and private, so eminently entitle him to, it is because I know he is one of those who, "doing good by stealth, would blush to find it fame." To resume.

During this conversation, especially when I was "my lorded," the mighty Nimrod looked a little surprised, and not a little pleased.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said he ; "I was not aware of the ——."

"Oh," I interrupted him, "look upon me as a brother sportsman, that's a tie that is acknowledged all over the world. But we must not lose our start ; that old hound is on the scent."

I was right ; away went the pack, followed by a troop of equestrians and pedestrians, hollaing and shouting, and making such a noise that would well have suited the modern performances of the Ojibbeway Indians, and the skeleton hunt in the then unknown opera of *Der Freyschutz*.

"Follow me," I exclaimed ; "we must not take too much out of our horses. I'll take you to a spot where the ditch is scarcely broader than a gutter."

Away I went, followed by my friend, who kept rather too close to me to be pleasant. 'Tis true I was well mounted, but as accidents will happen in the very best regulated establishment, I could not help feeling that if Comus (so my hunter was named, as bought from Milton, he of the *mews*, not *muse*) should make a mistake, I should be ridden over by Nimrod, who would probably write my epitaph, and I should also furnish an excellent article for the accident-makers of the morning press. As we approached the ditch I got up the steam, hoping by that means to get a few yards advance of my shadow, and charged it gallantly in rather a broad place.

"Keep to my right," I exclaimed ; "near the hedge you'll find it nothing."

"Where, where ?" shouted my friend, who was now pulling and hauling at his horse's mouth, as if, in nautical language, he was "taking a pull at the main sheet ;" but, to carry the metaphor further, the fiery steed would "not answer the helm ;" and, goaded by the spurs by which my hero stuck on, following my track,

plunged right into the middle of as dirty a ditch as that of "Datchet Mead, close by the Thames side," immortalized by Shakspeare as the spot where the amorous "Falstaff, varlet vile," had his courage cooled through the machinations of one of the very merriest wives of Windsor. Looking round upon hearing the splash, I saw what a catastrophe had befallen my friend, and in the most un hunting-like fashion, I pulled up to offer him my assistance, jumping off my horse, which I gave to a clod who had been perched up in a willow-tree to see the sport. I caught firm hold of the tree, and leaning forward, held out my whip, which I begged the affrighted Nimrod to seize the end of, and which he had no sooner done than I pulled him to the bank; in the mean time the "grey" had been rescued from the ditch by the clod I have alluded to; and there they both stood, the quadruped looking, for all the world, like one of Ducrow's black and white piebald horses, and the biped the very fac-simile of Sir Walter Blunt, on his return from the plains of Holmedon—

"New lighted from his horse,
Stained with the variation of each soil."

A butcher's boy, whose "bit of metal" would not face the ditch, proffered his assistance, and, with his apron and some wet rushes, we rubbed both man and horse down, and again mounting our steeds, trotted towards Windsor Bridge, to ascertain, if possible, which way the deer had taken. As a matter of course, we were not a little jeered at as we rode through the town of Eton. "Holloa, Snowball!" cried one in his shirt sleeves, "vy, you're as black as the white of my eye." "Vy, you've been shooting your rubbish in Charvey Ditch!" screamed another, "that's against an act of parliament." "No dirt to be taken off these roads without leave of the surveyor!" shouted a third, "you'll be had up afore the 'thorities." "'Tally-ho!" roared a fourth; while a dozen voices exclaimed, "The deer has taken the water at Surly Hall, and you can't do better than follow arter him."

"Surly Hall!" I exclaimed, "then Clewer's our line:" so, trotting over the bridge, we took the first street to our right in Windsor, and soon gained the meadows between Windsor and Clewer church. A few fences stood in our way; but, looking out for gaps, I took the lead, telling my friend to follow, but not without first assuring him that many horses who would take timber would not face a brook. Whether the fall had put some mettle into the steed and his rider, I know not, but they certainly followed me as straight as a dart, and we reached the village of Clewer without any adventure. Here we found that the deer, hounds, huntsman, and a few daring spirits, had crossed the water, and away we went towards St. Leonard's Hill. Skirting that beautifully wooded spot, we crossed Wingfield Plain, then unenclosed, and soon reached Ascot Heath; from thence to Bagshot, where the deer took to water and was captured. From the time we left Clewer there was scarcely any fencing, and what there was was very easy: my friend paid me the compliment of urging me to lead, as some of the fences were, as

he said, "rather blind;" no sooner did we, however, gain the open, than he passed me, and wonderful was it to see him gallop, with a slack rein, over mounds, and across ridge and furrow, through rabbit burrows, and thorns, and fern; and still more wonderful was it that his steed should keep his legs with such bad ground, and, as I thought, loose riding.

No sooner had our chase ended than I congratulated Nimrod at being one out of nine that had seen the end of the run. He seemed delighted, assured me it was one of the best days' sport he had almost ever had; and added, that he should never, to the last day of his life, forget my kindness and attention. To have Nimrod as a friend for ever! said I to myself, then indeed shall I have my deeds in the chase chronicled, and gain that sporting notoriety which, in those days, I own, I coveted.

I now again turned to my self-satisfied friend, and proposed that he should accompany me to the barracks to partake of luncheon. This he politely declined, stating that his "light chay-cart" (as he called it) had been sent back to London; that finding he was so near the town of Bagshot, where he had some business, he should proceed there and either leave his gallant grey there for the night, and proceed to town by the coach; or, after an hour or two's rest, ride the animal to town. "Never unmindful of business, my lord," said my new ally; "my name's known in Bagshot and the vicinity, and I have no doubt my day's sport will turn to profit."

"Unquestionably," I replied, still imagining he was alluding to the works of his talented pen. I then took my leave, but not without first giving him my name, which turned out to be superfluous, as he had already ascertained it from the huntsman, and assuring him that at any time my brother officers and myself would be happy to see so distinguished a Nimrod at the Barracks.

"I thank you for the compliment," responded my friend; "there's nothing like combining business and pleasure. Unfortunately, my cards were left in the light chay-cart; but my address is well known to the world at large. And if ever, professionally or privately, I can be of any service to your lordship or friends, you may command me."

I doffed my hat, and turning my horse's head towards Windsor, pictured to myself the flaming paragraph that would probably appear in the sporting papers, headed, "Wonderful run with His Majesty's Stag-hounds," with a full, true, and particular account of the "nine" that were in at the end of the day. In the meantime, having some slight personal acquaintance with a neighboring provincial editor, I concocted an article in my head on my road home, which I reduced to writing as soon as I reached the barracks.

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

So thought Dr. Panglos, and following his erudite authority, I made slight mention of myself, merely naming myself as one who, with the celebrated sporting rider Nimrod, the huntsman, whippers in, &c., were in at the end. The paragraph appeared; it was on a Friday morning; I purchased at least a dozen papers; for

the editor, thinking that "my modesty," like that of Tom Thumb (I mean the original, not the General "of that ilk") "was a flambeau to my understanding," had given us more credit than we deserved, describing us as having kept all day with the hounds, and having, like "two young Lochinvars,"

"Swam the *Thames* river where ford there was none."

The Sunday papers, published in time for Saturday evening's coach, were to reach us by dinner-time that day, and, having given orders for two copies of each sporting paper to be sent me, I awaited with no little impatience the arrival of the trumpet-major with the papers. "Six newspapers for your lordship." I opened them all in turn, and great was my surprise to find, instead of the long-looked-for account, the following pithy paragraph:—"We stop the press to say we have just received a communication from Nimrod (C. J. Apperley, Esq.), begging us to contradict a paragraph that appeared in a provincial paper of yesterday, stating that he had formed one of the field with his Majesty's hounds last week." This talented author adding, "that unless, like Sir Simon Roche's bird, he could be in two places at once, the thing was impossible, he having been out on the very morning mentioned with the Warwickshire hounds." To this was added the following note by the editor:—"We rather suspect the original paragraph in question, was a regular paid for Day and Martin impudent puff, inserted by one of the 'hard riders' mentioned in it." To use a sporting phrase, I was regularly "at fault," nor was the mystery dissolved until the following morning, when a letter reached me by the post; it contained a printed card, postage ten-pence for a double letter, for in those days Rowland Hill's "penny wise," and *as far* only as revenue goes, "pound foolish" plan, had not been introduced. I was about to throw the card into the fire, when a small note fell from the letter; picking it up, I found it ran as follows:—"Mr. Bugsby's compts to Lord Lennix, and in thanking him for his kindness last Monday with the hounds, begs to enclose a few cards." "Bugsby," I exclaimed to a brother officer; "what does this mean?"

"See here," he replied, reading the card in a solemn and pompous tone—

"Killing, no murder.

"BUGSBY,

Puce, bug, and black-beetle extirpator!

One trial will suffice! Copy the address!

Fleeance avaunt! Sleep unalloyed;

Here bugs by Bugs-by are destroyed."

I cannot attempt to picture to my readers my shame and annoyance, to have made myself the dupe of a flea extirpator, a bug destroyer, a black-beetle exterminator. I could have *flea*bottomized the wretch. I, however, consoled myself upon my narrow escape; for had Mr. Bugsby accepted my invitation to Windsor, I should not only have *fete*-ed him at the barracks, but have proba-

bly introduced him to the equerries' table of good old George the Third. For some months I studied Lavater, and should not have now thus written myself "down as an ass," had I not the excuse of youth and inexperience to bring forward in my favor. I had, too, the example of one of Shakspeare's finest-drawn characters; for, as the fat knight says—"I was three or four times in the thought" that the vulgar cit could not be the highly talented Nimrod; and yet the sudden surprise of my powers drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason. See, now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

It was not for a year afterwards that I found out the cruel hoax that had been practised upon me. One of the party assembled at the breakfast I have alluded to in the commencement of this anecdote, had, "by way of a lark," spread abroad the story that Nimrod was expected to join the hunt; and having seen, upon his road through Colnbrook, a "chay-cart"—with the words, "Bugsby, puce extirpator, Clearkenwell, London"—pulling up at the White Hart, with a veritable cockney in it, and hearing from him that a flea-bitten grey (not an inappropriate color!) was waiting for him at Slough, identified the party with the celebrated and talented Nimrod. When I discovered how I had been duped, all I had left me was to exclaim, from Pers. Sat.—

"———Nimis uncis
Naribus indulges.———"

Or, as Dryden gives it—

"You drive the jest too far."

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for July, 1844.

THE LATE THOMAS THORNHILL., ESQ.

Few men, for the last thirty years, continued to hold so prominent a place on the turf as Mr. Thornhill; with ample means, sound judgment, and certainly his full share of good fortune, his racing career furnishes us with one of those rare instances of a gentleman indulging his passion for that hazardous pastime without injury either to his honor or estate. This is the more remarkable, as during the whole period we have named he embarked heavily in every department of his favorite pursuit, had always one of the largest strings of horses in work at Newmarket, an extensive breeding establishment at Riddlesworth, and invariably a strong book on coming events. In breeding, training, or backing his horses, none displayed a greater spirit, and few enjoyed equal success. Beyond a little annual practice in the autumn among the game preserves at Riddlesworth, the term "Turfite" will define and include all Mr. Thornhill's claim to the name of a sportsman; for the more active amusements of the field, he was natur-

ally unfited, seldom, we believe, early or late in life, attempting to ride to hounds. When a young man and a leading buck, he certainly, in conformity with the fashion of the day, was wont to appear on horseback in boots and breeches; but the well-known phaeton was from the first, we are told, his favorite *hack*. Our notice, then, being necessarily confined to his performances on the turf, previous to proceeding with it, we may give a few particulars usually expected in papers of this description.

Mr. Thornhill, after finishing his education at Cambridge, where, like many others before and after him, he acquired a greater taste for Olympics than mathematics, and a notion of feeling more at home on Newmarket Heath than he did in Trinity Hall, on attaining his majority, came into possession of a splendid fortune, none the worse for a long minority, with Fixby Hall, in Yorkshire, as the family seat. Fixby, however, for many reasons, was never a favorite residence of his, and when he purchased Riddlesworth of Sir William Wake, "the friend of the people," Mr. Oastler was left to represent him and his interest in the North. Mr. Thornhill was thrice married—first, to the widow of T. Wood, Esq.; on her decease, to Miss Peirse, daughter of W. Peirse, Esq., the father of the turf in the north; and Miss Forester, daughter of Colonel Forester, and grand-daughter of the late Duke of Cleveland, became the third Mrs. Thornhill. He has left three daughters, but no male heir, the entailed estate will consequently go to another branch of the family. Mr. Thornhill died in London, on the 28th of May, at his house in Berkeley-square, the same, we believe, in which he was born. He was in the 68th year of his age, and weighed, we have been informed by a gentleman who knew him well, something like four-and-twenty stone.

We will now proceed at once to a review of his career on the turf. In 1809, we find him first figuring as an owner of race-horses with *Ralphina*, by *Buzzard*, a mare with which he made a good opening, winning four races at seven starts that season.

From 1810 to 1815, the list of his public runners comprised *Fairing* (one of the first mares put to the Riddlesworth stud); filly by *Hambletonian*; *Topaz* (bought of Lord G. Cavendish); *Aquarius*; *Historia*; colt by *Golumpus*, dam by *Sweeper*; *Anticipation* and *Phosphor*. *Fairing* won fifty guineas, at Newmarket! *Aquarius*, a couple of hundred and a fifty; *Historia* received a forfeit, and won sixty guineas and two hundred guineas; and *Anticipation* two fifties. *Anticipation* was one of a lot purchased at the sale of Sir Sitwell Sitwell's stud, in which the celebrated *Hyale*, the dam of *Clinker*, *Clasher*, and *Sam* was also included. *Scud*, the sire of *Sam*, *Sailor*, and *Shoveler*, was the first stud horse Mr. Thornhill became possessed of, and was advertised to cover at Riddlesworth in 1812.

The next five years, from 1816 to 1820, are by far the most glorious in the annals of Riddlesworth; indeed, Mr. Thornhill's success at this period, was altogether unprecedented. The Duke of Grafton has eclipsed him, if we take the grand total as the criterion, but for the three years in succession, nothing more satis-

factory could be desired. The fellow laborers in this time of triumph were Phosphor, Anticipation, Sir Thomas, Sam, Screw, Steeltrap, Snare, Manfreda, Sall, Shoveler, Ringleader, Sailor, Sardonyx, Spring Gun, Lepus, Rebecca, and Mr. Low.

Phosphor won 100 guineas at Newmarket; Anticipation, the gold cup at Ascot, 100 guineas, the King's plate, a class of the Oatland's, and a brace of 200 guineas stakes at Newmarket; Sir Thomas, 500 guineas, and a hundred three times over, when he was sold to the Duke of Grafton; Sam, in 1818, won fifty, and a hundred at Newmarket, and the Derby at Epsom, for which he was backed at seven to two against him. People, particularly in these days of jumbling three and four year olds together, are apt to attach some importance to the fact of a horse being an early foal; but this was no recommendation to Mr. Thornhill's first grand winner, for Sam, by an extraordinary coincidence, won the Derby on his birth-day, the 28th of May. After achieving the Epsom victory, Sam never won another race: and having made two fruitless efforts in 1819, was sold to Mr. Lechmere Charlton, of whom he was re-purchased to join the Riddlesworth stud in 1822. Screw won a small stake at Newmarket; Steeltrap, 70 guineas at Ascot, 500 guineas at Newmarket, and was then sold to Mr. Dilly; Snare, a match, and then sold. Manfreda, bought of Mr. Stonehewer, proved but a middling investment, only winning a dirty half hundred, after throwing out five or six times in succession. Sall won 150 guineas at home; and her half sister, Shoveler, the same year (1819), 200 guineas at Newmarket, and the Oaks at Epsom; the next year a solitary King's plate was the only prize awarded to the winner of the Oaks, and she consequently found it prudent to retire for a season or two from public life. Ringleader, bought of Lord Stowell, won a couple of hundred, and in 1820, Sailor, another son of Scud, for the third time claimed the Epsom honors for Mr. Thornhill, who it was reported won thirty thousand by the race. The "extraordinary coincidence" on this occasion was a Sailor winning in a violent gale of wind, which, despite the saying, did blow *somebody* good. Poor Sailor died early the next season, and it *was* said that he had been ill-used—first, tried against every horse in the stable, one at a time; and then with *two*, starting with one and finishing with the other, of course either doing their share of the work at the very top of their speed. So rumor killed the hero that weathered the storm, but the story was contradicted in the strongest terms by Mr. Thornhill.* Sardonyx won 200 guineas (twice) and a filty; Spring Gun 160 guineas; Lepus divided a £50 plate at Swaffham; Rebecca, bought of Mr. Batson, turned up blank; and Mr. Low, just purchased of the Duke of Portland, received a beating in two matches. Mr. Thornhill's horses at this period, and for some considerable time afterwards, were under the care of the Chifney brothers—William as the trainer, and "old Sam" the accomplished *artis-te* in the scarlet and white.

* Sailor certainly died from the effects of a gallop, or a trial: we leave it to the fastidious to choose their own term. He broke a blood vessel, and dropped down dead either in his stride, or on being stopped.

“After a storm there comes a calm,” and for the next ten years (from 1821 to 1830), after Sailor’s memorable Derby, Mr. Thornhill introduced us to nothing particularly brilliant; of this the following names, “the pick of the basket” be it understood, without an exception, tend to assure us: Sardonyx, Swivel, sister to Sailor, Spoilt Child, Specie, Reformer, Hogarth, Surprise, The General, Mustard, Mariner, Merchant, Bee in a Bonnet, Worry, Esprit, and Earwig.

To again sift this lot, we may name Specie, Reformer, Surprise, and the Merchant, as about the most successful. Reformer (bought of Mr. Wilson) and The General both figured as first favorites for the Derby—the former running, but without in any way distinguishing himself, and The General retreating from the contest at the last moment, much to the disgust of those who had made winning a certainty without providing for the chance of his not even running. “The general sensation” of ’26 must still be fresh in the memory of the veteran turfite. We may remark here that the run on the letter S. was in compliment to Scud or his son Sam; on M. to Merlin, who first covered at Riddlesworth in 1821; and on E. to Emilius, purchased of Mr. Udney in 1826. During the latter part of the time we have been referring to, the Chifneys had been succeeded by Pettit as trainer, and Conolly as jockey; in which situation the latter continued up to the time of his decease, and Pettit until his break-up at Newmarket, at the commencement of the present season, when Sam Chifney became not only jockey but trainer, and appeared for the last time in that double capacity for Mr. Thornhill, at Epsom, where he rode Elemi for the Derby, and Example for the Oaks.

We almost fear that we were looking only at Sam, Sailor, and Shoveler, when we talked of unequalled success; for really, now we come to add the result of the last fourteen years to the ten moderate seasons we have just disposed of, and bearing in mind the extent to which Mr. Thornhill went in breeding for the turf, the names and performances of the concluding batch are no ways dazzling. A dead heat for the St. Leger, which certainly was the next thing to winning it; second for the Oaks, which it is equally certain should have been first; the Ascot Vase, with the Clearwell, the Riddlesworth, and a few other fair stakes at Newmarket, are all we can make of this era; during which the following shone as the cream of the Stable—Earwig, Farce, Kate Kearney, Mendizabel, Egeria, Saintfoin, Castaside, Euclid, Eringo, and Extempore. Of the “have-beens” among these, Mendizabel was almost the only one that continued to run on, and, what is better, always ran respectably. Of those yet in training, we fancy Extempore to be one of the best mares of her year, and, at her own distance, very difficult to beat. Of Elemi, Eclogue, and so forth, little can be said that would benefit them on their appearance at the hammer on Thursday next.

In concluding this brief notice, we may add a word or two about the Riddlesworth stud. The first stallion that stood there we have already stated to be Scud, joined in ’21 by Merlin, who became so

dangerous that it at length was found necessary to destroy him, not, however, before he had dreadfully injured the man who looked after him; in fact, we believe the poor fellow died from the effects of an attack. Sam, Emilius, Magnet, Merchant, St. Patrick, Albemarle, Euclid, The Commodore, and Erymus, have also served mares at Riddlesworth; and we need not say how successful the progeny of Emilius and St. Patrick, in particular, have proved. Euclid, Albemarle, and The Commodore, are announced for sale with the brood mares and foals in one of the October Meetings; but Emilius, it appears, is not to be priced by Messrs. Tattersall and Son.

The produce of the Riddlesworth stud were always for sale, consequently Mr. Thornhill frequently saw some of his best stock running under other colors—to wit, St. Francis, Mango, Preserve, Garry Owen, Pompey, and many more. The brood mares include Maria (the dam of Euclid and Extempore), Mustard (the dam of Mango and Preserve), Surprise (the dam of St. Francis), Mendizabel's dam, Erica, Apollonia, Variation, Tarantella, Kate Kearney, and Rint.

In a public point of view, all true sportsmen must regret the decease of Mr. Thornhill as one of those staunch friends of racing of which we have but *too* few remaining. It is in such we can place confidence; it is with their steady support that racing will continue to prosper, rather than from the patronage of the flashy "mad for a minute" speculator, who this season is buying and breeding all over the country, and the next "declining the turf."

The racing portion of the Riddlesworth stud were sold at Tattersall's, on Thursday, the 20th:—

Extempore, 4 yrs. old (own sister to Euclid), by Emilius, out of Maria...	800
Example, 3 yrs. old (own sister to Extempore, Euclid, &c)	350
Eclogue, 3 yrs. old, by Emilius, out of Apollonia by Whisker, out of My Lady by Comus, out of The Colonel's dam, &c.....	260
Elemi, 3 yrs. old (brother to Mango, Preserve, &c.), by Emilius, out of Mustard	165
Bay Filly, 3 yrs. old, by Albemarle, out of Erica by Emilius, out of Showeler, by Scud—Goosander, &c.....	135
Brown Filly, 3 yrs. old, by Emilius, dam by Phantom (the dam of Mendizabel, &c), her dam by Pericles, out of Mary by Sir Peter, &c.....	82
London (New) Sporting Magazine, for July, 1844.	

HEADS, HANDS, AND HEELS.

Continued from the August Number, page 485.

HAVING said thus much of the different functionaries of the *Turf*, let us now inquire how far *Hunting* may require *head* in its pursuit.

I doubt not there are many persons who think any ordinary fel-

low who can "whoop" "halloo," blow a horn, and ride boldly, is good enough for a Huntsman. Of course no Sportsman thinks this; but I am not making these observations for the edification of Sportsmen; I never, on any occasion, presume to write for their instruction; but I am endeavoring to show those of the world who are *not* Sportsmen that our pursuits approach nearer to their own in point of the requisite of mind (or as I have termed it *head*) than they have hitherto supposed. If I succeed in this, my most aspiring hope will be realised.

I have always considered, that, take him all in all, a Huntsman who is *first-rate* as a kennel Huntsman, and moderately good in the field, supposing the *entire* management of the pack was left to him, would during a season show more sport than if his attributes were reversed. If I am wrong in this opinion, I am (as I hope I am on every occasion) open to correction. My reasons for having always held this opinion are, that if the pack are bad in themselves, the best Chase-Huntsman on earth cannot make them good; if they are good (in a general way, the less a Huntsman interferes with them the better. I have known many crack coachmen, whose great fault was driving too much. Mayne, who I have mentioned as a race-rider, though a most superior horseman, always rode too much; he never could keep quiet in his saddle, but was always doing something with his horse, and sometimes beat him by doing what he considered was assisting him. I have seen many crack Huntsmen who I felt perfectly convinced hunted their hounds too much; in short, wanted to kill their fox by their own sagacity instead of allowing their hounds to do so by theirs, and would all but take them off their noses to get the credit of a knowing cast—a degree of puppyism and arrogance in a Huntsman which I consider quite unpardonable. I shall quote an instance of this kind of thing, and the Huntsman's excuse for it. Hounds were running with a burning scent, but came to a check: a couple or two shortly hit it off; the pack joined, and away they were going, when, to every one's astonishment, the First Whip was sent to get them back, the Huntsman, riding hallooing, or blowing his horn in a different direction. He made a cast, but not a hound owned the vestige of a scent; so he was forced to try back (hateful at all times to a fox-hunter). In coming to the spot where they were carrying on the scent when stopped, they hit it off again, and finally ran in to their fox. The Huntsman, on being required to explain his motive for taking his hounds off their line, said, he thought they must be hunting foul, as no fox *should* have taken that line of country; his point *ought* to have been such a covert. On being told that foxes would sometimes follow their own opinions instead of his in such particulars, he merely said, "If the fox was a fool, it was no fault of his." So much for Huntsmen relying on their own opinion instead of the sagacity and natural instinct of their hounds! That a great deal of cleverness may be shown by a Huntsman in the field we all know, and that at times he may greatly assist hounds is equally clear; but these aids (to kill a fox fairly) should only be given where from a bad-scenting

day, a known bad-scenting country, or a fox having gone away long before he was hit upon, prevents hounds exercising their gift of nose. A sudden change in the atmosphere, a particular harsh dry piece of ground, are fair excuses for giving hounds a lift, for they are then on unequal terms with their fox. He can make use of his legs to escape; they cannot, in such circumstances, make effectual use of their noses to follow him. Here, by making a judicious cast forward, a Huntsman shows his tact, and here we may allow him to exercise his judgment as to the point he considers his fox is making for; and probably he will be right, except, as our late mentioned friend said, "the fox is a fool." Here the sagacity of the Huntsman will probably be greater than that of the hound, a *sequitur* by no means to be relied on in all cases. The distinctive line between instinct and reason, the most talented have found it very difficult if not impossible to define. We are not aware that animals reflect so as to combine circumstances: now, more or less, a Huntsman does or ought to do this, and this tells him where to make his cast. The hound (and the higher bred he is the greater would be the probability of his doing it) would, if left to himself, most likely, on losing all scent, make a short cast or two, and then not succeeding, would trot quietly home or wherever his fancy led him. I have come in contact with many Huntsmen, and I think I can say, that, without exception, I have invariably found the man of the best general information the best Huntsman, whether in the field or kennel. Some excel in the one particular, others in the other, but very few indeed in both. Still I must adhere to my opinion, that a real good kennel Huntsman requires the most *head*. The chief requisites of a huntsman in the field I conceive to be, a perfect knowledge of his country, both as to locality and its scenting qualities; the points for which foxes in a general way make when found in particular places and with particular winds, which will generally be the same except with strange foxes in the clickitting season; and, further, a perfect knowledge of the qualifications of the different hounds in his pack, and consequently how far they are to be trusted. Some hounds we all know, like some men, will show, or rather commit, little peccadillos when in covert and out of sight: they may, nevertheless, be capital chase hounds, and perfectly steady where they know they are watched; for, reflect or not, they have reflection (or a something else) enough to be quite awake to this. Some hounds are capital finders, and will work through every foot of the thickest covert: others are dandies, and do not like tearing their skins or even coats with thorns or gorse. Some almost invariably take the lead on a fox going away, and, if run into in twenty minutes, go for that time like meteors: others, particularly some old hounds, let these flash gentlemen make all the running, and when they find their fox sinking, first make a quotation, "*finis coronat opus*," then get to the head, and kill their fox. I am not joking as to the head making a quotation; I only conclude he makes it inwardly; whereas Balaam's ass held forth loudly and in good set phrase. If so, surely my hound may be allowed a little quiet quotation to himself.

Supposing a Huntsman to possess these requisites, and be a good horseman, I should say he *will do* well enough; but to do this he must have no *blockhead*.

Of the First Whip, I need say no more than that he requires to the full as much, if not more, head in the field than the Huntsman. There is one little addition to his general business that it would be a great advantage to fox-hunting to delegate to him (if we could): he is expected to correct young hounds that run riot either at covert or in chase—why not some young Gentlemen who not unfrequently do the same?

We will now look in at the kennel, by the general appearance of which and its inhabitants a practised eye will at once detect what sort of *head* conducts the establishment. Poor Power used to say, when acting the part of a Prince in *Teddy the Tiler*, "You samed to think it's as aisy to make a Prince as a had of mortar." Of the relative difficulty of making these two articles I am not a judge, never having made a Prince. A hod of mortar I really have manufactured, and therefore can only humbly venture a surmise, that if I was fortunate enough to be permitted to try, I could manufacture a Prince with less labor, and certainly by a more agreeable process. Of one thing I am certain, it is much easier to make what will do well enough for a Prince than it is to make a pack of fox-hounds—at least good ones.

If a man happens to come into a large property, it is very easy to say, "I will have a pack of fox-hounds;" and such he may readily get; that is, he may get thirty-five or forty couples of dogs, and those fox-hounds; and probably, if he is weak enough to accept them, he may get a great proportion of those given him. He may also get twenty hunters in his stable, and these may be really good ones, if he gives money enough. As to his pack (unless he finds some one giving up a country), at the end of three or four seasons I should like to see how he was getting on; but till then I should excuse myself hunting with him, unless, which God forbid, all the Masters of long-standing packs were to give up hunting. This need not deter any one from feeling confident that by patience, perseverance, and the help of a *good head*, he will in time get together a good pack of hounds. "We must all make a beginning; and here goes," as the flea said when he gave the elephant his first nibble on his breech, fully intending to pick his bones. I do not mean that forming a pack of fox-hounds amounts quite to this; but the tyro will find it a matter of more difficulty than he probably anticipated. Of all wretches in the shape of dogs, none are more so than sporting dogs when bad ones; a fox-hound or grey-hound particularly so: a bad pointer sometimes makes a capital watch-dog. This, by-the-by, brings to my recollection an acquaintance of mine who hunted with the Epping hounds (at least so he said, for I never joined the Hunt). He came to see me, on my promising to mount him to see the (then) King's Hounds and the Old Berkeley; but wishing to show himself a sportsman in every way, he brought down a bran new Manton and (as I afterwards found out) a bran new dog. He stated that he brought but

one, concluding I was a shot. Now I never pointed a gun at a head of game in my life. I used to knock swallows and pigeons about ; and, as a boy, made sad devastation along the hedgerows. I always insisted on the contents of my bag or pockets being made into pies ; and I may fairly assert, that I have devoured more larks, blackbirds, thrushes, sparrows, chaffinches, greenfinches, and every other finch, than perhaps any man in England, for nothing came amiss to me. So much for my shooting exploits. On expressing my regret at not having pointers or setters to lend, I offered as a substitute the choice of half a dozen capital bull-terriers, or a French dog, which would ring the bell, fetch my hat, stand on his head, and perform various other exhibitions, and might (for all I know) find game. However, my offer was declined, adding, with a self-satisfied look, that "his *favorite* was quite sufficient single-handed : he had always found him so *whenever* he had tried him." (This was the truth.) Off we went, with a stable-boy carrying a *new* game-pannier. Carlo appeared perfectly steady, which my friend told me he was warranted to be when he *first* bought him, but he did not say that was within three days, and of some fellow in the City Road. Well, he trotted along after us as if he was led in a string. On getting to some fields where I knew birds always laid, his master gave the important wave of his arm, and "Hie on !" Carlo looked very much like wondering what the devil he meant. "Hie away !" cries his master in a louder tone. Carlo looked up in his face, and wagged his tail. His master said he was a timid, meek dog. He patted, and encouraged him. Carlo, in gratitude, saluted him with his dirty paws on the white cords. "Hie on, good dog!" Carlo did now poke his nose into a furrow, very much as if he was looking for a mouse. My poor City friend could stand it no longer : he flew into a rage ; and while I was bursting my sides laughing, he gave Carlo a whack with his gun, who in return gave an awful yell, and then incontinently took to his scrapers, topped the field-gate like a greyhound, and on our going to the hedge to look after the valuable animal, we saw him half a mile on the London high road at top speed ; and as it was but twenty miles to town, I doubt not but Carlo got safe back to his kennel in the City Road before evening. I had asked a couple of friends to meet my City acquaintance, but spared him by not even mentioning Carlo. However, he could not stand the thing. My boy had told the story in the stable and kitchen, and off the Epping hero went the next morning. I dare say I lost a good thing by not seeing him go with hounds.

Now, though I am no shot, I know when a pointer behaves well or not ; and as Carlo certainly afforded me ten times the amusement I should have enjoyed from the best dog Osbaldeston ever shot over, it is ungrateful in me to say a word in his dispraise. But I must candidly allow, that if I did shoot, he was not just the sort I should like. Head was wanting in this case, either in the dog or his tutor, or both.

With many apologies to my readers for this digression, I will now return to the Kennel Huntsman. I must beg my readers not

to suppose the duty of a Huntsman when out of the field to consist merely in seeing his hounds eat their pudding. "Do fox-hounds eat pudding?" I think I hear some schoolboy ask, or perhaps some gentleman who may have left school some forty years (if either happen to read what I have written). Indeed, my good Sir, they do, and beef, and broth, vegetables, milk, and other good things, at times; and, what is more, each gentleman hound is separately invited to dinner, ushered into the dining-room with all proper ceremony, and when there, if he does not conduct himself with proper dog courtesy to his fellow guests, is very severely reprimanded. I am free to allow these said guests, or most of them, do follow the American *table-d'hote* custom of helping themselves to anything within their reach, eating as fast and as much as they can, and then taking themselves off, the dinner conversation consisting in both cases of an occasional growl when interrupted in the process of bolting, I do not say masticating, their food.

That seeing his hounds get proper quantities, proper medicine, and proper exercise, is one duty of the Huntsman most persons know; but where *head* in him is chiefly required is in the breeding of such hounds as are adapted to his particular country. Hounds that will sail away over the large inclosure and free scenting-ground of Leicestershire would make no hand of some of our cold clayey small inclosed countries, nor would they like the dry flints of Kent. Hounds may be highly bred for some countries, where they hardly dare throw up their heads for twenty strides together, but must pick it out every yard. Such hounds would lose patience, overrun the scent, and in such cases, their blood being up, would hunt anything, aye the Parson of the parish if they got on the scent of him, and possibly kill him too if they ran in to him. God send a *Qui Tam* or two I know in his place!

That great judgment is required in forming a really perfect pack is shown by the fact, that where the Master understands the thing, and will take the trouble of attending to it, we always see the best packs. Few Huntsmen could have got together such a pack as the Raby when Lord Darlington personally attended to the breeding and hunting them; or such as at one time the Ward bitch pack, and some others of the present day. Both the packs I have mentioned I saw when quite a boy, and have never forgotten them. This perfection was, however, the result of years of experience and expense. Hounds must not only have different qualifications as to speed for different countries, but different shape and make. In an open country, where hounds I may say race in to their fox, the tall, very high-bred, and somewhat loose coupled hound is required. In such countries where foxes go long distances in search of prey (and coverts generally lay wide), they (*not the coverts*) are in good wind, seldom over fat, and, knowing they have only speed to trust to to save themselves, go off at once, and go in earnest. If, therefore, their speed is great, what must the pace be to catch them? Such hounds, however, would not do in hilly countries: hills would tire them to death, while their game, being a shorter-legged animal, would beat them hollow. Here the well-knit low

long and broad hound must be had : here positive physical strength is wanting both in hounds and horses. Fine noses are unquestionably most desirable in all hounds and in all countries, but are more indispensable in some instances than in others. I should say, where the very finest are required is in an open bad-scenting country. Here hounds have little or nothing in the shape of fences to stop them ; and for hounds to carry on a slight scent at a racing pace requires the *ne plus ultra* of a nose. A very thickly inclosed country does not allow hounds to go this pace ; consequently, if it is a bad-scenting one, hounds are more disposed to stoop to a scent. Speed also is a great desideratum in a hound ; but, as in horses, there are two distinct sorts of speed, something like that of the greyhound and the rabbit. Now match these to run a hundred yards and *start*, I am not quite certain but bunny would have the best of it. He would get half the distance before the long-tail would get to half his speed. Perhaps we should call the first quickness, the latter speed. It is this sort of rabbit-like quickness we want both in hounds and nags in a very inclosed country ; both must be able to get to their best pace at once. Put me in a country where the fields were only an acre each, and on a quick cob, I would beat old Vivian in his palmy days, unless he is very much altered since the time I knew him ten years since—I mean, altered as to being quick and handy : he is altered enough in every other way. Now these different requisites a Huntsman has to get into his hounds for his particular country, which can only be effected by judicious crosses : are they to be obtained in the first generation. Put a remarkably speedy, dashing, flighty dog to a meek, steady, slow, close line hunting bitch, or *vice versa*, we must not flatter ourselves we shall arrive at the happy medium. We may have got nearer to what we want ; but the produce may be too high or low, may still have too much of the glare and dash of the one parent, or too much of the want of it of the other. We must now cross again, and persevere till we arrive at perfection, or near it. This, it will be perceived, is not come at in two or three seasons ; and, in a general way, I think I shall be found somewhat near the mark when I said that in about four seasons I should like to take a peep at a newly organized pack ; and I then make the proviso, that a *head* of the right sort has been at work for them ; if not, commend me to two or three good terriers in a barn full of rats : I should at all events see some description of sport carried on as it ought to be.

Let me add another thing : I know of few situations a man can be placed in to call forth all the attributes of a perfect gentleman so much as being the Master of Foxhounds : he has so many interests to consult—so many opinions (and many of them ridiculous ones) to listen to—often so much ill-breeding in the field to bear—so many tempers to conciliate—that nothing but the greatest urbanity of manner, added to steady determination, can carry him through ; and this even after he has brought his pack to be all but faultless. I hope my readers will now agree with me, that to manage a pack of fox-hounds, requires more *head* than those who think it does not probably possess.

We now see weekly so many steeple-chases advertised, that we are led to the inference that either it requires very little or no head to ride one, or that the English have become all at once more than usually enlightened. Neither of these premises are, however, the fact, though the increased number of steeple-races is. That numbers of persons do now ride in these races is quite clear; so numbers ride in the Park; yet in both these cases I could pick out a few simple ones. To ride a steeple-chase well, like doing anything else *well*, requires considerable skill; but I cannot consider it requires by many degrees the same skill as riding a flat race. In the latter case, horses are often so very equally matched that the best Jockey is (barring unforeseen circumstances) all but sure to win: if the talents of two Jockeys are very disproportioned, I should say the thing was certain. Now in a steeple-race the thing is not drawn so fine. Many horses start for a steeple-race, the owners and riders of which perfectly well knowing, that unless some accident or mistake, or not happening to be in their best form on that day, occurs to some two or three others, their own has no earthly chance: but such accidents do occur, and their horse is let go, hoping (charitably one would say) that some of these accidents will overtake the favorites. When any of these races end in a close thing, the skill of the Jockey can hardly be shown: both horses are so beat that it is only how far whip and spur and lasting may enable one poor brute to canter in before the other. This is my objection to making steeple-races four miles: it always produces a long tailing business, occasions serious accidents, broken backs and bones, and finally ends in *no race at all*.

In Ireland, at Ashburne, and other two-mile steeple-races, I have seen six or seven horses top the last fence nearly abreast at something like a racing pace, and really an interesting struggle take place—horses blown I will allow, but not worn out by fatigue. Here real jockeyship is available: the horse has something left in him for the Jockey to have recourse to, and head and hands are of importance. A considerable portion of judgment and knowledge of a horse's particular powers are quite requisite in a steeple-race: numbers of those who do ride think little about this; consequently, they would be beat on very superior horses by first-rate riders on bad ones. Some horses, for instance, have extraordinary powers through dirt. I have generally found such horses go well up and down hill. At this game they will go a pace that would choke many others. These horses can generally go nearly the same pace from end to end; whereas in deep soil the more brilliant and faster horse has to be nursed, and must trust to speed when he gets on galloping ground. Some horses require driving at their fences; others, holding hard: some like to go at them, and will do so, in spite of you, like a steam-engine; others would be frightened if rode at them in this way: some horses, like old Vivian, will jump though dead tired; others will only do so (with any safety) when quite fresh (and mighty pleasant animals such are to ride four miles). Many horses, if a little blown, by taking a pull at them will recover, while others will not, but, if once distressed,

put on their night-caps, and desire you to "call on them to-morrow." Geldings I have generally found recover wind sooner than stallions; that is, when in hunting condition: when drawn fine as race-horses, the difference between them is trifling, if any. All these things must be, and are, attended to when we put a first-rate man up to ride. He has a certain stock of animal power given him at starting, and his good judgment teaches him how to husband it, so as to keep the most he can to bring him home again; but he must have a *head* to think and *hands* to do it; and as for *heels*, he will want a little of them too; but, if an artist, he will never use them improperly or when he can do without them.

I saw some very proper remarks made lately in a Sporting Journal on the unfairness of the ground marked out for a steeple-chase. Now, I know many of our first-rate riders: I wish them well; and, in proof of this, tell them that if they break all their necks it serves them right. These are *all* valuable men to the Sporting World; *many* of them valuable members of society: what the Devil business have they to go risking their necks over *improper* and *unfair* courses to please the gaping multitude, or in obedience to the wishes of men who would not themselves ride over half the course for all the land it covered? If the first-rate riders were all to join and object to unfair courses, they would show their good sense, and the thing would be better arranged. Ordinary hunting fences are dangerous enough at the pace they are forced to ride at them; but to ask men to ride at fences made dangerous *purposely*, and that at a part of the race when horses are beat, is most unfair, unsportsmanlike, selfish, and cruel. If they fancy that an objection on their parts would lay them open to a charge of fear, I would ask, would any man doubt the courage of such men as the Marquis of Anglesey, Lord Ponsonby, or Colonel Wyndham, should either or all of these decline a duel with muskets at six paces? Men of their established courage might refuse to face a pop-gun if they chose: so might our known steeple-chase riders refuse to break their bones for the gratification of the public. Would any man suppose Powel, Oliver, M'Donough, and many others, did it through fear, or from any other motive than a duty they really owe to themselves, their families, and friends? I suspect those gentlemen who so obligingly lay out these break-neck courses would hang back a little if, in case of accident, they were called upon to support a man crippled through their kindness. If I had the laying out steeple-race courses, I would on all occasions call in, say five known steeple-chase riders who were *not* to ride in that particular race, and take the majority of their opinions as to the fairness of the course, or of any particular fence in it. This would set the thing to rights. Nor do I consider any man ought to be allowed to mark out a course unless he be a rider himself, or would be willing to ride over it. I have heard many masters order their servants to ride a horse at a fence they dare not attempt themselves; this may be fair enough, if their fear arises from the apprehension of tumbling off; but to ask a servant to ride at a place we think too dangerous in itself to risk our own

necks at, is, I humbly conceive, neither more nor less than a cowardly stretch of power. If I had repeatedly put a horse at a fence, and could not get him to face it, and Oliver happened to be by, I might ask him (knowing him a better horseman than myself) to see what he could do. This would be all fair, and most probably he would succeed: at all events, I will answer for him he would with perfect good humor try. Half the ordinary run of men in riding at fences are forced to occupy their attention in keeping their seats: this gives them quite enough to do; consequently steadying their horses in going to his fence, assisting him in rising at it, and, what is of quite as much importance, supporting him on landing, is out of the question. Now all is done by a horseman: his only fear is that his horse may refuse; that his powers may not be equal to the fence to be got over; or that, from its extreme awkward nature, his horse may fall. Of himself—that is, his seat—he entertains no concern: and I firmly believe, if Powell or Oliver wanted to go to Bath, and their horse could take off at Hyde Park Corner, clearing Windsor Castle in his way, they would consider it as pleasant a mode of transit as you could give them.

Talking of seat, I cannot help mentioning an instance of perfection in this way that came under my notice when seeing Powell riding Primrose in a steeple-race (a sharpish little mare with ten stone on her—I think in this case she carried near, if not quite, twelve). About the middle of the race they had to face a bullfinch, with an honest fifteen-feet brook on the other side: but what constituted the danger was, first, the coming to it was down hill; 2dly, the horses could not see the brook till they rose at the leap; and, thirdly, there was but one narrow penetrable place in the hedge. For this of course they would all make; and I consider, in such a case, racing to it for lead to be one of the most dangerous manœuvres in a steeple-race. Fortunately, Powell had sufficient lead to render this unnecessary: at it he came, and over all he went: the weight told on poor Primrose, and down she came on her knees on landing. This kind of thing, hunting men know by experience, gives one about the same gentle inclination to go over one's horse's ears that a bullet receives from a *quantum suff.* charge of gunpowder. Not so, however, in this case. There sat our friend Powell as cool and erect as one of the Life Guards we see in Parliament Street, his mare as fast held, and his hands in the same place they were when galloping over the preceding meadow. Up he had her, and off before the next horse took the leap. So much for seat. To have this in perfection, and the strongest nerve, are certainly both indispensable if a man means to ride steeple-races, or indeed to hounds, to ride well.

This reminds me of what Tom Belcher once said to a friend of mine, who thought himself pretty much of a man, and wanted to study sparring. Tom looked at him: "Well," said he, "you're big enough, if you're good enough; but before you learn sparring let me ask you one question—Can you bear licking?—for I don't

care how good you may be, you will be sure to find some customer to make you nap it, though you may lick him."

So, if a man is afraid of a fall, he has no business hunting, much less steeple-racing. Still seat and nerve alone will not do. If they were the *ne plus ultra* of a rider, Mr. W. M'Donough would ride better than his brother; for of the two, I should say he was the boldest, or, in alluding to him, I should say the most desperate rider. Why then cannot he ride as well as the other? Why I do not say: but he cannot, and, what is more, never will; and I have no doubt he is aware of it, giving him at the same time every credit for being a very superior horseman. A. M'Donough possesses certain qualifications that must always make him "deserve, if he cannot command success"—great courage, a quick eye to his own and other horses, a good judge of pace, has great patience (a rare quality in a young one), never takes more out of his horse that he can help, and never uses whip or spur without absolute occasion.

I really believe some men are born horsemen. I will mention one in the person of a young man who has lately rode a good deal in England—Byrne. I think I may venture to say he never was on a horse till he was twelve years old: his father was no horseman; nor did the young one ever get his riding education in a School; if he had, he would never have rode as he can. He had a love born in him for horses, and the way *he made himself* a horseman was this: he got leave to ride horses (not race-horses) at exercise, and tumbled off till he learned to stick on; and riding all sorts gave him hands, which he very shortly got to perfection. I know no man living who can make a perfect gentleman's hunter better than Byrne: at the same time, if I was asked whether I would as soon put him on a horse to ride a steeple-race as Oliver, Powell, and some half dozen others, I should say, no: he has not had their experience, though perhaps as horsemen there may be very little difference between them and him.

But, without alluding to natural abilities, experience generally gives *head*: it also (but not always) gives *hands*; every fool has *heels*; and the greater the fool the less likely he is to forget it, or allow his horse to forget it either. I like to see a man ride bold and straight to hounds; but I also like to see him ride with judgment; and, as I have on a former occasion said, I am convinced, in a general way, the men who do ride the straightest distress their horses the least. A bold rider and merely a hard rider are two very different people: the first, in a fair and sportsman-like way, shares the danger with his horse; in fact, risks both their lives and limbs together like an honest fellow: the other merely takes it out of his unfortunate horse where his own dearly and well-beloved neck is in no danger. I hate such a self-loving devil, though I value my neck as much as others, and think a boy of mine was not far out in an observation he made—something like the one made by Abernethy when a patient remarked that it gave him great pain to raise his arm, "what a fool you must be then," said he, "to raise it."—My boy said nearly the same in effect. I was

hunting with Ward : this boy was on a five-year-old, quieting him to hounds. Will, the Whip, was on a beast of a mare they called Long Jane, and long enough, high enough, and lanky enough Long Jane was : in short, as one of the machines for boys to practice gymnastics upon, she would have been invaluable. Poor Will put her at a ditch, and in she went. "D— thy eyes (says Will), I knew thee would'st tumble in when I put thee at it."—"Then what a d— fool you must have been to have done it!" says the boy ; who by-the-bye would ride at anything, the only difference being, he never thought he should fall, or rather his horse. I certainly have rode at many fences where I thought I stood a very fair chance of a purl ; but I certainly never rode at one, where, as Will said, *I knew* I should get one.—A hard rider is another thing. I will mention one who lived on the middle of the hill going from Egham to Englefield Green : his name I forget, but Charles Davis can vouch for the truth of my picture of the man, who always hunted with the King's harriers when Davis whipped in to his father (one of the most respectable and superior men of his standing in life I ever knew). This said hard rider weighed about 14st., and kept a miserable little pony, on which he hunted. He never was quiet. The moment a hound challenged, in went the spurs, and off he was, as if a fox was found in an open country. I believe he hunted the poor pony to death. I met him some time afterwards, when he told me he had bought a regular hunter, and on this he appeared some time afterwards, in the person of a black galloway mare, about 13½ hands, and thin as a lath. If he rode as he did on the pony, what did he do on this superior animal ? He put on the steam in good earnest till she stopped. On my remonstrating with him on his cruelty, he remarked he was always a *hard rider* ! Now this bears me out in what I once stated in my *Remarks on Cruelty*, "that a man who was cruel to his horse would be found so in every situation in life." I was told a greater brute to a wife never existed than this hard rider. He had neither *head* nor *hands* ; but he had *heels*, and spurs on them for his horse ; and, if report says true, arms and fists, or a stick at the end of them, for his wife. At any rate he saw the end of her.

I make no doubt but the generality of the hunting men of 1844 will contend that hunting never was known in such perfection as during the last twenty years. Quite younkens, I know, think that even twenty years since people knew little about doing it as they think it ought to be done : but as to the sport their fathers enjoyed when of their age, they consider the thing must have been a burlesque upon hunting. These young gentlemen are a little too fast ; and I maintain that hunting may be, nay has already been, too fast. In this I am quite sure many of the best sportsmen will agree with me. It has in fact ceased to be hunting. I love both racing and hunting, but I allow myself to be no admirer of racing-hunting or hunting-racing : the endeavoring to amalgamate them spoils both. Now I call it racing-hunting where hounds come at once on a fox, go off at his brush, and run in to him without a check in twenty minutes. This I am quite willing to allow is very good fun—call

it fun or any other name you like—and I am satisfied; but no man shall tell me it is FOX-HUNTING. A gentleman in Warwickshire lately bought some fox-hounds: he did not attempt to say he meant fox-hunting; in fact he never tried for a fox: he avowedly hunted drags. The idea was at first a good deal ridiculed, but it seemed he knew his customers better than they knew themselves, for it took wonderfully; and when they found it killed their horses, and they rarely could see the end of the run, they all declared it was *inimitable*. Now if he meant this as a keen bit of satire on his friends' knowledge of hunting, he must have enjoyed the thing amazingly over his fire-side, which I dare say he did, for he knows what hunting is, and can ride. Why not have some packs of drag-hounds kept, and make three distinct amusements, all good in their way! We might then have racing in its legitimate way, when we hope for such a treat; drag-hunting, when we went a galloping and leaping bout; and hunting, for fox-hunters, instead of two mongrel amusements. What I mean by hunting-racing is that most perfectly ridiculous custom of introducing hurdles on a race-course, and this when it is not attempted to call it a Hunters' Stake. This is also fun perhaps, but certainly not racing: and if it took place at a revel among jumping in sacks and grinning through horse-collars would be a very interesting wind up.

I am sorry to say that I fear we have not quite as much *head* as our ancestors in our system. I hate slow hunting, never liked hare-hunting; like hounds to go, and keep going; but I really do think three quarters' speed fast enough for a hunter; that is, provided he is fast: if he is not, however good he might be in every other qualification, I would never ride him twice. I might be asked, why, if I think hounds may be bred too fast, do I make speed such a *sine qua non* in a hunter? I will answer this by an observation on a different subject. Whenever I want a buggy-horse, I always try him, and my trial gives far less trouble than most people's, but it is one I never found fail. I first put my horse in a moderate trot—say eight miles an hour—at the bottom of a moderate hill; if he *willingly* keeps the same pace up to the top, I have seldom found him a bad mettled one: if, on the contrary, he begins lagging, hitching in his pace, or shuffling, I have had trial enough: depend on it he is a rogue or a very weak horse. So much for gameness: for this, though no great trial, it may be said, is a pretty fair criterion to judge by. Now for pace, I always try a horse one mile: if he cannot do that with the most perfect ease a few seconds under four minutes, I never buy him. As a regular buggy-horse for the road, a horse merely to drive in London streets, it is another thing. Here showy action only is wanted. Now I do not want to drive twenty miles faster than other people, but I will have fast ones, for two reasons; I do like now and then, if I find some one on the road driving at me because he thinks he has a goer, to take the conceit out of him. Half a mile does this, and gets rid of him: he then leaves you to enjoy your own dust, if there is any, without the pleasing addition of his. But a far more sensible reason for liking a fast one is this: if he can trot at the

rate of seventeen miles an hour, going at the rate of ten is play to him. So it is with a hunter: if he is fast enough to catch hounds, he can go with them without distress as to pace: if he is not fast, and *very* fast, he cannot, and indeed not always even when he is. Speed I must maintain to be the first thing to look at in purchasing a hunter, or a horse to make one of; and if my friends will be kind enough to find me in speed, I will find myself in neck and jumping.

Comparatively speaking, they can all jump if we choose to make them: but they cannot all go. There is not one horse in fifty, with the size, shape, make, and breed of a hunter, that cannot *if he pleases* take any ordinary fence we meet with in crossing a country. I may be told that perhaps he may not *please* to do this: this is by no means improbable: we see this sometimes with the best of them, even with Steeple-chase horses. In such a particular case, and at that particular fence, we may possibly be beat; but if he in a *general* way should not please to jump, he must then put his patience and determination to the test with mine. I will answer for it, in nineteen cases out of twenty I teach him he must jump when and where *I please*: but I cannot make him go if there is no *go* in him, and it would be folly and cruelty to attempt it. *Head, hands,* and *heels* may make him a fencer, but they can't make him a *goer*.

HARRY HIE'OVER.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for July, 1844.

LIFE OF A FOX-HOUND, DICTATED BY HIMSELF.

Resumed from our June Number, page 362.

READING in the paper the other night the death of the Earl of Lonsdale, I blew for Forester, who, seeing the paper in my hand, exclaimed, "What, another run!"—"No," said I, "I have to communicate to you the melancholy intelligence of the death of your esteemed patron, Lord Lonsdale." He spoke not, his large eyes filled with tears, and with a drooping stern he walked out of the room. Several times during the evening a long melancholy howl reverberating through the stillness of the night, proclaimed the anguish his affectionate heart underwent. When he came in, in the morning, his dejected and haggard look showed he had had but little rest; he mournfully exclaimed, "If it is the pride of England to boast of her unrivalled sportsmen, she has now sustained a loss that ages cannot repair. I have been in most packs in England, and have heard the opinions and sentiments of their masters and their fields, and I unhesitatingly assert that he knew more of the science, more of the nature of the animal he was in pursuit of, and more of the hound, than all the fields put together. May I ask you," said he, "if you were called upon to select two men to

rear, feed, hunt, and discipline a pack of fox-hounds, out of all the men you have heard and read of, who would you select?"—"William Pitt and the Duke of Wellington," was my answer.—"Noble!" said he; "and I hope posterity will do my dear old master the justice to associate him in their memories with those talented and distinguished individuals."—"As you appear to feel this loss most acutely, and your spirits are much depressed, I think as we are going out with the hounds you had better join us; your own good sense will direct you not to go faster than they do; and it will afford a subject for discussion when we return."—"Agreed," said he; and we started.

When we arrived at the ground where I intended to commence, he said, "I have observed for the last mile that neither of you have ridden on a path or headland, and have always gone on the *down wind side* of a road."—"The reason is," said I, "I expect to find here, and as hares generally run the hard and dry paths, she will probably run these hedge-sides we have come down, and the stain of the horses and yourselves will prevent you getting on with it."—"Thank you," said he "there is more sense in the remark than I gave any of you credit for possessing." We threw them off, and had got rather more than half way over the ground, when they began to feather. Forester joined them, and coming up to me, said, "Here is a good trail; let us alone, and keep away from us." As she had been making her work very short, the old gentleman made a steady wide cast forward, and not touching it, he came round behind them under the hedge, and stopping at a meuse, feathered very eagerly, went through it, and spoke. I cantered up to him, and beckoning him to me, said in a very low voice, "Are you sure you are not counter?" He said, "By the strength of the trail, I think she went through into the grass-field, and came back, and is laid up on this old plough; but you are up-wind of us; keep much farther back, and let us alone." They carried it up a furrow, and backward and forward across the land. He looked at me, and nodded, as much as to say, "it is all right." At length Paragon pushed her up, and away she went back under *three* of the hedge-sides we had so lately come down, but from the precaution we had taken, it did not stop them. They carried it to a village road, where some farm-teams had been at dung-cart, and of course there was an end to it. We now watched Forester very closely, and perceived that when he came through the meuse into the road, he stopped, and felt which way she inclined before she reached the cart-way; and finding it was to the left, he set off to the left, and kept on till he got *beyond* the gate where the carts had turned in. He then very steadily felt the road, and spoke; the others flew to him, and carried it slowly along the road for a furlong, when Maiden, who is always looking out for a meuse, hit it through the hedge to the left, and they now ran it hard for about two miles into an old rough common, and flew with it on a high joint way. From the pace, the Huntsman and myself judged it was a double, and pulled up; and it was so. When they got to the end of it, they all came swinging back; but Forester, who not being up to

the dodges of a hare, could not understand it; he stared at them for a moment, and then made a dashing cast forward; but the others, hitting it where she broke her foil, threw him a long way out. As she made a great deal of work, he was repeatedly puzzled at it; but, getting to the head, he ran very hard down to a brook, into which he plunged, and fell forward: the others, more awake, knew it was a double; came back and hit it to the right: he came back over the brook, and as he was going past me, "Out again, old gentleman," said I.—"I shall find it out in time," said he. She had now been creeping about some rushes, running very short: as he was angry when he got hold of it, he dashed with it, but it was immediately away from him. He dropped his stern, and looked very foolish. The little ones carried it through all the difficulties till they got to the further side of the common, where she had evidently waited for them; for they ran very hard to another part of the brook, over which he jumped, and the other, being obliged to swim, it gave him a lead of fifty yards. I went to a bridge lower down, and having a long grass headland before me, made play up it, where he luckily bent to me: when he came up, "Gently, old boy," said I: "you will blow them."—"I am determined," said he, "to show I can make as much of a scent as they can."—"Yes," said I, "you are like all the rest of the world; you are very clever when every thing is done for you: if it had not been for them you would not have been off the common this half-hour; and where would your scent have been then?—The others had now come up, and they ran very hard for twenty-five minutes into a small gorse covert, where she had again waited; for when they came out, they ran very hard up the wind, and were evidently very near her. I ran my eye forward to a bit of plough on the side of a hill, and saw her at work upon it. I stood still, saw her make all her doubles, and lay up. They had now got on to the plough, and were hunting it beautifully. Where she had doubled in a furrow, Forester took it up, and dashed on with it. Again he went too far, and the others were evidently enjoying his perplexities, when, after a great deal of work, Merriman winded her, and pushed her up. The old gentleman, enraged at being so often defeated, set at her with a determination to kill her, for from the pace they had sent her along it was pretty well out of her. In spite of my rating him, he pressed her through three or four fields in view, and blew her; at length, bringing her back, the others met her and pulled her down.

After dinner, I sent for him into the room. "Well, Sir," said I, "what do you think of hare-hunting?"—"It is," said he, "unquestionably the finest exercise for the mind of any earthly pursuit; if a hound or Huntsman possessed the greatest genius of the greatest general that ever breathed, a knowing hare would call it all into action. The hare to-day, you say, displayed a very common share of intellect; yet I was never so bothered and confused in my life."—"And you may add angry," said I. "If with such a scent and such a run of luck as this you lost your temper, you would have gone wild had we met with a good hare, and lots of difficulties.

Suppose we had a large disobedient Field out, what would you have done?"—"Gone home," said he, "as old Menton used to do at Cottesmore; and when asked why he did so, replied, 'that he was ashamed to be seen with such a set of fools.' Taken all together," said he, "hare hunting, when practised *fairly*, would puzzle the most intelligent hound and the wisest Huntsman: but I understand there are men who hunt hares, and, although they take every brutal cowardly advantage of a weak inoffensive little animal, call themselves *Sportsmen*. Perish the name, if it is only to be acquired by such sanguinary, ferocious, and cowardly proceeding! Give scope to all her subtle play, and if you do not unfairly overmatch her, she will display much more sagacity than the fox."

"Then how came you to set so obstinately at this hare to-day?" said I: "but for your over-powering strides she would have stood ten minutes or a quarter of an hour longer. You perceive I did not applaud you for it; and as you had experienced sufficient mortification at being beat by the others, I would not increase it by condemning you. So much for hare-hunting. I have now a circumstance to narrate that I hope will restore the placid equanimity of your philosophic mind. We were running a hare in Hertfordshire, and were joined by a great admirer of the silent and leave-alone system; and who, whenever he met us, was constantly urging me to prevail on you to go more at large into your *dictation*. 'We had,' said he, 'the other day, with the Puckeridge, such a proof of the correctness of his advice,' and he began to tell me, when I stopped him by saying, 'write me all the particulars of it.' It came not: I wrote to him, and I have not heard from him. If he is dead, or left the country, or sulky, I know not and care not, but as I understand it, the case was this:—

"The Puckeridge ran a fox hard into a covert, of which I cannot recollect the name. When they got into the middle of it, they turned short to the right, and went away with a fox, which, after a pretty thirty minutes, they killed. In telling over the hounds, old *Dairymaid* and two couple of others were missing. The man who rode second horse remarked, 'when you went away with this fox to the right, I saw *Dairymaid* and two couple of others come out of the covert, running very hard in such a direction.' One of the Whips was sent off in search of them. When he arrived at (I think I was told) Mr. Calvert's, he was beckoned by that Gentleman to him. 'What are you looking for young man?' said he.—'Two couple and a half of hounds, Sir,' was the reply.—'Then come with me,' and opening a stable door, 'Are these them?'—'Yes, Sir, and I am obliged to you for shutting them up; and was turning away: 'Stop,' said he, and opening another door, pulled out a fine dead fox; 'and this,' said he, 'was what they were in pursuit of!—I was walking,' continued he, 'in front of the house, and hearing some hounds coming, I kept a good look-out, and viewed the fox going under yon hedge, followed shortly after by these hounds. Seeing no other hounds come, and not a horse with them, I concluded they had slipped away unseen with a fox;

and expecting somebody might come in search of them, I waited about to inform them what I had seen. At the end of half an hour I fancied I heard some hounds in the direction they were gone, and looking anxiously out, I was surprised to see the fox coming back, and the little lot within a few yards of him; and they knocked him over on the lawn in front of the house.' That is the account I received to the best of my recollection; and if any Hertfordshire man who was out with them should find it in some particulars erroneous, he must attribute it to the indolence and lukewarmness of my narrator, who appeared so extremely anxious it should be published, yet would not take the trouble to send me the particulars of the performances of *Dairymaid*, whom he almost idolizes.

"I have two other runs to mention, that must carry conviction to the most obdurate mind. Late in the season, I went to meet some hounds where the Huntsman was notorious for his incessant hallooing and blowing, and consequently his very great want of success. Although hunting three or four days a-week they had a most beggarly show of noses. To my surprise, when the hounds were thrown in, not a word was spoke: they drew two or three coverts blank, and I neither heard voice nor horn. 'How is this?' said I.—'He leaves next week,' was the answer. At length they found—all was silent. The hounds quickly got together, and not being confused by horn or halloo, stuck to him well and steadily to the lower end of the covert, where they came tumbling out one over another all of a lump, and settled well to it: he was gone, and luckily not viewed: they drove him through a long line of coverts, and if by chance they swung off it, up went the Master's hand (who had never interfered before): 'Let them alone,' said he. They were soon on it again, and after running a half circle of country, pulled him down just as he was jumping into a wood eight miles from the find.

"A few days after, and which was the last of their season, I saw in a provincial paper that the same hounds, under the silent system, ran their fox two hours and forty minutes with a glorious termination."—"Well," said Forester, 'if all the instances you have quoted are not sufficient to convince the most incredulous, neither would they believe though one rose from the dead. The two last cases are particularly strong. Here is a pack, that through the former part of the season, from the noisy and injudicious interference of their Huntsman, could not shew the ghost of a run, at the latter end of it are let alone, and kill their foxes in the most workmanlike manner. It unfortunately happens that there is no standard by which the sporting knowledge of men can be judged. In the sciences, if one man can perform what another cannot, he of course takes a higher degree in society: but in hunting, some jackass—some thing that has been out half a dozen times—gets some absurdity into his head, which he fancies is a knowledge of hunting, and all the practice, all the experience of Dean, of Sebright, are as dust in the balance when weighed against his self-sufficiency. My blood boils with more than common indignation

when I hear the remarks of such empty-headed wretches ; but, as has been before said, there is a fool born every minute, so we must regard their ignorance as one of the misfortunes of hunting."

"You will excuse my remarking," said Forester, "but since your fall you have become unusually slack."—"The fact is," said I, "the concussion has so deranged, so confused my ideas, that everything is a trouble to me. Even the task of listening to and transcribing your dictation, which was one of my greatest pleasures, is now irksome and tedious ; neither do I know yet what may be the end of it; for I feel at intervals some very strange sensations ; but should it terminate fatally, I hope I shall not leave this world without a grateful remembrance and thanksgiving to that kind Power who for the last fifty years has enabled me four days a-week to enjoy the greatest blessing that Heaven can bestow on mortals."

"Well!" said Forester, "since you appear so unwell, we had better bring this article to a close ; but before we do so, I wish to impress on the minds of your Readers these two important points—to let the *hounds alone* and *study the wind* : on these two hangs all the success in hunting : but let them, by avoiding Scylla mind they do not split on Charybdis. When I say, 'stand still and let them alone,' I do not mean that the Huntsman should stand still till he took root, but just stop long enough for the hounds to satisfy themselves the scent is not at the point they are trying. They then will go cheerfully with him to try another ; and, above all things, let him keep his eye on his old hounds."

Talk to who you will, they are all for introducing some new-fangled theory ; but it is not likely at our age that we should abandon to the invasion of audacious novelties sentiments which we have received so early and maintained so long—that have been fortified by the applause of the Wise and the assent of the Great—which we have dictated to so many worthy friends, and endeavored to support against so many distinguished opponents. Men who attain happiness in their early pursuits repose with tranquil confidence on their first creed, and regard as a transient madness that stream of human opinion that would sweep their exploits into oblivion.

THISTLEWHIPPER.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for July, 1844.

TROTGING TWENTY MILES AN HOUR.

The proprietors of the Centreville Course, L. I., announce a novelty which promises to rival in interest the Hurdle Race on the Beacon Course, in the shape of a purse of \$1000 to any one who will perform, with trotter or pacer, Twenty Miles in an Hour. This feat has never been performed by a trotting or pacing horse, in this country or in England, though repeated attempts have been made; the trial has failed generally, owing to the exhaustion of the jockey. We have great faith in the ability of several horses here to do it, but the risk of injury is so great that liberal inducements would be required by their owners, before allowing them to start. Joe Laird or Gil. Patrick could ride the match and win with Lady Suffolk, Americus, and others, not obliged to carry extra weight. The regular trotting weight of 145 lbs. is the one fixed upon by the proprietors of the Centreville Course, but horses are allowed to go under the saddle, in harness, or as they please. The horse 1st performing the distance is to receive \$800, the 2d \$200. Should the distance not be performed within the hour, the 1st horse out is to receive the \$200. The match is announced to come off on the 4th Monday, 23d of Sept. Three or more will make a field, and entries will close on the 2d Sept. at 9 o'clock, at Jones's Second Ward Hotel, Nassau street.

We remarked above that no horse had ever trotted Twenty Miles within an hour, but so great has been the improvement in training, in the courses, and the horses themselves, that we shall not be surprised to see this feat accomplished. Lady Suffolk and Rifle, in 1842, trotted Two miles *in double harness*, in 5:19! Americus in a wagon, (in 1841, on the Centreville Course,) trotted Five mile heats in 13:58—13:58½, or Ten miles in 27:56½. He trotted the 10th mile in 2:44½. Lady Suffolk was his competitor; the match was for \$5 500.

Over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, in 1829, Topgallant trotted, in harness, Twelve miles in 38 minutes.

Yankee Sal, over the very deep sandy course at Providence, R. I., trotted Fifteen miles and a half, in 49:43.

Lady Kate, a small mare 15 hands high, trotted at Baltimore, Sixteen miles in 56:13, with ease.

On the Centreville Course, in 1831, Jerry trotted Seventeen miles in 58 minutes!

In 1829, Tom Thumb trotted in harness, a match, in England, vs. Time, in which he went Sixteen miles and a half in 56:45. He trotted on a measured course, laid out on a road, on a very warm day in a heavy sulky!

In 1836, Mount Holly trotted Seventeen miles in 53:18, without distress, over the Hunting Park Course, though miserably jockied.

Pelham, without any training, trotted Sixteen miles in 58:23; he went the 1st seven miles in harness, in 26:29, when the sulky giving way, he was saddled and ridden by Wallace, whose personal weight was 160 lbs.

Paul Pry, in 1833, on the Union Course, L. I., trotted Eighteen miles in 58:52. He was jockied by Hiram Woodruff, then weighing 138 lbs. Mr. McLEOD, his then owner, had backed him to trot 17½ miles within the hour. Paul Pry died last year in this city at the age of 20 to 21, the property of Mr. NIBLO, and though "a rum 'un to look at," he was "a good 'un to go," up to the day of his death.

In 1831, Chancellor trotted Thirty-two miles over the Hunting Park Course, in 1h. 58m. 31s. He was ridden by a lad, and trotted the 32d mile, to save a bet, in 3:07!

On the same course, in Oct. of the same year, Whalebone trotted in harness Thirty-two miles in 1h. 58m. 5s.! In going the 14th mile his sulky gave way, and was replaced by a very heavy one. The course at this time, in the sulky track, was fifty feet over a mile!

In Sept., 1839, Empress trotted on the Beacon Course, in harness, Thirty-three miles in 1h. 58m. 55s.

In July, 1835, Black Joke was driven by Mr. Henry Jones in a common sulky, without training, on Jenks' heavy Course, near Providence, R. I., Fifty miles in 3h. 57s., in a tremendous storm of rain. A fine picture of this match may be seen at Mr. Jones's Second Ward Hotel. Mr J.'s own weight was 178 lbs. at the time; the day was most oppressively warm. Black Joke was eight years old, and like Tom Thumb, was thought to have been caught wild on the Prairies of Missouri.

Mischief, in July, 1837, trotted Eighty-four miles in 8h. 30m. in harness, on the road between Jersey City and Philadelphia. Her match was to trot 90 miles in 10 hours. The day was excessively warm, and Mischief lost the match through the heedlessness of a groom, who threw a pail of water over her loins with a view of cooling her—the blockhead.

In Feb., 1839, Tom Thumb, driven by Haggerty, (weighing over 140 lbs.), in a match cart weighing 108 lbs., trotted One Hundred miles, over Sunbury Common, in 10h. 7m., with comparative ease. He was but fourteen and a half hands high! He was as fine as a star the day after the match, and walked twenty miles.

In Feb. 1828, a pair of stage horses on Long Island trotted One Hundred Miles on the Jamaica turnpike in 11 h. 54 m. A pair also trotted from Brooklyn to Montauk Point, the extreme length of the Island—about One Hundred and twenty-six miles—in twenty-four hours! The match was made by Mr. Willis, the stage proprietor, at Hempstead, who drove a pair of old mares that had been driven for years as leaders in his stage team. A good joke is told of this match, but we do not vouch for its authenticity. A short time before the match was to come off Mr. W. selected his horses, and to make assurance doubly sure, as he thought, actually drove them the entire distance in a trial, to ascertain whether it would be safe to lay out his money on the match! If any one has heard of a longer private trial we should like to hear of it! The match was driven during a North-east snow-storm dead ahead! But the last fifty miles Willis partly avoided this by engaging a large Rockaway covered wagon to go before him, out of which the bottom was mostly taken, so that he could drive his mares quite up to the axle-tree, and almost under cover! We "think we see" a man "getting ahead" of a Long Island Yankee!—we do.

In May 31, 1834. Mr. B. R. THEALL, of this city, for a match of \$2,000, trotted a pair of his carriage horses, in double harness, over the Centreville Course, L. I., One Hundred miles in 9 h. 48 m. 48 s.! which being added to the time taken by the stoppages (28:34), gives the total time Ten Hours, seventeen minutes, twenty-two seconds! The time allowed was 10:20, so that Mr. T. won the match by two minutes and thirty-eight seconds! One of the horses, Master Burke, was not distressed, though for thirty miles he had to pull along his partner, Robin, who "played the old soldier." Both were entirely recovered in a day or two.

P. S. Since writing the article above, we have been informed that upon remonstrance the proprietors have changed the conditions of the Match *vs.* Time, so far as the weights previously advertised are concerned. Instead of the usual trotting weights (145lbs.), catch weights will be allowed. We shall, therefore, not be surprised to see Gil. Patrick, Young Laird, and Craig across the pig skin on the occasion.

Grey Medoc.—This renowned winner, whose performances have conferred so much lustre on the Louisiana Turf, is in training in Kentucky to "fight his battles o'er again!" He is in the hands of Small, who has Mr. GEORGE KENNER's string of five, opposite Cincinnati. GRAVES, who trains the long string of the Brothers K., of Louisiana, at the seat of DUNCAN F. KENNER, Esq., at Ashland, "on the Coast," above N. O., already has his hands full, we presume. In the latter stable is Gallwey, who will doubtless be nominated in the great four mile stake on the Metairie Course.

Notes of the Month.

S E P T E M B E R .

The Fall Meeting of the N. Y. Jockey Club will commence on the Union Course, L. I., on the 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct. In addition to several sweepstakes, purses of \$200 for Two mile heats, \$400 for Three mile heats, and a liberal purse for Four mile heats, will be given. There is every prospect that two crack stables from Virginia, and one from Maryland will be in attendance. In the event of there being a competitor for Fashion here from the South, the purse for Four mile heats will doubtless be enlarged.

Letters have been received in town from Messrs. WILLIAMSON, of Va., P. R. JOHNSON, of Md., and others, expressing their intention of attending this meeting with their stables, which comprise Regent, The Colonel, Taglioni, Victor, Marchioness, etc. As Register is doing so well this season, we trust Col. THOMPSON, of Md., may be induced to extend his trip to the North with him and others. It is not by any means positively determined upon that Blue Dick and Midas go to New Orleans. If that speculation is given up they doubtless will both be on the ground here, so that the Fall Meeting would be rendered one of the most brilliant which has been held here for many years.

A correspondence has been opened with the parties named above and others, with a view to secure their attendance.

Racing on the Beacon Course, Hoboken.—In the event of the visit to the North of any distinguished stable of horses from Virginia or Maryland, by which good fields can be made up, he will give a purse of \$1,200 for Four mile heats, and also liberal purses for Three and Two mile heats.

The Camden Races will commence on the 22d October. We are authorised to state that "the purses will be very nearly as formerly, *not omitting a four mile day!*"

All the Stakes opened by the Louisiana Association have filled well. Their Fall Meeting commences on the Eclipse Course, N. O., on the 9th Dec.

The annexed *Letter* from Mr. KIRKMAN, on the subject of sending his stable to England, will be read with interest on both sides of the Atlantic. We learn that since his determination to decline the enterprise, *Peytona* has been nominated in the great Four Mile Stake at New Orleans, which comes off over the Metairie Course. She will be a most formidable competitor. For the purpose of acclimating his horses, Mr. K. summers them at Mobile, where they are in Van Leer's hands at the Bascombe Course.

Florence, Ala. August 1st. 1844.

Mr. Editor—As you have alluded to my intention of sending horses to England to contend for the Goodwood Cup, it may be proper to inform the Public through the "Spirit of the Times" that I have declined the Adventure, at least for the present.

As the expense would be considerable I desired to back my horses before leaving home to an amount that would justify the outlay. I intended sending a stable of three horses, and had been lead to expect that the odds against my lot would be 30 to 1, having to cross the Atlantic, and with the stipulated *dis-advantage* of its being trained and ridden by Americans.

Mr. TATTERSALL writes to me that I must designate my horses and that the highest odds I could obtain would be 20 to 1. This is not commensurate with the risk in a stake of probably 50 entries; and as it allows nothing for the dangers for the voyage ought not to be accepted until safe in England.

Yours Respectfully,

T. KIRKMAN.

That Fifth Nomination.—Col. Oliver has named, as the last "Spirit of the Times" anticipated, Mr. DUNCAN F. KENNER's colt *Pat Gallwey*, in the great stake to come off over the Metairie Course next fall. Thus it is filled up with Peytona, Ruffin, Blue Dick, Midas and Pat—five of the best approved, good horses in the country, leaving out Fashion. The reader will recollect that the subscription to the stake was \$2,000, \$500 forfeit. The other stakes advertised for this meeting, failed to fill. Of the different stables we hear but little very lately. A letter from Mobile, received a day or two since, represents Mr. Kirkman's long string as all moving favorably.

N. O. Picayune of the 13th instant.

We are somewhat surprised that *Ann Hayes* was not put in nomination. "Rover" writes us from Lexington, Ky., under date of the 16th inst., that she has arrived there, in fine health. "She has grown greatly, and has much improved in appearance. She is much larger than I had imagined, being 15-2—a rich bay. Her shoulders and hips cannot be improved." So writes "Rover."

Racing Prospects in Kentucky—Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on," so far as Old Kentucky is concerned. The Louisville "Morning Courier," of the 23d July, gives us the gratifying intelligence annexed:—

OAKLAND COURSE.—RACING PROSPECTS.—We have every reason to believe that the prospects of racing were never so flattering in Kentucky as they are at this time; the number of horses now in training, exceeds by large odds more than ever were taken up at any one time before. Col. Metcalfe seems to have excited the whole of the breeders of Kentucky into action, by his liberal purses, and his untiring efforts to promote the best interests of those raising or training horses. At the last Spring Races, he gave universal satisfaction, and we hope that he may be well rewarded for his exertions, at the coming Fall Meeting, which promises to be a brilliant one. The large number of stakes to be run for, and public purses, will draw an immense crowd. The STALLION STAKE, which comes off the first day, will of itself attract a large assemblage, bringing together the get of ten of the best stallions in the country. We already hear of seven of the nominations in training, viz: Grey Eagle, Wagner, Cripple, Monmouth Eclipse, Monarch, (the entry of Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, now in training at Lexington,) Valparaiso, and John Bascombe. With the best colts of the get of the above-mentioned stallions, it would not surprise us to hear of the best race that has ever been run in America—and will add much to the popularity of the stallion whose colt may be so fortunate as to win. The stake was made in 1840, to be run the Fall they were three years old; \$500 subscription, P, P.; two mile heats. We can also add the names of those gentlemen now having horses trained, viz; James L. Bradley has seven up; F. G. Murphy & Co. five; Wila Viley four; James Shy eight; H. W. Faris six; George Bradley 4; Geo. Kenner (Small, trainer) five, among which is Grey Medoc; Robert Wooding four; Col. Wm. Buford eight; S. Davenport four; S. T. Drane four; Jos. G. Boswell (Vanatter, trainer) five; A. Hikes and John Armstrong nine, with Consol Jr. and Miss Clash at the head; William Stewart, six, trainer for Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, who has the horses of Mr. Duke also in training; F. Herr four; F. G. Brengman (W. Budd, trainer) four, Tiberius by Priam, and Gen. Knox by Woodpecker, are in this string; Sam Hicks four, training in the ponds at Shively's; Wm. Baird five, Dan Tucker by imp. Belshazzar, and St. Charles by imp. Jordan, both winners and crackers; Ben Maloney two; making, in all, ninety six horses. We can say to our friends abroad, that if they want to see racing on a grand scale, to pay Oakland a visit this fall, and our word for it, they will not be disappointed.

"Rover" writes us from Lexington, Ky., under date of the 16th ult., to the following effect:—

"I have never known a better prospect for good racing than the present. The surrounding country is completely dotted with horses in training. The Association are awakened to the fact, and have greatly increased the amount of the purses. Col. METCALFE, at Louisville, is alive and kicking, preparing for a brilliant meeting.

"I fear, from all I can ascertain, that the "Stallion Stake" will fall through. The under-current has been very strong against it, and some of the interested parties assume, to my notion, a strange position."

The *Great Four Mile Stake* at New Orleans, which is to come off over the Metairie Course on the 3d day of Dec. next, closed on Wednesday last. Five subscribers were obtained immediately upon its being opened, and very possibly it closed with two or three more. Of the nominations we only know positively of those of Blue Dick and Midas; the forfeits (\$500 each,) accompanying their nomination were forwarded to the Secretary of the Jockey Club, J. KIRKMAN, Esq., some days since. As they are in the same stable (Col. Wm. R. JOHNSON'S) the best of the two on the day, will be started. A subscriber to the stake who was in this city a few weeks since will probably nominate Messrs. KENNER'S *Galloway*. It was thought that *Ruffin* and *Ann Hayes* would certainly start. At our last advices it was extremely doubtful if any thing in the Alabama stable of THOS. KIRKMAN, Esq., would be nominated, owing to distant engagements; the string of this gentleman comprises Peytona, Cracovienne, Sartin, and others. "The incomprehensible *Kate Aubrey*," of the Brothers KENNER, is one of the most formidable "available" nominations to the great stake, to our notion, though the list of candidates includes George Martin, Grey Medoc, Berenice, Norma, Greyhead, Music, Consol, Jr., Motto, Joe Chalmers, Creath, and others whose names do not at this moment occur to us.

The *Post Stake*, four mile heats, of the Louisiana Association, which closed with seven subscribers at \$500 each, to come off over the Eclipse Course, on the 2d week of Dec., will doubtless bring together a majority of the "available candidates" just alluded to. If Arthur Taylor brings Midas to the post "in *Johnsonian order*," it will be necessary to "hurry the corpse" to escape "crowding the mourners!" Let "Rover" mark that!

Fashion came very near going to New Orleans this winter! Had engagements allowed Mr. LAIRD to accompany her, she would have gone "aure," the most liberal offers having been made him. Her owner, in the most generous and sportsmanlike manner offered her services *gratis* to her friends, merely insisting that his mare should be accompanied by the Lairds—father and son—her trainer and jockey ever since she came on the Turf.

Mr. GIBBONS' *Yamacraw*, the own brother to *Mariner*, is not to be trained until next Spring, by which time his form will have become matured and "set." He is a large strapping colt, and as well bred as any "native" can be, being by Shark out of Bonnets o' Blue. *Caliph*, that was sent to Mr. LAIRD'S, with *Fashion* and *Edith*, is 4 yrs. old; he is by Imp. Emancipation, out of *Jemima Wilkinson*, and very promising.

Another Turfman gone!—We regret to hear of the recent death of FERGUS DUPLANTIER, Esq., of Manchac, Parish of Baton Rouge, La. Mr. D. was one of the oldest breeders and turfmen in Louisiana; he had a stable of fine horses at the period of his decease, including the renowned *George Martin*, *Creath*, and other distinguished winners.

New Course in Ohio.—A very handsome race course is now being prepared within two miles of Dayton, on the Brushy prairie. It is to bear the name of "Montgomery Course," and a week's racing is to come off over it, commencing on the 23d of Sept. Dr. CLEMENTS and several other influential breeders have taken the matter up with spirit, and we hope to see Ohio stables contending manfully with those of Kentucky in the course of a few years.

Col. A. L. BINGAMAN of Natchez, Miss., has nominated *Ruffin*, in the great Four Mile Stake to come off over the Metairie Course, New Orleans, on the 3d Dec.

Col. JAMES WILLIAMSON, of Clarksville, Va., has already got a string in training for the ensuing campaign of no less than *ten!* It comprises *Regent*, *Taghioni*, and *Marchioness*. Among the dark horses in the stable are the get of *Margrave*, *Rowton*, *Trustee* and *Steel*. We learn that in all probability Col. W. will come as far North as Long Island, this season. Every one here will be glad to see him and his. He has up breaking two of Boston's colts, one of which has the finest possible action. His *Margrave* colt is out of the *Maid of Southampton*, 4 yrs., and he has a slashing *Rowton* filly which promises to go the pace with *Midas*—the best *Rowton* ever bred in the country.

Races in South Alabama.—The parties interested have agreed to change the period fixed for several meetings in Alabama, so that they shall not conflict. Accordingly, the Hayneville races will commence on the 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.—the Montgomery, on the 3d Tuesday, 17th Dec.—the Selma, on the 1st Tuesday, 7th Jan.

Mr. JOHN CLARK has leased the Bertrand Course at Montgomery, and the course at Selma, Ala., for two and three years respectively. He hopes to make the purses double in amount to what they were at the last meeting. A subscription of over \$1000 will be raised at Selma, in aid of the course. A great number of horses are in training in South Alabama this season, including Hannah Harris (Bascombe's sister) and St. Cloud, both of whom, we hear, are to go into the stable of Brown and Myers. Col. CROWELL, of Fort Mitchell, has promised to attend these meetings, with Little Prince and several fine Bascombe colts. Two stables from Tennessee, and as many more from North Alabama, are expected to attend.

JOHN ALCOCK at Richmond, Va., among other promising young things, has a colt of Dr. PAYNE's that is thought to be "one of 'em." It is by Priam out of Baltimore's dam, and is engaged in stakes at the Kendall Course and at Newmarket. Alcock has also Fanny Robinson (by Priam out of Arietta)—the Priam mare out of Julia Burton's dam, and Ann Howard. In the stake at Newmarket, referred to, there were six nominations when last heard from, Gen. M. T. HAWKINS, of N. C. making the 6th.

THOMAS D. WATSON, has "they say," a "rousing" string up for the ensuing campaign, comprising Patsey Anthony, (which he bought at \$1,200)—the Priam filly out of Canary and Mary Lea—the Fanny Wyatt colt by Priam (said to be the finest of P's get in the U.S.) an Andrew, and two 3 yr old Priams, one out of the dam of Midas. The two last referred to are engaged in stakes, at Baltimore and Petersburg.

The Priam filly *Patsey Anthony*, (out of the dam of Josephus and Telemachus, by Virginian) now 4 yrs old, is "bound" to "tackle" Fashion during the Fall campaign, if Blue Dick goes to New Orleans! So says one of our North Carolina correspondents, who adds, "If I had a stable I should like Fashion and Patsey Anthony to go South, out of my way!" The filly referred to is in Mr. HARE's stable at Petersburg.

The late Mr. JACKSON's Stud.—We learn that there will be another draft from this extensive stud sold at New Orleans, during the ensuing races. The lot will comprise, probably, from ten to fifteen colts and fillies, from 1 to 3 yrs. old. These young things are out of the most fashionably bred mares in the country, all of them the dams of winners. Such an opportunity rarely offers for strengthening a stable, as the lot is sold without reserve and reasonably.

Baltimore Trial Races.—We are desired to announce that these races over the Kendall Course will commence on the 3d Tuesday, 17th September, and continue three days. The regular Jockey Club Meeting will come off as previously announced, in the 3d week of October. Three matches are to come off at the Trial Meeting. One is between P. R. Johnson's *Victor* and R. J. Worthington's *Kate Coy*, and another, for \$500, two mile heats, between Mr. Johnson's *The Colonel* and T. R. S. Boyce's *Oh See*.

An addition has recently been made to our Cabinet of Curiosities by a gallant officer of the Navy, who has just returned home in the frigate *Potomac*. The "Livvin, live ratell snaix" of Pennsylvania "dont begin" to compare with the original native Texan now to be seen at this office in the shape of—a—*Horned Frog!* This little joker is eminently entitled to the consideration of Father Mathew and the Ebenezer Temperance Societies. He really goes in for *total abstinence*, for he has neither eat nor drank for three months! He appears to regard with "perfect despire," too, his jumping contemporaries of this country, for his "action" is first rate and he runs like a scared dog. We intend sending him to Boston to spend a week or two with the "Striped Pig," when assured of "a first rate notice in the Morning Post!"

We hear that Mr. ROUZAN, of Louisiana, a gentleman well known as a breeder and importer of blood stock, will take charge of the stud of the late Mr. DUPLANTIER of that State. George Martin, who was kicked in the shoulder while in Havanna, and incapacitated from taking his work for a long time, is again in training with a prospect of entire success.

Memphis Races.—We see that LINN. COCH, the well known turfman, has leased the Central Course at Memphis, Tenn., for a term of years. He announces that he has “extended the course to an exact mile—it having been somewhat short—graded and widened it, and, aided by the peculiar character of the soil, made it one of the very best for ease to the horse and time in the South-west. It will be railed in on the inside, and closely picketed on the outside. He is now employed in erecting spacious, convenient, and comfortable stables, and a Stand for spectators, sufficiently large to accommodate all who may attend with a good view of every portion of the track. In short, he has done, and is doing all that his taste and experience in such matters can suggest, to make this track every way worthy the patronage of the public. To the citizens of Memphis and vicinity, he would most respectfully suggest the propriety of extending their aid and countenance to this enterprise. In it are embarked his best interests; and he is determined to give it a reputation and permanence which will secure such a patronage as must promote *their* interests also.”

Pigeon Shooting at Brooklyn—Pursuant to announcement in the “Spirit,” a meeting of the “Anglo-American Pigeon Shooting Club” was convened on Monday last, near the South Ferry. About thirty members of the Club were present. Seven gentlemen on a side first went in; they shot from a single trap, six birds each, at twenty-one yards rise. It is no more than justice to state that the birds were unusually small and wild. The following was the score:—

Milburn.....	1 1 1 1 1 1—6	Wilson	1 1 1 1 1 0—5
Appleyard	0 1 0 1 1 1—4	Healy	0 1 1 0 1 1—4
Andros	1 0 0 0 1 0—2	Simonsen	0 1 0 1 1 1—4
Richardson	1 0 1 0 0 0—2	Freshwater.....	0 0 0 1 1 0—2
Thompson	1 0 1 0 0 0—2	Palmer	0 1 0 1 0 0—2
Anderson	0 0 0 0 1 0—1	Hartshorn	0 0 0 1 0 0—1
Prindle	0 0 1 0 0 0—1	Prindle	0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Several sweepstakes subsequently came off, in which the best shooting was made by Messrs Prindle, Moore, Gowe, Lawrence, Perry, and Thompson. Subsequently a large party of the members of the Club and their friends, dined with RUSSELL, a crack member of the N. Y Cricket Club, at his establishment in Adams-street. The day’s sport went off with great eclat.

Canadian Produce Stakes.—We see with great pleasure, daily indications of the revival of a strong interest in the Sports of the Turf, among our Canadian friends. Within eighteen months several horses of much higher character, both on the score of blood and performance, have been imported into Canada from the United States, than have ever appeared on the Provincial Turf. GEORGE PARISH, Esq of Ogdensburgh, (on the St. Lawrence, in this State, opposite Prescott, in Canada), is an immense acquisition to the Canada Turf. He has a long string in training, in Shaw’s hands, and would be a formidable competitor almost any where. Several gentlemen in Canada, of character and wealth like himself, have already imported the nucleus of a breeding and racing stud, and in a few years the Northern Campaign in the States will extend beyond the north bank of the river St. Lawrence. The last Toronto “Herald” announces the following annual stakes:—

Produce Stake, 1847.—The great St. Leger Stakes for 1847, of £25 each, £10 forfeit; with Fifty Sovereigns added by the Club; for Colts and Fillies dropped in Canada in 1844. Colts 7st. 11lbs.; Fillies, 7st. 7lbs. One mile and three quarters. To be run on the First day of the Spring Meetings—the last Tuesday in June. To name and close with the Secretary of the Toronto Turf Club, on or before the First day of September, 1844.

G. Parish signs for two. W. H. Boulton for two. William Dickson, jun., for one. Walter H. Dickson, for one. D. E. Boulton for one. Joseph H. Daley. for one. G. Parish (for E. I.) for one.

Produce Stake, 1848.—The Great St. Leger Stakes for 1848, of £25 each £10 forfeit; with Fifty Sovereigns added by the Club; for Colts and Fillies dropped in Canada in 1845. Colts, 7st. 11lbs.; Fillies, 7st. 7lbs. One mile and three quarters. To be run for on the First day of the Spring Meeting,—the last Tuesday in June. To name and close with the Secretary of the Toronto Turf Club, on or before the 30th December, 1844.

W. H. Boulton signs for two. G. Parish for two. William Dickson, jun., for one. Walter H. Dickson for two. D. E. Boulton for one. Frederick Tench for one. Joseph H. Daley for one. G. Parish (for E. I.) for one.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Goodwood Cup was won by Mr. Salvin's *Alice Hawthorn*, beating Prizefighter, The Era (2d and 3d), and seven others. The time was five minutes. The following statistics of the races for this splendid prize are furnished by "The Era:"—

Statistics of the Goodwood Cup—Thursday was the thirty-second anniversary contest for this magnificent prize, it having been first run for in 1812, on which occasion Mr. Cope carried off the plate with Shoestrings; there were eleven subscribers, and five horses started. The next year Mr. Biggs won with Camerton; and at the following meeting the Cup was awarded to Banquo, the property of Mr. Bake. In 1816, Lord Egremont won with Scarecrow, 1825 with Cricketer, and the following year with Stumps. Strange to say, the six succeeding prizes were carried off by three parties, each winning two years in succession; and the two latter winning with the same horse. The Duke of Richmond in 1827 with Linkboy, and in 1828 with Miss Craven. Mr. Delme Radcliffe in 1829 and 1830 with Fleur-de-lis; and Lord Chesterfield in 1831 and 1832 with Priam; his Lordship again won the plate two years in succession, in 1836 with Hornsea, and in 1837 with Carew. Mr. Ferguson also won at two successive meetings, and with the same horse, in 1838 and 1839 with Harkaway. In 1840 his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans had the prize awarded to his horse Beggarman, and this was the first and only time that ever a foreign nobleman bore off the Cup. In 1834 Lord Jersey won with Glencoe; 1835 Mr. Theobald with Rockingham; and in 1841 Mr. Johnstone with Charles the Twelfth, on which occasion there were fifty-one subscribers, fourteen horses starting. Among the jockies who have ridden the winner two successive years are G. Edwards, F. Boyce, and Connelly; Robinson has likewise ridden the winner at three meetings.

The Goodwood Races have now been established forty-two years, and, after many "ups and downs," have attained an emience to which the records of the Turf do not furnish a parallel. The first meeting, in April, 1802, occupied three days, and produced sixteen races, the highest in value 100*l.*, and the aggregate something under 1000*l.* So little encouragement did they receive for some years that in 1810, then held in May, they had dwindled down to two days, and the sport to a couple of races and three walks over, amounting in the whole to little more than 200*l.* With the establishment of the Goodwood Stakes in 1843, the Drawing-room Stakes in 1827, the Goodwood Cup (won by Fleur-de-Lis) 1829, followed by the Molecomb, Lavant, Gratwicke, Racing, and other rich and important stakes, and of the immense advances made since 1828, most American Turfmen must be familiar; we may mention, however, as a contrast between the present and the earlier meetings, that the programme for the late meeting contained nearly forty races, embracing stakes for horses of every age and character, and for jockies, amateur and professional, from sixty-one pounds up to one hundred and eighty-two pounds! amounting, after a liberal allowance for forfeits, to about *one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars!* It is not alone in sport that such rapid strides have been made; at a lavish but judicious expenditure the course has been freed from its original defects, and, either for training or running, has been brought as near perfection as

the most fastidious trainer could desire. Above all, from this favored spot have issued most of the improvements that have recently been made in the "moral" administrations of racing concerns. It is here that the first blow was dealt at the wild and dishonest system of betting, that has of late years proved so inimical to racing in England, by the adoption of rules that, followed up zealously at many other respectable meetings, have—pity that it should be so—made Newmarket a sanctuary for those whose mal-practices should have excluded them from every race-course in the kingdom. We have taken this short retrospective glance for the purpose of showing what may be done by a liberal, energetic, and competent management. Lord Rosslyn, at Ascot, has followed in the same track with the most encouraging success. Liverpool, York, Warwick, and Doncaster have also been conspicuously forward in the work of reform; and at length, in the eleventh hour, following, instead of leading, the Jockey Club, from which all laws, all improvements, ought to have emanated, is beginning to evince a disposition to "go with the times," that, we trust will lead to the complete carrying out of the measures so successfully commenced at Goodwood.

"VATES," in "The Era," after giving, from this paper, a summary of the performances of Fashion, with her pedigree, characteristics, etc., adds—in allusion to her being yet fresh—that

It is a long time certainly to anticipate, but should the mare hold all right, she really ought to be sent hither for the Goodwood Cup of 1845, and have a shy at the Champion of England! for so she may indeed be termed—Alice Hawthorn. They will then both be aged mares, and Fashion will have to receive 16lb. of Alice, namely, a stone for being of American birth, and 2lb. for her opponent's winning the Goodwood Cup this year.

After a recapitulation of Fashion's performances, he remarks—

In spite of the 16lb. and this list of winnings, John Bull would be bold enough to "pile an agony" on his countrywoman's, or man's back. What a chance for Jonathan to skin them Britishers, and come the Joe Laird *cute!*

Sam Rogers, the jockey, during the Goodwood Races rode in no less than *twenty one races*, being for the Duke of Richmond and Lord G. Bentinck, of which he won eight, ran one dead heat, and walked over one. This was a good week's work.

Notwithstanding the scandal of the Running Rein and Bloodstone cases, the Sports of the Turf in England never appeared to have brighter prospects, as will be gathered from the following statement in the (Old) London Sporting Magazine of August—the oldest magazine in the world:—

If anything remained to be proved as to whether our fine old English pastime was on the "rise or fall," we would *vauntingly* hand the list of Nominations for the Derby and Oaks of 1846, just now closed. There cannot be two opinions as to the cause of the "rise" in turf matters; for every one with the slightest degree of judgment in the "affair" must know that it is entirely owing to the extraordinary exertions used by Lord George Bentinck in routing the scoundrels who, for these few years past, have had the audacity to resort to the most disgraceful frauds and robberies to gain their villainous ends. We sincerely rejoice in their downfall, and hope in "another place" a jury will make a strong example of this band of nefarious rogues. To the Derby of 1846 there are the astounding number of *one hundred and ninety-six* names, being sixteen more than was ever before known. For the Oaks, too, the muster is *one hundred and forty*, a larger nomination than that of any other year by twenty-two! We rejoice to find many names *out* of the list, and more particularly to count over several noblemen and gentlemen of great influence, and heretofore but slightly known on the Turf. We indeed live now in *better times!*

The "Sunday Times" of the 4th instant, furnishes the information subjoined relative to the Bloodstone case:—

It will be in the recollection of our readers that at the last Ascot races Mr. Herbert's Bloodstone beat John Day's Old England. It was, however, alleged that Bloodstone was a three-year-old, and not what he ought to have been, according to the rules applicable to the race—a two-year-old. The Stewards, upon investigating the subject, decided against Bloodstone, and the

stakes were handed over to the owner of Old England. The consequence has been that Mr. Herbert has instituted an action for the recovery of the stakes, and the cause has been set down for trial to-morrow, at Guildford.

It appears that Mr. Herbert and his friends had expressed a readiness to produce Bloodstone to the defendant's witnesses. It seems, however, when the matter was to come off, that their courage failed. On Saturday last an order was made in chambers by Mr. Justice Maule, for an inspection of the colt by the defendant's witnesses, and Wednesday being the day appointed for that purpose, Mr. Day's solicitor, accompanied by eight of the defendant's witnesses, proceeded from town to Rockley, near Marlborough, to inspect the colt. Mr. Jones, the trainer, received them, acknowledging he had the colt in the stable, but said he had received orders from Mr. Herbert's solicitor the day before not to show the colt, and he therefore declined to do so.

We take the following "Latest State of the Odds" from "Bell's Life" of the 4th ult. :—

The Cure and Valerian were the great guns. Against the first 3,500 to 1,000 was laid by a sporting colonel to Hesselstine, with an agreement that the money shall be posted on Monday next at Tattersall's, either party failing, to forfeit £100, such failure, as we understood, to make the original bet void; the layer of the odds afterwards betted £100 that he shall be ready with the "rowdy." The magnitude of this operation created quite a sensation, and led to lots of chaffing.

ST. LEGER.

3 to 1 agst. The Cure (tk.)	12 to 1 agst. The Princess (tk.)
5 to 1 ——— Ithuriel.	12 to 1 ——— Foig a Ballagh (tk.)
6 to 1 ——— Bay Momus.	20 to 1 ——— Morpeth (no backers.)
10 to 1 ——— Valerian (tk.)	25 to 1 ——— The Ugly Buck (no
11 to 1 ——— Red Deer (tk.)	backers.)

DERBY.

9 to 2 agst. John Day's lot.	40 to 1 agst. Clear the Way (tk.)
13 to 1 ——— Cobweb colt.	40 to 1 ——— Rebecca colt (tk.)
25 to 1 ——— Alarm (tk.)	40 to 1 ——— Weatherbit (tk.)
25 to 1 ——— Pantasa (tk.)	50 to 1 ——— Black Prince (tk.)
25 to 1 ——— Newsmonger.	50 to 1 ——— Connaught Ranger
30 to 1 ——— Nutbourne (tk.)	(tk)
35 to 1 ——— Twig (tk.)	1000 even laid on the field agst.
49 to 1 ——— Somers (tk.)	J. Scott's, J. Day's, Col. Peel's,
	and Boyce's lots.

The Committee of the House of Commons on Gaming—the examination before which of several persons has been published in the "Spirit"—comprised the following gentlemen :—

Mr. Milner Gibson	Mr. Bickham Escott	Mr. Hawes
Mr. Lascelles	Mr. Vernon Smith	Col. Peel
Viscount Palmerston	Mr. Cochrane	Capt. Berkeley
Mr. James Wortley	Mr. Hayter	Mr. Horace Seymour
Mr. Hume	Viscount Jocelyn	Mr. Manners Sutton

Viscount Palmerston, Mr. Hayter, Col. Peel, Capt. Berkeley, and Mr. Manners Sutton are, we believe, acquainted with racing affairs; but, in the name of common sense, what could Joseph Hume know of such matters? Feeling this, we presume, he retired, and Mr. Blake was substituted. But what was known of the Turf by the other gentlemen, of whom the sporting world never heard before? Lord George Bentinck or Thomas Duncombe would have been efficient committee-men, why were they not included, and others excluded?

The English papers generally—we are mortified to state—seem to take especial pains that the *time* of the crack races in this country shall not be known there. Half-a-dozen times have we seen 7:49 stated as the time of the fast heat between Eclipse and Henry (instead of 7:37) while the 1st heat of the match between Fashion and Boston (7:32½) is usually given as *about* 7:40!! In his "notices to correspondents" Vates remarks—

We cannot answer for the correctness of the American timing, but their miles are, or ought to be, 1760 English yards. There is nothing improbable as to Fashion and Blue Dick doing 4 miles in 7 min. 46½ sec.; Tranby, in the

Osbaldeston match against time, did 4 miles in 8 minutes, and we saw Sanchó and Pavilion run the distance in 7 minutes and a half, when we were chickens.

Yes, you did—"in a horn!"

Mr. Tattersall, the head of the great establishment at Hyde Park Corner, London, in the course of his *first* examination before the Committee of the House of Lords, [as we find it reported in the "Sunday Times,"] states the following facts which will be read in this country with unusual interest. Will our contemporaries oblige us and their readers by transferring this statement to their own columns?

EXPORTATION OF BLOOD HORSES.

In the first report of the Committee of the House of Lords on the Laws of Gaming, just delivered, Mr. Tattersall states the following facts, in answer to the question—Are not the Germans most anxious to promote racing, believing that by so doing they will improve the breed of their horses? "Upwards of thirty years ago, when I first sent horses to Germany, to my friend Baron Biel, the great breeder, the man whose horses won all the races was Count Plesson, of Ivenack. His blood was so valued that a stamp was put upon every horse bred by him, and they sold for a much higher price than any others, and won most of the races. I then sent Baron Biel over a few thorough-bred mares and a stallion. At first no one would buy his stock, so he was obliged to train them, and they won everything. They then discovered a thorough-bred English horse was better than a native German, and Baron Biel sold his produce at very large prices. After a time, other German noblemen sent to me for mares and horses at high prices, and of late years still higher. I sold of my own, The Colonel for 1,900*l.*; and Gaucus, last year, for 1,000*l.* I also sold (not my own) Grey Momus for 1,200 guineas; Taurus was sold for, I believe, 1,000*l.* and I am told Rockingham for 3,000 guineas. All these to noblemen who keep studs of their own. They are still buying. A friend of mine last year, bought horses and stallions to the value of 8,500*l.* Had not these distinguished themselves, they would not have fetched a third of it. In Germany they run for good stakes, or they could not afford to give such good prices. In America they run for larger sums than we do. This year a produce stakes came off of 1,000*l.* (not dollars), each, 220*l.* forfeit, thirty subscribers; I sent a mare over to a friend, her produce was second. The winner was by an English stallion. They have given very large sums of money for stallions that have won great races. I gave for Prism, to go to America, 3,600 guineas; and Mr. Batson refused, at my table, 5,000 guineas for Plenipotentiary, or 1,000*l.* a year as long as the horse lived, which he nobly refused—not for fear of the money, for I would have been answerable. At that time one firm in America owed me upwards of 8,000*l.* I paid for the same people more than 2,000*l.* for insurance of horses alone. Would they have done this unless the horse had distinguished himself? They were most noble buyers. My orders were almost unlimited. They trusted to me, and all the best race horses now in America, are by English horses. Whenever racing is done away with, there is an end to the noble animal, the manly sport, and to your humble servant. To every part of the known world, excepting China, I have sent horses, and always such as distinguish themselves fetch the highest prices. I sent three lately to Ibrahim Pacha, to Egypt, for the first time; they were stallions, and to improve the Arabian blood, which they will do very much. Many hundreds go to France every year, and the French dealers attend all our large fairs, and for well-bred horses give more than our own dealers; they have bought more the last two years and at higher prices than former years. A great many of our first-rate stallions are now covering in France, for which the French government gave very large prices; all distinguished horses. The foreigners will buy none but what have won large stakes, nor will they now buy mares unless winners of good stakes, and the more they have won, the higher price they give."

The "mare sent over to a friend," is Delphine, (the property of Col. W. HAMPTON, of S. C.) the dam of Herald, who ran 2d for the great Peyton Stake at Nashville, last season. Mr. KIRKMAN's Peytona, by Imported Glencoe, was the winner. The offer for Plenipotentiary was made, we have reason to believe, by A. J. DAVIE, Esq., of N. C., now of Tenn. Capt. STOCKTON offered \$40,000 for Harkaway, and a company of Kentucky breeders offered a still

longer price for Touchstone! When Col. O'KELLY was asked by a Duke of BEDFORD the price of [English] Eclipse his reply was that "all 'Bedford Level' could not buy him!" When the Marquis of WESTMINSTER was waited upon by some American gentlemen not long since, the spokesman inquired the price of Touchstone? to which his Lordship replied—*the American Dominions*.

The late Senator PORTER, of Louisiana, purchased Harkforward, brother to Harkaway, at six months old, for \$5,000, which price was also refused for his dam. Some of the best stallions which have been imported into this country were purchased at very moderate prices, however. Leviathan himself did not cost the late Mr. JACKSON a third part of the amount paid by others for some of "the terribly high bred cattle" which have proved almost worthless in the stud. The "one firm in America," referred to by Mr. Tattersall, is well known. But though they "trusted to him"—a confidence most worthily conferred and amply justified—it should not be understood that he selected all the horses the "one firm" imported.

"Harry Hieover," in the Old Sporting Magazine for July, relates the following anecdote of a Sporting Parson—a genus now nearly extinct in England:—

On one day in particular it happened that the Duke of Grafton, Master of the Hounds, and father to the present nobleman who bears that title, and then well stricken in years, found himself at covert side in a very strongly inclosed country, and, on the hounds finding, eagerly inquired for Parson Higham; but Johnny was ensconced behind some pollard or thick bush during the draw, and had broken covert after the fox before the Duke found him. However, information was given of his line, and the Duke's pad groom viewed him about two fields off, and after him as hard as they could race went his Grace and the groom-boy. They succeeded in getting into the same field with him, when Johnny caught sight of the pair, and determined, as he had the lead, to keep it. Now, in the ardor of the chase after the Parson, his Grace had taken no notice of the course they were steering; but it at length struck him that their pilot was unusually wide of the mark, and "Mr Higham! Mr. Higham!" vociferated the Duke, but to no purpose: Johnny was deaf and blind for a season, and his old mare was fleet of foot, and not to be caught by a very elderly gentleman or a groom upon a cob; but such faith had his Grace in the Parson's knowledge of the line the fox intended to take, that he kept on his way for some miles further, till it became clear that all chance of seeing the hounds again was utterly hopeless. Ever and anon the Parson was seen to take out his watch, and hold it up to view, and as often did his heels urge the old mare to increased exertion, till at length Johnny was pounded. A new gate had been put up at the corner of a well-known field, and a lock placed upon it, and the fence was impracticable; and whilst fitting one from his bunch of keys, which he always carried in his ample coat pockets, the Duke caught him, and thus in somewhat angry tones addressed him—"Where in the devil's name (for he was one impatient and full of ire was that old Duke), Mr. Higham, are you going to? We shall never see the hounds again to-day." "Indeed, indeed, your Grace," responded Johnny, "I don't expect we shall, for *I'm going home to bury a corpse.*"

Qui Tam Action against Lord George Bentinck—The action brought on by Russell against Lord George Bentinck to recover penalties for bets won on racing, and to which Lord George gallantly bid defiance, from a conviction that no modern judge or jury would construe the act of Anne as applying to horse racing as "a game," comes on at Guildford during the coming week. The witnesses who are supposed to be able to prove the alleged bets, received their subpoenas at Goodwood on Thursday. It is expected to be a sporting affair.

Bell's Life, of 4th inst.

Sale of Blood Stock in Ireland.—A large draught of the Killishee stud, the property of Wm. Graydon, Esq., was brought to the hammer at Dycer's Repository, Stephen's Green, Dublin, on Monday last. Twenty lots were sold, among others those under for the prices affixed:—Black yearling colt by Touchstone, out of sister to Johanna by Sultan, out of Filagree, to Mr. Nunn, £145; Sister to Johanna, Mr. Nunn, £80; Bussorah, by Camel, £50; mare by Turcoman, dam by Tramp, Mr. Ward, £46; colt by Ishmael, out of Alba, 2 yrs., Mr. S. O'Grady, £35; colt by Ishmael, out of Sylph, 1 year, Mr. Watts, £30. Several of the brood mares were bought in at long prices.

A M E R I C A N

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

O C T O B E R , 1 8 4 4 .

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

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

- ALEXANDRIA, D.C. Mount Vernon Course, Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
 BALTIMORE, Md. - Kendall Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
 FORT SMITH, Arks Sweepstakes, etc., 2d Friday, 8th Oct.
 HAYNEVILLE, Ala. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
 LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, 7th Oct.
 MEMPHIS, Tenn. - - Central Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, in all October.
 MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Dec.
 NATCHITOCHEs, La Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Oct.
 NATCHEZ, Miss. - - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Nov.
 " " " " Bob-tail Stakes, 20th Oct.
 NEW YORK CITY - Union Course, L. I., J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
 " " " Beacon Course, Racing Sweepstakes, 4 and 2m. h. 1st and 2d Oct.
 " " " " " Foot Race for \$1000, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
 NEW ORLEANS, La. Metairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 4th Dec.
 " " " " " Great Four mile Stake, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
 " " " " Association, Eclipse Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
 OAKLEY, Miss - - - Hinds Co., Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, 4th Nov.
 PHILADELPHIA - - Camden Course, N. J., J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
 PORT HUDSON, La. Fashion Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 5th Tuesday, 29th Oct.
 RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Sweepstakes, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
 SELMA, Ala. - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Jan.

HOW TO FORM AN OPINION RESPECTING A RACER.

BY Q. E. D.

SOME notice of the method of judging of the capabilities of a race-horse, uncertain though it at all times must be, may not prove unacceptable to those who are uninitiated in the mysteries of the course.

Of those people who take a general interest in racing matters, and more particularly in those large stakes for which many young horses are brought to the post, and whose running at the commencement of their career may determine the degree of future favor in which they are to stand with the sporting public, there are few who adopt any certain mode of obtaining the length of a racer, as it is commonly termed, or, in other words, of ascertaining his speed and endurance by his public performances; the majority very generally suffering their opinions to be led astray by fancy, frequently unfounded on any just and promising grounds by common report, or by the outlay of a tolerable sum of money on any particular horse, by some one generally reputed to be pretty well up to what he is about; a fact that is subsequently made painfully manifest to those who allow their better judgment to be biased by the schemes and machinations of such men as are not over scrupulous as to the means they employ to attain a certain end. Numerous as are the points to be considered before the just estimate of the powers of a racer can be formed with tolerable safety, and great as is the requisite degree of discrimination for becoming a first-rate judge of matters connected with the turf, there are yet some particulars, to which I shall briefly advert, without a tolerable knowledge of which any man who indulges his fancy for betting, chooses not only the most certain method of getting rid of his superfluous cash in an incredibly short space of time, but likewise speedily discovers that he is himself going at racing speed on the royal road to beggary; a reckless species of gambling that has converted many a simpleton who has lost his fortune on the turf, into a black-leg of the deepest dye, ready to take all those advantages of the just-fledged novice by which he has himself learned a lesson of dear-bought experience, at the expense first of property, and lastly of character.

A very general plan of forming an opinion of any horse by those who have not had the advantage of seeing him race, is the following:—Let us suppose two horses, A and B, to be considered before they run as of nearly equal goodness. Subsequently, A races against C and D, and beats them both. These horses are likewise beaten by B in another race, and consequently, A and B have each their admirers, and no absolute proof may yet have been obtained of their relative degrees of merit. But A beats E, and E

afterwards beats B. A and B never having met, A is therefore considered the better of the two, from having beaten the successful opponent of the latter. In judging of the goodness of two horses by the above method, we must further suppose them to have carried equal weights, and to have run their races over the same course; otherwise the different circumstances under which they have severally raced must be taken into the account, and receive due consideration from their backers; and it is this very power of nicely weighing the various differences occurring in the several races in which horses annually make their *debut* all over the kingdom, and of drawing a just inference therefrom, that constitutes the quintessence of racing knowledge.

Every man who lays out money on a race, be he the best judge of horses that ever lived, must run his chance of the various ills to which these animals, and more particularly those whose career is on the turf, are constantly subject; and hence, the best formed expectations may on many occasions be frustrated by the merest accident which may prevent the same horse from running a certain distance, with a certain weight on his back, at different periods within the same space of time, even should the difference in his speed amount only to a single stride. But, since all are on a par in this particular, and what may be one man's loss to-day, may be his gain to-morrow, it is useless to advert more particularly to this fact, which is only touched upon to show how uncertain are all events depending upon the reiterated exertions of any living animal, be his goodness what it may. Nevertheless, in spite of the numerous chances which may beget a dissimilarity of power at different times in the same horses, it would be absurd to imagine that for that reason the result of a race must always be a purely fortuitous event, and that sound judgment in the choice of a racer is therefore unnecessary. On the contrary, there are few matters that demand so many and so careful considerations as those on which a rational opinion of the powers of a race-horse should be based; to prove which, I shall briefly advert to some of those circumstances attending the performances of different horses that require deep attention before a well-grounded judgment of the probable superiority of any one of them can fairly be formed.

Setting aside the public performance of race-horses under precisely similar circumstances, which, unless they run together, is a criterion of their respective merits that is seldom afforded, the following considerations are ever carefully to be born in mind, ere a decided opinion of the probable result of any race can be safely entertained.

The form and action of a racer are two principal points to be attended to, and in some respects possess different degrees of merit, according to the species of course to run over. Thus, a lengthy, striding horse, moderately long on the leg, and covering a good deal of ground, may be likely enough to win over the two-year-old course at Newmarket, but be totally unfit to last through a race over the Derby course of a mile-and-a-half, with a tolerable hill into the bargain. This fact is proved almost every year: those horses that

signalize themselves at short distances over the flat, being frequently found wanting in stamina on Epsom Downs, and the first to cry "*peccavimus*" soon after getting round Tattenham corner. Over a long, a hilly, or a deep course, a horse of more trussy mould, short in the back, and well let down behind, with muscular thighs and good loins, if he have any pretensions at all to public favor as a racer, even although known to be less speedy for a mile than his more lengthy opponent, will be the more likely of the two to run in a winner.

Should both horses be *dark* on the day of running, the pedigree of each is also to be maturely considered; the stock of many stallions—as Sultan, The Colonel, and Bay Middleton—being more renowned for speed than endurance, while the latter quality has been frequently possessed by the descendants of some others, combined in many instances with considerable speed into the bargain. Thus, Taurus, Defence, Voltaire, Emilius, and Liverpool, have all at various periods begotten horses noted as both swift and stout; while many inheriting the blood of Physician and Dr. Syntax have been more famed for the latter than the former quality. Those deriving their origin from Velocipede, and many others, seldom have fore-legs that last in training more than a year or two, and the progeny of Colwick, Actæon, Jereed and Clearwell, *cum plurimis aliis*, are generally found as soft as butter in a long race, and perhaps not likely to run so freely *fulgente Phæbo*.

The most material points in the form of a racer that denote superiority have been so frequently discussed, that to repeat them would be but to tire the patience of the reader. With respect to his action, I shall only remark that the horse that fights much with his fore legs may be strong, but is rarely gifted with extraordinary speed; that if the hind legs be not thrown well under the belly, he will seldom be of an enduring nature; and that if he turn his toes in or out, it is a fault that will generally be found to interfere materially both with his swiftness and lasting qualities.

The temper of a horse is likewise a point that is not lightly to be passed over, as many a fiery, impatient animal may be half-beaten by three or four false starts before he actually run his race, and cannot frequently be pulled up until he have raced a considerable distance, to the utter annihilation of the little strength such horses generally possess, consequently a hot-headed racer should be backed with caution, as he is generally an uncertain prop to lean upon.

Of condition, it is superfluous to say that it should be first rate to ensure a chance of success; but as most people back horses prior to the day they are to run, and very frequently never have an opportunity of seeing them until they are stripped for their race, they must rely in this particular upon the trainer; not, however, forgetting that some of these men have the reputation of generally bringing their horses to the post in better order than others, and are known to put the racers committed to their charge into such hard work, that they must be stout to stand it; and likewise that some few of the most renowned trainers of the day, from the great

number of horses entrusted to them—many of which consist of those bred by noblemen or gentlemen who keep up large breeding establishments—have opportunities of obtaining a flyer, which those who have fewer horses in training are not likely to possess. Hence the policy of backing the lot or stable of such men.

The next points for consideration prior to backing any horse for a race are, what weight he has already carried if he have appeared in public, or may be capable of carrying if he have not yet raced. The first will of course be ascertained by his performances on the turf (or in private, if the report of his trials may be relied on); and the last may be judged of by his form and growth. In addition to these important particulars, the backer must remember that for some races, certain horses may be entitled to claim an allowance of weight; that there is a little more hazard in backing a filly than a colt, at certain periods of the year, as she may be very considerably reduced in condition from natural causes; that a racer trained on the course on which he is subsequently to run, thereby obtains a great advantage over other horses, both from his knowledge of the ground, his being accustomed to finish his race at a particular point, on nearing which he is in the habit of putting forth his greatest powers, his not having to travel any distance to reach the scene of action, and being consequently always kept in the same stable, acclimated to the spot, and not subjected to change of air and water. Nor should the jockey by whom a favorite horse is to be mounted be altogether overlooked. There are some few of these men, the shining stars of their calling, whose style of riding is vastly superior to that of the common herd; whose judgment is more to be relied on; whose knowledge of pace (a matter of great importance) is extremely correct; whose ability to keep their place in, and at the proper moment to get clear of, a throng is conspicuous; and whose quiet and steady seat will eventually enable them to get more out of an inferior horse, than all the rolling, lifting, and kicking of a second-rate jockey can elicit from an animal of very superior powers. When it is possible, then, to ascertain that any horse will be ridden by a jockey of eminent repute, such knowledge will, in most instances, give an advantage to the animal he is to bestride.

Having thus taken a sweeping glance at some of the most material points for consideration, ere a just estimate of the probable conclusion of a race can be made, it must be evident that a great deal of thought, and a great deal of acute discrimination are absolutely requisite in the man who sets up for a good judge of racing; that it is absolutely necessary that he be able to form an accurate opinion of those points in a racer that betoken superior qualities of speed and power; that he have a good memory, that shall not only furnish him at once with the pedigree and public performances of the leading horses on the turf, but also of the weights they have carried in their several races; and that he shall possess an intimate acquaintance with the form, length, and nature of the most frequented courses in the kingdom, so as at once to be able to make up his mind whether such a horse be merely

fitted to shine on the flat, or such another be peculiarly adapted for breasting a hill, or running stoutly in deep ground.

Until those who betake themselves to sporting their cash upon race-horses make themselves thoroughly masters of the above and many other particulars, divers of which will be impressed upon them in their career on the turf, they would do well to keep their money at their bankers, or in their pockets, for most assuredly they will at every turn meet with men who have made racing their study, and who will generally manage to be on the safe side when they bet with a novice (who is likely enough to back a horse that will never come to the post); and moreover those who trust to fancy instead of judgment, can never hope to make a lucky guess at the issue of a handicap, a species of race that requires a deep acquaintance with all the points I have enumerated, in order to be able to foretell its probable result, and of which it may be truly said, that it is the test of all racing knowledge.

The above hints have been thrown together as a beacon and a warning to juvenile turfites. When they have booked them, they will still have to learn to be somewhat awake to the trickeries of racing to understand what is meant by confederacy; running a horse to lose, not only in the more important races where a favorite may earn a fortune for his master by not being suffered to win, if he can, but likewise by running badly against inferior horses for the purpose of being lightly weighted for a valuable handicap; by making a flyer, safe either with cold water, antimony, opium, or any other pretty little nostrum of equal efficacy; by bribing a jockey; purposely carrying short weight; compounding a race of heats after the first is run; and a host, an interminable host of plans, schemes, agreements, of which the public are ignorant, &c., &c., which it would be as tedious as disgusting to enumerate.

Open well your eyes, therefore, ye little sprats and gudgeons, for sharks and ravenous pikes surround you; and as you swim along your *course*, take heed that ye fall not into the ever-open jaws of the devouring enemies that swarm about the *banks*.

London Sportsman for July, 1844.

HUNTING ANECDOTE.

HUNTING some years since in Surrey, I there saw a Gentleman, a Lady, and their groom out with the hounds, the Gent on a very fine chesnut entire horse, the Lady on one of the cleverest mares I ever saw, and the servant, an elderly man also, on an entire horse. We found; and though the Lady was not certainly a second Mrs. Theobald, nor did I once see her attempt any dangerous or very large leap, the perfectly lady-like and scientific manner in which she handed her mare across the country excited my admiration.

Her groom, who seemed to know his duty well, made short cuts for her whenever he could save her either fencing or a distance. We killed; a Gentleman was first up, then an Irish Gentleman, and then the Lady, whose servant had made a good cast for her, and immediately afterwards the Field.

The Gentleman first up cut the brush, which he put, or rather was going to put in his pocket. "You have never hunted in Ireland, I perceive," said the Irish Gentleman.—"No, Sir, I never have," said the other: "but why do you make the remark?"—"Why, if you had, Sir," said he, "you never saw an Irishman put a brush in his pocket when a Lady had done the Hunt the honor to join it." The gentleman made a very handsome apology to the Lady, and presented the brush. The Lady with thanks handed it to her husband to put into his pocket; but this was wrong again in the opinion of the Irishman. "Excuse me, Sir," said he, "but I must show you what we do in Kilkenny." He tore a string from his waistcoat, and tied the brush in the Lady's bridle, making such a bow as Irish Gentlemen well know how to make. Thus much for Irish gallantry.

Being at Tattersall's the other day, I there saw a Gentleman I immediately recognised as the husband of the Lady. I inquired of a friend if he knew him, giving my motive for asking. He told me he did not personally, but stated that a friend of his did, and said further, it was no other than your Correspondent whose Sporting articles I read with so much interest, and in which I believe I am joined by all Sporting men—the Gentleman who writes under the name of HIE'OVER. I need scarcely say neither his writing nor his Lady's riding will soon be forgotten by yours, &c.

LATITAT

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for September, 1844.

DEATH OF RALPH LAMBTON, ESQ.

It is with extreme regret that we record the demise of Ralph Lambton, Esq., who for nearly half a century hunted the county of Durham in a style of unsurpassed excellence, until his name fairly became a password throughout the Sporting World. Mr. Lambton was a friend and cotemporary of the great Mr. Meynell, almost the last, if not the last of them left. Mr. Lambton was the son of General and Lady Susan Lambton, daughter of the eighth Earl of Strathmore, and uncle of the late Earl of Durham. As a Sportsman and a thorough-bred Gentleman—combining the *suaviter* of the last century with the high polish of the present—we shall never see his equal. He was the adoration of his circle, and the rallying point of the county in which he lived. His popularity was unbounded.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for September, 1844.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILI, VET. SURGEON.

Continued from the last number of the "Turf Register," page 532.

PHYSICKING YEARLINGS.

TOWARDS the conclusion of the last chapter, I stated the necessity of the yearlings being laid by (about the end of December) for the space of six weeks, to be somewhat indulged; and considering that period elapsed, it brings us to the middle of February. By this time the yearlings in question are, as far as regards their constitutions, in a fit state to have their physic given them, that is, if they are sound and healthy, and have plenty of flesh on them, and are to be got ready to come to post to run at about the end of April.

The groom will of course have the cavessons put on those of the third class that have been properly enough laid by to indulge, and from which they will have become very hearty, and have them walked out and lounged for a few days, so as to steady them a little before they are again mounted; or, as some of the horses in the stables, of different ages, will have to come out to run early in the spring, these will by this time have begun their sweats, and on any mornings they are going to sweat, the colts I am just alluding to may go out at the same time with them, and may be walked about and lounged a little; and when the horses that have been sweating are scraped and done, their sweaters may be rolled up, and put securely on the colts' saddles, to be carried home to the stables; when, if the groom thinks it necessary, he may order the cavessons to be taken off the colts, their mouthing-bits to be put on, and let them stand beared up on the pillar reins for half an hour; their things may then be taken off, and they may be dressed and shut up with the other horses. This is not a bad way of steadying some colts, that may be more hearty or fractious than others. From the above precautions having been taken, our colts and fillies are become quiet, and ride now much as they did when we left them in December.

The next thing to be done is to get them through their physic, or, more properly speaking, to get their physic through them.

The reader is not to forget that the twelve yearlings to be trained are in four different classes. The colts are in three classes: the first are the thick, strong-constituted colts—these will require physic; the second class are the hearty ones, there may be one or two of these that may also require physic; the third class, the flighty ones, scarcely ever require medicine of any kind. The fourth class, the fillies—there may, perhaps, be one of this class that may be benefited by the administration of physic.

Now, there are some few precautions to be taken in the physicking of these young ones: first, it will be advisable, by way of experiment, to begin with small doses of the best Barbadoes aloes, as three drachms, or three drachms and a half, in the first dose. To a colt of the first class, the latter portion may be given; to a colt of the second class, it will be best to give the former portion; and, according to the effects the medicine may produce on each colt, so should the interval of time be increased between each dose, from eight to ten days; and, by the same rule, so in proportion should the quantity of aloes be diminished or increased in giving the second dose. A third dose of physic may, no doubt, be requisite for each of the colts in the first class; yet it will be advisable to keep this third dose in reserve, until the groom sees in what manner the work these colts will be put to do, will affect their constitutions. We may give a third dose to each of them after their first, or after their second sweat, or we may not have to give it at all, if the weather keeps open, and the groom is of opinion that the work the colts have begun will, by being gradually continued, bring them in due time sufficiently clear in their wind, and straight and handsome in their carcasses, without either abusing their legs, or reducing too much their muscular system. Now, on the other hand, should a frost set in early in March, and continue until this month may be nearly or perhaps quite concluded, these colts would then have to go to exercise on the straw beds for three weeks or a month. Under these circumstances it would be necessary, to assist in keeping their legs cool and in shape, and also to prevent them from getting too fat in their insides, to have recourse to the reserve doses, by giving, in addition to the two first, not only a third dose of physic, but perhaps even a fourth. For the second class colts, as they do not require to be in as strong work as those of the first class, two doses of physic each will be sufficient, unless, as I have already noticed, a frost should set in, when a third dose may be necessary; but I should say not otherwise. The third class colts are too delicate to do any thing like work, they therefore seldom or ever want medicine, unless laboring under disease.

The reader may now form some idea of the purposes for which physic is given to colts or horses in health, either in or out of training.

TRAINING YEARLINGS.

The time it has taken to get our yearlings through their physic brings us now to the first of March; as they will not have to come out to run until near the end of April, we shall have about eight weeks to train them. This allowance of time will be amply sufficient; not that it is necessary for yearlings to be at constant and regular exercise for the whole of this period, but for the first three weeks of the eight it will be advisable to be doing little and little every day, or every other day, as in giving to those strong colts of the first class such walking and galloping exercise as may be

found necessary to steady them, and keep their memories refreshed. We shall then have five clear weeks for the doing of what may be called a bit of work with them. The first week of the five, they may go such steady, brushing gallops as will bring them sufficiently clear in their wind to enable them to go with tolerable ease to themselves through the first gentle sweat.

The first week of the five being disposed of as above advised, leaves us four weeks clear, which is about the time, if the weather keeps open, that these strong colts will take to be in regular training. There may be a thick glutton of a yearling, in this first class, that puts up flesh very fast, and that is idle in his wind; this sort of colt would require to be as regularly worked, in the lengths of his gallops and sweats, as an aged horse, before he can be got sufficiently light in himself, and clear in his wind, to be able to come his best pace equally with those colts that are much more delicate, and consequently sooner ready. Unless the above precautions are taken in the training of a thick colt, he may deceive the trainer in his trial or race. The trainer must therefore make allowance, and begin with such colt accordingly; yet, the reader must observe, that, upon a more general scale, yearlings do not require to be drawn very fine, that is, not stripped of what is commonly called "their waste and spare." These young ones run but short lengths, and, although they may be a little lusty, their flesh is not likely to fatigue them before their race is over, (provided they are in good wind), at least not those colts of the second and third class.

The second class colts will not take more than four weeks to get them ready to run; the first week of the four they should be getting ready for their first sweat, much in the same way as I have described should be done with the colts of the first class, only allowing for the delicacy of the former, by merely letting them have such walking exercise as will give them an appetite for their food, and such galloping exercise as will steady them, and also bring them pretty clear in their wind.

The third class of colts will for the present require little more than walking exercise.

Let us suppose the twelve yearlings I have been writing about to have actually been thus far forwarded in their training; those of the first class, from the exercise and physic they have had, will alter very much from the state of condition in which they were when they first left their paddocks. There will also be some favorable changes in the condition of the second and third classes: the muscular system of the bodies of the horses of the three classes will have diminished in weight, more or less, while their legs will have increased in strength; that is, the tendons will then have enlarged, and become strong and well braced, from the action they have had; so that when they arrive in the morning on the downs to exercise, (after allowing them to walk along enough to have emptied themselves), we may venture to send them up their gallops, without much fear of breaking them down. The length of gallops that yearlings may go may be half a mile, a little more

or a little less, just according as the groom may observe the length his colts are going in their gallops may affect the constitutional strength and temper of either the one or the other of them.

Yearlings having been gradually forwarded as I have advised, there will be no danger to be apprehended from their going in their gallops the above lengths, provided the boys are light, the ground not deep, and that the colts are not allowed to go beyond that of a steady even pace ; I mean by this, that they are not to be allowed in their gallops immediately to extend themselves. Those colts that are observed not to do well by going gallops of long lengths, let them go shorter ones ; and with a view to bring those colts stout, the deficiency of length in their gallops can, if necessary, be made up by increasing the length of their sweats. Why I wish yearlings to go steadily a moderate good length in their gallops is, that I wish as early as possible to bring them somewhat acquainted with the advantage of going steady and collected in their stride. To accomplish this, they must all have good riding boys upon them, particularly the boy who leads the gallop ; he should be a good judge of pace, and know well how to forward a colt. The groom, in giving his orders to the boys as to how they are to ride their colts, which we suppose to be on the downs, should speak to them thus :—“ Mind boys, keep your places, and get quietly away with them, and as soon as they are settled in their stride, drop your hands and keep a light steady hold of their heads.” Although the groom gives his orders generally to the whole of the boys, it is to the boy who leads the gallop, whose name, for example, we will say is Tom, that he gives his more important directions ; perhaps, just as the colts are approaching the gallop, the groom calls out—“ Tom, mind you do not take them too fast ; and when you come to such a part of the gallop, (naming an object well known to the boy), take a quiet pull and finish steadily with them in the little run you will have to make to the end of the gallop.” When they are all pulled up as near in line together as may be, they should be allowed to stand for two or three minutes to recover their wind.

Going thus regularly on in their gallops, teaches them how to make use of their legs, by getting the fore ones well out ; and the closer they are together the better, provided their feet do not interfere or come in contact with their fetlock joints or legs, and, by so doing, cut the former or bruise the latter. Their hind legs should be well in, or under them, and the wider apart they are in reason the better. Colts that are kind in their tempers, and not hurried too early in their work, soon become acquainted with the advantage of their stride, and will, (if properly ridden). when called upon to exert themselves, get gradually to the extent of their stride, and will ably maintain their best pace in a good rally, without being over-marked, and made what is called “ a spread-eagle.”

The increasing of the pace of yearlings in their gallops, and the length they are to go in them, especially with respect to colts of the first and second classes, must be regulated by the training groom, according to circumstances, as that of his noticing how their different constitutions may vary, or each colt may become af-

fectured by the different gallops he may be taking. And it is also to be observed that the whole of these colts, although yearlings, must go such a pace and length in their gallops, as, from one sweating day to the other, may be found necessary to keep them all sufficiently clear in their wind, so as to enable them to take the few sweats they may have to do with tolerable ease to themselves. But the reader must bear in mind, that the method I have here advised for the teaching of the first and second class colts to stride steadily in their gallops, can seldom or ever be practised in a similar way with any of the third class, the latter being much too irritable in their tempers to be taught in this manner.

To give the colts of this third class confidence in doing their exercise, (as I have already noticed), various are the means that must be had recourse to, as that of changing from one system of treatment to another, as often as may be found necessary, so as to bring them reconciled to do what you require of them, by walking or galloping them in different situations, by going from one part of the downs to another, allowing them to walk quietly about in retired places, and now and then walking them on the different gallops. Long walking exercise not only steadies them, but it gives to most of them, what they are often in want of, an appetite for their food. At walking exercise they may follow each other in a string; but, in their gallops, it will be advisable, with those that are easily alarmed, to send them singly. When opportunities offer, they may be walked out on to the last mile of a course; but let them first walk up between the rails here, and pass the winning post, stop them and then turn them about, and walk them off at that part of the course they would have to walk off at had they been running. At other opportunities, they may walk out to such a suitable part of the finishing of the course, as to allow them to go up between the rails a long steady gallop singly—such a length of gallop as yearlings ought to take; or, there may be two of them that may quietly follow each other, putting a steady two or three year old colt in front of them, or a good sort of hack, I care not which, so that the colts in question go content up their gallops, and that, when they have passed the post, they pull up and walk quietly off afterwards. If they should walk contentedly away, after having their occasional or daily gallops, for a few times on one piece of ground, it will be advisable to take them from such ground before they show symptoms of being alarmed, and then to let them go on with a daily repetition of their exercise on the new ground, being careful to remove them from this also before they become frightened.

Considering our yearlings to have been long enough at walking exercise to have recovered from the effects of their physic, and to have been sufficiently long, also, at galloping exercise to have got pretty clear in their wind, we will, in the next chapter, get them through their sweats.

SWEATING THE FIRST CLASS OF YEARLINGS.

We now come to speak of the sweating of those young colts of the first class, which are now something more than two years old. The length of their sweats should be from two miles to two miles and a quarter. These colts being hearty feeders, put up flesh very fast; and although I do not by any means hold with that of drawing young ones fine, yet there are now and then some among them so very thick and close made as to require, even at this early age, their being brought, by a repetition of gentle sweats, into something like the shape and form of a race horse. How often a yearling will have to sweat must depend on what effect the first sweat may have produced on him, in reducing the surface of his muscular system, and on the time the training groom may observe the colt again putting up flesh, according to which the interval should be regulated from one sweating day to the other. A groom cannot be too careful in observing how a colt puts up flesh; nor, on the other hand, can he be too careful how he takes it off him. I mean by this, that I prefer a young one, and more particularly the sort of yearlings to which I am now alluding, to appear, on his coming to post, (particularly if a big one), as to his muscular surface, rather full or high, provided he is clear in his wind, and that he has got a little longer length into him than that he is going to run. The groom is to ascertain these two last mentioned circumstances, by observing sufficiently early how his colt is going on with his work: and what more principally will guide him is, how this same colt comes home in the finishing his last two or three sweats. But he must take care that the colt has on him, in doing his last two sweats, a smart, light, good riding boy, who knows how to put his orders into practice.

It is to be understood that this colt in his turn has kindly enough led the gallop or sweat for others of his class; we will now, therefore, put him to lead the last two sweats he has to do as a yearling; and this is merely that the groom may know to a certainty how he can finish or come home in them.

The groom now cautiously gives his orders to the boy that rides the colt; he says—"You must mind, Bill, what you are about; come you off with them presently" (meaning the two or three colts of the first class that may be going to sweat together) "at a steady even pace, until you come to such a part of the ground," naming some known object as a guide to the boy, and which object should be about three quarters of a mile from where the colts pull up on finishing their sweats. The groom, in going on with his directions, says, "when you get there, take a quiet pull to set your colt agoing, and come with him at a quiet sweating pace; but as you know he is rather an idle one, if you find it necessary to get at him, by now and then taking a pull and hustling him along, do so; for you must mind to come home the whole of the way from where I tell you at a good, fair, sweating pace." The groom, knowing his hack (which he is upon at the time) to be a pretty quick one for a

short length, says to the boy as he is about to leave him, "I shall be waiting for you within about half a distance from where I told you to pull up, and for about two or three lengths before you come to me, take a pull at your colt, and twist him along. I shall go head and girth home with you, for I want to see how your colt will finish his sweat in this length of rally; but mind, you are not to be severe upon him, or you will overset him in his stride." The groom, in speaking to the boys on the colts that may have to follow in this same sweat, says—"Keep a steady pull on your colts, and endeavor, without severity, to keep your places, that is, mind you do not persevere too much with them."

The above colts having gone well through their sweats, and the colt that leads having finished very satisfactorily, the groom now thinks, or perhaps he talks the thing over to himself, and says, speaking of the colt that led, "Well, he has come in his sweat at a good, fair, sweating pace, for a little longer length than he will have to run, either in his trial or race, and I know by my hack that he finished in a rally of nearly half a distance at something like a racing pace; he pulled up sound, blowed his nose in good time; and he walked away strong and well to the rubbing house." The groom, still talking on to himself, speaking again of the colt that led the sweat, says, "As he is in such good wind, he cannot be very fat in his inside; as to his being high is of no consequence, for his flesh cannot fatigue him in the short length he has to come; and by the time he has done what is necessary to finish him, he will come out ripe and in good form, at least I do not think, thick and close made as he is, if well ridden, that he can deceive me in running either in his trial or race."

The above calculations are such as should be made by the groom in his getting ready to run a strong constituted colt. Unless such precautions as I have noticed are attended to, a groom may be deceived in the trying or running of the above-described colt; and such colt, from not being in a fit state to be tried, may very undeservedly be considered much too slow to race, in consequence of which he probably may be sold greatly under his value.

SWEATING THE SECOND AND THIRD CLASSES OF YEARLINGS.

The constitutions of colts of the second class have already been noticed as being in the medium, and that they are also moderate feeders. The reader must therefore bear in mind, that however lusty they may be, on their first coming into training, they will, by less work, not only come more readily into shape, but will be much longer putting up their flesh, from one sweating day to the other, than those colts of the first class: they consequently will not have to sweat as frequent as those mentioned in the last chapter. Although these second class colts are rather more delicate than the first class, yet there may be one or two among them

that will not do so well in being trained by the usual or necessary repetition of gallops. A colt of this sort generally does better with rather longer walking exercise, (to increase his appetite), but with shorter and more gentle gallops before and after water. A groom, in training him, will in all probability find, that he will do better by being sweated rather oftener than those colts that will bear longer and more frequent gallops; but he must observe, that this colt, as also the others of this class, are lightly clothed in their sweats, more particularly if the morning should be warm.

On the first time of sweating these colts, the groom's orders to the boy that leads the sweat should be, "Come you off with them, Tom, at a gentle and even striding pace." As there will be no occasion for them to do more in the concluding of their sweats on each sweating day than very gradually to increase the pace a little, until they have to do their last sweat, at the latter part of which they should come home at a downright good sweating pace for a little longer length than they have to be tried, it will not be necessary for the groom to come home on his hack, in a short rally with them, as I have directed he should do with the first class colts; but it may be as well for him to be in waiting, within about a distance of where they pull up, so that he may see how they all finish their sweats, in passing him. If they pull up sound, blow their noses in good time, and walk well away to the rubbing-house, they will do; provided the little there is to be done with them afterwards is properly attended to, until they come out to run; and, as their race, like all of their year, is but a short one, they cannot well come out too high in flesh, provided they are clear in their wind.

Now, with regard to the sweating of the third class yearlings, a very little of this sort of thing goes a great way, even with the best of them; one or two of them may occasionally have to go over the sweating ground with a view to bring them somewhat stout for the little length they have to come. But, as there is nothing to be taken off the muscular surface of these colts, and as they are light in their carcasses, they are almost invariably in good wind. They should therefore go over the sweating ground lightly clothed, or, if the morning is warm, they may go over it stripped. They may go in company with each other, or singly, whichever may best suit their tempers. Some colts of this class are so very delicate and irritable that they never require to be taken over the above-mentioned ground during the whole time of their being in training.

I shall not here make mention of the further treatment necessary to finish the training of each of these classes of colts, as the different brushing gallops they are to have given them from their last sweating day up to the third or second day before they run. Nor shall I notice the setting them the night before their race, nor the putting on their plates, or plaiting of their manes, on the morning before they have to come to post. Those matters will be fully explained in different chapters, when we are describing the training of the horses of different ages; for the same rule stands good in the finishing of yearlings, (only allowing that they are

yearlings), from their last sweat to the day of their race, as in finishing the horses of all ages from their last sweat to the day of their race. We will consequently consider the whole of the former as being ready to come out to be tried, and which will be the subject of the two next chapters.

SPORTING IN YANKEE-LAND.

A LOVER of field sports from our youth, the passion for which grew with our growth and strengthened with our strength, we need hardly tell you, Mr. Editor, that no opportunity of indulging in them was allowed to escape us if we could possibly help it. "The Chase," "the Turf," "the road"—they all had our homage: we were an aspirant for honors in each. Our gun, our pony, our brown cob were all successively brought into play, and persevered in until youth gave way to a more manly complexion, and we sported a double-barrel and made an appearance in legitimate "pink and tops." Time wrought no change in us: we were an ardent sportsman. We carried our predilections with us wherever we went, and when we found ourselves in the New World, felt all the impulse of a renewed ardor. The excitement of curiosity upon that which had never flagged to make trial of what the "Great United States" could afford us, afflicted us with a thirst that required us to seek instant means to assuage, unless, like the Princess in the Arabian Nights, we were inclined to undergo the process of spontaneous combustion.

We had been invalided, but the Spring was doing its healing work with us, and we were already casting up imaginary totals of slain, the trophy of our double-barrel in the woods, when the news reached us that a Match was to take place early in the following week between the celebrated trotting horses Americus and Ripton, three-mile heats, in harness. We determined to be present. It was just the thing to set our pulse going at the true pace. We accordingly made a few necessary inquiries, and soon arranged to start with a friend tolerably well known in the American Sporting World. When the day came, our first move was to repair to the rendezvous of the sporting men, and ascertain the state of the odds, and learn the probable chances of accomplishing an object we invariably have in view on the occasion—viz. to make the race pay expenses.

Accordingly we repair to the place aforesaid, which consists of a tolerable-sized room in an hotel, extending along one side of which is a bar, behind which are dispensed ever and anon in ceaseless repetition the thousand-and-one "drinks," bearing names altogether strange to English ears, which Yankee ingenuity has invented to gratify the thirsty spirit in that torrid climate. We are

introduced in due form to the landlord of the hotel, a regular "down Easter," and "Boston-raised man," although, singular to say, *not* dignified with the title of either Major or Colonel—a military distinction that almost invariably appertains in this quarter of the globe to the keepers of hotels or hostelries—but notwithstanding (to speak sportingly), a regular "knowing covey," and who, independently of the expression of cunning peculiar almost to every Yankee, would at first sight be taken, without question to be a "deep old file." At the far end of the room is a table covered with newspapers, but few, comparatively, are engaged as usual in devouring their contents: the all-absorbing interest of the race has made them for a time indifferent to the strife of politics, and ever and anon one after another delivers his opinion in terms of pretty positive certainty as to the result of the race, while the knowing ones quietly look on, and say nothing. *They* couldn't tell *how* it may go—*they* know nothing; oh, no! not the least—certainly not! In the meantime there are a number of individuals most eagerly engaged at a side-table containing refreshments, or, to use a Yankee phrase, "relishes" of various sorts, including "chowder," broiled salmon, a dish of fried liver, and "pot cheese." A solitary fork lies on the dish, which serves the purpose of conveying these "relishes" to the mouth of various individuals, and is alternately used for that purpose by some of the parties present; whilst others, too "eager for the fray," disdain to wait their appointed turn, and plunge their fingers bodily into the smoking chowder. The old adage, "fingers were made before forks," is practically recognised in Yankee-land; and so great is the community of feeling—derived perhaps from the fundamental principle of their "glorious Declaration of Independence"—and the participation of privileges *in common* so fully recognized, that it is by no means an unusual thing for a Yankee to offer you his tongue-scrapers or his tooth-pick.

But we must off and away, for it wants but two hours to the time of starting, and we intend calling at Hiram Woodruff's, who is the first Whip and leading Trainer [of trotting horses] on the Turf, the man who made little Ripton what he is, and has "made more out of him," as the saying is, than any other man could: although by some strange circumstance, a reported difference of some sort between him and the owner of Ripton, he is not to drive to-day. Let us therefore mount our four-wheeler, or, in Yankee phrase, our "wagon," and drive quietly down to the Ferry, that we may cross before the rush commences. The steamer that takes us over is well filled, though not crowded with passengers, although it will carry over many hundred before the lapse of another hour. There is a fine cooling breeze on the water, the sky is without a cloud, and all agree it is a glorious day for the race. See! there is the entrance to the "mighty Hudson" river, and yonder are the Catskill, mountains in the distance, and looking in the clearness of the unclouded firmament almost as azure as the sky itself; and now, as we near the opposite shore, we see the "Elysian Fields," and the "Mermaid's Cave;" and on that hill a little to the left of

the Ferry where we are about to land, streaming aloft from yonder pole, is the flag that marks the "Beacon Course," where the Purse of 2000 dollars is to be this day won.

We land, and have again mounted our "wagon," and are on the way to Hiram or "*Hi Woodruff's*," as he is more generally known in the Sporting World, which has in all countries a peculiar affection for a familiar cognomen, as implying a sort of would-be-intimacy with the "top sawyers" and crack heroes of the Turf, who have in their hands the fate of thousands, and on whose will in fact in the majority of cases the result of a race depends. This place of *Hi Woodruff's* consists of a couple of rooms, which he has taken for the season, about two miles from the course, for the purpose of dispensing liquors, or, as the Yankees denominate them, "drinks." And here is a goodly assembly of "knowing coveys," "wide-awakes," "swell kids," "downy coves," and sporting butchers, which latter in America are proverbially a sporting race. Here are jostled together a variety of Sporting Gentlemen of the Turf and of the Ring, from the Yankee Dandy, an individual by the way perfectly peculiar in his species, to the butcher's boy in his broad-brimmed straw hat and shirt sleeves, with his cut-off-barber's cotton-jacket, who will "bet his 5 dollars by J—s that Americus wins the race, and be d—d to him, for by — he knows Ripton *can't* do it, and never *could*!" But the odds are in favor of Americus, the New York champion, and the Philadelphia nag is down at a discount. Some say he's lame; some, he's not in running order: others, that he's in too fine condition, and bets of 25 to 20 on Americus are freely offered. We lay by on our oars, thinking it prudent to await till we reach the field. In the meantime excitement is at a high pitch, and it is evident that a trot between two horses so celebrated is a matter of intense moment. Groups are assembled here and there, discussing now in loud tones, and now in almost voiceless whispers, the different merits of these two Champions of the Turf; party-feeling rises to an amazing height, and the interest is most intense; the Philadelphians are stanch to a man on little Ripton, and, although with apparent and assumed reluctance, quietly *take* the odds.

That young fellow of compact and splendid figure, with limbs stiff and sturdy, though by no means large and ungainly, with a somewhat swarthy complexion, but open handsome countenance, dark raven hair and close cut raven beard, with a fine dark eye of fire—"an eye," as some of our Yorkshire "*Johnny Raws*" would describe it in their expressive phraseology, "that would fetch a hen off of a bawk"—and now glistening with fun and merriment, with a face singularly expressive of open fearless defiance, embodying as it were a challenge to all comers on a fair field and a clear course; and now lighted up with merry laughter, and standing or rather bustling about amongst the crowd, now shaking hands with one, and now the other, and every now and then clapping some old acquaintance familiarly on the shoulder—seemingly sought for on all hands—and giving a hearty welcome to all as they come pouring in at the entrance, and crowding round the bar, is "*H*

Woodruff," the prince of Jocks, the first Whip on the Turf and the very *beau ideal* of a winner, and one that in five cases out of seven against his competitors will carry off the purse. He shakes hands with us on our being presented—this being the invariable custom on an introduction; and a fine fellow he is, and, as we judged from his prepossessing countenance, and afterwards found him, possessed of more real and natural politeness than we ever yet met with in a true-bred Yankee. He politely asks us to "take a drink" with him, and we at once join him in a "brandy-smasher." There is a visible move from the counter, and we look and perceive a remarkably knowing-looking old covey, in a long broad-brimmed, slouching "wide-awake hat," stick in hand to support his gouty leg encased in a list slipper, but withal a fresh, rosy, jolly, good-humored, open-faced genius, none of the Yankee about his appearance—though evidently one of the knowing ones—elbowing his way towards the liquor-stand. "How are you, General?" cry at once half a dozen voices.—"Gentlemen, how are you?" replies the General. The individual who answered to the title of "General" was no other than the father of "Hi Woodruff," who, not without some reason, was evidently proud of such a son, and was immediately asked to "take a drink" in half a score places. Then follows a regular, or rather irregular, succession of drinks of all sorts, including "gin-cocktail," "brandy-smashers," "mint juleps," "stone wall," "port-wine sangaree," and "sherry cobblers."—"Well, General, what's going to be done to-day?" said a would-be-knowing young Gentleman, enveloped in a pair of extremely tight-fitting pantaloons, and a considerable quantity of gold chain and rings; "which is to be the winning horse?"—"That's more than I can tell you," replied the General, too wide-awake to hazard an opinion: "my son knows what Ripton is, but he's not going to drive him."—"I guess as how it'll be a toughish race," observed the young Gentleman, stuffing into his mouth a lump of "the weed," and commencing the process of its mastication as though he were perfectly used to the flavor.—"Well, I guess it will," remarked the General.

But it is now time to be pushing along; and again mounting our wagon, and lightly shaking the ribbons, we give our horse his head, and are off at a rattling pace to the scene of action. Clear the road for Lyle Weeks, the "Sporting Butcher," in his voluminous straw hat and blue striped jacket, sans vest, the gentleman who bets on "*time*," coming along the road in his light sulky—so light that a breath of wind might move it—at a dashing pace with his famous trotting horse. Have a care of your wheels, you beforehand in the coach-and-pair, crammed from top to bottom, roof and all, with lovers of the sport, some in straw hats, caps, and wide-awakes, *minus* coats, hastening, though slowly, to see the fun. There goes Ned Jones too in his slap-up phaeton, with his tight pair of horses, one grey, the other bay, well known in the trotting world to have done 16 miles within the hour in harness; for Jones was the owner of the celebrated "Black Joke," who, under his superior whip, performed divers extraordinary exploits, recorded at

full length under her portrait in the bar of his hotel. Yonder is "Yankee Sullivan," the prize-fighter, who killed his man some months ago in a pitched battle, and is just let out of the "State prison," who is a decided sporting character. But that somewhat stylish and well-dressed man in the four-wheeler yonder with the grey, with a thick bush of black curly hair and whiskers meeting under his chin, and "no end of a swell" about his satin cravat and dashing satin vest, is Jack Harrison, one of the fairest and most successful bettors in the Ring, and one of the "tallest dressers" in New York, and who will in all probability return home this evening richer by 10,000 dollars than he is at present.

But at length we reach the entrance to the course, and then the cramming, and crowding, and shouting, and pushing to secure a ticket for the "Club Stand," to which you are admitted on payment of a dollar; and then the outrageous rush and scrambling up the stairs to secure an advantageous post! "Every one for himself and God for us all" is the order of the day, and after much tugging, striving, and pushing, we at last reach the wished-for goal. The stand on the Beacon Course is made of wood, and similar in character to the back stands on the Doncaster course. Towards the back of that division called the "Club Stand," which is partitioned from the other stands, is a refreshment room—a very necessary appendage on a thirsty and exciting day as this is like to prove, and in which many hundreds of the anti-teetotallers will this day revel.

The course is about twenty yards in width, covered with sand or common mould, and runs round a grass inclosure of an oblong form, and is a mile in circumference. The Judges' Stand and Winning-post are directly opposite the Club, and at the same elevation. The "Club Stand" is filled to overflowing, the second stand still more crowded, and the roofs of both black with lovers of the sport. A band of music from the Judges' Stand, consisting of a drum, clarionet, and fife, essays to add some liveliness to the scene—in vain: there needs no stirring strain to raise the enthusiasm of the anxious throng; excitement enough is there, not manifested in bursts of noisy clamor, but visible in the deep, intense, concentrated gaze of the eye, the involuntary quivering of the lip, and the countenance pregnant with interest in the coming scene.

Suddenly all eyes are turned in a direction left of the Stand, where at some distance is seen George Spicer, in his dark purple cap and jacket, mounted in his sulky, light as fairy-work, and driving at a gentle easy pace Americus, the New York champion. Americus is a bay horse with a white foot, and, judging from appearance, about fifteen hands and a half in height. His coat was bright as a ruby, and he seemed in high condition; and as Spicer gently shook the ribbons as he passed the Stand, he evidently looked like a horse prepared to do something, and went like a meteor. Spicer keeps increasing his speed as he reaches the top of the rising ground to the right of the course, and by the time he has neared the Half-mile-post he looks decidedly "like going."

The star of Americus is in the ascendant, and bets of 2 to 1 and more on the New York champion are freely offered and taken. But look towards the paling yonder over by the entrance to the course, and there is George Young, just mounted behind little Ripton, in a sulky weighing originally but 58lb.! He is dressed in a sky-blue cap and jacket, and is the very picture of good humor: there is a quiet knowing look about him, as if he were this day prepared for a "deed of derring do." On Ripton comes toward the Stand, and shouts of "Go it, George!" "Go it, little Ripton!" are uttered by a hundred voices. On he comes, like a bird that is proud of flight, with his head aloft, and his eye shining like a star. On he comes, with his fore-legs high up in the air like a rampant lion, and beating the dusty ground as if he scorned to touch it with his hoof. What splendid action! what compactness and strength! what power of limb! and in what gallant style he sweeps along the course! We quietly whisper to ourselves, "if this be not a winner we are much deceived;" and we turn round and book our bet accordingly, satisfied with the odds of 2 to 1 against Ripton.

But the two horses are now turned round, and coming alongside in the same direction gently towards the Starting-post. All is breathless anxiety as they near the spot; but as the Judge is about to pronounce the word "go," Americus makes a break, and it is declared "no start." They trot quietly on therefore for a few score yards, wheel round, and once more go back beyond the Judge's Stand.

The break is rather against Americus, and some are of opinion he is "trained too fine," and is not exactly up to the mark; but there is strong confidence in his powers, and he meets with numerous backers. Once more they are coming towards the Starting-post, and this time we "calculate" it will be a race. "Go!" shouts the Judge, as the two champions at the same moment passed his Stand—and they are "off."—"Off!" the crowd repeat the cry. Ripton has the inside track, which is decided by lot, and takes the lead by a length. He shoots up "the rise" at a tremendous rate; and now along the straight stretch of ground at the back of the course he gallantly maintains his post, with his antagonist pursuing him at a bursting pace. Onward they go, each keeping his position along the straight line; and now, as they make the turn on the last quarter, Americus is close behind him; but Ripton still maintains the lead, and passes the Winning-post a clear length ahead, in 2min. 36sec. Ripton again makes play up the rising ground, and before he reaches the top, Americus breaks—and badly; and before Spicer can get him fairly to his work, he is "up again," and there is a gap of some sixty yards between him and the gallant little Ripton—"Steady, Ripton! steady!" for your antagonist is gaining on you, and intends yet to make a push to win the heat: he is gradually gaining ground—but no! in 2min. 38sec. Ripton again goes past the Stand, and Americus is a long way behind. Young now fancies he has got the thing safe, and begins to ease his horse; but this may hardly

be done, for Americus is making up the gap at a rattling pace, and as they round the turn on the last quarter from the Post, Americus closes with him. And now—on—on they come like lightning towards the goal. "Stand back!" "stand back!" is shouted by a thousand voices, and trembling nervous agitation is depicted on hundreds of uplifted faces. They near the Distance-post, and it is hard to say which takes the lead; they are even with the Stand; the heat is over; and a shout that makes the welkin ring from a thousand simultaneous voices proclaims the gallant little Ripton the winner of the first heat by half a length, he having completed the three miles in 7min. 53sec.

And now a rush is made from all quarters of the Stand on to the course, and crowds of the respective backers press round each favorite to see him unsaddled, and pass their opinions as to the final result of the race. Bill Wheelan acts as head-groom to little Ripton, while Hi Woodruff turns his back upon his favorite, and acts as master of the ceremonies to Americus. Both horses are in a high state of fever, and give manifest indications that theirs has been no child's play. Various contradictory opinions are hazarded by those who know, or think they know, as to how the race will be decided; but the appearance of the favorite, his profuse sweat, and reluctance to cool, is decidedly against him. The prevailing opinion, however, seems to be that Americus is the best-bottomed horse, and if he takes the next heat he will win the race.

But we must adjourn to the room of refreshments, and quench the thirst and fever of excitement with the icy liquors of Yankee-land. But we are well nigh too late, for the room is already crammed. Dire is the scramble, and terrible the rush into this rendezvous of thirst-fevered spirits! The din—the hubbub—the jostling and the pushing—the shouts—the oaths—the roars of laughter—the vociferous demand for drink, and the mixing and mingling of cocktails, cobbles, slings, and smashers—form together one mighty Babel—a dread confusion of tongues, such as has never surely been since that on the plains of Shinar. But we are lingering too long over the cool iced-water, flavored with the *frigidum sine*: for hark the signal for the champions to be again brought up to the Starting-post! See there they both are, gently footing it over the dusty course; but Americus looks somewhat stale, and none the better for master Spicer's pushing when he tried to close with little Ripton; while the latter looks no worse for the run, and, to quote an expression made use of by some Yankee on the Stand, which in his *own* language was to him, perhaps, an expressive phrase, "goes like a *book*!" The betting is now about *even*, and the favorite is not so high in feather.

And now again they are retiring slowly in the distance, and now they walk gently round side by side, with their heads towards the Starting-post. They come gently on at first, then quicker, now at a good round pace—it is a race! Once more the word "go" is given by the Judge, and once more they are on their swift career! Ripton again takes the lead, and, being the winner

of the last heat, has the inside track, and makes strong play on the first quarter of the rising ground, while, on reaching the same spot, Americus again breaks, but only for a moment, for now he is on his legs again, though it would seem to-day that Ripton has the "whip-hand" of his opponent, and is "one too many" for him. Look at him yonder, as he takes the lead along the straight line on the back of the course, and see his gallant bearing! how he holds aloft his head, and lifts his feet, and spurns the ground, and seems above his work, and as if going for his amusement only! It is a gallant and a glorious sight to see how the little champion skims over the plain, and like an arrow from a bow he shoots along. "Ripton for ever!" is the cry; "a thousand dollars on Ripton; 500 to 4 on Ripton" from various quarters of the Stand; "5 to 2 on Ripton" shout the butcher boys, and "go it while you're young" is the order of the day. But who is the bold man that dares decide beforehand who shall carry off the 2000 dollar purse, and be hailed the winner by the voices of the assembled crowd? They are now on the second mile, and are coming round the turn at the last quarter down upon the Stand at a thundering pace. Americus has lapt, and is now side by side with Ripton! Enthusiasm is now at its highest pitch, and one loud "Silence!" is shouted by a thousand voices. The noise of the vast multitude is hushed and they watch in breathless suspense the scene before them. They pass by the Stand—the gallant Ripton leads. At the first turn, they are again even, and so on along the straight stretch, and no man can say who shall win the race. Now they ply together; it is a neck and neck race: they have turned the last quarter, and are coming straight down to the Winning-post; neck and neck they come, and in a few seconds more the deed is done! There is not a voice in that immense multitude: they stand breathless with suspense, with open mouths, and staring eyes, and out-stretched necks, yet still as death, and life-like only by the expression of intense emotion that is stamped upon their features. They come—the two champions come, and Ripton leads! "Lay on, Spicer," "whip him," "cut him to ribbons:" it's all in vain; Americus is "up:" he's pushed to the top of his bent: by Jove he's "up again;" and after a tremendous effort, once more a thousand hats are waved in the air, and the gallant little Ripton passed the Winning-post five or six lengths a-head, and completed the three miles in 8 min. 3 sec.

Let us now attend to receive the stakes and pocket the dollar notes which we had a shrewd suspicion from the first must come back with some slight additions; and, satisfied with our day's work, let us mount our wagon and drive homewards, calling at Hi Woodruff's as we pass along. Gently, gently down the hill, or we shall be smashed to atoms among that crush of coaches, wagons, flies, shandry-dans, and vehicles of all sorts, whose drivers, intoxicated with success or maddened by disappointment, are dashing recklessly and furiously over rough and smooth, hills and hollow places, stones and ruts. Hark to the shouts and yells of exultation, and the roars of laughter, and the deep and bitter oaths and curses vented on Spicer and Americus, in language which there

is no mistaking to be decidedly personal; and the cheers that ever and anon come from one party, and are echoed back by the other, as we dash on promiscuously jumbled together along the crowded road! "Push along, keep moving"—"cut"—"slash"—"drive on"—"hurrah!"—"stand out of the way, you son of a sea-cook;" and here we are again at Hiram Woodruff's.

"Holloa! my covey, what's the row?"—"Stand back, stand back," for Bill Emerson, the slashing butcher, and Charley Riley, not being altogether satisfied with the issue of the contest on the course, are going to fight it over again on the plain before the door; but some compassionate individual, chary of the waste of human blood, interferes, and for once prevents the effusion doubtless of a large quantity of the crimson fluid. Dire, however, is the screaming, deep the oaths; still the battle goes on by word of mouth, and the race is again and again contested, and it is hard to tell, from the wrangling of the combatants, which is *allowed* to be the winner, though the backers of little Ripton, who have sacked the money, care little for *their* decision. "Well, Jack," says my friend to Harrison, who just drove up, "how are you, old fellow? on the *right side* this time?"—"Didn't I tell you," said Jack (with a knowing shake of the head and wink of the eye); "though I am a fool in *some* things, I know a little about horse-flesh; and by Jove," said he, springing from his box-seat, and whispering into my friend's ear, "Little Ripton will do it *again*: if he can do the three-mile heats, he can do *two*, and *will*." Jack Harrison was the man that made the Match for the one, two and three miles heats, for 6000 dollars, and had that day pocketed no less than 10,000 dollars on his bets.

"Holloa! Judge, how are you?" said a fellow *minus* a coat, and with his shirt-sleeves tucked up above his elbows, and slapping the Judge at the same time on his shoulder; which said Judge, with an air of drunken gravity, evidently rather "far gone," or "half seas over," or "tolerably well corned," or "buckled," as the Yankees say, was strenuously endeavoring to force his way through the crowd at the door towards the region of "cocktails" "cobblers," "slings," and "smashers," of which he had without question consumed already no inconsiderable quantity: "Holloa! Judge, how are you?"

"Why, I'm d—d bad," says the Judge.

"Why, what's the matter!" said the uncoated genius, who was some butcher or blacksmith from a neighboring smithy.

"Matter!" said the Judge, with another oath; "I've got this d—d influenza."

"Oh!" said the fellow, "I can give you something that will cure you:" and he forthwith took from his pocket a paper containing several small bits of something, which he handed to the Judge, telling him they were "Miller's Patent Lozengers" for the influenza, and were a certain cure.

Judge: "Give us hold of 'em," saluting the butcher with another oath; "I don't know what to do, I am so bad." (*Judge* puts several in his mouth and attempts to chew them.)

Butcher: "You mustn't chew them, you must suck 'em."

Judge: "Suck be—" (another oath): "they've no taste at all."

Butcher: "Why they are rather *tuff*; they're are not intended to *bite*."

Judge: "Yes" (with a familiar anathema on his own eyes); "if they aren't as tough as the devil."

Butcher: "Yes, they're *tuff*; but if you suck 'em long enough, you'll find out what they're made of: they're capital things for the influenza."

Judge (after having sucked very hard for some time): "Why" (oath repeated): "you are playing me some confounded trick."

Butcher: "No trick at all; they're devilish good; take some home, and give 'em to your young 'uns."

Judge: "Why" (oath again), "they taste of nothing but *leather*!"

Butcher (bursting into a tremendous horse laugh): By —, Judge, I don't know how they should taste of aught else, for I punched 'em out of the sole of my boot before I started."

Judge (in a towering passion, and blaspheming as well as swearing loudly): "I'll pay you for this, old fellow!"

The above scene *literally* took place, and the conversation is correctly given, although somewhat pruned of its profanity out of respect to the Reader; and the aforesaid Judge, who actually sat on the Judicial Bench in Yankee-land, was a jolly good humored looking fellow, with a hat cocked aside, a colored cotton cravat, and, as a matter of course, *minus* gloves.

It would be difficult for the Reader to imagine the contrast between the dignity of the judicial station in our own country and in that of Yankee-land. Let his imagination picture, if possible, My Lord Denman or Sir Nicholas Coningham Tindal in such a scene!

Such is the gross familiarity of the lower orders, such the *community* of feeling and intercourse, such the absence of all respect for dignified station, such the extreme to which the system of equalization and levelling is carried by the principles and institutions of this "free and enlightened nation," that there is no distinction of persons (always excepting the "Niggers"); and the Judge aforesaid, who cut such a dignified and conspicuous figure in the precincts of a common pot-room, might be seen the week following presiding on the Bench, and invested with such an amount of dignity, as an observer, in both capacities, could by the fullest stretch of imagination award to him.

On the following week the two champions again met to try their speed in a Match of two-mile heats in harness, and after a most exciting and hard-fought contest Ripton was declared the winner. George Young held the ribbons over Ripton, while George Spicer drove Americus. After three attempts to start, during which some parties seemed to think Americus had the foot of Ripton, and Rip made a break, they succeeded in getting off. The latter made play as usual up the rising ground, and Americus, in trying to reach him, over-footed himself and got out of his place, but was immediately caught by Spicer: on attempting to pass, however, he broke again, but according to the opinion of experienced judges,

was well caught. The gallant little Ripton, however, kept the lead, carrying on up the hill at a bursting rate, on which part of the course, though a smaller horse than Americus, he invariably gained. In going along the straight line, Americus made a rush for the lead, but again broke: he, however, came up again to the scratch, and bid fairly for a good second, but broke again, and Ripton came in cleverly by three lengths in 5min. 10sec.

Second heat.—Both horses came well on the ground, and from their appearance satisfied the judges that there were no such odds as 5 to 2 between them. Americus broke at the first attempt to start, but on the second being declared a start, Ripton broke, and Young thinking to have the start over again, rather held back; but the crowd from the Stand shouted “go,” and on he went at a bursting pace to make up the gap Americus had placed between them. Americus tripped once again along the back stretch, but was made “all right” immediately by Spicer, and took the lead about three lengths a-head till they reached the Half-mile post; he led past the Stand, Young apparently not being able to pull Ripton out to pass, and some of Ripton’s backers took to “hedging.” After the commencement of the second mile, Ripton broke again, but rather gained than otherwise. At the last quarter, Ripton, being about two lengths in the rear, on a sudden apparently got frightened, and “ran like mad” up to Americus, and immediately the latter was on his haunches. At that moment, Young, not finding it a very easy matter to pull Ripton from the palings, drove him right across the course, and when they reached the winning-post, Ripton was of course a-head; but this, after hearing evidence on both sides, the Judges unanimously decided to be “foul,” and the race had once more to be contested. The time of this heat was 5min. 12sec.

After the lapse of an hour, the two champions came upon the course, and though neither looked any better for his previous exertions, Americus had decidedly the worse of it; and while Ripton seemed a little tired, Americus appeared by no means easy on his legs. Americus broke on coming up to the start, but on a second trial they went away at a tremendous pace, faster than any brush that was ever made since the days of “Dutchman” and “Rattler.” On going round the turn at the first quarter, Ripton broke, being apparently overfooted, but for an instant only, and was immediately pulled down to his work again by Young’s superior management. Americus kept his lead, and for the first round, and half way down the straight line, looked extremely like a winner, when he broke badly, and Ripton took the track. Spicer, however, brought Americus up in good style: Ripton again broke: Americus came up close, and for sixty yards they appeared dead-locked. Both were doing their best, and went like good ones, and as true as steel. The excitement was at the highest pitch as they approached the Stand. Ripton came in with his head aloft, and his feet high up in the air, making tremendous play at every stroke: while Americus, with his head down, and neck outstretched, seemed to plunge on madly with desperate energy

Within twenty feet of the Judge's Stand they were neck and neck, and when the shout from the thousands of spectators told that the race was won, not one in fifty could have named the winner! At length the Judges declared—Ripton wins the heat in 5min. 17sec.

It was said that Ripton won by about *eight inches!*

The Match of one-mile heats was run on the week following, with a similar result, the gallant little Ripton again coming off conqueror in two heats.

With respect to the comparative merit of these two great champions of the American Turf, it is difficult to decide which is to be considered the conqueror, for the defeat of Americus on the occasion of these celebrated Matches was evidently to some extent owing to his breaking. Ripton is by far the steadier horse, and it is the opinion of several judges, that with Spicer's driving, who is not sufficiently cool and collected, Americus would never gain a race of Ripton. In private training, it is believed by many that he can outfoot Ripton; but odds might safely be laid that in a public contest the latter would come off a winner.

Americus, some months afterwards, was matched with the celebrated Dutchman (now 16 or 17 years old), in three-mile heats, when, after one of the most desperate and exciting contests that was ever witnessed on a course, during which *four* heats were run before the race was decided, Dutchman giving in at the eleventh mile, Americus was declared the winner.

There were several contests during the season, both in harness and under saddle, between the celebrated Lady Suffolk, a trotting horse, and the Oneida Chief, the fastest pacer in the world, and who it is said *has* done his mile in 2min. 13sec., and *can* do it in 2min. 10sec.!!

We had also the satisfaction of seeing the celebrated mare Fashion run, who has galloped a four-mile heat in 7min. 32sec.!! and is as great a beauty as ever walked a course.

RECAPITULATION.

First Match, three mile heats, Ripton (George Young)	1	1	
Americus (George Spicer).....	2	2	
First heat in 7:53—Second heat, 8:03.			
First mile in 2:37—Second mile, 2:38.			
Second Match, two mile heats, Ripton	1	2	1
Americus.....	2	1	2
Time, 5:10—5:12—5:17.			

The best time ever made in harness, two miles, is 5:07, done by Ripton on the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia.

IPPODAMOS.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for August, 1844.

HEADS, HANDS, AND HEELS.

Concluded from the September Number, page 559.

WE are told that hounds must now-a-days be very fast to kill their foxes; that "meets" being often at eleven o'clock, unless hounds get on the best possible terms with their fox, they cannot hunt him: granted. I am afraid that something like Abernethy's reply will apply here. My Lord says, "there is so little scent, that if my hounds do not race down their fox, they cannot hunt him down, because we meet so late." Some rude fellow (like myself), who loves *fox-hunting*, might say, "Then why the Devil don't you meet earlier?" Half the Field would say, "We can't; we were all at Lady So-and-so's till four this morning." I know this as well as they do. I know they can't; at least I know they won't; for people now-a-days must enjoy late parties, and fox-hunting too, but not fox hunting in perfection, unless they consider hounds racing across country perfection. If they do, it is all very well; but I really think the Warwickshire drag just as good; indeed better, for they would kill more horses, and that seems the thing by which we are to judge of the goodness of the day's sport! If a young man should be asked in the evening what sport he had had in the morning, he would reply, if it had been what he considered good, "Capital! one of the best things this season: the horses were lying about in all directions; five died in the field; I expect to hear by to-morrow's post that mine is dead also."—This would be unblushingly told to a Lady, I suppose to shew what a fine fellow the rider must be! Now I should really think this, to a woman of a reflecting mind, would be about as much recommendation as if he had slaughtered an ox, and about as much proof of the soundness of his head as of the goodness of his heart. If a horse breaks a limb, his back, or his neck hunting, it does not much matter; it is a fair accident: the poor devil is killed, and there's an end of him: the rider may share the same fate, and sometimes the loss to society is about equal. A horse may *occasionally* be killed by over-exertion, without his rider having felt him particularly distressed; but when we find men literally boasting of the number of horses killed by themselves and their friends, I am inclined to think the *heels* have been more at work than the *head*.

When I state that I consider hounds may be bred too fast, I do not mean it solely in allusion to its requiring greater speed and exertion on the part of the horses, but I consider it spoils hunting. We may naturally infer, that when a man keeps or undertakes the management of a pack of hounds, he is a judge of fox-hunting; and, as I have before said, I doubt not but of these gentlemen, if left to their own inclinations, would like a little more real hunting than fashion allows: but those who keep hounds wish to please their friends; they have also a very pardonable, nay proper pride in

hearing the pack considered a *crack* one, but this they would not be, though they might kill their fox or a brace a day, unless they actually coursed him: hunting up to him would not do. So the Master goes with the tide; he is master of the hounds; but fashion is the master of him. One who only *manages* a pack must of course please his members, or where is the *cash*? That, in keeping fox-hounds, goes pretty fast too: so the hounds must go the devil's pace to catch *that*. I venture a hope, that though I do think it is quite possible hounds may be too fast, my brother Sportsmen will not think that I am too slow, for I like fast ones, in men, horses, or dogs; but my countryman, John Bull, never seems to know any medium; and for this I can in no way account: his temperament is by no means enthusiastic in anyway; yet, where fashion leads him, he always goes the "whole hog," and is never satisfied with what is reasonable. At present, nothing can be fast enough: but I should not be surprised if ten years hence our young sprigs of fashion voted the exertion of going fast a d—d bore; and, if they did, we should see them hunting in George the Fourth's pony phaetons. I should then be held as a savage, a kind of Ojibbeway, inadmissible, because I like hounds to go as fast as any fair hunter can carry me, but at the same time letting the pace be such as I can see hounds work—a thing I am quite sure many hunting men do not care about one farthing. Fox-hunters affect to decry courses, "the mean murdering coursing crew," yet they bring fox-hunting as near like it as they can.

I have said that going out late produces the necessity of very fast hounds: so it does to a certain degree: but this is not the "be all and the end all here:" fashion is the *primum mobile* of the thing, and a certain little, and it is a *little*, feeling among our high-flyers adds to it. For instance: I was travelling a few weeks since in one of those old-fashioned obsolete vehicles we have *heard* of, a four-horse coach. In it got as hard-favored hirsute looking *homo* as one would wish to see in the smiling month of April. They called him Sir Thomas. Oh, thinks I, judging from his appearance, a Deputy from the King of the Cannibal Island, knighted for bringing a caudle cup made of a human skull: but I was quite wrong, as I found afterwards. However, not having, as some law term expresses it, the "fear of God" (or at any rate the fear of him) "before my eyes," we got on very well together—that is, never opening our mouths to each other for the first twelve miles. "At length he spoke:" we got better acquainted; and at a certain part of the journey I ventured a feeler, by saying it looked like a good hunting country—and, I assert, a good hunting country it looked—undulating, but not hilly, fair fences, large inclosures; and, judging from the foot-marks of cattle and tracks of wheels, seemed as if it had carried sound during winter. But my ursine companion differed from me, saying he knew the country well, and had hunted every inch of it: it was the d—est country he ever rode over. I asked, "Why? was it a bad scenting country, or were foxes scarce?" He said, "neither; but the foxes were apt to run rings: it rode light, and

as the fences were not particularly strong, every fellow could get along, and it was a d——d annoyance, on two-hundred-guinea horses, to find a pack of farmers, and God knows who, riding with one." This, it seemed, was the only charge he could bring against the country. Well, thinks I, you're an ugly devil to look at, that's poz, and from your speech I suspect not the best fellow in the world to know. So, because a man might not, like him, be able to keep a dozen hunters worth 200gs. apiece, yet was still fond of hunting, this hairy bit of aristocracy sets up his bristles because he cannot shake him off. I'll answer for it he is a selfish overbearing savage. Now, I tell you what, Ursa Major: I shrewdly suspect the fault did not lie in the country or the nags; but that you found a few honest fellows, who took the unwarrantable liberty of riding as well or a little better than yourself, and that perhaps over some of their own land, where they were so unmannerly as to "come between the wind and your nobility," even on horses of less value. How I should like to mortify the devil by picking out some forty-pound hack-looking rum 'un, and having a turn at him. I know nothing of what sort of workman he may be; probably much better than myself; but as he is neither lighter, younger, nor *much* handsomer, by the Deity of Hunting, if I ever do meet him with hounds, I'll have a twist with him, even without picking a nag for the express purpose.

I mention this anecdote, because it just dovetails with a shrewd suspicion I have often entertained, that the fashionable habit of calling every run a bore that is not racing arises in some measure from the same feeling of selfishness and vanity demonstrated in Sir Hairy Headpin. This is a very distinct sort of feeling from that which emanates from a good-natured contest with and among brother sportsmen during a run, or from that of a high-spirited young 'un, who, in the enthusiasm of youth, would say, "now only give me the right sort of country, and I'll show you the way." I would clap him on the back, as I would a young hound that had a little too much devil in him, and say, "you'll be one of the right sort when you know a litle more: sail away, my fine fellow, and may the winds be prosperous for your voyage through life!" Young hounds and young Sportsmen should both have a little too much dash about them at first; nor do I object to see both ready for mischief when it only proceeds from mettle and high blood. A little rating will perhaps set both right: if not, the whipper-in very soon will the one, and a few falls the other: the breed is right in both.

A true fox-hunter and sportsman is no doubt in a general way, however perfect a gentleman he may be, as far removed from an affected fop as two separate things can be: yet I have seen among men who ride hunting a very fair sprinkling of the latter, and it is chiefly among these that we hear the complaint that the run is never fast enough to please them, insinuating by this that both themselves and their horses are so superior that what is great to others is bagatelle to them. You will hear such chrysalis pretending to abuse their horse: if he happens to put down his head,

they will give him a rap across the ears with their whip, with "hold up, brute," to show how little they think of £300; or, "come up, you old cripple;" or, after a brilliant run, "my old screw went like bricks to-day." These are the sort of gentry that had better stay at home, instead of the farmers; that is, so long as the latter conduct themselves inoffensively. The sort of men I allude to are pests to Masters of Hounds: they are always doing some harm, and don't know how to do good. It is quite proper that Almack's or a Drawing-room should both be exclusive, Fox-hunting is intended for fox-hunters, be they who they may, so long as they conduct themselves like sportsmen in their several grades of life: but I am aware there is an *esprit du corps* among a certain clique that would, if it could, render fox-hunting exclusive. In this clique you would never find such names as Darlington, Alvanley, Kinnaird, Drumlanrig, Wilton, Howth, Maidstone, Forester, Wyndham, Smith, Oliver, Peel, and a hundred other light and welter weights: these are really horsemen and sportsmen: they go the pace it is true, and an awful pace they do go; and why? because they must do so to be in their place, and in their place they will be: but it does not follow that they would not like, by way of variety, to sometimes see a little more hunting and less racing, and would candidly confess they sometimes find the pace a *lectle* stronger than is pleasant. They would not be afraid to say so, knowing themselves and their nags to be *ne plus ultras*; the ephemeris would. I would quite agree in wishing the pace and country to be such as to get rid of the "Pray-catch-my-horse" sort of gentry; they are a real nuisance; therefore it is quite fair to wish to shake them off. If these good people could ride in balloons over one's head, it would be all very well, and I for one should be glad to see them enjoy themselves; they would then be out of the way. In chase, let every one take care of himself, as the bull said when he danced among the frogs. If you cannot make your own way, do not at all events get in the way of those who can, which these folk always do. Hunting being but an amusement, of course every man has a right to ride as he pleases, provided he does not interfere with his neighbor. If a man chooses to butcher his horse, he may do so, if he neither rides over hounds nor induces them to overrun the scent. So have the slow coaches as great a right to help each other out of all the ditches in Christendom if they like, or to carry a *lasso* to catch each other's horse—(I wonder they never thought of this)—provided they do not make landowners angry by riding over turnips, wheat, or clover lays to make up lost ground, or herd together in perhaps the only practicable part of a fence, exerting their customary benevolence to each other, all of which they invariably do. The pace and country I should like would be just such as to make it necessary for a man to ride bold and straight, or go home, but still to be such as to allow game advantage enough to give hounds at times work to get at him. By work, I mean nose work. Without this, I must say I consider a great deal of the zest, anxiety, and beauty of hunting is lost; that is, to a man who enjoys seeing hounds hunt; and dearly I love a fox-hound.

If I was asked whether I did not consider fifty men well mounted, setting each other across a certain distance of country, a good spree, I should of course say it was ; and if there were no hounds to be got at, I should join in it. Doing this with a drag would be a far better spree ; but really if hounds after a fox are only to race across country, it brings hunting merely to spree the third and best.

I have, in speaking of the pace hounds now go, made use of the terms *now* and *now-a-days* ; in doing so, I mean it in reference to what I have heard they did perhaps fifty years ago ; for I am not aware they go faster than they always have gone since I first hunted. I am quite sure that I never saw as good hunting as my ancestors did. I have seen bolder and better riding most decidedly ; but as to *hunting*, I have seen more of that in one week's cub-hunting than in a whole season's regular hunting ; and I fancy I really do know what hunting means. At all events, I was blooded when only seven years old. It may be said that practice never improves some people : this may be my case ; if it is, I can't help it.

Let us suppose hounds to have been streaming away a burst of four or five miles, have come to a check, and the Huntsman not at the moment up with them. On his getting to them, it would be of the first importance to him to know what hound or hounds were leading, or rather had been. If it were some particular hounds, he would know to all but a certainty that *so far* his fox had come ; and on making a cast forward, they would hit it off again. If, on the contrary, the leading hounds were wildish ones (assisted by wild riders) he could not quite trust, he would then have to judge for himself, and then *head* comes in request. Now I will venture to say, that ask three-fourths of the Field as to which or what hounds had brought on the scent to a given spot, they had no more looked at the hounds than they had at the heavens. How should they ? They had been attending to their horses, looking how Lord Such-a-one and the Messrs. So-and-so *went* ; this had given them plenty of work for *head, hands, and heels*—with some perhaps the two latter having been most employed. As to the hounds, whether they had been running riot, heel, or hare, they knew not, and cared not, so long as they kept going. Are such fox-hunters ? No ; but I will mention an anecdote of one who was.

I was out with the Old Berkeley ; the hounds had been going a killing pace, the Huntsman beat. M—, as bold a rider as ever faced a fence, was, as usual, up with them. We came to a check : “for God's sake, hold hard !” cries M—: “give them room.” Several hounds spoke : not a word of encouragement from M—. At last a couple on the other side of the hedge opened. “Yoicks, Rival and Rory !” cries M—; “that's it.” Over he went with a screech that made the country ring again. Capping them on, riding like mad, in a few fields we ran in to our fox..... Who-whoop ! This was something like the thing, *and no mistake !*

And now as to pace so far as it relates to horses. “It is the pace that kills,” said Meynell, and he was right. I know what

fast, *very* fast horses are, my weight enabling me to ride thoroughbred ones : but even blood is to be distressed, and I must say I always feel that when distress comes on, pleasure goes off. Some do not think so ; but of this perhaps the less we say the better.

Having hitherto complimented the *head* and *hands* quite sufficiently, I am quite ready to allow the *heels* their fair share ; and so useful do I think them, when controlled by the *head* and acting in concert with the *hands*, that when on horseback I consider they should in most cases have a pair of spurs attached to them. The only difference of opinion between myself and some others of their utility consists in this : they begin to use them most when I consider they ought not to be used *at all*, namely, when their horse is beat. I consider spurs should be worn for more reasons than I shall now specify : but of these I will mention a few. Many horses, I think indeed the generality of them, go livelier and safer when they are aware we have spurs on : it keeps them on the *qui vive*, and frequently prevents them attempting to do wrong, knowing we have so ready a mode of punishment at hand, or rather at *heel*. If we want an unlooked-for and momentary exertion made, nothing produces it like the spurs. If a horse becomes refractory, we probably (nay certainly) want both hands for our reins : what could we do in this case without spurs ? With a horse which is apt to swerve at his fences, we cannot so well keep him straight with one hand while we use the whip with the other : here the spurs must come into use, and in such a case, cork him tight, and that with a pair of Latchford's best. Still this would not do in all cases. I can mention one : I had a mare, as fine a fencer as ever was ridden, but a little nervous in facing anything that looked unusually big and thick. I could always tell a hundred yards before I came to it if she was frightened. In this case I just took a gentle pull at her, spoke to her, or gave her a pat on the neck, and over she went to a certainty, "and no mistake." But touch her with a spur, she would stop dead, and kick a town down. For this reason I never rode her with spurs. This is, however, a case of rare occurrence, though some race-horses will do nothing if they know you have spurs on, and are forced to be ridden without. The mare I allude to had several times sent her late master over her head : she was always a little fidgetty on being mounted ; but after I had given her a gentle kick or two with my heels, and she found no spurs were in the case, she became perfectly quiet, and one of the pleasantest hunters living. Spurs are at times to be made the means of assisting a horse, in deep ground particularly : bring your horse's nose a little closer to his chest, touch him lightly with the spurs, and he collects himself directly, shortens his stride, and gets through dirt with half the labor he would otherwise do. In short, spurs judiciously used are a hint to a horse as to what we want him to do, a means of making him do it, and a very proper and severe punishment when he refuses to do this, or at all events to try. But as I think we ought not to wish him to go when in a state unfit to go, though I do not presume to dictate to others, I shall continue my old practice of keeping my spurs quiet just

when many others begin making the most use of theirs. I may be wrong, but I am sure my horses have never thought so; and as I *always* make them do what is right to please me, I think it but fair I should sometimes do what is just to please them, or, to say the least, not to abuse them.

I recollect reading of some student, who, on having an author to translate whose writing was somewhat difficult to turn into English from his peculiar idioms, whenever he came to a passage he could not perfectly comprehend, always made a marginal note to this effect, "*matière embrouillé.*" I shall esteem myself particularly favored, if, on reading these sheets of "HEADS, HANDS, AND HEELS," the Reader does not make the same note on the whole: but different ideas have struck me as I got along, and in my *harumscarum omnium gatherum* way I have traversed a much wider field than I ever contemplated entering. Having, however, got so far in the mire, I may as well plunge a little farther, and try to get out with as little detriment to myself or the patience of the Reader as I possibly can.

I have ventured my crude ideas on colt-breeders, breakers, trainers, jockeys, stable-boys, huntsmen, gentlemen, and I know not who besides—a something about racing, and hounds and hunting—and also of riding hunting, which I know is rather a dangerous subject to treat upon: but as I am seldom personal in my remarks, I trust I as seldom give offence; and this emboldens me, after having ventured some hints on riding, to risk one more on the subject of the kind of horse to ride—I mean with hounds.

From the days when men went hunting on demi-peak saddles, not merely with cruppers, but a light breeching, their horses tails in a club, and a large single-headed curb bit, to the year 1750—when our good grandpapas went out at four in the morning *en papillotes* with overall worsted stockings—anything like a thorough-bred horse as a hunter was never even thought of; and indeed until within the last twenty years the hunter and the race-horse were considered as distinct from each other as two valuable animals of the same species could well be. In fact, in those days—I need go no farther back than fifty years—the qualities of the thorough-bred horse were not called for in the hunter, at least were not indispensable, as they now are; but such is my predilection in favor of blood, that though hounds did not go the pace fifty years since they do now, I feel satisfied that at the pace they did then go, our ancestors would have been much better carried by highly-bred horses than they were by the kind of horse they then rode. If hounds went fast, the nearly or quite thorough-bred one could do the thing; if they did not, he would have carried them with the greater ease. I am quite aware it would be very difficult indeed to get thorough-bred ones equal to some men's weight. If a man is only fit to be moved on a timber-carriage, he must judge for himself; but I really think any moderate weight may, if he selects them properly, and gives *money enough*, find horses all but, if not quite, thorough-bred, that can carry him. In proof of what

blood will do, I will mention one instance, and, as it occurred with a horse of my own, I can vouch for its authenticity.

A friend of mine, who was an honest sixteen stone in his saddle, had sent his hunter to my house to hunt the next day, and came himself by coach, I engaging to lend him a hack to ride to covert. I had bought just before a very neat thorough-bred horse that had been running four years old; him I had ordered to be saddled for myself, and a very fair useful kind of hunter that I drove in my buggy, being a bit of a trotter, for my friend. However, more from joke than anything else, he would mount the thorough-bred. Having but six miles to go, this did not matter; but on coming to the meet, our horses were not there: my friend's groom being a stranger, and the boy who took my horse having lately come to me, they had mistaken the meet. This we did not know, so expected momentarily their arrival. The hounds found immediately, and went off; when to my utter dismay, off went my friend on my little bit of blood, and though I conclude he had never seen a fence, I can only say, having got the start of me, with all the exertion I could make over four miles of fair country, I never could catch him. It is true he had a man on him who would drive a horse either through, in, or over anything; but to see a horse that I should never have thought of hunting with my weight going such a bat with sixteen stone satisfied me what blood will do. I do not mean to say the horse could have carried him as a hunter; but he had had such a specimen of the little one's game and powers, that he bought and constantly rode him hack; and when I saw the horse two years afterwards, he had not a windgall on any leg.

I should have thought our ancestors had a tolerable insight into the weight race-horses can carry when they saw the Beacon Course run over by one carrying *eighteen* stone in not above a minute and a half more than it usually takes to do it with *eight*; but people, having heard of such things, are apt to carry them too far, and, when told what blood will do, go and buy some weedy bad-constituted wretch, and then are surprised that he cannot carry them as a hunter. Now a horse may not be worth one farthing as a race-horse, and become first-rate as a hunter: but then his not racing must not proceed from any other cause than want of speed. If from naturally bad temper, or bad constitution, he shuts up as a race-horse, so he will as a hunter. I am aware, that unless we breed them it is not an easy matter to get a thorough-bred horse likely to make a hunter; still they are to be had. A good made strengthly thorough-bred colt may be tried as a two-year old, and found wanting in speed; may again be tried at three years, and fail again: he may then be still held over in the hope that when he had nearly done growing he might make a valuable Cup-horse, and persevered with till five years old, occasionally beating still worse than himself, so as just to delude his owner, and which such horses usually do, master all along paying the piper, whose music is not had, as Paddy says, "for less than nothing." Now this is just the sort of nag I should look out for as a hunter—handsome, good constitution, good temper, possessing all we want in a race-

horse except the *chief* thing—speed. There is really magic in that little word *speed*: it does everything, from the “terrible-high-bred-cattle-gentleman,” to the “gee-wo” horse. Yes, Reader, the cart horse should have speed; that is, speed as a cart horse. I have had a turn at these sort of gentlemen; have had twelve eating my hay and oats, and have learned that pace in their walk makes a difference to the farmer. Defend me from a bell-team—I do not mean *belle*, but a team that carries bells:—they will condescend to walk two miles and a half an hour, four horses drawing two tons: they look well: so does a footman six-feet-two without his shoes; and in point of real utility they are about on a par, expect to be equally pampered, and are both too aristocratic to hurry themselves.

But speaking of things that really are, or rather were, speedy, among my other speedy possessions (many of them, “*heu mihi*,” too speedy in their *exit*) I had once a speedy donkey, and the way I became possessed of Jack is rather curious. I was riding, and on a sudden heard a pattering of feet behind me, accompanied by, I think, the most discordant, all-horrible, all-monstrous, all-prodigious, unearthly noise I ever heard. On looking back, I found this concatenation of sweet sounds proceeded from a jackass at full speed, accompanied by that amiable companion for an evening’s ramble, a very large bull dog, also in full career. They passed me. I believe I have seen hunting in all shapes, but this was something new; so I determined to see the end of the chase. Jack, however, soon left Bully far behind, and I suppose he thought he had also left all his troubles there: but he found (as many a good man has done) that troubles hang most cursedly on a scent; and if one actually comes to a fault, some other hits it off, and “at’s you again.” This was the case with Jack; for no sooner had he shaken off Bully, than the running was taken up by a young fox-hound at his walk at a farm house—so much for the good hounds learn at walk, on which I may perhaps at some future time venture a hint or two. However, such was really Jack’s powers of going, that he also beat young sorrows-to-come into the bargain, and made good his way to his master’s cottage. After a good two-mile heat at a pace that quite prepared my nag for a sweat on the morrow, had I intended to give him one, I made up my mind to buy Jack, for I saw some fun in him. Now it was not that he was handsome, nor could I judge of his amiability or utility, but, as Moore says,

“Oh ’twas a something more exquisite still!”

That Jack could go, my horse could swear; that he ought to go, the Filho-da-Puta length of his quarters satisfied me; but independently of all that, there was a kind of derisive catch-if-you-can twist and twirl of his tail while he was going that was irresistible. Seeing me well mounted, the cottager, I suppose, considered a guinea or two, more or less, was no object to me (*Mem.* he did not know me); so he succeeded in diddling me out of three guineas for Jack, just three times what he would have sold him for in a com-

mon way, and have given the Filho-da-Puta quarters and knowing twist of the tail into the bargain; nor would he then send Jack to my house without the promise of a gallon of beer. I have no doubt the whole family at the cottage thought a good deal of business had been done in a short time—they had sold one ass and found another. I was right after all; and neither Jack nor I had so much of the ass in us as we looked to have. I put Jack into positive training; first, in order to see what difference could be made in the animal by such treatment; and, secondly, meaning to astonish the natives at a revel in a village close by with my newly purchased racer. He trained on wonderfully, and I found, that however thistles may be considered by these gentry as a *bonne bouche*, oats made a great change in appearance and spirits. One day, however, I conclude the boy had given him a little more in the galloping way than Jack approved, for he sent up his heels, put down his head, and over it the boy came. Jack most uncourtously left without taking leave, and came home at a pace that said "Swaffham for ever!" Some friends dined with me next day, and our conversation about two horses they had ridden to my house ended in my taking the shine out of them, by saying, I had a jackass, that, give him two hundred yards, should beat either of their horses a mile next day. This put them on their mettle, and the bet ran thus—if they beat, Jack was theirs; if Jack beat they engaged to give a ten pound note for him. Jack was treated next morning to two runs home loose, pursued by a man on horseback smacking a good sounding hunting-whip after him. In the afternoon my friends came, and we went to the place of starting. Jack knew it well. Now, my friends expected the boy who rode him up to the start would also ride him home. No such thing: his saddle was taken off; the bridle, made ready, at the word "go" was slipped off, and, as before, away came Jack, giving the immortal twirl of the tail an occasional jerk up, with an accompaniment not to be mentioned to ears polite. I do not think they gained twenty yards on him. I must allow they both laughed too heartily all the way to do their best; but if they had, they could not have caught him. I pocketed my note, and they made a note, not too much to under-rate donkey speed in future. I hope my reader is interested enough in Jack to wish to know what was his after-fate. I can only give this much of it: my friends gave him to a friend to carry his son; but I am sorry to say, Jack, like many people, did not know when he was well off; for after pitching little master over his head, he was sold to a travelling tinker: so it was thus with my racer Jack, as it often is with many another crack "Bellows to mend."

Let us now return to the Cup-horse I said I should be inclined to purchase as a hunter. Having made no figure as a two, or three, or four year old, amongst first-rate horses, nor at five having done enough to warrant his being kept as a useful second-rater, no doubt his master will be willing enough to do what he ought to have done two years before, sell him for the best price he could get. In this way a really fine five-year-old horse may often be got at fifty pounds less than he could have been bred for. But the

purchaser must not of course think he has bought a hunter. He might as well suppose, because he had bought the proper quantity of cloth, that he had got a coat: he must now get the tailor: so for the horse, we must get the horseman, and the *heads, hands,* and *heels* that are to make the hunter; upon these will the perfection of the coat and the hunter depend. I have heard persons say, that thorough-bred horses were seldom good leapers: how in the name of common sense should they be? they have never been taught to be so. They can, like all animals, jump if they please in a wild way; but to do it safely, coolly, and scientifically, must be taught them. They can jump well enough, high and wide enough for anything they want in a state of nature; but to take all kinds of artificial fences well is a perfection to be learnt. Of course no race-horse knows anything about it: he has been placed in situations where he never was permitted to attempt to jump, nor so long as he continues a race-horse will he ever be. I dare say neither Bee's-wing nor Catherina would take a common hurdle with a man on their back; nor would Bran, nor Ratcatcher, nor Sir Hercules: but supposing the three latter were not as racers what they were, had I been fortunate enough to have got them, I rather think, that after I had had them six months only, I could on them with hounds have been there or thereabout. So far from being thorough-bred militating against a horse being a fencer, I maintain it to be a great point in his favor. Thorough-bred horses are generally better made for spring and propelling powers in their quarters than other horses. This is just what we want to make a leaper: their only fault is one that a little judgment and patience will rectify, the want of having been taught. The great things wanted in a hunter are speed, spring, wind, and durability; all these the thorough-bred possesses beyond all comparison in greater perfection than other horses. Why, then, should they not make hunters? Only, as I before said, get them strong enough. Seventy-four knew nothing of fencing when he was first put to Steeple-racing, and I believe was particularly awkward at it; but he learned to jump afterwards, and so they will all with practice. I do not mean at first practice with hounds: this, till he knows something about it, I consider the worst practice a young horse can have. He is in a hurry, and the rider is in a hurry; consequently the thing is done in a hurried and slovenly manner, if done at all; and at best he only gets over somehow. One month's practice, taking the horse out with another, where you can pick proper fences for him, and bring him on from one thing to another, will teach him more than six months with hounds. They need not be large ones either: the horse, after having been taught to jump coolly and to a certainty eight or nine feet of water, will afterwards, when excited with hounds, jump fifteen: if he does not, I fear the fault will be in the rider, not the horse.

I have seen a good round number of falls with hounds, and have had enough myself to satisfy any reasonable man. I speak, therefore, from observation and practice, when I assert, that where one fall occurs from large spreading fences (if within the bounds of

reason), twenty take place at blind awkward small ones. It is to teach the horse how to manage these that requires practice, and this it would take a very considerable time to teach him with hounds. We may in the course of a run come to a fence where the ditch is so filled by briars as to be all but imperceptible: we ride him at it; most probably he gets over, but he has gained no lesson or experience by this; he is not aware he has escaped a trap: but if we had taken him out, we will say shooting (and nothing makes a fencer sooner), he would probably have been led over twenty such in the course of the morning, for I would look out for such for him: he would perhaps have blundered into three or four; and, finding a bed of brambles and thorns is not a bed of roses, *that* one day would make him careful of such for life: and so on with other descriptions of difficult places. Fair hunting fences he will of course be rode over: and doing these when he has nothing to distract his attention from his business—which is the leap—will teach him to do them properly, and that in a very short time. Once taught to do this, he is a hunter for ever, and a master of his business.

Of all things timber is what a horse should be made the most perfect in taking, and get the most practice at; first, because a mistake at stiff timber is more fatal in its consequences than at any other fence; and, secondly, it is a description of one that requires on the part of a horse exertions the least natural to him. Brooks or dry ravines are things he would meet with in a state of nature. If galloping in a wild state he came to one of these and was excited, he would as naturally extend his stride or bound to twenty feet as he had taken twelve in his gallop; but timber is quite a different affair. Dame Nature, capital workwoman as she is in making an oak tree or an heir to an estate, never made a five-barred gate in her existence; consequently she never gave a horse an idea of jumping one.

In practising horses at a leaping-bar, I have often been astonished at the absurdities and wanton severity I have seen used. It is very common to see a naked bar so adjusted as to fall in case a horse should hit it. Now this is the *very* time when it should be immovable: the allowing a bar to give way will spoil all the horses in the world: if he is a young or unpractised one, we are positively teaching him to knock down, or attempt to knock down timber whenever he sees it, instead of clearing it. How is a horse to know we want him to jump over what he finds it easier to knock down? and then, if he does knock it down, he is often severely flogged for doing what he does not know is wrong. A bar should be well clothed with furze: this teaches a horse it is not to be touched with impunity: it should then be confined so as in one respect to be like the law of the Medes and Persians, not to be moved; while in another it should, like some laws near home, be left so as to be rolled backwards or forwards just as may suit the will of the higher powers. But though it may do this, let a horse get once hung on it, he would as soon be hung as get there again *when* he has been *taught* how to avoid it; for though he will get

off again, he will be in the situation I well know you are after a suit in Chancery, where, though you gain your cause, you are very comfortably skinned before you do so. People will put a bar up perhaps only three feet high, and say he can jump that if he can jump anything. We know that; but at first he cannot jump anything, in height at least. He does not know that he can, never having probably tried; so, as to him, it seems an impassable barrier: he naturally enough does not try; he tries to shove it down; and if it gives way, he is spoiled; if not, he is flogged because he does not do what he does not know how to set about doing. He then probably turns sulky, and kicks at you: then he gets flogged for that; so he gets twice flogged, as boys often do at cheap schools, from the ignorance of his tutor. If the horse never saw a bar before, *lay it on the ground*—yes, positively on the ground; you will see he will make a jump even at that: probably that jump would have carried him over two feet. He has already learned two things at this one jump; namely, that by jumping he gets over the obstacle, and that he can jump two feet high: this even he did not know before: raise it six inches, he will take it next time at that height: let him do that two or three times, caress him, and send him away: he has done enough for his first lesson, and has learned a good deal. Put it on the ground again next day; you are sure he will not refuse *that*: then again the six inches; then a foot, and so on: he will take three feet in a week, and very shortly the height of a gate. Another may at the end of a fortnight have been driven and flogged over as great or a greater height than mine has taken: but if he has, I will answer for it he has sometimes jumped it, sometimes tumbled over it, and very often refused it. He has only learned, that by making a kind of effort of some sort, he can sometimes get over his leap, and sometimes tumble over it: mine has got his lesson perfectly; knows how to set about the thing scientifically; feels and knows, by very moderate exertion, he can do the thing to a certainty; is not afraid of it; so never refuses it, either from want of confidence in his own powers or from having been disgusted with leaping from its having been made a punishment to him. People also generally make a horse jump too often over the same thing: this also disgusts him: when he has acquitted himself well, leave off, otherwise you tire and put him out of humor.

I have heard people give as a reason for having leaping-bars made to go down that they do it for the safety of the "man." This would be all very well if bars were intended for men to ride over; but they are not: they are only intended to teach young horses the rudiments of leaping in hand. If you wish to shew how a horse will carry over a fence, take him to a proper place, and there ride at hedges, ditches, hurdles, or gates as you please, and leave the bar in the school-room. A young horse left to the tuition of a groom seldom makes a neat and perfect fencer: they drive horses over their fences, cause them to rush headlong at them; by doing which they either blunder into them, or do, what is almost as bad, take twice as much out of themselves as they

have any occasion to do. This soon beats them, and then they cannot, if they would jump high or wide enough. A horse, in taking his spring, should be taught to do in the field what his master should do after dinner—take enough, and not too much: doing the reverse will tell on both in time.

It is all very well to say that some men, like the friend I mentioned on my thorough-bred, will drive a horse in, through, or over anything; and this will do and is quite proper with a horse who knows how to do his business, but will shirk it if he can; but it will not do with a young one. If an old offender, who, from sheer roguishness, will swerve or balk his fences if he can, keep an ash-plant between his ears that you have taught him will visit one or other side of his nose according to the side he swerves to; send him at it so as to persuade him he must go in, if he does not go over: if he should choose the former, which is very unlikely under such circumstances, afford him no assistance out till you have given him a good thrashing while in: he got into the scrape from laziness or roguishness, and deserves all he gets. Strongly as I at all times advocate the greatest kindness to horses, I can be as severe as anybody with a lazy or badly disposed one, and can bring both *hands* and *heels* into pretty free use; but I hope I always use some *head* in considering whether a refusal of my wishes proceeds from those causes, or from ignorance or inability: too many I fear suffer when the latter is the only cause.

While writing these wandering observations, the *heels* have had a sinecure. I have made considerable use of the *hands*, and some, though perhaps very indifferent, use of the *head*. I shall, however, now use the latter for a purpose to which, perhaps, my Reader may say I ought to have devoted it long ago—making my bow.

HARRY HIE'OVER.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for August, 1844.

ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

BY COTHERSTONE.

CARE AND TREATMENT OF LEGS AND FEET.

FOR one horse whose constitution fails in training, more than twenty give way on their legs; it is, therefore, apparent how requisite it becomes to devote the utmost attention to them, and, in order to ensure the probability of their lasting, to get them into the firmest and soundest state possible before putting them to strong work. This warning should invariably be held up, that the moment the legs begin to fill, are hot and inflamed about the joints, from that moment danger is to be apprehended: timely rest, or,

most, very moderate work, and cooling remedies, both those which act upon the circulation and those also which act upon the part, must be called in aid.

The first agent to resort to for the purpose of cooling the body is a mild dose of physic ; but here I must impress the necessity of its being mild in the full acceptation of the term, otherwise the debility which a strong dose creates will be productive of much harm. The general recourse which many persons have to diuretics I consider to be very reprehensible, and injurious to the animal ; but, on these occasions, if moderately and judiciously presented, they may frequently be found serviceable in slight injuries of the leg, that is, when there merely appears to be a trifling degree of heat about the joints, or the legs are slightly filled, diuretics will certainly assist in cooling and liquifying the blood, and therefore enable it more readily to pass through the smaller vessels which, in all effusions of the leg, are more or less choked up. It is necessary, however, to discriminate between those swellings of the legs which arise from constitutional debility and those which are occasioned by the concussion produced by too much work ; the former will require restorative remedies, or even, perhaps, tonic medicines, whilst the latter will yield only to moderate work and a cooling regimen. I have known Epsom salts given as a cooling laxative with excellent effect, when the legs were in such a state as to render it hazardous to give the animal a sufficiency of work to keep him in anything like racing form ; half a pound or more may be given daily, and most horses will drink the water in which it is dissolved without any hesitation. It will be easily determined what quantity the horse's constitution can bear as it is to be remembered a laxative, not an actual purgative property is all that is required, and which will not, in general, be produced until a repetition of the dose has been persevered in during two or three days.

Some years ago I had a filly whose fore legs were so execrably bad that she never could be got actually *fit* to run ; she was a gross feeder and there was no chance of getting her or keeping her light by exercise without giving her more work than her legs could bear. I resorted to the alternative of giving her slight doses of physic, two drachms or two drachms and a half of aloes about every fortnight ; thus, every alternate fortnight she had a very *gentle* sweat, and occasionally a gallop when the ground was in pretty good order. By adopting this system I once succeeded in bringing her to the post pretty fit to run : but I never could travel her without the journey affecting her legs greatly. She ran on one occasion, close at home, when she won ; but I started her four or five times, *after travelling* ; with uniform ill-success : forty or fifty miles on the road was ruination to her.

The application of blisters may sometimes be found necessary to relieve the legs from the effects of work, in which case it is most important to reduce them, and allay the inflammation as much as possible, by the aid of cooling applications prior to the use of the blister, and on no account to think of applying the blister un-

til all the heat has been quite subdned ; if this is not attended to, a big leg is almost certain to be the result. Mild blisters, frequently repeated, are greatly to be recommended in preference to strong ones. It must be borne in mind that it is the serous or watery discharge which produces the principal benefit, by relieving the minute vessels of a portion of the superabundance which flows from the blood, and which is deposited in and about the affected part ; the absorbents are thus excited to a more vigorous state of action. After the operation of a blister, cooling remedies are peculiarly effective, and may be used by the medium of a lotion and its common agent, a linen bandage. In consequence of the invigorating effect of cold, the early part of the winter, during the months of October, November, and December, is the most eligible period, if circumstances will permit, to make use of blisters. Two motives present themselves in recommendation of this practice : in the first place it is desirable to allow as great a lapse of time as can be, to intervene between the operations of the blister and putting the horse to work ; thus, at the conclusion of the racing season, the sooner the legs of such horses as are condemned to undergo this painful process, are got cool, the better will the effects be upon the afflicted part.

No application that can be suggested appears to produce more benefit than the remedy which nature usually supplies us with, during the winter season, in the form of snow ; and, especially after blisters have been used, the legs of all horses will be improved by exercising them up to their knees in it, if it can be found of sufficient depth. Indeed, such horses as are required to run early in the spring, if there happen to be a long continuance of snow on the ground, may very safely perform tolerably strong work by trotting and cantering about in it, with plenty of clothing on ; and when the snow lies about a foot or eighteen inches deep, if the shoes be taken off, they will not slip about, nor will the snow ball in the foot. The exertion produced by getting through the snow will, if continued, afford tolerably good exercise.

As soon as the scurf which arises from the discharge caused by the use of blisters, falls off, cooling lotions and linen bandages will be found to be of the utmost service. Various recipes are in vogue, but few, if any, surpass the following :—

Nitre, sal ammoniac, common salt ; each two ounces.

Vinegar and water, each one quart.

The legs to be well bathed in cold water, and linen bandages thoroughly saturated with the lotion to be put on, care being taken that they be firm but not too tight ; they must be kept constantly wet, either by repeating the lotion, or by putting the legs, during the time the bandages are on, into a bucket of cold water, in which they may be suffered to remain a considerable portion of time, unless the horse should be under the influence of medicine, during which period it would be hazardous. There are some horses that will break down if they be trained with even the utmost attention and experience ; and legs which appear exceedingly perfect will

sometimes give way in defiance of all the care that human ingenuity can bestow. When the legs have once given way, whether it be those of young horses that will not bear work, or those of older ones that have experienced too much of it, the policy of training them again after they have apparently recovered, is very questionable; it scarcely ever answers, and, just as the greater portion of the expense has been incurred, the leg very frequently goes again, or, what is perhaps worse, during a race. Numerous instances are known of horses that have suffered from such injuries lasting for years as hunters; but then the severe ordeal of training is not required from them, neither are they, in that capacity, extended as race horses are; it is when the muscles and tendons have been brought into action to the utmost extent which their combined elasticity will permit that the tendons become, by so much extraordinary exertion, inflamed to so great a degree as to produce lameness, in many instances, of an incurable character. When the sheath of the tendon appears like a bow, standing back from its original perpendicular position, there is very little chance of any good being done with it for racing purposes.

Some little relief may be afforded, on the first appearance of weakness in the back sinews, by allowing the heels to grow rather spontaneously, and making the shoe a trifle thicker at the heel; by this plan it will be noticed that the sinews are not subject to be extended to so great a degree; but this must be done with caution and moderation, otherwise it will throw the numerous small bones, joints, and ligaments, of which the foot and pastern are composed, quite out of place, and thereby produce a two-fold probability of lameness.

When such an unfortunate event as a break-down happens, the first remedy to be resorted to is the immersion of the leg in hot water; for this purpose a fomenting bucket, such as is generally to be found at all well-conducted hunting stables, is the most effectual vessel for the purpose; if that cannot be procured, a large stable bucket must be employed, and the hot water applied as high up as the back of the knee by the aid of sponges: the soreness of the limb, more especially if the horse be irritable, will render this a tedious process; nevertheless, it must be persevered with: if a fomenting bucket can be procured it will avoid much trouble, and is likewise more effective. The warmth of the water must be determined by the hand; it should just be of that temperature that the hand can be held in it. At night it will be requisite to apply a poultice—a task, by-the-by, which is not so readily accomplished, as, unless it be a large one, instead of being beneficial, it will be productive of considerable mischief. The great difficulty is to keep it up, because no ligature, approaching even to tightness, is admissible. The most general plan is to pass a piece of tape from the bag containing the poultice to the breast-cloth strap, but that is very apt to tear or turn the clothing; for this reason, I can only recommend a poultice as a temporary substitute for warm water, which it will be advisable to resort to again as soon as the night has passed over, if a proper fomenting bucket can be obtained.

But as it frequently occurs that horses break down in running, when away from home, such conveniences cannot always be procured. This course must be persevered with at least twenty-four hours, in order to relax the vessels, and eventually reduce the swelling, which will, of course, increase during the first remedy. It will, in all probability, be requisite to take blood from the horse, and a dose of physic will be indispensable. In order to administer that without the loss of time necessary to prepare the horse in the usual way with bran mashes, by giving half a pound of hog's lard in balls on the overnight, a dose of aloes may be given on the following morning with perfect safety; mashes and soft food of a cooling nature must be given and continued till all inflammation has subsided. The effects of the physic being over, cooling remedies must be introduced; for which purpose, linen bandages very loosely put on, saturated with cooling lotion, will be required, and the limb with the bandages on placed in a bucket of cold water, which should be frequently renewed, as the cooler it is the better. It is of the utmost consequence, whenever bandages are used with cooling lotions, to keep them constantly wet, either with the lotion or cold water; if suffered to become dry, they will heat the part and produce mischief.

This course of treatment persevered in will, in time, reduce the inflammation so as to render the part in a proper state for the application of the firing-irons, an alternative that seems to be necessary on these occasions. The operation will, of necessity, be performed by a veterinary surgeon, who, as a matter of course, will decide when the limb is in a proper state for the purpose. A loose box and a cooling diet are essential during this stage; but, after the firing has been performed, dry food, with occasional bran mashes to keep the body in proper order, will be most conducive to the recovery of the part. It is a common practice with many persons, I am aware, after firing, to keep horses on the most succulent diet possible, such as vetches, lucerne, or clover, in the summer, or in the winter a great portion of carrots and such like esculents; but, after the acute inflammation produced by the hot iron, it is decidedly wrong. One of the principal purposes of the operation is to produce absorption to its utmost extent; and soft relaxing diet is the very antidote to the desideratum which the animal is put to so much pain to bring about. Under all circumstances, therefore, where absorption is sought for, the diet should be of a dry and astringent quality.

Injuries of the suspensory ligament are frequently almost as tedious and difficult to cure as those of the flexor tendon. Horses which turn their toes out are most subject to them, such also as are in the habit of hitting their legs, which alone will often establish so much inflammation of the ligament and the parts about which it passes as to create lameness. The cure is much the same as that of the flexor tendon. After a time it will frequently become perfectly ossified or callous, in which state horses will undergo severe work as hunters for a considerable period, but for racing purposes there are few instances of their doing any good.

Another most tedious and vexatious injury is what is termed a sore shin. The affection lies principally in a small tendon which passes down the fore part of the leg on what is termed the cannon or cubit bone; the office of the tendon in question is to bend the leg. From its proximity to the bone itself, the inflammation, unless subdued very speedily, extends to the periostium, which is a very fine skin or tissue with which the bone is covered. Its texture is very delicate, and the vessels which supply it very minute: so that, when once disarranged, great pain is created, and, unless properly attended to, a deposit of lymph takes place, which, flowing from the ruptured extremities of some of the vessels, and not being able to escape, in course of time becomes colored, and appears like a deformed growth of bone. Working on hard ground is very apt to cause this grievance, especially against a hill; horses which stand over on their knees are the most liable to it, as those which stand back on their knees are to break down. A trifling degree of relief may be anticipated by lowering the heels and reducing the thickness of the shoe at that point, so as to bring the sinew in question into action as little as possible; but, in all deviations of this nature, it is important to remember not to go to extremes, so as to disorder the functions of other parts.

The first restorative that can be sought for is only to be found in the grand panacea, rest; but, with proper treatment, the cessation from work need be but of short duration, especially if the injury be attended to on its first appearance. Cooling lotions, constantly applied, must be employed; but the great difficulty is to keep them in contact with the part. Bandages are inadmissible, because they produce pressure which, in its first state of active inflammation, cannot be borne without greatly increasing the pain, which evidently augments the injury. The most effective process is to immerse the leg in a bucket of cold water, which will, in all probability, so far reduce the heat and inflammation in two days, as to sanction the use of stimulants; otherwise, several folds of linen may be placed loosely over the part affected, and secured with tape above the knee, and again round the small pastern. But on no account must any ligature or fastening pass round the inflamed portion of the leg: indeed, its position being somewhat away from the part will be desirable, as the action of the atmosphere will assist the evaporation which the ingredients composing the lotion will produce, and thereby increase its refrigerating power, great attention being paid to keep the folds of linen and the inflamed part constantly wet with the lotion already recommended, or, in the absence of that, with cold spring water. Whichever measures are adopted to cool and reduce the inflammation, having been persevered in till the desired effect has been produced, recourse must be had to a very mild stimulant, for which the following recipe is generally successful:—

Spirits of wine, two ounces;
Tincture of cantharides, one ounce;
Spirits of ammonia, one ounce;
To be mixed together.

In using the above, it should be remembered that it is unnecessary to rub it in; if the hair be thoroughly saturated with the mixture, it will act equally well, and the irritation which rubbing would produce should be avoided. After this has been employed once or twice daily for the space of two or three days, a scurf will be produced, when the application of a small quantity of mercurial ointment will afford a two-fold advantage; it will assist in eradicating the scurf, and its absorbent properties will very materially aid in reducing the enlargement: indeed, I invariably use mercurial ointment after every blister or other agent by which the absorbent vessels are excited. As it is an absorbent which does not act upon inflammatory principles, it may very safely be used during the time a horse is at work, and will frequently reduce enlargements which blisters will not; it is, however, necessary to observe, that its quantity should be limited, and it must not—unless in very small portions—be continued more than once a day, for the period of three or four days, when, a like term having transpired, it may be again repeated in the same order, and in this succession till a cure of the part is established. In all cartilaginous injuries, or enlargements, it will be found to be peculiarly effective, as well as in reducing ossific deposits in and about the periosteum—such as splents, or even spavins on their first appearance. In order to destroy the greasy nature of the ointment, I have adopted the following formulæ, which, on some occasions, is preferable; but not after blistering, because the lard of which the common ointment is composed is useful in clearing the scurf. But on those occasions when grease is disagreeable, this will be found acceptable:

Strong mercurial ointment, two ounces;
Soft soap, four ounces.

To be thoroughly rubbed together in a mortar until the greasy particles are completely destroyed.

With prompt attention the disagreeable symptoms of sore shins may be so far arrested in their progress in the course of a week, that the horse may resume ordinary work, and even, during that period, walking exercise will be proper, but should not be overdone. When it is considered that the seat of the injury is in a part which is in motion every time the animal bends his leg, and that the nature of the injury is of an inflammatory character, it will readily be understood that motion must in some degree assist in maintaining that inflammation; nevertheless, exercise in moderation will assist the action of the absorbent vessels, therefore, if judiciously conducted, will be productive of beneficial results; but it should not be conducted so as to tire the subject or render him leg-weary. It is better to take a horse out twice a day than to keep him out too long at one time.

The peculiarity of action which some horses possess causes them to hit their legs with the opposite feet to such a degree as to produce lameness. This may and ought to be guarded against when at exercise, by the use of boots or bandages, the neglect of which necessarily entails the utmost censure on the trainer or su-

perintendent, as such a thing is unpardonable, having the means of prevention : but, in running, those protections are very frequently injurious, as they interfere, in some degree, with the action, and are, consequently, on most occasions dispensed with. Should such an accident occur during a race, rest and cooling remedies are the only alternatives.

The hind legs are considerably less susceptible of injury than the fore ones ; indeed, with the exception of the hocks, they are seldom out of order ; spavins and curbs will sometimes attack those joints. The former seldom yield to anything but the fring-iron, unless at their first commencement their existence is detected, when they may yield to repeated blisters with the alternate use of mercurial applications ; but, as the want of soundness is far more important in a race-horse than the blemish occasioned by the iron, I should in most cases resort to it at once as a remedy that conveys more reliance than the experiment of any other system. Curbs may generally be cured with sweating liniments, for which equal portions of liquor ammonia and spirits of wine is an excellent application ; it may be repeated until a thick scurf is created, and possesses the great desideratum of not requiring the horse to be stopped in his work, and is far preferable to a blister.

Many horses suffer seriously from cracked heels, and appear to be most susceptible during the stage of their final preparation. Various causes may be assigned for their origin, one of which is the high excitement of the blood, and, in the course of circulation, the humors being forced to the extremities, remain there, the absorbents not being sufficiently active to take them up ; and the insensible perspiration, as well as the active influence of perspiration, being carried off from the body in a greater ratio than it escapes from the legs, the superabundant humors seek a vent at the heels, the perspiration lodging in those parts, and thereby closing the pores, will produce them ; and nothing more likely than travelling, especially on roads which are composed of chalky materials, the minute particles of which will have a similar effect on the pores as obstructed perspiration. It proves, therefore, the necessity of keeping these parts most sedulously clean by means of warm water and the powerful auxiliary of soap frequently employed.

An excellent alternative, when travelling, may be found in the use of bandages, which, if properly put on, will entirely protect the heels from the dust or dirt of the road. The way to adjust them is this : the end of the bandage is to be placed on the middle of the leg, then, taking three turns round that part, it is to be brought downwards over the pastern joint and into the fetlock, where it must be passed round several times, and as low down toward the heels as possible, so as completely to cover them ; it must then be worked up again, and tied securely, but not tight, round the leg.

Cracked heels will often make their appearance in a very short time to somewhat an inveterate degree, without previous notice or indication, and will create a very considerable degree of soreness and inconvenience. Various applications are resorted to ; foment-

ing the part in warm water, washing it perfectly clean with the assistance of soap, and rubbing it dry afterwards, will be the first consideration, when a small quantity of any emollient ointment which is cooling and healing will be found beneficial. Camphorated spermaceti ointment is a simple and effectual remedy; or mercurial ointment, in small quantities, may be made use of. The whitelead ointment is also an excellent application—it is very cooling and emollient, at the same time it defends the part from dirt. Some further observations on cracked heels will be found in the chapter on bandages.

If they get into a very bad state they require to be poulticed; but, when they are in that condition, I am rather disposed to declare that they have been neglected, and that, in the first instance, they have not been thoroughly washed and dressed with proper applications.

Both at exercise, but more frequently when running, horses are apt to bruise their feet, especially if they have thin flat soles and the ground is hard, or they accidentally tread upon a stone. Plates which are used for racing present no protection whatever in the way of cover to the sole of the foot; and shoes, unless made heavier than is desirable, leave a great portion of the sole uncovered. The effect of a bruise in the foot will not always lame a horse, though it will, in proportion to its severity, create more or less soreness and heat, which generally increases if he is compelled to do much work; the great misfortune is the difficulty of determining, at all times, when such an accident has happened. When a horse is observed to go tenderly on his feet, seemingly as if he were treading on hot bricks, there is generally reason to believe that repeated bruises are the cause; want of rest and the adoption of proper remedies will cause the evil to become so confirmed that a positively diseased foot is the consequence.

When it is ascertained that a horse has bruised his foot, fomenting it in warm water, and, if it be severe, the application of a poultice will be requisite; at the same time the sole should be pared tolerably thin, to give as much relief as possible to the injured part. An even shoe, with as much cover as can reasonably be adopted, is necessary; and the inside of the foot should be dressed with equal portions of tar, treacle, and lard, in order to render the sole tough, and eventually to promote its regeneration.

Different kinds of feet demand different treatment, is a principle that may be laid down as positive. Those which are thin in the soles and crust, and weak at the heels, require to be frequently dressed with the above application of tar, treacle, and lard, which, by way of reference, may be denominated tar stopping; to such feet wet stopping is highly injurious, I mean such as is frequently used, composed of cow-dung, clay, and such like offensive substances. As it is what I have not for many years allowed to be used in my own stable, I cannot recommend it to others; although I know it is the practice, in some stables, to have the feet of all the horses stopped every night with those messes, without distinction of their nature or the consequences produced by the com-

position which is used. In the first place, horses with thin feet, whose soles are weak, with their frogs constantly bearing on the ground, require such compositions as will harden, toughen their soles, and promote a more spontaneous growth, whereas moist stopping constantly used renders them as soft as a sponge, and is the cause of many a horse with such feet being thrown down; the foot is rendered so tender that the act of putting it on a stone creates excruciating pain, and down he falls; moreover, the weakness of the outer sole not affording sufficient protection to the sensible sole, the latter is constantly suffering from the effects of bruises, and the animal eventually becomes lame.

The kind of feet which require moisture are those of hard texture, with strong soles and quarters; but, instead of those nauseous compounds of cow-dung and clay, I invariably use wet tow. In the first place, if properly put into the foot, it affords a degree of support or pressure which is no doubt beneficial—it is proved to be so by practice; and when the foot of the horse in its natural state is compared with that on which a shoe is placed, we shall find that the shoe completely prevents certain parts of the foot which, in a state of nature, come in contact with the ground, and thereby receive a portion of the animal's weight, from ever touching the ground at all; consequently, those parts cannot perform the accustomed office of sustaining the horse's weight in a direct manner, and thereby receiving pressure, which is evidently conducive to the maintenance of healthy functions. To this end alone, if the foot be sufficiently filled with tow, it will answer a two-fold purpose; that of affording support, and, at the same time, moisture and coolness. It is to be made wet with common water, or with salt and water; nitre may also be added with a good effect, as it will increase the coldness and cause the tow to continue moist for a greater duration of time. The tow should be secured in the foot with twigs placed across it, each end resting under the hollow of the shoe; and the same pad, which will assume the form of the foot, will last a considerable time by merely placing the foot in water sufficient to wet the hoof, the pads of tow being previously adjusted: the moisture is renewed without trouble; and this attended to every six or eight hours will keep the soles completely moist, if such constant moisture is required, which will not be the case except under particular circumstances.

The corrosive effects of cow-dung condemn it at once with those who have tried it; it will, if frequently used, produce thrushes if the frog be not predisposed to those maladies, and it possesses no advantage whatever in affording pressure or support to the foot.

The use of the tar stopping, once a week, will be found serviceable to almost all kinds of feet—to those which are weak it may be used more frequently, as also such as are dry and brittle. To detail the various gradations of the feet, and to expatiate upon the treatment which each demands, would exceed my present limits: discrimination must lead to the proper management, with this general principle as a guide in most cases, that weak feet require to be

kept dry, at least as far as stopping is concerned, and they demand the frequent use of tar; whilst strong feet, prone to redundancy of sole and crust, require occasional moisture. From neglect and improper treatment, thrushes will sometimes make their appearance; and, though some persons are apt to consider their existence as very unimportant, I must confess a contrary opinion; this much is certain, that a horse having them, if he put his foot upon a stone, or any hard substance, is in great danger of falling; independent of which, it is the seat of secretion of an ichorous humor, the presence of which is always objectionable. Various remedies are adopted for their cure—many of them being powerful styptics, which, closing the outlet prematurely, exclude the escape of secretion hitherto finding a vent, and which, still generating in a greater or lesser degree, must for a time circulate within the foot until the absorbent vessels are enabled to dispose of them; if the quantity be great, owing to their acrid properties, they are very likely to produce inflammation in the part.

I never had an instance of thrushes making their appearance in the frogs of any horse that I have had in my possession, having been at all times very particular in attending to the feet; but I have purchased many that have been troubled with them, and some to a considerable extent. My method of cure has been as follows:—First of all, to take the shoe off; after which, to put the foot in a bucket of warm water for an hour at least. The blacksmith then pares the foot out, and cuts away all the carious or rotten parts of the frog, and even, if the case requires it, lays bare the sensible frog; the foot is again immersed in warm water; when taken out it is made perfectly dry, after which the diseased part is moistened with compound tincture of myrrh: the shoe is then put on. Some dry tow is inserted in the parts of the frog where the discharge escapes, in order to absorb the humor; the foot is dressed with the tar ointment, both externally and internally, and afterwards filled with tow, so as to afford some considerable degree of pressure, especially at the heels, when the horse's weight is thrown upon that part, splints of wood are placed over the tow so that it is secured within the foot when the horse is at walking exercise, for the purpose of excluding grit or dirt. If the case be a bad one, the foot is daily immersed in warm water, and the frog supplied with dry tow as long as there exists the slightest symptoms of discharge; tincture of myrrh is occasionally applied, perhaps every other day, or every third day, as appearances indicate its necessity. The tar ointment is also applied to the diseased part in order to promote the growth of the frog, and, by the time that substance is completely renewed, I have always found the disease is removed: this course is so mild in its operation that I never experienced the least inconvenience, and, if circumstances did not interfere to prevent it, I have generally embraced the opportunity of introducing a dose of physic. When there is reason to apprehend inflammation in the feet, arising from excessive exertion, or the effect of any inflammatory disease by which the animal may have been attacked, the first resort to have recourse to is bleeding

in the toe, paring the sole moderately thin, and rasping the outer hoof so as to give the utmost liberty to the distended vessels within: in this state, immersion in warm water and poultices will be essentially serviceable, after which the coldest applications that can be applied will be necessary; but, in all probability, the assistance of an experienced veterinary surgeon will be sought in those cases which are severe: they are ticklish subjects to tamper with, for, if once inflammation of the laminæ is established to an extent to disorganize their functions, all the science of the Veterinary College will be of no avail.

London Sporting Review for August, 1844.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

“The Woodlands”—Col. HAMPTON’S thorough bred stock.—Proposition for a race of great interest over the Washington Course near Charleston, S. C. and other matters.

To the Editor of the “Spirit of the Times:”—*Dear Sir.*—Tempted by the facilities of travel afforded by our Rail Road, we recently made a flying visit into the interior of our State, and passed a few days very agreeably with our excellent friend Col. HAMPTON, at “The Woodlands,”—his beautiful suburban villa near Columbia.

This mansion, only recently completed from designs by Potter, may be regarded as a fair specimen of the progress which architectural taste has been making of late years among us; a fine effect is produced without any seeming effort to create it, unlike those labored productions of false taste, which too often disfigure the face of a country, reminding the classical observer, of the pupil of Apelles, who not having the genius to represent his Helen captivating, determined at all events to make her very fine. In a word, “The Woodlands” is constructed on a very conveniently arranged plan, well adapted to the wants of the family for which it was built, and cannot be seen by any one of approved taste, without inspiring in him at the first glance, a very lively perception of the CHASTE and the BEAUTIFUL! Its situation, too, was well selected. It stands on a considerable eminence, the approach to it marked by graceful undulations of ground, of which every advantage has been taken. Approaching it from Columbia, the road runs through a romantic little dell, crossing a small stream, over which is thrown a rustic bridge, its vicinity densely crowded with a natural growth of forest trees. The site of the house was determined, not only with an eye to that greatest desideratum Health, but because it was found it would be much easier to produce in a short time a satisfactory effect by thinning out and improving a natural wood that adorned it, and which was very suitable for carrying out the design of the Architect, than by trusting altogether to planting out, and cultivating new growths of sylvan accessories where none before existed.

On reaching the top of the hill from the dell we have alluded to, the course of the road conducts the visitor through the entrance gate into the grounds of the Estate, along a gravelled path, with a pebbled depression on one side, rendering, thereby, the avenue dry at all seasons, and not liable to be washed away, by any sudden vicissitude of weather. The carriage road bordered by evergreens, traces its way gracefully thro’ an open lawn, with here and there, a shrub, or tree, contrasting agreeably with the dark verdure of the thicker groups of foliage immediately about the mansion. To the right, on a knoll slightly elevated above the surrounding surface, are training stables, with accommodations for the grooms, jockeys, &c; whilst on the left, but in a measure concealed from

the public gaze, are the stables for horses in ordinary use, with other out buildings, in the vicinity of which, is the kitchen garden and orchard, well stocked with vegetables, and the choicest fruit.

The front of the dwelling is very imposing as you ride up to it—a good deal of effect and character is conferred on the entrance by a very magnificent colonnade with its massy pillars of the composite order, which extends entirely along the whole southern front of the building. The entrance is in the centre by an easy flight of steps into a Hall about sixteen by twenty, on either side of which are doors opening into the principal suite of apartments. At the northern extremity of the Hall, (the walls of which are adorned by highly finished colored portraits taken from life, of some of the favorite horses of the proprietor) is a sexangular projection for a stair-case of much beauty of proportion, lighted from above by richly stained glass, producing a mellow and most agreeable tone of light. At the foot of the staircase, on both sides, are doors opening on a verandah, extending around two wings of the edifice, in the rear, communicating with spacious dormitories, bath rooms, &c. &c., affording a delightful and umbrageous walk at all times, sheltered as it is, by embowering branches of tall forest trees.

The drawing room is on the right, as you enter the Hall, from which thro' wide folding doors you pass into the dining room, whilst on the left of the Hall, are two large apartments of like dimensions with the drawing and dining rooms, the one fitted up as a business room, the other as a music room. In the Hall are two mahogany stands for hats, cloaks, umbrellas &c; for the brass pins commonly in use, are substituted the antlers of Deer, killed by the Nimrods of the family.

The second floor contains sleeping apartments of various sizes, all handsomely furnished.

From what we have said of the internal arrangements of this comfortable mansion, it will be seen, that it is not only remarkable for the *taste*, but also for the *judgment* with which it is finished. The principal rooms are so arranged and ordered, that whilst the family when alone, may use any portion of the House by itself, upon any extraordinary occasion of festivity, the whole of the first floor may be thrown open with much effect, affording an abundance of room, equal to a dwelling of twice its dimensions, not so judiciously planned.

But all the beauty, and the harmony we have described, is only an *outward* sign of an *inward* good!—the same grace, the same harmony, the same loveliness we trace in the exterior of the building, happily, most happily are to be found *within*. Nowhere are the domestic affections—our best and holiest feelings—more engagingly developed; parental devotedness on one side is responded to by filial respect on the other—the social sympathies, too, like buds, cluster as it were under the shadowy leaves, whilst the tall trees spreading their arms, as if with a blessing over the house, ward off whatever of sorrow and of strife may be generated elsewhere in the world! We venture to say, no one can be admitted into the family circle of “The Woodlands,” without experiencing that his *domestic* feelings are invigorated—that his heart is rendered more pure, and bound more closely to his fellow Beings! * * *

On visiting the Racing stables, we found in preparation for the ensuing campaign, *Herald* and *Margaret Woods*; these are so well known to fame we need not give their pedigrees; also *Cornelian*, 4 years, by Priam out of Bay Maria. bl. c. *Lazarus*, 3 yrs. by Monarch, out of Fanny's dam, and a superb ch. f. *Castanet*, 3 yrs. by Monarch, out of Betsey Robbins by Kosciusko. We also had the gratification of seeing *Old Delphine* with a ch. c. by Monarch, [query Sovereign] at her side, bearing a strong resemblance to what Herald was when a colt; *Fanny*, with a brown colt by Monarch; *Bay Maria* with a b. f. by Monarch; *Maria West*, and *Emily* were in the same pasture; the former missed to Monarch this year, and is now stinted to Herald—the latter we regret to say, lost a foal by Monarch last winter, but is now stinted to Monarch.

Having thus without much premeditation designated a few of the more leading points of interest on Col. Hampton's Estate, we come to an item of intelligence, which doubtless to the majority of your readers will be the most interesting part of this communication.

In the course of our visit to “The Woodlands,” its hospitable Proprietor informed us that he had recently been in correspondence with some of the liber-

al sportsmen of the West, and elsewhere, and he was led to believe, that as he, (Col. Hampton), Col. SINGLETON, Capt. ROWE, Mr. SINKLER, Messrs STARKE & PERRY, and Mr. RICHARDSON would all have strong stables in our own State, in order to secure a race, which should exceed in interest any previous contest on the turf in this country, Mr. KIRKMAN would assuredly bring or a stable to Charleston at our next meeting, with *Peytona* in it, the winner of the Great Peyton Stakes of \$34 000, at Nashville, in October last, provided Mr. GIBBONS could be induced to meet him there with *Fashion*, and Col. WILLIAMSON with *Regent*.

This hint having been given in the presence of several of the leading members of the South Carolina Jockey Club, it was immediately deemed proper that the Secretary should call the attention of the Sporting World to it, by an announcement that *in the event of an entry at our ensuing races on the four mile day, of Fashion, Peytona, Regent, or a horse from each of their stables, representing the North, the West and Virginia, the Club will give a purse of TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, \$2000 to the winner, and \$500 to the Horse that shall be second best in the race.*

The probability is, that should the above named horses be brought to Charleston, it would doubtless produce a field hitherto unequalled in America. Col. Hampton would probably enter *Herald*, to meet again *Peytona*—Col. Singleton either *Symmetry*, *Hero*, or *Medora*, all of which he has in training. Capt. Rowe his favorite mare *Sally Morgan*. Starke & Perry their ch. m. of great promise *Julia Davic* by Rowton. Mr. Sinkler, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Edmondston, will, also, have stables, and would most certainly make an effort to have *something good in such good company.*

Reserving to ourself the pleasure of recurring to this subject at some future period, we will only add at present, that in the event of our proposition being carried out, the South Carolina Jockey Club will do all in its power to maintain its character for "old timed Hospitality," and extend towards its visitors those courtesies, which will be no less due to them, than grateful to itself!

J. B. I.

FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTIUUTE.

The 17th annual Fair of the American Institute of the city of New York, will open on the 4th Oct., at Niblo's Gardens. The "Albanian" furnishes the following synopsis of the detailed programme, a copy of which may be seen at this office:—

Friday and Saturday, October 4th and 5th.—Days for receiving contributions for competition or exhibition, with exceptions of *Cattle, Stock, Flowers, &c*, which will be noted in the Agricultural and Horticultural Addresses hereafter to be issued.

First week of the Exhibition.

Monday, October 7, at 12 o'clock, M., the Garden will be open to the public. At half past 7 o'clock, P. M., an Address will be delivered in the great Saloon by a distinguished citizen. The evening will close by a splendid display of Fireworks.

Tuesday, October 8th.—The exhibition will commence at 9 o'clock, A. M., and close at 10 P. M., which will be the hours of opening and closing during the Fair. A short Address at half past 7 o'clock, P. M.

Wednesday, October 9th.—The Second Annual Convention of Silk Culturists and Manufacturers will be held at the Repository of the American Institute, in the Park, at half past 10 o'clock, A. M. An Address on Silk will be delivered in Noblo's Saloon at half past 7 o'clock, P. M.

Thursday, October 10th.—Silk Convention continued.

Friday, October 11th.—A National Convention of Farmers and Gardeners will be held at the Repository of the Institute, in the Park, at half past 10 o'clock, A. M. An Address on Agriculture at half past 7 o'clock, P. M.

Saturday, October 12th.—Convention of Farmers and Gardeners continued.

Address in Niblo's Saloon at half past 7 o'clock, P. M. Fireworks at half past 9 o'clock.

Second week of the Exhibition.—Cattle Show at Vauxhall Garden, &c.

Monday, October 14th.—List of Horses, Cattle, and other Live Stock, must be in possession of the Managers at Vauxhall Garden, to insure their being placed on the catalogue. If previously forwarded to the Corresponding Secretary of the Institute, they will be attended to. Pedigrees, signed by owners, required.

Tuesday, October 15th.—Making Catalogue of Cattle, &c. Also, Ninth Annual Ploughing Match and testing of Ploughs, in the vicinity of New York. An Address will be delivered in the field.

Wednesday, October 16th.—The exhibition of Horses, Cattle, &c., will be open at Vauxhall Garden. Cattle must be on the ground by 9 o'clock, A. M.

Thursday, October 17th.—Last day of Cattle Exhibition. Address on Agriculture, in Niblo's Saloon, at half past 7 o'clock, P. M.

Friday, October 18th.—Sale of Cattle and other Live Stock by private contract. Anniversary Address by the Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, at half past 7 o'clock.

The following are the committee of managers for the county of Albany :

E. P. Prentice, Archibald McIntyre, Cabel N. Bement, John P. Veeder, Luther Tucker.

Notes of the Month.

O C T O B E R .

Blue Dick and Midas, it is now understood, will go to New Orleans beyond doubt. Col. JOHNSON expects to start them off between the 1st and 10th of October. It was thought they might come as far North as Philadelphia, but this scheme has been given up, and it is doubtful whether they will start for any other purses, in this region, save those given at Newmarket.

The South Carolina Turf—In another page will be found an exceedingly interesting communication from the pen of J. B. I., of Charleston, so well known in literary, sporting, and social circles, as one of the most accomplished and brilliant men of the day. He has lately had the gratification of enjoying for a few days the princely hospitality dispensed at "The Woodlands," the favorite country seat near Columbia, S. C., of Col. HAMPTON, the Grafton of the American Turf. After describing the magnificent mansion recently erected by Col. H., from designs by Potter, we have a list of his stud, and every friend of the Turf will be gratified to see him in such force. In addition to Herald and Margaret Wood, he has *Cornelian* (by Priam out of Bay Maria,) *Lazarus* (by Monarch out of Maria West, the dam of Wagner and Fanny,) and *Castanet* (by Monarch out of Betsey Robbins. The brood mares comprise Delphine, Maria West, Bay Maria, Fanny, Emily, etc., each of whom should produce flyers, from horses like Monarch and Sovereign. Our correspondent next apprizes us of the South Carolina stables generally, and we rejoice to hear that those of Col. SINGLETON, Capt. ROWE, Mr. SINKLER, Mr. RICHARDSON, and STARKE & PERRY, are unusually strong. He adds, as the impression of Col. H. and other leading Southern Turfmen, that provided the owners of *Fashion* and *Regent* could be induced to send them to Charleston next February, the attendance of the stable of Mr. KIRKMAN of Alabama, with *Peytona* in it, would be secured, thereby ensuring a race at four mile heats, which would exceed in interest any previous contest on the Turf in this country. As it is unlikely that *Fashion* will have more than one hard race in the ensuing campaign at the North, and as she can make the entire journey to Charleston by

steamboat and rail-road, we hope her owner will yield to the solicitations of his friends, and permit her to meet the champions of the South and South-west, on the beautiful course where her dam, the peerless Bonnets o' Blue, so distinguished herself. The owner of Fashion being himself a Southern man, and appreciating as he does, the high character of the time-honored association whose annual meeting at Charleston is the most gay and brilliant event of the year, in South Carolina, will, we fervently hope, place his favorite in the hands of her friends, as he ever has done, most cheerfully. He will, in this event, thereby pay off in no inconsiderable degree, the debt of obligation which the North, and the American Sporting World generally, owes, to the weight of character and consideration, not less than the spirit and the hospitality, of the South Carolina Jockey Club.

Messrs. NOLAND's Stock.—An esteemed Arkansas correspondent, in the course of a private letter to the editor, makes the following mention of our friend ALBERT PIKE, and the stock of the Brothers NOLAND:—

* * * PIKE went to the Nashville Convention. He is a glorious fellow, and of more genius than any man I wot of.

Lieut. C. ST. GEORGE NOLAND wrote me the other day that his brother's ["N.'s"] celebrated colt *Jonah*, by Whale, out of Garland by Duroc, goes, or rather has gone into L. S. PRITCHETT's stable. He is a grey, 3 yrs. old. I should judge his chances for distinction to be — bad, from the following extract from the Lieutenant's letter:—"I have just started this mean looking colt to Pritchett; he is very *ugly*, very *thin*, and *not* very large." P took him under such circumstances on the most liberal terms. P. is a good and trusty fellow, and has a good trainer. He has up an own sister to Sarah Washington, and a Priam of Judge SCOTT's. Lieut. N.'s mare dropped a ch. f. foal on the 19th of May, finer, he thinks, than anything of the season. It is by Sluggard, out of Lavinia by Lafayette. He wishes it to be called *Sacra Macra*. Lily's Boston colt (the property of "N. of Arkansas") is said to be a crowder.

The late Mr. DUPLANTIER's Stud.—We find by an advertisement in the "Pica-yune," that the stud of the late Mr. D. will be offered for sale at public auction during the ensuing Fall Races at New Orleans. The horses are now in training at Manchac, about ten miles below Baton Rouge, La., and comprises George Martin, Creatly, Sarah Morton, Narine, etc. etc.

Pigeon Shooting.—Several private matches of the most highly interesting character, have come off at BURNHAM's, on the Bloomingdale Road, this week. The parties, with two exceptions, were distinguished shots from Georgia and South Carolina. One gentleman (Mr. W.) killed 42 out of 44 birds at *double shots*! He lost the 1st two birds from their falling out of bounds, though both fell dead! At Brooklyn, on Monday last, Mr. Russell had quite a gathering of his pigeon-shooting friends, comprising several members of the Club of that city. The ball was opened with a match between Messrs. Thompson and Freshwater, at six birds each, which was won by the former killing four. Subsequently a sweepstakes of four birds each came off, for a handsome gun, which was won by Mr. STRANGER in fine style, after shooting off two ties. There were eleven entries. Messrs. Stranger, Russell, and Lawrence, killed all their birds in the stakes and all their birds in shooting off the tie! In shooting off the 2d tie, Lawrence killed his four birds a third time, the other two gentlemen killing three each! The interest was kept up to the last, and the shooting gave great satisfaction.

There was some pretty good shooting at Hoboken on Thursday, though the wind was very high and the birds wild. In a match of twenty birds, between Messrs. Osborne and Gow, the former won by a single bird, killing 14. Subsequently came off a sweepstakes of nine subscribers, at five birds each, in which Messrs. Kent, Gow, Milbourn, Stranger and Lawrence, tied, having killed four each. In shooting off the tie, Messrs. Kent, Milbourn, and Lawrence each killed his five birds! In the 2d tie, Milbourn won, having shot three in succession.

Pigeon Shooting at Toronto.—We learn from the "Herald," of that ilk, that several matches at this old English pastime came off on the 5th instant, at the

Golden Lion Tavern, in that city. It would appear that several members of the Toronto Cricket Club took part in the shooting, as we judge from the list of competitors. The day was fine, the birds strong on the wing, and the company parted well pleased with the sport. The birds were flown from three spring traps 20 yards apart, and at 25 yards rise. The following is the result, Mr. Hutton kindly acting as scorer:—

FIRST MATCH—THREE BIRDS EACH.

Mr. Chas. Northcote.....	2	Mr. Parsons.....	0
Mr. Barber.....	3	Mr. Chas. Shephard.....	2
Mr. Rd. Northcote.....	3	Mr. Sherwood.....	0
Mr. Maddock.....	1	Mr. Draper.....	2
Mr. John Shephard.....	2	Mr. Jacob Shephard.....	2
Total.....	11	Total.....	6

SECOND MATCH—THREE BIRDS EACH.

Mr. Chas. Shephard.....	2	Mr. Chas. Northcote.....	0
Mr. Rd. Northcote.....	2	Mr. Barber.....	2
Mr. Maddock.....	1	Mr. Jacob Shephard.....	3
Mr. Sharp.....	3	Mr. Young.....	1
Mr. White.....	3	Mr. Girdlestone.....	2
Mr. Vannostrand.....	2	Mr. Parsons.....	2
Total.....	13	Total.....	10

THIRD MATCH—THREE BIRDS EACH.

Mr. Rd. Northcote.....	2	Mr. Chas. Shephard.....	3
Mr. Barber.....	1	Mr. Chas. Northcote.....	2
Mr. Girdlestone.....	1	Mr. Jacob Shephard.....	3
Mr. Young.....	2	Mr. Vannostrand.....	0
Mr. Maddock.....	3	Mr. Thos. Shephard.....	0
Mr. Sherwood.....	1	Mr. Parsons.....	1
Total.....	10	Total.....	9

FOURTH MATCH—SIX BIRDS EACH.

Mr. Chas. Northcote.....	2	Mr. Chas. Shephard.....	5
Mr. Barber.....	5	Mr. Jacob Shephard.....	1
Mr. Rd. Northcote.....	2	Mr. Conwill.....	5
Mr. H. H. Clark.....	5	Mr. White.....	4
Mr. Young.....	5	Mr. Vannostrand.....	4
Mr. Girdlestone.....	2	Mr. Sharp.....	1
Mr. Maddock.....	4	Mr. Parsons.....	0
Total.....	25	Total.....	20

Sale of Stock.—On Thursday, Aug. 22, *Trenton* and *Tasso* were sold, at Montreal—the former at £33, and the latter at £28.

Col. WM. L. WHITE, of Va., has sold his b. m. *Miss Valentine*, by Imp. Valentine, dam by John Richards, to JAS. P. CORBIN, Esq.

Mr. THOMAS B WILLIAMSON, of Holly Square, Southampton Co., Va., claims the name of *Nicholas Nickleby* for a b. c. by Norfolk out of Grey Bet by Sir Kenneth, out of Wm. West's Miss Bet, foaled 24th April, '43. Also that of *Newman Noggs* for a ro. c. by John Blount, out of Grey Bet, foaled 25th April, '44.

English Sporting Intelligence.

The Royal Mail Steam-ship *Britannia* arrived at Boston from Liverpool, via Halifax, on Tuesday, 17th ult., bringing London dates to the 3d of Sept.

The Sporting Intelligence is quite uninteresting, but speculations on the race for the great St. Leger stakes appears to be the engrossing topic. The race was to come off the 17th of September last, The Cure and Ithuriel were about equal favorites during the last week of August, but on the Monday before the *Britannia* sailed, Ithuriel had fallen off in the betting, from 13 to 4 to 5 to 1 against him. Only 3 to 1 is bet against The Cure. The following is the latest state of the odds:—

	MONDAY.	THURSDAY.
Dawson's lot.....	-----	10 to 1 agst. (tk)
The Cure	13 to 4 agst.	3 to 1 ----
Ithuriel	13 to 4 ----	5 to 1 ---- (tk)
Bay Momus	8 to 1 ----	8 to 1 ---- (tk)
Red Deer	9 to 1 ----	15 to 2 ---- (tk)
Valerian	10 to 1 ----	9 to 1 ---- (tk)
Foig-a-Ballagh	13 to 1 ---- (tk) ..	11 to 1 ---- (tk)
The Princess	13 to 1 ----	11 to 1 ----
Godfrey	30 to 1 ----	30 to 1 ----
Milton	-----	40 to 1 ----

"Bell's Life in London" states that the Ithuriel movement this afternoon, (Aug. 29,) was calculated to excite no small degree of alarm amongst his supporters; 5 to 1 was laid in the first instance, to at least £400, by parties so powerfully commissioned, that the takers, albeit men of nerve, influence, and "substance," were for a moment abashed, and the odds were offered in vain; one gentleman, indeed, got through his commission by conceding an additional point to £125, after which, two or three more bets were laid at the odds first quoted. 300 to 100 was laid agst. The Cure, 15 to 2 to a small sum agst. Red Deer, 9 to 1 in fifties, and afterwards 8 to 1 in ponies agst. Bay Momus, 10 to 1 in fifties agst. Valerian (takers at the finish), and 11 and 12 to 1 agst. Foig-a-Ballagh, (his party fond,) and 1,000 to 30 agst. Godfrey. The Princess may be quoted at 12 to 1. In the *Derby* Newsmonger and Hedger were backed for fifty each at 25 to 1.

Mr. G. Salvin's b. c. *The Cure*, is by Physician out of Morsel, while Lord Stanley's b. c. *Ithuriel* is by Touchstone out of Verbena. In the "Sunday Times" we find the performances at length of all the horses expected to start for the Leger, and the writer indulges in some speculations on the result, from which we make a few quotations:—

The Cure is an extraordinary good horse, and we have reason to believe the *stable money* is upon him. If so, and his party only mean it, then will our anticipations be realised in seeing him not far from No. 1. The distance is the only obstacle in his path, but his friends assert that makes no difference. He is, we hear, as "fit as a fiddle," and none the worse of his being a little off at Newcastle. It is understood that Sam Rogers will now have the steering of the "little gentleman" for the St. Leger.

Of Ithuriel we hold the same opinion as we formed after the Goodwood racing, viz., that if he can only stand his training, he will be a dangerous horse. At Liverpool he won by downright gameness; but at Goodwood he won his race in the most slovenly manner, beating Antler (who gave him 6lbs.) by a length only, and Pastoral by a couple of lengths. Red Deer was one of the unfortunates that ran the wrong course, and his friends assert that, considering the forward position Pastoral occupied at the finish, had not the mistake occurred, Red Deer, who is said to be much better than his companion, would have won. Up to Monday last Ithuriel was as great a favorite as The Cure, and his backers very sanguine, but from the "doings" on Thursday at Tattersall's, and

also at Manchester, we fear something must be "up." All sorts of rumors have reached us, and a north country lad states that the horse's *pins*, which have for some time appeared very "shaky," have at last *gone!* True or not, until we see Ithuriel at the post, we shall not believe he will ever see it.

Red Deer has sprung at least eight points, and, notwithstanding his two previous races with Ithuriel, has been backed for the Leger for an immense deal of money. We expect to see him run a more dangerous horse than the public imagine, and as we believe he will have the powerful assistance of Jem Robinson on his back, his friends may depend upon a chance for their money. Some say he can't last, or he would have won at Liverpool; but anybody who saw that race must agree that the party were beaten with their own weapons in making such desperate running in order to cut up Ithuriel. Had they "waited," the race would have ended differently.

Of Foig-a-Ballagh we have often stated our high opinion. He still remains at Mitchell grove, under the care and management of Forth, who, we have no doubt, will strain every nerve to bring the horse ripe and well to the post. Previously to the Derby, Forth took 1200 to 100, each, that he won Derby, Oaks, and Leger. The two former he has lost, and for the latter his only chance is with Foig-a-Ballagh. We think him the best outsider in the race, but it must be remembered that some of his party are also connected with the stable in which The Cure is trained. Many queer things have also occurred to celebrated horses on the morning of their intended exploits. Many of Foig's backers appear fearful lest some trick may be practised on his arrival in Yorkshire. Mr. Forth is, no doubt, alive to the necessity of watching him, both by day as well as by night. Mr. Rawlinson for many weeks before Coronation won the Derby, never left him, one of his friends being always about the stable. And Mr. Forth, it is to be hoped, will procure equally careful and honest sentinels on this important occasion. We have been told that Mickey Free and Foig-a-Ballagh had several private trials in August last, at the Curragh, which convinced those interested as to the speed and superiority of the latter. So that with an honest and experienced jockey on his back, he may fairly be calculated to stand an excellent chance for the St. Leger.

The York August Meeting introduced Godfrey as an outside candidate, and also, if he had any, settled the pretensions of Lightning; both are in Dawson's stable. Morpeth has been backed for some money, and he was expected to show for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, but after being on the ground, he did not start, so of his capabilities this year we are as much in the dark as ever. Milton, Devil-to-Pay, and one or two others *may* "put in an appearance," but it is extremely doubtful.

Of the Ugly Buck we entertain the same opinion as for the Derby, and from his non-appearance in the betting this week, and the silence maintained by his friends, we augur that the ugly gentleman is not quite so well, or so good, as could be wished.

Scott is in great force; his lot includes the following:—Ithuriel, Bay Momus, The Princess, Valerian, Joe Lovell, &c. We have still a *penchant* for Bay Momus, but we hear that the mare is the *pot*. Of Valerian, we heard great things when a two year old; but (setting aside the probable objections) we will not have him *now* at any price. Thus, then, it stands at the present moment. The race lies (in our minds) between The Cure, Bay Momus, The Princess, and Foig-a-Ballagh.

By the following paragraph from "Bell's Life in London," of the 25th ult., it will be seen that two "werry fast crabs" are crossing the herring pond to have a shy at the \$600 purse on the Beacon Course, here, for the performance of ten miles within the hour:—

Departure for America—John Bariow, alias Tallick, of Cockey Moor, and Greenhalgh, of Walshaw-lane, two celebrated Lancashire runners, have set out on an experimental trip to New York, to prepare themselves for the ten mile spin over the Beacon Course, which is to take place in October, for 600 dollars. Tallick has done 10 miles in tidy time, but Greenhalgh has never run so long a distance. It is hoped they will be well received across the Atlantic, and we have no doubt fair play will be shown to them.

The Late Derby.—We understand that it is proposed to settle the late Mr. Crockford's account on Monday morning in the race week at Doncaster.

The Goodwood Cup—In future there will be no allowance of weight for running at York, Newton, Chester, Liverpool, Manchester, and Newcastle, or in Scotland or Ireland. Bell's Life.

The Bentinck Testimonial.—The subscriptions amount to nearly £1,900.

Sir Gilbert Heathcote's Akbar, we are informed, on his return from Goodwood, was found to have two of his ribs broken. Chapple states that in running for the Racing Stakes he went as if in pain, but no one suspected the nature or extent of the injury until he reached Epsom. It is supposed to have been inflicted before the race, but how is a mystery.

Portrait of Orlando.—Mr. Bailey, of Cornhill, has just added a magnificent portrait of Orlando, the winner of the Derby, to his series of Leger, Derby, and Oaks winners. It is from the pen of Herring, and equals the most celebrated of that gentleman's works.

Messrs. Solmitz and Schonfeld, of Braunschweig, have again visited Yorkshire, and selected an excellent assortment of valuable horses, mares, and geldings, which they shipped from Hull on the 23d ultimo, per Transit, Capt. Dickinson, for Hamburgh, and from thence they proceed to their destination at Braunschweig.

Extraordinary Feat of Pedestrianism.—On Tuesday a great number of persons assembled at the Rosemary Branch ground, at Peckham, to witness the performance of a match undertaken by Manks (better known under the cognomen of the Warwickshire Antelope). The match was to run 10 miles and pick up 100 stones, placed on the ground at a yard apart, to be fetched separately and deposited at one end, making in the whole a distance of 15 miles, 5 furlongs, and 200 yards, and complete the same within one hour and 40 minutes. The stakes were £30. In the betting the odds were on time. The ground being measured he commenced his herculean task by running the 10 miles, which he completed in 59 minutes. He then went to work at the stones upon the ground, and which he cleared in 38 minutes—thus accomplishing the match in 97 minutes, and having three minutes to spare. Sunday Times.

Barbel Fishing.—Mr. Bollins, of St. Paul's Churchyard, and Mr. Strugnell, grocer, of the Edgware-road, took 40 fine barbel on the 25th ult., besides several club, roach, &c.; and notwithstanding the lowness of the water, they succeeded the next day in killing several more, one of which weighed 11½ lbs, with an abundance of other fish, near the Crown and Anchor, Long Ditton, Surrey. Bell's Life.

Presents to H. R. H. Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales.—A fly rod, mounted with silver, and altogether of excellent workmanship, was last week forwarded to H. R. H. Prince Albert, through the medium of George Anson, Esq., the Prince's private secretary, by Mr. Little, of Fetter-lane, Fleet-street. Another rod, of smaller dimensions, intended for the Prince of Wales, was presented at the same time. His royal highness expressed his unqualified approval, not only of the rods, but of the tackle that accompanied them, and his royal highness added that the workmanship, for delicacy and taste, exceeded anything of the kind he had ever before seen. In proof of his estimation, his royal highness directed Lord Exeter to make out Mr. Little's appointment, conferring upon him the honor of fishing-rod and tackle maker to his royal highness. Ib.

St. Bennett.—Mr. Scott Waring has purchased of Mr. B. Johns, Red Lion Inn, Driffeld, the well-known stallion, *St. Bennett*, by Catton, out of Darioletta, by Amadis, for a large sum. Harkaway, Beeswing, and several other first-rate horses. St. Bennett's stock, in the neighborhood he travelled last year, are remarkably promising. Sunday Times.

Sale of Blood Stock.—The entire stud of race-horses, hunters, &c., the property of W. R. Ramsay, Esq., of Barnton, near Edinburgh, will be brought to the hammer on Thursday, the 12th of September, at the Barnton Stud Farm. Amongst the race-horses will be found The Shadow, Moss Trooper, Whistle Binkie, Lady Skipsey, Mid-Lothian, Milden, Inglewood, The Dumb Boy, Sweetheart, Malcolm, &c. The hunters are fourteen in number, and the lots include Charles O'Malley, Binks the Bagman, Hannibal, St. Dennis, &c. Ib.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK, &c.

The racing and breeding stock of the Messrs. THOMPSON, with their engagements, were sold by Messrs. Tattersall and Son, at Rawcliffe Cottages, near York, on Tuesday last, at the following prices:—

HACKS, &c.		gs.
Br. c. 4 yrs., by Napoleon le Grand, d. by Y. Filho da Puta, grandam by Don Cossack, out of Marciana.....		60
Ch. m. 5 yrs., by Napoleon le Grand, d. by Spectre.....		50
Bk. m. by Sheet Anchor, d. by Amadis.....		35
Ch. f. 3 yrs, own sister to the last.....		35
Br. p by The Mole.....		26
Ch. m. 5 yrs, by Bedlamite.....		18
Tilworth; quiet in harness.....		15

HALF BRED.

Br. or bk. m. 5 yrs, by Sheet Anchor, d. by Ledstone, grandam by Woldsmen.....	52
Br. c. 3 yrs, own sister to the above.....	30
B. f. 3 yrs, by Sheet Anchor—The Fawn.....	15

HUNTERS.

Ernest the First, by Emancipation—Eleanor, by Muley; has won several times.....	120
Nelson, 6 yrs, by Sheet Anchor.....	76
Hardy, 5 yrs, by Sheet Anchor.....	70
The Gib, a mare, 4 yrs, by Sheet Anchor, out of Betty Martin.....	66
Ch. g. 7 yrs, (thorough bred).....	60

BROOD MARES.

Fair Helen, by Priam—Dirce, by Partisan—Antiope, &c.; covered by Sheet Anchor.....	175
Whirlwind (own sister to Cardinal Puff), by Pantaloon, out of Puff, &c.; covered by Sheet Anchor.....	110
Attraction, by Magnet—Lady Berners, by Lamplighter, &c.; covered by Sheet Anchor.....	70
Surprise, by Bay Middleton, out of Mystery, by Lottery, out of Miss Fanny, by Orville, &c.; covered by Sheet Anchor.....	50
Trinket, by Tramp, out of Tiara, by Soothsayer; covered by Sheet Anchor.....	48

YEARLINGS.

Ch. c. by Cain—Lilla; in Derby, 1846.....	200
Br. c. by Recovery—Siroc, by Camel; Derby, 1846.....	200
Ch. f. by Recovery—Mrs. Fry; Oaka, 1846.....	60
Br. c. by Stockport—Mystery; Derby, 1846.....	110
Ch. f. by Recovery—Patty; Oaks, 1846.....	50
Ch. f. by Recovery, out of Trinket.....	48

FOALS.

B. c. by Sheet Anchor—Fair Helen.....	110
B. f. by Colwick—Mystery.....	100
Br. c. by Sheet Anchor—Lilla.....	75
B. c. by Sheet Anchor—Celerity.....	55
Br. c. by Sheet Anchor—Sultana.....	50
B. f. by Sheet Anchor—Whirlwind.....	29
Gr. or br. f. by Sheet Anchor—Surprise.....	20

STALLION.

Sheet Anchor (foaled in 1832), by Lottery, out of Morgiana, by Muley, &c.; he is sire of Kedge, Ben Brace, Sally, Egidia, Cable, Arcanus, Wee Pet, Topsail, &c.....	550
Other lots were bought in.	Bell's Life.

The Ratan Affair.—This matter does not sleep, and it is not because we have not adopted the flying rumors afloat on the subject, that we are not watchful of the proceedings of the parties implicated. Full and unreserved confessions have been made by the chief conspirators, and the names of certain individuals concerned in or assisting in "squaring" the secret machinations are on our desk. Lord George Bentinck has been and continues indefatigable, and

the whole affair will be submitted to the investigation of the Jockey Club in the October Meetings at Newmarket. Until this inquiry shall have been made, and all parties shall have had the opportunity of entering into a full explanation of their conduct, it is fit that judgment should be suspended. We may state that Captain Rous has undertaken to propose, and Lord George Bentinck to second, the investigation. With respect to Sam Rogers, who has been mixed up in this affair, we have reason to believe that, from circumstances which have come to the knowledge of the Duke of Richmond and Lord George Bentinck within the last fortnight, and not before believed, he has been informed he cannot ride for either his Grace or Lord George until he has acquitted himself of the charges which have been brought against him. We long since described the disclosures made to Mr. Edward Crockford by Sam Rogers, on the Friday before the Derby, which were subsequently communicated to Lord George Bentinck, by whom his book was compared at Epsom, with a view to ascertain whether the bet of £10,000 to £2,000, made by him against Ratan, and entered in a distinct betting book (which Rogers alleges he made with a view to protect the horse, never intending to pay or receive), would be acknowledged. This step was not productive of any satisfactory result, nor did the inquiry before the committee of the House of Lords tend to elucidate the matter more clearly. Revelations have, however, since been made which place the case in a more tangible shape, and hence the resolution to institute the searching inquiry to which we have alluded, during which all parties will have the opportunity of explaining or justifying their conduct. We purposely abstain from mentioning the names of the individuals implicated, and can only say, in the language of clerks of indictments, "*God send them a good delivery*."

Bell's Life of 1st Sept.

TURF REGISTER.

PEDIGREE OF LADY MORGAN, the property of Capt. DONALD ROWE, of Owensburgh, S. C.

LADY MORGAN was got by John Richards, and was foaled on the 26th of March, 1831; her dam, Matchless, was bred by Mr. STEPHEN HUNT, of New Jersey, and was got by Imp. Expedition, grandam by Bela Badger's Sir Solomon, g. g. dam Aurora by Imp. Honest John, g. g. g. dam Zelippa by Imp. Messenger, g. g. g. g. dam Dido by Imp. Bay Richmond, g. g. g. g. g. dam Slammerkin by Imp. Wild Air, g. g. g. g. g. dam imported, by old Cub.

John Richards was got by Sir Archy, out of Rattle or Rattler; grandam by Imp. Medley, g. g. dam by Wild Air, g. g. g. dam by Nonpareil, out of an imported mare.

Rattle or Rattler was held in high estimation both as a race horse and stallion, was foaled in 1796, and was got by Imp. Shark, his dam the celebrated mare Lady Legs (who was also the dam of the distinguished race horse Collector) by Imp. Centinel, grandam by Imp. Fearnought, g. g. dam imported by Mr. Randolph.

Expedition was bred by the Earl of

Egremont, and was got by Pegasus, out of Active by Woodpecker, grandam by Whistle Jacket, g. g. dam Pretty Polly by Starling, g. g. g. dam sister to Lord Leigh's Charming Molly and Diana by Second—Stanyan's Arabian—King William's Barb without a tongue—Makeless—Royal Mare, &c.

Pegasus was got by Eclipse, dam by Bosphorus, grandam (own sister to Grecian Princess) by William's Forester, Coalition Colt—Bustard—Second—&c.,

Woodpecker was got by King Herod, out of Miss Ramsden by Old Cade, Lonsdale's Bay Arabian—Bay Bolton—Dacey Arabian—Place's White Turk—Taffolet Barb—Natural Barb mare, &c. &c.

Bela Badger's Sir Solomon was got by the imported horse Tickle Toby, his dam the celebrated race mare Vesta by Dreadnought, grandam by the imported horse Clockfast, g. g. dam by Americus, g. g. g. dam by a Traveller Colt, out of an imported mare owned by Capt. Walker.

Tickle Toby was got by Alfred, the best son of Matchem, and full brother to Conductor, his dam Chæa by King

Herod, grandam Proserpine, own sister to Eclipse.

Matchem was got by Cade, and he by the Godolphin Arabian.

Dreadnought was got by Claudius, his dam by Imp. Old Janus, grandam by Imp. Old Janus, g. g. dam by Berkeley's Peacock, who was also by Old Janus, out of an imported Spanish mare.

Claudius was got by Apollo, out of the dam of old Celer by Imp. old Aristotle, her dam by Imp. Whittington, out of a mare by Jolly Roger.

Dreadnought was a beautiful little horse, and was the means of improving the racing stock of his day, and is generally the remote cross of the most celebrated racers of his day.

Apollo was got by old Fearnought, out of Col. Spotswood's Imp. Cullen Arabian mare.

Americus was got by Fearnought, out of Gen. Nelson's Imp. mare Blossom, the dam of the famous running horse Rockingham.

Blossom was by the King's plate horse Sloe, out of a mare of Lord Rockingham's, that won the hundred guineas plate at Black Hamilton, in Yorkshire.

Honest John was got by Sir Peter his dam a Magnet mare (sister to Windlestone) bred by Mr. Wetherell in 1782; her dam by Le Sang—Rib—Mother Western by Smith's son of Snake; g. g. dam Montague; g. g. g. dam by Hautboy, g. g. g. dam by Brimmer.

Messenger was got by Mambrino, his dam by Turf, grandam by Regulus out of a sister to Figurante by Starling, out of Snap's dam.

Bay Richmond was got by Feather (Sir L. Dundas') out of Matron (bred by Lord Orford in 1755) by the Cullen Arabian—Bartlett's Childers—dam of Warlocks Galloway.

Wild Air, imported by Mr. Delancy, of New York, in 1764, was got by Cade, dam by Steady (son of Flying Childers), grandam by Partner. He

was re-shipped to England in 1772. *Wild Air* was a horse of high blood and great performance.

Old Cub was got by Yorick, his dam by Silver Legs, out of the imported mare Moll Brazen.

Yorick was got by the famous Imp. horse Morton's Traveller, his dam by Blaze in England, out of Col. Tayloe's Imp. Jenny Cameron.

LADY MORGAN'S PRODUCE.

1838. April 21.—Ch. f. by Imp. Rowton—dead.

1839. April 19.—B. f. *Sally Morgan*, by Imp. Emancipation.

1842. April 22.—Ch. f. *Miss Chevillette*, by Billy Harris.

1843. May 1.—B. c. with bright star in forehead, *Rio Grande*, by ditto.

1844. May 13.—B. f. *Arcadia* by ditto.

Billy Harris was by Monsieur Tonnson, out of the celebrated Ariel by Eclipse.

Addition to the Breeding Stud of JAS.

P. CORBIN, Esq., of Va.

MISS VALENTINE (Gosport's dam), br. m., purchased of Col. WILLIAM L. WHITE, of Spring Grove, Hanover County, Va.; nine years old Spring 1843. She was got by Imp. Valentine, her dam by John Richards (brother to Betsey Richards) by Sir Archy, grandam by Sir Solomon, g. g. dam by Hickory, g. g. g. dam by Duroc. Here Col. White remarks "I purchased this mare at two years old of Bela Badger, Esq., of Bristol, Penn., and by reference to the books of Mr. Badger, her pedigree can be extended through the best crosses in America."

The name of *Active* is claimed for a b. f. by Imp. Trustee (sire of Fashion), out of Miss Valentine, one year old Spring '44. And that of *Dublin* for a br. c. by Imp. Trustee, out of Commencement (the dam of Laneville), one year old Spring '44. Also that of *Julia Elliott* for a ch. f. by Imp. Trustee, out of Idle by Eclipse.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

N O V E M B E R , 1 8 4 4 .

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RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

- HAYNEVILLE, Ala. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Dec.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Nov.
NEW ORLEANS, La. Metairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 4th Dec.
" " " " " Great Four mile Stake, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
" " " " " Association, Eclipse Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
OAKLEY, Miss - - - Hinds Co., Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, 4th Nov.
PHILADELPHIA - - - Camden Course, N. J., J. C. Fall Meeting, 5th Tuesday, 29th Oct.
PORT HUDSON, La. Fashion Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 5th Tuesday, 29th Oct.
SELMA, Ala. - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Jan.
TRENTON, N. J. Eagle Course—Foot Race, 10 Miles, Tuesday, 12th Nov.

DONCASTER RACES.

STEWARDS :—The Earl of Glasgow and R. G. Lumley, Esq. ;
Mr. Clarke, Judge ; and Mr. Martin, Clerk of the Course.

THE agreeable “sporting delights” in the vicinity of this pretty Northern town has once more burst out with something like old-fashioned vigor and enterprise: indeed, we may assert that a “new life” has been put into the *lungs* of this celebrated gathering together of our favorite Northern Sportsmen, and under the able Physicians lately “called in,” we positively expect a return of the year when Mr. Watt’s *crack* colt Memnon so gallantly won the St. Leger against the largest Field that ever started. We missed, it is true, the grand equipages used by Lords Fitzwilliam, Londonderry, and Darlington, as well as the neat turns-out of Sir Bellingham Graham and others who have “gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns;” still it is pleasant to observe, that since Birmingham’s year we have never witnessed more “real comforts” or better contests for the various prizes. The course too was in admirable order, and the results and useful alterations put every one in good humor. The company, if not so aristocratic as in times gone by, certainly contained some of the *cracks* of the Peerage, mixed with many of the fine old *English* and *Irish Gentlemen*, whose appearance at any time creates an interest at any Sporting Meeting, either at home or on the other side the water.

On Sunday, the attendance at the Rooms was a great improvement in point of numbers over last year: the night-trains had brought down large quantities of real “Gentlemen Sportsmen,” and betting went on at a “cheerful pace.” W. Scott was heavy against Ithuriel, and justly so, for he was well aware of his “infirm *understandings*.” Red Deer was an immense favorite, and the “Knowing Bill” was “on” to win a large Stake. The Cure was backed most industriously by the Hambleton party, who roundly asserted that he was the best Leger horse ever trained at R. Hesseline’s establishment. Two or three of the Southernns had not forgotten The Princess’s running at Epsom, and were very lavish of their money in support of this splendid daughter of Slane. Upon the whole the investments were much “stronger” than we have been of late years accustomed to see, and the quiet “*silvery*” Forth and the *gentle* Mr. Irvin were *quietly* feathering their nest at the expense of the public.

On *Monday, Sept. 16th*, this now *restored* Meeting opened *de novo*, with good autumnal weather, a capital attendance, and a bill of fare not to be grumbled at by the most fastidious. In the morning lots of bettors were out to see the horses gallop, and the difference of opinion beggared description—every one’s wish being “father to the thought.” The Cure and Red Deer were general-

ly admired, while Foig-a-Ballagh's action *underwent* great discussion, the majority being against his winning. One important office was given, namely, that Ithuriel was lame, and in all probability would not run. The same notice was given respecting Valerian; but this did not do so much harm, because this colt was always looked upon as *doubtful*. On reaching the grand Stand, we were pleased to observe that the Committee had consulted the comforts of the visitors. The lawn, instead of being a dead level, as last year, was gradually raised towards the Stand, so that an excellent view of each race was easily obtained. There was another important alteration as regarded the admittance: it ran thus:—"The conditions under which this ticket of admission into the Grand Stand and its inclosure is sold are, that the purchaser or bearer makes himself liable to the forfeiture, and to be turned out, should it be proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards present that he is a defaulter, either in respect to the Stakes or bets lost on racing, or has been guilty of any *malpractices on the Turf*."

The old-fashioned Fitzwilliam Stakes opened the ball, and, as a matter of *course*, Alice Hawthorn, 6 yrs, 9st., ridden by Bumby, won in a trot from Lothario, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Peggy, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; and True-boy, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. The distance, only a mile and a half, was run in two minutes and forty-one seconds.

The match for 150 sovs. each, h. ft., both two-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. each, Red House-in, was won by Lord Chesterfield's Lady Wildair, by Hornsea out of Dirce, beating Lord Glasgow's Sister to Pathfinder, in the commonest of canters, by at least a dozen lengths.—Nat rode the winner and Marson the loser.—We have "noted down" the *two* to be *bad-'uns*.

After the charming Alice Hawthorn had cantered over for the Queen's Guineas, we found a dozen at the Post to run for the Champagne Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds; colts 8st 7lb., and fillies 8st. 5lb., Red House-in.—As there were thirty-seven subs. the prize was worth £1125—a goodly sum to win in these *hard* times. The race was run evidently on the square, and won in the end by Mr. Worthington's Lancashire Witch, beating, after a splendid set-to, Mr. Ramsay's Mid-Lothian by a neck. It is useless to state how the others came in, for most of the Jockeys "pulled the ropes" when they found their chances in "despair."—The betting was only 2 to 1 agst the winner, who is in the Oaks, and no doubt will become a fascinating favorite. To prove that the pace was good, we shall tell that the distance was done in one minute and fifteen seconds.—That lucky and skilful jockey Nat rode the winner, and J. Holmes Mid-Lothian, who is a gelding.

A Plate of "Fifty" for all ages, St. Leger Course, went to Mr. Smith's Dr. Taylor, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb., ridden by Bumby, beating, in three heats, Little Fairy, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb., and two others.—The winner was the favorite.

The Grand Match of the week, as far as money was the question, came off thus: Mr. H. Johnstone's William-Le-gros, 5 yrs (Owner), received forfeit from Mr. Jaques's A British Yeoman, 4 yrs, 12st. each, for 2000 sovs. each, play or pay. The Yeoman

was *dead amiss*, unfortunately for his gallant owner, or in all likelihood he would have proved conqueror. A vast sum in *private* was pending.

Tuesday, the great, the important day "big with the fate of thousands," came in with gloomy aspect; nevertheless, the spirit of the Ring was not to be *beaten*, and heavy engagements fell deep in out attentive ear from countless mouths. The Cure rose to evens against the Field; Red Deer was backed at 4 to 1 in all directions; The Princess in much favor at 5 to 1; and Foig-a-Ballagh in "some request" at 6 to 1. When we arrived on the course we found every available place in the Grand Stand filled with all sorts of persons, from the "lordly and lovely" to the "lowly and plain," with such excitement as it has not of late years been our lot to witness.

The business commenced with the race for the Cleveland Handicap, one mile, which was won by Mr. A. Johnstone's moderate Rowena, 3 yrs, 5st. 8lb. (Riley), beating Semiseria, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb.; The Pride of Kildare, 3 yrs, 6st. 2lb.; and Knight-of-the-Whistle, 6 yrs, 9st. 6lb. The betting was good for those who backed the Field, for the odds at starting were 6 to 4 agst Rowena, 6 to 4 agst Knight-of-the-Whistle, 7 to 4 agst Semiseria (t), and 3 to 1 agst The Pride of Kildare: a good and *fast* race, and won by scarcely a neck.

Every eye was now turned to the attracting event, the result of which we give with all the important particulars.

The *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds; colts 8st. 7lbs., fillies 8st. 2lbs.; the second to receive 200 sovs. out of the stakes, the third to save his stake, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards expenses. *St. Leger Course*; 103 subs.

Mr. Irwin's b c <i>Foig-a-Ballagh</i> , by Sir Hercules.....	Bell.....	1
Mr. Salvin's b c The Cure, by Physician.....	Marson.....	2
Col. Anson's ch f The Princess, by Slane.....	F. Butler...	3
Duke of Richmond's b c Red Deer, by Venison.....	Robinson...	0
Mr. Merklam's br c Godfrey, by Inheritor.....	Templeman	0
Mr. Standish's ch c Little Hampton, by Hampton.....	G. Francis...	0
Lord Glasgow's b c by Velocipede, out of Amulet.....	J. Holmes ..	0
Col. Anson's b c Bay Momus by Bay Middleton.....	Nat	0
Mr. J. Hampson's br c Lightning, by Sheet Anchor.....	Lye	0

We were very particular in noticing the last betting at the breaking up of the Ring, because we have reason to know that some important bets were depending on the close of the odds, which were as follows:—11 to 10 agst The Cure, 7 to 2 against Foig-a-Ballagh, 4 to 1 agst The Princess, 6 to 1 agst Red Deer, 18 to 1 agst Lightning, 30 to 1 agst Godfrey, 40 to 1 agst Bay Momus, 66 to 1 agst the Amulet colt, and 100 to 1 agst Little Hampton: only the four first in request.

About a quarter past three, the lot got tolerably well off, Godfrey taking the lead at a slow pace, with Foig-a-Ballagh, the Amulet colt, and The Cure well in attendance, the others in a cluster behind. After crossing the road, Foig-a-Ballagh increased the speed, and at once put Godfrey in difficulty. No change of importance took place again till the lot neared the Mile-post, where 'The Prin-

cess looked quite "charming," and Foig-a-Ballagh uncommonly well for his backers. In going round the turn, the pace became first-rate, and Red Deer made an effort to reach the leading horses, but "without effect," for The Cure bowled his chance out, and at the Distance the race appeared safe to Mr. Salvin, but, disagreeing with the old maxim, that "honesty is the best policy," The Cure turned *currish*, ran *right*, or rather *wrong*, across the course, and was beaten a clear length. The Princess ran in third by half a length; Lightning was a moderate fourth; Red Deer, *who did not persevere*, was fifth; the Amulet colt, sixth; Little Hampton, seventh; Bay Momus, eighth; and Godfrey, ninth. To show how slowly the race commenced, we shall merely observe that the ground was not got over till 3 *minutes and 23 seconds* had "*fleeted away*." The value of the Stakes were £2625. Amongst the principal winners we may mention Mr. Irvin, Mr. Forth, and the gentlemen immediately connected with Mr. Forth's stable. Several Irish Sportsmen also "threw in" for good round sums; and the losers being scattered nearly "all over the country," a capital settling was effected.

The Selling Stakes of 10 sovs. each, St. Leger Course, was carried away by Mr. W. Denham's Harriet, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. (Cope-land), beating four others: and the Corporation Plate, of 60 sovs., heats, two miles, was most easily won by Mr. Meiklam's Aristotle, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (Templeman), beating, most shamefully, Doctor Taylor, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb. And so concluded one of the most sporting-like Leger days of modern years.

Wednesday's racing produced some excellent contests. First and foremost, Lord Chesterfield's Brother to E O (Nat) beat, Red House-in, Lord Glasgow's c. by Bay Middleton out of Miss Whip, 8st. 7lb. each, in a Match for 200 sovs.—The betting was 5 to 2 on the winner, who made all the running, and won by a neck. He is in the Derby.

The Foal Stakes for three-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. each, mile-and-a-half, worth 500 sovs., was only a gallop for Mr. Gully's Juvenal, for Bebington is a *rank roarer*, and Lancet was as "lame as a cat." Young John Day had a most comfortable ride on the winner, who was purchased after his victory by Sir John Gerard. The odds were 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on the Stockbridge *pet*, who won "a dozen lengths."

The Municipal Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds, followed, was run from the Red House-in, and won by Lord G. Bentinck's Cowl, 8st. 7lb. (Nat), beating Kedger, 8st. 7lb.; Britannia, 8st. 4lb.; and the Canada filly, 8st. 4lb. The race was quickly run, and won by a neck. Britannia was beaten two lengths from Kedger, and the Canada filly quite off a long way from home.—The odds were, 6 to 5 agst Kedger, 7 to 4 agst Britannia, 4 to 1 agst Cowl, and 10 to 1 agst the Canada filly.—Cowl is not in the Derby.

The Great Yorkshire Handicap on the modern fashion, with 200 sovs. added, was run over the St. Leger Course, and won, to the delight of thousands, by Lord Eglinton's Pompey, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb.

(J. Howlett), beating Glossy, 4 yrs, 5st. 4lb.; and Give-him-a name, 6 yrs, 6st. 12lb, Twelve others ran, but were not "noticed."—The knowing ones took in a good harvest, as the following return will shew:—2 to 1 agst Mickey Free, 7 to 2 agst Rowena, 7 to 1 agst The Ashted Pet, 9 to 1 agst Pompey, 11 to 1 agst. Parthian, 15 to 1 agst Ravensworth, 15 to 1 agst Glosgy, 18 to 1 agst Trueboy, 20 to 1 agst Salteen, 20 to 1 agst Advice, and 20 to 1 agst Cockfighter. Pompey won by half a length. It may be remembered that he was fortunate in the same race last year. Value of the Stakes £1015.—Before the race, The Ashted Pet was purchased by Mr. Osbaldeston of Mr. Forth for 400gs.—we think him *dear*.

Thursday, the CUP DAY, has always proved attractive to the Yorkshire people, and on the present occasion there was a host of fashionable company. The roads in all directions presented a lively succession of equipages. Gaming-tables, as our readers are aware, have always been prohibited in this locality; but the "thimble-riggers" now and then caught a flat, though we fancy they did not get "their expenses."

The Innkeepers' Plate of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., Red House-in, was gained by Lord Chesterfield's Knight-of-the-Whistle, 6 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (Nat), beating, after a splendid race, four others, with the betting 3 to 1 agst him.

The rich Three-year-old Stakes went into the coffers of the gallant Colonel Anson, whose infirm horse Joe Lovell, 8st. 7lb. (F. Butler), beat the crippled Amulet colt, 8st. 7lb. As there were five subs. at 200 sovs. each, h. ft., the prize was worth £700. Joe Lovel was the favorite at 7 to 4 on him.

The Two-year-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each, colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 4lb., the owner of the second horse to save his Stake, T. Y. C., brought out *ten starters* out of a *nomination* of thirty-two subs. The race was run in the most scrambling manner, and is *no criterion of the merits of the horses*. Lord G. Bentinck's br. f. Longitude, ridden by Nat, was placed first by two lengths; The Helmsman, second; and a colt by St. Martin out of Marchioness, third. None of the others ran for places, and most of them were stopped early.—The betting was, 6 to 4 agst Mid-Lothian, 4 to 1 agst Bretwalda, 5 to 1 agst Longitude, 6 to 1 agst the St. Martin colt, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Mid-lothian lost nearly a hundred yards at starting! Longitude is in the Oaks.

The grand GOLD CUP was shorn of its usual interest by the appearance of the splendid running Alice Hawthorn, who made "mince-meat" of Aristotle and The Pride of Kildare.—The betting was 7 and 8 to 1 on the "charmer," who, ridden by Bumby, made her own *destructive* running all the way, and passed Mr. Clarke ten lengths in advance of her "followers." Alice is more than a *second Bee's-wing*.

In the match for 200 sovs, h. ft., T. Y. C., Lord Glasgow's Sister to Pathfinder received forfeit from Mr. Gully's filly by Sheet Anchor, 8st. 7lb. each. Unluckily for Mr. Gully, his filly is *amiss*.

We shall describe *Friday's* racing very briefly. The weather was showery, and the company a woful "falling off."

The Scarborough Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for three-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., one mile, was won uncommonly easy by Mr. Salvin's *The Cure* (Templeman) beating *Prince Royal* and *Susan*.—As it was any odds on *The Cure*, no one was *physicked*. *The Cure* HERE ran *straight enough*!

In the Match, *hastily made*, for 1000 sovs., St. Leger Course, Mr. Irvin's *Foig-a-Ballagh*, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb., beat, very easily indeed, Mr. Collett's *Coranna*, 5 yrs, 9st. *Abdale* rode the winner and *Whitehouse* the loser.—The betting was brisk at 2 and 3 to 1 on *Foig-a-Ballagh*, who seemed none the worse for his Leger race.

The Park Hill Stakes (the Northern Oaks) we gladly record to Mr. Osbaldeston's uncertain filly now called *Sorella*, who, steered by "our John," won by a length from *The Princess*, *The Pride of Kildare*, *All-round-my-Hat*, and *Joan of Arc*. Some of Scott's party betted 2 to 1 on *The Princess*, while others, more "wide awake," took 3 to 1 about *Sorella*. This race was run exactly in the same time as the St. Leger.

Two Matches of no importance went off in forfeits; and the close of one of the best modern Northern Meetings was the race for the Town Plate of 100 sovs., heats, two miles; which, after a tedious affair, was awarded to Mr. Irvin's *Mickey Free*, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb., (*Bumby*), who beat in *four heats* four others. This *Mickey Free* is one of the most astonishing animals of the time, and in many Meetings would be allowed to run "Pony Races;" he is very *fast* and strictly *honest*.

At a Meeting held on Wednesday morning it was resolved, that in the year 1846 the owner of the second horse should receive 300 sovs. out of the St. Leger Stakes, and the owner of the third horse 100 sovs.

It has also been decided, that the races shall in 1846 commence on the Tuesday instead of Monday, but with no curtailment of the number of days.

In the Rooms on Friday a liberal subscription was made for next year, and when we state that Earl Spencer and F. A. Millbanke, Esq. are the Stewards, we can only say *they* "must command success."

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for October, 1844.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILI, VET. SURGEON.

Continued from the last number of the "Turf Register," page 593.

TRYING OF YEARLINGS.

In the last three Chapters on the Training of Twelve Yearlings, I arranged them in four classes. The three first consisted of colts, three in each, and the fourth was the fillies. This was merely intended to show how the constitutions and dispositions of each class varied. But now, to give the reader a clear idea of how yearlings are to be tried, under all circumstances, I will, in this chapter, by way of example, alter the arrangement of the above twelve yearlings, by forming them into two classes only, which we will consider as consisting of six colts and six fillies in each class. Let us suppose that the above yearlings belong to one individual, and that there is in the park or on the premises of the owner, a convenient and private piece of ground, with posts erected at a suitable distance apart, to try these young ones for a little longer length (as a few strides) than they have to run in their races. (See the Racing Calendar). Now, the best way is to try each class separately, under the usual weights, as eight stone on the colts and seven stone eleven on the fillies, care having been taken by the groom that the colts are in all respects ready to be tried at the appointed time.

On the morning of the trial, the groom says to the head lad—"You must ride one of the three-year-olds to the beginning of the trial ground, to set them on their legs; let the boys give them a short gallop a little way along the bottom from the start, and then pull them up, and walk them quietly back again towards the start; and as they are doing so, tell them to walk their colts up in line with each other; then tell them to keep a steady hold of their colts' heads, and, on seeing as they approach the winning-post, that they are all ready, and that you are yourself ready with your horse to take them off, give them the word 'away.' But, from the pains we have taken in teaching them, they, for young ones, know pretty well what they are about; and, as they are kind in their tempers, I have no doubt they will all go straight enough to the end, therefore you need not go farther with them than to see them all settled in their stride; you may then take a pull, and gradually or imperceptibly, as it were, decline running on with them, but just take care to wait as far in the rear of them as to see how each of the boys gets on with his colt. I shall be waiting for them about the win-

ning-post." The groom is next to give his orders to the boys who are to ride the colts, either in the stable, or as he is going along with them to the ground. He says—"You must mind, boys, what you are about this morning, in riding your colts in their trial; mind what Charles will presently tell you; and, as you are walking up to the starting-post, be sure you are all ready with your reins knotted, and keep a steady hold of your colts' heads, so that when he gives you the word to come off with him, take all the care you possibly can to come away together; do not, on any account, let any thing like a false start happen to any of you. But now, boys, you must mind, after you are all well off, not to get pulling or holding of your colts as if you were riding horses in a race; you must be sure not to do that sort of thing." The groom, now addressing himself to a boy who looks after a colt that he has some opinion of, says to him—"Sam, you must mind what you are about, for that colt of your's seems to me to be rather a resolute ready sort of comer; you must mind to be very quiet with him. When you are well away from the start, if he likes to go to the head and make his own run, you have nothing more to do than to preserve your temper, and keep a good steady hold of his head, and let him go on with the pace as early and for as long a length as he likes, entirely of his own accord. Sit well down, and be as still on him as possible; and do not attempt in any way to urge him on beyond what he chooses to do himself; you must not do that sort of thing." The groom, now addressing himself to a boy that may be on a thick glutton of a colt, says—"Bill, mind to get well away with them, and begin early to rouse that colt of your's, for he is rather an idle one; get at his head, and twist him along, and, if you think it is necessary, make use of your spurs occasionally, to urge him to run fairly on in the whole length of the trial, or he may deceive us." The groom, in speaking to four of the other boys, as Tom, Harry, Jem, and Fred, that are on colts in the medium, (that is, such colts as are kind in their tempers, and easily rode), says—"You must be gentle with those colts of yours: as soon as you are all well away, and your colts are settled in their stride, you have only to take a quiet pull to set them a-going, and persevere with each of them by repeating the pull just as often as you find it is necessary, so as to keep them at their best pace for the whole of the run home; that is, if you find they can run well on to the finish, but certainly not otherwise; therefore, be careful to bear in mind at what part of the ground, should it so happen, your colts begin to tire or be beat for pace; and be sure you do not for a moment attempt to persevere afterwards with them, by either getting up your ashen plants, or even to kick them with your heels; you must never do this with young ones that are kind in their tempers, and that will run freely on as far as they can of themselves." The groom, in speaking again to a boy that may be on a free flighty colt, says—"Frank, you have good patience, and you must be very quiet with your colt; as soon as he is off, let him make his own run, as early and for as long a length as he likes; you have only to endeavor, by lightly holding him, to keep him together,

that is, as much within his stride as you can. If, on approaching near home, you find him beginning to tire, do not on any account attempt to strike him, or persevere with him in any way. Your better plan will be, to take a strong steady pull at him, as if you were going to pull him up, but not so determinedly as to pull him entirely out of his stride. The truth is, in case of your colt tiring, I want you to try, in the way I tell you, to get him as collected in himself as you can, so that he may finish the little he may have to do in concluding the trial, without, if possible, being alarmed."

The groom, having given the above orders, proceeds on his hack to the winning-post, placing himself sufficiently wide of it to have a clear view of how each colt comes in. The length the colts have to run being but a short one, he can see pretty clearly the sort of start they make; and he must narrowly observe how they are all coming, and immediately he sees the first colt pass the winning-post, he must place the others. Having done so, and questioned the boys as to the running, he then forms his opinion of the good or bad properties of each colt, agreeably to how they were placed in the trial.

On the following morning the six fillies should be tried in the same way as the colts were; and the groom will judge of them as he did of the colts, just according as they may be placed.

We will observe, with regard to riding a yearling in a private trial, when he is well on his legs, and settled in his stride, that, if he should feel inclined to go to the head, and, by increasing his pace, he can get well away from the company, he should be permitted to do so, by being allowed to make his own run. The rider should never pull or wait with a yearling as he would do with a three or four year old in a race. Although this might be very well with one of the latter class, as he would have some idea of what his rider was about; yet it is a bad way to ride a yearling when he has not been long enough at it to know how to collect himself, and wait patiently. Pulling determinedly at him would baulk him of his stride, by which he would be flurried; indeed, if he was thus to be ridden in a trial, it would be no trial whatever. If a yearling in a trial will readily take the lead, the rider has nothing more to do than to sit quiet, and with a gentle steady pull keep his head straight, and let him go on with the pace he appears able to maintain to the end of the trial ground.

Whenever colts and fillies are tried, they should, on being pulled up after their trials, be let stand for a minute or two to recover their wind. As they are in good condition, if the morning is moderately cool, being stripped, they will not be heated in coming the length of the trial ground, they may, therefore, walk in line for a short time; or, if the water troughs are at a moderate distance, they may be walked up to them, and allowed to take a few go-downs of water; they may then walk away to the stables, or, if none of them have been alarmed in their trials, they may go gently up a short gallop, and afterwards walk back into the stables. I recommend this sort of treatment, after their being tried, in order to make their trials appear to them as much like their exercise as possible,

with a view to prevent their becoming alarmed. If any of them are frightened, from the exertion they have undergone in being tried, they will frequently refuse their corn for a stable hour or two; but, by gentle usage, and by watering them rather liberally, and not laying their corn before them in too large a quantity, they soon come to feed as usual, and forget the little bustle they had been engaged in.

It will now be advisable after a week or ten days to put into one and the same class the winner of the trial of the colts and the winner of the trial of the fillies, and such other colts or fillies of each class as were struggling near the head, or were tolerably well placed, for another trial. This trial will not only decide the difference between the colts and the fillies, but which is the best of the year out of the whole produce.

Supposing the trial to take place on a small scale, as where a breeder is breeding from four or five mares, the produce of which will, of course, consist of both colts and fillies; these, as far as regards the trying of them, may be tried together in one class; and, according as they are placed in the concluding of the trial, the groom will judge of the speed each may possess.

We now come to speak of what may be considered a good trial, which is that of any colt or filly singling itself out from a strong field of young ones, by taking the lead immediately from the starting-post, and, from superiority of speed, getting an unreasonable length in front of all the others, and maintaining this sort of speed the whole of the way to the winning-post, so that the other yearlings in the trial are not only unable to catch such colt or filly, but to stop at the pace in any part of the running. We shall suppose that two of the yearlings out of the twelve we tried were thus advantageously placed in the trial on passing the winning-post, and that one of the two was three or four lengths in front of the other, which, of course, we shall hereafter consider as our best colt. This is what may be considered a good trial, and one indeed of some importance to the owner; no matter what engagement such colt or filly may be entered into, as this is but a secondary consideration with the owner. His first object is to keep this matter a profound secret, and how this may be done shall be spoken of hereafter.

We will now suppose another case, as a man breeding from a single mare, and that he is desirous of trying her produce as a yearling, being aware that a colt or filly bred as above does occasionally turn out to be of so superior a cast, as at two or three years old to win some of the most valuable stakes we have at our principal meetings. The owner having no opportunity of trying his single produce privately at home, sends it to a training establishment to be got ready to be tried publicly, by entering it into a stakes with other yearlings, which we shall explain in the next chapter.

We will now notice some few arrangements relative to the disposal of the twelve yearlings we above supposed to have been tried. In the trying of so large a number, it will of course be found that

there is a considerable variation among them, as regards the good or bad properties they may each possess, as we have already shewn. Those of size that are thought to have sufficient speed to come short lengths, as across the flat at Newmarket, or others that are thought to be sufficiently stout to come the Derby length at Epsom, or the St. Leger at Doncaster, will in due time be suitably entered by the training groom into a few of such of the good things as are to be run for at the above-mentioned places, either by two or three year old colts or fillies. Such others of the twelve yearlings as were proved not to be quite so fast as those first mentioned, we will consider as forming an inferior class; some of which may be likely to make good country-plate horses. We will turn these out into separate paddocks, in each of which there is of course a loose house and water trough. These colts are to remain here to be well fed with corn and hay until the month of September, by which time they will be two years and a half old, when it will be proper to take them up. The remaining colts of the twelve, which were proved, on being tried, to be so inferior to the others as to be totally useless for racing, are generally ill formed as to their structure; some of them are so big, leggy and unwieldy, as to be incapable of supporting their own bodily frame in coming a racing pace for anything like a racing length. While some others may be equally inferior from being small, under-sized weedy colts, that have neither sufficient length, breadth, or substance, in any of those essential points, which would enable them to maintain their speed in a long race. These inferior colts should be disposed of as soon as possible to make room in the establishment for other stock, as also to save the expense of keep. Colts of the above description, bred in the neighborhood of Newmarket, are there sold at the spring or autumnal meetings. Others, bred in different parts of the country, if they cannot be sold, either by private contract or public sale, in the neighborhood wherein they are bred, are, if the distance is not too far, sent to London to Messrs. Tattersal's; here they are mostly sold for what they will fetch.

Previously to the concluding of this chapter, it may be necessary to observe, that the same arrangements, allowing for the difference of the year, stand good in the teaching, training, trying, running, and disposing of colts that may not be taken up from their paddocks until two years old.

“SEPTEMBER FOR EVER !”

WITH A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON THE SHOOTING SEASON.

“Remember, remember the 1st of September,
To take with you Powder and Shot ;
Guy Fawkes look'd to *his* on the 5th of November,
But *we* 'gainst the *Partridges* plot.”

GUY'S MELODIES (New Version.)

WELCOME, thrice welcome, joyous, jocund, popping First of September ! “Here you are again,” as poor old Joe Grimaldi was wont to say in days of yore when pantomimes *were* pantomimes. The opening day this year will be a glorious one for the Frenchmen, as it falls on a Sunday ; and we all know that a Sunday in France is a holiday amongst all classes from the highest to the lowest, and wo to the coveys after *grande messe* on this “werry identical” Sunday, the 1st of September 1844 ! Nobles, ignobles, poor, and peasant will blaze away powder by the pound, and I will be sworn that the majority of the *Chasseurs* will make a *mess* of the shooting, even after the Priest shall have dismissed them from their devotional duties. As our own Clergy will not be quite so indulgent to us miserable sinners as to permit us to profane the Sabbath with impunity, what are we to do ? I see nothing for it but invoking St. Patrick to exercise his tutelary influence, and make the *first* on the *second*. Should, however, his Saintship run rusty, and turn a deaf ear to us heretics in consequence of his pet child “Dan” being kept out of mischief in the Richmond Penitentiary, why we must to Church like good Christians, listen to a homily on patience, and wait after the fashion of “Job” for the dawn of the following morning. There are many greater crimes committed on a Sunday—in my sinful eyes at least—than shooting : not that I mean to advocate the desecration of the Sabbath ; neither do I hold with the hackneyed adage of “the better day the better deed,” as I am of opinion, that for the sake of example to our dependants it is doubtless right and proper that the seventh day should in every sense of the word be one of rest. But is it not notorious that more than one commandment is openly set at defiance and unblushingly broken by rich and poor on the Sunday in this country ? as if it were expressly selected for the commission of irregularities in defiance of public opinion and religious duty—and, of the three, I should say that shooting would be a more venial transgression than.....

But a truce to moralizing ! What have we Sportsmen to do with the peccadilloes of our neighbors ? So let us talk of what amusement we may look forward to on the Monday. I have taken some pains to pick up all the information I could as to our prospect of sport during the forthcoming campaign ; and I am rejoiced

to say that the reports both written and verbal which I have received give promise of an unusually good season. The weather during the hatching month has been all that we could desire; a year more favorable to the partridge-shooter was scarcely ever known: and I greatly err if the year 1844 will not deserve a notch in the Sportsman's calendar. In the low meadow lands some few nests have fallen before the scythe of the mower, but the bulletins from all parts of the country assure me that the coveys are numerous as well as large. Berkshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Hertfordshire I can vouch for, as well as Lincolnshire and Leicestershire. I have correspondents in every one of these counties, and there is but one opinion on the subject. All this is cheering and delightful; and I predict that Monday will be anything but a "black Monday" (as the schoolboy says) to the shooter, whatever the partridges may think of it. I need not tell my Readers that the harvest has been a very forward one: the wheat will have been garnered in the Western and Midland Counties at least a fortnight and in some districts three weeks before the 1st; so that we shall have a fair field for our operations; and the legitimate shooter will not grumble at the birds being strong on the wing, and rather wilder from having been driven from their accustomed shelter.

In my immediate neighborhood, the South-eastern corner of Devonshire, birds are plentiful and the coveys more numerous than have been known for years. I have seen several coveys of eighteen, twenty, and twenty-one birds each, and this I am told is the average number around our village and in the neighboring parishes. This is the result of fair shooting; for last year we took especial care not to slaughter the birds indiscriminately. As I am on friendly terms with all the farmers and landed proprietors hereabouts, I look forward to excellent sport during the month.

I fear the long-continued drought may have been destructive to the pheasants: we all know they cannot live without water; and in those higher grounds where the rills have ceased to flow, many young birds have been sacrificed. I have a letter before me from an old friend, one of the best sportsmen in England, whose preserves are as well stocked as any private Gentleman's need to be and he tells me that his pheasants have been dying *by hundreds* in Berkshire from want of water. I have every reason to hope, however, that the coppices in our low grounds have yielded sufficient moisture to the few pheasants we have about here, as to secure us the usual quantum of long-tails for the month of October. Our Rector and myself left lots of hens last year: and my friend Mr. Halse, of Bruckland, assures me that we shall not be disappointed in our expectation of finding plenty of "food for powder" when the time comes, and I can promise to find *powder* for the food on the first of October.

The farmers are all in high feather hereabouts—the harvest has been a glorious one—the quality of the wheat is superlatively good, and the ear fuller than has been known for many a year. The barley and oats will be below par; but the excellence of the wheat amply atones for any deficiency in these crops; so that on

the whole we West-country folks are in no danger of starving. We are sure of bread; the game to eat with it is next to a certainty; and the apple-trees, being positively loaded with fruit, give promise of lots of cider wherewith to wash down our fare in perspective.

I do not set up for a Sporting "Murphy"—(N.B. I do not mean a potato)—for I never prophesy unless I know my predictions will be *verified*: but if this be not one of the best partridge seasons we have had for many a long year, the Readers of *Maga* are at liberty to call *Detonator* a muff, and set him down as a charlatan. A spring and summer more favorable for incubation and preservation of the young broods I never remember; and last year was in contradistinction awfully destructive to every description of game: fur and feather suffered alike, for never since the days of Noah was such a flood known as swept our hills and dales in May 1843. Of a verity we have a brilliant prospect before us. I would that I were in a better bird country than Devonshire; but the Fates have so willed it, and here must I be content with the sport within my reach. Bad as the country confessedly is, I look for twenty brace of birds on the first day, for I know of twenty coveys within a circumference of three miles from my cottage.

If any one of my brother Sportsmen has invested a portion of his capital in the purchase of one of Mr. Needham's patent self-priming guns, I should esteem it a favor of no little magnitude if he will let me know his opinion of the invention after having duly tested its merits in the field. I have seen one of Mr. Needham's guns, and, as far as workmanship goes, it was unsurpassable: the mechanism, as applied to this improvement, appeared to me extremely simple as well as effective, and this addition to the ordinary double-barrelled gun is rather ornamental than otherwise. All I wish to be satisfied about is its practical superiority for *active service*; and if any Knight of the Trigger has had curiosity enough to make the experiment, I shall feel greatly indebted to him if he will candidly give me his opinion of this ingenious contrivance.

We all have our fancies as regard guns, as well as about horses and dogs. Some prefer bays to browns, chesnuts to greys; some affection setters rather than pointers: guns, however, are fashioned by the hand of man, and we have as extensive a supply in this Metropolis to select from as if they were showered upon us ready made from above. Joe Manton was the emperor of gun-makers, and his genius (for he was more than a man of talent) threw a light on this branch of a useful trade, from which we are one and all deriving benefit at the present day. The improvements in boring, breeching, and percussion, all emanated from his comprehensive mind, and the perfection to which our doubles have been brought is owing to his persevering industry, labor, and talent. We can challenge the world for workmanship, and as to excellence of material, strength of shooting, closeness of carrying, as well as distance, we are immeasurably superior to every other nation. Where are such men to be found out of Old England as

Purday, Wm. More, Lang, Lancaster, John Manton, and last, though not least, Westly Richards? Where indeed! Nock is *mort*, as the French says, which means in English that he is *no more*; and “Eggs” guns are only used by the unfair shooter and lawless depredators, as they are unquestionably the best for *poaching*.

That Prince of Sportsmen and *beau ideal* of an English Gentleman and old soldier, Colonel Hawker, with whom I have the honor of being acquainted, swears by Lancaster: Mr. Wickham, whom I have also the pleasure of knowing, patronises Lang of the Haymarket: he (Mr. Wickham, and Mr. Lang too) is a capital Sportsman, and a first-rate shot to boot: so that what with Lang’s hard-hitting guns, held by a practised and steady hand and guided by an unerring eye, the birds have but a bad chance in heath, stubble, or covert. William Moore’s guns are as near perfection as possible; they shoot terrifically: and John Manton, of Dover Street, has not a few of our crack Shots on his list of customers. Westly Richards’s guns, however, in addition to their moderate price, combine every excellence—viz. strength, close-carrying, and quickness of shooting:—this latter quality is to be attributed to his blessed invention of the “patent primer,” the greatest boon ever conferred upon the Sportsman, and I shall stick to the Bishop of Bond Street until I can find a gun that will beat the one he provided me with; and this, I opine, would puzzle the whole fraternity of gun-makers to produce.

Before I close this very brief notice, one word about that very essential article, powder. There is more adulteration and roguery practised in the sale of this material than the generality of people are aware of; and let me advise the inexperienced in such matters never to purchase powder in a country-town or village if they can help it. Instead of a genuine clear-shooting, strong-shooting, death-dealing compound, they will find, nine times in ten, a filthy combination of charcoal, soot, saltpetre, and sulphur, emitting a poisonous suffocating smell, and smearing the gun and everything it comes in contact with as effectually as if daubed with lampblack. The best, the strongest, and the cleanest powder (and I have tried all) is Curtis and Harvey’s *diamond grain*. Strange as it may sound, or read, if it be had genuine from the maker, it will be found to kill *ten yards* further than any other. This is rather a startling assertion, but it is *a fact*, and I have proved it over and over again. For grouse-shooting it will be found invaluable as it is indeed, in covert, for pheasants. A few pounds are easily packed in a portmanteau, and in the true spirit of good fellowship I recommend all Sportsmen, young and old, of high or low degree, to carry a stock with them wherever they go. This, with a few of Eley’s wire-cartridges for the left barrel of one of Westly Richards’s guns, mounted with his patent primers, *must* do execution. A cool head and steady hand of course must govern all: and may we each of us be up to the mark on Monday the 2d, our dogs and ourselves in good wind, and the birds plentiful, prays *Maga’s* old Contributor, DETONATOR.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for September, 1844.

REPORTS OF THE COMMITTEES ON GAMING.

BY CASTOR.

It was our full intention to have taken a review of those terrible "blue books" in our last number, but on second consideration we deemed the Derby trial quite law enough for one month in a magazine, the grand object of which professes to be what poor Hudson, the comic singer, would have called "Pleasure and Relaxation." Moreover, from having thus ordered the Common's Report to lie on the table for a few weeks, we are enabled to include with our notice of it a greater portion of the evidence taken before the committee of the Upper House; we might, indeed, have waited longer, so as to have had the two reports complete, but, as we intimated last month, there is reason to believe that the conclusion of the inquiry made by the Lords will not be published. The second report, printed by order on the 25th of July, is confined to the evidence of the hero of this eventful history—Mr. J. T. Russell, solicitor, of 37, Percy Street, Bedford-square: a gentleman who prayed to be examined, was examined accordingly (at least up to a certain point), and from whose straight-forward, highly-credible testimony we gather the following particulars of the rise and progress of the Qui Tam actions.

Something like a year since, as Mr. J. T. Russell was leaving his office one morning, a gentlemanly-looking man-about-town sort of fellow met him at the door, and requested a few minutes' private conversation, which this eminent solicitor, not being particularly engaged at the time, immediately granted. The man about town (Mr. Russell doesn't know him by any other name up to this day) is asked in, and asked to sit down, and, having accepted of these civilities in the same kind spirit in which they were offered, proceeds at once to business. Did Mr. Russell know whether an action could be brought against a man for winning money by betting on horse-racing—and would Mr. Russell draw out a case to take counsel's opinion on, so as to ascertain conclusively whether it was to be or not to be? Mr. Russell didn't exactly know at the moment, but he'd see—takes a look at that infernal statute of her lady Majesty, Queen Anne, prepares the case, gets Mr. Erle's opinion, pockets his fee, and informs the mysterious, perhaps illustrious, stranger, that it is to be done. Of course, the natural rejoinder from the unknown is that he (Russell) will do it, but here we find how terribly he had mistaken his man. No, Mr. Russell would rather not; he was on terms of intimacy with many heavy betting men, and should be sorry to do them so great an injury. All honor to the Russell! a man and a lawyer, who sacrifices the profits of the profession to the sacred ties of friendship! "Well," says this tempter—this evil genius, "if your conscience won't

allow you to engage in the matter, I'll be bound I will soon find a man that will:" and this threat, we are sorry to say for the sake of poor humanity, settles the question. After a vain attempt to dissuade his seducer from going on, Mr. Russell declares his willingness to go on himself. So far the lawyer triumphs over the philanthropist, though the reason Mr. Russell gives for accepting office happily in some measure qualifies the situation in which he had condescended to place himself. Why did he undertake the job? Why! if *he* didn't, somebody else would. Nay! he undertook it solely that he might protect, that is, not proceed against the parties with whom he was intimate! Talk of immunity—talk of a king that *can* do no wrong! Why, I'll ruin the whole family of Rothschild if they'll only find pluck enough to back their opinion; and as to consequences, punishment, and penalties—*pshaw*—stand out of the way, sir.—Damn it!—don't you know I'm a friend of Mr. Russell's? O, Richmond, Richmond, if Russell, solicitor, had only been included amongst the fashionables who are provided with bed and breakfast at Goodwood House during the week, we should have heard nothing of this; or if Eglintoun had only opened his heart and his castle, his St. Leger sovereigns might have rested in peace.

The first act, as we have shown, concludes with the Bedford-square attorney's installation as managing-man for the plaintiff; the second opens with a declaration from the stranger—the man about town (confound the fellow! we wish Lord Glasgow would lay hold of him, and "Give-him-a-name,")—that he is only the agent, the friend of the man who finds the money, and the anxiety to put an end to this system: and we may as well remark here, wishing to keep the plot as clear as possible, that the man about town forthwith makes his exit, all further communication being carried on between the *bona fide* plaintiff and his solicitor. Now this said plaintiff has all through shown great backwardness in coming forward; it consequently became necessary to find some ostensible plaintiff, in whose name the different actions might be proceeded with; this Mr. Russell was not long in effecting, having fixed on his own brother, whose character, as he candidly confesses, he knew to be already so tarnished, that merely bringing these actions could in no way injure him. We certainly agree with our learned friend here; the brother having, by his own evidence, figured as head man in robbing a hell—we must in justice to him add that we never heard of his robbing a church—because, we believe, he never had an opportunity. Well, instead of having been, as he might and ought, transported, his brother, the lawyer, compromises the felony, and his own *fair fame*, by saving the felon for other and better things! And these are the men who come armed with all the power of the law to enrich themselves and do the public good service by putting a stop to excessive gaming: the agent or professional man, one who at this moment stands a self-acknowledged defaulter by betting on horse-racing! The informer, one who broke his trust and the cash box while porter at a common gambling-house! Open robbery, shuffling, swindling, every kind

of rascality that has a name, we have it here, "and for these courtesies we give you thus much monies!" If ever common justice or common sense called on Parliament to use its prerogative, this was the case; and if ever you, Mr. J. T. Russell, solicitor, made a mistake, it was when you called on the committee for a public examination.

Apropos of "calling-on—mistakes—and Parliament," we may be pardoned in giving a few words to Mr. Milner Gibson, a gentleman chosen by the men of Manchester to represent their interest in the House of Commons, but who for his own part chose to represent therein the interest of the Messrs. Russell. Mr. Milner Gibson, who, it appears from the evidence of his friend, Mr. J. T. Russell, did not understand anything of the subject then under the consideration of the House, but who, nevertheless, being desirous of becoming a prominent man somehow or other, undertook to appear as the mouth-piece of those who did. Accordingly we find the honorable member holding consultations, private and confidential, at his own house, once or twice a week, with this highly respectable new made acquaintance, and thence proceeding to his committee primed with questions and suggestions, all given by, and all to be used for the advantage of, those much abused patriots, those dabblers in horse-racing, bank-breaking, law-making, elbow-shaking, or any other method of putting money in the purse—the talented Adelpi. We said we had a *few* words for Mr. Gibson, and really after the dressing Lord George Bentinck gave the honorable member face to face in the House, agreeing too as we do in every word of it, we should have contrived to have omitted the member for Manchester's name altogether, had it not been for a remark made by Mr. Starkie in the course of his examination before the committee of the lower House. We must premise, or rather repeat, that we think the love of popularity, notoriety, or celebrity (we won't cavil for terms) had quite as much, or more influence than any other feeling with Mr. Gibson, when he volunteered his services as leading man in a matter of which he was almost, if not entirely ignorant; with this idea we respectfully call his attention to page 2 answer 8 of the Commons' report, where he will find it thus written:—

"Mr. Justice Blackstone classes the offence of gaming immediately under that of luxury, after those statutes which refer to excess in diet. One remarkable one, he says, there still remains unrepealed, the 10th Edward III, c. 3, which ordains that no man shall be served at dinner or supper with more than two courses, except upon some great holidays."

Now here we should say was an opening much more to his *taste*, and far more likely to raise him in the estimation of those who only get half a dinner and no supper at all. Only consider what a delicious report a committee might make on the subject—the injury of heavy feeding to the constitution, compared with that of heavy betting to the purse; the tricks of the table as well as the turf; the extravagance certain parties are guilty of in giving their parties; the examination of Alderman Such-a-one as to what he has

seen, not what he has *done* in this line, as that might tend to criminate himself; and then, by Jove! what a capital notion, calling Monsieur Ude: if you'll only question him half as closely as you did his late master, it is all U P with Crockford's, and no mistake. There is not the shadow of a chance for escaping either way. One man has a turn for the hazard table, and down you come on him with Queen Anne; another for the dinner table, and you nail him with Edward the Third—a back-hand with the box or the beef are equally indictable—a third rubber, a third heat, or a third course, luxuries that should and shall be put a stop to. Again, only fancy what a knowing idea it would be to go hand and glove through the business with some practical man, who had proved his experience by a conviction for robbing the plate-chest or the cellar; indeed we have fully expected to see, since this has been made public, some such advertisements as the following in *The Times* or *Post*:—"To butlers out of place: wanted immediately, a person who has lately served in the above capacity, in a nobleman's family;" or, "Gentlemen's servants without characters or employment may hear of something to their advantage by applying to Milner Gibson, Esq., M. P., Lobby of the House of Commons, or to Mr. J. T. Russell, Solicitor, Percy-street, Bedford-square. All letters post paid"

Judging it to be extremely probable that the majority of the readers of this magazine may lack either the opportunity or assiduity to labor through the mass of evidence sent forth, we shall abridge rather than review the testimony of the principal persons called, and conclude *our* report with a few observations on the report of the Committee, that is the report from the Commons, the upper house not having, at the time we write, sent one in; indeed, with the exception of the evidence given by Mr. E. S. Bailey and Mr. J. T. Russell, Solicitors (we hope Mr. Bailey will pardon our coupling his name in the way we have), the more important parts of the peers' labors are little beyond a repetition of what has already been published.

In the first place, then, the Committee called in the assistance of "three learned persons," Mr. Justice Patterson and Messrs. Starkie and Bellenden Ker, the two Commissioners for making a digest of the criminal law, and obtained from these gentlemen a full and accurate detail of the enactments now in force which bear upon gaming of all kinds. Now we trust we shall be easily believed when we affirm that we have found very little entertaining matter in these awfully learned statements; and though perhaps the substance of their authors' studies and experience might produce two or three readable papers for "*The Law Times*," not having ourselves been bred to the bar, or the bar bred to us, we shall be satisfied, and we hope the reader will, with what the Committee have said on the subject, which we shall come to in due time.

The chosen of the Commons—by the way, we may as well give their names:

Viscount Palmerston, Chairman, Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Lascelles, Mr. James Wortley, Mr. Hayter, Mr. Martin Blake, Mr.

Bickham Escott, Mr. Vernon Smith, Mr. Cochrane, Viscount Jocelyn, Mr. Hawes, Colonel Peel, Captain Berkeley, Sir Horace Seymore, Mr. Manners Sutton.

Well, the above or such of the above as thought proper to attend, having been informed, to their extreme gratification, that there were acts enough on the statute book against pleasure, playing, and luxury, to make (that is, providing they were only *all* properly enforced) an English gentleman about the most miserable, hand and tonguetied, see-and-say-nothing-to-nobody sort of a sinner on the face of the earth, determined, as the next move, to find how people got through or over these would be "stoppers." Accordingly, we have Richard Mayne, Esq., a Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police; Mr. Thomas Baker, a Superintendent in the same service; Thomas J. Hall, Esq., Chief Magistrate at Bow-street; George Long, Esq., Chief Magistrate at High-street, Marylebone, but late of Marlborough-street; Mr. Serjeant Adams, Chairman of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions; Daniel Whittle Harvey, Esq., Commissioner of the City Police; and the Honorable Frederick Byng, Chairman of the Petty Sessions, all called in one after another to enlighten the Committee as to the extent and the system on which common gaming or gambling was practised in this great metropolis. We think we never saw a more interesting or more important body of information than that which results from the examination of two of these witnesses, Mr. Mayne and his assistant, Baker; we particularize them, as the experience of the others has been confined to hearing causes in courts of justice, which any one in the habit of reading the daily papers must be tolerably familiar with; indeed, the object of the Committee, with reference to these latter gentlemen, appears rather to be in taking their opinions on the subject in general, than in seeking or expecting to hear anything of weight that has hitherto been kept quiet. We must say that, in some respects, we do not see the advantage of this plan; as, for instance, when Mr. Hall tells some honorable member that he had had no experience in, and knew nothing of, horse racing, we think it very like time and trouble thrown away to go on boring his worship with questions as to what he thought and what he would do—both the questioned and questioner feeling all the time that not the slightest consideration ought to be given to the answers. To return, however, to the two first-named in this division—Messrs. Mayne and Baker; and, in doing so, we confess that in the limits we allow ourselves we are quite unable to give anything like justice to their useful, and, we may say, entertaining narratives. We shall, nevertheless, attempt a *multum in parvo* outline, on the same plan Mr. Kemble treats us to Shakspeare—"not a little compressed."

In the city—according to Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey—gaming is almost entirely confined* to juveniles and "pitch-and-hustle;" for a most scientific account of this amusement, we would refer the uninitiated to the evidence of Mr. Hall, who shows himself

* Of course we bar stock-jobbing *in toto*, as ruinous a game as ever cleaned out "a sporting gentleman."

much more at home in this line than he does on the turf. Well! there is no gambling in the city, because at the time fashion and convenience have fixed on for gambling there is, comparatively speaking, nobody in the city. But take the west-end, just when the shades of evening are closing o'er us. Alas, alas! Newcastle for racing, and St. James's for hells, hazard, and ruination. Every fellow with a spice of devil in him, every man with a craving for excitement and self-sacrifice, finds opportunities and allurements without end in his after-dinner stroll from Crockford's Club House to Leicester-square. Here you have 'em, all sorts and all sizes—Greeks, punters, Germans, freshmen, flashmen, and Frenchmen. On this side of the way, an amiable young nobleman is rapidly approaching a state of affairs that will render a sacrifice of estate necessary for the preservation of his hereditary honor; on the other, an intelligent young shopman is working gradually on, by a similar process, to a climax that will lead to a personal transfer on his part to other quarters. The same unhappy spirit predominates alike with what are generally termed the *oi polloi*, and with what poor Lord Kintore used to designate the *oi swelloi*. * Guardsmen, no longer on their guard, find a fatal hostility in the fortune of war; and more humble youths, from an insane passion for *counters*, are removed from *the Counter* and called to the bar. And this, all this, going on hour after hour and night after night; the common hells are opened as regularly as the theatres, hotels, eating-houses, or any other place of public entertainment! Why where and what can the police be about? This is a very serious, highly important question; and, though running to some length, we must, in justice, leave the reply to Mr. Superintendent Baker himself:—

“I beg most respectfully to lay before the commissioners a few observations for their consideration, being extremely anxious that something more should be done respecting the gaming-houses, to put them down, which are the cause of so many young men's ruin, and, at the same time, show to the commissioners the difficulties I have to contend with before an entry can be effected, from the reluctance of the house keepers to make the required affidavits, from not wishing to have their names brought forward in such matters; also from the great difficulty in gaining an entrance to a gaming-house, from their extreme caution and watchfulness, besides the strength of their doors and fastenings, which gives them ample time to remove any implement of gaming they have from the premises; their vigilance is such that it is impossible to obtain an entry for the purpose of seeing play, unless treachery is used with some of the players, which is attended by danger and great expense. On the slightest alarm, the cloths, which are thrown loose over a common table, &c., are in one moment removed and secreted about the person of the keepers, &c.; and, as the present law stands, the police are not empowered to search them at all. There are no complaints by the housekeepers respecting the gaming houses, and, in every instance of putting them down, the police have been obliged almost to compel them to go to the police court to swear to the necessary affidavits; such has been their re-

luctance. As the present law stands, before I can enter a gaming-house with safety, I am obliged to go through the following forms:—1st, to make such inquiry as to leave no doubt that gaming is carried on in a house; 2nd, to make a report of the circumstance to the commissioners; 3rd, to show the said report to the housekeepers residing in the parish and neighborhood where the house is situated, and the offence carried on, for them to make the necessary affidavits; 4th, to prepare affidavits for the housekeepers to sign, in the presence of the magistrates; 5th, to make a report of the same to the commissioners when sworn to; 6th, to make out the commissioners' warrant for me and the police under my command to enter; 7th, to endeavor, if possible, to get an officer in disguise into the gaming-house to witness play being carried on previous to my entry, which is the most difficult task to encounter, as no one is admitted unless brought there by a Bonnet or a playman, as a pigeon, or freshman, commonly known as Punters or Flats. Since my entry into No 34, St. James's-street—kept by Isaiah Smart, whose son was killed by a fall from the roof in endeavoring to escape from the police—there is no doubt that the gamblers have exercised the greatest ingenuity in their power in order to entrap me into a false entry on their premises, by lighting up their rooms, as if play was going on; employing persons to watch, both outside and in, to give the alarm on the appearance of any of the police passing, so that if I was tempted to make an entry, without taking the precaution of having an officer inside to prove gaming, there is not the least doubt but that they would instantly catch at the opportunity of bringing an action against me for trespass, &c., and thereby effect my ruin. I have received information that such is the case in the event of my making one false step, and which I have every reason to believe is true.”

Notwithstanding the many very weighty reasons here given for the caution and hesitation displayed by the force, the committee report that they think these apprehensions and dread of action for trespass have been carried too far; an extent to which we can scarcely follow the honorable members. In the first place, there is no class of public men which the public press, and, we are afraid we must say, the public in general, are so ready to fall foul of as *the police*; in the second, there is no right or privilege (a fine one, we admit, when properly exerted) so used or abused for a clap-trap cry as—“Every man's house is his castle.” Now here we have these two popular notions brought bang into one focus with their united strength to bear down on the heads of the unfortunate “Blues;” and just let us suppose that Mr. Superintendent Baker's desire to do his duty, or some deep decoy's desire to *do* him, had for once led him wrong, and induced him to break into a private house and break up a private party, wouldn't any young gentleman from Oxford, any gallant officer on half-pay, or any respectable solicitor of that party be perfectly justified in returning the compliment by *in principio* breaking the head or neck of the intruder, and then bringing an action against his executors for trespass? Of course he would, and the press would call him a fine spirited fellow, and ask

when this atrocity on the part of the police was to be put a stop to? though, perhaps, the Oxonian had post-obited his papa to the highest creditable amount that very night, and the captain a breeches pocket full of loaded dice at the time he belied the title of his "life-preserver." We must, however, say, that this inquiry appears to have acted as a spur to the exertions of the police, for just as the committee closed their labors (9th May), seventeen common gaming-houses, in or near St. James's-street, were entered by preconcerted arrangement on the same night, and seventy-eight players or playmen apprehended. It could have been scarcely expected that *all* these attacks would prove successful; still, though there were cases in which no conviction followed, we believe there was not even a threat held out of further proceedings on the part of the fraternity whose business was thus so generally and so determinedly put a stop to; indeed, the hellites seem quite disheartened with the dead set made at them in town and country, and to have drawn in their horns, like all bullies, proportionately as the enterprising spirit of their antagonists increased. Considering the committee have made two excellent suggestions for their brother legislators to work upon, and considering what the police have shown they can do under the present system when put to their mettle, perhaps it is saying too much to urge that sufficient attention has not been paid to the alterations and amendments the force appeared to think absolutely necessary for the effectual suppression of common gaming-houses: yet we should certainly have been more pleased to have found a word or two in the report touching the oaths of two householders, previous to any active measures being commenced, as the law stands at present; more particularly as all these householders have, without exception, not only shown the greatest reluctance to inform, but many of them, so far from regarding their neighbors as a nuisance, appear (and no doubt with reason) to rank them amongst their best customers. Now this touting for complaints we hold to be one great advantage to the offender; the chances of his "getting the office," and so being prepared to receive his unwelcome guest, being visibly increased thereby; whereas, if the signal were left to the discretion of the commissioners, the parties about to be honored could not hope for the ghost of a hint; but this again might increase the liability of that gentleman, and we shall, consequently, not press our amendment. To return, however, to the suggestions of the committee:—

In the first place, they recommend all penalties in future to be paid in hard labor, instead of, as hitherto, in hard cash; a capital plan, which must tell heavily on some of the emaciated frames of the *nocte volamus* gentlemen, to say nothing of the *mental* suffering and *self-degradation* attendant thereon; if we mistake not, Mr. Durden, the Hampton martyr, was the first to experience this wholesome change. The second wish of the committee is, that the police have a right of searching all persons found on the premises: equally good, or, if possible, better still, for when we are told that the invaders have almost, in every instance, to demolish three or four strong iron doors, and an equal number of door-keepers built

on the same plan, it is rather a matter of astonishment that they see anything beyond a room full of somewhat excited swells overcharged with indignation and unlawful impediments. In concluding this branch of our subject, we must add that the committee have been puzzled all through how to draw the line between such houses as Crockford's and the common hells; they, however, appear to have been satisfied with Captain Rous's opinion, and as we fully coincide with the honorable and gallant captain on this subject, we feel great pleasure in giving our readers the benefit of it:—

“Would you draw a distinction between a common gaming-house and such as it is supposed Crockford's was?”

“I would draw the greatest distinction possible: for the members of Crockford's club are persons of a certain station, and, therefore, it signifies very little to the working people and the prosperity of the country whether those men are ruined. If a man of £100,000 a year loses it, the country will be the better for it; but if persons engaged in mercantile and banking establishments were induced to lose money that does not belong to them, the commercial and banking community would be very much injured.”

“And so say all of us.” We were afraid, in fact, we have been told, that we were too hard on this pattern-card in our notice of its founder a month or two back; but we don't think we can have gone far wrong when we have such a thorough sportsman and such a judge of racing (some say these two pursuits are inseparable), as Captain Rous declaring that “he deemed it prudent to take his name out of Crockford's the year before he was married, and that for his own part he wished the house had been burnt down many years ago.”

The committee having thus obtained full particulars regarding one of the grand features of Life in London, next turned their attention to the locomotives—those liberal supporters of racing, the gambling-booth keepers and thimble-riggers; and for information under this head availed themselves of the experience of Robert Baxter, Esq., solicitor, Doncaster; Mr. Rushbridger, a superintendent at Goodwood; Mr. W. Hibbert, connected with Ascot and Egham; and Messrs. Parsons and Bernard, speculators in minor metropolitan meetings. The testimony of Mr. Baxter, a worthy man, who, for the last twenty years, has been fruitlessly endeavoring to benefit his country and himself by putting down gaming in the north, and whose praiseworthy efforts have been constantly met with the rotten eggs and reproaches of his admiring fellow townsmen; his evidence, we say, is of little import just now, it being proved day by day that gambling on race-courses *can* and will be dispensed with. The main point with the others called is, however, of much greater weight, and resolves itself into this question:—By putting an end to gaming on race-courses, shall we not, in a great measure, be putting an end to racing on race-courses? Placing it in the most favorable light, we will say that the majority of the spectators come to see the racing; but then if there is no money to be run for, we shall have no race-horses; and if there are

no races to be run for, of course there will be no visitors—"no nothing" in fact. Newmarket (in particular), Goodwood, Epsom, Liverpool, and other first class meetings, will, we have little doubt, go on nearly as well as ever (we have our doubts as to the *quite* with some of them), but really when we are told that a refreshment booth gives *fifteen shillings* ground rent, and a gambling-shop of the same size *one hundred and twenty-five pounds!* we must confess we expect to find a falling off in the "Places of Sport." Parsons and Co., indeed, who work entirely on the *ex nihilo nihil fit* principle, already proclaim their occupation gone, and sport a face "as long as a courtier's out of place;" for such we cannot, however, feel much sympathy, being heartily rejoiced that this heavy clog on one of our most national and legitimate sports is removed, although, for a time at least, we fear it must tell on the sport itself.

This concludes (properly speaking) the Report on gaming. The *turf* evidence, which the committee have been pleased to couple with it, we must defer to another time and opportunity.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for September, 1844.

ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

BY COTHERSTONE.

TRIALS.

THE necessity of ascertaining a horse's powers before he is brought out to run in public, must be obvious to every one, and it is a subject of no mean importance; by the opinion which is formed of him in his trials, the propriety of paying forfeit, or starting him for such stakes as he may be engaged in, will depend; and furthermore, the propriety of backing him for a still greater sum must be determined.

It must be observed that the most extraordinary and the grossest mistakes are not unfrequently made in trials, and, through them, very unjust estimates are formed. They arise from a great variety of circumstances: among others, a sanguine hope that the young animal which a man has reared and fostered, which he has daily and hourly watched with the utmost attention, becomes so much the darling of his heart, that he can contemplate no failings; on the other hand, he believes him to possess every perfection, combined with most superior powers; and so influential are the first impressions of human nature, that it is often difficult to eradicate those which are once established, however erroneous they may appear in the estimation of the unbiassed portion of the creation. These feelings are known to exist by the trainer, the jockey, and the stable-boy, each of whom has acumen enough to be cautious of offending his employer, and are indefatigable in endeavoring to

hide the faults and develop the merits of the favorite in the most flattering terms. Thus, if in the trial he is defeated, some excuse is made; he is discovered to be not quite fit—that he did not get off well—that he slipped—or some other cause is assigned as an apology; the real one, that he is not good enough, never being suffered to maintain a position in the argument. When the result of the trial produces a favorable termination, it very frequently arises from the neglect of making the pace strong enough, without which a bad young one will beat a tolerably good old one. It is a very common thing to find that old horses, as they improve in stoutness, diminish in speed; thus, single-handed, they are not honest tests of the merits of young ones. To have a trial which is really to be depended on, it is requisite to start two or three young ones, with a horse four years old or upwards, who has not lost his speed, to make the running; at the same time, it is necessary that the latter has recently been running in public—they are found to vary so much at different times of the year. Before it is possible to form an accurate estimate of the powers of a horse, three or four trials must be obtained, and the important fact established whether his speed or stoutness be the best. I have known trainers make the most culpable mistakes on this point, from trusting to their imagination, instead of resorting to actual proof. The weights at which they are tried must depend upon the goodness of the trial horse and the time of year, which latter circumstance may easily be determined by reference to the Calendar. The nature of the course, whether hilly or flat, on which a horse can run to the greatest advantage should also be ascertained; some little judgment of this may be formed in the common course of exercise; but it may be taken as an established fact that, previously to running, no true opinion can be formed of any horse, except after two or three well-directed and unbiassed trials, favor and affection to any one being completely set at defiance. A trainer having acquired some knowledge of the merits of a young horse, has undoubtedly a great advantage, if he makes the most of it, in knowing how to run him. His first object should be to ascertain beyond doubt what are the most certain points on which his horse may be most likely to be defeated, so that, on the other hand, he may know how to run him with the best possible prospect of success. It is very commonly the case that owners of horses and trainers are satisfied if the result of a trial flatters them in the belief that a certain horse has some running about him, without investigating sufficiently to ascertain the best characteristics with which he is endowed.

If trials are to be looked upon as affording real information, each horse must be prepared with as much scrupulous attention as if he were going to run in public; unequivocal proof should be sought for, and nothing deemed satisfactory until it is established. In order to ascertain a horse's power, it is obvious that he must be beaten, because however often he may be tried, either in private or in public, it is impossible, so long as he prove to be a winner, to say how much farther he could have won had there been a horse superior to the one which was second to have got greater efforts

out of the victor. The rock upon which so many persons founder in trials is having a slow old horse in the capacity of schoolmaster—one whose speed is so much reduced that, at the distance which young ones are tried, he cannot go fast enough to get them out; in consequence of which they win their trials; and are immediately supposed to be flyers. The best horse to try young ones with, is a speedy animal who can run but a mile; if his rider have orders to make the pace as good as he can, he will stretch the necks of the tyros, and effect some measure that may be relied upon.

It frequently happens that a boy is put up to ride the trial horse, and jockeys are employed to ride the juveniles; this is just reversing the order of propriety, because the boy is required to perform the most difficult and important duty, that of making the running; and the experienced jockeys being upon the young ones, their performances are made to appear more flattering than they really ought to be.

There are many persons who place but little faith in private trials. That they should not be held very cheap in many instances is neither to be wondered at or condemned; independently of the mistakes which are made, the misrepresentations of the results are very frequently so great that no reliance can be placed on their truth.

The vast secrecy which is on many occasions employed to keep the result of a trial from the knowledge of the vulgar public is oftentimes exceedingly unnecessary, as well as being marvellously troublesome to those who are concerned; indeed, if a trainer knows his business, he need not care who witnesses the trial, because, if properly managed, no man can possibly be wiser from what he sees—indeed, he is certain to be misled. Here I must, however, in order to avoid inculcating a principle of deception, and entailing upon myself a censure which I should by so doing richly deserve, explain the difference between misinforming a friend, and using those precautions which the peculiarity of the transaction requires for the purpose of maintaining secrecy into that which the intruding and impertinent eye of a bystander has no right to be rewarded by being permitted to penetrate into facts of so private a nature.

Any man who would be guilty of misinforming an acquaintance, and thereby inducing him to back a bad horse, does so for the ostensible purpose, directly or indirectly, of robbing him; it matters but little whether he actually win from the person so deceived by directing an agent to bet with that individual, his friend is caused to lose his money, others follow his example in backing the horse, and the treacherous knave wins his stake from some one: such deception cannot be too severely condemned, or such conduct too conspicuously exposed to public contempt. But against other persons, who will not scruple to resort to any measures to gain information for their own pecuniary profit, and to the exclusion of all who are first entitled to that profit, on a subject which they have clearly no right to be permitted to discover, any schemes are warrantable for the purpose of defeating their object.

Every man who acquires fair and honest information, has an undoubted right to turn it to his own advantage. A merchant learning from certain sources that a rise or fall in the market is likely to take place, buys or sells any commodity in which he deals: so has any one who bets a right to avail himself of the knowledge of a horse's powers, an equal right to back him or to lay against him; but the owner of that horse is clearly justified in keeping that secret to himself, or submitting it only to his intimate friends.

In order, therefore, to defeat the ends of those who may be desirous of watching trials, one *ruse* is readily managed—for the horses to gallop on some distance beyond the place where the trial actually terminated, and, in so doing, to change places, when it is very easy to have the horse which won the trial last at the point where a spectator imagines it is finished. Another thing—the weights never ought to be suffered to transpire, which, by having saddles and saddle-cloths, the weight of which none of the boys or other persons about the establishment have any knowledge of, the secret cannot transpire through their agency.

THE USE OF BANDAGES.

“Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
 But always think the last opinion right;
 A man by these is like his mistress used—
 This hour she's idolized, the next abused.”

The effects produced by the use of bandages depending so materially upon the manner in which they are applied, has led many trainers and grooms, who have not paid sufficient attention to the causes for which they have employed them, to condemn them as injurious on some occasions, and on others to acknowledge their utility.

In some cases, dry flannel bandages will be serviceable; in others, wet ones—either flannel or linen—with which one lotion may be used with good effect in some instances; another, on a future occasion, all dependent upon the nature of the complaint; because, although the use of some remedies may be clearly indicated as necessary by the state of a horse's legs, it does not follow that the causes are the same which call for those remedies. The good or ill effects of bandages will also depend most materially upon the manner of their being put on. Dry flannel bandages are to be employed when a horse comes into the stable from exercise or work, after his legs have been washed and his heels rubbed dry; in this case they are only suffered to remain on whilst his body is dressed, and should be put on quite loose; their effect will be to keep up due warmth in the extremities, and to absorb the moisture left by the ablution on the leg. In another way they are employed when the legs are perfectly dry and finished, to prevent their swelling—or, in more comprehensive stable lingo, filling—the principal cause of which is an imperfect circulation; that is, the arterial circulation is more energetic than the venous, the absorbent vessels also being in a languid state, consequently the ar-

terial blood is thrown out to the extremities more abundantly than the veins can return it, or the absorbents take up those superfluities which are intended for their service; thus the veins become suffused with blood often to a painful, and, in some instances, a dangerous degree, when cracked heels and such like nuisance become the outlet for those superfluities which the absorbents cannot dispose of. Cracked heels, however, may arise from other causes, although acted upon in a similar way; but as the subject is treated upon more fully in the chapter appropriated to the care and treatment of the legs and feet, it is only necessary to recur to those pages. Dry flannel bandages, when properly applied, produce their good effects in various ways. In the first place, by their warmth they stimulate the venous system to action; in the next, by the moderate pressure which they produce when perfectly adjusted, they slightly allay the arterial circulation. But here is the difficulty of, and art in, applying them; if irregular pressure be produced, they will have just the contrary effect, because they will act as a ligature to a vein, and prevent the return of blood—in a similar way to what a surgeon's bandage does with a man's arm when he is about to bleed him, or the pressure on the vein of a horse when he is undergoing a similar operation. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that a bandage be firmly and regularly adjusted, in which case it will produce an admirable effect; but, on the other hand, if it be put on too tight—especially if it be unevenly rolled on—it will have a most inimical one. The best material for woollen bandages is the serge, which is made for the purpose; it has a selvage, which is much more elastic, at the same time more even than if sewn or hemmed, which must be the case if common flannel be used.

It is necessary to point out the circumstances which require the use of wet flannel bandages, and, indeed, which are much more frequently in demand in the hunting than in the racing stables. They are principally necessary when blows, or such like injuries, have caused soreness and inflammation, whereby an immoderate degree of heat is established in the leg, which having been well fomented in warm water, demands a bandage dipped in warm water, and just pressed out; it is applied for the purpose of cooling the part, by the process of evaporation which takes place. After an old horse has been working on very hard ground, and his legs indicate heat, soreness, and stiffness, from the effect of previous labor, flannel bandages dipped in hot water will generally afford great relief.

Linen bandages are employed for the purpose of applying cooling lotions, in which case the legs and the bandages should be thoroughly saturated with whatever application may be determined upon, and never suffered to become dry; cold water is, in most cases, as good a remedy as can be obtained, and, even when the refrigerating agents—such as nitre, ammonia, goulard, vinegar, and such like preparations—are used, if the legs and bandages have been thoroughly soaked with them, it will be immersed in cold water, in order to keep the part wet. It should be observed

that the power of all these compounds is greatly increased by the action of cool atmospheric air, consequently they operate much more effectually out of the stable than in it; therefore, when it is found necessary to obtain the utmost power of these compounds, the wet bandages should be put on when the horse goes to exercise. It is only necessary to try this experiment to be convinced of the great advantage which is produced. If the horse remains out any length of time, it may be requisite to renew the application of cold water; but the time that a bandage continues sufficiently moist will greatly depend upon the local heat and inflammation which exists in the limb.

The proper length for bandages is three yards; and, when prepared to be put on the legs, they should be very evenly rolled up, commencing with the end on which the tape is sown. In order to roll them up firm and even, they should be placed with the under part on the thigh, so that the resistance of the small-clothes will make them pretty tight. To put them on the horse's legs, the near fore-leg is to be the first object of attention. Taking a bandage in the right hand, holding the end in the left, the bandage is passed round the limb rather more than half way up, in which position it must be secured by the hand till the body of the bandage is passed over the end, when it must be exchanged into the left hand, passed round to the right again, and so on alternately, drawing it firm and even, but not tight. The two first folds should be nearly over each other, when the bandage is to be worked up towards the knee; it is then to be gradually carried downwards, at intervals of rather more than a quarter of an inch, kept firm round the pastern joint, and, after taking two turns, tied round the small pastern. Tie it there. Many people tie it round the middle of the leg, but in the stable it is better to be secured below the pastern; for this reason: if it be tied round the leg and the bandage should slip, either from the horse stamping or rubbing it, or if the leg should fill at all during the time the bandage is on, the tape forms a ligature and produces the evil already discussed; but if tied round the small pastern, that being the lowest part, no ill consequence can occur.

Such is the conformation of the legs of horses, and so great is the importance of preserving them sound, that it becomes a matter for the utmost attention to secure them as much as possible from injury, by adopting, on all occasions, the most rational measures that human ingenuity can devise. As many—in fact, most—horses will injure their legs at times when galloping, by striking the opposite foot against them, a protection has long since been employed in the form of boots, which, being subjected to many objections, have been condemned by numerous trainers, who, foolishly falling into another extreme, have worked their horses without any safeguard at all, and lameness has been the consequence. The great objections to the use of boots may be summed up in very explicit and convincing terms. In the first place, the manner of securing them on the legs is very defective. The buckle and strap, which must be drawn sufficiently tight to prevent their turning, will chafe

and inflame the part round which it passes; and if one strap be drawn tighter than is proper it acts as a ligature, and interferes with the circulation of the blood. It should always be remembered, that whatever cause produces inflammation, weakness of the part is an attendant; and when weakness of the legs is discovered, lameness or breaking down is always to be apprehended. However soft and well boots may be made in the first instance, they will become hard from the frequent exposure to wet and the accumulation of perspiration, which they are constantly subjected to; moreover, with all the care that can be bestowed, some dirt will work into the texture of the serge or other material with which they are lined.

Within the last few years bandages have been adopted for exercising horses in, and they are decidedly a very great improvement upon boots, as being void of many objections which the latter will ever be subject to. In the first place, they afford equal security from blows; they are readily freed from the accumulation of wet, perspiration, or dirt, with which they may be saturated, by being washed with soap and water; and when nicely put on, they afford some little support to the limb. Not that I am prepared to allow that their good effects on that point are quite so universal as some veterinary surgeons with whom I have conversed would ascribe, because any slight pressure or support which a bandage may afford to the sinews is lateral. Whereas the benefit, if it could be obtained, in order to avert the probability of a horse breaking down, should be longitudinal; and, for this reason, I have very little faith in the use of a bandage when a horse is running, if it be merely to reduce the chances of his breaking down; indeed, put on so tight as I have seen many, they tend to interfere with the action, and are decidedly mischievous. If it be required to prevent a horse from hitting his leg, it is all very proper; but it must be remembered that it must be of some considerable substance to afford that protection. In putting on bandages for exercise, they must be tied round the leg instead of the small pastern as recommended in the stable. The latter adjustment is inadmissible in this case, as it would not secure the appendage; neither is it required to be brought lower than the pastern joints, unless, when travelling, to secure the heels from dirt. On whatever part the horse hits, the bandage should have an extra fold or two, and an additional tape should be tied round the leg to prevent the bandage becoming loose whilst the horse is galloping—a circumstance upon which the only exception that I am aware of can be established against their use; but if they be properly and carefully put on, are of a sufficient width—not less than four or four and a half inches—and are secured with two or three pieces of tape, there is no cause to apprehend their slipping.

London Sporting Review for September, 1844.

MY UNCLE'S ADVICE ON SPORTING MATTERS.

BY ACTÆON.

It is an axiom allowed by many of the first philosophers of all ages, that the attainment of happiness is the object of every pursuit which engrosses the talents and perseverance of each and every one of the human race, however mistaken they may be in the method prescribed, or however they may be misled by the beacon light which allures them on to the goal of their expected bliss.

That some men are born with a greater share of brains, or in other words, are more "natural wide awakes" than many of their fellow-creatures, no one would, I should suppose, wish to contradict; that such "downy coves" are better members of society, or even happier on their journey through life, is a matter of great doubt; the question is, whether the natural coldness of their temperament, and the calculating anxiety of their disposition, ever bent more on ultimate gain than immediate enjoyment, does not more than counterbalance any extraordinary quickness by which they may be gifted, in the achievements of any of their darling pursuits. I am not arguing in favor of ignorance or stupidity, but what I wish to impress upon my reader is, that the possessor of a knowledge of the world, gained by patience and experience is, in ninety-nine times out of an hundred, a better and a safer man, than the cold-hearted, and I may add, cold-blooded and wary economist, whose luck in steering clear of the numerous sand-banks and shoals so frequently met with at the commencement of the voyage of life, may be attributed not only to an inherent fear, and an excessive anxiety to escape danger, but also from his talents being more frequently employed in the offensive rather than the defensive mode of warfare through the world.

During the period of our lives there are two ages required for all of us—one to sow the seeds of our application, and another to reap the harvest of our experience. But alas! how frequently do we see men fritter away the early morning of their existence in frivolous and unmanly pursuits, before they acquire the power of duly estimating the relative value of such accomplishments as stamp the man of honor and the English gentleman, and such as would even disgrace the mere votary of the card room and the billiard table!

It is the choice of means, and not the end itself, which they propose, by which so many young men in the outset of life are deceived; and how often are the inheritors of riches, beauty, power, and numerous attractions of aristocratic life, effectually lulled into the fatal error, that mere wealth and power can purchase everything necessary to cut a figure in the world, without being aware that the ignorant and inelegant exhibitor of his own *fancied* accomplishments becomes but the secret laughing-stock of his dependent

companions, who like the vampire bats of the eastern world, lull with their caresses, while they suck up with unwearied energy the cash (or life blood) of their unsuspecting victims!

You, my dear ——, to whom I am in affection addressing these rough and unpalatable but well-intended admonitions, are now setting out on your voyage of life, blessed by numerous advantages; but, as I have before hinted, unless the canvas of your vessel is properly set and trimmed, you will drive before the gale of uncertainty and ignorance, and be at last, like many others whom I could with sorrow mention, stranded on the shoals of heedless error and unprofitable dissipation. What I should above all things wish to see you is, a gentleman and a sportsman. With regard to the former I can have no doubt, if "birth, parentage, and education" are in any way influential and instrumental in the accomplishing of it, your pretensions to some day appearing not only in the character of a general sportsman, but as a most accomplished huntsman, are not of a very faint colouring. Your sire, grandsire, and great grandsire (and, for aught I know, his before him), were all first-rate sportsmen, hunting their own hounds for years, and living in the good and substantial style of the Old English country gentleman; but still the best bred hounds, when mixed amongst compeers of vicious inclination, will run riot, and unless well worked down in the strong and holding woodlands of good example they will, without doubt, hunt that game the scent of which is the sweetest, and the blood of which is easiest to be obtained. That you can expect to pass from youth to even manhood, to say nothing of maturer age, without experiencing many mortifications and disappointments, is absurd; it is the natural lot of all men, who, without such seasonable admonitions, would be in every way ignorant of their proper position in society. For in the same manner as physical evil is not unfrequently the prevailing cause of bodily benefit, so are the difficulties and disappointments we meet with in *early* life the best correctives of that presumption and pride which is generally the besetting sin of the more energetic and enterprising of all aspirants to character and renown; for in misfortune only do we give ourselves time to reflect and form a just estimate of ourselves, or calculate with truth the value of those friendships which every one imagines himself not only worthy of deserving, but also certain of retaining through the rest of his life. He who would be convinced of the truth of those friendships, therefore, must be content to try them through the medium of his misfortunes; for as the bee extracts honey even from flowers of a poisonous quality, so from adversity may man reap the best benefit of life—experience.

But to try back to what I was a short time ago observing, that the glaring deficiencies in the accomplishments of most men, as regards the more manly and useful amusements and occupations of life, are owing in the first place to a want of application and experience, in the next place to the false light in which happiness and pleasure are contemplated, and (as man is a gregarious and imitative animal), to his tendency in the outset of life, to be induced to herd with the

fashionable rabble or "swell mob," as they may be justly termed, in their pursuits, having at the same time no natural taste or genius for such insipid recreation, which maturer reflection in after life must lead them to pronounce effeminate and worthless. The four beatitudes are science, courage, health, and virtue. The three former indispensable requisites in the composition of a sportsman, if he intends to set his foot firmly upon the topmost step of the ladder of his ambition. But are these to be gained by listlessly lounging for hours together from Bond to Regent-street and back, day after day, and week after week, or languidly criticizing from the crowded window of the monotonous clubhouse the dress or equipage of the less fashionable sojourner in the metropolis? Is health to be gained by the thrice-filled glass, or the morning song at Evan's or the Coal-hole, or science to be gleaned from the contemplation of the abstracted knocker? Far better would it be, if this brilliant season of the year were spent in cheering the hardy otter hound along the banks of the classic Avon, or manœuvring the spotted trout in the mountain streams of the distant Inverness. Pythagoras esteemed those men the happiest who studied nature the most. They are certainly the true philosophers, and their office is to read the world and to contemplate. But the meretricious pleasures of the metropolis invariably end in sorrow and disappointment, their pains are many, and their enjoyments are few; such as they are, are chiefly derived from eating, drinking, dressing, and other similar sensualities; from balls, operas, and routs, from gaming and other illegal private amusements, the harvest of all which is loss of relish, laborious idleness, disease, want, bodily pain, and mental disquietude, a manhood of imbecility, and an age of premature decay. As a popular writer remarks, "never has an oak been seen to flourish in a hot-bed." I recollect, many years ago, reading a story about Hercules having an argument with Pleasure and Virtue upon the means of obtaining happiness. The latter told him amongst other things, that if he wished to enjoy the pleasures of sense, he must be temperate; if he would sleep sound, he must inure himself to toil, or in other words he must, during times of peace, enjoy the sports of the field and live as much as possible in the open air; and that if he wished to enjoy old age, he must never lose one single opportunity of improving himself in his calling, whatever it might be; that if he desired to be renowned, he must be great, or in other words, associate with the most celebrated men of his day, and try to emulate and surpass them; added to which if he wished to be happy, he must be good. The life of a young man who lives under the perpetual control of immediate impulse, and who gratifies each sensual appetite as it rises before him in his path, is rendered irksome in the extreme, by his continual abuse of it. The disappointments which he suffers are rather by himself attributed to others, than the fruits of his own sowing, and an existence thus ridiculously frittered away is not uncommonly terminated in imbecility of mind or total aberration of intellect.

It must be confessed by all, that one of the greatest arts, if not the principal one, in raising oneself above the common herd of man-

kind in any of our undertakings, is to know the extent of our genius, what objects are most suitable to it, in what track its propensities should be conducted, and at what point to place the limits, beyond which it is dangerous for the adventurer, however sanguine, to pass. Amongst the numerous accomplishments acknowledged by gentlemen of robust frames and manly habits may be enumerated, first (of course), hunting, and consequently horsemanship; game shooting; fishing, in all its branches, both by rod and net; racing (but that is a dangerous ground to tread on as men *seldom* in these days of speculation and investment run their horses for mere honor and amusement); coursing, which more properly might be considered as an offshoot from the chase; steeple chasing; hawking, now become obsolete; driving, yachting, and boating; to which may be added, cricket, tennis, and racket, as eminently conducive to manliness and good health: and although I should prefer, during the intense frost of winter, patronizing that engine of destruction, the gun,

“Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,”

as long as one jack-snipe or solitary fieldfare could be found in my walk, to the endangering of my limbs and head by repeated falls, to say nothing of requiring occasional assistance from the employers of the “Humane Society,” still I must add skating, for the sake of one who was so eminent a proficient in this graceful accomplishment, since he was also one of the most skilful and experienced huntsmen that ever cheered. Amongst the minor accomplishments which may occasionally serve to break the tedium of wet days and long winter evenings may be enumerated, billiards, at which few men will arrive at any degree of proficiency, without, at times, playing on public tables, and consequently mixing with characters the most questionable; for here, as at the hazard table, all those who are partaking of the amusement are reduced to one level in more senses, I fear, than one.

Now, if you are to rank in society as an intelligent and agreeable man, you should have a sufficient knowledge of all the above enumerated accomplishments to allow you to play your part in the world, when called upon to do so, without evincing a clownish awkwardness or an affected ignorance of amusements so foreign to your own selfish taste; for believe me, we have no more right to expect to enjoy the *agremens* of society, without cheerfully lending our assistance to the promotion of its various amusements, than we have to live as members of a government, when we neither assist to support it by our labors, nor to contribute to its revenues by a regular payment of its dues and taxes.

Some men are pronounced by their associates as “such devilish clever fellows, they do *everything* so well;” in fact, coming up to Lord Byron's standard of perfection, “Don Juan,” they ride, shoot, drive, dance, &c., with a perfect ease and natural grace. But, believe me, I have never myself been lucky enough to meet with one of these extraordinary characters, but have placed the species in the same catalogue as the Phœnix and the Mermaid. Still there

is a great excuse for men of fanciful and imaginative minds for believing that such characters may exist, for it is the extreme good temper, vivacity, and readiness to render others cheerful and happy, which increases the degree of perfection in the accomplishments of these heroes into the superlative; and while they are amusing themselves as well as others in this continued round of frivolities, they laugh in their sleeves at the gullability of their less sensible associates. The author of the "Man of Feeling" has justly observed, that "there is one ingredient necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people would do well to acquire, a certain respect for the follies of mankind: for there are so many fools whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling at the disposal of things, to relish that share which is allotted to himself." And Shenston in his essay on men and manners says, "To form an estimate of the proportion which one man's happiness bears to another's, we are to consider the mind that is allotted him with as much attention as the circumstances. It were superfluous to evince that the same objects which one despises, are frequently to another the source of admiration. The man of business and the man of pleasure are to each other mutually contemptible; and a blue garter has less charms for some, than they can discover in a butterfly. The more candid and sage observer condemns neither for his pursuits, but for the derision which he so profusely lavishes upon the disposition of his neighbor." He concludes that "themes infinitely various were at first intended for our pursuit and pleasure; and that some find their account in heading a cry of hounds, as much as others in the dignity of lord chief justice."

If there is one period of a man's existence in which he may, without hesitation or fear of contradiction, declare that he is more buoyantly alive to happiness than at any other, it is when having emerged from the chrysalis state of his boyhood, he tries his new grown wings, as he culls the sweets in the classic groves of Alma Mater; or when, having migrated from what has been so justly termed the "bear-garden of the pedagogue," he opens his eyes, on the first morning after his arrival at his college, to all the hopes and fancies of a new and independent existence. The horses which he overtook as they were returning from their exercise on "Port-meadow," the tandem party which he met on their way to Woodstock or Chapel-house, and the long yarns spun him as he sat on the box of the Tantivy, by that prince of dragsmen, Harry Salbury, or the Marquis, as he was generally called, of the long runs with the Heythrop and Jem Hill, have by no means diminished his growing appetite for an active and pleasurable life, nor checked the noble ardour inherent in him, which is ever prompting him to emulate and even surpass in science all his contemporaries, with whom he may compete, in the chace, the road, or any other of the manly and aristocratic amusements of his day. I have been speaking, as my readers will at once perceive, of those times, before

the innovation of railways threatened to deprive us lovers of the country of many of our darling amusements, and amongst others, not the least beloved, the road and all its concomitant pleasures and delights. As we advance in years, and after the crow's invidious foot has left its indelible stamp upon our care-worn brow, we find it difficult to bring ourselves to speak impartially of the joys of that period which seems, now that it has passed away, the happiest of our existence, too apt, perhaps, to form our ideas of happiness from those first impressions, when our liberty was fresh to us, and the morning of our manhood was unalloyed by the bitterness of satiety or disappointment.

The habits of the present age at the two universities, although essentially the same as they have been for the last century, may vary only in the way in which the votaries of luxury and pleasure choose to employ the means to attain their desideratum. It is the fashion to say that the taste of the present age is far more chaste and refined; that the increased riches of the country have given rise to new ideas and new enjoyment, and that there is an air of polishing and elegance to be seen in every department, which was not to be perceived in the days of our forefathers. It may be so; but I leave it for others, better qualified than myself, to determine, whether there is more refined taste displayed in dressing for dinner, and appearing in "hall" in the appropriate and acknowledged costume of a gentleman, or the hurried and half finished toilet of the horseman assumable by the mercurial of any grade, who may feel exquisite delight, in exacting from the highly taxed powers of an unfortunate hack, while they are pounding along through the birdlime mud of an Oxford turnpike road; or whether it be indicative of a more elevated and refined taste, to prefer riding the crippled, roaring, and infirm hacks of the insolvent livermen of Oxford, to keeping a couple or even one good horse of your own? Whether it arises from a decrease in the "circulating medium," I know not, but it is a well known fact, that although the number of hunting men are yearly on the increase at both our universities, still the number of even *small* studs is nothing like what it was eighteen or even fourteen years ago. Few gownsmen now keep horses at either Bicester or Woodstock, for the purpose of hunting as they formerly did, when they turned out like men and sportsmen; but as I before remarked, the present generation trust almost entirely to the wretched stables of the Oxford hackney-men. If we take Oxfordshire as a hunting locality, independent of such advantages as accrue to the university from its reasonable contiguity to the places of meeting of two of the best packs of foxhounds in England, we must pronounce that it not only at the present time does stand, but that it has stood for many years exceedingly high in the estimation of sportsmen. There were, in my day, two *first-rate* packs within reachable distance; viz., the late duke of Beaufort's and Sir Thomas Mostyn's. The former, or the Blue Duke, as his grace was called (to distinguish the costume of his hunt from that of the duke of Grafton's, which was green, and which could also be reached occasionally at Whistley-wood near

Brackley), possessed, in my humble opinion, one of the best (there being three competitors on the list*) packs of foxhounds in England; they were at the time I speak of hunted by old Phylip Paine, Will Long and Will Todd acting as first and second whippers-in. Phylip Paine was considered the best judge of breeding hounds of his day, an excellent kennel huntsman, and till he got so stiff and feeble from old age, that he could hardly get up and down from his old grey horse, showed first-rate sport in the field; but the mistaken indulgence of a kind hearted and liberal master allowed old Phylip to remain in the saddle several years longer than he should have done, allured, as the old man no doubt was, by the high price which the Beaufort draft fetched in those days from various masters of hounds ever on the look out for them. Nothing like the old Justice blood, which has descended into half the packs of succeeding ages. Next came Sir Thomas Mostyn's, which hunted the country now occupied by Mr Drake; and long may he live to give that general satisfaction which he has done for so many seasons, and to show that brilliant sport which a perfect gentleman, a first-rate pack of hounds, and a most indefatigable and obliging huntsman ever deserve. Sir Thomas Mostyn's pack was hunted by the renowned Tom Wingfield; he had lost one of his optics in the chace, but was allowed to be able to see as far and as keenly with the remaining one as most men do with two; he likewise was a first-rate chace huntsman, with a fine huntsmanlike voice, and good dog language, but, at the time I am speaking of, getting slow from increased weight and the decline of life; he was waited on by Ben Foote, a capital hand, and young Tom Wingfield, his son, who at the time of his giving up, received his father's horn and situation, the latter of which he has ever since filled with the greatest credit. Then there were the two Oldakers, Bob and Harry, who between them hunted the Old Berkeley (at the time Mr. Hervey Coombs'), and which hunted part of Oxfordshire and Berksnire, for a short time, which had been given up by Mr. Codrington; these two men were first-rate hands, each taking his turn in chace, as occasion required, with a scientific dexterity seldom evinced by modern huntsmen. Besides all these foxhounds, there were a very merry pack of harriers, kept by the great brewer, Mark Morrel, weighing upwards of 20 stone; these were not entirely kennelled, several always being left behind in Oxford, on their return from hunting, to forage for themselves; or, in other words, were kept on board wages. They were the real old-fashioned harrier, and amongst them were many of the old blue mottled sort; these were good close workers, showing capital sport at times, and killing many hares. In passing through Oxford a short time ago, I by chance met what were called Mr. Morrel's harriers, on their return from hunting, and was sorry to see that the old sort had been changed, according to the modern method, where

* The only three who might be said to be worthy to contend for this golden apple, were the Duke of Rutland's, the Duke of Beaufort's, and Mr. Osbaldeston's.

change is too often considered as an improvement, for a lot of draft foxhounds, the ears of which not being rounded gave them a very unsightly appearance, as they looked neither like harriers nor foxhounds. If you are a thistlewhipper, let the work be done by all means by harriers; But don't affect the flying pack, which, although they can blow a hare up in a short time, can never be brought to hunt in the patient style of a harrier; therefore, after all, it is not hare hunting, but coursing hares with draft foxhounds.

Notwithstanding the advantages arising from all these celebrated fox-hounds and harriers, which could with ease be reached nearly every day in the week, within a most reasonable distance of the city of Oxford, there has hardly ever been, I should suppose, a period at which there has not been kept in the immediate vicinity of the University a pack, or rather a cry of hounds, supported exclusively for the amusement of that portion of the gownsmen who might be either emulous enough to try their hands at hunting the pack, or whipping-in "in *propria persona*," or for such as being obliged either by necessity or taste to devote the early part of the day to the attendance of lectures; after which, about the hour of two o'clock they sallied forth on hacks, and enjoyed the divertisement of drag-hunting, or occasionally perpetrated the unsportsmanlike offence of turning out a bagman, or attempted a two-mile scramble after an unfortunate doe, purchased from the keeper of Blenheim-park. These hounds, which from necessity changed managers repeatedly, were at one time under the directorship of some sporting Wyckhamists, who, like all Winchester men, are fond of using in common parlance scriptural phrases, and giving scriptural names to all things animate and inanimate; according then to their accustomed style of nomenclature, this pack was known as the "Raymoth Gilead." They were in reality the property of a sporting wheelwright, of the name of Butler; their kennel, such as it was, was at the village of Gasinton, and generally speaking, were supported partly by subscription, by occasional capping in the field, and even by being let out for the day to such of these juvenile sportsmen who had pluck enough to hunt and whip-in to them. If I had pronounced them a level lot, I should have done great injustice to Mr. Butler's considerate exertions in trying to gratify the varied taste of his numerous attendants, by collecting a body of hounds of every size, shape, colour, and breed known to exist in England. In fact, the "Raymoth Gilead" might be considered as a kennel of models for the juvenile sportsmen of the University to study, and from a close attention to the work of each individual hound, most of them being fond of exhibiting their olfactory powers by themselves, the embryo huntsman could form his own judgment, and make up his mind what sort of hound he should be induced hereafter, when he became himself a master of hounds, to breed; for here were congregated the great plodding, big-headed Nestor of twenty-six inches from John Warde's kennel, the mute, flying, and skirting Symmetry from the late Sir Thomas Mostyn's, the Black, and shapeless Roguish from Sir John Cope's, the Psalm-singing harrier from Mr. Fane's pack of Wormesley, the

Southern hound from Kent, the Otter hound from Wales, and from the late Duke of Beaufort's came that once excellent, but then worn out Dorimont, who, if he could not teach the rest to join him, hunted the line as he ought to do, and by the excellence of his work, made the scramble of this heterogenous mass appear to the pursuers something very like a run, as long as it lasted. At the period I am speaking of, that most detestable of all recreation, steeple-chasing, and one which has within the last ten years made such rapid strides towards, I hope, its exit from the list of sports, was scarcely ever heard of either in Oxford or any other of the hunting districts, but only occasionally hinted at as affording amusement to the reckless horsemen of the Emerald Isle. Much, however, as the writer of these pages has been led by experience to condemn so cocktail a pursuit, he was one of the first, whose consciousness of superiority as a horseman at so early a period, led him to exhibit himself in a match against another gowmsman of about his own standing in the University. His competitor was Mr. Leader, of Christ Church, the elder brother of the present member for Westminster; the match, which was only for 20 guineas, was for which ever could make his way the quickest from the Diamond-house on the Banbury-road, to Mr. Annesley's gate at Bletchington-park, a distance of about five miles, over a most severe and rasping country, with the river Cherwell running through the midst thereof. Unfortunately, between the day of making the match and the time of its coming off, the rains had so caused the river to overflow its banks, that the adjoining meadows were like a sea! the possibility of crossing the Cherwell excepting at Gozzard-bridge, entirely out of the question, unless it were to a man who might have more courage than discretion; for if, in such an attempt, the rider might be enabled to land his horse safe upon the opposite bank, the fatigue of struggling with the current would effectually annihilate his powers of exertion for the remainder of the race. Nothing daunted by the overwhelming torrent which was opposed to his course, Leader without hesitation made an effort to swim his horse; the animal, however, contrived to rid himself of his jockey, and returning to the bank which he had left, kindly waited with his head over a gate, until his rider gallantly swam back, booted and spurred, from an island in the midst of the stream, where he had providentially landed. The chase was resumed, and by jumping into the road at Gozzard-bridge, and from the road into the meadow on the opposite side, the conditions of the race were to the very letter easily complied with, which was not to traverse any road for more than one hundred yards at one time, and after a most severe race, the above-named gate was reached first by the author of these pages.

New Sporting Magazine, for September,

ENGLISH TURF STATISTICS.

TABLE I.

Showing the Amount run for in Great Britain in the undermentioned years. The Winner's Stake is included in all the Sweepstakes, and in the Matches run. The public money comprises the Royal and other Plates, and the money added to Sweepstakes. To this head properly belong the contributions by gentlemen who are not proprietors of race-horses, in the shape of subscriptions to stakes in the counties to which they are connected, and to the great handicaps, but in the following Tables these could not conveniently be separated from stakes in general. The amount of such contributions may be estimated at not less than £4000 per annum, on an average of the last three years.

Years.	Stakes. £	Run. £	Matches.		Public Money. £	Total: £
			Run.	Forfeits. £		
1762	22,500	26,160	1320		11,460	61,440
1767	19,030	28,130	3000		13,330	63,490
1772	33,310	103,030	9580		14,730	160,650
1777	59,290	53,520	6780		16,800	136,390
1782	45,200	43,160	7680		14,060	109,100
1787	35,940	39,410	4160		14,910	94,420
1592	29,010	40,580	4830		14,250	118,670
1797	27,550	18,260	3380		13,920	63,110
1802	25,590	30,040	1410		14,740	71,780
1807	45,090	48,470	5580		16,810	115,950
1812	81,110	35,260	5270		19,330	140,960
1817	77,840	19,140	1980		16,710	115,670
1822	83,920	20,100	2270		20,760	127,050
1827	107,490	20,900	4000		26,180	158,570
1832	118,500	25,850	2830		29,860	177,040
1837	113,870	15,000	2220		38,110	169,200
1842	125,520	20,350	2440		34,600	182,910
1843	137,870	23,240	3820		34,060	198,990

TABLE II.

Showing the number of Places of Sport, and the number of Races of different kinds which have been run in the undermentioned years.

Years.	Places of Sport.	Sweepst's.	Plates.	Matches.		Total No. of Races.
				Run.	Forfeits.	
1762	76	38	205	49	7	261
1767	91	47	250	59	21	377
1772	100	81	280	170	63	494
1777	97	141	299	145	63	648
1782	88	107	263	148	62	580
1787	87	111	260	175	56	602
1792	81	146	257	179	59	641
1797	76	148	248	111	36	543
1802	83	157	259	93	28	537
1807	85	263	269	182	68	782
1812	97	347	294	136	57	834
1817	88	359	253	78	31	721
1822	106	482	286	105	28	883
1827	126	676	272	86	46	1079
1832	117	723	269	144	46	1182
1837	138	757	269	87	28	1141
1842	141	832	210	73	31	1146
1843	136	897	191	86	44	1218

TABLE III.

Showing the number of Horses of different ages that have run in the under-mentioned years.

Years.	Two Years.	Three Years.	Four Years.	Five and Upwards.	Total.
1797	48	161	122	262	593
1802	31	117	108	280	536
1807	33	230	148	280	691
1812	55	324	188	254	821
1817	78	309	174	239	800
1822	112	285	194	387	988
1827	142	361	210	453	1166
1832	200	395	237	407	1239
1837	215	326	210	462	1213
1843	213	384	236	456	1289

THE GREAT FOOT RACE.

Defeat of Stannard and the Foreign Pedestrians by a New Yorker.

Over 10½ Miles within the Hour.

NINE CHEERS FOR GILDERSLEEVE!

On Wednesday, 16th ult., an immense throng of spectators assembled on the Beacon Course, opposite this city, to witness the Pedestrian Match for \$1,000. No sporting event of the kind within our knowledge has excited more general interest, and the keenest anxiety was felt as to the result on all hands. The race was advertised in England, Canada, and throughout the United States, and the fact that three crack pedestrians came across the Atlantic expressly to run for the prizes, greatly contributed to the excitement. Stannard, Gilder, Steeprock, the Indian (*alias* John Ross,) Carles, and McCabe—each more or less renowned for speed and stamina, in their immediate circles—had each a strong party to back them. Consequently we were not surprised to see on the Course a concourse of from 25,000 to 35,000 spectators.

The original entries for the purse were

John Barlow, England	Jonathan W. Plats, N. Y.
John Greenhalgn, "	David Myers, Poughkeepsie
Ambrose Jackson "	L. S. Lathrop, Vermont
Henry Stannard, Connecticut	Joseph L. P. Smith, N. Y.
John Gilder, New York City	C. Cutling, North Brunswick, N. J.
Wm. Boulton "	W. Price Birmingham, England
John Smith "	P. Hutchinson, Scotchman, Brooklyn
Samuel Clemens "	G. Berger
John S. Van Wert "	John Lightfoot
James Byrne "	John Navils, Irishman
Ralph Myers, Albany	John Meech, Connecticut
Thomas Ryan, Irishman	J. P. Taylor "
Thomas Hawler, Philadelphia	John Ross, Indian, Buffalo
Geo. Wood, Third Avenue	Thomas McCabe, Ireland
Wm. Wood, New York	George Jones, Chester, Pa.
Edward Brown "	David Peabody, Boston
Wm. Carles, Yorkville, N. Y.	Lewis Brown, Maryland
Garet Beck, Ulster Co., N. Y.	Wm. Fowle, Englishman
	Charles Wall, American.

The betting was unusually heavy on the three Englishmen—Barlow, Greenhalgh, and Jackson—against the field; 100 to 75 was offered on Gilder vs. Stannard—100 to 75 that Stannard did not do 10 miles within the hour—Even, that two did it—Even on Stannard and the Indian vs. Gilder. The above was the current odds among the heavy betting men, and thousands of dollars were laid out at these prices. Of course there were cliques and parties who bet “every which way;” we only pretend to give the “state of the odds” among those who control the general betting, after having “got the points” and “set their own bets.”

The race was advertised to commence at 3 o'clock, but after the stands were crammed full—and they will contain some 10,000 persons—a dense multitude of Oliver Twist's broke through two or three lengths of the palings and filled up not only the open space in front of the stands, but encircled the entire course! Nearly 10,000 of these specimens of the tag-rag and bob-tail denizens of New York got admission to the course in this way, and more than an hour passed before the track could be cleared. These people were perfectly good humoured, however, and merely wanted a chance to see the race. Before the entries were called to start Mr. BROWNING, the proprietor of the course, announced to them, as he did to the public, from the Judges' Stand, that in case of any pedestrian's being interfered with during the race, he should have an opportunity of running the race over in private with his successful competitors, before the purses were awarded. The Judges then begged the crowd in front of the stand—and it extended nearly a quarter of a mile, while the men and boys were not less than fifty deep—to give the pedestrians every facility, by falling back. These appeals to their good feeling coupled with the exertions of a dozen gentlemen on horseback, at length succeeded, and we are happy to state that no accident occurred during the performance of the match, which went off most brilliantly, giving the utmost satisfaction to all parties.

The ringing of a large bell put up in the Judges' stand was the signal for the entries to come to the post, when the following regulations, previously agreed upon, were again announced to them:—

“The bell will be struck *once* at the first three minutes after the start, when the pedestrians should be at the first half mile, and struck again *three* times at six minutes, and so on until the hour is up, so that each person that wishes to go a mile every six minutes may know that at the tap of the bell once they should be at the half mile, and opposite the Judges' stand at the tap three times. Each person will be required to wear a number on his breast and the same number on his shoulder, so that the Judges will be enabled plainly to see and distinguish each as they pass the stand.”

Having previously drawn for positions, seventeen entries of the original thirty-seven, came to the post to start in the order annexed:—

No. 1 John Gildersleeve	14 Henry Stannard
2 John Barlow	16 Thomas Ryan
3 Thos. Greenhalgh	18 George Wood
4 Ambrose Jackson	21 William Carles
6 George Jones	23 L. S. Lathrop
7 Thomas McCabe	24 Joseph L. P. Smith
9 John Navils	27 P. Hutchinson
10 J. P. Taylor	30 Wm. Fowle
11 John Steeprock, Indian	

GILDERSLEEVE is a chair-gilder by trade, and resides at 159 Allan street, in this city; he is the son of a Suffolk County (Long Island) farmer. He is very handsomely formed, with well developed muscles, and runs with his chest thrown out and his head back; he has a very easy style of going. He stands 5 feet 5 inches, is 32 years of age, and his running weight is 130lbs. He lately made a most extraordinary private trial by moonlight on the Union Course. He was dressed to-day in a blue silk shirt and cap, with flesh colored silk drawers. He was trained and admirably managed by Mr. Smith, of this city, who held a timing watch in his hand and ran with him a quarter in each mile.

GREENHALGH, just from England, is 24 years old, 5 feet 6 inches high, and

weighs, in running condition, 128lbs. His action was deemed the finest of any of the pedestrians who started. Our contemporaries call him *John Greenhalgh*, but his christian name is *Thomas*. He has a brother John who was sent for, but having engagements at home Thomas was sent out to this country in his place. He was quite naked with the exception of a pair of linen drawers from which the legs and waist were cut off! He wore "high lows," or "ankle jacks" as they are termed in England, being nothing more or less than a pair of high pumps laced up to the instep from near the point of the toe.

BARLOW, the fellow passenger of Greenhalgh, is 5 feet 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, 140lbs in weight, and 24 years of age. He was dressed precisely like Greenhalgh, as was Jackson, also. All three Englishmen ran with their hands clinched and elevated, and with their elbows close into their sides. Barlow is a pedestrian by profession, as is Jackson, who has been in this country, where he has run short races, for above two years. Greenhalgh never run before, we understand; his brother John is a professed pedestrian and favorably known as such.

STEEPROCK or "*John Ross*," (as we entered him, not knowing his name,) was one of the tallest and heaviest men who started. He runs on a lope and as if he was going through under-brush, frequently bouncing sideways as if jumping a fallen tree. He is 25 years of age, and weighs, we should think, 150 pounds at least. We have forgotten the name of his tribe, but it is one of those located near Buffalo, in this State.

MCCABE, the Irishman, was trained at West Hoboken, with FOWLE. He is below the medium height, and rather thick set; his age is not far from 24 years. His action and "pluck" are worthy of "Ould Ireland."

STANNARD, so well known to the Sporting World, as the first man in the United States who ran ten miles within the hour [in 1835, on the Union Course, L. I.] is now 33 years old; his weight is about what it was then, 165 pounds. He keeps a hotel at Killingworth, Connecticut.

TAYLOR is 5 feet 8 inches high, weighs 150 pounds, and is 28 years of age. He had neither the advantages of training, nor management during the race. [Had he been aware of the precise time he could have easily completed his 10 miles within the hour; he lost by *two seconds* only!]

As the other ten did not particularly distinguish themselves, owing more to want of training, perhaps, than anything else, we have not deemed it necessary to notice them in detail.

THE RACE.

First Mile: Gildersleeve bounded off with the lead, with Barlow, Greenhalgh, and Jackson well up to him, Steeprock the Indian 4th, and Stannard in the ruck behind. The immense crowd which lined each side of the track prevented the Judges from seeing distinctly each change of position, though all were immediately aware that the Englishmen's speed had made a spread-eagle of the field. It was evident that their pace was too good to last, and their backers began to be alarmed lest they should overmark themselves. Before reaching the head of the quarter stretch Steeprock made a tremendous burst, and came in front: he led through with Barlow 2d, Greenhalgh 3d, and Fowle 4th, having changed places with Jackson, who laid back just behind Stannard, Gildersleeve and McCabe. Lathrop, Navils, and Smith were already tailed off a long way, while Hutchinson and Wood were nearly out of their distance. Time of the 1st mile 5:16.

Second Mile: Steeprock's trainer having ordered him to fall back, he gave up the track to Barlow and Greenhalgh, who ran within a yard of each other throughout the entire ten miles! They led through this mile, Steeprock being 3d, and McCabe, 30 yards behind, 4th, the latter having, with Gildersleeve, injudiciously forced the pace. Wood gave in soon after commencing this mile, and Hutchinson also stopped at the close, having a pain in his side. Time of the second mile 5:29.

Third mile: Barlow again led in with Greenhalgh within three feet, and Steeprock only 20 yards behind; McCabe was about the same distance in his rear; Gildersleeve, Jones (who overmarked himself in changing his position from 15th to 6th, and stopt after running another mile) Fowle, Jackson, and

Stannard, came next in a cluster, some 50 yards ahead of Ryan, who led Carles some distance; Lathrop and Smith were tailed off a long way, and Navil's chance was considered out. Time of the 3d mile 5:33.

Fourth mile: Barlow led through again, with Greenhalgh sticking to him like a brick. Steeprock was only about 35 yds. in the rear, but he came on jumping and cavorting "like he hadn't run a yard;" the poor fellow cannot speak a word of English, but he looked confident, and as fresh as paint. Gildersleeve and McCabe came through within reach of each other, Jones and Fowle being well up. Stannard and Taylor came next, and as all these named were inside of their time—10 miles in the hour—the backers of Time looked somewhat grave. Time of the 4th mile 5:41.

Fifth Mile: Barlow and Greenhalgh came in 1st and 2d, nearly 150 yds. ahead, having very imprudently made play to shake off the field. Steeprock, Gildersleeve, and McCabe came next; 20 yds. behind the latter came Fowle and Stannard, while Jones gave in. Taylor and Jackson were evidently waiting on Stannard. The others—Ryan, Carles, Lathrop, and Smith—were already beaten off a long way, and Navills had hardly got into the quarter stretch. Time of the 5th mile 5:39.

Sixth Mile: Barlow and Greenhalgh led in 1st and 2d, and nearly 250 yds. ahead; Gildersleeve's game now began to tell; he came through 3d, as Steeprock's trainer insisted on his moderating his pace. All were cheered as they came through, and the backers of the Americans vs. the Englishmen thought they now had "a good look for the money." "Hurrah for Gilder!" exclaimed his little wife, waving her handkerchief from a carriage full of ladies, while the immense concourse sent back the cheer with ten thousand added echoes! McCabe, the Irishman—and a right gallant fellow—came next, and as he, too, was inside of his time, every Patlander on the ground gave him a hearty shout. Fowle and Stannard came through together, pretty well up to McCabe, while Taylor and Jackson were but a few yards behind him. The others were tailed off a long way, while fears were expressed lest the leading men should catch up with Navills. Time of the 6th mile 5:49.

Seventh Mile: Barlow and Greenhalgh, close together as ever, came through 1st and 2d, about 150 yds. ahead of Gildersleeve. "Go it, my Gilder!" from one side, was answered by "Hurrah for the Englishmen!" from the other. About 75 yds. behind Gildersleeve—who looked as fine as a star—came Steeprock, bounding like a buck every two or three rods to the infinite amusement of the thousands of boys on the course, with whom he was a prodigious favorite. "Look at him now!"—"There he goes again!"—"Go it, my wild *Ingie!*" they were shouting whenever he came into the quarter stretch. McCabe came next, with Fowle, Stannard, Taylor, and Jackson, in a rack behind him, but all within their time. J. P. L. Smith stopt in this mile, as Lathrop, Ryan, and Navills should have done, for neither, under the circumstances, had the ghost of a chance. Time of the 7th mile 5:54.

Eighth Mile: Barlow came in 1st, and Greenhalgh 2d again, with Gildersleeve well up, and going like a trump. Steeprock's trainer kept him at a more moderate pace, thinking the field would come back to him. Fowle and Stannard rallied a little in the course of the mile, and when they came through, one of the official timers remarked to us they were 15 seconds inside of their time. Taylor and Jackson came next, but with a fair chance of yet making 10 miles in the hour. Ryan was already tailed off some distance, and 200 yds. behind him came Lathrop, while Navills was nearly a mile behind, and appeared to be doing no better very fast. Time of the 8th mile 5:58.

Ninth Mile: Barlow came in 1st and Greenhalgh 2d, again, amidst tremendous cheers, which were increased, if possible, by Gilder's coming in 3d, and well up. The three had passed several who had not yet completed their eighth mile! Steeprock was 4th, with McCabe but a short distance behind him. Stannard and Fowle, still inside of their time were 6th and 7th, while Taylor was only a few seconds behind it. Carles, Lathrop and Navills had not finished their 8th mile when the 9th mile was run by the others, and accordingly gave in. Time of the 9th mile 5:57.

Tenth mile: Greenhalgh for the first time led in this mile, having passed Barlow within three or four yards of the Judge's stand. They were cheered with the utmost enthusiasm on coming through, as was Gildersleeve also, who

ran past the stand not more than forty yards behind, like a scared dog; indeed the pace throughout the mile was tremendous! Steeprock came next, leading McCabe, and close to him was Stannard, with Taylor within two yards of him. The bell announced the completion of the hour just as Stannard passed the judge's stand for the 10th time; he was two seconds within his time, while Taylor was not quite two seconds behind time. Of the seven who started on the 10th mile, he was the only one who failed to accomplish it, Stannard having done so "by the skin of his teeth!" The excitement near the close of the 10th mile, was raised to highest pitch. Every one seemed to shout with the phrenzy of Bedlamites, whether they had lost or won. We do not remember to have ever witnessed a scene in which the spectators generally were filled with such a delirious enthusiasm. Time of the 10th mile 5:45½.

Eleventh Mile: By great exertions a gauntlet was made below the stands through which the men could run on, beyond the 10th mile, the crowd not being aware, seemingly, that the race was yet uncompleted. Gildersleeve being informed by his trainer, who managed him capitally, that he had won all his bets—for he merely backed himself to do the 10 miles within the hour, and on this point had put up "every picavune he could raise or scrape"—said in answer to a question how he felt, "*I'm pretty good yet,*" and was told to make play for one of the purses. He accordingly broke off again like a quarter horse and on reaching the straight stretch on the backside caught up with Barlow, who was already so nearly done for, that upon being passed he "pulled up" into a jog trot, until the bell rung. Stannard gave up soon after completing his 10th mile, as did McCabe; Steeprock, however, "the real no mistake Native American Bullgine," as the boys called him, continued to "go it like bricks" after all had stopped and the race was over! But the event of most interest in the whole race was the last desperate struggle between Greenhalgh and Gildersleeve. About half down the back stretch the latter overtook the gallant Englishman, but Greenhalgh had yet another brush in him and the thing was not to be done. We could not see the parties from the Judges' stand but the shouting and motions of the people was sufficiently indicative of what was going on.

One of the Judges was on the spot and from him we learn that when Gildersleeve got up to Greenhalgh the latter made a rush and went away from him. Gildersleeve, however, cheered on by thousands, took heart and bided his time, until he reached descending ground between the training stable and the half mile post. Here he made his last effort and it was a desperate one. Collecting all his energies he made a dash at his competitor, reached him, hung an instant, and as twenty thousand people were shouting like devils, away he went past him, some ten or fifteen feet, and the thing was out! Greenhalgh now fell off into a walk while Gildersleeve kept up his rate beyond the half mile post, until the instant when Mr. Browning, who was close to him on horseback, stopt him when the bell announced that the hour was up! GILDERSLEEVE in *One Hour*, therefore, *ran Ten Miles and a Half, and Seventy-five yards!* while GREENHALGH ran *Ten Miles in Fifty-seven minutes, One and a half seconds!* BARLOW was not above a second behind Greenhalgh at the close of the 10th mile!

Steeprock kept up his run most gallantly throughout the 11th mile, but hurt his ankle slightly on coming in having run over a boy who could not get out of his way. Immediately upon the ringing of the bell, Gildersleeve stopt and jumped up behind Mr. Browning, and they galloped round to the Judges' stand amidst a scene which baffles all description. Greenhalgh came across the course, we presume, as he reached the stand first. On his arrival he was covered by the gentlemen in the stand with overcoats and dressed. The crowd cheered him vociferously; he was very much exhausted, being affected much as poor old Argyle was after his tremendous race of four heats of three miles at Baltimore, with Master Henry and Wonder, in 1839. Gildersleeve came forward in the front of the stand and bowed his acknowledgments, for as every man, woman, and child on the course was shouting "like mad," a 42 pounder could not have been heard. He subsequently got into a carriage with his wife and a party of friends, rode quite around the course, and finally drove off in the highest spirits! The next morning he was "as fine as silk," while Stannard offered to run 10 miles within the hour on the following day. Up to this time all

those engaged in the race are doing well while most of them have quite recovered.

Recapitulation--Official.

BEACON COURSE, N. J., opposite New York City, Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1844.—Purse \$1000, for running the greatest distance in One Hour, free for all pedestrians, to be divided as follows: \$600 to the 1st, \$250 to the 2d, \$100 to the 3d, and \$50 to the 4th, provided Ten Miles is performed in One Hour by the 1st, and 9½ miles by the 2d, 3d, and 4th.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th
John Gildersleeve	7	7	5	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	1
Thos. Greenhalgh	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	2
John Barlow	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	3
John Steeprock	1	3	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	4
Thomas McCabe	8	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Henry Stannard	6	9	9	8	7	7	7	7	6	6	6
J. P. Taylor	5	8	10	9	8	8	8	8	8	7	*
Wm. Fowle	4	5	7	7	6	6	6	6	7	*	
Wm. Carles	10	11	12	11	11	11	11	13	9	*	
L. S. Lathrop	13	12	13	12	13	12	11	10	*	*	
John Navils	14	14	15	15	14	14	13	12	11	*	
Ambrose Jackson	9	6	8	14	9	9	9	9	*		
Thos. Ryan	12	10	11	10	10	10	10	10	*		
J. P. L. Smith	11	13	14	13	12	12	*				
George Jones	15	15	6	6	*						
P. Hutchinson	16	*									
George Wood	17	*									

* Stopped.

Time of 1st mile	5:16	Aggregate of Time	5:16
“ “ 2d mile	5:29	“ “ 2 miles	10:45
“ “ 3d mile	5:33	“ “ 3 miles	16:18
“ “ 4th mile	5:41	“ “ 4 miles	21:59
“ “ 5th mile	5:39	“ “ 5 miles	27:38
“ “ 6th mile	5:49	“ “ 6 miles	33:27
“ “ 7th mile	5:54	“ “ 7 miles	39:21
“ “ 8th mile	5:58	“ “ 8 miles	45:19
“ “ 9th mile	5:57	“ “ 9 miles	51:16
“ “ 10th mile	5:45½	“ “ 10 miles	57:01½

We should have stated previously that owing to several days' hard rain—in consequence of which the race had been twice postponed—the course was not in order to make very fast time, although Mr. Browning had exerted himself very much, under the direction of the pedestrians and their friends, to put it in complete order. A high wind prevailed all the forenoon so that it was comparatively dry and firm on the surface; just before the start took place the wind quite subsided, and the air was cool and bracing.

One of the Judges who ran across the course to see the result informs us that when Gildersleeve stopt, at the ringing of the bell, he was 250 yards ahead of Greenhalgh. We returned to town in the same boat with the latter, who expressed himself under many obligations for the kindness and courtesy extended to himself, his companions and competitors. We learned from him that this was his first race of ten miles. He frankly acknowledged that Gildersleeve was “the best man” at this distance, while at the same time he would like to match him or any one else to run a race of four miles, which he deemed his forte. He and Barlow since their arrival in this country have been in training at Providence, R. I., and such was the confidence of their immediate friends and the Rhode Islanders, that on the evening previous to the race they could not “get on” their money except at great odds. They saved in consequence \$10,000, which would have been put up on them by their new acquaintances here. The three Englishmen, indeed, have conducted themselves with such strict propriety since their arrival, and performed so well, that they commanded from the outset the good wishes of the whole community. Jackson thinking Stannard the most dangerous competitor “held back” to him but could not respond at the critical moment. Barlow, who led the field so long and so gallantly was esteemed the better man to Greenhalgh, his fellow passenger, and it was not

until near the close of the 10th mile that the two and their friends discovered the mistake. Barlow was "doing all he knew" when Greenhalgh passed him at the stand just as they closed the 10th mile, while the latter still had a run in him left.

Of the six who accomplished ten miles within the hour, Gildersleeve received \$600, Greenhalgh \$250, Barlow \$100, and Steeprock \$50. McCabe and Stannard, we trust will receive, if they have not already, a substantial token from their backers, of the general appreciation entertained of their indomitable game on this occasion.

Altogether the race went off swimmingly, notwithstanding the immense swarm of human beings which filled the quarter stretch, and lined each side of the course, from end to end. Extra boats had been provided for the occasion, but it was long after dark before we could leave the Hoboken side of the Hudson; even the boats for Canal and Christopher streets, "let alone" Barclay, were crammed like cigar boxes.

Already there is any quantity of "talk" about another race, and half a dozen matches are on the tapis. One gentleman, well known in the Sporting World, offered in our office, on the morning after the race, to match Gildersleeve against any man "alive and above ground," for \$2,000, to run fifteen miles! He had just seen him, and informed us that "Gilder," as he has been called, "felt like a perfect catbird!" In the course of the day we saw nearly all of those who ran over eight miles. They all looked well, were in good spirits; and were unanimously of the opinion that they could beat ten miles an hour into lint. "Yes, they could—and they wouldn't do anything else!"

HURDLE RACE ON THE BEACON COURSE.

On the 30th Sept., an immense throng of spectators assembled on the Beacon Course, opposite this city, to witness the first Hurdle Race which has come off here "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant." No recent event of the kind, not even the Steeple Chase two years since on Long Island, has afforded more gratification, and we shall be disappointed if Hurdle Racing does not become a popular amusement among the manly sports of this country. We have horses admirably adapted by their blood, strength, and stamina, for Hurdle Racing, while there are half a dozen young "men about town," who could compete, after a little practical experience, with any that could be brought against them. Added to this, there are among us dozens of rough riders from the British Isles, and elsewhere, who are ready and willing to go at anything in the ring. This mode of racing, which is so eminently popular in Great Britain, and many portions of the continent, is comparatively unknown in the United States, though in Canada a Turf Club meeting would be incomplete without its hurdle race. In the South and West, however, if properly introduced, Hurdle Racing will be as attractive and popular as Trotting is here. They have first rate horses, the gentlemen pass nearly half their lives in the saddle, and are capital horsemen. From riding to hounds, hunting, and what not, most of the young men are fearless in the saddle, while some of them are such accomplished performers that they would do no discredit to themselves among "the first flight" in Leicestershire.

The race was advertised to come off at 3½ o'clock, but before the Judges were appointed and the jocks weighed, an hour had elapsed. The favorite was Mr. RICHARDS' b. g. *Hops*, 4 yrs., a three-quarter bred horse by Imp. Meux, from Toronto, Canada West; he had been a winner there of repute, with Mr. R. on his back, who was also favorably known as a performer on the pig skin. Mr. A. A. DIXON'S ch. h. *Orson*, 6 yrs., an own brother to African, [by Imp. Valentine out of Ethelinda by Marshal Bertrand.] was second favorite. Mr. HIRST'S ch. g. *Harkaway*, came next, with GALLAGHER on his back, while HIRAM WOODRUFF, though 15 to 20 lbs. over weight, got up on H. ALFRED

CONOVER's ch. g. *Vicompte Bertrand*, a half bred New Jersey horse, got by Alderman. We have driven the latter before a wagon, but he is equal to 1:52 under the saddle; with a top sawyer on his back he could have won this race, though Orson must have done so but for an accident to Dr. Dixon, as he had more foot than anything which started.

Richards drew the track with Gallagher the 2d place. The horses started from the three-quarter mile post, near the head of the quarter stretch. The first hurdle was opposite the Club Stand, and was removed the instant the horses passed it, so that they might have a good long run in; the 2d one was near the quarter mile post, and the 3d and 4th in appropriate positions at about equal distances; all were four feet high, but they were not so strong as they should have been.

The Race. At a signal given by a mounted gentleman, all four horses got off, but no one seemed inclined to make play, until they got over the first hurdle. Gallagher, on Harkaway, led the way over it in tip-top style, with Richards well up to him; the cheering was immense as these two cleared it. Dixon, on Orson, came next, but his horse swerved slightly and knocked off one end of the top rail, throwing him on the pommel of his saddle, while Woodruff's *Vicompte Bertrand* hit the other end. All got well over the 2d and 3d hurdle, Hops and Orson appearing to take the 3d in their stride; Hiram and Gallagher rose at the same instant, and took it together in beautiful style, amidst tremendous cheers. Richards made play after passing the 3d hurdle, and reaching the 4th in advance cleared it like an artist, as did Dixon, but the latter's horse not recovering his feet he was thrown on his horse's neck and nearly disabled. Orson had so much more foot than Hops, that notwithstanding Richards crossed him on the latter, Dixon won the heat by about a length. Hiram's horse, in taking the 4th hurdle got his fore legs between the rails, knocked it into "immortal smash," and turned a summerset, sending Hiram about as far on his back as a country boy can jerk a trout! Hiram subsequently remounted and trotted in, amidst the laughter and cheers of his friends, in great good humor. The time was 2:25. The jockey of Orson complained of foul riding on the part of the jockey of Hops, but the Judges dismissed it, as they also did a charge against the jockey of Orson, for dismounting without orders. Dixon informed us subsequently, that he received an injury in taking the 1st hurdle, (which Orson hit) and that he became so weak as to be unable to lift his horse over the 4th.

After a protracted recess three again came to the post; Hiram had got enough for one lesson, and accordingly allowed *Vicompte Bertrand* to be sent to the stable, though a new jockey had mounted him, thinking probably, that the rider only, and not the horse, was distanced in the 1st heat!

Second Heat: Gallagher went off at a racing pace on Harkaway, and took the 1st hurdle in his stride, as did Dixon, who was 2d, and Richards 3d. The backers of the Canada horse were not so sanguine as before; and the field had the call at 2 to 1. Gallagher's horse refused the 2d hurdle, and after several ineffectual attempts to clear it, he rushed against it and threw Gallagher over his head, Orson and Hops got well over and took the 3d, at nearly the same instant, but at the 4th Dixon was thrown, and Hops won by nearly a distance. Harkaway was nowhere!

Dixon, though he recovered and mounted his horse, was obliged to be lifted off on coming through; he fainted and was taken into the Judges' stand, but subsequently recovered, and on the following day was, like Hiram, about as good as new, though we imagine neither was "set forward any" by kissing their mother earth.

Gallagher who was distanced on Harkaway, now took Dixon's place on Orson. Between the heats, however, he gave Harkaway another turn at the impracticable hurdle, but he could not get him over it. The result of a long and desperate contest between him and his horse was, that the latter finally threw him flat on his back.

Third Heat: It was now 20 minutes to 6 o'clock, and nearly dark. Richards this time made strong play and handsomely cleared the 1st hurdle, the backers of the favorite cheering him most lustily. Gallagher knocked it down, and on reaching the 2d, his horse refused it half a dozen times, so that Hops won without a struggle, by near a quarter of a mile, having taken all his hurdles in fine style, without a baulk. Recapitulation:—

MONDAY, Sept. 30, 1844, *Beacon Course, N. J.* Hurdle Race for a purse of \$500, given by the Proprietor; free for all horses; weight 160 lbs.; four hurdles four feet high in each heat. One mile and a quarter heats.

Abraham Richards' b. g. <i>Hops</i> by Imp. Meux, 4 yrs.....	Owner.....	2	1	1
A. A. Dixon's ch. h. <i>Orson</i> , by Imp. Valentine, 6 yrs.....	Owner.....	1	2	dist.
Charles Hirst's ch. g. <i>Harkoway</i> , aged.....	J. Gallagher.....	3	dist.	
H. A. Conover's ch. g. <i>Vicompte Bertrand</i> , by Alderman, aged..	H. Woodruff.....	dist.		

The affair went off very well, all things considered, and we hope to see a repetition of the race.

Notes of the Month.

NOVEMBER.

Regent goes to Charleston!—We have before us a letter from one of the owners of this fine horse in which the following paragraph occurs:—

* * * "I see that the South Carolina Jockey Club at Charleston, with great liberality, have offered a magnificent purse of \$2,500 to be run for at their next meeting, provided that *Fashion*, *Regent* and *Peytona*, or one out of each stable will enter; on that proposition I will merely remark that so far as *Regent* is concerned, life and health permitting *he will make one of the distinguished trio.*"

There is hardly a doubt of *Fashion's* going to Charleston. An arrangement will be made as soon as Mr. LAIRD returns from Baltimore. It only remains for the spirited owner of *Peytona* to make play?

Rilly Townes the distinguished son of Imp. Fylde, is to make his next season near Williamsboro', N. C., under the direction of Col. E. TOWNES,

Mr. J. CLARK, the new proprietor of the Courses at Montgomery and Selma, Ala., left North Carolina a few weeks since with *Wellington*, *Taglioni*, and a fine 3 yr. old by *Steel* out of *Miss Bett*. These cracks are to be trained at the *Bertrand Course*, Montgomery, where *Wellington* will probably stand next season.

We are indebted to the kindness of ROBERT EMMETT, Esq. of this city, for one of the most acceptable presents which Fortune ever "buckled on our back,"—a present doubly gratifying as coming from one of the most ardent and accomplished disciples of old Izaak Walton in the United States. The acquaintances of our time honored old friend, Gen. G., of Washington City,—a veteran "of the regular Army"—will not fail to remember his manifestations of delight upon receiving from his friend SIR CHARLES VAUGHAN, after the latter's return to England from his diplomatic mission here, a capacious "book," filled with a superb collection of Artificial Flies. With no tithe of the General's ability to express his grateful acknowledgements, we still do not yield to him in the sincerity of our appreciation of the generous impulses which prompted this characteristic token of regard, from a brother angler. In the case before us we find first, a dozen rare flies, dressed by the veritable hands of the renowned PADDY KELLY of Dublin, and tied on Limerick hooks of O'Shaughnessy's, or Sell's bend—hooks not to be obtained for love or money in this country. Each one is worthy of a distinct engraving and a separate chapter. Next comes a dozen "droppers," the exquisite handiwork of the late lamented Father LEVINS, of this city, one of our most eloquent Catholic divines, among which "the Professor" [so named for old KIR NORTH of Blackwood's Magazine.] "the Moth" and other "killers" are conspicuous. In another division we find an assortment of colored gut "leaders," one of which, made by Kelly of Dublin, fairly "bangs Bannagher!" It tapers gradually—"small by degrees and beautiful—

ly lesa"—from the loop which attaches it to the "casting-line" to the extreme point on which *we* should tie "a grey palmer" or "a green drake," according to the state of the water. It is stained with onion juice to the delicate hue of a blush on a cheek of alabaster. Two others colored in masterly style by Mr. E. himself, with tea, are "perfect loves" in their way, and there is one more, made by Father Levins, which to our eye is far more precious than "a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear." Last of all, in a cover of parchment, we find an assortment of Limerick Hooks of O'Shaughnessey's bend, and Kirby Hooks of "the Sneek" bend, neither variety of which can be purchased in the United States.

Register.—We regret to hear that this fine horse of Col. THOMSON'S, of Maryland, has given way, and been thrown out of training.

Mexican Stirrups.—A valuable addition has been made this week to the Editor's Cabinet of Sporting Curiosities by SULLIVAN A. MEREDITH, Esq., of this city, in the shape of a pair of South American or Mexican Stirrups. They are of wood, and weigh about five pounds each! They are elaborately carved on three sides; the foot does not project through them, and no one would imagine for what possible purpose they were intended unless informed. They no more resemble an American stirrup than does a chest of drawers, a coal scuttle, a bet on the Presidential Election, or anything else in which a man has a chance to "put his foot in it!"

Breaking Colts.—The St. Louis "Reveille" gives us the sensible remarks annexed on this subject, which is one of great interest:—

The best tamer of colts that was ever known in Massachusetts, (Col. JACQUES of Charleston,) never allowed whip or spur to be used; and the horses he trained needed no whip. Their spirits were unbroken by severity, and they obeyed the slightest impulse of the voice or rein, with the most animated promptitude; but rendered obedient to affection, their vivacity was always restrained by graceful docility. He said it was with horses as it was with children, if accustomed to beating, they would not obey without it. But, if managed with untiring gentleness, united with consistent and very equitable firmness, the victory once gained over them was gained forever.

In the face of all these facts, the world goes on manufacturing whips, spurs, galls and chains, while each one carries within his own soul a divine substitute for these devil's inventions, with which he might work miracles inward and outward, if he would.

On the morning after the great Foot Race, Barlow put forth the following Challenge:—

I JOHN BARLOW, of Manchester, England, hereby challenge any man born within the United States of America, to run the distance of Ten Miles for the sum of One Thousand Dollars. The match to come off over such ground as I may select, within twenty miles of the city of New York, on the eleventh day of November next, at two o'clock P. M., weather permitting, or the first fair day afterwards. Five Hundred Dollars each of the stakes to be placed in the hands of such parties as may be mutually agreed upon, at the house of Mr. Edmund Jones, the Second Ward Hotel, Nassau street, in the city of New York, on Saturday next, the 19th day of October instant, on or before 9 o'clock in the evening—at the same time and place the name of the party accepting this challenge to be made known publicly. The amount deposited to be forfeited in case either party fail in fulfilling the terms and conditions mutually agreed upon.

New York, Oct. 17, 1844.

EDMUND JONES for
JOHN BARLOW.

On the Friday following, GILDERSLEEVE called at our office, and said he would run any man in the world, on the Beacon Course, for from 1,000 to 5,000 dollars, 10 or 15 miles.

Major N. Y. Richardson of Alexandria, La, has recently bought the following colts, blooded stock:—of Thos. Alderson his b. c. (yearling) Benuck by imp. Belshazzar out of Sally Naylor, price \$250—of B. Bosley his 2 year old ch. f. by imp. Belshazzar, dam by Bluster, price \$275—of L. J. Polk, Esq. his 2 year old br. g. by imp. Ainderby, dam by Giles Scroggins, price \$246—Also his gr. f. (yearling) by Lynedock out of imp. Venetia, price \$200.

The Racing Calendar.

CRAB ORCHARD, KY., RACES.

BY "ROVER."

CRAB ORCHARD (Ky.), September, 1844.

Dear P.—The following is the result of three days sport over the Spring Hill Course. The weather was extremely fine, and the attendance on each day numerous.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11, 1844—Proprietor's Purse \$50, ent. \$10 added, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

Henry W. Farris' ch. f. *Ann Bell*, own sister to John and Jim Bell..... *Jas. Kelly*. 1 1
 Jas. L. Masby's b. f. *Joanna Steele*, by Woodpecker, out of Werner's dam..... 2 2
 Time, 1:57—2:05.

THURSDAY, Sept. 12—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Jas. Shv's ch. f. *Lucy Webb*, (formerly *Calanthe*) by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Hy. W. Farris' b. g. *Mingo Bell*, by Mingo, out of the dam of Jim and Josh Bell, 4 yrs 2 2
 Time, 1:50½—1:52.

An extremely interesting and well contested race.

FRIDAY, Sept. 13—Proprietor's purse \$200, free for all ages, weights as before—Two mile heats.

Jno. R. Smith's ch. f. *Ann Harrod*, by Hickory John, dam by King William, 3 yrs. *John Walden* 1 1
 Hy. W. Farris' br. h. *Denmark*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Betsey Harrison, by Aratus, 5 yrs. 2 2

1st Heat.		2d Heat.	
1st mile.....	1:53	1st mile.....	1:53
2d ".....	1:56	2d ".....	1:54
	3:49		3:47

An exciting race, and the quickest ever made over the course. Denmark was considerably the favorite at starting, from the facts of his "being at home," and Ann not running in public more than mile heats. She won the Brennan stake at Lexington, last spring, but was subsequently beaten by Liz Tillett, at Louisville. Liz was afterwards purchased by J. B. Pryor, Esq. of Natchez, and as I learn, is going finely. She has a decidedly pretty form, and an uncommon turn of speed. She does not appear at first sight as possessing much stamina, her proportions being rather of the *exquisite* order; but a little familiarity with her appearance improves her, in your "mind's eye." If she does not stop *very short* she will be hard to handle almost any distance. She moves with very great ease, and suits me better than any of her age I have met with in the state. She was raised by Mr. FARRIS of this place—but to the race.

Denmark drew "the track," and bounded off with the lead at a racing pace; Ann in the first quarter was a clear length behind, she gradually closed the gap, and in rounding the turn into the home stretch, they were locked—a beautiful brush brought her about saddle skirts ahead at the judge's stand. She took "the track" before rounding the first turn, and Denmark's rider here quite injudiciously took a pull on him, by which Ann placed herself nearly two lengths ahead before they had gone a quarter of a mile. On the back stretch Denmark again made play, and with all the persuasion his rider could use, she kept the lead. The run home was very beautiful, but the filly had the best of him. They both cooled off to admiration, and to appearance cared as little about the heat, as though they had not been running. The betting changed—the filly now the favorite. It was evident if she did not quit, that the old horse could not reach her. At the tap in the second heat, he set sail in good earnest for a driving race. On the straight sides he was pressed all the way, and nobly he responded to the call. He was nicely managed around the turns, and again let loose in straight work. The filly took the spur pretty freely in the last mile as Denmark made his tremendous brushes at her. He ran a game and rapid race, but her speed was too much for him—the last mile was very exciting. Den-

mark has proved that *two miles* is not his *best* distance, and I shall be much mistaken if the opinions of many who are called good judges, are not materially changed in regard to his powers as a race-horse, before the Kentucky campaign is over. Ann Harrod has improved greatly in appearance since last spring. She will, without doubt, try it on at Lexington with Miss Clark, and you will find that it will not be a chestnut horse to a horse-chestnut that the latter will have the best of it.

There perhaps never was so much excitement in Kentucky as now exists about racing matters; and I am inclined to the belief that you will be called upon to record another "best race ever run in America," if not at Lexington, at Louisville, unless an accident should happen to "the cracks."

Iago will in all probability meet Ann Hays at Louisville, and if they are both up to the mark, the *small boys* had better stand back a little; they will see quite as well.

BALTIMORE, MD., TRIAL RACES.

The proprietor has furnished us with the bare results, without the slightest indication of the owners or pedigrees of the horses. We have supplied most of these omissions, after poring over the Racing Calendar for two hours; the reporter could have made them perfect in three minutes.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17, 1844—Match, \$250 a side, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Peyton R. Johnson's b. c. *Victor*, by Imp. Cetus, out of My Lady (The Colonel's dam) by Comus, 3 yrs. 86lbs.----- 1 1
 R. J. Worthington's b. f. *Kate Coy*, by Critic, out of Nancy Bond, 3 yrs. 83lbs. 2 2
 Time, 1:52—1:55.

SAME DAY—Match, \$100 a side, h. ft. One mile.
 Peyton R. Johnson's b. c. *Own brother to Victor*, 2 yrs. 1
 R. J. Worthington's ro. f. by Drone, 2 yrs. 2
 Time, 1:57.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—Match, \$500 a side, h. ft. Two mile heats.
 Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. *The Colonel*, by Imp. Priam, out of My Lady (Victor's dam) by Comus, 4 yrs. 100lbs. 1 1
 T. R. S. Boyce's ch. c. *Oh See*, by Imp. Foreigner, d. by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs. 100lbs. 2 2
 Time, 3:57—4:02.

SAME DAY—Purse \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs to mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 James B. Kendall's br. c. *Rodney*, by Imp. Priam, 4 yrs. 3 1 1
 Peyton R. Johnson's ch. h. *Nobleman*, by Imp. Cetus, out of The Colonel's dam by Comus, 6 yrs. 1 2 3
 Wm. Field's b. g. *Old Kentuck*, by Woodpecker, dam by Snow Storm, 4 yrs. 2 3 2
 John Gooding's c. *Cesner*, 3 yrs. 4 4 dist.
 Time, 1:52—1:52—1:54.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—Purse \$100, conditions as in previous race. Two mile heats.
 Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. *The Colonel*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 1 1
 N. Stonestreet's gr. h. *Wilton Brown*, by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler, 6 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 3:45—3:55.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., RACES.

The editor of the "People's Press" has very courteously furnished us with the annexed report:—

THURSDAY, Sept. 19, 1844.—Jockey Club Purse \$—, free for all ages; 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.: 4, 100; 5, 110; 6, 118; 7 and upwards, 124; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
 S. Logue's h. c. *Bozer* by Mingo, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Mr. Ellis's ch. c. *Saag* by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 3:54—4:02. Track heavy.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$—; conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 S. Logue's ch. h. *Simon Kenton* by Medoc dam by Rattler, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Mr. Ellis's ch. h. *John Archy* by John Richards, 6 yrs. 2 2
 Mr. Buffington's ch. g. *Wattle Hawk* by Reveille 6 yrs. 3 dist.
 Time, 5:56—7:00.

SATURDAY, Sept. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$—; conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Mr. Buffington's ch. g. *Wattle Hawk* (pedigree above). 2 1 1 1
 S. Logue's b. g. *Crack-Loo* by Woodpecker. 1 2 2 2
 Time, 1:58—2:04—2:08.

A correspondent states that the late meeting at this place went off with the utmost spirit. The first day was advertised for Mile heats, but there being no entries the evening previous there was but little sport, although there was quite

an attendance. In order to amuse the spectators, a small purse was given, and two untried colts entered for mile heats.

LEXINGTON, KY., RACES.

The semi-annual meeting of the Kentucky Association came off over their beautiful course, at Lexington, some two weeks since. According to the "Observer and Reporter" the meeting was more interesting than any that has preceded it for a number of years. "The attendance," we are glad to hear, "has been larger, finer fields of horses have contended for the purses, and each day's races have been contested in the most gallant and spirited manner, leaving it uncertain to the last to which of the noble champions the prize would be awarded. The time made, too, is better on the whole, than has heretofore been made on our course, showing the rapid improvement which is being made in the breed of this noble animal."

TUESDAY, Sept. 24, 1844—Purse \$400, 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. Three mile heats.

Capt Willa Viley's (Rebt. Burbridge's) b. c. <i>Woodcock</i> , by Woodpecker out of Sarah Miller, by Cherokee, 4 yrs.....	4	2	1	1
James K. Duke's b. f. <i>Magdalen</i> , by Medoc out of Keph's dam by Sumter, 4 yrs.....	5	1	2	2
David Heinsohn & Co.'s br. c. <i>Consol, Jr.</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of The Nun's Daughter by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs.....	1	4	3	dist.
Col. Wm. Buford's b. c. <i>Crowell</i> , by John Bascombe, dam by Sumter, 4 yrs.....	3	3	dr.	
S. B. Thomas' ch. f. by Imp. Ainderby, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	2	5	dist.	
Time, 5:47—5:48—5:46—5:52.				

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Jas. L. Bradley's gr. c. <i>Croton</i> , by Chorister, dam by Muckle John, 4 yrs.....	4	1	1	
H. W. Farris's b. g. <i>Mingo Bell</i> , by Frank out of Jonquil (Josh and Jim Bell's dam,) by Little John, 4 yrs.....	5	4	2	
W. Baird's ch. c. <i>St. Charles</i> , by Imp. Jordan, dam by Mercury, 3 yrs.....	2	2	3	
Col. W. Buford's b. c. <i>Tom Merry</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumter, 4 yrs.....	1	3	dist.	
J. G. Boswell's b. g. <i>Limbo</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Equity, 4 yrs.....	5	dist.		
Jas. Shy's ch. c. by Frank, dam by Woodpecker, 4 yrs.....	3	dr.		
Time, 1:50½—1:50½—1:49.				

SAME DAY, Second Race—Post or Sweepstakes, of five subs. at \$50 each, P. P.; age and weight omitted. Mile heats.

S. Davenport's (J. G. Chiles') ch. c. <i>Dr. Franklin</i> by Frank, out of Althea, by Big Archie.....	1	1		
J. L. Bradley's nomination.....	4	dist.		
W. A. Stewart's nomination.....	2	dist.		
Jas. Shy's nomination.....	3	dist.		
Time, 1:52½—1:51½				

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Purse \$250, conditions as on Tuesday. Two mile heats.

James L. Bradley's ch. f. <i>Moth</i> by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Imp. Velocipede, 4 yrs.....	1	1		
Dr. E. Warfield's b. c. <i>Marco</i> by Sir Leslie, dam by Lance, 4 yrs.....	3	2		
John R. Smith's ch. f. <i>Ann Harrod</i> by Hickory John, dam by King William, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.		
F. G. Murphy & Co.'s br. f. by Imp. Hedgford, out of Motto's dam.....	4	dist.		
H. W. Farris's ch. 1. <i>Ann Bell</i> , own sister to Josh and Jim Bell, 3 yrs.....	dist.			
Time, 3:48½—3:43.				

SAME DAY, Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, carrying weight as 3 yr. olds. Seven subs. at \$40 each, h. ft. One mile.

J. L. Bradley's (D. McIntyre's) ch. f. by Wagner, dam by Sumter.....	1			
J. W. Thornton's b. c. by Grey Eagle, dam by Moses.....	2			
Geo. Thomas's bl. f. by Birmingham, dam by Tiger.....	3			
Time, 1:52½.				

FRIDAY, Sept. 27—Purse \$600, conditions as on Tuesday. Four mile heats.

F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. m. <i>Motto</i> by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Tompkins, by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	2	1	1	
J. L. Bradley's b. h. <i>Greyhead</i> , by Chorister, dam by Muckle John, 5 yrs.....	1	2	2	
P. E. Todhunter's o. c. <i>Zingaro</i> , by Zinganee, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.		
Col. W. Buford's b. h. <i>Mirabeau</i> , by Medoc, out of Mary Ann by Sumter, 5 yrs.....	3	dr.		
D. Heinsohn's ch. f. <i>Miss Clash</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Cumberland, 4 yrs.....	5	dr.		
Time, 7:53—8:00½—8:06½.				

SATURDAY, Sept. 28—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

James L. Bradley's g. c. <i>Croton</i> by Chorister, dam by Muckle John, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1	
Robert Burbridge's ch. f. <i>Lucy Webb</i> , by Medoc, out of Calanthe by Sumter.....	3	4	2	
H. W. Farris's ch. f. <i>Ann Bell</i> by Frank, dam by Little John, 3 yrs.....	2	2	dist.	
H. Daniel's ch. g. <i>Pan</i> by Imp. Envoy, dam by Moses, 5 yrs.....	4	3	dist.	
J. J. Allen's <i>Black Spot</i> by Hickory, out of the dam of Robert Bruce, 5 yrs.....	dist.			
Time, 2:00—2:03—2:01½.				

Track very heavy, from rain the night previous and on the day of the race.

NEW YORK, UNION COURSE, L. I.

We cannot say much for the interest of these races on the 1st ult., but the fineness of the weather put every one—save the proprietor—in good spirits, and the Club dinner at Snedeker's in the evening, was capital. The plan of running four races in a single day does not appear to serve the interests of the proprietors of the course; a single race for which horses of note are to contend, will undoubtedly attract more spectators here than half a dozen in which the winner can be named. The races came off in the following order:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 1, 1844.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Two subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.
 Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) b. c. by Imp. Langford, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy..... *Jack*..... 1 1
 S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') gr. f. *Edith* by Shadow, out of Fashion's dam..... 2 2
 Time, 3:57—4.03. Course a little heavy.

This race was won handily by the Langford colt, who has plenty of bone and substance, like his sire: he is somewhat "tied in" below the knee, but has good action. Edith is of Blue Dick's color, but the resemblance is not to be traced farther. She is too lightly moulded ever to distinguish herself at a distance, and appears to lack speed, so that being the first of Shadow's produce, we should not cry our eyes out if she was his last, notwithstanding her owner thinks very highly of him and her. We may be entirely mistaken in our estimate of the filly's racing powers, but the above was the universal impression of the breeders and turfmen present—a fact we sincerely regret. Bonnets o' Blue, if bred to a fine horse, should have produced a flyer like Fashion—at any rate, so almost every one believes; consequently, the disappointment in Edith's appearance and performance is greatly magnified.

SAME DAY, *Second Race*.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, \$25 ft. Mile heats.
 Chas. S. Lloyd's (Capt. Geo. Sutton's) gr. f. by Imp. Langford out of Gulnare (Bengal's dam) by Duroc..... *Jack* 1 1
 Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) b. c. by Imp. Langford, out of Imp. Dianan 2 2
 Time, 1:57—2:02.

Capt. Sutton's filly won in such style that we shall not be surprised if she should go both the pace and the distance when her form gets more matured. She is much lighter than the colt. Daniel Abbott's nomination was upon the ground, but not being quite up to the mark, paid forfeit. He is a very bloodlike looking colt.

SAME DAY. *Third Race*.—Purse of \$200, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 90lbs., 4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
 Samuet Laird's ch. h. *Stanley Eclipse* by Busiris, dam by John Stanley, 5 yrs. *Jos. Laird* 1 1
 Chas. S. Lloyd's gr. f. by Bolivar, dam by Imp. Barefoot, 3 yrs..... 4 2
 H. Alfred Conover's b. c. *Livingston* by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 4 yrs..... 3 0
 Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) b. f. by Imp. Trustee out of Miss Mattie, 4 yrs..... 2 0
 Time 3:53—3:57.

The Trustee filly was the favorite against the field at 2 to 1, having been regarded last season as the most promising at the North. On the present occasion she seemed to be off her foot, the consequence, we suspect, of a most extraordinary trial she made a short time since. She is a large slashing filly, and would have been matched last Spring for almost any amount. Stanley Eclipse is a very finely-formed horse, and has so much foot as to be an ugly customer at Two mile heats. He won cleverly; the most interesting portion of the race was the contest for the 3d place, between the Trustee colt and filly, which resulted in a dead heat.

SAME DAY. *Fourth Race*—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion* by Imp. Trustee out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 7 yrs..... *Jos. Laird* 1 1
 Henry A. Conover's b. c. *Dunvegan* by Imp. Trustee out of Jenima (Job's dam,) by Thornton's Rattler, 4 yrs..... 2 dr.
 Time 6:13.

The odds were 20 to 1 on Fashion, who won, of course, like open and shut. The Sporting World may not be unconcerned to hear that since her race with Blue Dick last Spring, her coat of satin chesnut has become figured with spots of white hair, of the size of a shilling piece! We have heard that Reality's color changed in like manner. Fashion promises to become as speckled as a bantam fowl, and already her color is so singularly changed that she would be

a decided star in the stud of an equestrian troupe! Mr. Laird informs us that these spots of "purest ray serene" do not proceed from blisters or any humor, but that they are constantly increasing in number, although the mare is in robust health. She was emphatically "the cynosure of all eyes," on being striped: several gentlemen from Canada and from distant States of the Union, who were present and saw her for the first time, pronounced her a prodigy of horse flesh. After all her hard races her limbs look now, at seven years old, much finer, and she presented a more fresh and blooming appearance generally, than any colt on the ground.

NASHVILLE, TENN., RACES.

NASHVILLE, Oct. 6, 1844.

Dear Sir: In the absence of an official reporter, you will allow me to give you a brief statement of the races which commenced here on Monday last.

MONDAY, Sept. 30, 1844—Produce Stakes for 3 yr. olds; colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fifteen subs. at \$500 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

H. Dickinson's b. f. *Fanny King* by Imp. Glencoe, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard..... rec'd. ft.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages; 3 yrs., 86lbs.; 4, 100; 5, 110; 6, 118; 7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Thomas Alderson's ch. f. *Tarantula* by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Mary Jane Davis by Stockholder, 4 yrs Randall 1 1

Balie Peyton's br. m. *Great Western* by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... 2 2

B. Johnson's gr. f. by Pacific, out of Gamma's dam by Richard, 3 yrs dist.
Samuel J. Carter's b. c. by Eclipse, out of Sally Naylor, 4 yrs dist.
Time, 5:56—5:56.

This was no ordinary race, and deserves a few remarks. The winner is a fine lengthy chesnut filly, about fifteen hands three inches high, with a star, and one hind foot white.—Betting 2 to 1 on *Tarantula*. *Gamma's* sister and the *Eclipse* colt made all the running in the first mile. After vainly attempting to restrain his mare, Randall was obliged to go in front, and remained in that position, winning (under a strong pull) by several lengths, distancing the *Eclipse* colt and the filly.

Second heat: It was perfect play for *Tarantula*, who went ahead and won as she pleased; indeed, she pulled up to a walk to allow *Great Western* to save her distance. Since the race, *Tarantula* has been sold to Mr. Miles Kelly for \$1200. She goes South in company with Iago.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, weights not stated. Seven subs. at \$100 each, \$35 ft. One mile.

J. Nichol's b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of *Zelina* by Imp. Leviathan..... 1
J. S. Brien's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder..... 2

J. B. Carter's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand..... 3
Time, 1:56.

The Priam colt the favorite, who won, after a pretty race, by half a length. SAME DAY.—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages; weights as before, subscription \$50 each. Mile heats.

J. S. Brien's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs..... 1 1
A. P. Yourie's ch. c. by Pacific, dam by Partnership, 3 yrs..... 3 2

L. W. Leavell's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Childers, 4 yrs..... 2 dist.
Time, 1:53—1:53½

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Jockey Club Purse \$200; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

J. C. Guild's ch. f. *Mary Lewis* by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine by Oscar, 4 yrs 1 1

B. Johnson's br. f. *Purity* by Imp. Ainderby, dam by Giles Scroggins, 3 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 3:53½—3:56½.

The first heat was prettily contested, and won by half a length. The second heat *Mary Lewis* won very handily.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4—Proprietor's Purse \$100; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Thos. Alderson's ch. f. *Tarantula* (pedigree above)..... 1 1
W. Taylor's gr. c. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Orphan, 4 yrs..... 3 2

Jesse Cage's gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs..... 2 dist.
First Heat. Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile.....	1:52	Time of 1st mile.....	1:52
" " 2d mile.....	1:56	" " 2d mile.....	1:54
" " 1st heat.....	3:48	" " 2d heat.....	3:46

After such a race as this, there can be no doubt but what *Tarantula* has proved herself to be a horse of extraordinary game and speed. 3:48—3:46 is

the best time ever made, by several seconds, over this course. The betting was in favor of Tarantula at 2 to 1. After great difficulty with the Autocrat they got a fair start. The Leviathan and colt carried on the running for the first mile, when the Autocrat drew back: here Tarantula went up, and with her enormous stride collared her on the second turn. She had it, now, "nip and tie" to the finish; Tarantula winning by about half a length.

Second heat: The grey filly again made the play for the first half mile, when Tarantula went to work at a killing lick and cut her down instanter. The Leviathan now led off and the Autocrat took her place, but it was all plain sailing for the Belshazzar, who finished the race in gallant style, winning by at least fifty yards.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$500; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

B. Johnson's gr. m. <i>Cripple</i> by Imp. Phillip, out of Gamma's dam, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Col. G. Elliott's (M. Kelly's) bl. c. <i>Iago</i> by Othello, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 8:03—8.12		

There seemed to be but one opinion on this race: Iago was the favorite at 5 to 1, and very few takers. On starting, Iago broke off before the drum was tapped, and ran off (his rider having no control over him) for nearly three miles, making the first two miles in 3:50. Sufficient time was allowed to cool out, though it didn't set him forward any in his condition. They went off at a pretty good pace, both doing their best the entire distance. The mare out-lugged him, and won the heat by several lengths. Iago pulled up slightly lame. Time, 1st mile, 1:53—2d, 2:00—3d, 2:01—4th, 2:08.

The result of the heat was a poser. The betting now completely changed, and 3 to 1 was freely offered on the mare. She led off, and continued the lead to the last half mile, when Iago challenged: an exciting race ensued, the whip and spur being applied most lustily to the finish, where the mare came in ahead by a clear length. Taking into consideration the state of the course and the time made the previous days, it was a very poor race.

ROCK RIVER, ILL., RACES.

Mr. Editor.—Our first meeting on the Woodland Course (near Dixon) came off on Monday last (1st July), and from the pleasure shown on all sides, gave promise of the sport we may hereafter look for on Rock River. You may observe that one of the contending horses was sired by Abdallah, and though unsuccessful, she ran the winner sufficiently close to prove that his stock possesses running as well as trotting qualities.

MONDAY, July 1, 1844—Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.,—4, 100,—5, 110,—6, 118,—7, and upwards, 124; allowing 3 lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

W. F. Bradshaw's gr. c. by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 3 yrs.....	1	1
J. Shillaber's b. f. by Abdallah, dam by Saxe Weimar, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Mr. Dodge's b. c., 3 yrs.....	dist.	
Mr. Coe's br. f., 3 yrs.....	dist.	
Time, 1:56—1:57.		

C. BAYLEY, Secretary.

P.S. This course is half a mile only in circumference, consequently the horses had to go around it twice each heat, a circumstance materially adverse to speed.

WASHINGTON, D. C., RACES.

We compile from the "National Intelligencer" the details of the meeting, on the National Course, to which is subjoined an original report by our correspondent "D. P.," in his very best style.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's br. c. <i>Victor</i> by Imp. Cetus, out of My Lady (Passenger and the Colonel's dam) by Comus.....	rec'd. ft.	
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SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as above; — subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. Thomas Doswell's br. f. by Pamunky (dam not given).....	1	1
Col. Jas. Williamson's ch. c. by Imp. Trustee, (dam not given).....	2	2
Col. Fr. Thompson's gr. f. <i>Fidelity</i> by Imp. Priam, out of Register's dam.....	3	3
Time, 1:51—1:51½.		

SAME DAY—Purse \$25, entrance \$5, added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs., 4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124 lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

P. R. Johnson's (W. Field's) b. g. <i>Old Kentucky</i> by Woodpecker, 4 yrs.....	2	1	2	1
A. M. Payne's (J. M. P. Newby's) b. m. <i>Lady Polk</i> by Comet, 6 yrs.....	3	3	1	3
James B. Kendall's ch. f. by Drone, 4 yrs.....	1	2	3	2
William Holmead's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, 4 yrs.....	4	dr.		
Time, 1:55½—1:55½—1:55—1:55½.				

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Purse \$100; conditions as in Tuesday's Purse race. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's br. f. by Imp. Priam out of Medora by John Richards, 4 yrs....	1	1		
Isham Puckett's b. f. <i>Ann Howard</i> by Imp. Priam, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs....	2	2		
Time, 1:51—1:54.				

SAME DAY.—*Second Race*—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. James Williamson's ch. f. <i>Marchioness</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1	
P. R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , by Imp. Priam out of Victor's dam, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2	
Col. F. Thompson's gr. m. <i>Kate Harris</i> by Imp. Priam, out of Nimon de l'Enclos by Rattler, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.		
Time, 3:57—3:53—4:00.				

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Citizen's Plate \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's b. h. <i>Prior</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Queen of Clubs by Eclipse, 6 yrs.....	6	5	1	1
Otway P. Hare's b. m. by Imp. Priam, out of Mary Lea by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	4	1	4	2
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Billy Bowte</i> , by Drone, out of Agility by Sir James, 5 yrs.....	3	4	2	r. o.
T. R. S. Boyce's—h. <i>Alamode</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs.....	2	2	3	r. o.
P. R. Johnson's (Edward H. Pendleton's) ch. f. <i>Myra Gaines</i> , by Critic, dam by Tuckahoe, 3 yrs.....	5	3	dist.	
Col. J. Williamson's b. f. <i>Mabel Wynn</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	6	dist.	
Time, 3:50—3:55—3:56—4:01				

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Purse \$350, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

N. Stonestreet's (Col. F. Thompson's) gr. h. <i>Willton Brown</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Kate Harris's dam, 6 yrs.....	1	3	1	
O. P. Hare's b. f. <i>Patsy Anthony</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	3	1	3	
Col. J. Williamson's b. h. <i>Regent</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	2	2	2	
Time, 5:56—5:56—6:05.				

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 14, 1844.

Dear Sir.—The National Jockey Club Races commenced on Tuesday last. The stables of Va. and Md. being on the spot in great force, and containing the best race horses now "in fix" in this "race horse region." except Blue Dick and Midas, who, I am told, have departed for the South. Having "other fish to fry" I did not attend on Tuesday, but learn that there were two sprightly contests, which afforded a good supply of sport to "a favored few." Major Doswell's beautiful little Pamunky filly, from whom nothing was expected when contending with the powerful Trustee colt, distinguished herself by the way she has of striding along, and making rushing brushes when called on—1:51 and 1:51½ over "a dreadful heavy" track, being her time, which, with her general appearance, reminds one of the early triumphs of Vanity and Lady Lightfoot. She promises to be a perfect "rasper," and will have some "tall" chronicling in the "Spirit" before all of her yarn is spun. The other mile and repeat race was carried into four severely contested heats, and was "won out of the fire" by "Old Kentucky" foot, and FIELD's "good management" in a hard crowd. This trainer, as I told you before, holds no communion with the doctrine of "luck," but always wins by "good management," and loses by accident—no "luck" in the race.

On Wednesday I found Mr. KENDALL's brown colt, by Priam, out of Medora, and Mr. PUCKETT's bay mare Ann Howard, by Priam, tripping for mile heats. I felt a deep interest in the colt, as I had seen his game little dam holding on with the toughness of a ball of Lignum Vitæ, six years ago, on the great four mile day when Omega made her tremendous 7:38 heat with her old able companion Mediator. If Medora had had the foot of this proud specimen of her produce, with her own unflinching game, it would be hard to say what would have lived with her in four mile heats. She was by John Richards, who seems to have been "dropped" to get prime brood marea. Ann darted from the stand, the colt at her hips for the fourth of a mile, at a good lick, when he went up to her head, and away they flew, like a display of fire-works, in a bursting brush for home, the filly leading half a neck, till within four strides of the Judges,

when the colt tried on electricity, amidst thundering acclamations, and won by 4 inches!

Being myself not of the best vision, I would never pretend to tell when one horse beat another a few inches when closing with such a rush of speed—but our judges were of the “right grit,” with enough of honor and intelligence to decide any race of even “life and death.” In the 2d heat the colt led through in 1:54. As the first quarter of the first heat was made only at common speed, you must have some idea of their “lick” in the balance of the heat to make it 1:51.

Then came on race number 2, with Mr. WILLIAMSON'S Rowton filly, called Marchioness, The Colonel, and Kate Harris, both by Priam. Kate went away with the track, at three-quarter speed, with the Colonel second for a mile and a half, where he let out a link and passed the little mare as if she had been a scared weasel, and went home two lengths ahead, in 3:57. Marchioness never raised a foot for “nothing else” but to clear the little red banner. But in the 2d heat she danced off with the lead as if she had been Fashion, sure enough, whom, though of less dimensions, she somewhat resembled in form, color, and her manner of “making time.” She had not gone half a mile before “the thing was out,” and the judges might as well have left the stand, so far as any further use for them remained. The Colonel now and then “tried it on” to no purpose, for the mare came down the stretch, playing with her ears, and still performing Fashion “with signal success,” but under the loudest cracks of the whip you ever heard on a race track. Said I to a man “who knows,” what upon the earth made the rider strike his filly? The answer was that she always desired to shun crowds of noisy people, and has to “be whaled like h—I to get her through—*she has.*” Kate pulled up after going a mile and a half and trotted to the stand—*dead amiss.* She won handsomely at Broad Rock a few days since, and, when “all right,” it is hard for anybody's horse to do business with her in two mile heats. You would think so, too, had you seen her take the conceit out of Clarion and Senator, a year ago, when coming home like cannon balls falling upon a saw-mill. The Colonel was “off” and unfit to run. He is “all over” a “bang up” race horse, and his owner has had an offer at “a high figure” open to him for the last twelve months. He is a most blood-like animal, and must one day be quite an acquisition to the stud.

As my paper is nearly out, you must ask somebody else to tell you a “thing or two,” about the two mile plate race, which was won by Prior, in four heats. If Mr. BOYCE'S United had laid up in the two first heats, he would have won easily afterwards. He is a bad starter, losing so much ground at the beginning, as to render his chance bad in any short race. In the second heat he lost in that way about 40 yards, and then came out second, as in the first! He was, in my opinion, the best horse in the race, and would beat either at 2 or 3 mile heats. Captain BELCHER, who trained Prior, acted “Old Nap” to “a caution,” and won the two last heats like open and shut. It was him as much as Prior.

On Saturday we had most brilliant sport, a race worthy of the observation of twenty thousand spectators. The field was made up of Wilton Brown, Regent, and Patsey Anthony. Patsey the favorite until they came on the course, when Regent went up first favorite like a kite. The betting was numerous, but for small sums, and on “every point.” The most of the betting was on Regent *vs.* the field, or against the mare, and then, again, the mare *vs.* the field. I never doubted but that Wilton would take the 1st heat, as he was fine as a star—the best ordered horse I ever saw. Away he went with the lead, the other two a few lengths behind, for two miles, when Regent went to work and came home nose and tail with Wilton, who ran the heat in 5:55, and the last mile in 1:49! and no mistake. Wilton again led off, making the 1st half mile in 1:07, and the 1st mile in 2:05, he being well in the lead, and not intending to make a stride for the heat—here Regent and Patsey went off like rifle bullets, passed Wilton, the horse leaning about a length until reaching the stretch in the last mile, when the mare gradually left him, and won easily in 5:57, but some Kentucky watches made it 5:47! Regent was now a dead tired horse, Patsey only so so, but Wilton was as fresh as paint. In the 3d heat he rattled off with the track, and strode along like a fresh horse, the other two hammering it on, four lengths behind. In the 2d and 3d miles they moved up a little closer,

Regent 2d, and when half a mile from home the mare took a pull and let Regent go for the heat, but Wilton out-footed him to the stand, and won, with something to spare, in 6:03. [I have given the time by Mr. Puckett's watch.]

The track was very heavy from the previous day's hard rain, which makes the time most truly creditable to all concerned. The mare was just relieved from a cold, which may have lost her the race. She has more reputation "along these parts" than either of the others, but Wilton Brown, a delicate horse, can "fan" either her or Regent, when in order, any day with 100 pounds up—dead. I take Marchioness, however, to be now about the best race nag in America, Fashion excepted. Blue Dick "has seen the day"—but his severe contests with Fashion would now tell when contending with this perfect *whirlwind of a Rowton!* She beat Wilton two mile heats last week at Alexandria, and has won some ten other races without losing but one, and then bolted when finishing the race some 30 yards ahead. Keep your eye on her should she get North, and look out for a squall. D. P.

LOUISVILLE, Ky, RACES.

The Fall Meeting of the Louisville Jockey Club commenced on Monday, the 7th Oct.. The following are the officers of the Club:—

ROBERT J. WARD, Esq., President.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

Capt. Wm. Preston,	F. A. Kaye, Esq.,
Col. S. Ormsby,	John Joyes, Esq.,
W. H. Walker, Esq.,	Capt. A. P. Churchill.

STEWARDS.

J. R. Throckmorton, Esq.,	Richard Phillips, Esq.,
W. P. Shepherd, Esq.,	Chas. H. Robards, Esq.,
Collis Ormsby, Esq.,	J. S. Mosby, Esq.
T. G. Rucker, Esq.	

LADIES' COMMITTEE.

John Barbee, Esq.,	J. S. Speed, Esq.,
B. W. Pollard, Esq.,	Jos. W. Funk, Esq.,
Wm. Robards, Esq.,	A. J. Ballard, Esq.,
I. H. Sturgeon, Esq.	J. H. Crittenden, Esq.

MONDAY, Oct. 7, 1844—Untried Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; five subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

J. L. Bradley's br. c. <i>Nathan Rice</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Whipster	1	1
A. Hikes' ch. c. <i>Glider</i> , by Imp. Valparaiso, out of Kitty Turner	2	2
Jas. Shy's ch. f. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Archy	3	3
Geo. R. Kenner's b. f. by Ricard of York, dam by Bertrand	pd.	ft.
Joseph Metcalfe's ch. c. by Shark, dam by Blackbourn's Whip	pd.	ft.

Time, 1:45—1:52.

SAME DAY.—*Second Race*—Match \$500 a-side. One mile.

J. W. Keith's ch. f. by Medoc, dam by director, 4 yrs	1
W. Merriman's br. f. <i>Lizzie Symmes</i> , by Parleton, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs	2

Time, 1:56½.

There was quite a considerable attendance at the Oakland to-day, and the sport was as good as could have been expected the first day. A good deal of money changed hands, but we noticed rather more of a disposition among some of the moneyed men to bet on the elections than on the races.

Nothing of peculiar interest occurred in the first race. It was well contested, and there were several beautiful brushes. Nathan Rice won it very handily. In the second race Keith's filly had it all her own way, and won without an exertion. The track was heavy with dust.

TUESDAY, Oct. 8.—Proprietor's Purse \$150, 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.

Wm. F. Harper's br. c. <i>Red Eagle</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Moses, 3 yrs	1	1
Joseph Metcalfe's ch. h. <i>Magnate</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sumpter, 6 yrs	4	2
Jas. L. Bradley's b. f. <i>Chemizette</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Goode's Arab, 4 yrs	3	3
B. Maloney's ch. f. by Cadmus, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs	2	dist.
J. R. Throckmorton's b. c. <i>Diedrich</i> , by Bertrand, Jr., dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs	dist.	
T. J. Boswell's b. m. <i>Martha West</i> , by Coluqubus, dam by Imp. Eagle, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:53—1:50½.

SAME DAY.—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for two year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs., subscription \$25. h. ft. Mile heats.

F. Herr's gr. c. <i>American Eagle</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Waxy.....	1	1
Joseph Metcalfe's ch. f. by Wagner, dam by Lance.....	2	2
L. Geiger's gr. c. by Charley Naylor, dam by Rattler.....	pd.	ft.
Wm. Baird's b. c. by Grey Eagle.....	pd.	ft.
G. R. Kenner's b. f. by Richard of York, dam by Bertrand.....	pd.	ft.

Time, 1:58½—1:57.

There was an excellent attendance at the course to-day, and the sport was of the first order. Both races were well contested, and at the same time were won very handily. The Grey Eagle stock in both instances proved triumphant. In the second race, after the second heat, the Eagle colt ran away with his rider, and went twice round the track, at full speed before he could be stopped. He is a noble animal, and we predict that something will be heard of him in future.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Proprietor's Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Jas. L. Bradley's gr. c. <i>Croton</i> , by Chorister, dam by Muckle John, 4 yrs.....	1	1
E. Warfield's br. h. <i>Marco</i> , by Sir Leslie, dam by Lance, 4 yrs.....	3	2
F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. f., by Imp. Ainderby, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	2	3
D. Heinson's ch. f. <i>Miss Clash</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Cumberland, 4 yrs.....	4	4
Jas. Shy's br. c., by Shark dam by Tiger, 3 yrs.....	5	dist.
F. G. Brengman's b. c. <i>Gen. Knox</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Fanny Wright by Silver Heels, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:53½—3:46½.

The expectations of all who witnessed it were realised to-day in the brilliant performance of Croton, who beat a field of our best horses at Two mile heats, and apparently at his ease, although in the second heat the result appeared for a time doubtful. The betting lay principally between Croton and Miss Clash, but closed with Croton vs. the field, and considerable sums changed hands. The attendance was pretty fair; the course was inelastic and slow, the dust being deep; a great drawback to quick time.

In the first heat the Shark colt took the lead, closely followed by the Ainderby filly, Clash third, the others in waiting at different distances from ten to fifty yards behind. The first mile was run without material change of position. In rounding the turn of the second mile, Croton was well placed third, and at the first quarter made play and locked the Ainderby; (Clash drew back and made no effort for the heat;) they ran locked for about a quarter of a mile, when Croton made play, and, passing the Ainderby without apparent effort, took a tilt at the Shark colt, and serving him the "same caper," came home an easy winner in 3:53½.

The second heat was a repetition of the first, in fact but not in form. Clash bounced off with the lead, Marco second, and Croton behind, all under a pull. Clash led during the first mile, Marco evidently waiting for and watching Croton. The run home the first mile was very beautiful. Croton dashed down the stretch at a flight of speed, and at the stand had locked Marco. Clash widened her gap while rounding the first turn of the second mile; Marco and Croton, apparently under a press, gained upon her as they neared the gate, and at the half mile they were all in a "ruck." The spurs were applied freely by all parties, but Croton had the foot of the other two, and before reaching the turn had passed them. Marco then passed Clash, and drove home at a tremendous rate; but Croton's superiority was plain to all. Marco responded gallantly to the call of his rider, and was beaten by a half length only, in 3:46½.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10—Proprietor's Purse \$500, free for all ages, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. L. Bradley's ch. f. <i>Moth</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam (imp) by Velocipede, 4 yrs.....	1	1
W. P. Greer's b. c. <i>Rover</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Sarah Miller, 4 yrs.....	2	2
F. Herr's b. f. <i>Kate Anderson</i> , by Columbus, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs.....	5	3
Joseph Metcalfe's ch. h. <i>Counterplot</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Henry, 5 yrs.....	4	4
H. L. French's ch. g. <i>Pan</i> , by Imp. Envoy, dam by Moses, 5 yrs.....	3	5
J. Egbert's ch. m. <i>Ann Stevens</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam (Imp.) by Muley, 5 yrs.....	6	6

Time, 5:53½—5:56½.

The sport at the course to day was most excellent, and there were large numbers of persons present to enjoy it. There were six horses entered for the race, and Moth was decidedly the favorite against the field. Large sums of money were staked on the result of this race, and heavy bets were made between Rover and Kate Anderson, as to which would be best in the race. At the call, all the entries came up looking extremely well. At the tap of the drum, they all got off in beautiful style, Pan leading, followed by Rover, Moth,

Kate Anderson, Counterplot, and Ann Stevens. These positions were maintained until entering the quarter stretch in the second mile, when Moth challenged, passed the crowd easily, and run the third mile without being at all pressed, coming home an easy winner in 5:53½.

In the second heat, Pan again took the lead, the others all well up. During the first mile, they were all in a bunch, and the race was a beautiful one. On passing the Judges' stand they were all abreast, Rover being rather ahead. In coming down the quarter stretch of the second mile Moth again challenged, passed the crowd easily, and run the last mile at the most perfect ease, not one of the nags being near to or pushing her. Moth is a trump, and if she was put up to her besticks, she could make the time so low down in the figures as to astonish the natives.

Louisville "Morning Courier."

On Friday, Mr. Bradley's *Croton* won the Proprietor's Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in three heats; and Mr. Smith's *Ann Harrod* won the Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, in two heats. Particulars next month.

Magdalen, Argentile, Motto, and Ann Hayes, are entered for the Four mile day.

BROAD ROCK, VA., RACES.

These races came off a month since, but we know nothing more of the result than is furnished by "D. P." (in a previous page), and the following communication from "L."—

Mr. Editor:—In the third week in last month (September) the races came off over the Broad-Rock Course, near Richmond, Va. The Jockey Club purse Three mile heats was won by *Regent*:—at least he came in "first" and "first;" and as I understand, the rider of Mr. PUCKETT's mare complained, that *Regent* took her track from her; the judges, who witnessed perhaps every yard of the race from the stand, (as well as other gentlemen having favorable positions) descended from the stand, and went to, and examined the spot, where it was alleged the foul riding took place, and after satisfying themselves that nothing of the kind happened; awarded the race and purse to *Regent*; and all bye bets were paid and received. Now you will mind! that there were no patrol Judges at all. After all this, a gentleman who had an interest in the mare's race of that day, but none in the mare, (I mean Mr. PUCKETT's, that came in 2d) found fault, and determined to appeal from the decision of the Judges to the Jockey Club, and so *Regent* got no money, and so the matter yet stands. Neither of *Regent*'s owners were present, and to be obliged to attend a grave meeting of the Jockey Club of Chesterfield and hunt up testimony &c. the game would not be worth the candle. Mr. PUCKETT, you will observe, is Proprietor, and also run the contending nag, and I suppose it would be very convenient to him to retain the amount of the purse at home. If Turfmen from a distance are to be thus incommoded, I apprehend but few can be found to take a second dose. I am the last man to make apologies for actual foul riding, and accuse no man of intentional wrong in that business; but it does seem to me, that the decision of the Judges in that case, should have been satisfactory.

L.

Petersburg (Va) Races over the Newmarket Course, commenced on Tuesday, the 24th Sept. We hear that Mr. J. LONG's filly by Priam won the Sweepstakes on the 1st day, and that Mr. WILLIAMSON's ch. h. by Imp. Rowton, carried off the two mile purse on the same day, as follows:

Jas. Williamson's ch. h. by Imp. Rowton.....	2	1	1
O. P. Hare's b. m. by Imp. Priam, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
Col. F. Thompson's gr. h. Pryor, by Imp. Priam.....	3	3	3
W. N. Edwards' and J. Hawkins' Nancy Reed, by Steel, dam by Drummend's Napoleon.....	4		dr.

The Three mile purse was galloped for by Mr. HARE's Patsy Anthony. Will any one send a report?

Curf Register and Sporting Magazine

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE present number of "*The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*" completes its fifteenth volume, and, at the same time, its existence.

With a list of subscribers amply sufficient to defray the expenses of its publication, the Publisher is imperiously obliged to discontinue it, upon the sole ground of their neglect to pay their subscriptions. Hundreds of the "*patrons*" of this magazine have paid no subscription for years!

To those gentlemen who have supported and encouraged him by a prompt discharge of their dues annually, the Publisher begs to express his grateful acknowledgments.

He desires to announce to Breeders and Turfmen who have been in the habit of registering pedigrees of Blood Stock, etc., that the columns of the "*Spirit of the Times*" will be open to them without charge for that or a similar purpose. And those subscribers to the "*Turf Register*" who have not been subscribers to the "*Spirit of the Times*," are apprised that in the latter they will find not only all the reading matter of the magazine, but a good variety of Agriculture, Sporting, Literary, and Miscellaneous information, not included in it. The "*Spirit of the Times*" is published every Saturday, at the price of the "*Turf Register*,"—is one of the largest papers in the United States, and is so generally known throughout the world as not to require, the Publisher believes, any detailed statement of its scope or peculiar character, as the acknowledged organ and "*Chronicle of the Sporting World*."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF

The Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

EMBELLISHED WITH SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT No. 1 BARCLAY STREET

JOHN RICHARDS, PROPRIETOR.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, FIVE DOLLARS, in advance. For Advertising One Square of ten printed lines (or 120 words), *One Dollar* for the first insertion. *No Advertisements will be inserted unless paid for in advance.*

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IF It is desirable that such letters and communications as relate to the editorial department and to Blood Stock be addressed to WM. T. PORTER: all others to J. RICHARDS. The Postage must be paid in all cases.

TO COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

At the suggestion of friends in remote sections of the country, the Editor of the "*Spirit of the Times*" has been induced to offer his services, at a very moderate commission, for the purchase of all descriptions of IMPROVED STOCK, and articles to be obtained at prime cost of breeders, dealers, manufacturers, and others, in this city, and its vicinity, comprising

Thorough-bred Stock,
Carriage and Saddle Horses,
Cattle, Sheep, etc.,
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Machinery,
Books, Engravings, etc.,
Music and Musical Instruments,
Etc. Etc. Etc.

An experience of many years, and a familiar acquaintance with breeders, manufacturers, and others, will enable the Editor to execute any orders or commissions entrusted to him with discrimination, and on favorable terms.

Particular attention will be paid to shipping Stock, etc. Where a choice of transit—land or water, is entertained by a purchaser, he will please state it. All letters—(by pressed to WM. T. PORTER)—must be post paid.

March 1, 184a

NEW ORLEANS RACES,

METAIRIE COURSE.

Though greatly surprised that Blue Dick should have made so pitiful an exhibition at New Orleans, the result was precisely what we anticipated. In the "Spirit" of the 7th Dec. last, we cautioned our readers against backing the horse, and stated distinctly that "though Blue Dick has achieved a higher reputation than any other horse nominated in the stake, *we shall not be surprised, in the slightest degree, to see him ingloriously defeated.*" The long journey, the absence of his trainer and Col. JOHNSON, not more especially the change of climate and water, induced this belief, and our opinion has been amply confirmed. Yet we were not prepared for so poor a race as Blue Dick made. We know that at Baltimore, a few days before commencing his journey, he made a trial that was deemed by his friends most extraordinary. What time he made, we are not aware, but we can very well imagine that it "was not slow," as he has run Fashion up to 7:35 at Baltimore, to 7:36 at Trenton, after forcing her to 7:38 at Camden, the week previously. At New Orleans Peytona beat him at her ease—in fact, ran over him at will—in 8:09—8:09 on a course over which, the following day, Two mile heats were run in 3:49—3:45!! We understand that Capt. BELCHER reached New Orleans about a week before the race, and judge from the reports, that finding Blue Dick and Midas short of work, he trained them off their legs. Midas was disgracefully distanced in the Two mile race—not at all remarkable for its time—on the following day. Had Blue Dick made a tip-top race with Peytona—one worthy of his distinguished reputation—his defeat would have been a triumph indeed, for that nonpareil. But as she beat him in a hard gallop, when manifestly no more fit to run than a saddle horse, the race will not "set him back any" in public estimation. Fashion, caught by Tyler with a cold on her, was beaten handily by that "sucker horse" at Two mile heats, and but for an accident, would have been defeated by Blue Dick himself, last season, being quite out of condition.

Having seen Blue Dick make nearly all his great races, we very naturally have acquired a strong partiality for him. Our judgment was never warped in consequence, however, and up to the receipt of the result of the race, we backed our judgment against our ardent wishes. We should have been delighted, we frankly confess, to have chronicled Blue Dick's success, and "so poor a man as Hamlet is," would have eagerly paid double to have done so. The paragraphs of some of the New Orleans daily papers, a few days before the race, encouraged the hope that the Virginia Champion would at least reflect no discredit upon his reputation, and the writers were, doubtless, as much surprised as we were, by the mortifying exhibition he made. Such "accidents will happen," however, "in the best regulated" stables. Argyle was shamefully distanced by John Bascombe, at Augusta, from getting the check of his bridle bit in his mouth the night previous to their great match, which bled him profusely. Boston, too, being taken suddenly ill from the use of the water, was beaten by Wilton Brown and Reliance, at Alexandria, "in no time at all." Altorf, for whom \$10 000 was paid in Virginia, in his 3 yr. old form, was distanced in all his races, during his first season in the southwest; in his second, however, in a Four mile race with Grey Medoc, at New Orleans, he ran a dead heat in 7:35, the 8th mile of the same race in 1:48, and the 3d heat in 7:42!! Fifty instances of a similar character might be pointed out, were they required. Like Altorf, after a year's acclimation, Blue Dick may yet live to "fright the souls of fearful adversaries." He is beaten, but not defeated; and the remark as well applies to "OLD NAP." of Virginia, as to his quondam namesake of France, that "he is never more to be feared than in his reverses."

Peytona is claimed to be, beyond all peradventure, quite superior to either Reel, Sarah Bladen, or Miss Foote. She has been unfortunate in never having had an opportunity of showing her time—her races having been run through mud, with one exception—though she has always braten her competitors like a trump, as she is, beyond doubt. The reasons are "as plenty as blackberries"

why we should like her, as we do, as much as we can admire any horse we never saw. Her sire, dam, and grandsire on the latter's side, we "know all to pieces;" her breeder was one of our staunchest friends, and her owner is not only all this, but an ornament to the Turf, and one of our most accomplished correspondents. With the stable itself, its trainer and owner, and their personal friends and interests, we are as thoroughly familiar as with the alphabet. Consequently, we were not unconcerned to hear of Peytona's success, but every man who likes a fine horse—and who does not?—always has some personal favorite among those constituting a field, and is gratified at his winning, even though his judgment may have sometimes induced him to lay out his money against him. We acknowledge to have been one of the "outrage barbarians" who were amazingly fond of Boston, and who "rejoiced with exceeding great joy" at his success. For Fashion, however, renowned as she is, we never felt any such partiality, though justly proud of her. For Charles XII. and Bee's-wing, for Grey Eagle and Cassandra, for Monarch, Ripton, and others, we have ever had the strongest and perhaps strangest sort of personal regard; and this for no reason under Heaven that we can assign. With no rational cause for it, many horses, like men, are quite indifferent to Turfmen generally, who, at the same time take the warmest interest in others, who have no peculiar claim whatever upon their regard. And not unfrequently a prejudice is taken against some particular horse from some unaccountable and groundless impulse:

"I do not like you, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this I know, and know full well—
I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

After the Spring Campaign in Louisiana, why will not Mr. KIRKMAN send his stable to the North? VAN LEER, his capital trainer, we know is very anxious to come on, and the friends of Fashion would greet the Alabama cracks and their owner, with enthusiasm. If a match would be an additional inducement one can be had readily, and as large purses would be given for all distances, as were ever hung up in America. Think of it!

It will be seen by the annexed report, that the time of each race during the meeting, grew "small by degrees and beautifully less" up to the last day. After *MUSIC* won the two mile purse, on the day following Peytona's victory, in 3:49—3:45, *Magnate* won at mile heats, the next day, in 1:50½—1:49½. This son of Eclipse has been peculiarly unfortunate in his career; like Zenith, also by Eclipse, he was a prodigious fine colt; we saw him in his first race at Lexington put Jim Bell up to 1:46, in a second heat! Col. BINGAMAN's *Jeanetteau* is worthy of filling Sarah Bladen's place in his stable. After a three mile heat in 5:45, she closed the race in 5:38½. On the following day Mr. GREER's *Rover*, doubtless the best colt of his year, in Kentucky, "flicked out" a strong field at four mile heats, after a capital race. Mr. KENNER's Pat Galloway distinguished himself so much as to induce a regret that Col. OLIVER did not start him against Peytona and Blue Dick, to whom he paid forfeit. The Illinois or Missouri colt, *Jerry Lancaster*, must have "astonished the weak nerves" of the crowd by his performance. The "mourners" would have been essentially "crowded" had Gil Patrick been on his back. To repeat a four mile heat in 7:39½, after one in 7:39 is a huckleberry beyond any persimmon we ever supposed Mark Moore would turn out. "BILLY GREER" is "some," as a judge of a horse, or in managing one in the field. BO-WELL and himself have contrived for several years in succession, to pick up the finest 3 yr. olds in Kentucky for the South-western market. Judging from the report, we take it that *Rover* won his race as Master Henry did at Baltimore, in 1839, when Wonder won the first heat of a three mile race in 5:47½, being forced to it by Argyle, who won the 2d heat in 5:40. In this 2d heat two horses were distanced, but Master Henry barely saved his, under the whip, and then won the race in 5:56—6:01. Argyle was at this time nine years old, and a beautiful daughter of his—Col. HAMPTON's Kate Sevin—had won a rich stake two days previous, on the same course. Lancaster and Galloway doubtless used each other up precisely as Argyle and Wonder did. Mr. KENNER's *MUSIC*, at mile heats best 3 in 5, made a most extraordinary race, beating Col. BINGAMAN's *La Bacchante* in 1:48½—1:46½—1:48!

The great four mile Sweepstake, \$2000 each, sub. \$500 ft. in which were

entered Blue Dick and Midas, from the North and Peytona, Ruffin and Pat Gallwey from the West and South, came off yesterday over the Metairie Course and was won with ease, by the invincible Peytona; the beautiful and spirited Blue Dick, her only competitor for the prize, falling another victim, to her powerful and mighty stride.

The assemblage present to witness the contest, was by far the largest we have seen congregated on a race course in the South, if we except one day's of the first meeting over the Eclipse course, at Carrollton. The business part of the city after ten o'clock presented a singularly deserted appearance. Such was the interest which pervaded the whole community as to the result, that every available means of conveyance that could possibly be brought into use was seized upon for the occasion. The new Shell road leading to the course, for several hours preceding the race, presented a lively and animated appearance—the hundreds of vehicles of all sorts and sizes, from the heavy tumbling omnibus, to the light and fragile buggy, commingling in an almost unbroken line the entire route. Hundreds availed themselves of the facilities afforded by the passenger barges on the canal, not to mention the immense throng, who sought conveyance through that healthy, invigorating and economical mode of locomotion, except "shunks mare."

The odds, which were only a shade in favor of Peytona, some ten days since gradually increased until the moment of starting, when two to one was freely offered and in most cases, "went a begging."

The track, from the rain on Sunday last, was dead and heavy, and in many places, particularly on the turn at the entrance to the quarter stretch, was quite sticky. To a superficial observer, the dry crust upon the surface gave evidence of a tolerable quick race—the knowing ones thought eight minutes would be as soon as it could be done, and were very "sweet" in picking up the extras and twenties from the green ones, who in hundreds of instances exhibited their judgment, in marking that it would be done under 7:50 and in some cases under 7:45.

The horses, each, when they were stripped, looked as fine as silk, and were pronounced to be in perfect condition.

The riders, Barney on Peytona, and young Craig, on Blue Dick, two as able and experienced Jockeys as ever "set a pig skin," looked each a perfect picture of success, as they mounted for the contest.

The race—Upon the nags being called to the stand, Barney, thinking that a little warming up would not set his mare back any, gave her a lively gallop down and up the quarter stretch—Craig upon Blue Dick, quietly awaited for the start.

At the *tap* both bounded off together, Peytona on the inside. At the first turn Blue Dick shot by her, took the track and entered the back stretch two lengths ahead. The pace to the entrance of the quarter stretch was dead slow. As they swung into the stretch, Craig pulled his horse to the outside, where the track was hard and dry. Barney notwithstanding the disadvantage he was laboring under, hipped the pole, and at the stand had almost closed the gap. In rounding the turn the second mile, Dick again shook her off and led by a couple of lengths to the stretch, where he again took the outside and threw the mare into the soft track. Barney called upon Peytona, who at the stand, collared Dick, passed him at the turn, and entered the back stretch in the lead. Dick now made play, and at the quarter lapped the mare, when a most exciting and beautiful brush, side by side, ensued to the half mile, where Dick showed head but could not shake her off Barney lying on his lips until they entered the stretch, when he pulled his mare on the hard track and passed the stand a neck ahead on the last mile. At the turn, Dick again takes the lead and enters the back stretch a length or so in advance. At the quarter Barney calls upon the mare, gives Dick the go by and leads down the back stretch by a length. After passing the half mile, Craig made another brush at the mare, and in rounding the turn, had almost lapped her, when she shook him off and entered the stretch on the run home, a length or two in the lead. Craig made another effort but it was of no avail, the mare winning the heat, hard in hand, by half a dozen lengths. Time 8 09.

Second Heat—Both of the nags cooled off well, and each appeared eager to renew the contest. The odds were now four and five to one on the mare and takers few and far between. At the "word" the mare led, and swung into the

back stretch two lengths in advance. At the quarter Dick made play, soon gave her the go by and led to the quarter stretch by a couple of lengths. Barney took the outside track and at the stand lapped Craig, who at the turn shook him off and swung into the back stretch four lengths ahead, which advantage he maintained until he entered the quarter, when Barney called upon his mare, who gradually closed the gap, and passed the stand almost lapped upon Dick, who again shook her off and led round the turn. At the quarter the mare again hugs him, and a beautiful brush ensues to the half mile, where the mare shows head and endeavors to shake him off; Dick hangs to her haunches until they enter the quarter stretch, when the mare leaves him, and passes the stand on the fourth mile, three lengths in the lead. The same position is maintained until they pass the half mile, when Dick again rallied, and in rounding the turn had almost closed the gap when she again shook him off, and from this out had it all her own way, winning the heat and race hard in hand, by 30 yards in 809 Dick holding up at the draw gates.

TUESDAY, Dec. 24th, 1844—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Five subs. at \$2 000 each, \$500 ft. Four mile heats.

Henry Keane's (Thos. Kirkman's) ch. m. *Peytona*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess, by Imp. Leviathan, 5 yrs Barney 1 1
R. Ten Broeck, Jr.'s gr. h. *Blue Dick*, by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance 2 2

First heat.		Second heat.	
TIME—1st mile	2:06	1st mile	2:05
2d "	2:00	2d "	1:59
3d "	1:59	3d "	1:58
4th "	2:04	4th "	2:07
Track heavy. 8:09		8:09	

SECOND DAY—TWO MILE HEATS.—The six entries for the two mile purse, the balmy weather and the leisure afforded by a gay holiday, drew to the course a much larger attendance than was anticipated. The encouragement and smiles of ladies were not wanting, and the stands presented an array of gentlemen, which afforded almost a repetition of the show of the previous day.

As to the sport itself, we are again constrained to say, that it was most unsatisfactory, the race having been won so easily that it is not worth writing about. Of the six entries, as we gave them yesterday—*Tarantula*, *Li-a-tu nah Music*, *Native*, *Ruffin* and *Midas*—almost any two would have been backed at even against the field. The current betting, however, was *Ruffin* and *Tarantula*, or *Ruffin* and *Li-a-tu nah*, against the balance. We think it safe to say that *Ruffin* was first favorite. It was thought certain that he would be first or last in the race, and we need not say more to turfmen to indicate the precise expectations of those who sported their dimes upon the issue.

The race itself requires no description—in neither heat was *Music* headed—in the first heat the start was very good; in the second, *Music* obtained an advantage of some yards in the outset, with the additional help of being in action as the drum was tapped. It would be idle to attempt to tell what horse chased her in this quarter or in that. No one caught her, and she came out a winner, as the subjoined summary will show, of one of the best races ever run in the State, at the same distance. The course was somewhat better than on the day previous, but it was by no means elastic or quick. The time made surprised the best judges.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 25, 1844—Proprietor's Purse \$300, 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.

Hon. D. F. Kenner's gr. m. <i>Music</i> , by Imp. Philip, out of Piano, by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....	1 1
Y. N. Oliver's (Thos. Kirkman's) ch. f. <i>Li-a-tu nah</i> , by Imp. Aindeby, out of Imp. Jenny Mills, 4 yrs.....	2 2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. <i>Ruffin</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3 3
Capt. Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. <i>Tarantula</i> , by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	6 4
P. A. Cock's ch. c. <i>Native</i> , by Medoc, out of Ann Beauchamp, 4 yrs.....	5 5
R. Ten Broeck's b. h. <i>Midas</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Roanoke, 5 yrs.....	4 dist.
Time, 3:49—3:45.	

THIRD DAY—MILE HEATS.—We had another race by which "the knowing ones" were taken all aback—the winner not being thought of for the purse,

save by a very select party. Of the five entries—*Aduella*, *Illinois*, *Fancy*, *Magnate* and *Liz Tillett*—the first named was most emphatically the favorite, and from among the rest *Liz* had rather the call. We do not deem it necessary to expend much time in describing the race, it having been finished in two heats, won pretty handsily by *Magnate*. The accident to *Liz Tillett* was the only thing that we need note; the summary will tell the rest. In starting in the first heat *Liz* caught the heel of her fore foot with the toe of a hind one, fell to the ground, and threw her jockey clear over her head. The boy recovered his feet as soon as the filly, seized her by the head, was mounted again very speedily by the aid of friends, and sailed off after the rest of the party, although they were many distances in advance. He was too far behind to make up the gap, and at the head of the quarter stretch pulled *Liz* up, as he was ordered by the trainer. All regretted the accident, but had occasion to express their gratification that no harm of moment occurred to the jockey or the filly.

THURSDAY, Dec 26—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages; entrance added; weights as before. Mile heats.

M. Rouzan's (Wm. Baird's) ch. h. <i>Magnate</i> , by Eclipse, out of Cherry		
Elliott (Maria Onke's dam) by Sumpter, 6 yrs	John Ford	1 1
Hon. D. F. Kenner's ch. m. <i>Aduella</i> , own sister to Peytona, 6 yrs		3 2
Y. N. Oliver's (Scruggs & Fanning's) b. c. <i>Illinois</i> , by Medoc, dam by Bertrand		4
yrs		
P. A. Cock's b. f. <i>Fancy</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs		2 3
Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. f. <i>Liz Tillett</i> , by Frank, dam by Medoc, 3 yrs		4 4
		dist.*
Time, 1:56½—1:49½. *Distanced by falling at the start.		

FOURTH DAY—THREE MILE HEATS.—Notwithstanding the severe cold, a grand throng was attracted to the course to see the three mile race, for which *Norma Jeannetau*, *Li-a-tu-nah* and *Narine* were entered. Of this lot Col Bingham's filly, *Jeannetau*, was most decidedly the favorite, but her friends could "get on" their money at the rate of about 75 to 50 against her. They were not reluctant to pile it up at this rate, and a lively business was done at the figures we quote. *Norma* too had friends from the stoutness she had displayed in many a hard fought field. Yet another party was snatching and eager to lay out their means against *Jeannetau*, the favorite with them being *Li-a-tu-nah*. Upon the whole, the betting was as various as could have been desired by the most adventurous speculator, and large sums were staked upon the issue. Before going further, we may say that the race was run while a high wind was blowing from the northwest; that the air was singularly cold for this latitude, and that the course was in good condition. We deem it but fair, however, to say that we have seen it in even finer order for fast time. This is but a matter of opinion. Now a few words upon the running, and then we will finish.

Norma made play in the first part of the first heat, and led round for more than three parts of a mile. When one could distinguish the exact positions of the horses coming down the quarter stretch, she had yielded the front place to *Narine*. Thus the work went on, no one having any advantage to be worth mentioning in a race at this distance. French, on *Norma*, made a rush—or the mare made a rush with him—just at the end of a mile and about three eighths, but it was as ineffectual upon the ultimate result as it was inexplicable to the spectators. *Narine* held the inside and was not then to be passed. At the end of the second mile all were well together; nothing thus far had occurred to indicate to the multitude what would win. A half mile further, and it was another affair. Chisel'em, who was astride the winner, and had managed her with the utmost prudence—never pushing her nor allowing her to drop too far behind—now made play in earnest for the heat. He gained upon the others round the turn, and so soon as one could ascertain the positions of the contending nags he was leading and he maintained his lead, coming out ahead in 5:45.

After winning this heat, *Jeannetau* was backed at 2 to 1 for the race, although *Norma* still had friends who believed that accident had cost her the first heat. The second heat, it will not detain us to describe. The winner of the first trailed for two miles and a half—all the time close enough for a rush. This rush was made on the back stretch of the last mile, every thing going at a flight of speed the while. But the filly was too fast; one after another declined the contest; *Norma* gave it up first; *Narine* held on so as to give some confidence to her backers, but *Li-a-tu-nah* came out next to the winner, who ran out her second heat in the most excellent time, 5:38 1/2. We subjoin a summary:

FRIDAY, Dec. 27—Proprietor's Purse \$500, free for all ages, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bigaman's ch. f. <i>Jeannettrau</i> , by Imp Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	Chiselem	1	1
Thos. Kirkman's ch. f. <i>Li-a-tu-nah</i> , by Imp. Ainderby, out of Imp. Jenny Mills, 4 yrs.....		2	2
Wm Baird's ch. f. <i>Nartae</i> , by Imp. Jordan, out of Louisianaise, 4 yrs.....		3	3
Wm. J. Minor's ch. m. <i>Norma</i> , by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty, 5 yrs.....		4	dist.

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of 1st mile.....	1:57	Time of 1st mile.....	1:54
Time of 2d mile.....	1:55	Time of 2d mile.....	1:53
Time of 3d mile.....	1:53	Time of 3d mile.....	1:51½
5:45		5:38½	

FIFTH DAY—FOUR MILE HEATS.—This race was one of the most interesting and one of the fastest we have ever seen at four mile heats. The entries were *Illinois*, *Jerry Lancaster*, *Rover* and *Pat Gallwey*. Both Pat and Rover had friends who were sanguine upon them. Between the two it was an even thing, while the odds of about 4 to 3 were current in small sums on either one of them against the field. We do not purpose to occupy our columns with a minute description of the race, and the positions of the horses at the different points. Save the horse distanced in the first heat, the rest were kept as well together as was fitting in a four mile race. The mere record of the time of the different miles which we have included in our summary will best show how the race was run.—Chiselem tried hard to win the first heat on Pat Gallwey, but was beaten, after a brush that was maintained for three quarters of the last mile, by about a length. The pace was awful in the last mile—so much so that Illinois found it quite impossible to get her right side of the flag.

The second heat is best described in the time which may be found in our summary. At one moment, while going down the back stretch, the three rags ran so closely locked that one could scarcely have suspected that there was more than one horse moving. It created a deal of excitement in the stands, and loud shouts were sent up when Pat Gallwey drew clear from the rest. As he came home, Jerry Lancaster was close upon him, and although Pat won the heat, it was by so little, that many had to wait for the decision of the judges before they dared shout.

The superiority of the pace in this heat led many to believe that Pat and Jerry were done for. The friends of Rover came more prominently into the betting ring, laid out their money on the most liberal terms, and they were justified in their confidence in the horse by his winning the third and fourth heats. After the third heat, it was almost dollars to dimes that he carried off the money, but he had to work for it, the fourth heat being most admirably contested, although the rate of speed was unequal, as the record shows. We need only premise, before coming to the summary, that the course was in admirable order.

SATURDAY, Dec. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$1,000, free for all ages, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Wm. P. Greer's b. c. <i>Rover</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Sarah Miller, by Cherokee, 4 yrs.....	A. J. Minor	3	3	1	1
Hon. D. F. Kenner's ch. c. <i>Pat Gallwey</i> , by Imp. Jordan, dam by Shakespeare, 4 yrs.....		2	1	3	2
Col. Y. N. Oliver's ch. c. <i>Jerry Lancaster</i> , by Mark Moore, dam by Gohan na, 4 yrs.....		1	2	2	dist.
Scruggs & Manning's b. c. <i>Illinois</i> , by Medoc, dam by Frank, 4 yrs.....					dist.

	First Heat.	Second Heat.	Third Heat.	Fourth Heat.
1st Mile.....	1:59	1:56	1:59	2:18
2d ".....	1:56	1:55	2:00	2:00
3d ".....	1:54	1:56	1:54	2:07
4th ".....	1:50	1:52½	1:58	2:14
	7:39	7:39½	7:51	8:29

LAST DAY—MILE HEATS, best 3 in 5.—This race was one of the most interesting and best contested, at the distance, we ever saw. Music was the favorite against Col. Bigaman's *La Bacchante*, at 3 to 2, and finally 2 to 1. Every heat was contested to the last jump, and it will be seen by the annexed summary, that the time was admirable.

SIXTH DAY, Dec. 29—Proprietor's Purse \$250, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Hon. D. F. Kenner's gr. m. <i>Music</i> , by Imp. Philip, out of Piano, by Bertrand, 5 yrs.....	1	1	1
Col. A. L. Bigaman's ch. f. <i>La Bacchante</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	2	2	2

Time, 1:48½—1:46½—1:48.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Continued from the last number of the "Turf Register," page 653.

RUNNING YEARLINGS.

AT Newmarket, Catterick Bridge, Malton, or any other place at which racing meetings are held sufficiently early, there are mostly stakes opened for yearlings to be entered into. To have a tolerable true run race, it will be advisable to make the stakes worth winning: to obtain this point, the subscription should be thirty sovereigns each, ten forfeit; we will, to shew the reader how the thing is to be done, say, that the annual meeting at which the yearlings' stakes are to be run for is but a few miles distant from our home stable. We shall have to take a couple of horses to run for something at the above meeting. With the horses, we will take the two best yearlings we are supposed to have tried, both of which we found to be very superior to any yearlings we had ever tried before.

Now, it is proper that our horses should arrive at the stables in the neighborhood of the meeting on the fourth day previous to its taking place, so that by exercising them every morning on the course, (which they may possibly have never run over before), they may become acquainted with it; and, to be certain that both our yearlings will at the same time kindly go up between the rails of the course, they must accompany the horses for their own length. It is also advisable to make the two yearlings follow the race horses through the crowd on each day of their running up between the rails of the course in concluding their races.

Let us now proceed to show how these little matters are to be carried into effect. Suppose the horses and colts to have arrived in the stable prepared for their reception in the vicinity of the meeting mentioned. On the following morning our horses and colts are to be taken out to the race course. The colts being ordered by the groom to go as far in front of the horses as will give them time to walk on by the side of the course up to where their gallop is to begin, are to be kept there moving about until the horses come up to them. The horses are to begin their walking exercise from the starting-post of the course, walking on as much of that part of the course as may be necessary to give them, in the latter part of it, a sufficient length of ground to take their gallops on; and as they are coming along in them, and are getting up nearly opposite to where the colts are, these latter should be ready to go off in their gallops, and follow the former, the whole of the way up between the rails, and pass the winning-post before they pull up. Thus are horses

shown a course, and colts taught to go up between the rails one.

We now come to speak of how yearlings are to be brought to face the crowd on a race course, at the time of the horses running. The way to do this is, on the first day of the meeting, and on each succeeding one, about an hour before the races begin, to take the yearlings in question on to the race course, under the charge of the head lad, who should be on a hack in the front of them. The lad, on his hack, followed by the colts, should go up between the rails of the course, and pass the winning-post; then being turned about, they should be walked back, down the outside of the rails among the foot people, (who are by this time pretty thickly assembled), and near to the most crowded parts; here they may occasionally be stopped, and allowed to look about them; after which they may be walked down to where the rails of the course conclude, or, if a longer length be necessary for the thick colt we shall bye-and-bye have to run here, as far down as where they, the colts, were before started off in their gallops. On turning them about here, if the head lad observes the course to be pretty clear, that is, not much crowded in its centre by the people, (which it ought never to be), he may start his hack off at a good, steady, quiet gallop, and, being followed by the colts, go up between the rails; after passing the winning-post, they should be pulled up and made much of, to give them confidence; and they should be kept walking about near to the crowd, as there is mostly great cheering among the people as the horses are running past them up to the winning-post. Should the colts, at this time, appear to be the least timid, they are to be spoken kindly to and much noticed by the boys who ride them, so that they may not become alarmed; after which they should be taken home. At the same time on the morrow they are to be brought again on to the course; here they are to be walked about between the rails and in the crowd, as they were on the day previous. When the bell rings for the saddling of the horses that are going to run, the colts should be walked down between and as far below the rails as is necessary to admit of their getting tolerably clear out of the crowd. Their having arrived at this part of the course, the head lad, under whose care the two colts are, speaks to the boys who are riding them; he says—"Now mind you are both ready to follow me with your colts, immediately on the horses passing;" (meaning the horses that are running). As soon as the whole of the horses are passed by, the head lad on his hack, and the boys on their colts, immediately follow the horses up the distance, passing the winning-post. The colts, on being pulled up here, should, as I have already observed, be kindly spoken to and much noticed by the boys on them; after which they may be kept walking about near the crowd for an hour, or until they have become cool and collected from the little surprise the bustle they have been engaged in may have occasioned, when they may be taken home.

Now, when a number of horses (say six or eight) are running at a country meeting, they mostly run heats. Some of the horses

will be ordered by their trainers to run for the first heat, while others of them may not be required to run this heat. The orders given to the jockeys who ride the last-mentioned horses is—to wait, and not to run for the first heat. These jockeys, therefore, follow as close to the horses that are in front of them as may be necessary to give to their own the opportunity to save their distance. The jockeys, having done this, take a pull at their horses, and allow them to go slowly up the distance; having passed the winning-post, they pull them about, and walk them back to the scales, dismount and weigh.

In describing the running of horses here, I confess I have digressed a little from my subject. I have done so merely to show my readers, that there is no danger to be apprehended from colts following race horses in concluding their races, as the course is invariably kept clear from the crowd, until the whole of the horses that may be running have passed on to the winning-post.

As we are now satisfied that our yearlings will boldly face the crowd when running, let us return to the subject of the yearling stakes, of which we made mention in the early part of this chapter. In these stakes we supposed to have been entered in due time one of the two yearlings we brought with us to the meeting, (the second best colt), the one that ran within three lengths of the colt that won at the two trials of the three classes of colts and fillies, and which we selected as being the best out of the twelve yearlings we tried in the last chapter.

Now, to ride our yearlings we will put up our own jockey, whom we know to be an experienced good rider; he is an honest man, and has long been in the practice of riding both young ones and old ones, in trials and races, under all the various circumstances in which such things are done. This man is consequently a good judge of what is called a racing pace; he is therefore fully capable of describing all the particulars of the running, in any race in which he himself may be engaged to ride. The instructions given by a trainer to a jockey, as to how he is to ride any colt or horse in a race, are termed “a jockey’s orders.” But as we are going to put upon our colt our own jockey, it will be more a matter of discourse between the trainer and the jockey, as to how the colt in question is to be ridden, than any very accurate or strict order to him on the subject.

Our jockey having brought himself down to the weight he is to ride, the trainer in the morning of the day the yearling stakes are to be run for, begins to converse with him as to how he wishes him to ride our colt in the race. He says to the jockey—“You must mind to get this idle yearling of ours well away with the rest of them from the start; as it is a short length you have to run, you must of course keep your place. But as our colt is not very likely to set-to of his own accord to run early in the race, you will be able to see what the rest of them are about, and which among them are likely to run honestly home. What I want you to do with our yearling is, to take as good a measurement as you possibly can of all the others. I would much rather you did this than that you

should call severely on our colt to come with a view to win the stakes, and perhaps, after all, you could only be second, which you know is the worst place you can be in, unless under certain circumstances, which we in the present instance have no occasion to trouble ourselves about. However, should there not be running enough made for our colt, you must begin making use of him sufficiently early in the race, so as to draw them out that we may know something about them."

Now let us, by way of example, suppose that six yearlings were entered in the stakes already named, and that they all came to post and ran; that it was a close race with the two first, and that our colt was a tolerably good third, but that the three others were beat a long way, or rather that they were not placed. The race being over, the colts are taken home. Now, after a race is over, it is an invariable rule for each training groom to question his jockey as to how or what running may be made by different colts or horses that may be engaged in any race. I shall therefore relate the sort of conversation that may be supposed to take place between our trainer and his jockey on the race in question, not only as to how our yearling ran, but as to how the rest of them ran in this same race. The trainer, in talking the thing over privately with his jockey, says—"You all of you got a good start; you appeared to me to be running at a good pace, and, as far as I could discern, I thought the whole of you kept pretty well together, until you were within about a distance and a half of home, so that you must have had a tolerably good opportunity of seeing what the rest of them were about. Were you third by choice or by sufferance? How was the running between the first and second colts? Was the colt that won called upon severely to come, or did he win easy? As to the other three colts, they appeared to be fairly beat some way from home, and I suppose pulled off." The jockey, in answer to the trainer's questions, says—"The first part of the running was much as you saw it. The three colts that were last were beat for pace long before we made our run. The colt that won is a free, resolute sort of goer, the consequence of which was, his jockey had to keep fast hold of his head, and make the running for the whole of us. The colt that was second is also a ready comer; when we were a little more than half a distance from home, the winner was here quietly called upon by his rider to come, when he immediately began running at a severe pace, and the colt that was second got well away with him. Our colt, being so very idle, I could not get him out near his best pace quickly enough to lay close up by the side of them, so that, in the commencement of the run home, they slipped me rather more than a length; but I clearly saw how the running was; it was a true run race between them, but I do not think it was accurately so with our colt; for, after I had got him pretty well out, he kept his place in the run to the winning-post, and as they (the two jockeys that were in front) saw me persevering with our colt, when they commenced their run, they would naturally conclude, as I was third, that their colts were faster than ours, and

more particularly so, as they also saw I was obliged, in the early part of the running, to take an occasional pull at our colt to urge him on, merely to make him keep his place ; but as I did not in any part of the race call severely on our colt to come, he pulled up fresh and well. The colt that won, and the one that was second, appeared to me, as they walked back to the scales, to have been at all they could do ; and I am pretty certain, that, if they had much farther to have gone, at the pace they were at in the run home, they must in some degree have come back to me ; so that if our colt is not quite as fast as either of the other two, I am confident he is much stouter. Indeed, if you had not been so very anxious about the measurement of the five colts, I feel quite certain, that if I had made more use of our colt in the early part of the running, I could have won the race." The trainer, in reply to the jockey, says—" I have no doubt you could have won the race, but according to the running that was made by the other colts, you could not have ridden ours in a more satisfactory manner, to please me, than you have done. For it certainly is of more consequence to us, to have taken the measurement we have of the other colts, than that our colt should have won the stakes, and that we afterwards should have been left in ignorance as to the company he had been running in, which in all probability would have been the case. For had you, in the early part of the race, gone out in front of them, and made the running with our colt, which you must have done to have won with him, you could not then have had so good an opportunity of seeing whether it was a true run race or not with the whole of the other colts, and as our colt was placed but a middling third, the public, if they think anything at all about him, will form rather a bad opinion of him." Thus concludes the conversation between the trainer and his jockey.

The yearling race being run, and the meeting concluded, our two horses and our two yearlings are on the following day travelled off to the home stable. This brings us to about the middle of April, at which time it will be advisable for us to lay by for a short time our two yearlings. The one we have so high an opinion of, and that has not run in public, we will get ready to turn out by putting him into a cool loose box, and gradually stripping him of his clothes. On the first of May, his shoes being taken off, his feet being properly cleaned out, and the lower edges of the crust rasped round, we will, as we do not intend bringing him to post for some time, put him for a couple of months into a well-fenced paddock, in which there is a good supply of fine spring grass. In this paddock there is of course a water trough, and a well-ventilated loose house in which the colt may shelter himself from any severity of the weather. The house is to be kept clean, and properly littered as occasion may require, under the superintendence of the groom or head lad ; the colt we put here is to be regularly and plentifully fed with corn every day, by the boy who looks after him. He may also have daily, if he is inclined to eat it, some hay.

The yearling we have been running in public, we have described

as being an idle, gluttonous colt, and, from the work he has been doing, he may be considered as being a little stale. But, as this colt is tolerably well engaged, and will have to come to post as a two-years old in the autumn, we cannot afford to lose more time in refreshing him than is absolutely necessary. Therefore, instead of turning him out into a paddock for a couple of months, we will take off his shoes, put his feet to rights, put some standing clothes on him, and turn him into a clean, ventilated, and constantly well-littered loose box; here, at the accustomed stable hours, he is to have his usual allowance of corn, to be wisped over, his mane and tail combed out, his legs rubbed, and due attention paid to his feet. For the first three weeks or a month of his remaining in this box, he is to be plentifully fed on green food, as vetches, lucern, or clover grass. Those grasses, whichever may be used, should be cut daily, and a rubber full or two given every stable hour by the boy who looks after the colt. For what purposes green food is to be given to colts and horses, see a previous chapter.

In the last seven chapters, I have described how yearlings are to be taught, trained, tried, and run. If the whole of the practical observations here laid down are carefully attended to by the reader, in the management of his yearlings, according as their constitutions may vary, I have no hesitation in saying, that he will find his colts will, in every respect, progressively come into that state of condition in which they ought to be when brought out to run, in either their trials or races. If such yearlings be kind in their tempers, they will, if properly ridden, be capable of running honestly for the length they have to come, that is, as they are not very cunning at this early age, they will fairly shew what speed or stoutness they may each possess; unless, indeed, there are any very big ones among them, which may probably require more time to bring them into that fit state of condition, which will enable them to shew what racing powers they may have.

The two colts we just now placed in situations to get fresh, we shall return to bye-and-bye, when they are two years old. The whole of the subject, on the treatment of them as yearlings, is, therefore, concluded.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES GORDON LENNOX,

FIFTH DUKE OF RICHMOND, LENNOX, AND AUBIGNY, K. G.

THE subject of our sketch (for want of space will prevent our giving a full-length likeness), was born on the 3rd of August, 1791, and succeeded to his father's titles and estates in August, 1819. At an early age the present Duke, then Mr. Lennox, was sent to Mr. Horn's school at Chiswick, where he remained for a few months; he was then removed to Wesminster, where he became

a boarder at "Glover's," afterwards "Mother Packs," or strictly speaking, Mrs. Packharness's, in Great Dean's-yard. Among his youthful contemporaries may be mentioned two, with whom in after life he was connected in the government; namely, Lord John Russell, and Sir James Graham, the present Secretary of State for the Home Department. There were others too of noble lineage and first-rate talents who might be mentioned, if space permitted, as companions of his boyish days. One, however, we must allude to, who, although there might be a blot upon the escutcheon of his birth, he being the reputed son of the late Duke of York, was in himself the very soul of honor. We speak of Lifford, the noble, gallant, open-hearted, generous youth, the friend from infancy to riper years of the subject of this sketch. When these two "cronies," the Orestes and Pylades of the school, took leave of one another at the door of the old abbey, vowing mutual attachment and devotion, and while their eyes "dropped tears as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gum," little did they dream that within a short period they should again meet, and be reunited in the bonds of friendship, which remained unsevered until death. Such was the case; Lifford was appointed to an ensigncy in the gallant 52nd, then in the Peninsula, and shortly afterwards his noble friend, the present duke, then Earl of March, also left England to join the staff of the Duke of Wellington. Poor Lifford was severely wounded at Redinha, and died at Coimbra. Whilst lingering upon a bed of sickness, from which he never rose, he became feverishly anxious for the receipt of intelligence from home. His friend March heard of it, and no sooner did the mail arrive at head quarters from England, than he despatched a messenger with his letters to the dying sufferer; nay, more than this, he obtained leave of absence, and joining his old school-fellow, solaced his latest hours. With Lifford's last breath he urged his friend to deliver into the hand of the Duke of York his trusty sword and sash. Need we add that this injunction was implicitly followed by the survivor, who, upon his return to England, placed the melancholy relics into the hands of the reputed father of his lamented comrade? Return we to our young hero, who having entered the army as ensign in the 8th garrison battalion, was now (1810) in his eighteenth year, doing duty upon the staff of the "Conqueror of conquerors." Here he remained until the year 1814, having been present with his chief at the battles of Busaco, and Fuentes D'Onor, the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, and Pyrenees, first storming of St. Sebastian, and action at Vera. In January, 1814, Lord March quitted the duke's staff to do duty with the gallant 52nd, in which regiment he had during the previous year been appointed to a company. Within a month of joining that distinguished corps, he was severely wounded at Orthes, whilst in command of his company. The Duke of Wellington felt deeply upon this occasion, and wrote letters of condolence to his parent in England, which did credit to the great warrior's feelings. Youth and a sound constitution did wonders for the young soldier, who, although for some days was

given over, speedily rallied, and recovered sufficiently to join his chief at Toulouse, the very day after that battle. From thence he went to Coa, the head quarters of the 4th division, where he remained until his return to England. In 1814, when a British force was sent to occupy Belgium, Lord March was appointed aide-de-camp to his former brother staff officer, the Prince of Orange, now King of Holland. He was present with this prince at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and upon his chief being wounded, gained permission to join the head quarters of the army, then on their way to Paris, and was immediately replaced on Wellington's staff. Here he remained during the occupation of the city of "frivolities" by the allied armies. He then joined the 52nd, with which regiment he did duty until 1816, when the 2nd battalion, to which he belonged, was disbanded. In the following April the present duke married Lady Caroline Paget, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey, and by her has the present Earl of March, MP. for the western division of the county of Sussex; Lord Henry, Alexander, George; and the ladies Caroline, Augusta and Cecilia Gordon Lennox. The present duke assumed the additional surname of Gordon at the decease of his maternal uncle George, fifth and last duke of Gordon, who died in 1836, and whose property in Scotland descended, by the will of the fourth duke of Gordon, to his grandson, the present Duke of Richmond. In Mason's description of Goodwood—a book we strongly recommend to any of our readers who may take an interest in the Richmond family—we find the following paragraph referring to Lawrence's celebrated portrait of the duchess:

"In the delineation of female beauty Lawrence peculiarly excelled; and in this admirable production he has conferred to his canvas not only the grace and eloquence of his subject, but the animated expression of a refined intellect, and the calm dignity of domestic purity and moral excellence."

And this is no exaggerated panegyric; for the Duchess possesses every quality that can grace the female character, added to a beauty that can find no compeer. As a tender and devoted mother, as an affectionate wife, as a kind-hearted and generous friend to all who have the happiness of knowing her, her Grace shines forth pre-eminently great. The "vanities of worldly pleasures" rankle not in her heart; her home, her children, and the husband of her choice engross her whole attention. Of her we may say, with that dark-eyed maid of Judah, Jessica—

"Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And (Richmond) one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow."

To return to the subject of our memoir. Lord March possessed every requisite to make an efficient aide-de-camp: he was young, active, energetic, and brave, with judgment far above his years. As a regimental officer, too, he was no less meritorious; and upon every occasion did his duty to the satisfaction of his supe-

rior officers. In the days we write of there was no "playing at soldiers." The Duke, like his brave prototype of the seas, expected "that every man would do his duty;" and few of the "gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease," are aware of the dangers, privations, and hardships that the officers, as well as men, underwent in the Peninsular campaign. Nor were the commander-in-chief's staff exempt from these onerous burthens; and if we required a proof that the gallant bearing of our ancestors has not degenerated in our days, we should find it in the fact, that the scions of our most noble houses were ever foremost at their posts in the hour of danger. Taking alone the Duke's personal staff, we find upon it the princely Orange; two noble Plantagenets; the chivalrous Somerset; and the gallant Worcester; the high-minded March, his trusty and honored brother George Lennox; the daring Harry Percy; Canning and Gordon, who both fell at Waterloo; and one of the truest hearts Scotland ever gave birth to, Colin Campbell. But to our subject.

The Duke's political life commenced in 1812, when he first entered the House of Commons as member for the city of Chichester, and which honorable situation he held until 1819, when he took his seat in the House of Lords. In 1830 the Duke accepted the office of postmaster-general, with a seat in the cabinet under the government of Earl Grey. Not one of his Grace's bitterest enemies, *if* he happens to have one, could detract from the admirable manner in which he conducted the department over which he presided. As a politician the Duke is a friend of church, queen, and state, and an enemy to abuses. His manner of speaking is very captivating; and he never touches upon any subject of which he is not completely the master. As a chairman of a public meeting (to use an American phrase) his ditto can scarcely be found anywhere. He possesses a fund of anecdote and good humor, which he brings to bear upon every question that may arise, and never allows a word to escape his lips that could in the slightest degree irritate or wound the feelings of any individual. In early life his Grace shone brilliantly forth as a sportsman: he was an expert cricketer, an excellent shot, and a forward rider to hounds. Unfortunately for him, the "ball" he received at Orthes put a stop to all his athletic amusements, and the turf and the gun are alone left to furnish amusement for his Grace's leisure hours.

It is owing to the Duke's exertions, aided by those of Lord George Bentinck, that Goodwood races have been raised to their present pre-eminence. We can remember the period when a walk over, a race for a fifty pound plate, by some three or four wretched animals, and a hunter and cocked-hat stakes, ridden by gentlemen jockeys, formed a day's sport; the stand was then little better than a barn, and the "high-bred cattle" that ran only fit for a straw-yard. Now, no race-course in the United Kingdom can vie with Goodwood for sport or company; but it would be tedious as a twice-told tale to enlarge upon the merits of a meeting which is so well known to the sporting world. His Grace has had a fair share of success upon the turf, and has carried off one

great race—the Oaks—with Gulnare. The numerous cups, including that given by his late Royal Highness the ever-to-be lamented Duke of Orleans, which decorate the side-board at Goodwood, prove that the stud have done their duty. The honors that have rewarded his Grace's services in the field and senate are the Garter, the Lord-Lieutenancy of the county of Sussex, and the Colonelcy of the Royal Sussex Light Infantry Militia. In 1833, the warm-hearted sailor king, William the Fourth, who felt a strong personal attachment for the duke, appointed him to be one of his militia aids-de-camp, a situation which he still has the honor to hold under our present most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria. It almost seems as if the honorable distinction of the Order of the Garter was an heir-loom in the Lennox family, every one of the Dukes of Richmond having held it; and, judging from the knowledge we have of the next heir, we think we may venture to prophesy that he will, in due course of time, be admitted to the order. May that period, however, be far distant; for, much as we respect the son, we cannot spare the sire. In conclusion, we feel assured that every British sportsman will feel gratified at the spirited likeness that graces our frontispiece: it is an admirable portraiture of the Duke; and if in this brief sketch we have failed to do justice to the subject of it, our excuse must be that—in the few pages allotted to us in a work like the present—it is almost next to an impossibility to give more than a faint outline of a life that has been brilliant and untarnished, and which has ever been usefully devoted to the interest of the nation, at home and abroad, and to the welfare of the noble family of which his Grace forms so distinguished a head.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for October, 1844.

DYCER'S HORSE REPOSITORY,
THE DUBLIN TATTERSALL'S,

ENCOURAGEMENT TO ENTERPRISING ENGLISHMEN.

“Instead of America, try Ireland—you may go farther and fare worse.”

MR. EDITOR—Ever solicitous to increase friendly relations between the Sister Isles, I lay before your Readers the success of an English family in Dublin, and as Horses were the instruments of it, the Sketch will not be misplaced in *MAGA*.

About twenty-six years ago a young Englishman named Edward Dycer took in Grafton Street a small Livery Stable, now the Veterinary Hospital of his son. His means were very slender, but his obliging manners and satisfactory mode of doing business soon made for him sufficient to enable him to take an extensive concern

in Stephen's Green, which he enlarged from time to time, and it is now five times the size of Tattersall's in its best days.

Dycer soon distanced all competitors: his 230 stalls and commodious boxes were well filled, and he rapidly made what in Ireland is called a large but anywhere would be designated a considerable fortune. He died suddenly in the prime of life and height of prosperity. His brother, Mr. C. Dycer, then took the management of the Establishment, and managed it very cleverly during the minority of Mr. Dycer's sons: he paid a large sum for it by the year. When he resigned it some months ago, the customers of the Establishment in a few days subscribed 100 guineas, and presented to him a neat service of plate with a suitable inscription. He has retired to his native county in England with a comfortable independence. This is the second fortune made in a short time in the same concern, and none can be better conducted. It is gigantic, but goes on like clockwork.

Many Gentlemen keep their horses there the whole year, Dublin being central as to the Meets of the numerous Packs of Hounds in the Metropolitan Counties.

The forage is always of the best description and in every possible variety. The covered-rides are long and good; the riding-school and carriage-mart extensive. A sick horse is instantly removed, from fear of contagion, to the hospital-stables in another street: a night-man is kept on the premises to prevent danger from fire, &c., &c. The ostlers and riders are well selected, being all sober, steady, civil, and attentive men, or they would not be kept one day. The charges are moderate. Between sales and livery charges the income must be very large, for there are from fifty to sixty persons in Mr. Dycer's employment. The cash department is under the management of Mr. Charles M'Donald, who deservedly enjoys the full confidence and good will of every one who has a dealing with the Establishment whether as a buyer or seller. A few weeks ago he received a letter, signed by several highly respectable Gentlemen, expressing the approbation of his conduct, and presenting to him a very handsome silver snuff-box, with an inscription highly creditable to him.

An establishment must be well managed when the head of it and the chief clerk receive presents of plate from the public.

Mr. E. Dycer, Veterinary Surgeon, eldest son of the original proprietor, now presides. He is universally liked for his mild manners, obliging habits, and close attention to his business. He holds the Government appointment of Veterinary Surgeon to the Horse Police. The three-day Auction business is right well managed by Mr. Harris.

In Dycer's yard one may see the Peer and the farmer, the Lord Lieutenant's Aid-de-Camp, the tradesman, the Dragoon officer, the citizen, the dragsman, the dealer, the professional, and the Sporting Gentleman—in fact, all classes. I have occasionally seen in the yard a grave Judge or two—not only judges of law, but of horses. Talking of Judges brings to my recollection the late Chief Justice Bushe, who was a capital horseman, and kept the best

class of hunters. I remember his selling a fine grey horse to Lord Jersey for £300. I cannot help adding, that Mr. Bushe was an honor to human nature—an upright Judge—a patriot—a man of great talent—a *bon-vivant*—a Sportsman—kind-hearted—enlightened—merciful—just—aye, and jovial. The only thing that consoles Ireland for his loss is his having left amongst us some worthy scions of the valued stock, as much regarded as was their excellent parent. The Chief Justice of the Common Pleas is another of our Judges who likes a noble looking horse, and he never ought to mount any other, as he is one of the finest specimens of manhood in this Empire—to know is to respect and regard him.

I claim the merit of having convinced Mr. Dycer that it is expedient to open a Waiting-room on his extensive premises for the convenience of his numerous customers, many of whom come from England. In this room, buyers and breeders, sellers and Sportsmen, will find information on all subjects connected with horses. The amateur of sports, the traveller, the English visitor will at a look learn what amusements are *in prospectu*. At present these classes may hunt through all the Livery Stables, and go over all files of newspapers, without being wiser, and lose sports which may be within a few miles of them, unless by chance they see the particular newspaper in which races may be on a particular day advertised.

Coming Steeple-races will be notified, and past ones accurately described: thus there will be a record of events in Sporting, of which there is at present only carelessly drawn and incomplete newspaper information. It will be very advantageous to both buyer and seller that there should be an authentic place for ascertaining the pedigree and performances of Steeple-race horses offered for sale. Racing Calendars, Stud Books, and *your prized Publication* will be taken. It will also be most convenient to country Gentlemen to have a place to write their letters and get their parcels addressed to. A pound a year subscription will cover all charges inclusive of stationery. Several Gentlemen of high respectability, Masters of Fox-hounds, &c., whom I addressed on the subject, replied by requesting me to get their names at once put down as subscribers.

I am told that some fastidious persons suggested a ballot for admission to this room; but I have not heard the names of any of the parties who did so. Every man has a right to his own opinion, and I mean no disrespect to them, whoever they may be; but I cannot help remarking on the uncalled-for restriction and limit their measure would place on a public convenience, which should be as open to the whole public as the Stand on a race-course, the cabin of a steam-packet, public exhibitions, public libraries at Watering Places, the coffee-rooms of hotels and *tables-d'hote*, where the ballot Exclusive must sit at table with any decently dressed man, no matter how vulgar or low-born, who can pay for his dinner—yes, and do this for a month together.—The room will be a place of convenience, of business, of rest when waiting for a sale, of shel-

ter from rain; not a Drawing-room, where men pick up new acquaintances; not a Club for society, for play, or for politics: it will in fact be a large office—and who ever heard of an office for the Aristocracy?

I recommend Exclusives to try the effect of a ballot on the waiting-room of the Great Western Railway Station at Slough, near Windsor, where the Cabinet Minister often breathes the same air with the cast off clothes man; or get up a ballot at Tattersall's for his Room, where the Duke rubs against the Jockey now, nor feels his Pedigree imperiled or dignity impaired.

A real Gentleman is a fearless animal; a fine Gentleman, a nervous one; but a superfine gentleman is a walking lucifer-match—the least friction sets him blazing. Shade of the Illustrious Nimrod! from such deliver your old friend.

MILESIUS.

P.S. Mr. Apperley (otherwise Nimrod) was on a visit with me at Melton in 1825 (see Annual Sporting Magazine of that date). I had infinite pleasure in giving him a mount, and so had our mutual friend, that Prince of all kind-hearted fellows, James Smith Barry, who, together with Mr. C. Bacon, of the 10th Hussars, formed "our mess." Nimrod speaks highly in the volume alluded to of the French artist who presided over our *cuisine* and of our caterer in the vineyards of Lafitte.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for October, 1844.

SPORTING LETTER,

FROM THE LATE EARL OF KINTORE TO THE LATE C. J.
APPERLEY, ESQ. (NIMROD)

LAST month it was our melancholy duty to record the lamented death of the first of the above distinguished sportsmen. Since then, in looking through some of the papers connected with this magazine, we found the following original letter written by his lordship to Nimrod, inviting Nimrod to visit him, to make the celebrated Scotch tour published in this magazine. To render the introductory part of the letter intelligible to those whose memory may not carry them back the ten years that have elapsed since it was penned, we may premise that Nimrod had just then finished an alphabetical list of celebrated sportsmen, under the title of the "Crack Riders of England," in which he had described his lordship as a thorough "enthusiast" in all matters relating to hunting.

This letter of Lord Kintore's is very sporting and characteristic, and will be read with interest by sportsmen in all parts of the world. The gentleman alluded to as the "old-un," who his lordship does not know how he gets on without his hounds, is that first-rate sportsman and companion, Mr. Nichol (better known

as Sam Nichol), who formerly hunted the New Forest. Lord Kintore, we believe, bought Mr. Nichol's hounds. After parting with them Mr. Nichol used occasionally to turn out in *mufti* with the late Mr. Villebois, and enliven the field with the quaintness of his good-humored remarks. Foster was Mr. Villebois' huntsman; Foote, if we recollect right, the late Sir Thomas Mostyn's, afterwards Mr. Drakes'. The other characters need no "key."

Gask Kennel, Turriff, N. B., June 15.

DEAR NIMROD,—What will you do now your alphabet is finished? What would you say to come and take a look at the most rural of all provincials, eh? As far as an enthusiast, you do me but justice; but come and I'll be happy to show you that I can *TIME* that enthusiasm too. If you'll come to me then about the first of November, and work your way up, I'll be too happy to *shepherd* you this side of Tweed, and do what I can for you; and after you have been with me I'll take you to the shop of the man "vot *walk'd*" the 1,000 miles in the 1,000 successive hours over Newmarket. He'll also be delighted to see you, and he'll give you a ride, and perhaps, ask you to work also "this here" said Defiance coach of his. I travelled up by her lately, and as far as the coach is concerned, I think she'd go as steady without a load as with it. They have just got three London-built coaches. They perform their 120 miles in thirteen hours, and keep their "time" well (but will admit of a good many improvements yet). Still our friend *THE* Captain deserves great praise for having established the *best* coach this side of Tweed. Here I am, still hanging to the trade, and as fond on't as the day I went to hounds; a very good rural country for *its* extent, but it's but a narrow strip, bounded on one side by the hill, and on the other by *mare Atlanticum*, and barring *two*, without a sportsman. Still what *SHOULD* I do without them? The Duke of Buccleuch's *large* pack, *FEW BETTER* this side of Newark; about eight packs in all, your humble servant's about the fourth, for mind you, *preceptor meus*, although they are very correct in their work, they would *never stand the flags* (*inspection*); and how could you imagine *this* when they are at *best* but *Beaufort DRAFTS*? How the old old-'un gets on without them I can't tell you, and time must occasionally hang heavy with him. He thoroughly knows the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, rarely, if ever, making a remark with old Villebois, further than sometimes exclaiming in the hearing of some exquisite swell unknown to him, "Foster! I thought I heard a hound *BARK* there. What vulgar unsportsman-like man was that who dared to address Foote in such cocknified lingo, eh?" All I can say *is this*, that at one time I hunted with them *all*, barring *south east*, and the west of England packs, from Johnny Groat's House to the "*Foret Noir*," and I did not see his equal; and, take all and all, England will be some time before they witness his like again. But the old school, I deplore to say, have *now the drag* on going down hill, and some of them without it; for instance, poor old Johnny and that *stamp*, they, like the three-parts-bred good English hunters, resemble the *black swan*—rarely to be met

with. There is no doubt, if you could BUT have the *substance* and *action*, that there's "nought" like the thorough bred *un's*; but they are not *to be got*; and as to hounds, I do think the LARGE strong bony dog the most *docile* and *tractable*, as also the *steadiest*. But country and *circumstances* always must be considered, for with old John Warde's hounds here the imperviousness of the gorse coverts would *choke* them; a middle-sized one *smeuses* to *his fox* much quicker, the former sort giving a wide-awake Charley fully a quarter of an hour's law sometimes, unless you are a fool who would ride to *two* couple of hounds without your body; as for me I never can enjoy it, unless they feed pretty well to head. Elcho has just taken part of a country that formerly belonged to William Hay, and will, depend on't, make a *first-rate workman*, the flash being over, and having become a *close, patient hunter*. I am also certain he'll be truly glad to see you, and do his best midst the *southern swells* for you; William Hay likewise. The duke's establishment ought to have been in *Northamptonshire*, where you are aware, he's a considerable proprietor; if HE is not, his brother is, I think. They have got a BOY out of Pembrokeshire there. How will he take *after* old John Warde, Jack Musters, et cætera, eh? Rome was not built in a day, and it requires an apprenticeship, as you know too well. I wish you could say of me what Will Marshall, once whipper-in to the Duke of Cleveland's father, said to my father whilst in *the Greys*, and quartered at York, "Its a *nation* pity sir, thou wer't born a lord, for thou'dst a made a rare good huntsman." But come down and see this rural concern, and begin with the most rural first. I'll do my endeavor to please you, as far as fox-hunting fare and a hearty welcome goes, with as much or as little *gargle* as you like. But I am obliged to put the muzzle on now a days, for I can't work and enjoy it, nor can any man if he goes to the lush crib over night.

Think of this, and if you think it would suit your book, "by 't Mail," as they say in Yorkshire, is the best conveyance that time of the year. I've dispensed with Sharpe, the best countenance and in *manner* as respectful a servant as ever took off his hat to his master, but an old file for all that, and I've put on your old friend Joe Grant. If he don't make a kennel huntsman now, he never will; but as he is a capital hand outside of it, and knows well the hounds in all their work, I've little doubt he'll do right well.

Williamson with the Duke killed his fifty brace of foxes, and Mr. Walker in Fife (poor Tom Crane's successor), a very fair good season. Your humble servant about as bad a one as he's had these ten years; as long as Walker was my first lieutenant, a better never put on a hound to his master, and I do believe he's now as good a huntsman as any going in England at the present day, though I fear he's been a little spoilt in Fife. Still, if quickness, patience, and perseverance have aught to do with fox-hunting, Walker's got his share.

If, as Paddy says, the "*rint*" come in on the 20th of this month, I mean to have a lark for three weeks, and, *Deo volente*, propose being in London the 1st of July; with old Sam, at Alresford,

on the 5th; on the 7th, with Billy Wyndham; on the 9th, with old Codrington; on the 11th, with Horlock; on the 12th, with John Colley; on the 13th and 14th, with old Pryse Pryse; on the 15th, with old Mills; on the 16th, ditto; on the 18th, at Greenwich, with Lord Panmure, reaching, in all probability, the HOME kennel at *Keith Hall, N. B.*, a sufficient direction, on the 22nd. To this place let me have the pleasure of hearing from you, and believe me, dear Apperley, very truly yours,

KINTORE.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for October, 1844.

ARE THE TEETH A FALLIBLE OR INFALLIBLE CRITERION OF THE AGE OF THE HORSE?

BY J. SEWELL, M.R.C.V.S.

THIS is a question that from recent occurrences has given rise to a diversity of opinion—"and when doctors disagree, who is to decide?" If we refer to the various changes that take place in the teeth, as described by authors, or even to the different drawings and models which have at various times appeared for the instruction of the amateur, we shall find they are very shallow rules by which we can determine to a certainty the precise age of the animal.

The exact time at which a young horse changes his temporary or milk teeth, for his permanent or horse teeth, is subject to so much variation, and the appearances which other horses of a more advanced age present, are different, that it is impossible to obtain anything like a true knowledge of the subject, that by the inspection of a great variety of mouths of all ages; and even then, in my opinion, it may be possible that the most skilful observer may err. Common observation of the natural mouth tells us that the colt of two years and a half old, or thereabout, will be putting up his two middle permanent incisor teeth of the upper and lower jaw, indicating his becoming three years old; and between three and four the two adjoining teeth in each jaw; and between four and five the two last, or corner teeth, in each jaw; and the tusk appear between four and five: but there are marked variations from this general rule, under existing circumstances, hence comes the doubt how far the teeth can be certain indications of the precise age of the animal.

I have observed in the generality of common bred stock, foaled between the beginning of April and the end of June—that are living pretty much in a state of nature, on succulent food, to the end of three years old before they are handled—a considerable uniformity in the approach of their permanent teeth; and the age in

general may be told without contradiction. But man, for his own ends and purposes, has used such artificial means in the rearing and treatment of the young horse, that he has in a manner subverted nature's laws in this particular; and it is not an uncommon occurrence to see a two, three, and four years old colt, showing a three, four, or five years old mouth; that is, the teeth indicating those particular ages, will be up, and nearly matured, a full year before nature seems to ordain they should be. This may be seen in three parts of the young horses brought into the spring of the year as four and five years old, which are in reality only three and four. This deception is accomplished by pulling out the sucking-teeth at an early period. The mouth thus altered, I think comparatively easier of detection than the one which has obtained this forward appearance in its natural development.

The case is different in racing, or thorough-bred stock, inasmuch to some the object would appear of more advantage to make them, if possible, appear even younger than they really are. But "query," are not the peculiarities of nature so much altered in these young animals, by the early period in which they are foaled, the manner in which they are fed, and the early age at which they are broke and trained, as to occasion them to be more early matured in their general organization, and consequently their teeth to appear at a much earlier period (in many instances in colts) than bred as common stock? I have seen examples of this forward growth of the teeth, whereby the age might be doubted; and I have also seen the reverse of this, though a rare occurrence, where the colt had arrived at the age of three, and not moved a tooth. These variations are commonly considered the result of early or late foaling, but as likely to occur from peculiarity of constitution. This subject is one of an interesting description; and to any one in the habit of being much among thorough-bred stock, worthy of his investigation.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for October, 1844.

PEDESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY!

THE FASTEST TEN MILE RACE EVER RUN IN THE WORLD

OLD ENGLAND AHEAD!

Ten Miles in 54:21.

The great Ten Mile Foot Race which has so long occupied the attention of the Sporting World in this region, came off on the 19th Nov., and resulted in one of the most extraordinary performances of which we have any record. The celebrated Pierce Egan, in his work entitled "The Fancy," records a Ten mile race, in 54:53; this he claims to be the fastest time on record at this distance, and we are not aware that faster time has since been made in England, certainly not within several years; yet on Tuesday last, when the course was far from being well adapted for making good time, one individual made still better, another the self same time, and six ran the ten miles within the hour!

We doubt if so many spectators have ever been assembled on an American race course as was present on this occasion. A single steam-boat from Albany brought down four hundred; New Jersey, Long Island, and the river towns on the Hudson, furnished immense crowds, while this city sent over materials for an army three times larger than that with which Napoleon made his Italian campaign. From the head of the quarter-stretch quite around to the drawgate, the enclosed space was so densely crammed as to render it nearly impossible to clear a space wide enough for the pedestrians to run through, though they were preceded by a dozen men on horseback. Thousands filled the stands, but it would have required the Amphitheatre of Titus to have accommodated all.

The race was originally announced to come off on the 11th instant, but in consequence of the engrossing political excitement, it was postponed to Monday last. A further postponement was rendered necessary on account of rain the night previous, to Tuesday last—a clear cold day, with a bracing air. The course was sodden and damp, a circumstance much adverse to speed, and one calculated to render the feet and limbs of the pedestrian insensible, from checking the circulation of blood in the extremities. Moreover as a dozen horsemen constantly preceded the pedestrians, the course was not so smooth as it would otherwise have been; at every step of the horses they cupped up a shoe-full of earth. No one doubts but that the time, unparalleled as it was, would have been still better, had the course been entirely clear of spectators. Nearly every one of the pedestrians was more than once thrown off his stride by the obstructions of the horses, or the crowding in upon them of the spectators.

The following were the entries, all of whom, with the exception of Bradley and Jackson, ran in the ten mile race which came off on the 16th Oct. last, over this course:—

John Gildersleeve, New York.	Thomas McCabe, Ireland.
John Barlow, England.	Joseph L. T. Smith, New York.
Thomas Grenhalgh, "	Thomas Ryan, Ireland.
J. P. Taylor, Connecticut.	John Steeprock, Indian.
John Underhill, New York.	James Bradley, New York.
Wm. Carles, Yorkville, N. Y.	Thomas Jackson, "

To correct an impression which appears to have been entertained by some persons here, that GREENHALGH and BARLOW, the two Englishmen who have so greatly distinguished themselves, were pedestrians of little repute in their own country, we have referred to several volumes of "Bell's Life in London,"

in which we find that Barlow is not only nearly at the head of the ten milers of England, but that he is a trainer of pedestrians, as well; Greenhalgh, too, is "one of 'em," among the best runners at short distances, and it is the opinion of many shrewd betting men here that he can beat Barlow ten miles. We subjoin a few extracts from "Bell's Life," to demonstrate the opinion entertained of the men at home. The following paragraph appeared in that "chronicle of the Sporting World" of the 25th of Aug. last:—

"*Departure for America.*—JOHN BARLOW, alias "Tallick," of Cockey Moor, and GREENHALGH, of Walshaw-lane, two celebrated Lancashire runners, have set out on an experimental trip to New York, to prepare themselves for the ten mile spin over the Beacon Course, which is to take place in October, for 600 dollars. Tallick has done 10 miles in tidy time, but Greenhalgh has never run so long a distance. It is hoped they will be well received across the Atlantic, and we have no doubt fair play will be shown to them."

The following performances have been gleaned at random from the files of "Bell's Life in London:—"On the first day of July, 1844, Greenhalgh ran Openshaw, alias Cuckoo, four laps (one mile each) round Knutsford race course, for 50 pounds a side. Greenhalgh won easily by 20 yards in 21 minutes and 30 seconds. In May last he beat the veteran Tetlow, of Hollinwood, one mile and a half, easily, by 20 or 30 yards, for 25 pounds a side.

In June 1843, Greenhalgh beat James Kay, of Ramsbottom, a mile, by 20 yards, in 5 seconds under 5 minutes, (and less, it is said), for 10 pounds a side. "Thousands thronged to witness the race, as the fame of both had spread far and wide."

On the 10th of December, 1843, Greenhalgh was beaten by Hardacre, by 5 yards, in a race of a quarter of a mile, time 58 seconds. "Hardacre was brought out under the training auspices of the 'celebrated Tallick,' (Barlow), and the admirable appearance of his man, proved that Tallick had done ample justice to his newly-adopted art."

In November, 1843, Greenhalgh beat Cuckoo 15 yards, in a race of a mile and a half, for 30 pounds a side. The turf was extremely heavy and wet, and the time was 7 minutes 15 seconds, which was considered excellent under the circumstances.

On the 4th of Aug. last, Greenhalgh put forth challenges to various runners in England to run from one to two miles, none of which were accepted. He then departed for America.

[There is also in England a runner by the name of James Greenhalgh, alias "The Flying Taylor," of Audinshaw, who has some distinction at short races.]

We annex a few facts relative to Barlow from the same source:—In December, 1842, Barlow and Byrom ran four times round the course at Newton, for 50 pounds a side, in 24 minutes and 20 seconds, distance 4 miles and 996 yards. The ground was heavy, and Tallick won by 10 yards. It was considered "one of the most splendid specimens of pedestrianism that had been witnessed in Lancashire for the last 20 years."

In August, 1842, Barlow ran one lap round Newton course (one mile and 240 yards) with Charles Mosely, of Sheffield. The latter won in 5:28, but "Bell's Life" seemed to consider that this was a cross on the part of Barlow, and his backers declared off, under the impression that there was a screw loose.

On the 14th July, 1844, Barlow challenged Shepherd, of Birmingham, to run any length, from two miles upwards. It was not accepted.

Barlow's name appears frequently in Bell's Life, and he is always spoken of as a runner of distinguished reputation.

Of the other ten men entered for the race, GILDERSLEEVE, the winner of the one which came off over this course on the 16th of Oct. last, excited the most attention. He ran on that occasion *ten and a half miles and seventy-five yards* within the hour! [Greenhalgh and Barlow ran the 10 miles then in 57:01½, the latter not being a second behind the former.] He was in better condition on this than upon the former occasion, though now laboring under the effects of a cold caught in a trial early last week. He was as pale as the ghost of his majesty of Denmark, but full of confidence. He took a three mile spin on Tuesday, and five miles on Friday last, on the Long Island courses

—his only fast work of the week, we understand, having confined himself to walking exercise. STEEPROCK, the Indian, was as game a looking man to the eye as one meets in a month's travel. His muscle had the tension and hardness of whipcord; since his October race he has taken a great deal of work, and was manifestly as near up to the mark in condition as an ordinary trainer could bring him. In this respect Barlow and Greenhalgh had a manifest advantage; place Steeprook in the hands of a first rate English trainer, and we doubt if there is a man alive who can beat him at any distance over ten miles. McCABE we had great hopes of, until we learned that a few days after the October race he had "gone and got married." It was found out by his trainer on the following morning, and "a separation" ordered with a degree of celerity quite unknown in the practice of the Vice Chancellor's Court. Things went on very well for about ten days, when Master Thomas "stole away" again one night; whether this "set him back any" in his training, we did not enquire, but it almost put him out of the betting. Indeed, not a prominent man in the race has made a trial without being secretly watched by a host of touters; as nothing escaped their vigilance, the backsliding of McCabe was as well known all over town the next day, as if advertised in the newspapers. TAYLOR was in better condition than in his last race, when he ran the ten miles within two seconds of an hour, and could probably have made better time on this occasion than STANNARD did on Long Island in 1835, had not he been interfered with by the spectators on the last quarter of the 10th mile. Of the outsiders of "the extreme *gauche*," it is unnecessary to speak, save to correct some misstatements of our daily contemporaries, who will have it that CARLES and RYAN started, which they did not. THOMAS JACKSON, SMITH, and UNDERHILL, were the three individuals who made up the field to nine. Carles, Stannard, Parker, and several other fast ones, including several trainers, occasionally ran by the side of their favorites during the race, and it is to this circumstance, probably, that the errors alluded to are mainly to be attributed.

We should have stated previously that Greenhalgh and Barlow were in condition to run for a man's life. Both are extremely symmetrical in shape, and 24 years of age. Steeprook is 25 yrs., McCabe about the same, Gildersleeve 32 yrs. [For particulars of their height, weight, dress, etc., *vide* the Nov. number of the *Turf Register*]. The dress of the men was the same as in their last race; the two Englishmen were nearly as naked as Corregio's "St. John in the Wilderness," having their "loins girded" with a simple strip of linen, and a blue and yellow sogle about their heads. The Judges selected were J. PRESCOTT HALL, Esq., the President of the N. Y. Jockey Club, Mr. A. BARKEE, and the Editor of this paper. Associated officially with them, as Timers, were Mr. JAMES T. BACHE, of this city, and Mr. JAMES BROWN, of the Eagle Course, Trenton. [Previous to the main race of the day, came off one at Three miles, for a Purse of \$200, which was won by AMBROSE JACKSON in 16:16, the record of which will be found subjoined].

Betting.—It is almost impossible to quote the odds, the betting was so various. The following bets were actually made by a keen speculator, and may be taken as the current prices among the heavy betting men in town:—\$200 even, on Gildersleeve and Barlow vs. the Field—\$250 to \$200, on Barlow vs. Gildersleeve—\$200 to \$80 vs. Steeprook—\$300 to \$200, that Gildersleeve ran the ten miles in 57 minutes. Among the "outside barbarians," \$50 to 30 was laid that neither Englishman won. One gentleman, who knew *something* about the trials of the men, laid out "a small pile" at 3 to 2 that he named the men who would win the five purses! And he won, too!

THE RACE.

After a false start, in which Barlow went off with a hulge like a quarter horse, Mr. Barker, (who stood on the course nearly in a line with the men,) gave the word "go." The two Englishmen jumped off with the lead, and in a few moments the whole nine were out of sight, the railing and both sides of the course being densely thronged, so that even at the start, the pedestrians had to "run the gauntlet." The Judges could only note the position of the leading man by watching that of several horses abreast. The three or four leading men kept pretty well together during the first mile, but their pace was so tremendous as to make a spread-eagle of the field, before the close of the

mile, which Barlow finished in 5:10, Steeprock being 21, Gildersleeve and Greenhalgh 3d and 4th, close together; behind them came McCabe and Taylor; Underhill was some distance behind, and "Tow-head," as the boys called Smith, was already "nowhere"—i. e., he was not within a four mile distance. What "possessed" him to start at all is a mystery; he cannot run fast enough to tire himself. Barlow had closed his 7th mile before Smith finished his 6th; we overheard a little ragged Oliver Twist suggest to another incipient soap-lock the feasibility of improving his rate by setting a dog on him!

Second Mile: Barlow led in, closing the mile in 5:15, with Steeprock well up. They had already opened a gap on Gildersleeve and Greenhalgh; Taylor, too, had fallen in the rear, and McCabe appeared to have lost his stride. The leading men had reached the backstretch, before Underhill, Jackson, and Smith came through.

Third Mile: At the close of this mile, which he ran in 5:22, Barlow had opened a gap on Steeprock of near fifty yards; Gildersleeve seemed to have got his pores open, and to be going easier than ever, though Greenhalgh was near enough to him to have touched him with his hand, and looked as fresh as paint. Before reaching this point it was evident how the Englishmen had determined to run the race, which was after this wise:—Barlow was to cut out the work at a slashing rate, so as to knock up Steeprock if he kept pace with him, while Greenhalgh waited upon Gildersleeve; he and the Indian being deemed the only dangerous competitors. Had Barlow given back, Greenhalgh was ready at any time instantly to take his place. As Gildersleeve changed his rate of speed, so did Greenhalgh, keeping always within two feet of him; Barlow was satisfied he could beat Steeprock, and his only object in forcing the pace was to over-mark him; and this he would have done, but for the thews of steel and sinews of catgut of the gallant Indian. Had the latter declined, Greenhalgh would have laid with Gildersleeve until the last mile, and then have run in 1st or 21, and the two Englishmen would have divided the two principal purses between them. Taylor, at the close of the 31 mile, was 250 yards behind, while Jackson gave up the contest. The three miles were run by Barlow, it will be seen, in 15:47, while Jackson won the previous race, at that distance, in 16:16, which goes to illustrate, in some degree, the fact, that a tip-top four mile horse can run mile or two mile heats successfully, with horses who only have reputation as winners at those distances. It is notorious that the fastest mile time made at the North, has been made by four mile horses in running four mile heats.

Fourth Mile: Barlow led in, doing the mile in 5:25, with Steeprock at least 60 yards in his rear. Gildersleeve and Greenhalgh, the Siamese Twins came next, with McCabe a little closer to them than on the previous mile, Underhill here gave in. Taylor was a long way behind, and Smith had not reached the head of the quarter stretch.

Fifth Mile: Strong, steady, and precise as a steam engine, Barlow led in, running the mile in 5:28, having increased his gap on Steeprock, who appeared to "shie" occasionally like a horse kept in a dark stable, as he came in front of the Stand. WILLIS says the reason why Barlow ran so like a locomotive, was because he had an *Indian-ear* behind him! No "fice dog in high rye" ever went at such a bat! The two G's were pretty well up with Steeprock, though they got no nearer Barlow; McCabe was yet a long way inside of his time, [ten miles an hour,] while Taylor might yet "fetch it," though nearly a quarter of a mile behind. The crowd nearly closed the lane through which the men were obliged to run before Taylor finished the mile, while nothing but the shouts of five thousand boys yelling "Stand back—Towhead's a coming," ever cleared a path for him through the dense and excited multitude.

Sixth Mile: This was run by Barlow in 5:31; he had widened the gap between himself and Steeprock at least 190 yards, the latter having been kept back by his trainer; unfortunately Steeprock cannot understand English or "the office" would have been given him to keep close to Barlow, as he wished to do; indeed he was badly advised, in our judgment, in both races. Gildersleeve and Greenhalgh were now within about twenty yards of the Indian, but they were exactly forty seconds behind Barlow. The pace now began to tell on McCabe; Taylor, too, was a long way off but Stannard ran along by his side encouraging him to pull through and win his bets, which were "set" on his

running the ten miles within the hour. Smith here "gin in," much to the regret of the boys, though no betting man would match him against a tree!

Seventh Mile: It was go along every inch of this mile—run in 5:34. Barlow came through 200 yds. ahead of Steeprock and each was enthusiastically cheered. Steeprock made a rush down the back stretch in this mile, which forced the pace, but Barlow outfooted him. Gildersleeve increased *his* rate as soon as it was ascertained that Steeprock was leaving him, while Greenhalgh who was going like a trump kept up with him with as much apparent ease as a gentleman walks to his dinner. McCabe at this point was 200 yards behind Greenhalgh, and Taylor still further behind him.

Eighth Mile: Steeprock made such desperate exertions that Barlow did not widen the gap between them on this mile; it was run in 5:36. The indomitable game and immense speed of the Indian amazed Barlow as much as it did the spectators; not that Barlow was inclined to "cut it," as they say of a tired horse, for he seemed to have a great deal of running in him. Greenhalgh was on velvet so far as he was personally concerned; he knew he had Gildersleeve "safe as the Bank," and was only wide awake for the critical moment when the Indian should falter. But he was a little anxious for Gildersleeve's expected rush; he earnestly wished it and at once, for the Indian had opened such a gap on Gildersleeve that unless the latter began to close it forthwith, he would have little chance to beat him, and so get the 2d purse, unless the Indian gave back. The two G's were now exactly a minute behind Barlow, while McCabe was tailed off a long way; Taylor was at least a quarter of a mile behind him!

Ninth Mile: After a tremendous burst down the quarter stretch, cheered on as he was by thousands, Barlow led in this time by more than 250 yards, running the mile in 5:35. Steeprock caused it by a rush he made on the rear of the course, in which, we are told by two of the oldest Northern turfmen, who were near him, that they never witnessed such an exhibition of speed. It was imprudent to endeavor to close so wide a gap in so short a distance, and resulted in Steeprock's overmarking himself; he was so much affected by it as to fall off materially in his rate. Gildersleeve and Greenhalgh were now over a minute behind Barlow, notwithstanding which a majority of the spectators expected to see them beat both the others. It seemed impossible for Barlow to keep up his rate, and Steeprock apparently was already in difficulties, and getting no better very fast. At this point McCabe was hardly in the quarter stretch at all, while Taylor was still "pegging away" on the rear of the course somewhere. Still every man as he came through was enthusiastically cheered, as the time of the slowest man in the race was nearly equal to the best Standard ever made.

Tenth Mile: It was apparent that Barlow, barring accidents, had the race safe, upon his commencing this mile. An incomparable piece of machinery, instinct with life, is the only thing to which the rapidity and regularity of his style of going can be compared. Upon commencing the 2d quarter of this mile, "There goes Gilder," was the cry! For a moment we could neither distinguish him nor Greenhalgh, but at length through the interstices of the crowd lining the course, we recognised the yellow bird's eye fogle of Greenhalgh, fifteen or twenty yards ahead of the blue and white striped cap of Gilder. "Yes, he's got him—" *"in a horn!"* exclaimed a man on the roof of the Judges' Stand, as he proclaimed the precise position of the men. It was evident that Barlow was increasing his pace, but Greenhalgh, who had not yet run a yard, at his best, was now going like a scared dog! He was as fine as a star, and ripe for mischief when he finished the 9th mile, but finding Gildersleeve had not a brush in him left, he was obliged to make play alone after Steeprock. Gildersleeve, by a tremendous effort, "hurried the mourners" around the 1st quarter of the mile, where Greenhalgh ran up to his side, turned full upon him, exclaiming, "Good bye, Gilder!" and left him as if he was standing still! The next three quarters of a mile were run by Greenhalgh faster, we are persuaded, than the same distance was ever performed in this country. He gained forty seconds upon Barlow, though the latter run this mile ten seconds quicker than he did the 9th, that is, in 5:25. Greenhalgh must have run this mile in about 4:48!! Barlow beat Steeprock exactly 173 yards, while Greenhalgh was less than 90 yards (or 17 seconds) behind him. Had Greenhalgh made his run in the 9th mile instead of waiting for Gildersleeve, he would have beaten Steeprock and

won the 2d purse "as sure as shooting." Gildersleeve was a bad 4th, being about 212 yards behind Greenhalgh, but would have been closer to him, perhaps, had the space been entirely clear of the crowd. McCabe was a long way behind, and Taylor had not reached the head of the quarter stretch when Barlow came through; Stannard, however, clung to him like a blister to a mile-stone, encouraged him all the way, and by running in front of him and clearing a passage, finally pulled him through. He won his bets, that he would run the ten miles within the hour, "by the skin of his teeth" only, having only two seconds to spare.

Thus terminated, amidst the most tremendous cheers from all parts of the course, one of the most extraordinary pedestrian performances on record. "They won't believe this in England, even if you *do* print, Mr. P.," the winner remarked to us. Not one of these gallant fellows was greatly distressed. Yankee Sullivan caught Barlow up in his arms on his coming in, and rushed with him into the Judges' Stand, where he was immediately dressed and cared for. A close carriage was drawn up in the rear of this stand, into which, in a few moments, he was placed, having left the stand upon Sullivan's shoulders, waving his blue bird's-eye fogle in the air, amidst the most tremendous cheers. Greenhalgh and Gildersleeve were also immediately dressed, and in five minutes were walking about, exchanging congratulations with their friends. Steeprock left the course with us, and seemingly not more fatigued. All the parties were in town "knocking about" during the evening, and on the following day nearly all of them called at this office, looking as "fine as bug-dust," and feeling "like perfect catbirds."

Recapitulation--Official.

BEACON COURSE, N. J., opposite New York City, Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1844.—Purse \$1200, for running Ten Miles, to be divided as follows: \$700 to the 1st, \$250 to the 2d, \$150 to the 3d, \$75 to the 4th, and \$25 to the 5th in the race. Free for all pedestrians. Entrance \$5 each.

	MILES—1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
John Barlow, Englishman.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
John Steeprock, Indian.....	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Thos. Greenhalgh, Englishman.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3
John Gildersleeve, New Yorker.....	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	4
Thomas McCabe, Irishman.....	5	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J. P. Taylor, Connecticut.....	6	5	6	7	6	6	6	6	6	6
Joseph T. L. Smith, New Yorker.....	8	8	9	8	7	7	*			
John Underhill, American.....	7	7	7	6	*					
Thomas Jackson, American.....	9	9	8	*						

* Stopped.

Time of 1st mile.....	5:10	Aggregate of Time	5:10	
" " 2d mile.....	5:15		" " 2 miles.....	10:25
" " 3d mile.....	5:22		" " 3 miles.....	15:47
" " 4th mile.....	5:25		" " 4 miles.....	21:12
" " 5th mile.....	5:28		" " 5 miles.....	26:40
" " 6th mile.....	5:31		" " 6 miles.....	32:11
" " 7th mile.....	5:34		" " 7 miles.....	37:45
" " 8th mile.....	5:36		" " 8 miles.....	43:21
" " 9th mile.....	5:35		" " 9 miles.....	48:56
" " 10th mile.....	5:25		" " 10 miles.....	54:21

Barlow's time.....	54:21
Steeprock's ".....	54:53
Greenhalgh's ".....	55:10
Gildersleeve's ".....	55:51
McCabe's ".....	56:52
Taylor's ".....	59:58

We have alluded in another place to the best race on record in England, and here quote it from an elaborate sporting work entitled "The Fancy," published in London in 1826, and edited by PIERCE EGAN:—

"*Pedestrianism*—Ten miles in 55 minutes were undertaken to be performed

“ on Wednesday, the 10th of October, by Mr. MILES, an officer on half-pay, “ at Nutfield, near Croydon, for a wager of 150 guineas. Odds at starting “ were 6 to 4, and 7 to 4 against the performance, but time was beat by 7 seconds, and this feat ranks the *foremost* of its kind *this day*, upon the records “ of the Fancy. He started at 7 o'clock in the morning, and stopped twice to “ refresh during the match. He did his work as follows :

The first	two miles	in 10 minutes	31 seconds
second two	“	10	“ 52
third two	“	11	“ 6
fourth two	“	11	“ 10
fifth two	“	11	“ 14
		—	—
		54	53

On the 20th of March, of the same year, Mr. RATHBY, a gentleman of fortune, started to run ten miles in 56 minutes, for a stake of 200 sovereigns. He was in training but a fortnight ; nevertheless, he won by 10 seconds, and it was considered a first-rate performance. The ground chosen was 2 miles on the Edgeware-road, and was run over as follows—viz. :

Miles.	Minutes.	Seconds.
2	11	6
2	10	40
2	11	0
2	11	4
2	12	0
—	—	—
10	55	50

THE THREE MILE RACE.

Previous to the Ten Mile Race, the following spin at Three Miles came off at 1½ o'clock—the main race commenced at 3 o'clock. The purse was \$200, of which the 2d in the race received \$50. The entries were—

Ambrose Jackson, England,	Stephen Morgan, New Yorker,
William Fowle, Hoboken, N.J.,	Wm. Carles, Yorkville, N.Y.,
J. P. Taylor, Connecticut,	Edward Brown, New Yorker,
Eli Parker, Indian,	Lewis Edwards, Hoboken,
Thos. Greenhalgh, England,	John Steeprook, Indian,
David Myers, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	

It will be seen that three of the above—Taylor, Greenhalgh, and Steeprook—reserved themselves for the main race. Indeed, up to the moment before starting, it was supposed by the public generally that Greenhalgh was to start for the Three mile race, which circumstance will account for his not being named in the betting on the main race. Four only of the eleven came to the post, Fowler, Jackson, Myers, and Brown. Of these, Fowle had the call in the betting ; indeed, he was heavily backed vs. the field. Brown was lamed a few days previous by treading on a nail, yet determined to start.

The Race.—Jackson led off, making strong play down the rear side of the course, with Fowle 2d, but before reaching the head of the quarter stretch Brown overtook them, and after a spirited contest came in front ; he led in, running the mile in 5:10, and then stopped. On coming into the Judges' stand it was found that his foot was much swollen and inflamed. During the next half mile Jackson and Fowle ran side by side, and the former finally got the best of it and led in (time of the mile 5:40), with Fowle within a yard of him. Myers here gave up the contest. In the course of the 3d mile Jackson was accidentally hit in the side by the elbow of a man who was attempting to clear the way for him, and Fowle was thrown off his stride by running against a horse. Jackson ran the 3d mile in 5:26, and won by nearly twenty yards. The time of the 3 miles was 16:16. Jackson on coming in was unaccountably distressed, falling into the arms of his trainer completely exhausted. In ten minutes, however

he came round, and in half an hour was quite recovered. Fowle lacked foot but was quite fresh on coming in. Had the race been a quarter of a mile longer he must have won cleverly, for he had his man dead beat.

Recapitulation :—

Beacon Course, N. J., Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1844—Purse \$200, of which the 2d best received \$50. Three miles.

Ambrose Jackson	2	1	1	} Time of 1st mile	5:10	
William Fowle	3	2	2		} " " 2d mile	5:40
David Myers	4	3	*			} " " 3d mile
Edward Brown	1	*			} Whole time	

Since the races reported above a great number of challenges have been given by the friends of the parties. Steeprock's friends offered, on the evening of the race, to match him for \$1000, to run ten miles against any man in it. As no match could be made, on the following day he left for home, near Buffalo, N. Y., where a portion of his tribe—the Seneca—is located. Subsequently Barlow's friends rallied and bounced a little, but it was too late. A new party came into the field with Greenhalgh for their champion, and talked of a match for \$5000. Had it been offered to come off within a fortnight, Steeprock's friends here would have accepted it. But the lateness of the season admonished all parties to give over another race this season, and the match has at length been suffered to drop.

Barlow and Greenhalgh return to England in the packet ship "Roscius" on Tuesday next, having since their short stay here won \$1,235 in purses alone on the Beacon Course. They desire us to express their grateful acknowledgments for the uniform courtesy and kindness they have received here from the press, the Sporting World, and the public generally. And we here take great pleasure in assuring their friends at home, that during their visit to this country, they have borne themselves with such a degree of propriety as to have won the good wishes of all, and acquired a host of friends who will extend to them a cordial welcome should they determine hereafter to repeat their visit.

Of the \$1200 purse for Ten Miles, it will be seen that Barlow received \$700, Steeprock \$250, Greenhalgh \$150, Gildersleeve \$75, and McCabe \$25. Taylor, having won all his bets, "made a good thing of it," though he failed to pick up either of the purses. Stannard could have won the purse for Three Miles like falling off a log, but as Greenhalgh was expected to start for it, he declined to enter. Of all the men in the field, Gildersleeve not excepted, Steeprock, the Indian, commanded the warmest sympathy. We are told that he bears a high character at home for integrity and industry. The fact of his inability to understand English, his want of condition, and his extraordinary performance in the former ten mile race under such circumstances, induced the warmest good wishes of all for his success. He was enthusiastically cheered whenever he came in front of the stands. His action has manifestly improved since his former race, and he will be matched to run 10 to 15 miles here, next Spring, against any man in the world, for \$5,000!

AN IRON LIFE-BOAT.—About twelve months ago a subscription was raised at Havre for the construction of an iron life-boat. This boat being finished, was a short time ago submitted to trial in the presence of a committee appointed for the purpose, who declared it to be perfect; and, consequently, it is now placed at the port for service, in case of need. It is built of cast-iron sheets, is 26 feet 3 inches in length, and 5 feet 3 inches in breadth. The reservoir of air is divided into three compartments, perfectly distinct from each other, so that any accident happening to one of them would not destroy its buoyancy. Self-acting valves let in or out such quantities of air as may be required to preserve its equilibrium, according to the weight with which it may be charged, and, by means of a water-proof cloth, so arranged as not to confine the motions of the rowers, excludes the possibility of its being swamped by shipping water.

THE BEST FOOT RACE OF THE SEASON.

—
JOHN BULL versus BROTHER JONATHAN.
 —

A Benedick and Game, no match for a Bachelor and Condition !

TWELVE MILES IN 68:48.

The specimen of "tall walking" exhibited on the 16th Dec., over the Beacon Course, has demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of all who witnessed it that GREENHALGH and GILDERSLEEVE are the two best pedestrians, at long distances, that have been seen in this country. We have all along expressed the opinion that Greenhalgh was the best man of those who crossed the Atlantic expressly to run in the October race, and that opinion has been amply confirmed. *The best man has got the money*, and while every one must be gratified with the fact, few will be unconcerned to hear that it goes into the pockets of a manly, honest fellow, who appears to be entirely worthy of the good feeling he has created for himself. Though defeated, Gildersleeve has suffered no loss of reputation ; his indomitable game and surpassing speed were never displayed in bolder relief than in this last extraordinary performance. But age will tell. Gildersleeve is not only Greenhalgh's senior by eight years, but he has been several years married and engaged in mechanical pursuits inconsistent with pedestrianism, while the Englishman has for years made that his profession. And we do the latter simple justice in remarking that no one entertains a higher appreciation of Gildersleeve's remarkable powers, than himself. "He is the best man I ever started with," was Greenhalgh's frequent remark after the race.

The day was intensely cold, with a piercing wind, and the course as hard as a flint. Some idea of the state of the weather may be formed by our distant readers when we state that we saw crowds of boys skating on the Hoboken meadows, on our way to the course ; about the hedges were patches of snow, and during the race it "snowed, and blew, and friz, horrid," as Tom Hood has it. Every gentleman wore the collar of his overcoat turned up about his ears, and the stamping and dancing to keep warm was most amusing. Many of the Artful Dodgers who "run with the Engines" or "Kill for Keyser," gave capital imitations of Jim Crow and Master Diamond ; but they are notoriously as "tough as a boiled owl," and would not have missed seeing Gilder run had it been cold enough to freeze the ears off a Norwegian dog !

The betting was confined to Greenhalgh and Gildersleeve, exclusively, the former being the favorite at about 100 to 60. Just before the start the odds fell off a point, Gildersleeve's friends having rallied under an impression that his condition was more perfect than Greenhalgh's. He had been trained under cover—at the Rope Walk near the Union Course, L. I.—since his former race, while Greenhalgh was trained at Hoboken. Both looked extremely well and were quite confident. Greenhalgh ran nearly nude, as before, with a yellow bird's eye fogle about his head : his legs and body from the waist up were quite naked. Gildersleeve wore a striped silk night cap, a blue silk shirt and flesh colored silk drawers. The Judges—Mr. A. BARKER and the Editor of this paper—having made the necessary arrangements, gave the signal for the competitors to come to the post. Gildersleeve soon issued from a private room in the Club Stand, accompanied by his trainer, and Mr. Browning, the proprietor of the course. Greenhalgh who was in a close carriage in the rear of the Judges' stand, immediately peeled, and the two champions met in the Judges' stand in high spirits. The other three entries, at the eleventh hour, determined not to start. This being announced to the two cracks they shook hands heartily in

great good humor, evidently pleased that they were to have the fun all to themselves. On stripping to the buff Greenhalgh's skin shone like a mirror, and his flesh was as firm as the forearm of a high mettled racer. Gildersleeve's grasp as he shook hands with us, made our fingers tingle, while the expression of his brilliant eyes betrayed entire confidence in himself, and the most unflinching gamecock determination.

We should here premise that previous to the Twelve Mile Race, a spin at Four Miles came off, the result of which will be found subjoined. It is proper to mention, too, that two or three thousand persons broke through the palings into the course; most of them congregated in front of the stands, where they were joined by a thousand more, so that it was with great difficulty that a gauntlet could be kept open by mounted officers wide enough for the men to run through. The stands were far from being so crowded as usual, owing to the severity of the weather, but their occupants were of the better classes of society, including a great number of gentlemen of the highest respectability.

A space having been cleared in front of the Judges' stand, the two men instantly took their places. "Which is Gilder?" was the cry. "What an odd looking joker!" "Hallo! There's Greenhalgh!" "Which is him, pray?" "Why, the tallest one, stupid." "Does he run *naked*?" "In course he does—as stark naked as 'three white aces' and I should like to hold 'em jest *wunst*, at a hundred dollars ante, I should!" "I'll lay you 25 to 15 *again* Gilder!" "No you don't, my sweet scented shrub!" "Well, 10 to 5 then, just for grandeur?" "Don't you wish you may get it?" "I'll take yer!" exclaims another. "Gilder's the boy wat oughter won afore, only didnt." "Gilder" and "the Englishman"—"Greenhatch," "Greenhaw"—"Blue Shirt," "No shirt," were at the tip of every tongue. One could not ask "what's o'clock," without being answered "10 to 6!" and if you only looked a man hard in the face he roared out "Done, Sir!" Such difference of opinion, such interest and betting, such shouting and stamping, made up a scene that will not soon be forgotten. Half the people's hearts were in their mouths, and the pitiless cold was forgotten in the anxiety to see

THE RACE.

At the word "go," Gildersleeve jumped off, with a lead of about a yard, Greenhalgh running on the inside, quite as close to the palings as the dense crowd would allow. Upon getting into straight work at the head of the backstretch, there is a slight descent in the ground, and here Gilde sleeve almost invariably increased his lead a few feet: upon the rising ground near the half-mile post, which is situated near the end of this straight stretch, Greenhalgh usually closed the gap, running within reach of his man around the turn, and stepping exactly in his tracks as they came down the quarter stretch to the stands. The time of the 1st mile was 5:53, Gildersleeve coming through less than a yard ahead.

Second mile: It commenced snowing slightly in this mile, during which one of the patrols forgot himself so far as to turn his horse directly in front of the two pedestrians, which nearly brought them to a stand still. Mr. Browning dismounted him instanter and put up Yankee Sullivan in his place. Time of this mile 5:57.

Third Mile: The same relative position was maintained throughout. In order to keep themselves warm, the pedestrians were followed "on a keen jump," by more than five hundred spectators, filling up the entire space, the whole being preceded by a dozen mounted patrols; near the close of the mile it commenced snowing smartly, and odds were offered on "good sleighing before night." This snow storm sensibly affected the pace, which declined in this mile to 6:02.

Fourth Mile: Opposite the 1st quarter post Gildersleeve suddenly opened a gap of two or three yards, but Greenhalgh closed it handily: Gilder again tried it on, but there was no getting away; he led in as before, closing the mile in 5:59.

Fifth Mile: A gleam of sunshine burst forth suddenly, and the pace mended to the head of the quarter stretch, when the sky became again overcast, and there was another sprinkle of snow: the mile, notwithstanding, was performed

in 5:50. As he passed the stand, Gildersleeve remarked to his trainer that he *felt pretty good!* "You're one of 'em," was the response!

Sixth mile: The sun, for an instant, broke out cheerily, and produced an evident effect upon the pedestrians, who made play at once at a slashing rate. No "bellows to mend" in either as they came through: both looked full of running. The time of the mile was 5:33, the best time yet made in the race.

Seventh Mile: Gildersleeve opened a slight gap on getting into the backstretch, but Greenhalgh closed it before they reached the next turn, and followed Gilder in, waiting upon him within arms length; time 5:40.

Eighth Mile: Both appeared to be going quite at their ease, but mutually apprehensive and wary. Their action or style of running is much alike; Gildersleeve being a shorter man, raises his knees higher, in order to cover more ground; his lower limbs are quite short in proportion to Greenhalgh's; one is "poney built," so to speak, while the other has the "daylight under him" of a leggy English colt; each runs with his elbows closely pressed into his sides, with very little swing to the hands, which are firmly clenched. Their "gait" is not unlike that of a Canadian racking horse. Greenhalgh runs as it were, close to the ground, while Gildersleeve has the dashing, bold action of Ripton; he runs with his head well up, while the other rather looks down, never turning his head or eyes for an instant to the right or left. They closed the eighth mile in 5:40, not quite so slow as a top.

Ninth Mile: No change in pace nor position, and it looked to be anybody's race yet. The excitement increased, and the crowd was noisier than ever. No one wished he had brought his night cap, unless to keep his ears warm. The pace "took the starch out" of the pedestrians though; Gildersleeve perspired so freely that the color from his blue shirt was now extended down his flesh-colored drawers, making their junction "one entire and perfect chrysolite," so far as color was concerned. Greenhalgh's skin looked as delicately fair as that "model of a statuary" described by Byron, in relation to which he wickedly acknowledges having

— "seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal,"

though it was cold enough to have frozen any other man as stiff as Lot's wife in five minutes. As they finished the ninth mile the men were loudly cheered. "Go it, my Gilder," or "Greenhalgh's a trump," was in the mouths of all. The latter has an extremely amiable expression of countenance, and had his full share of the sympathies of the spectators. Time of the mile 5:40.

Tenth Mile: Position throughout precisely "as they was," no clambering, no dwelling, but "go along" every inch. Though "almost perished" with the cold, every neck was strained to watch the slightest change of position. "Could n't you shorten yourself a leetle bit, sir?—you are so tall!" As they got half way down the backstretch, the crowd was so great that the men could hardly be distinguished even when seen. "Where is the Englishman?" "Up the spout!" shouted a ragged Zacheus, who had climbed on to the roof of the judges' stand. "Who's ahead?" "Who's ahead?—why Poke and Dallers you son-of-a-gun! Yes, and they *would* be—they would n't be nothin' else!" "I say, *you!* I should like to lay you a trifle, my pippin, *you broke through the fence!*" "I believe you *would* do it. How is your aunt Sally?" Near the close of the 10th mile the rate was tip top, each man going like bricks, with no signal of distress hung out. The mile was run in 5:38, making the time of the ten miles 57:52, a most extraordinary performance under the circumstances.

Eleventh Mile: No material change in the position of the men occurred during this mile, but the odds increased on Greenhalgh; of course he had made a waiting race of it, and no one had forgotten his tremendous burst of speed in the 10th mile of the last race, which he ran under 4:48. "Which will win?" "What'll you give to know?" Time of this mile 5:38, as before.

Twelfth Mile: In this occurred another exemplification of the old saw, that "a bad beginning makes a good ending." On commencing it Gildersleeve was directed by thousands to "Shake yourself, *miboy!*" "Cut loose Greenhalgh!" "Give him fits!" was shouted "like mad" by people whose teeth were chattering from the cold, as if they must soon drop out. Placide or Farren could

have picked up some valuable hints, for "Aspen" sitting in a thorough draught. People were chilled as stiff as the full length in the last exhibition of the National Academy, or the "wall flowers" at Korponay's ball. Both men made play commencing this last mile, as if they had not run a yard. Gildersleeve exerted himself like nothing else but a good 'un, but could no more shake off the nonpariel behind him, than could Sinbad the *Old Man* of the Sea. The pace down the backstretch beat cat's-fighting, no shuffling, no backing-and-filling, no "here-she-goes, and there-she-goes," but good honest running "on the square," Greenhalgh "putting in" stride for atride with his unflinching competitor. At the half mile post, you could just see a glimpse of daylight between the two. It reminded one of the scene of many a glorious victory of the gallant Boston, who was wont to pull to the field, to the last quarter, when "Old Nap" gave the order to "take the track and keep it!" Around the last turn it was "who should and who should!" Gildersleeve was ahead, but Greenhalgh could have touched him with his hand! He bided his time, but his time was not yet. They swung into the head of the quarter stretch. We could occasionally catch a glimpse of Gildersleeve's blue shirt, as we thought, in advance, but as the men were coming directly towards us, it was impossible to say which had the advantage. A mighty shout of "Gilder's got him!" was the cry. "No, Greenhalgh!" "Three to one on the Englishman!" "Greenhalgh's got him for a thousand!" "No, Gilder!" "Greenhalgh!" "Greenhalgh!" "Gilder!" "I told you so!" Gilder *hasn't* got him!" "Greenhalgh wins it like a d—n!" "Hurrah for Greenhalgh!" Didn't I tell ye?"

After getting into the quarter-stretch Gildersleeve's trainer shouted to him, "Spread yourself, old fellow!" "Think of the *people* at home, Tomny," was the response of Harrison, Greenhalgh's faithful trainer. Every muscle was exerted, the last link was let out, and the most desperate a ruggle ensued on both aides. At first Gildersleeve seemed to have the best of it, but the unconquerable Englishman had yet a run left; he "bottled himself up," as it were, for a final rush, and this being the critical moment, he collected all his energies, and at the instant thousands were felicitating themselves that the favorite was beaten, lo, here he came with the force, the certainty, and the precision of a locomotive! The contest was not for a moment doubtful. Gildersleeve, if he had not overmarked himself, had "done all that might become a man." Without "hanging fire" an instaat, Greenhalgh, with a last tremendous effort, rushed past him, and *the thing was out!* Gildersleeve, as game a man as ever breathed, did not make another effort; nooly had he acquitted himself, and "justified his training;" if he could not "command success" he had "done more—he had deserved it;" but limbs of steel and sinews of catgut, animated by the dogged courage and sullen obstinacy of the heroes of the Peninsular, only, could have achieved the victory on this occasion. Long before Greenhalgh reached the drawgates (some 200 yards from the Stand) he was alone, with the crowd of spectators so closely packed behind him that the Judges, for some moments, could not distinguish Gildersleeve in the dense mass. Mr. Browning rode by his side and advised him to "run it out," which he did, but by the time he reached the drawgates, Yankee Sullivan had brought Greenhalgh in his arms up into the Judge's Stand, the *twelfth* mile having been run in 5:18!! Notwithstanding the excessive cold, and a piercing air which was enough to congeal one's blood, the perspiration rolled down Greenhalgh's face and shoulders as if he had just come out of a vapour bath! He "blowed off steam" like a high pressure Mississippi snag-boat hitched at a wood-yard. It was some minutes before he could articulate a syllable. Six rods from the stand we thought he was fainting, and must fall into the hands of his friends, but the cheers of thousands, the thoughts of home and what would be said of him *there*, the "vast renown he gained by conquering Richard," all combined to give him heart, and keep him on his feet to the stand. We have a faint recollection, an indefinite idea of having heard some years ago—in the days of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," possibly—of an emphatically "used up man"—at least, so went the story, but on this occasion we had an apt and forcible illustration of a man "in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," not only, but of a man quite "tetotaciously exfunctioned." Greenhalgh could not have run a hundred rods farther to have saved his life! However, in a few moments we got him warmly clothed, and within three minutes he desired us, being "no orator as Brutus

is" [not,] to make his grateful acknowledgments to the spectators and those immediately concerned in the race, for the great courtesy and kindness extended to him since his arrival in this country.

Gildersleeve on coming in was not nearly so much distressed; he could not have run the last mile faster than he did, but he could have run, at nearly the same rate, a mile farther! Both were most enthusiastically cheered, the losers demonstrating as lustily apparently as the winners, the general admiration of the stamina and spirit of these worthy competitors. It was evident to all that Gildersleeve lacked "foot," merely, to contend with a star like Greenhalgh, and we have a great degree of confidence that upon the latter's return to England he will "crowd the mourners" there. It is a little singular that while Greenhalgh is now the champion here, at long distances, SEWARD, a Yankee, should be the champion of England, at short spins. Immediately upon the conclusion of the race Greenhalgh came forward in front of the Judges' Stand, supported by his friends, and waving his yellow fogle in the air *would* have made his acknowledgments, but the roar of Niagara could scarcely have been heard. He was greeted with nine times nine, and one more! "Come back and give us another turn, next Spring," shouted a voice in the crowd. "*He will,*" exclaimed his trainer, and after another cheer or two, Yankee Sullivan carried him down stairs out of the stand on his shoulders, and put him into a carriage and he drove off amidst the congratulations of thousands of his newly acquired friends, while "what'll they think of this, in the Old Country, Tom?" was asked him by many an honest countryman with tears of manly pride in his eyes, as they followed his carriage from the course.

Recapitulation—Official.

BEACON COURSE, N. J., opposite New York city, Monday, Dec. 16, 1844. Purse \$1000, of which the 2d in the race receives \$300; open to all pedestrians. Five entries at \$10 each. Twelve Miles.

	MILES—1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
Thos. Greenhalgh, Englishman...	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1
John Gildersleeve, New York City	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2
Thomas McCabe, Irishman.....	dr.											
John Navils, Irishman.....	dr.											
J. P. Taylor, Connecticut.....	dr.											
Time of 1st mile	5:53											
" 2d "	5:57	Aggregate of Time.....	5:53									
" 3d "	6:02	" 2 miles.....	11:50									
" 4th "	5:59	" 3 "	17:52									
" 5th "	5:50	" 4 "	23:51									
" 6th "	5:33	" 5 "	29:41									
" 7th "	5:40	" 6 "	35:14									
" 8th "	5:40	" 7 "	40:54									
" 9th "	5:40	" 8 "	46:34									
" 10th "	5:38	" 9 "	52:14									
" 11th "	5:38	" 10 "	57:52									
" 12th "	5:18	" 11 "	63:30									
		" 12 "	68:48									

Since the race we are gratified to state that a very handsome subscription has been made up not only for Greenhalgh but for HARRISON, his trainer, who accompanied him from England. It is understood that Greenhalgh will immediately sail for England, where, after being married, he intends re-visiting this country. We anticipate another contest between him and STEEPROCK, the Indian, next spring. Gildersleeve received \$300 as 2nd best in this race, and we hear that the proprietor of the course not only presented him with as much more, but that his friends have also "done the genteel thing" "by him," a compliment he eminently deserved.

THE FOUR MILE RACE

There were ten entries for this little spin, which came off previous to the grand affair of the day. Fowle, who was the favorite, concluded not to start, being short of work in his training. Taylor, too, "stept out." Among the bet-

ting men McCabe was the favorite, while Jackson was backed at odds by the outsiders. There was one bet of \$500 that McCabe would beat Jackson the first two miles—a very imprudent one, too, by the bye, as McCabe commenced training so late as the previous Tuesday. Francisco Murray, a fine looking man, made a capital race under the circumstances, not having been trained at all!

Van Ness led off at a slapping pace, and run himself out in the first half mile, so that every man in the field passed him. He and Westervelt cut it at the end of the mile. McCabe led in with "Francisco" 2d, but the latter was evidently in difficulty, and he was soon passed by Jackson, who, after waiting on McCabe to the head of the quarter stretch, cut him down in his stride, and came in ahead, thereby winning a hat full of money for himself and backers; Barlow gave up at the end of this mile. The running in the 3d mile was very interesting; Jackson opened a gap going down the back stretch, but McCabe drew on him at the head of the quarter stretch, and actually passed him before reaching the drawgates. Here Jackson must have got his "second wind," for he rallied suddenly, and after a sharp tussle got the lead again before finishing the mile. On the next turn McCabe tried it on, and once more got the lead; Jackson laid well up with him down the back stretch, collared him at the half mile post, drew out in front soon after, and finally won like a trump by about forty yards. "Francisco" was beaten off more than two hundred yards, but was not much distressed on coming in.

RECAPITULATION.

Beacon Course, N. J.—Monday, Dec. 16, 1844.—Purse \$150, free for all pedestrians. Four Miles.

	MILES—			
	1st	2d	3d	4th
Ambrose Jackson, Englishman	3	1	1	1
Thomas McCabe, Irishman	1	2	2	2
Jas. Francisco Murray, New Yorker	2	4	3	3
Wm. Barlow, Williamsburg, L. I.	4	3	*	
George Hill, Long Island	5	*		
L. Westervelt, New Yorker	6	*		
Andrew L. Van Ness, Jersey City	7	*		

* Stopped.

Time of 1st mile, 5:15—2d mile, 5:29—3d mile, 5:55—4th mile, 5:31—
Total, 22:10.

Our associate Judge, in announcing the time of the principal race from the stand, miscalled it. The stand being crowded with pedestrians, trainers, and reporters, in the hurry and noise, it was almost impossible to reckon the aggregate time by that of the different miles. The time is correctly given in our report.

Since their race we have seen Greenhalgh, Gildersleeve, and Jackson; all were quite fresh on the following day, though Greenhalgh's feet and ankles were black and blue. He says that at the end of eleven and a half miles he despaired of beating Gildersleeve. The latter went straight away from him upon being collared at this period of the race, but upon being again caught, gave way. He could not run a second faster, *but he could have kept up his average rate for a mile farther.* On the following evening he danced the Polka at a ball up town, with a degree of grace that would have become Korponay's aptest scholar. Greenhalgh sails for England in the packet ship "Sidons," on Thursday next, in much better humor with the Yankees than our "fat friend" Sydney Smith. He carries with him the good wishes of thousands, and more "tin" than he ever saw before. We are pleased to add that a handsome subscription has been made up for HARRISON, Greenhalgh's trainer, and that several of the heavy winners on Jackson made him such substantial presents as will "carry him through Christmas," and a little beyond.

The Racing Calendar.

NATCHITOCHEs (LA.) RACES.

Dear Sir: Herewith I send you a report of the Fall Meeting on the Natchitoches Course, with such remarks as the occasion called forth, which you will please give a place in your paper:—

MONDAY, Oct. 22, 1844—Purse \$150, free only for colts and fillies that have been one year in the Parish. Ent. \$15. Mile heats.

Mr. Hammond's (S. Hvam's) b. f. <i>Kate Luckett</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Shepherdess, 3 yrs., 83lbs.....	Henry ..	1 1
A. Lecomte & Co.'s Imp. ch. f. <i>Cora</i> , by Muley Moloch, dam by Cham- pion, 2 yrs.....	Evariste	2 2
Time, 1:59—2:00. Track very heavy.		

The weather was fine, and the stands were crowded; even the Crescent Queen of the South west could not have exceeded in youth and beauty the display made by the fair dames of our parish, and all was as bright and cheerful as an October day of the sunny South could render it. The stand appropriated to the ladies is now over one hundred feet long, and was filled by the *elite* of our society, where might be seen the dark-eyed Creole, with the rich blood mantling in a cheek shaded by the glow of her own southern sun, yet soft as the peach's down, exchanging kindly greeting and joyous smiles with the blue-eyed, fair browed daughters of the far North and West. There also could be seen the representative of every State of our Union, laying aside their everyday cares, and prepared but for the enjoyment and hilarity brought about by a race meeting.

The horses came to the post in good condition, though *Kate* showed evident lameness in the left hind leg. *Cora* looked well, but her weight to'd against her, she carrying 77lbs. The nags obtained a fair start; *Cora*, having the track, took the lead; as they swung into straight work on the back stretch *Kate* went up, and a blanket would have covered them both for a short distance, when *Kate* drew clear, and at the end of the back stretch she was an open length ahead, and came home a winner by about two lengths, in 1:59.

Second heat: *Cora* again led off, and as before was lapped she swung into the back stretch by *Kate*, passed before she reached the turn, and beaten home two lengths in 2:00.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23—Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upward 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Ent. \$25. Two mile heats.

T. J. Wells' ch. f. <i>Oleander</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Aronetta, 3 yrs.....	Lit	1 1
D. Walker's Imp. br. h. <i>St. Patrick</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Plenty, by Emilius, 6 yrs.....	Tom Hammond	3 2
A. Lecomte & Co.'s <i>Harry of the West</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine, 3 yrs.....	Evariste	2 3

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of 1st mile	1:58	Time of 1st mile	2:00
“ “ 2d mile	2:05	“ “ 2d mile	2:11
Time of 1st heat	4:03	Time of 2d heat	4:11

Track heavy—in some places quite wet.

The horses came at the call. *Oleander* looked in beautiful condition, as did also *Harry*, but it was known that the latter had thrown out a curb some three weeks back, and though he had some friends, the filly was taken against him at 25 to 15, and even against the field. *St. Patrick* had been in training but three weeks, and was not in condition; there were whisperings of his having the red flag waved in front of him the first heat; but the son of the green isle of the ocean was not to be scared at trifles. After one or two false starts they went off, *Oleander* having the lead on the inside, *St. Patrick* next, and *Harry* outside and second. In the back stretch *Harry* went up and gallanted the lady down to the turn, where he lead through the first mile in 1:58, the filly in hand, and well up. She collared him in the back stretch, and ran locked to the turn, where

Harry gained a slight advantage, and entered the last stretch ahead. Up went a shout from the fielders; but the Glencoe was not yet done, and Harry was not out of the wood; the filly made a gallant rally, and beat him home by a length in 4:03. St. Patrick dropped in the distance, never having made a brush. Bets were now offered at long odds on the filly, but few takers. The fielders looked a little down in the mouth, for the filly had evidently the heels of Harry, their best card.

They started for the 2d heat, when St. Patrick took up the running, and went off at a score, followed by Harry and the Glencoe; at the first turn in the 2d mile Harry went up to close the gap, after him Oleander, who had evidently been watching Harry, and now challenges for the second place, takes it after a short struggle, and making play, passes St. Patrick, and wins the heat in 4:11, St. Patrick 2d. Harry passed St. Patrick, but when half way down the home stretch appeared to fail, and was beaten home by the Saint. The track was heavy, and in some places quite soft.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Purse \$225, ent. \$22,50. Conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

A. Lecomte & Co.'s b. f. <i>Laura Lecomte</i> , (late Madeline), by Tarquin, out of Imp. Sarah, 4 yrs.....	Bill.	2	2	1	1	1
T. J. Wells and A. Carnel's b. f. <i>Attala Lecomte</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Extant, by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs.....	Lit.	1	1	2	2	2
V. Rachal's ch. g. <i>Jim Fletcher</i> , by Tom Fletcher, out of Celar, 5 yrs....	3 dr.					

Time, 1:55—1:55—1:56—1:59—1:59.

This was a very exciting race, and the excitement was as much felt by the ladies, though not as noisily evinced, as by the gentlemen. Gloves were won and lost by the dozen, bonnets and cravats, and the various articles that usually are the amount of ladies' rage, were freely bet; and many a bright eye danced with joy at the exhilarating sport. The name of Laura Lecomte was proclaimed from the stand by the Judge to be hereafter borne by Laura. The fact that the two fillies were named after the beautiful daughters of our gentlemanly fellow citizen, A. Lecomte, added very much to the interest taken in the races, so as to make it decidedly *the event* of the meeting. But the bugle sounds. Attala was the favorite against the field, and 2 to 1 against Laura. The nags are stripped, and the two fillies are as fine as silk, Laura looking a little too fine drawn to some, but not so to me. Jim was entirely too fat, and such beauties as Laura and Attala could not be expected to remain long in such gross company. But the riders are up—the drum taps—away they go, Attala in the lead; on the back stretch Laura challenged for the first place, and after a struggle showed in front; but Attala went at her in the turn, and entered the home stretch ahead, though it looked like anybody's heat; a beautiful run was made down the last quarter, but Attala came home first by half a length in 1:55. Jim saved his distance, but it was too fast a crowd for him, and he backed out.

In the 2d heat Attala was offered at 3 to 1, and though Laura's friends stood up for her and took the odds, yet they were not eager to do so. And now, as the drum taps, they are off, Attala leading to the back stretch, when, after a severe brush, Laura took the lead; at the head of the home stretch Attala's rider, who rode beautifully and with uncommon grace, called on his nag, who answered to his stirring appeal by beating Laura a length, after a severe run, in 1:55.

The fielders were now truly cast down, and many long faces were to be seen as 4 to 1 was offered on Attala; but there were some takers, though few and far between. Once again the drum is tapped, and the horses are off for the 3d heat, Attala inside. Laura makes play from the score, and takes the track from Attala ere they enter the turn. Her stride was too severe for the filly, and she entered the straight run some lengths ahead; the filly closed the gap a little but could not reach Laura, who came home a gallant winner by two lengths in 1:56. And now comes a deafening shout, once more the fielders are in heart, and their voices tell how much lighter they feel. The knowing ones look confounded, and at once commence the hedge at 2 to 1 on Laura.

At the word they are off for the 4th heat, Attala making a dash for the track, but it was no go, Laura kept her lead, winning the heat with ease in 1:59. There was not a poor man on the ground, at least one would judge so from the utter recklessness evinced of the cost of hats, caps, handkerchiefs, coats, and shoe leather. Odds 3 to 1 on Laura, but few takers; there were some bets made at 4 to 1.

They are off for the 5th heat, Laura in the lead ; she made the running, and was never lapped, though Attala's rider tried it on in the back stretch, but it wouldn't fit—Laura again came home an easy winner in 1:59. The welkin rang again as it gave back the shouts of the fielders. A large amount of money changed hands, and the knowing ones were *did* brown—yea, very brown. Laura was led up to the stand, the boy received the purse, and in front of the ladies' stand a beautiful wreath of victory, presented by one of the ladies, was placed upon her brow, amid strains of music, a shower of bouquets, and the loud and repeated shouts of the spectators.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$375, ent. \$37,50. Conditions as before. Three mile heats.

A. Lecomte & Co.'s br. c. <i>El Bolero</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp.			
Leviathan, 3 yrs.....	<i>Evariste</i>	1 1
T. J. Wells' <i>Wiskma</i> , by Dick Chin, out of Linnet, 3 yrs.....	Lit.....	2 2
<i>First Heat.</i>		<i>Second Heat.</i>	
Time of 1st mile.....	2:02	Time of 1st mile.....	1:56
“ “ 2d mile.....	2:12	“ “ 2d mile.....	2:04
“ “ 3d mile.....	2:01	“ “ 3d mile.....	2:05
Time of 1st heat.....	6:05	Time of 2d heat.....	6:05

The horses came to the post, *El Bolero* in very fine condition, his glossy coat reflecting proudly old Sol's bright rays. *Wiskma* looked well, but was complaining in one of her legs ; she is a beautiful chesnut, of high form and fine size, and resembles her dam very much. The odds were, however, against her at 3 to 1, and the result of the race showed that these odds were not justified, as it was by no means a soft snap ; if he ever meets her again, and she is in condition, he will find her a hard customer. The first heat was run by *Wiskma's* leading round to the last quarter stretch, the colt trailing, and occasionally feeling his way, and putting the issue of the heat on a brush ; at the head of the home stretch he made his rush, and won the heat in 6:05. *Evariste*, the rider of the colt, deserves credit for his good riding in this race, and he will make a star rider if he continues to improve as heretofore in his riding. Odds 4 to 1 on *Bolero*—more takers than givers. Another rider was put up on *Wiskma*, who now carried about 6lbs. over weight.

At the tap of the drum they are off for the 2d heat, *El Bolero* leading, the filly close up ; in the stretch the latter made a rush and collared the colt, and they ran this mile and the next, and three-quarters of the 3d, in a dead lock. but the colt outlasted her, and drew clear about half way down the last quarter winning the heat in 6:05. This heat was beautifully contested, the horses having run two miles and three-quarters as if harnessed to the same car. The knowing ones took the odds to-day, and were again served out.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Race for two fine saddles, ent. \$10, free only for horses that never won a purse ; winner to have choice—2d horse, second choice—the horse that distances the field to take both saddles. Weights as before. One mile.

E. O. Blanchard's (W. S. Tyson's) br. h. <i>Dick Bluewater</i> , 5 yrs.....	<i>Bill</i>	1
A. Lecomte's (V. Rachal's) ch. g. <i>Jim Fletcher</i> , (pedigree above—entered by consent ; having won a purse).....	<i>Jack</i>	2
H. Christman's b. c. by Conflict, 3 yrs.....	dist.

Time, 1:57.

Jim's bridle broke at the start, and he actually run the race and took the second prize without a bridle ; his rider appeared to be as well satisfied as if he had been in possession of the horse's head with a good bridle. He was stopped after running over two miles, by forming a barricade of horses. The Conflict colt was "nowhere." *Dick* led throughout.

Thus closed our regular Fall Meeting, which passed off delightfully. Through the courtesy of the gentlemanly officers of the 4th Infantry, we have had the attendance of their splendid band during the week. We purpose opening Stakes, and will endeavor to get a Spring meeting to come off some time in May.

Will you give your opinion in the following case ? Four horses are entered for a race ; A bets B that he will place a certain horse—he places him 3d ; in order to distinguish him we will call the horse placed "The Dun." Well, the judges declare that there is a dead heat between "the dun" and another, they being the last of the four. What position do they stand in?—does A win or lose ? I think he has won, because if there had been yet another horse behind it would have been 4th, while "The Dun" and the one running the dead heat would have been both 3d.

S. M. HYAMS, 1st Sec'y N. J. C.

ANOTHER REPORT OF THE NATCHITOCHE'S RACES.

Dear Sir :—Below you will find a report of the Natchitoches Jockey Club. In due time you will, no doubt, receive one from higher authority, and embracing all the particulars of the meeting. The attendance was full each day; the beautiful and smiling faces of the ladies crowded the stands, and heartily mingled their sweet voices in the shouts which filled the air for the success of Mr. Lecomte's stable. To him is the credit due, principally, of having placed the Natchitoches Course upon a high and honorable footing; nor is any one, from his great popularity and gentlemanly bearing, so well calculated to make it what it is—one of the most delightful and fashionable places of the kind in the South.

First Day, Oct. 21.—The first race was for a purse of \$150, for 3 yr. olds and under, bred or brought into the parish one year. Two started—S. M. Hyams' br. f. *Kate Luckett*, 3 yrs., by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Shepherdess, and A. Lecomte's Imp. ch. f. *Cora*, 2 yrs., by Muley Moloch, dam by Champion. Won easily by the brown filly in two heats in 1:59—2:00. *Kate Luckett* had the call, although she had been complaining in one of her hind legs for some time. She was trained by Hammond, of Bascombe notoriety. *Cora* contended against the disadvantages of age, and was entirely too lame.

Second Day, Oct. 22.—There were three entries for the Purse of \$250, free for all ages, two me heats, viz.—T. J. Wells' ch. f. *Oleander*, 3 yrs., by Imp. Glencoe, out of Aronetta; Dr. Walker's Imp. br. h. *St. Patrick*, 6 yrs., by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Plenty, and A. Lecomte's ch. c. *Harry of the West*, 3 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine. Won easily by the filly in 4:03—4:11. *Harry of the West*, of whom much has been expected, from the fact of his being brother to *Harry Cargill*, is a dark chesnut, about 15 hands 3 inches high, strong in all his points, but rather too short in the carcass. His style is good, and I predict, in time he will make a race horse.

Third Day, Oct. 23.—For the Purse of \$225, best 3 in 5, there were three entries—A. Lecomte's b. f. *Laura*, 4 yrs., by Tarquin, out of Imp. Eliza; T. J. Wells & A. H. Carnal's b. f. *Attala Lecomte*, 3 yrs., by Imp. Glencoe, out of Extant by Imp. Leviathan, and V. Rachal's ch. g. *Jim Fletcher*, 5 yrs., by Tom Fletcher, out of Celar. Won by *Laura*. Time, 1:55—1:55—1:56—1:59—1:59. This was a well contested race; *Attala* had a great deal more foot in the first two heats than her gallant competitor, but weakened from the want of condition. She is "one of 'em," and was bought at one of the auction sales of the estate of Mr. James Jackson, for \$193.

Fourth Day, Oct. 24.—Two 3 yr. olds came to the post for the three mile Purse of \$375, viz.—A. Lecomte's br. c. *El Bolero*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Leviathan, and T. J. Wells' ch. f. *Wiskma*, by Dick Chinn, out of Lionnet by Imp. Leviathan. Won by *El Bolero* in 6:05—6:05. This was a splendid race for 3 yr. olds, for the distance and the state of the track; it is about five seconds slower than the New Orleans courses, being in many places ankle deep in sand, and the surface very uneven. The colt had the call at from 3 and 4 to 1, but the contest was doubtful from beginning to end. Each heat was won by less than a length, and both nags ran the whole of the last heat with the spur in their sides, and both responded to each and every call. A TURFMAN.

Natchitoches, Oct. 25, 1844.

PARIS (TENN.) RACES.

Mr. Editor: Below I give you the result of the Fall Races over the Paris High and Course, commencing on

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2, 1844—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.

Major Edward Travis' ch. f. <i>Mary Weller</i> ,* by Sterling, out of Discord, (the dam of Buz Fuz), by Luzborough, 2 yrs.....	2	1	1
Col. V. S. Allen's b. g. <i>Bill Polk</i> , by Luzborough, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs....	1	2	2
John C. Grizzard's b. h. <i>Plato</i> , by Arab, dam by Constitution, 7 yrs.....	3	dist.	
Time, 4:09—4:00—4:04. * Mary carried 14tos. extra.			

In the 1st heat Miss *Mary* led off at a lively yet graceful lick, and notwithstanding a long and desperate brush upon the back stretch in the 1st mile, by the gallant *Bill Polk*, she maintained her position in front with apparent ease, up to within about 100 yards of the stand, when she became frightened at the

crowd, bolted, ran out into the field some 45 or 50 yards, remained out some 15 seconds, was reined back into the track at the same place that she had left it, trailed at a distance of some 100 yards behind, (Plato not being able at the time to make Bill Polk run), until they reached the back stretch, upon which Miss Mary passed Plato, and, by a long brush, closed the gap between herself and Bill Polk, with whom she ran nearly locked until they reached the last stretch, when a desperate brush and a fearful contest ensued for the heat, Bill Polk winning it by about a length—Plato a long way behind.

Miss Mary won the second and third heats with ease, carrying 81 lbs., being 14 lbs. over her proper weight. Plato was distanced in the second heat.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Maj. Edward Travis' gr. h. *Buz Fuz*, by Medley, out of Discord, by Luzborough,
 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Col. V. S. Allen's gr. h. *Jim Jones*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.... 2 dist.
 Time, 6:02—5:53.

Won easily, Jim Jones stopping in the second heat, after running two miles.

SAME DAY.—Second Race—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 H. Adonally's *Sarah Burton*, by Pacific, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs..... 1 1 1
 Asa Douglass' ch. c. by Stockholder, dam by Giles Scroggins, 3 yrs..... 2 2 2
 Col. V. S. Allen's b. c. *John Morris*, (pedigree not given), 3 yrs..... 3 dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:56—1:58.

J. G. HARRIS, Sec'y. of the Paris Highland Club.

P S—By request of a friend, I send you the pedigree of Stirling, which he wishes you to insert:—

Stirling was got by Sir Charles, his dam Stalama by Powhatan, g. dam by Imp. Saltram, g. g. dam by Imp. Democrat, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Fearnought.

MEMPHIS (TENN) RACES.

These races commenced on the 12th instant, on the Central Course, under the management of LIN COCK, the new lessee. The annexed report is compiled from one we find in the Louisville "Morning Courier":—

TUESDAY, Nov. 12, 1814—Sweepsakes, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86 lbs.—
 4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124 lbs., allowing 3 lbs. to mares and geldings,
 subscription \$100 each. h. ft. Mile heats.
 Lin Cock's ch. c. *Gen Debuys*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Nanny Kilham,
 by Voltaire, 3 yrs..... 3 1 1
 W. E. Travis' ch. f., by Sterling, Jr., dam by Imp. Luzborough, 2 yrs* 2 3 3
 W. Baird's ch. c. *St Charles*, by Imp. Jordan, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs..... 2 3 3
 Time, 2:14—2:14—2:07.

* The 2 yr. old won the third heat, but was ruled off for foul riding, and the purse awarded to Gen. Debuys as second in the race.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13—Proprietor's Purse \$300, free for all ages, weights as before.
 Two mile heats.

W. Baird's (James K. Duke's) ch. h. *Magnate*, by Eclipse, out of Cherry Elliott,
 (Maria Duke's dam), by Sumpter, 6 yrs..... 1 1
 W. P. Greer's b. c. *Rover*, (late Woodcock), by Woodpecker, dam by Cherokee, 4
 yrs..... 2 2
 Col. Gidham's b. h. (name and pedigree not given)..... dist.
 Time, 4:13—4:13.

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—Proprietor's Purse \$400, free for all ages, weights as before.
 Three mile heats.

Lin. Cock's ch. c. *Gen. Debuys*, (pedigree above) 3 yrs..... 1 1
 M. J. Troye's ch. g., by Mark Moore, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs 2 2
 W. Baird's ch. c. *Dan Tucker*, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Pulaski, - yrs 3 3
 Time, 6:14—6:02.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, weights as before. Four
 mile heats.

Lin. Lock's b. m. *Sally Shannon*, by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam, by Sir
 Richard, 5 yrs..... 1 2 1
 Maj. Troye's ch. g., by Mark Moore, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs 2 1 3
 Wm. P. Greer's b. c. *Rover*, (pedigree above), 4 yrs 3 3 2
 Time, 8:14—8:02—8:12.

This was a well contested race. At the start, the knowing ones bet 50 to 10 on Sally winning the race; after the 2d heat, hedging was all the go. Greer's colt, Rover, would have won the race, but the boy made a mistake in the distance he had gone. His directions were, to trail for 3½ miles, then to put for home; but at the end of the 4th mile, he was 80 to 100 feet behind, and as soon as he found out his mistake, he gave him the steel and whip, and Sally only beat him out about 2 feet. Sally was lame and tired, as well as Mark Moore—both were done, and Rover was as fresh as a new plucked rose

SATURDAY, Nov. 16—Proprietor's Purse \$200, free for all ages, weights as before.
 Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 W. Baird's ch. h. *Magnate*, (pedigree above) 6 yrs 1 1 2 1
 Lin. Cock's ch. c. *Gen. Debuis*, (pedigree above) 3 yrs 2 2 1 2
 G. W. Vannatta's b. f., by Imp. Valparaiso, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs dr.
 Time, 2:02—1:55—1:54—1:58.

FORT GIBSON, ARKANSAS.

We are indebted to Mr. CLARKE, of the "Arkansas Intelligencer," for the annexed report of this meeting, to whom they were furnished by the Secretary of the Jockey Club:—

The races over the course in the vicinity of Fort Gibson, were to have commenced, as advertised, on Tuesday, the 24th Sept., with a sweepstake for 3 year olds, entrance \$150, h. ft. Mile heats. Being but one sub., however, in the stake, (from the stable of Coody, Todd, & Co.,) there was no race on that day.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, two subs. at \$150 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.
 Col. W. S. Coody's b. c. *Festivity*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia, by Mons. Tonson 1 1
 Samuel Mayes' b. f. *Susan Alexander*, by Imp. Leviathan 2 dr.
 Time, 4:29.

This race was considered by all a perfect "open and shut" affair; so much so, that large "odds were offered on the colt distancing the filly in one of the heats, and but very few takers. The first mile they ran pretty close together, the colt, however, never being "put up." On the second mile he "strung out" and ran at his ease, several lengths ahead at the winning post. On the call for the second heat, Mr. Mayes informed the Judge that his filly was drawn.

It is but justice, however, to Mr. Mayes and his filly, to say that he ran her without the least expectation of winning. (knowing that she was entirely too high.) and only that there should not be a "total failure" on our first meeting. The time of the heat is hardly worth recording, being very little over a "hand gallop." The track, however, had not been finished, and was fetlock deep in sand and dust; not having had a good rain since its commencement, and none at all since the last ploughing and harrowing.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Sweepstakes for all ages, sub. \$150 each, h. ft., 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 121lbs., 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.
 Coody, Todd & Co's ch. c. *John Ross*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs... rec'd. ft.

By decision of the Club, to accommodate all parties, it was determined to change the day on which the purse should be run for, and also, the conditions of the race, as follows:—

SATURDAY, Sept. 28—Purse \$100, ent. \$10 added, free for all ages, weights as before. Mile heats.
 Coody, Todd & Co's ch. c. *John Ross* (pedigree above) 1 1
 Samuel Mayes' b. f. *Susan Alexander*, by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs 2 2
 Time, 1:58—2:06.

The track on this day was much better than it was on the day of the former race, (although still very heavy,) there having been a tolerable good rain Thursday night. John Ross, when uncovered, looked as fine as satin; and the filly better than when she ran against Festivity, that race having improved her by reducing a little.

On calling, John Ross had the track, and at the signal, both bounded off with a good start, the filly ahead, and before they got 100 yards, she took the track and kept the lead nearly round the turn, when, in despite of the pulling and "yawing" of little Jack, on John Ross, he came alongside, in which position they ran at a "sweeping" pace for about four hundred yards, when Jack allowed his horse to go in front, leading round the turn, and coming home in splendid style, an easy winner by about three lengths.

After the usual time, they were again called to the post, both looking fresh as if it was the first heat. At the word they again were off, the filly leading as before, round the turn. On the back stretch, John Ross got up alongside, and brought all little Jack's powers into requisition to prevent him passing. On the turn, the filly again led until rounding into the home run, when John made play and passed, coming in about a length ahead, an *ungallant* winner.

Although she was at no time able to make John Ross straighten his neck, still, in her condition, she has won some credit by her race, and when caught "right," will make any other than those who have "nags" of the proper "stripe," look *rueful* in the face, should they try to beat her, for she is none of your "soft snaps" after all.

After the regular race was decided, the "short stock" began to "shine," and various pony races of three or four hundred yards came off, on each of which there were several *dimes* bet.

Thus ended our first meeting; which, although it fell far short of what many anticipated, still was not without considerable amusement.

Yours, &c.,

M. DUVAL, Sec'y. Fort Gibson J. C.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

We are indebted to the editors of the "Boons Lick Times" for the annexed report of these races. They pay a well merited compliment to Mr. MILTON MORRISON, the proprietor of the course, whose arrangements gave general satisfaction. The course was in fine order, and the weather everything that could be wished. The new stands, etc., are said to be very tastefully arranged—a fact we hope to demonstrate with our own eyes "one of these days."

MONDAY, Sept. 30, 1844—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; colts 75lbs., fillies 73lbs.; 6 subs. at \$25 each, \$10 ft. One mile.

S. H. McMullen's ch. f. by Imp. Jordan, out of Peggy Stride.....	1
Henry Shacklett's b. f. <i>Mary Long</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Lady Pest by Carolinian..	2
A. Hughes' ch. f. by Collier, out of Capt. Conn's dam.....	3
Wm. Carson's b. f. <i>Ellen Jordan</i> , by Imp. Jordan, out of Ellen Tree by Sir Henry....	4
Time, 1:57.	

After some little difficulty in bringing the colts to a proper position for the start, all got off in handsome style, running well together for the first three fourths of the heat, when the Jordan filly made play for the heat, went in front, hotly pressed by the Tranby, and after a spirited contest upon the home stretch, came in a winner by two lengths; the Collier and Ellen Jordan about 15 steps behind the winner. The race was highly interesting, and the performance of each colt gave fine promise to its owner of turning up a "high trump" next season. The horses all showed a high state of preparation with the exception of Ellen Jordan, and we understand she has only been galloping twelve or fifteen days; if so, her performance on this occasion was highly creditable.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds; colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; 7 subs. at \$50 each, \$25 ft. Mile heats.

Jeremiah Dickson's b. f. <i>Faith</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Lady Pointer by Lance..	1	1
W. C. Boon's ch. c. <i>Falsifu</i> , by Duke Sumner, out of Ellen Tree, by Sir Henry..	2	2
Cooper & Suroyer's ch. c. by Steel, dam by Virginian.....	3	dist.
Time, 1:55—1:55.		

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings; ent. \$10. Mile heats.

G. Patrick's b. m. <i>Puss</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	2	1	1
Tnos. Jackson's ch. h. <i>Simon Girty</i> , by Mark Moore, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs....	1	2	2
Joseph E. Wash's b. h. <i>Dick Menifee</i> , by Lance, dam by Sir William, 7 yrs....	3	3	dr.
D. C. Heffington's (P. Clark's) ch. h. <i>Tom Watson</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Virginia by Pacolet, 6 yrs.....	4	dist.*	
Time, 1:53½—1:54—2:05.			

* In the second heat Tom Watson arrived at the Judges' Stand first, and was evidently able to have won the race, but was declared distanced, having accidentally lost a portion of his weight.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Jockey Club Purse \$200, free for all ages; ent. \$20. Three mile heats.

Wm. M. Mullen's b. f. <i>Victress</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Royal Charley, 3 yrs....	1	1
W. C. Boon's ch. h. <i>Eclipse</i> , by American Eclipse, dam by Moses, 6 yrs.....	2	2

First Heat.

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile.....	1:55	Time of 1st mile.....	2:06
Time of 2d mile.....	2:02	Time of 2d mile.....	2:02
Time of 3d mile.....	1:59	Time of 3d mile.....	1:58
Time of 1st heat.....	5:56	Time of 2d heat.....	6:06

Before starting, *Victress* was the favorite at about 3 to 1, and bets were made to a very considerable amount at that odds. The race was an exciting and well contested one, the filly winning the 1st heat by about 2 lengths, and the 2d by only 2 feet.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4—Jockey Club Purse \$150, ent. \$15; fillies 83lbs., colts 86lbs. Two mile heats.

A. Hughes' b. f. <i>Faith</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Lance, 3 yrs.....	0	1	1
D. C. Hefington's ch. f. <i>Unity</i> , by Genito, out of Lady Pest, by Carolinian, 3 yrs.....	0	2	dist.*

Time, 3:55—3:58. Third heat not reported.

* Bolted when more than a distance ahead.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

We last week gave (from the Louisville "Morning Courier") the result of the first four day's of the above races. The following is the result of the two last days:—

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Proprietor's Purse \$150, free for all ages; conditions as on Tuesday. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jas. L. Bradley's gr. c. <i>Croton</i> , by Chorister, dam by Muckle John, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
D. Heinsohn's ch. f. <i>Miss Clash</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Cumberland, 4 yrs....	5	2	2
James Shy's ch. f. <i>Lucy Webb</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	3	4	3
G. R. Kenner's ch. h. <i>Charley Anderson</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs.....	2	5	4
S. T. Drane's ch. m. <i>Sally Cressop</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 5 yrs.....	4	3	5

Time, 1:54½—1:50—1:52.

The admirable performances of Croton the other day, inspirited his backers, and they freely offered bets to any amount, of 3, 4, and even 5 to 1, that he would beat the field. The heaviest betting, however, was as to which of the other horses would be second best in the race, and each nag had strong backers. It is scarcely worth the while to give a recapitulation of the different heats; for Croton had it all his own way, and won the purse and race in three straight heats, with scarcely an apparent effort. The start in the third heat was a miserable one, in consequence of the anxiety of each one to have the advantage—Miss Clash and Croton getting off more than fifty yards in advance of the others.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; subscription \$100, h. ft. Two mile heats.

J. R. Smith's ch. f. <i>Ann Harrod</i> , by Hickory John, dam by King William.....	1	1
J. Chiles' ch. c. <i>Dr. Franklin</i> , by Frank, out of Althea	3	2
W. Baird's ch. c. <i>Sir Charles</i> , by Imp. Jordan, dam by Mercury.....	2	3

Time, 3:54½—3:55½.

This was quite an interesting and exciting race, and caused heavy betting. In the early part of the day, Ann Harrod was the favorite against the field; but her backers lost confidence, and before the race bets on Dr. Franklin against the field, went begging.

They all came to the stand in admirable order, and started off in beautiful style, the Doctor leading, and Ann and Sir Charles well up. On the back stretch in the second mile, Ann passed the Dr. with ease and rapidity, and maintaining her position, won the heat very handily. In the second heat, St. Charles took the lead, and about half-way in the second mile was passed both by Ann and the Dr., Ann leading home an easy winner.

We cannot forbear expressing our admiration of the superior riding of the lad attached to Mr. Bradley's stable. He is decidedly the best rider that ever went over the Oakland Course, and we doubt whether he has a superior either in the United States or Europe. He has a steady nerve, a most excellent judgment, and an uncommon share of coolness and presence of mind for one so young. He has won four out of five races he has rode this week.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Proprietor's Purse \$800; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. m. <i>Motto</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	1	1
W. Viley's (H. Clay's) b. m. <i>Argentile</i> , by Bertrand, out of Imp. Allegrant, 6 yrs. .	2	2
Jas. K. Duke's b. f. <i>Magdalen</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	3	3
H. L. French's b. f. <i>Ann Hayes</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific, 4 yrs.....	dr.	

Time, 8:00½—7:53½.

The weather, to-day, was most beautiful, and the expectation of first-rate sport attracted a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen at the Oakland Course. Ann Hayes was the favorite early in the day, but on its being announced that she would not run, Motto became the favorite against the field. The first heat was a very slow one, being won by Motto in 8:00½, without being headed or even pushed at any time in the heat. The second heat was also a very easy going one, Motto winning it in 7:53½ with scarcely any effort.

BALTIMORE, MD, KENDALL COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds; colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; 6 subs. at \$200 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's b. c. <i>Victor</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady by Comus.....	1	1
Thomas Doswell's bl. c. <i>Tom Paine</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of the dam of Emily Thomas.....	2	2
O. P. Hare's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles.....	3	3
E. H. Pendleton's ch. f. <i>Myra Gaines</i> , by Critic, dam by Luckalwe.....	pd.	ft.
John Gooding's b f <i>Kate Coy</i> , by Critic, out of Nancy Bond by Sussex.....	pd.	ft.
J. S. Hall's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Gohanna.....	pd.	ft.

Time, 4:12—4:09.

The track was very heavy—ankle deep—and raining during the forenoon.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Purse \$200, ent. \$15, 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.

Samuel Laird's c. h. <i>Stanley Eclipse</i> , by Busirus, out of a Stanley mare, 5 yrs.....	3	1	1
James B. Kendall's b. c. by Imp. Priam, 5 yrs.....	1	2	3
Wm. Field's b. g. <i>Old Kentuck</i> , out of Snowstorm, 4 yrs.....	2	3	2

Time, 3:58—3:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, ent. \$7, free for all ages, conditions as before. Mile heats.

F. Thompson's gr. m. <i>Kate Harris</i> , by Imp. Priam, 5 yrs.....	4	2	1	1
J. B. Kendall's ch. f. by Drone, out of Ecarte, 4 yrs.....	3	1	2	2
J. Williamson's b. f. <i>Mayble Win</i> , by Imp. Rowton, out of Fantail, 4 yrs.....	1	dist.		
T. S. A. Martin's ch. c. by Imp. Margrave, out of Virginia (Bandit's dam) 3 yrs.....	5	dr.		
Isham Puckett's o. m. <i>Fanny Robinson</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Arietta, 4 yrs.....	2	dr.		

Time not reported.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$300, free for all ages, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. P. Hare's <i>Patsy Anthony</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Virginia, 4 yrs.....	4	1	1
Thomas Doswell's b. f. <i>Mary Hume</i> , by Pamunky, out of Ruth, 3 yrs.....	2	dr.	
John Gooding's ch. h. <i>Astor</i> , by Ivanhoe, out of Tripit by Mars, aged.....	2	5	dist.
F. Thompson's b. h. <i>Prior</i> , by Imp. Priam, 6 yrs.....	3	2	2
W. Field's gr. h. <i>Willton Brown</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon d'Enclos, 6 yrs.....	1	3	3
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. h. <i>Billy Bowie</i> , by Drone, out of Agility by Sir James, 7 yrs.....	5	4	4

Time, 6:01—6:17—5:53.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue, 7 yrs.....	1	1
Peyton R. Johnson's <i>The Colonel</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. My Lady by Comus, 4 yrs.....	2	dr.
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. h. <i>Alemode</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 8:29.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$50, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

John Gooding's b. f. <i>Kate Coy</i> , by Critic, out of Nancy Bone by Sussex, 3 yrs.....	1	2	1
Peyton R. Johnson's b. c. <i>Victor</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of My Lady by Comus, 3 yrs.....	2	1	2
Thomas Doswell's <i>Tom Paine</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Tom Tough, 3 yrs.....	dr.		

Time, 2:02—2:03—2:02.

The course was handsomely attended, and better running never was made over any course in the Union. The Three mile race was certainly, without exception, the handsomest race ever run on any track; the Four mile was not so good. The Colonel made a desperate effort, but could not overtake the champion of the Turf, Fashion. It was raining incessantly during the day, and the track was very heavy.

P. W. R., Sec'y.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

We are indebted to the editors of the "Reveille" for the graphic report annexed, of the recent meeting near that beautiful city:—

FIRST DAY, Monday, Oct. 21.—The Ball opened to-day, under the most pleasing and favorable auspices. The day was lovely beyond compare, and the attendance numerous for the first day of the meeting.

The race was for the Proprietor's Purse, Mile heats, which brought out Mr. Moore's *Cherokee Maid*—a great favorite with us at home—*Elizabeth Great-house*, *Red Eagle*, of Mr. French's stable, (lately arrived from Kentucky,) and Mr. Frost's *Lady Plymouth*. The betting was principally on the Maid vs. the field, and but for the mishap of falling short of her weight, there is but little doubt, from the manner in which she won the first heat, that she would have borne off the prize; but fate decreed it otherwise.

The start was an excellent one. The speed of the Maid was apparent as soon as the drum was tapped: she started out from the lot under a hard pull, and maintained her position throughout the heat, the contest lying principally between Elizabeth and Red Eagle, for second position. On rounding into the quarter stretch, Red Eagle gave way to Elizabeth, who came home second, under a severe press, struggling to beat the Maid. Upon the rider of Cherokee Maid being weighed, it was too apparent that he was nearly three pounds short of proper weight, and was consequently distanced. The heat was proclaimed in favor of Elizabeth Greathouse. Time, 1:53.

Second Heat: Several false starts occurred, owing to the eagerness of the parties for the "lead off." The start was very even. A desperate struggle commenced, from the tap, between Red Eagle and Lady Plymouth, which terminated only with the heat. They were a "dead lock" nearly the whole mile, Elizabeth "laying up" under a hard pull. The run home was exciting in the extreme: both under a press, and a smart shower of catgut and steel brought them lapped, as they had started from the stand. A dead heat was proclaimed in 1:50½.

Third Heat: Elizabeth took the lead, which she maintained throughout, although in the last half mile the whip and spur were frequently called into requisition. Red Eagle's last effort to win the heat was desperate, but the effect of a seven days' trip from Kentucky must have operated seriously to his disadvantage. The heat was run in 1:54.

Since racing was first commenced in this State, the appearances for animated contests were never so favorable as at present; and the arrival from Kentucky of three choice stables will operate like a charm upon a meeting already brilliant in perspective beyond precedent. It will be seen by the advertisement, that there will be two excellent races to-day. We predict a crowd to witness them. Recapitulation:—

MONDAY, Oct. 21, 1844—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 56 lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124 lbs., allowing 3 lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

S. N. Robbins' b. f. <i>Elizabeth's Greathouse</i> , by Masaniello, dam by Waxey, 4 yrs.	1	3	1
H. L. French's b. c. <i>Red Eagle</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Moses 3 yrs	3	0	2
J. C. Frost's b. f. <i>Lady Plymouth</i> , by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse Lightfoot, 4 yrs	2	0	3
Thomas G. Moore's gr. m. <i>Cherokee Maid</i> , by Marmion, dam by Tecumseh, 5 yrs			dist.

Time, 1:53—1:50½—1:54.

SECOND DAY.—The race to-day was witnessed by a numerous crowd, partly from the fact of one of the colts engaged in the sweepstakes, Two mile heats, being owned by one of our most influential and wealthy citizens. The race leaves us but little to record, owing to the lameness of the imported colt, which, although boasting a pedigree "as pure as the highest snow flake on the mountains," was easily defeated. The following is the result:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 22—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86 lbs., fillies 83 lbs. 3 Subs. at \$200 each, \$50 ft. Two mile heats.

Henry Shacklett's ch. f. <i>Uaity</i> , by Genito, dam by Carolinian	1	1
Wm. P. Miles' (J. M. White's) Imp. br. c. o. y. <i>Gambol</i> , dam by Negotiator	2	dr.
Jno. Frost's ch. c. by Sidney, dam by Tormentor		pd. ft.

Time, 4:00.

SAME DAY.—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, catch weight; subscription \$100, p. p. One mile.

Jas. Bissett's b. f. by Borodino, dam by Baronet	1
N. K. Sullivan's ch. c. <i>West Streak</i> , by Nathan, dam by Brimmer	2
Geo. Sullivan's ch. f. <i>Helen</i> , by Nathan, dam by Whip	pd.ft.
R. H. Wright's b. f. <i>Segar</i> , by Duke of Orleans, dam by Whip	pd.ft.

Time, 2:05.

THIRD DAY.—This race was for the Proprietor's Purse Two mile heats. In addition to the horses named in the recapitulation, Ann Hayes was entered, but being slightly amiss, her owner thought it prudent to give her an opportunity to recruit a little, and prepare her for the Four mile day, when, it is given out, she will make her appearance. The day was disagreeable in the extreme, owing to a violent southerly wind, which will in a measure account for the slow time of the race. The attendance was very numerous; much more so than on any previous day of the meeting, and the course in excellent condition. Previous to the announcement being made that "Ann Hayes would not start," she was taken freely against the field; the betting changed materially at start-

ing, and "Victress against the field!" was shouted loudly, and no reply was made to the challenge. Dan Tucker was the second favorite, but, as the result shows, contended against great odds in being expected to run even a game race, when he had been but two days before landed here, after a "low water" trip from Kentucky; and in addition to this unfavorable position, it is said by those who had watched his progress during the meetings at Lexington and Louisville, a curb, of no small magnitude, prevented him from being started at either of those places.

Of the winner we have formerly spoken in the highest terms of commendation, and of course, after *this* display of her powers, our opinion of her, if changed at all, must place her on a much higher pinnacle. She has started five or six times, and never having lost a heat, is deemed by us invincible—at least, at home. We understand she is about to leave for the south, where she is engaged in two sweepstakes of large amount. "Forewarned, forearmed," is an old trite saying. We therefore say to our Mississippi Turfmen, look out for her. But to the race:

First Heat: Canopy bounced off with the lead, the others in a bunch, Victress 2d. Without material change of position they ran the first mile, Canopy making at each jump, the gap somewhat wider. At the first turn of the 2d mile Victress made play, and gradually closing the gap, caught and passed Canopy on the back stretch without apparent effort. Dan Tucker was then called into action, and caused the run up the back stretch to be pretty lively. It was evident, however, that the Grey Eagle had a deal in hand, and *Monk*, on Dan, thought it more prudent to run an easy heat, and if possible get a good sweat, than to force the running, and thus "tie him up." Mirth passed Dan after passing the distance, and then placed herself second. The time of the heat was 3:52. Any odds on the filly now went begging, and after the usual time, neither of the nags apparently being "worse for wear," they were called for the

Second Heat: At the tap, Mirth darted off in good earnest, and in the first quarter had opened a gap of nearly three lengths, Victress second—under a hard pull—Tucker third, going easy. Mirth kept a steady, rating stride, running the first mile in 1:53. Victress kept her place until rounding the last quarter stretch of the second mile, when she cut loose with one of her tremendous bursts of speed. At the distance stand they were lapped, and a desperate struggle ensued for about fifty yards, each of the riders driving "the rowels" to the head. The shout that went up showed, too plainly, that the race was decided in favor of Missouri's favorite nag. Recapitulation:—

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Proprietor's Purse \$200, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. McMullen's b. f. <i>Victress</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Royal Charlie, 3 yrs	1	1
Jno. P. White's b. m. <i>Mirth</i> , by Medoc, dam by Alexander, 5 yrs	2	2
Wm. Baird's ch. c. <i>Dan Tucker</i> , by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Pulaski, 4 yrs	3	3
Wm. P. Miles' bi. f. <i>Canopy</i> , by Conflagration, dam by Sussex, 3 yrs	4	dist.
H. L. French's b. f. <i>Ann Hayes</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific, 4 yrs		dr.

First Heat.

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile	1:53	Time of 1st mile	1:53
" " 2d mile	1:59	" " 2d mile	1:57
Time of 1st heat	3:52	Time of 2d heat	3:50

FOURTH DAY.—The Kentucky stable came out with flying colors for the purse, Three mile heats, the entries being *Moth*, by Imp. Glencoe, *Nancy Mac*, by Imp. Leviathan, and *Mary Harrison*. The latter being drawn, to prepare for to-day, it resulted in a match. The wind was blowing almost a hurricane, which must have prevented the attendance of a great many, although there were on the field a goodly number.

First Heat: *Nancy* started off with the lead, *Moth* in waiting about three lengths behind her. The positions remained unchanged until rounding the turn of the last quarter stretch, when *Moth* made play, and came home an easy winner of the heat in 6:08, the last mile having been run in 1:52. The

Second Heat—was a repetition of the first, save that *Moth* took the lead at the end of the 2d mile, and was not again headed. Recapitulation:—

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Proprietor's Purse \$300, free for all ages, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Jas. L. Bradley's ch. f. <i>Moth</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Velocipede, 4 yrs		<i>Jack Minor</i>	1	1
G. B. Field's b. m. <i>Nancy Mac</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs			2	2
Thos. G. Moore's ch. m. <i>Mary Harrison</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs				dr.

Time, 6:08—6:07.

FIFTH DAY.—The Four-mile Day, always attractive with us, was rendered doubly so from contingencies. The wind, which for three days previous had been a hurricane in miniature, had subsided. A pleasant shower the previous night, had laid the dust, improved the road, and put the course in tip-top condition. The day was lovely in the extreme, and but for the face of nature showing that pale, approaching winter was near at hand, might easily have been mistaken for a morning in April. The road to the course presented a continuous mass of all sizes, shapes, conditions, and colors of people, and in all sorts of imaginable conveyances, wending their way to the scene of action. Upon reaching the course, it was *bruted* that the favorite (Croton) showed lameness in the morning, when taking his preparatory exercise. This rumor brought the fielders, and those who were loud in praise of Croton's powers, upon an equality in the betting line, and bets could be had in any way, to suit the views of all parties. There were other reasons why Croton should not be a great favorite, the main one, however, being, that he had never started in a race of more than Two mile heats; and it was thought by many that even at that distance, his speed and not his power of endurance had carried him victoriously through the race. If "Rover's" theory is correct, the *mare* was not to be dreaded, from the fact of her being "bone of the bone" of Eclipse, while of the Genito filly, Utility, the propinquity to Eclipse did not cause her to to "fright the isle." *En passant*, a word may be said of her, and it speaks volumes in her favour—that she maintained so respectable a position in the race. In June last, it was thought she was not worth the training, from the fact of her being worked for a short time, and on her trial, tiring at so short a distance. The skill and judgment of her present trainer, (Mr. Heffington), has reinstated her in the opinion of at least the "knowing ones," as to her powers of endurance. She is owned by the proprietor, and will, with care, we venture to predict, make a stir before Time lays his hand very heavily upon her. Her form is good, and her action bespeaks continuance.

The race is easily described. A false start showed very plainly the truth of the story of Croton's lameness. His motion was at least discouraging; he limped badly, and was, to appearance, very nigh falling. At the tap, Mary Harrison went off with the lead, Croton second, the Genito filly behind, all "moving like a bag of sand," the rider of Croton allowing Mary Harrison's rider to regulate the pace to suit his own wishes, the only difference throughout the race being the distance of the Genito filly behind the party, which was sometimes fifty, and not unfrequently eighty yards. Croton brought a change over the spirit of their dream on the last quarter stretch of the fourth mile: he slipped by like an eel, winning the heat in 7:55. After the heat, the current betting was about 4 to 1, but the victims were scarce.

Second Heat: Varied so little from the first, that the least said about it the better, and will enable our readers the sooner to enjoy some other *racy* articles, which will be found dotted about the paper of to-day. We therefore present the following—Recapitulation:—

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Jas. L. Bradley's gr. c. Croton, own brother to Greyhead, by Chorister, dam by Mucklejohn, 4 yrs.....	Jack Minor	1	1
Thos. G. Moore's ch. m. Mary Harrison, by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.....		2	2
H. Shacklett's ch. f. Unity, by Genito, dam by Carolinian, 3 yrs.....		3	3
Time, 7:55—7:56.			

SIXTH DAY.—We returned from the course late last evening, after a race of *nine* heats! which surpasses in interest and variety all our preconceived notions of a brilliant race, and throws in the shade all the great struggles that it has ever been our lot to witness.

There were seven entries, six of which, at the sound of the bogle, made their appearance upon the ground—*Ann Kender*, from lameness, having been drawn. The betting was as various as betters would desire it, and there was hardly any way that a speculator, in search of a good chance, could not have invested his funds to either good or bad account.

Cherokee Maid was first favorite, and the result will show how nearly she justified the expectations of her backers.

We regret that the crowded state of our columns prevents us from doing justice to the race in detail, and must, therefore, content ourselves and our readers with the following—Recapitulation:

MONDAY, Oct. 28—Citizens' Purse \$150, free for all ages, weights as before. Best 3 in 5, Mile heats.

H. L. French's tr. c. <i>Red Eagle</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Moses, 3 yrs.	2	4	5	5	1	3	0	1	1
Jno. P. White's ch g. <i>Frosty</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.	3	3	3	1	2	1	3	2	3
W. Baird's ch h. <i>Magnate</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sumpter, 6 yrs	6	0	1	2	4	2	0	3	2
T. G. Moore's gr. m. <i>Cherokee Maid</i> , by Marmion, dam by Tecumseh, 5 yrs.	1	0	2	4	5	4	dr.		
Wm. P. Miles' b. f. <i>Canopy</i> , by Conflagration, dam by Sussex, 3 yrs	5	6	4	3	3	r. o.			
J. Frost's b. f. <i>Lady Plymouth</i> , by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse Lightfoot, 4 yrs.	4	5	6	6	6	r. o.			
S. L. Berry's b. f. <i>Ann Kender</i> , by Mingo, dam by Arab, 4 yrs. dr.									
Time, 2:02—1:57—2:00—2:00—2:01—2:01—2:01—2:04—2:04.									

NEW YORK, BEACON COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23, 1844—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for 3 yr. olds that never won; colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Mile heats

Charles S. Lloyd's b. c. by Bolivar, dam by Imp. Barefoot.	<i>Haggerty</i>	1	1
James Williamson's ch. c. <i>John Lynes</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Silverheels.		2	2
Time, 1:50½—1:52½.			

A very close contest in the 1st heat, the filly winning by about a neck only; the 2d won cleverly.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats

Charles S. Lloyd's b. c. by Hornblower, dam by Henry, 3 yrs.	<i>Haggerty</i>	1	1
Win. Webber's b. h. <i>Fiddler</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards, 5 yrs		2	dr.
Time, 1:54½—1:59.			

The Hornblower colt won the 1st heat handily; in the 2d heat Fiddler was mounted, started, but pulled up immediately after.

SECOND DAY.—Before the main race to day, came off a spin at Mile heats, between Mabel Wynn, Livingston, Webster, and the Gulnare filly by Langford. The first-named was the favorite vs. the field. In the 1st heat, Webster and the Gulnare filly cut out the work to near the half-mile post, where Mabel got up 2d, ran neck and neck with Webster around the turn, came in front at the head of the quarter stretch, and finally won by half a length in 1:52. In the second heat the Gulnare filly again led off, with Livingston 2d, and Mabel 3d, though Wiley was pulling her double. The grey filly soon after declined, and Mabel took the lead, with Livingston close up 2d, where he was kept by steel and cartgut. Down the quarter stretch Remsen had his hands full to keep Livingston from swerving in against Mabel and use his whip at the same time, but he did both, and won the heat out of the fire in 1:53½. The 3d heat Livingston won cleverly, making all the running, in 1:56½.

Second Race: Marchioness—a beautiful daughter of Imp. Rowton—met Fashion at Three mile heats. She is out of a Sir Archy mare, and 5 yrs. old. Notwithstanding she had Gil Patrick on her back, and a rumor prevailed that Fashion was coughing, the Northern Champion was backed at 100 to 30. There is little to describe about the race. The 1st mile was a hand-gallop, but soon after commencing the 2d, Fashion went up and forced the pace, without attempting to pass. As Marchioness led through again the 2d mile, we heard 160 to 20 offered on Fashion in the Club Stand opposite. On getting around the next turn into straight work, Fashion made play in earnest, and with little intermission was lapt on Marchioness, though Joe Laird pulled to her, until they reached the head of the quarter stretch, where Gil Patrick drew his whip. It was of no use; despite of her "spots" and her cough, Fashion came in front when she pleased, and won by a clear length, running the last mile in 1:50½—the 2d and 3d miles in 3:46½ and the heat in 5:50½. In the 2d heat Fashion led from end to end, winning by half a dozen lengths in 5:57½. Recapitulation:—

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

H. Alfred Conover's b. c. <i>Livingston</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 4 yrs.	<i>Remsen</i>	3	1	1
James Williamson's b. f. <i>Mabel Wynn</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.		1	2	2
Chas. S. Lloyd's gr. f. by Imp. Langford, out of Gulnare, 3 yrs.		4	3	3
David Toms' b. h. <i>D. Webster</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fairy, 5 yrs.		2	4	dr.
Time, 1:52—1:53½—1:56½.				

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietor's Purse \$800, of which \$200 goes to the 2d horse; other conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Sam. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnet's o' Blue, (Mariner and Edith's dam) by Sir Charles, 7 yrs. *Jos. Laird* 1 1
 James Williamson's b. m. *Marchioness*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 5:50½—5:57½. Course rather heavy.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25, Purse \$500, conditions as on previous days. Two mile heats.
 Charles S. Lloyd's *Stanley Eclipse*, by Busiris, dam by John Stanley, 5 yrs. 1 1
 James Williamson's b. h. *Regent*, by Imp. Priam, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 3:53½—3:54.

SAME DAY—Purse \$200, for horses that never won a purse previous to this meeting; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Charles S. Lloyd's gr. f. *Esta*, by Bolivar, dam by Imp. Barefoot, 3 yrs. galloped.

For this last purse Livingston and John Lynes were entered, but the former was objected to as having won before, while John Lynes, having met with an accident, was withdrawn.

LOUISIANA ASSOCIATION RACES,

ECLIPSE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

We are indebted to the editors of the "Picayune" for the annexed report of the meeting of the Louisiana Association, which will be read with great interest. It will be seen by the paragraph subjoined, that hereafter no race under the control of the Association, will be permitted to come off on Sunday—a fact we have infinite gratification in recording. It is a matter of notoriety that during his presidency of the Eclipse Jockey Club, the late lamented Judge PORTER never visited the course on that day, and that by precept and example, he inculcated a regard for the associations and habits of a large class of his fellow citizens, in this respect. We hope some leading member of the Metairie Club will, like Capt. MINOR, introduce a resolution to a similar effect, in that association, thereby removing a very serious objection to the Sports of the Turf in Louisiana, as urged from the pulpit, and by those who have gladly seized upon this circumstance to traduce the gentlemen connected with them.

At a meeting held last evening, December 7th, at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, on motion of Wm. J. Minor it was

Resolved—That after this present meeting, no race, under the control of the Louisiana Association Jockey Club, shall be run over the Eclipse Course, Carrollton, La., on Sunday.

On motion of the same gentleman, it was further

Resolved—That the above resolution be published both in the "Picayune" and New York "Spirit of the Times" newspapers.

THOMAS EUBANK LEEFE, Sec'y. of the Louisiana Association.

FIRST DAY, Dec. 8, 1844—Post Stake for all ages, 2 yr. olds to carry 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs. Seven subs. at \$500 each, half forfeit, with \$500 added by the Association; nominations to be made at 12 M., the day previous to the race. Four mile heats.

R. Ten Broeck's (Bradley & Beard's) ch. f. *Moth*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Jessica, by Velocipede. *A. J. Minor* 1 1
 Lin. Cock's b. m. *Sally Shannon*, by Woodpecker, out of Darnev's dam, by Sir Richard, 5 yrs. 3 2
 Col. A. L. Bigaman's b. c. *Ruffin*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Duchess of Marlboro', (Luda's dam), by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 2 3
 Time, 8:47—8:48. Course deep and heavy.

There is little occasion for a minute description of this race. Although there were seven subscribers to the stake, only four nominations were made, and of these but three came to the post, viz: *Sally Shannon*, *Moth* and *Ruffin*.—The last named was the favorite at odds against the field; but the friends of each of the mares were "sweet" upon them, and before we went to the course we heard \$400 offered even on *Moth* against *Ruffin*. But the general tenor of the betting, which was in small sums, was as above stated—about 5 to 4 on *Ruffin* against the field.

The weather was clear, cool and bracing, while the course was heavy—in fact, very heavy and stiff with mud. A few words will describe the race. *Ruffin* made the running in the first heat, with *Moth* well up and *Sally Shannon*, most judiciously managed in the rear. In the commencement of the fourth mile of the heat, *Moth* went up to the horse, found she had the foot of him, and near the half-mile post took her final leave of him. He came down the quar-

ter stretch, miserably jockeyed as we thought, was well up to Moth at the finish, although pulled and yawed about every inch of the way inside the draw-gate. Sally dropped in gracefully, and the admiration of her rider's judgment was unanimous. Time, 8:47.

In the second heat Sally Shannon made the running for three miles with the others well up, Moth leading Ruffin. As they came down the quarter stretch in the third mile, Moth went up; she was lapped on to the mare as they passed the stand; they ran, locked, for nearly a quarter of a mile, when the filly drew clear from her, and was never again caught, though Sally made a rush for the heat in the last quarter. Time, 8:48.

MONDAY, Dec. 9—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Hon. D. F. Kenner's b. f. *Ha'penny*, by Birmingham, out of Picayune, by Medoc..... rec'd. ft.

The following paid:—

A. Lecomte & Co.'s ch. c. *Harry of the West*, by Imp. Leviathan out of Imp. Florestine. Capt. Wm. J. Minor's ch. c. *Envoy*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Jenny Mills.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *La Bacchante*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Tacheehannee.

S. T. Taylor's (John Turnbull's) ch. c. Own Brother to Peytona.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Eight subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Hon. D. F. Kenner's ch. f. *Feathers*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Geo. Kendall's dam, by Stockholder..... *Chisel'em* 1 2 1

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Jeanneteau*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Eliza Bailey, by Stockholder, 3 yrs..... 3 1 2

A. Lecomte & Co.'s ch. f. *Eliza Mills*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder..... 4 4 3

Capt. W. J. Minor's b. c. *Dart*, by Imp. Doncaster, out of Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy..... 2 3 dist.

S. T. Taylor's ch. f. Own Sister to Thornhill..... dist.

The following paid:—

Wm. J. Minor's b. g. *Dinah*, by Imp. Doncaster, out of Diana, by Mercury.

George Kenner's b. f. by Richard of York, out of Onyx, by Bertrand.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Fretillian*, by Capt. McHeath, out of Fanny Wright, (by Bertrand).

Time, 2:00—1:53—2:00.

These races come off under an unclouded sky; and although the course was still heavy from the recent rains, the sport was excellent. In the first stake announced, to which there were five subscribers at \$500, half forfeit, Mr. Kenner's *Ha'penny* received forfeit. The second stake was quite another affair. It was a sweepstakes for three year olds, mile heats; and of the eight nominations, five came to the posts. viz: *Dart*, *Eliza Mills*, *Feathers*, *Jeanneteau*, and an own sister to Thornhill. *Dart* was most decidedly the favourite, and odds, in fact, were offered upon him against the field. *Jeanneteau* had her friends, from the consideration in which her owner and her trainer are held, and from the further fact of her great race at Natchez with *Tarantula*. Gentlemen from the Red River country were not backward in sporting their dimes upon *Eliza Mills*.

The preceding summary of the race is its best description. We might give the relative position of each nomination for every hundred yards, but, "the figures" tell the story more concisely. *Feathers* contested the first heat with *Dart*, outfooted him in the first quarter of a mile, shook him off again near the half-mile post, and won the heat in two minutes—*Jeanneteau* being well up, *Eliza Mills*, at the right side of the flag, and the sister to *Thornhill* distanced.

The second heat was won by Colonel Bingaman's filly *Jeanneteau*. *Feathers* had contested it with *Dart* for half a mile, and beat him, when *Jeanneteau* took up the running, and in making the turn into straight work, passed *Feathers* and came home a winner of the heat in 1:58. The only apparent contest was as to what should be *third*, and *Dart* had it.

For the third heat the Red River filly had a slight advantage in going off, but it did not affect the race. *Feathers* and *Jeanneteau* singled themselves out before a quarter was run, and the former had so much the best of it that neither whip nor spur, which were freely used coming down the quarter stretch, could persuade *Jeanneteau* to take her place in front. The time of the heat was two minutes, and *Dart* was shut out.

TUESDAY, Dec. 10—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Seven subs. at \$200 each, \$50 ft. Mile heats.

Capt. W. J. Minor's gr. g. *Javelin*, by Imp. Doncaster, out of Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy..... *Bill Collingsworth* 1 1

Hon. Duncan F. Kenner's gr. c. by Grey Medoc, dam by Elliott's Napoleon..... 2 2

The following paid:—

- A. Lecombe & Co.'s Imp. ch. f. *Cora*, by Muley Moloch, dam by Champion.
- Win. J. Minor's g. f. *Hebe Carter*, Own Sister to Grey Eagle.
- Hon. D. F. Kenner's b. f. Own Sister to Crucific.
- Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Lisette*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Fanny Wright.
- Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Chuckrahila.

Time, 1:57—2:01.

Although the elements were all in favour of the sports, we are constrained to say that those who visited the race were not gratified by any remarkable development, of speed or stoutness. A sweepstakes for two year olds, in which there were seven nominations, was all that could be held forth as an inducement to leave town on a day so unwontedly cold. Of these seven, it was well understood that Capt. Minor and Mr. Kenner would alone bring their nominations to the post. Mr. Kenner's Grey Medoc colt was decidedly the favourite. It would be idle to occupy our columns with anything more than the bare summary of the running which is given above.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 11—Association Purse \$350, free for all ages; weights as on first day. Two mile heats.

- Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Betsey Coodey*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs *Chisel'em* 1 1
- P. A. Cock's ch. c. *Native*, by Medoc, out of Ann Beauchamp, 4 yrs 3 2
- Wm. Beard's ch. h. *Magnate*, by Eclipse, out of Cherry Elliott, by Sumpter, 6 yrs 2 3
- A. Lecombe & Co.'s br. c. *El Bolero*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs 4 4

Time, 3:56½—3:52.

Col. Bingaman's entry, *Betsey Coodey*, was decidedly the favorite, and justified the confidence of her backers by winning in two heats. The first she contested with *Magnate*, and the second with *Native*. The race was an interesting one; but the preceding summary of it will answer as well as the most elaborate description in giving an idea of the sport. We should add, perhaps, that there was a false start for the second heat, and that *Native* galloped for half a mile or so, quite to his own satisfaction, but much to the discomfiture of those who had taken the field against the favorite. The contest for second and third places was sufficiently interesting for the betting men, but it requires no extended notice from us.

THURSDAY, Dec. 12—Association Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

- Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Jeannetteau*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs *Wild Bill* 1 1
- R. Ten Broeck's (Johnson and Belcher's) b. h. *Midas*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Roanoke, 5 yrs 4 2
- Hon. Duncan F. Kenner's gr. m. *Music*, by Imp. Philip, out of Piano, by Bertrand, 5 yrs 2 3
- W. J. Minor's ch. m. *Norma*, by Longwaist, out of Imp Novelty, by Blacklock, 5 yrs 3 dist.
- John Claiborne's (S. T. Taylor's) ch. c. *General De Buys*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Nancy Kilham, 4 yrs dist.

Time, 5:55—5:52.

Of the five entries for this race *Midas* was from Virginia, *Jeannetteau* and *Norma* from Mississippi, and *Gen. De Buys* and *Music* from this State. *Music* was greatly the favorite against any other named entry, and but slight odds could be had on the field against her. It appeared that *Norma's* friends relied upon broken heats to pull her through, and we heard slight bets made that in such a contingency she would win. Barney was mounted upon her, which increased the confidence of those who fancied her. There was more curiosity to see *Midas* than any other horse in the race, inasmuch as he had been "cracked up" as the equal of *Blue Dick*, but we heard nothing bet upon him. *Jeannetteau's* race the other day with *Feathers* had brought her into disrepute, although she had made herself somewhat famous by winning a heat a short time since from *Tarantula*, at Natchez. *De Buys* was not named in any betting we heard.

We will not detain our readers with an extended description of the race. The weather was mild, the course in good order, and the attendance very fair. *Music* cut out the work in the first mile, was passed at the end of it by *Norma*; and the latter named mare, after going two miles, was compelled to yield the *pas* to *Jeannetteau*, whose style of moving was the theme of general admiration. *Music* made an effort, after having gone two miles and a half, to close up a long interval between herself and the winner, and for some seconds she appeared to be certain of the heat. It was too much for her, however, and *Col. Bingaman's*, filly went past the stand ahead, in 5:55. *Gen. De Buys* was behind the

flag, while Midas dropped in, not having apparently made an effort to win the heat.

The betting was now so various, according to the fancy of each witness of the sport, that it would be idle to attempt to report it, but it was not heavy enough to injure any body. Midas, we thought, had more of the confidence of his backers than before the heat, and Music was in somewhat similar esteem. The start was a good one, as has been almost every one during the week. The contest was animated from the tap of the drum, the pace having improved from the first heat. At the end of the first mile they were all well up, and they ran in a ruck, as it were, for a half-mile further. In going down the back stretch in the third mile, the winner, Midas and Music ran a dead lock for several hundred yards, and the race was interesting in the extreme. The superior action of Jeannetteau was too much, however, for her competitors, and she came home a winner of the heat and race in 5:52, with something to spare, so far as it was in our power to judge.

A Play or Pay Stake, subscription \$100 each, to which the Association added \$100. One Mile and a half, advertised for this day, did not fill probably.

FRIDAY, Dec. 13—Association Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Hon. Duncan F. Kenner's ch. m. <i>Aduella</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess, (Peytona's dam), by Imp. Leviathan, 5 yrs.....	Frank	3	1	1	2	1
A. Lecomte & Co.'s b. f. <i>Laura Lecomte</i> , by Tarquin, out of Imp. Sarah, by Imp. Sarpedon, 4 yrs.....					1	2
J. G. Cox's b. f. <i>Victress</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Royal Charlie, 3 yrs....		2	3	2	3	3
Time, 1:52½—1:53—1:54—1:54—1:56½.						

SATURDAY, Dec. 14—Association Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

S. D. Elliott's (Wm. P. Greer's) b. c. <i>Rover</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Sally Miller, by Cherokee, 4 yrs.....	A. J. Minor	1	2	1
Hon. Duncan F. Kenner's ch. c. <i>Pat Gallwey</i> , by Imp. Jordan, dam by Shakespeare, 4 yrs.....		3	1	2
John Claiborne's (S. T. Taylor's) b. m. <i>Sally Shannon</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam, by Richard, 5 yrs.....		2	3	3
Hon. Bailie Peyton's (Thos. Alderson's) ch. f. <i>Tarantula</i> , by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....		4	4	4
Time, 7:56—7:58—8:04.				

This race disappointed no one so far as mere amount of sport was concerned, although the betting was so varied that there must have been more "hard falls" than is usual in a contest so easy of description. Of the four entries (*Rover*, *Pat Gallwey*, *Sally Shannon* and *Tarantula*) the last named was most decidedly the favorite, from her fine performances at Nashville and Natchez. We heard odds offered on her against the field. *Pat Gallwey*, too, had liberal backers, who offered \$500 to \$700 on him for the purse. Then a Kentucky party was very sweet upon *Rover*, and backed him freely for first or second place. The betting, however, was rather general than heavy, and there were more opportunities afforded to the "knowing ones" to "get round" than is usual when only four start.

The course was in good order—as smooth as you could wish, but not so elastic, so springy as we have known it. Induced by the delightful weather in part, quite a number of ladies gave their countenance to the scene. There was a good deal of speculation about the best time to be made; the "peg" most numerously "stuck down" was 7:51, though there were varieties of opinion, within our knowledge, from 7:48 to 7:56.

This was an extremely interesting race, but owing to want of space we are compelled to omit a well-written description from the Picayune. In the last heat, the two colts came down to the stand at a flight of speed, both doing their best; but the Kentuckian managed to lead through in 8:04, although *Pat* was up to his saddle skirts. It was a most beautiful finish of an animated contest.

LAST DAY, Dec. 15—Association Purse \$200, entrance \$50 each, added; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's ch. m. <i>Norma</i> , by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock, 5 yrs.....	French	4	1	1
Hon. D. F. Kenner's gr. m. <i>Kate Aubrey</i> , by Eclipse, out of Grey Fanny, by Bertrand, 6 yrs.....		1	2	2
S. R. Taylor's ch. c. <i>Gen. DuBuys</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Nanny Kilham, 4 yrs.....		3	3	3
Scruggs & Fanning's b. c. <i>Illinois</i> , by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....		2	4	4
Time, 6:10—5:49—5:57.				

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OMISSIONS IN THE RACING CALENDAR.

On comparing the "Racing Calendar" of the last volume of this Magazine with that of the "Spirit of the Times," we find that not less than EIGHTY NINE different Jockey Club Races inserted in the latter which came off in 1838, were omitted in the former! Without stopping to inquire into the cause of such gross neglect, we proceed to place these races upon record in the pages of this work, with all possible dispatch. The very name of this Magazine—to say nothing of the intention of its founder, and the grounds upon which it has been supported, by the sporting world, implies its being emphatically a record and repertory of every thing pertaining to the American Turf. It will be the constant endeavor of the present Editor, to make this important department of the work as perfect as possible, and he proposes not only to supply the "alarming defalcations" in the Calendar of 1838, but to revise it from the commencement. It is notorious that a complete list of the performances of very few of the distinguished horses that have figured on the Turf since the commencement of this work, can be found in its pages, owing in a great measure, to the culpable negligence of Clerks of Courses, and the Secretaries of Jockey Clubs. Let any one endeavor to make out a list of the performances of such horses as Alice Grey, or Linnet, or Post Boy, or Hickory John, or Black Maria, or Ironette, or Fanny Wright or indeed of any "crack" that has appeared since 1829, and he will soon arrive at the conclusion that the derelictions from duty on the part of Secretaries of Courses are unequalled even by some of UNCLE SAM'S *employees*.

We propose to make a thorough investigation of the Racing Calendar and ascertain what races have been omitted. A great number we shall be enabled to supply from our own resources, and we take this opportunity of earnestly requesting those gentlemen owning horses whose performances have not been placed upon record in these pages, to assist us in "the good work," by furnishing reports from their own private memoranda. Reports of races previous to 1835 would be particularly acceptable, as most of those since that year we are in hopes of being able to furnish ourselves.

Hereafter the Racing Calendar of this work will be arranged on the plan of the English and other European Sporting Magazines; it will be properly paged, so that at the close of the volume it may be separated from the body of the Magazine and bound either by itself or as an Appendix, at the end. With this view, a title-page is given in this number, and the Calendar for 1839 commenced; the reports of races, will be inserted with as much punctuality as may be consistent with their authenticity, and we would enjoin it upon Turfmen and Members of Clubs generally to make it a point to ascertain that their several Secretaries do their duty. The Rules of nearly every Jockey Club and Association in the Union state expressly that at the close of the meeting "it shall be the duty of the Secretary to furnish a copy of his report of the races to the Editor of the 'American Turf Register' or the 'Spirit of the Times' for publication." May we not rely upon the co-operation of the parties interested to "see us out" in this matter? Such a record is manifestly so invaluable not only as a guard against fraud, but as giving increased value to racing stock, that it is believed not a word more need be urged in favor of making the Racing Calendar complete in every particular.

In pursuance of the design before alluded to, it will be seen that in the Calendar we have omitted the details of the running; save to note the state of the track, an accident, or some incident of importance, nothing of the kind will be published in the Calendar. A well written review, however, of the week's racing or of each race, will be given in the body of the Magazine, if furnished.

Secretaries would save time and trouble by making out their reports uniformly on the plan of those subjoined. A common omission is that of the number of subscribers to Sweepstakes and the amount of the forfeit, without which it is impossible to ascertain the winner's stake. Instead of giving the date of the "first day's" race and adding "second day," "third day," etc. to reports of the subsequent races, they would oblige us by designating the particular day of the week and month, which is much more sportsmanlike as well as convenient. However reports may come into the hands of the Editor, in the pages of the Racing Calendar they must appear complete if possible, and perfectly uniform, and we could wish that they would "take

any shape but that" usually adopted. It will not afford the slightest trouble, on the contrary it will be a saving of time, for Secretaries when they are about writing out their reports to take a copy of this Magazine and adopt the present form, which will be pursued in all cases. And they would add much to the value of their reports, when they name the dam of a horse, by giving the sire of the dam also. This will not only be of essential service to breeders and others in ascertaining pedigrees, but will aid very much in the compilation of an *American Stud Book*, the materials for which will necessarily be mainly drawn from the pages of this Magazine.

We commence in this number, the publication of the most important Races in the following list, all of which came off during the year 1838, but were omitted in the Racing Calendar of this Magazine.

Alexandria, La., commenced	Jan. 2	Milledgeville, Ga. commenced	Nov. 13
" " "	Nov. 15	Mobile, Ala. "	Mar. 13
Augusta, Ga.,	Feb. 5 & 10	" " "	Nov. 27
Bardstown, Ky.	Oct. 24	Montgomery, Ala. "	Jan. 23
Boonville, Mo.	Oct. 10	Mount Pleasant, Tenn. "	May 9
Camden, N. J.	May 22	" " " "	Oct. 15
" " "	Oct. 23	Nashville, Tenn. "	May 7
Camden, S. C.	Nov. 5	" " " "	Aug. 28
Centreville, L. I.	April 19	Nashville, N. C. "	Oct. 30
Charlestown, Va.	Oct. 16	Natchez, Miss. "	Nov. —
Christiansville, Va.	Nov. 7	N. Orleans, Eclipse Course,	Dec. 4
Cincinnati, O.	Sept. 26	" Louisiana "	Dec. 25
" " "	Nov. 6	" Metarie "	Dec. 12
Clarksville, Tenn.	Sept. 19	Newbern, N. C. "	Apr. 19
Columbia, S. C.	Nov. 19	Newberry, S. C. "	Nov. 6
Crab Orchard, Ky.	June 7	Newmarket, Va. "	Oct. 2
Edgefield, S. C.	Dec. 25	Norfolk, Va. "	June 7
Elkhorn, Ky.	May 24	" " "	Oct. 24
Fayette, Mo.	May 3	Olympian Springs, "	Sept. 27
Fort Gibson, Ark.	Sept. —	Opelousas, La. "	Nov. 8
Fort Smith, Ark.	Oct. 24	Paris, Tenn. "	Oct. 9
Florence, Ala.	Nov. 28	Pendleton, S. C. "	Oct. 11
Franklin, Ky.	Oct. 24	Peoria, Ill. "	Oct. 15
Franklin, Tenn.	Oct. 10	Philadelphia, Pa. "	Sept. 25
Freehold, N. J.	May 8	Port Gibson, Miss. "	Oct. 31
Fredericksburg, Va.	May 22	Raleigh, N. C. "	Nov. 20
" " "	Oct. 23	Rocky Mount, Va. "	Sept. 5
Grand Gulf, Miss.	Nov. —	Selma, Ala. "	Nov. 13
Greensboro', Ala.	Oct. 30	Springfield, Ala. "	Oct. 15
Greenwood, N. C.	Nov. 13	St. Francisville, La. "	Apr. 28
Huntsville, Ala.	Nov. 6	St. Matthews, S. C. "	Jan. 9
Jackson, Tenn.	Sept. 24	Tarboro', N. C. "	Nov. 6
Kendall Course, Md.	Oct. 16	Trenton, Ky. "	May 17
Lafayette, Ill.	Oct. 16	Tuscaloosa, Ala. "	Dec. 4
Little Rock, Ark.	Nov. 18	Tuscumbia, Ala. "	Nov. 20
Livingston, Ala.	May 29	Van Buren, Ark. "	Oct. 17
" " "	Nov. 13	" " " "	Nov. 8
Louisville, Ky.	Oct. 16	Vicksburg, Miss. "	Jan. 30
Madison, Ky.	Sept. 27	Warrenton, N. C. "	May 23
Manchester, Miss.	Nov. 14	Warrenton Spr. Va. "	Sept. 18
Maysville, Ky.	Sept. 18	Washington City, "	May 1
Mecklenburg, Va.	Oct. 2		

Reports of all the above races we have on hand, in addition to those of Canada and Texas of last year. So much room is saved by the present typographical arrangement of the Racing Calendar that we shall be able to insert the whole of the above in two or three numbers of the "Register" without interfering with the Calendar for 1839. The moment we get these placed on record we shall grapple with the omissions of preceding volumes, and hope in the course of the year to increase the value of the work one hundred per cent. by simply making it, in one particular at least, what it has assumed to be—an "AMERICAN TURF REGISTER."

1833.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Nov. 19, 1838—Produce Stake for 3 year olds, colts 90 lbs., fillies 87lbs. Fourteen subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. John J. Moore's ch. f. <i>Alborika</i> , by Alborak, out of Leocadia.....	1	dist.
N. Ramsay's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Grey Girl.....		dist.
Col. R. H. Goodwyn's ch. c. by Godolphin, out of Amanda.....		dist.

Time, 4:05.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$700, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126 lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's imp. b. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs....	1	1
Col. R. H. Goodwyn's ch. c. <i>Big John</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 8:07.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's imported b. f. <i>Emily</i> , by Emilius, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow, 4 y.	1	1
Capt. Donald Rowe's b. f. by Rob Roy, out of Amanda, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. c. <i>Clodhopper</i> , pedigree unknown, 6 yrs.....	3	3

Time, 6:01—6:14.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

R. H. Long's (Dr. Goodwyn's) br. f. <i>Polly Green</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham by John Richards, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. W. C. Beatty's gr. f. <i>Almyra</i> , by Eclipse, out of Betsey Sanders by Stockholder, 4 y.	2	2
Col. Goodwyn's ch. h. <i>Big John</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	3	3
Maj. P. McRa's b. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Financier, 3 yrs.....	4	dist.
Col. R. Singleton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Phenomena by Sir Archy, 4 yrs....		dist.

Time, 3:54—3:52. Almyra lost 30 or 35 yards in starting for the 1st heat.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Maj. Powell McRa's ch. f. <i>Ellen Percy</i> , by Godolphin, dam by Bedford, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Col. Richardson's b. f. by Godolphin, out of Miss Rock, 3 yrs.....	2	5	2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. g. <i>Clodhopper</i> , pedigree unknown, 6 yrs.....	5	4	3
R. H. Long's b. c. <i>John Linton</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 3 yrs....	4	2	4
J. Gist's ch. f. <i>Thisbe</i> , by Bertrand, out of Ophelia, 4 yrs.....	3	3	5

Time, 1:55—1:59—1:54. Won handily.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, BUCKEYE COURSE, FIRST FALL MEETING.

TUESDAY, Sept. 25, 1838—Proprietors' Purse \$200, ent. \$20; free for all ages; 3 year olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

H. Gates' b. f. <i>Pocahontas</i> , by Roanoke, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 4 yrs.....	5	1	1
G. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Countess Bertrand</i> , by Bertrand—Budget of Fun, by Kassina, 3 yrs....	3	3	2
Lewis Sanders, Jr., ch. h. <i>Rotchsey</i> , by Big Archie, out of Sweeper, 5 yrs.....	1	2	3
R. L. Place's (John Hamer's) ch. c. <i>Little Red</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by Wonder, 3 yrs....	4	4	dr
Maj. Long's (J. Voorhees') b. g. <i>Young Salt Petre</i> , by Salt Petre, dam by Alexander, 5 yrs.	2		dist.

Time, 1:50—1:51—1:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Ohio Breeders' Plate, a Silver Pitcher, value \$100; free for any thing bred in Ohio; weights as before; Mile heats.

G. H. Sinclair's b. f. <i>Victoria</i> , by Sir Kirkland, dam by Tipoo Saib, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Walker Thurston's b. f. <i>Javy</i> , by McDuffie, dam by Bell-air, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Geo. Creaine's (John Hamer's) bl. c. <i>Oseola</i> , by Othello, dam unknown, 3 yrs.....	4	3
John O. Clark's (Wm. Curry's) b. m. <i>Old Sal</i> , by Tiger, dam by Buzzard, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.
Col. Wm. M. Anderson's b. c. <i>Mackinack</i> , by Tariff, dam by Haxall's Moses, 4 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 1:55—1:59.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 26—Proprietors' Plate, value \$500; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Maj. J. F. Conover's (Maj. B. Luckett's) b. h. <i>Chilton</i> , by Seagull, dam by Hazard, 5 yrs....	1	1
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Margaret Carter</i> , by Medoc, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 3:51—4:00.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietors' Purse \$100; free for all ages; weights as before; One mile.

G. H. Sinclair's b. f. <i>Sally Burns</i> , by Robert Burns, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs.....	1	
G. Coffeen Jr.'s b. g. <i>Young Salt Petre</i> , by Salt Petre, dam by Alexander, 5 yrs.....	2	
Col. Wm. M. Anderson's ch. c. <i>Adrian</i> , by Paul Clifford, dam by Superior, 3 yrs.....	3	
Lewis Sanders' Jr. ch. f. <i>Calypso</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs.....	4	
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Brignton Lass</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 3 yrs.....	5	

Time, 1:50.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$750, 2d horse to receive \$150; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

G. H. Sinclair's gr. f. <i>Victoria</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	1
G. N. Sanders' b. c. <i>Lorcnzo</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 4 yrs.....	3	2
H. Gates' (Wm. Palmer's) gr. c. <i>Hard Heart</i> , by Buckelk, dam by Quicksilver, 4 yrs....	4	3
Thos. G. Moore's br. m. <i>Corinna</i> , by Trumpator, dam by Director, 6 yrs.....	2	4
Lewis Sanders Jr.'s b. c. <i>Moorehead</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs.....	5	dist.

Time, 5:47—5:52.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Silver Cup, value \$50, given by the Proprietors, for 2 year olds, and an inside stake of \$500 each, between *Echo* and *Oxidanta*; weights as before; Mile heats.

J. Taylor's (J. T. Berry's) b. c. <i>Echo</i> , by Berry's Stockholder—Beautiful by Sumpter....	2	2	1	1
G. H. Sinclair's b. c. <i>Cox</i> , by Hephestion, dam by Old Court.....	3	1	2	2
G. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Oxidanta</i> , by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel.....	1	3	3	3

Time, 2:01—1:58—1:59—2:03.

Echo won the 1st heat, but was placed 2d for unintentional foul riding.

FRIDAY, Sept. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, 2d horse to receive \$200 if more than two start— if but two, the winner to receive \$1000; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats. Walker Thurston's ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 3 yrs... 1 1
Wilson & Herrington's b. h. *Keph*, by Hephleston, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 8:30—8:11. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29—Proprietors' Purse \$300, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. *Margaret Carter*, by Medoc, dam by Whip, 3 yrs..... 1 1 1
Geo. H. Sinclair's b. f. *Sally Burns*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 3 4 2
Lewis Sanders Jr.'s b. h. *Chilton*, by Seagull, dam by Hazard, 5 yrs..... 2 2 3
G. Coffeen's (S. Smith's) bl. c. *Orient*, by Trumpator, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs..... 4 3 4
Time, 1:50—1:51—1:50.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietors' Purse \$200, free for all ages, weights as before. Mile heats.

G. H. Sinclair's ch. f. *Warning*, 4 yrs..... 3 1 3 1
Jas. Read's b. f. *Vanity*, 4 yrs..... 4 2 1 2
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. *Countess Bertrand*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 3 2 3
Lewis Sanders Jr.'s b. c. *Gabriel Ravel*, 3 yrs..... 2 4 4 *
L. Sanders' b. f. *Old Sal*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 5 dist.
Time, 1:52—1:50—1:55—1:54. * Ruled out not having won a heat out of three.

CAMDEN, N. J., AND PHILADELPHIA, CAMDEN COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23, 1838—Match, \$5000 a-side, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's imp. br. h. *Langford*, by Starch, out of Peri by Wanderer, 5 yrs. 114lbs., received forfeit from O. P. Hare's b. c. *Willis*, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Merryfield, 4 yrs. 104lbs.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 year olds to carry 90lbs—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—aged 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.. 1 1
Col. W. R. Johnson's b. m. *Mary Lyle*, by Eclipse, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Col. F. Thompson's gr. f. *Lily*, by Tychicus, out of Laura by Rob Roy, 3 yrs..... dist.
Time, 4:11—4:13.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Arthur Taylor's br. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs..... 1 1
W. Frazer's ch. c. *Cornwall*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Robinson by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 2 dr
A. Ivins' b. h. *Bela Richards*, by John Richards, dam by Oscar..... dist.
Time, 2:05. Run in the rain.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Col. Johnson's (Col. Wade Hampton's) ch. m. *Charlotte Russe*, own sister to Trifle, 5 yrs.. 1 1
David Toms' ch. c. *Shepherd*, by Dashall, dam by Revenge, 4 yrs..... 2 2
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... dist.
Time, 6:27—6:31. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Joseph H. Hellings' ch. c. *Chester*, by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs..... 1 1
D. Toms' ch. h. *Emmett*, by Eclipse, dam omitted, 6 yrs..... 3 2
Thos. Calvert's b. f. by Eclipse, Jr., " " 3 yrs..... 2 3
Time, 2:03—2:04. Track very heavy.

In consequence of the violent storm the races for Friday were postponed to

SATURDAY, Oct. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats. Jas. B. Kendall's (Dr. Geo. L. Stockett's) b. m. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, out of Glorvina's dam by Bay Richmond, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Col. Johnson's (Col. W. Hampton's) ch. m. *Kitty Heth*, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 5 yrs... 2 2
Time, 8:11—8:19. Track very heavy.

Col. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 5 yrs, received \$500 not to start for the above purse.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

W. Frazer's ch. c. *Cornwall*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Robinson, 4 yrs..... 1 0 0 1
Thos. Calvert's b. f. by Eclipse, dam omitted, 3 yrs..... 2 0 0 1
Time, 2:00—2:01—2:05—2:07. Track very heavy.

BALTIMORE, Md., KENDALL COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 16, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's (Col. Stonestreet's) gr. f. *Lily*, by Tychicus, out of Laura by Rob Roy..... 1 1
Geo. Lowdenslaker's (Thos. E. Gitting's) b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson. 2 2
P. Wallis' ch. f. *Mary Wye*, by Maryland Eclipse, out of May Dacre by Imp. Valentine..... dist.
Time, 3:56—3:59.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Six subs. at \$200 each, \$75 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's ch. c. *Antipator*, by Tychicus, out of Club-foot..... 2 1 1
Col. John Heth's (E. B. Hicks') b. f. by Imp. Fyde, dam by Arab..... 1 2 2
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. c. *Windsor*,* by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancey by Alfred... 3 dist.
Wm. Field's (Gen. Emory's) b. c. *Jack Monroe*, by Maryland Eclipse, out of Lady Cliffden's dam..... bolt.
Time, 1:54—1:53—1:55. * Windsor lost a distance in starting for 2d heat.

THURSDAY, Oct. 18—Proprietor's Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.
 Col. Johnson's (Col. W. Hampton's) b. m. *Kitty Heth*, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 5 y. 2 0 1 1
 Geo. L. Stockett's b. m. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, dam by Richmond, 5 yrs. 3 3 3 2
 Col. F. Thompson's ch. f. *Rowena*, by Timoleon, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs. 1 0 2 3
 Samuel Sparks' b. h. *Bustamente*, by Sussex, out of Caroline, 5 yrs. 4 4 dist.
 Ennals Martin's b. h. *Duke of Oxford*, by John Richards, dam omitted, 6 yrs. 6 5 dist.
 P. Wallis' b. c. *Eastern Shore*, by Imp. Luzborough—Egna by Imp. Chance, 4 yrs. 5 6 dist.
 James B. Kendall's b. f. *Louisa Lee*, by Medley—Brunette by Telegraph, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 5:54—5:52½—5:57—5:56.

FRIDAY, Oct. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Col. Johnson's (N. Rives') *Boston*, J. B. Kendall's *Master Henry*, and Wm. Field's *Ben Tosker*, were entered for this prize, but *Boston* was bought off for \$500, and the other entries were withdrawn.

SAME DAY—Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 Edward O. Martin's b. f. *Arietta*, by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Imp. Valentine, 3 yrs. 1 1
 C. Sherwood's ch. c. *Martin Van Buren*, by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Hickory, 4 yrs. 3 2
 Robt. W. Raisen's b. c. *Sam Croaker*, by Uncle Sam, out of Ali Croaker, 3 yrs. 2 3
 Samuel Spark's b. c. by John Richards, out of Angeline, 4 yrs. 4 4
 Time, 3:56—4:00. Rained all day.

SATURDAY, Oct. 20—Silver Plate value \$500, conditions as before, Two Mile heats.
 Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Sufferer*, by Eclipse, out of Meg Dodds by Sir Archie, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Mr. Duvall's gr. m. *Lady Pearl*, by Medley, dam omitted, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 4:28—4:12. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 J. B. Kendall's br. c. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashed out of Robin Hood's dam by Hickory, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Samuel Spark's b. h. *Bustamente*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Mr. Goodwyn's gr. h. *Fairplay*, pedigree omitted. 3 dr
 Time, 1:57—1:57.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Match, \$100 a-side, Two mile heats.
 Robert W. Raisen's b. c. *Sam Croaker*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 1 1
 E. O. Martin's b. f. *Arietta*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 3:59—3:57. Track heavy. HENRY C. KENDALL, Sec'y.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., OAKLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 16, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year old fillies (83lbs. on each). Eight subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Frederick Herr's b. f. *Josephine*, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland. 1 1
 S. Burbridge's ch. f. *Eliza Henry*, by Imp. Contract, out of Kitty Whip by Whip. 2 2
 T. G. Moore's br. f. *Fanny Lightfoot*, by Berry's Stockholder, out of Beautiful by Sumpter. 3 3
 Time, 1:55½—1:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—The *Oakland Plate* (a handsome Silver Tea Service, value \$500) 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs., and 4 yr. olds 100lbs., allowing 3lbs. to fillies and geldings. Two mile heats.
 W. T. Ward's b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs. 1 1
 M. Thompson's gr. c. *George Kenner*, by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Fenwick & Tarlton's gr. f. by Mucklejohn, dam by Saxe Weimar, 3 yrs. 3 3
 A. Hicks' ch. f. *Orphiana*, by Oakland, dam by Imp. Eagle, 3 yrs. 4 dr
 Time, 4:04—3:46.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs. fillies 67lbs. Five subs. at \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Frederick Herr's gr. c. by Rochester, dam omitted. 4 4 1 1
 A. C. Antill's b. c. by Young Eclipse, dam by Rattler. 3 1 3 2
 B. Maloney's ch. f. by Dungannon, dam omitted. 1 3 2 3
 R. Hughes' b. f. by Seagull, dam by Hamiltonian. 2 2 dist.
 Time, 2:08—2:10—2:10—2:10.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 17—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fifteen subs. at \$500 each, 100 ft. Two mile heats.

Miles W. Dickey's gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley. 1 1
 J. W. Fenwick's ch. f. *Queen Mary*, (late Lady Bertrand) by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer. 2 2
 J. K. Duke's (A. Haralson's) ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter. 3 dist.
 J. R. Ward's b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan by Tiger. 4 dr
 Time, 3:41—3:43½.

The time of the 1st heat of this race has been questioned, though reported to be 3:41 by the official Timer; that of the 2d heat is undoubtedly correct.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Stallion Stakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

W. J. Buford's Medoc colt, pedigree and designation omitted. rec'd ft.
 From nominations of the get of Woodpecker, Sparrowhawk and Waxy.
 In consequence of a storm, Thursday's race was postponed to

FRIDAY, Oct. 19—Proprietor's Purse \$700, free for all ages, 3 year olds taking up 86 lbs.—4, 100 5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs.: allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

H. W. Farris' (J. L. Bradley's) ch. c. *Hawk-eye*,* by Sir Lovel, out of Pressure's dam by Sir William of Transport, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Wm. Buford Jr.'s (W. Thurston's) ch. c. *Streshley*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs. 2 2
 S. Davenport's ch. f. *Musedora*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs. 3 dist.
 R. Burbridge's ch. f. *Mary Serene*, by Plato, dam by Whipster, 4 yrs. 4 dist.
 S. Burbridge's b. c. *Austin*, by Buck-Elk, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs. dist
 Fenwick & Tarlton's (Ford's) b. c. *Swindling Bill*, by Brunswick, dam by Doublehead. dist
 Time, 6:14—6:20. Track ankle deep. * Hawk-eye carried 5lbs. extra.

SATURDAY, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 W. T. Ward's b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs... 1 1
 Fenwick & Tarlton's ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 3 yrs..... 0 0
 S. Burbridge's b. c. *Tarlton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Grey, 4 yrs..... 4 0
 T. B. Wariel's b. c. *Celestion*, by Sir Leslie, out of Rowena by Sumpter, 4 yrs..... 0 4
 H. W. Farris' b. h. *Splendor*, by Trumpator, out of Julia (Gazelle's dam), 5 yrs..... 5 dist.
 Time, 8:16—8:14. Track very heavy.

MONDAY, Oct. 22—Post Stake for 1838, 1839, and 1840, for 3 year olds, weights as before. Subscription \$100 each, h. ft. ; the Proprietor to give a Silver Plate, value \$500; 2d best to receive \$100 out of the stakes. Closed with Eighteen subscribers. Two mile heats.
 Miles W. Dickey's gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley..... 1 1
 W. Buford Jr.'s ch. c. *Streshley*, pedigree above..... 4 2
 R. Pindell's ch. f. *Curculia*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter..... 3 3
 S. Burbridge's b. f. *Mary Brennan*, by Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian..... 2 dist.
 Time, 3:43—3:44.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 Mason Thompson's gr. c. *George Kenner*, by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Jas. Shy's ch. f. *Barbara Allen*, by Collier, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 W. Thurston's (G. N. Sanders') b. c. *Ozidenta*, by Bertrand, dam by Florizel, 3 yrs..... 3 3
 R. Burbridge's ch. f. *Mary Serene*, pedigree before, 4 yrs..... dist.
 I. H. Oliver's; ch. h. *Genito*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 3:49—3:52.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$300 a-side, Two miles.
 Mr. Lee's ch. g. *Bald Peter*, by Cherokee..... 1
 M. Underwood's b. g. *Picton*, by Archy of Transport..... 3
 Time, 3:52. JOHN G. GRAHAM, Sec'y.

MOBILE, ALA., BASCOMBE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 27, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds (Spring of 1838), colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Six subs. at \$250 each, ft. \$100. One mile.
 J. S. Garrison's (C. Robinson's) b. f. *Martha Owen*, by Bertrand—Oscarina by Tennessee Oscar. 1
 R. W. Withers' ch. f. by Pulaski, out of Sally Harwell, by Virginian..... 2
 D. Stephenson's imp. b. f. *Amazon*, by Bird Catcher..... 3
 Time, 1:52½. Track heavy, and 9½ feet over a mile.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs. ; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 James S. Garrison's (C. Robinson's) b. c. *Kleber*, by Bertrand, out of Oscarina by Tennessee Oscar, 4 yrs..... 2 1 1
 D. Stephenson's imp. b. f. *Frolicksome Fanny*, by Lottery, dam by Whisker, 4 yrs..... 1 2 3
 Head & Smith's ch. c. *Pete Whetstone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs... 3 3 2
 Time, 1:51—1:51—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$500 ; conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 J. S. Garrison's ch. h. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles—Lady Amelia by Imp. Magic, 5 yrs... 1 1
 R. W. Withers' b. f. *Henrietta*, by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip, 4 yrs..... 3 2
 Head & Smith's ch. f. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs..... 2 3
 D. Stephenson's imp. b. c. *Stratford*, by Shakspeare, out of Pheasant by Bustard, 4 yrs..... *
 Time, 3:49—3:55. * Stratford's saddle slipped and he was pulled up.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 Head & Smith's ch. f. *Harpalyce*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 3 1
 Jas. S. Garrison's b. h. *Norwood*, by Mons. Tanson, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs..... 3 1 2
 R. W. Withers' gr. m. *Alice Grey*, by Pulaski, dam by Bell-air, 6 yrs..... 4 2 3
 R. B. Harrison's ch. g. *Gilderoy*, by Talleyrand, dam by Virginus, 3 yrs..... 2 dr
 Time, 1:54—1:56—1:54.

THURSDAY, Nov. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs..... 2 1 1
 D. Stephenson's b. c. *Paul Jones*, by Wild Bill, out of Morocco Slipper, 4 yrs..... 3 2 2
 Head & Smith's ch. c. *Pete Whetstone*,* pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1 dr
 Time, 5:53—6:00—6:02.

* Pete W. in the 1st heat strained his left fetlock joint and was drawn in consequence.

FRIDAY, Nov. 30—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Col. R. B. Harrison's b. c. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs.... 1 1
 D. Stephenson's br. c. *Melzare*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Jas. S. Garrison's b. m. *Virginia Fairfield*,* by Timoleon, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 7:49—7:48. * Broke down.

SATURDAY, Dec. 1—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 Head & Smith's ch. f. *Lavinia*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon, 3 yrs... 1 1 1
 D. Stephenson's imp. b. c. *Stratford*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 3 3 2
 R. W. Withers' b. f. *Henrietta*, " " 4 yrs..... 4 2 3
 Jas. S. Garrison's (C. Robinson's) b. c. *Kleber*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 2 dr
 Time, 1:50—1:51—1:53.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, conditions as before, One mile.
 Head & Smith's ch. f. *Lavinia*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1
 D. Stephenson's imp. b. f. *Frolicksome Fanny*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 2
 E. Suchet's b. m. *Queen Victoria*, by Black Prince, out of Coufre Snapper's dam, 5 yrs..... 3
 Martin A. Lea's ch. g. *Gen. Jackson*, by Flaxbrake, dam by Cormorant, 5 yrs..... 4
 Time, 1:51. J. A. STUART, Cor. Sec'y.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., ASSOCIATION COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts \$6lbs., fillies \$3lbs. Five subs. at \$100 each, P.P. Mile heats.

Col. Jas. W. Camp's ch. c. <i>Bustamante</i> , by Whalebone, dam by Timoleon.....	1	1
Henry Smith's gr. f. <i>Betsy Banton</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.....	3	2
Ragland & Davis' b. f. <i>Salceratus</i> , by Coant Badger, out of Pocohontas by Sir Alfred.....	2	3
Willis H. Boddie's b. f. <i>Wild Irish Girl</i> , by Imp. Leviathan,—Miss Tonson by Mons. Tonson pd.ft.		
Lucius J. Polk's imp. ch. f. <i>Panola</i> , by Muley, dam by Comus.....		pd.ft.

Time, 2:01—2:01. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Match, \$2500 a-side, \$500 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. Fleming's ch. c. by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs., received forfeit from Nathl. Terry's ch. c. by Wild Bill, out of Sally McOhee, 3 yrs., the latter being amiss.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$30, added; free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

John Connally's gr. f. <i>Colton Plant</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Ragland & Davis' br. c. <i>Sir Joseph Banks</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Henry Smith's ch. g. <i>Logan</i> , by Pacific, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....	6	3
Jas. W. Camp's b. m. <i>Fanny Wilkins</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs.....	4	4
Wm. C. Patrick's ch. f. <i>Belle of Winchester</i> , by Shakspeare, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.
J. A. Mennefee's (Gab. Moore's) b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Brutus, 3 yrs.....	5	dist.
C. McLaran's ch. f. <i>Fanny Strong</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 4:05—4:01½. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$50, added; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

John Connally's gr. c. <i>Gander</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
Davis & Ragland's bl. h. <i>Othello</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 6 yrs.....	1	2	2
Chas. McLaran's b. c. <i>Jack Downing</i> , by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....			dist.

Time, 8:57—8:54—9:03. Track very heavy and raining.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Jockey Club Purse \$600, ent. \$40, added; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's b. c. <i>Scipio</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover by Sir Charles 4 y.	1	1
John Connally's b. c. <i>John Dent</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Topgallant, 4 yrs.....		2
Wm. C. Patrick's ch. h. <i>Sportsman</i> , by Brunswick, dam by Hamiltonian, 6 yrs.....		3

Time, 6:28—6:25. Track very heavy.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$20; conditions as before. Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's ch. f. <i>Honey Dew</i> , by Count Badger, out of Timour by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Waddy Tate's b. h. <i>Wild Fire</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Cripple, 5 yrs.....	5	2
James T. Sykes' gr. f. <i>Wild Goose</i> , by Jerry, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	2	3
Wm. C. Patrick's ch. f. <i>Belle of Winchester</i> , pedigree above, 2 yrs.....	3	4
Wm. Fleming's ch. c. <i>Mark</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	4	5

Time, 1:55—1:57. Track still heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Citizens' Plate, value \$250, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. H. Gee's b. g. <i>Van Buren</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
Davis & Ragland's br. c. <i>Sir Joseph Banks</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
Chas. McLaran's b. c. <i>Jack Downing</i> , " " 4 yrs.....			2

Time, 4:06—4:05—4:13. Track heavy.

RALEIGH, N. C., STATE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 2 year olds at feather—3 yrs. \$6lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

David McDaniel's ch. h. <i>Red Wasp</i> , by Shakspeare, dam by Madison, 6 yrs.....	6	3	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Canary</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 6 yrs.....	2	1	2	2
Capt. Jas. Williamson's b. m. <i>Susan Lindsay</i> , by Marion, out of Fantail, 5 yrs.....	1	2	dr	
Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. f. <i>Eliza Garrison</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Emperor, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.		
Maj. W. C. Emmet's b. m. <i>Little Maria</i> , by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs.....	4	dist.		
Thos. H. Christmas' ch. c. <i>Brontemp</i> , by Contest, dam by Sir William, 3 yrs.....	5	dist.		
Gen. H. Blount's b. f. <i>Frances Blount</i> , by Lancet, dam by Bedford, 4 yrs.....			dist.	

Time, 4:10—4:01—4:08—4:10.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21—J. C. Purse \$500, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Fanny Wyatt</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Capt. J. Williamson's ch. f. <i>Eloise</i> , by Imp. Luzborough—Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte, 4 yrs.....	2	2
David McDaniel's b. h. <i>Pioneer</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs.....		dist.
Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. c. <i>Libertas</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 6:13—6:00.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22—J. C. Purse \$1000, ent. \$50, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. f. <i>Vashti</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 yrs.....	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. c. <i>Chifney</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Capt. Jas. Williamson's b. c. by Imp. Flyde, dam by Washington, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.
Maj. W. C. Emmet's b. f. <i>Sally Riot</i> , by Riot of Archie, dam by Citizen, 4 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 8:25—8:11.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23—J. C. Purse \$200, ent. \$15; weights handicapped. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Capt. J. Williamson's (W. B. Meares') b. m. <i>Susan Lindsay</i> , pedigree above, 5 y. 97lbs.....	1	1	2	1
O. P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Fanny Wyatt</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs. 107lbs.....	2	4	1	2
David McDaniel's b. h. <i>Pioneer</i> , " " 6 yrs. 115lbs.....	5	3	4	3
Col. John McLeod's b. f. <i>Mistake</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 97lbs.....	3	5	dist.	
Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. f. <i>Eliza Garrison</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs. 86lbs.....	6	2	3	dr
John Blackmell's ch. h. by Hyazim, dam by Virginian, 6 yrs. 118lbs.....				4

Time, 1:56—1:55—1:56—1:55.

SATURDAY, Nov. 24—For a Silver Pitcher, value \$100, ent. \$20, added; conditions as on Tuesday. Mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. c. <i>Chifney</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	4	1	1
Capt. Jas. Williamson's ch. c. <i>Harkaway</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dr
Capt. J. J. Harrison's b. c. <i>Black Cat</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab, 3 yrs.....	2	dist.	
Col. John McLeod's b. f. <i>Victoria</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.	
Maj. W. C. Emmet's b. f. <i>Frances Blount</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	dist.		
Time, 1:59—1:55.			

MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 1833—Match \$500 a-side, 86lbs. on each. Mile heats.

Col. Augustus H. Kenan's b. c. <i>Wolf</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Crusader, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. Richard Rowell's c. <i>Huntsman</i> , by Imp. Truffle, dam by Whip, 3 yrs.....	2	2
Time not given.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—For a Silver Goblet and Pitcher, valued at \$200, for 2 year olds, 70lbs., and 3 yrs. 86lbs., (fillies and geldings being allowed 3lbs.) Entrance \$25 each. Mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. g. <i>Bunckum</i> , by Hyazim, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Iverson & Bonner's bl. c. <i>Lieut. Bassinger</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Roanoke, 3 yrs.....	3	2
A. Thomas' gr. c. <i>Cavalier Servicite</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Sir Andrew, 3 yrs.....	2	3
J. H. Lewis' b. f. <i>Ellen Tree</i> , by Imp. Truffle, dam by Chanticleer, 3 yrs.....	4	dist.
A. H. Kenan's b. c. by Imp. Fyde, out of Volney's dam, 3 yrs.....	5	dist.
Time, 1:56—1:56.		

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124 lbs., 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

G. Edmonson's ch. m. <i>Ione</i> , by John Richards, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Iverson & Bonner's br. c. <i>Major Dade</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Wm. A. Mott's b. h. <i>Gabriel</i> , by Imp. Truffle, dam by Bedford, 5 yrs.....	4	3
J. J. Harrison's b. c. <i>Ibarra</i> , by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	2	dr
Time, 4:01—4:02.		

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—Purse \$500, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Wm. Porter's ch. m. <i>Ajarrah Harrison</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. g. <i>Bunckum</i> , by Hyazim, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs.....	2	dr
Time, 6:12.		

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—Purse, \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. <i>Gerow</i> , by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Iverson & Bonner's ch. c. <i>Linwood</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	2
G. Edmonson's gr. f. <i>Alice Ann</i> , by Director Jr., dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	3	dr
Time, 8:13—8:26.		

SATURDAY, Nov. 16—Purse \$400, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

G. Edmonson's ch. m. <i>Ione</i> , by John Richards, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs.....	2	1	1	1
J. J. Harrison's b. h. <i>Southerner</i> , by Bullock's Mucklejohn, out of the dam of American Citizen, 5 yrs.....	1	2	3	2
Iverson & Bonner's b. h. <i>Prince Edward</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Bluster, 5 yrs.....	3	3	2	dis
Wm. A. Mott's b. f. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Andrew, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.		
F. Sainford's b. c. <i>Demus</i> , by Sir George, dam by Tripsticks, 4 yrs.....	dist.			
Time, 1:57—1:57—2:02—1:57.				

NEW ORLEANS, LA., ECLIPSE COURSE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 4, 1833—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, of which the 2d horse will receive \$300 if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$1200; free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Entrance 10 per cent. Three mile heats.

Taylor & Johnson's b. m. <i>Zelina</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....	1
Thos. W. Chinn's b. c. <i>Brown Elk</i> , by Buck Elk, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	dist.
Time, 6:44. Track very heavy.	

In consequence of the inclemency of the weather the races were postponed to

FRIDAY, Dec. 7—Proprietor's Purse \$1200, \$200 of which goes to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$1000; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's imported b. f. <i>Britannia</i> , by Muley, dam by Dick Andrews, 4 yrs.....	2	2	1	1
Minor Kenner's gr. f. <i>The Jewess</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	3	1	2	2
Sosthene Allain's (F. Duplantier's) ch. f. <i>Wren</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, 4 yrs.....	1	3	3	3
Time, 4:21—4:29—4:33—4:37. Track heavy.				

SATURDAY, Dec. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$2500, of which the 2d best horse will receive \$500 if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$2000; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's (J. Campbell's) ch. c. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles—Maria West by Marion, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. f. <i>Sarah Bladen</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Morgiana by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 8:45—9:11. Track heavy.		

FOURTH DAY, Dec. 9—New Orleans Plate, value \$1000, ent. as before, 4 year olds and under to carry their appropriate weights, 5 year olds and over, 100lbs. Two mile heats.

Taylor & Johnson's b. m. <i>Zelina</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Thos. J. Wells' ch. m. <i>Linnet</i> , own sister to Wren, 6 yrs.....	2	2
Wm. J. Minor's (John Reuth's) imp. b. f. <i>Marchesa</i> , by Tramp, out of Marchesa (sister to My Lady, Jereed's dam,) by Comus, 3 yrs.....	3	3
Minor Kenner's b. h. <i>Richard of York</i> , by Star, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs.....	4	4
Time, 4:07—4:09. Track heavy. (To be continued.)		

In our last Number, mention was made of the recent Importations from England; drafts from several of them have been sold at auction at good prices, (when the character of the horses are considered) which are annexed:—

Mr. Porcher sold on the Washington Course at Charleston, S. C., on the 22d Feb., the following lots, imported in the ship "China:"—*Portland*, ch. h. by Recovery, out of Caifacaratadaddera by Walton, 5 yrs., to Col. P. Fitzsimons, of Ga., for \$850. *Bay Filly*, by Mulatto, out of Olinda, by The Colonel, 1 yr., to P. McRa, Esq., of S. C., for \$680. *Brown Filly*, by St. Nicholas out of Mysinda by Lottery, 3 yrs., to Col. Fitzsimons, for \$800. *Rosolia*, ch. g., by Vanish, out of Roseleaf by Whisker, 3 yrs., to Col. W. Hampton, for \$280. *Black Colt*, by Cain or Actæon, out of Panthea by Comus or Blacklock, yearling, to G. W. Polk, Esq., of Tenn., for \$780. *Brown Mare*, by Mambrino out of Clinkerina by Clinker, 5 yrs., to W. J. Taylor, Esq., for \$700. *Grey Mare*, by Velocipede, dam by Minos, in foal to The Saddler, to Col. Fitzsimmons, for \$725. *Brown Filly*, by Bay Walton, dam by Whisker, 2 yrs, to Col. T. Pinckney, of S. C., for \$320.

At Tattersalls, New Orleans, the following lots imported in the ship "Henrietta," were sold on the 19th April:—*Bay Filly*, by Trumpator out of Ringdove by Bobadil, yearling, to Fergus Duplantier, Esq., for \$200; *Black Mare*, by Olympus out of Proserpine by Rhadamanthus, 5 yrs., to James Porter, Esq., for \$560; *Bay Colt*, by Zinganee or Priam out of Weeper's dam by Cervantes, 3 yrs., to Richard H. Haile, Esq., for \$340; *Brown Mare*, by Revenue out of Eliza by Filho da Puta, in foal to Worlaby Baylock, to Hon. Alex. Barrow, for \$475; *Bay Filly*, by Tramp out of Petuaria (the dam of Bamfylde Carew) by Rainbow, 4 yrs., to F. Duplantier, Esq., for \$305; a *Roan Bull*, yearling, by Hector out of Avelina by Norfolk, to Minor Kenner, Esq., for \$220; a *White Bull*, 3 yrs., by Swiss out of Augusta by Ambo, to Mr. Bruce, for \$175; a *Roan Bull*, half bred, 3 yrs., to Mr. Waggaman, for \$225.

The following lots, imported into Charleston, S. C., by Mr. Fryer, of Columbia, have been disposed of at private sale:—*Bay Colt*, by Sorcerer out of Minnow by Filho da Puta, to Capt. Donald Rowe, of Orangeburgh. *Chesnut Filly* by Priam dam by Velocipede, to Gov. Butler, of Columbia. *Bay Filly*, by Emilius out of Minerva by Merlin, to Gen. Jas. H. Adams, of the same city. *B. m. Sarah*, by Sarpedon out of Frolicsome by Frolic, with a colt by Dr. Syntax, to Mr. Sutton, of Charleston.

A WORD FOR THE DUMB CREATION.—If you keep dogs, let them have free access to water, and, if practicable, take them out occasionally into the fields, and let them have an opportunity of swimming whenever you have the chance. If you keep birds, do not, as is too commonly practised, expose them in their cages to a hot sun: it is a cruel and a fatal mistake. If you do expose them out of doors, cover the top of their cages with a piece of carpet, or, which is better, a green sod, or abundance of leaves.

OMISSIONS IN THE RACING CALENDAR.

(Resumed from page 96.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA. ECLIPSE COURSE, *Concluded.*

MONDAY, Dec. 10, 1838.—Proprietor's Purse \$600, conditions as on Tuesday, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Capt. W. J. Minor's b. f. *Telie Doe*, by Pacific—Sunmer's Matilda by Grey-tail Florizel, 3 y. 1 1 1
 J. S. Garrison's b. c. *Kleber*, by Bertrand—Oscarina by Tennessee Oscar, 4 yrs. 2 2 2
 W. R. & B. H. Barrow's b. c. *Dick Haile*, by Sir Charles, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs. 3 dist.
 Time, 1:57—1:54—1:57.

TUESDAY, Dec. 11—Proprietor's Purse \$1000, conditions as on Tuesday, Three mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe's imp. bl. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs. 1 1
 W. R. Barrow's b. c. *Pressure*, by Trumpator, dam by Sir William of Transport, 4 yrs. 2 2
 James S. Garrison's bl. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs. dist.
 Time, 5:55—5:59.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., METARIE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 12, 1838—Match, \$2500 aside, h. ft. Weight for age. Four mile heats.

Greer & Simmons' b. c. *Henry Bynum*, by Pacific, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs. 2 1
 Maj. Thos. J. Wells' bl. f. *Exiant*,* by Imp. Leviathan—Imp. Refugee by Wanderer, 3 yrs. 1 dr
 Time, 8:41. * Extant let down on last quarter of 1st heat.

THURSDAY, Dec. 13—Match, \$5000 aside, h. ft. Weight for age. Four mile heats.

Maj. T. J. Wells' ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan—Black Sophia by Topgallant, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Greer & Simmons' ch. f. *Willina Herndon*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 8:15—8:37.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Eight subs. at \$500 each, \$300 ft. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Martha Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan—Techehama by Bertrand. 1 1
 W. R. Barrow's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Arthur. 3 2
 C. C. S. Farrar's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon. 2 3
 Greer & Simmons' b. c. by Pacific, dam by Clay's Sir William. dist.
 Time, 1:56—2:02.

FRIDAY, Dec. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. 10 per cent., free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.

—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.
 Capt. Wm. J. Minor's b. f. *Telie Doe*, by Pacific—Matilda by Grey-tail Florizel, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs. 3 2
 Col. Bingaman's (J. Routh's) Imp. ch. f. *Matilda*, by Merchant, d. by Cervantes, 3 yrs. 2 3
 J. F. Miller's (Jas. Shy's) f. *Barbara Allen*, by Collier—Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 3 yrs. 4 dist.
 Time, 1:54—1:53.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—J. C. Purse \$750, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. R. Barrow's ch. c. *Joshua Bell*, by Frank, dam by Little John, 4 yrs. 2 1 1
 Thos. J. Wells' Imp. ch. f. *Clunk*, by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Oiseau, 3 yrs. 3 3 2
 Jas. S. Garrison's ch. h. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles—Lady Amelia by Imp. Magic, 5 y. 1 2 3
 Time, 3:57—3:53—3:58.

SATURDAY, Dec. 15—J. C. Purse \$2000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, d. by Smolensko, 4 yrs. 2 3 1 1
 D. Stephenson's br. c. *Melzare*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs. 3 1 2 2
 J. S. Garrison's (Mr. Harrison's) b. c. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 1 2 3 dr
 Thos. J. Wells' ch. c. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 4 dist.
 Time, 7:52—7:55—8:04—8:27.

FIFTH DAY, Dec. 16—J. C. Purse, \$1200, conditions as before. Three mile heats

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's Imp. b. f. *Britannia*, by Muley, dam by Dick Andrew, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Jas. S. Garrison's b. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 5:53½—5:54.

MONDAY, Dec. 17—Proprietor's Purse \$700, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Fergus Duplantier's gr. c. *Roderick Dhu*, by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
 Wm. J. Minor's (John Routh's) Imp. b. f. *Marchesa*, by Tramp, out of Marchesa (sister to My Lady, Jereed's dam,) by Comus, 3 yrs. 2 2 2
 Minor Kenner's b. h. *Richard of York*, by Star, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs. 3 dist.
 Time, 1:53½—1:51—1:54.

TUESDAY, Dec. 18—Proprietor's Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. m. *Zelina*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs. 1 1
 W. R. Barrow's b. c. *Pressure*, by Trumpator, dam by Sir William of Transport, 4 yrs. 2 dr
 Time, 6:03.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., LOUISIANA COURSE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 25, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Four subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Mile heats,

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Martha Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Tachehama by Bertrand. rec'd ft.

SAME DAY—*Creole Purse* \$500, ent. \$50, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to m.'s and g.'s. Mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's ch. g. *Dandy*, by Candidate, out of Sally Harvey, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Henry A. Tayloe's ch. m. *Southerner*, by Candidate, dam by —, 5 yrs. 3 2
 J. F. Miller's gr. c. *Lord of the Isles*, by Napoleon, dam by Jerry, 3 yrs. 2 3
 Time, 1:56—1:52.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietors' Purse \$100, ent. \$25, free for all horses, weights as before, Mile heats.

James S. Garrison's b. c. <i>Kleber</i> , by Bertrand—Oscarina by Tenn. Oscar, 4 yrs.....	0	1	1
H. A. Tayloe's (M. E. Boyles') ch. c. <i>Dick Haile</i> , by Sir Charles, d. by Mons. Tonson, 4 y	0	2	dr.
F. Duplantier's ch. f. <i>Maid of Orleans</i> by Little Red, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	3		dist.

Time, 1:54—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 26—Proprietors' Purse \$250 ent. \$25, conditions as before, Mile heats.

F. Duplantier's ch. g. <i>Dandy</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1
H. A. Tayloe's (Greer & Simmons') ch. f. <i>Willina Herndon</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 2:00—2:05.

THURSDAY, Dec. 27—J. C. Purse, \$1000, ent. \$100, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. f. <i>Sarah Bladen</i> , by Imp. Leviathan out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	walked over.		
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FRIDAY, Dec. 28—J. C. Purse \$1800, of which the second best will receive \$300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

T. J. Wells' ch. f. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, Black Sophia by Top-gallant, 3 yrs.....	1	1
James S. Garrison's b. c. <i>Pollard</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Iippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	3	2
H. A. Tayloe's ch. c. <i>Pactolus</i> , by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 5:53—5:49.

SATURDAY, Dec. 29—New Orleans Plate, value \$1000, ent. \$200, free for all ages, 4 yr. olds and under carrying their appropriate weights, 5 yrs. and upwards, 100lbs. Two mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's b. m. <i>Glorvina</i> , by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs.....	1	1
John S. Miller's (Col. Bingham's) ch. f. <i>Sarah Bladen</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana, by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	dr.

Time, 4:19.

SIXTH DAY, Dec. 30—Proprietors' Purse \$600, ent. \$60, for all ages, weights as on Tuesday, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

T. J. Wells' ch. c. <i>The Poney</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	4	4	1	1	1
M. Kenner's gr. f. <i>The Jewess</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	1	0	3	2
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. h. <i>Charles Magic</i> , by Sir Charles—Lady Amelia, 5 yrs.....	2	2	0	2	3
F. Duplantier's ch. g. <i>Dandy</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	3	2	dist.	

Time, 2:04—2:02—1:59—2:09—1:59.

MONDAY, Dec. 31—J. C. Purse \$2500, \$500 of which is to go to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$2000; conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. m. <i>Zelina</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....	1	2	1
J. S. Garrison's ch. c. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles—Maria West by Marion, 4 yrs.....	2	1	2

Time, 8:13—8:10—8:10.

TUESDAY, Jan. 1, 1839—Match, \$500 a-side, catch weights, Mile heats.

John F. Miller's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, 2 yrs.....	1	1
G. Arnault's ch. m. by Candidate, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 2:01—2:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietors' Purse \$200, ent. \$25, added; free for all ages; weights as on previous Tuesday. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

M. Marigny's gr. g. <i>Van Buren</i> , by Sir Richard, 6 yrs.....	1	1	1
M. Daunoy's gr. g. <i>Rolla</i> , by Pacolet, 6 yrs.....	2	2	2
F. Duplantier's ch. g. <i>Dandy</i> ,* pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 2:09—2:14—2:21. * Distanced for foul riding.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., MULBERRY COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$150 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian.....	1	1
Capt. John S. Corbin's ch. f. <i>Bandit</i> , by imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian.....	2	2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Goliah, dam by Tarif.....	pd.	ft.
Isham Puckett's b. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington.....	pd.	ft.
Col. John P. White's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Herod.....	pd.	ft.

Time, 2:03—2:03.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4,100—5,110—6,118—and aged 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m's. and g's. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. <i>Jack Pendleton</i> , by Goliah, dam by Trafalgar, 3 yrs.....	6	1	1
Wm. McCargo's (J. M. Botts') ch. f. <i>Mary Tyler</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Playon, 4 yrs.....	1	3	2
Col. John P. White's gr. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	7	4	3
James Talley's gr. c. <i>Servetus</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs.....	5	2	4
Arthur Payne's ch. c. <i>Camden</i> , by imp. Autocrat,—Eliza White by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	4	5	dr
W. H. Tayloe's b. h. <i>Monbodo</i> , by Imp. Apparition, out of Angeline, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	
Col. J. C. Gibson's gr. m. <i>Molnera</i> , by Medley—Algerina by Jones Arabian, 5 yrs.....	3	dr.	
Chas. Tayloe's (Mr. Guinness') ch. c. <i>Oscar Jr.</i> by Oscar—Bet. Wilkes by Sir Archie, 4 y	dist.		

Time, 4:29—4:32—4:47. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. <i>Jack Pendleton</i> , by Goliah, dam by Trafalgar, 3 yrs.....	rec'd	ft.
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From—Wm. McCargo's b. f. by Jackson, out of Eliza Clay, and Col. J. P. White's ch. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Hal.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Proprietor's Purse \$500, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's gr. g. <i>Dandy</i> , by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.....	2	1	3	1
Isham Puckett's (J. M. Botts') b. f. <i>Spindle</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, yrs.....	4	3	1	2
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. <i>Missouri</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Director, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2	3
James Talley's ch. f. by Goliah, out of Polly Snyder by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	3	4	4	*

Time, 6:50—6:40—6:43—6:40—Track very heavy. * Ruled out.

FRIDAY, Oct. 26—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Arthur Payne's ch. c. <i>Camden</i> , by Imp Autocrat, out of Eliza White by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.	1	1
John P. White's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	2	2
Wm. McCargo's (J. M. Botts') ch. f. <i>Mary Tyler</i> , by Cohanna, dam by Playon, 4 yrs.	4	3
Chas. Tayloe's (Gen. Gibson's) b. f. <i>Duchess of Carlisle</i> , by Oscar Jr. d. by Rattler, 4 yrs.	3	4

Time, 4:20—4:21. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Oct. 27—Match, \$500 a-side, catch weights, Two mile heats.

Col. J. C. Gibson's gr. m. <i>Molinera</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.	1	
Col. W. L. White's ch. c. <i>Jack Pendleton</i> pedigree above, 3 yrs.	2	

Time, 4:12. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a-side, 86lbs. on each, One mile.

Col. W. L. White's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	1	
Col. J. C. White's b. m. <i>Ruth</i> , by Medley, aged.	2	

Time, 2:02.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Match, \$200 a-side, catch weights, One mile.

Col. J. C. Gibson's gr. m. <i>Molinera</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.	1	
Col. W. L. White's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	2	

Time, 1:57.

NASIIVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 30, 1833—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. — subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

J. K. Bullock's ch. f. by Pacific, dam by Sir Archie.	1	1
A. H. Arrington's ch. c. by Escape, dam by Bagdad.	2	2

Time, 2:04½—2:06.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, carrying 86lbs.—4:100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124bs.; 3lbs. allowed maers and geldings. Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Canary</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 6 yrs.	1	1
Mr. Battle's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam omitted, 4 yrs.	4	2
J. K. Bullock's gr. f. <i>American Maid</i> , by Eclipse, out of Eliza Splotch, 4 yrs.	3	3
J. Wynne's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs.	2	dist.
Gen. Williams' b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs.	dist.	

Time, 4:04—4:02.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1.—J. C. Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

D. McDaniel's b. f. <i>Vashti</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Slazy by Bullock's Muckiejohn, 3 yrs.	1	1
O. P. Hare's bl. c. <i>Black Prince</i> , by Imp. Fylde, out of Fantail, by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	2	dr
Dr. Payne's ch. c. <i>Cyrus</i> , by Marion, dam by Director, 4 yrs.	dist	

Time, 6:06½.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, BUCKEYE COURSE, SECOND FALL MEETING.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1833—Ladies' Plate (value \$200), free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m's. and g's. Mile heats.

Capt. J. D. Edmond's (S. Burbridge's) b. f. <i>Mary Brennan</i> , by Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs.	2	1	1
H. Spencer's (T. Lynch's) ch. f. <i>Queen Dido</i> , by Muckiejohn, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.	1	2	2
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Countess Bertrand</i> , by Bertrand—Budget of Fun by Kassino, 3 y.	3	3	3
W. Thurston's (A. Haralson's) ch. f. <i>Maria Duke</i> , by Medoc—Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 3y	4	4	4
Jas. Ryan's ch. g. <i>Jack Strut</i> , by Randolph, dam omitted, 4 yrs.	5	dr	
Maj. Jas. F. Conover's (Jas. Pryer's) ch. c. <i>Ben Franklin</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Franklin Beauty, 3 yrs.	dist.		
Wm. P. Hughes' (W. F. Hunt's) ch. h. <i>Rothsay</i> , by Archy Montorio, d. by Sweeper, 5 y	dist.		

Time, 1:59—2:00—2:07. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$55, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Geo. H. Sinclair's b. f. <i>Sally Burns</i> , by Robert Burns, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs.	1	1
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Brighton Lass</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 3 yrs.	3	2
Wesley Fisher's b. f. <i>Lady Hamilton</i> , by Boxer, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.	2	3

Time, 2:00—2:04. Track heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—Citizen's Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Wm. Marshall Anderson's b. m. <i>Lady Hope</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs.	1	1
Geo. N. Sander's (Maj. E. S. Revill's) b. c. <i>Lorenzo</i> , by Bertrand dam by Alonzo, 4 yrs.	2	2
H. E. Spencer's (S. Burbridge's) b. c. <i>Tarleton</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 4 y.	fell	

Time, 8:58—9:24. Track knee deep.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—Purse \$400, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

M. W. Dickey's (Thos. Lynch's) b. f. <i>Lady Bertrand</i> , own sister to West Florida, (by Bertrand, dam by Potomac,) 3 yrs.	2	4	1	1
Maj. J. F. Conover's (W. P. Hunt's) ch. f. <i>Betty White</i> , by Alonzo, d. by Mercury, 3 y	3	1	2	2
G. Coffeen, Jr's. bl. c. <i>Orient</i> , by Trumpator, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs.	4	3	2	r.o
G. N. Sander's (Maj. E. S. Revill's) ch. c. <i>Red Hawk</i> , by Medoc, d. by Sumpter, 3 yrs	1	3	dist.	

Time, 4:31—4:31—4:33—4:37. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

M. W. Dickey's (T. J. Robinson's) b. h. <i>Jim Allen</i> , by Archy Montorio, d. by Hamiltonian, 6 y	1	1
Geo. H. Sinclair's gr. f. <i>Victoria</i> , by Sir Kirkland, dam by Tippo Saib, 3 yrs.	2	dist.

Time, 8:48—8:38. Track very heavy.

The Secretary does not report a race, mile heats, which came off this day.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

S. Burbridge's b. f. <i>Mary Brennan</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.	3	1	1	1
Thos. Lynch's ch. f. <i>Queen Dido</i> , " " 4 yrs.	4	2	4	2
Maj. E. S. Revill's b. c. <i>Lorenzo</i> , " " 4 yrs.	2	3	3	3
M. W. Dickey's ch. f. <i>Jenny Willing</i> , by Medoc, 3 yrs.	1	4	2	4

Time, 2:06—2:02—2:03—2:08. Track very heavy.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Nov. 5, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Ten subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.
 Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's Imp. ch. f. *The Queen*, by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whisker..... 1 1
 P. McRa's br. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Financier..... 2 2
 Capt. Jas. J. Harrison's f. Own Sister to Kite..... 3 dist.
 Time, 4:04—4:07 Track very heavy. Won easily.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds taking up 90lbs.—4, 102 5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards 126lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.
 Col. A. Flud's Imp. b. f. *Lily*, by The Colonel, out of Fleur-de-Lis by Bourbon, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. h. *Rienzi*, by Bertrand Jr.,—Carolina by Buzzard, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. f. *Eliza Garrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.
 Time, 8:03—8:00. Track heavy. Won handily.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—J. C. Purse, \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, pedigree unknown, 6 yrs..... 2 1
 Col. J. B. Richardson's b. f. *Miss Clinker*, by Humphrey Clinker—Imp. Mania, 3 yrs..... 1 dist.
 Time, 6:40—6:00. First heat won by a brush.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—J. C. Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats,
 Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. c. *Santa Annaz*, by Bertrand Jr., dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs..... 2 1 1
 P. McRa's ch. f. *Ellen* by Godolphin, dam by Bedford..... 1 2 dr
 Capt. J. J. Harrison's bl. f. *Black Cat*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam omitted..... 3 dist.
 Time, 4:04—3:52½. Track heavy and raining.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Post Stake for 3 year olds, Club weights. Three subs. at \$ — each. Mile heats.
 Maj. Powell McRa's br. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Financier..... 2 1 1
 Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam omitted..... 1 2 2
 Dr. J. G. Guignard's br. f. by Dockon, dam by Sartorius..... 3 dist.
 Time, 2:04—1:56—1:57. Won cleverly.

SPRINGFIELD, ALABAMA.

MONDAY, Oct. 22, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds bred in Greene or an adjoining county, feather weights. Seven subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Dr. Robt. Wm. Wither's ch. f. by Pulaski, out of Sally Harwell, by Virginian 2 1 1
 J. L. Wardlaw's b. f. by Sir Hancock, out of Mary Triniem* 3 2 2
 Henry Hobley's ch. f. by Sir Hancock, dam unknown 1 3 dist.
 John Long's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Old Nell..... dist.
 Time, 2:03½—2:13—2:17.

*The name of this mare is writt en so indistinctly that the editor is not at all certain the above is correct. Too much care can hardly be exercised in writing proper names.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23—Purse \$375, free for all ages, 5 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 126lbs; with the usual allowance to m's and g's. Three mile heats.
 John Long's gr. m. *Merino Eve*, by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs..... 3 1 1
 Dr. W. A. Leland's ch. h. *Red Tom*, by Bertrand, out of the Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archie, 5 yrs..... 2 2 2
 Dr. Z. Meriwether's b. f. *Coquette*, by Stockholder, dam by Dion, 4 yrs..... 1 dist*
 W. R. Bullock's ch. h. *Bolivar*, by Eclipse..... dist.
 Time, 5:58—5:57—6:03. * Dist. by her Jockey's foul riding.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$275, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 Head & Smith's b. f. *Francis Tyrrel*, by Bertrand, out of Susan Vandell's (late Hinda) dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Wm. E. Long's ch. f. *McDora*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Dr. W. A. Leland's ch. h. *Nullification*, by Caledonian, dam by Director, 6 yrs..... 3 dr.
 Time, 4:05—4:04.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, club weights. — Subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.
 Dr. Robt. Wm. Wither's br. f. *Fyldina*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Moll Romp, by Frantic..... 1 1
 John Long's br. f. *Sarah Winston*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Strap..... 2 2
 Won handily—no time given.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats.
 Dr. Robt. Wm. Wither's, gr. m. *Alice Grey*, by Pulaski, dam by Bell-air, 6 yrs..... 1 1
 Head & Smith's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 John Long's b. f. *Talladega*, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs..... 3 3
 Time, 1:55—1:56.

FRIDAY, Oct. 26—Purse \$210, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Head & Smith's ch. f. *Harpalice*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs..... 1 1 1
 Dr. R. W. Wither's b. f. *Henrietta*, by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip..... 2 3 2
 Dr. Z. Meriwether's b. f. *Coquette*, by Stockholder, dam by Dion, 4 yrs..... 3 2 3
 Time, 1:54—1:57—1:59.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, club weights, Mile heats. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft.
 Albert Jackson's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Conqueror..... rec'd ft.
 From the nominations of Messrs. Webster and Jones. D. McGEHEE, Secretary.

LIVINGSTON, ALA., PICTON COURSE.

MONDAY, Nov. 12, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Wm. E. Long's b. f. *Sarah Winston*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Strap..... 1 1
 M. E. Gary's ro. c. *Sleepy Davy*, pedigree unknown dist.
 Time not given.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$400, 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.
 Col. John Long's (David Conner's) b. f. *Taladega*, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs... 1 1
 Dr. Wm. A. Leland's s. h. *Oliver Twist*, by Sir Charles, dam by —, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 A. E. Newsom's b. f. *Calanthe Motley*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson, 3 yrs... dist.
 Dr. Z. Meriwether's ch. f. by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueier, 4 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 4:04—4:07.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14—J. C. Purse \$600, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Dr. Wm. A. Leland's b. c. *Bay Bill*, by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Wm. E. Long's gr. m. *Union*, by Jerry, dam by Josephus, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Won easily. Time not kept.

THURSDAY, Nov. 15—J. C. Purse \$800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Dr. Wm. A. Leland's s. h. *Red Tom*, by Bertrand—Duchess of Marlboro, by Sir Archy, 5 y. 1 1
 Col. John Long's gr. m. *Merino Eve*, by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Won without a struggle. Time not kept.

FRIDAY, Nov. 16—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 J. J. Burton's (W. E. Long's) b. f. *Cleopatra*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 3 yrs... 1 1 1
 Daniel Gray's br. h. *Cock Robin*, pedigree unknown, 3 yrs..... 2 2 2
 Edward Johnson's b. c. by Wild Bill, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.
 R. Tarborough's gr. f. *Volant*, by Helm's Democrat, dam omitted..... dr
 Time, 2:06—2:01—2:07.

SATURDAY, Nov. 17—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$300 each, h. ft. — heats.
 B. B. Newsom's b. f. *Calanthe Motley*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... rec'd ft.

THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"And first behold this cordial Julep here!
 That flames and dances in his chrystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrops mixed;
 Not that nepenthes which the wife of Thone
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena.
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this.
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst."

MILTON.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old,
 (And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt,)
 One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
 That his last butt of nectar somehow had run out!
 But determined to send round the goblet once more,
 They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
 In composing a draught' which, till drinking were o'er,
 Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.
 Grave Ceres herself blythely yielded her corn,
 And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
 And which first had its birth from the dews of the morn,
 Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.*
 Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
 Were scattered profusely in every one's reach,
 When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
 Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.
 The liquids were mingled while Venus looked on
 With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
 That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
 Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.
 Flora then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,
 And with roseate fingers pressed down in the bowl,
 All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
 The herb whose aroma should flavor the whole.
 The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
 Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;
 But JULEPS the drink of immortals became,
 When Jove himself added a handful of HAIL!

* A "spirit of balm" may, as our Southern readers know, be thus procured. But alas, for the Olympians to whom seignette and cognac were unknown, and whose nearest procured to champagne brandy must have been rectified, whiskey or apple-jack made from pippins in the gardens of the Hesperides.

Col. Geo. Elliott, of Gallatin, Tenn., has lost an own brother to the celebrated *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan out of Morgiana by Pa-colet. He was engaged in a match for \$5000 a-side, to come off over the Nashville Course next spring, with Mr. Henry Smith's Stockholder colt, *Allen Brown*.

MR. EDGAR'S STUD BOOK.—At a meeting of the RALEIGH (N. C.) JOCKEY CLUB, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be published in the "Spirit of the Times," and "The Turf Register."

"Whereas, it is known to the American Breeders of the blood horse, that Sir Patriek N. Edgar, of Lynesville, N. C., has devoted a large portion of a long life to the collection and compilation of pedigrees of American bred stock, tracing and connecting them properly, and authentically, with their distant ancestry; and whereas, it is further known, that in the laudable attempt to publish the same as an *American Stud Book*, the author has not only incurred loss and disappointment, even with the first volume, greatly jeopardising the whole collection, without the immediate aid and action of all interested—therefore

"Resolved, that this club purchase of Sir Patriek N. Edgar thirty copies of the first Vol., and that they be ordered immediately, and that the Treasurer is hereby directed to pay for the same out of the funds of the Association.

"Resolved, further, that this club shall subscribe for thirty copies of the 2d Vol. of the said work; and that the Secretary forward a copy of the foregoing proceedings to Sir Patriek."

The Editor is pleased to add that resolutions of a similar character have been adopted by the Cincinnati and other Jockey Clubs. The work in question is one very much desiderated by breeders and turfmen in every section of the Union, and we shall be most happy to learn of Mr. Edgar's receiving such assurances of patronage as may induce him to put the several volumes of his work to press at an early day.

BELSHAZZAR.—In the last number of this Magazine (page 154) was given a brief history of this fine imported horse, who is now making his first season in this country at Nashville, Tenn. Since that article was published, a letter to the Editor, dated March 30th, has been received from WM. ALLEN, Esq., of The Lodge, Malton, Yorkshire, who sold Belshazzar, from which we subjoin the following extracts:—

"About three or four months since, I addressed a letter to F. B. OGDEN Esq., "Tennessee," to say that I was desirous of re-purchasing Belshazzar, and that I could afford to offer Twelve Hundred Guineas for the horse. I have felt a good deal of disappointment at not receiving any kind of answer to my letter, which I much wished to have before I engaged any other horse. To-day, and not before to-day, I have learnt my error, and that my letter should have been addressed to Mr. Ogden, the American Consul at Liverpool. I presume that my letter has been lost in the packet, or by some other means has never reached Mr. Ogden. It has been a grievous disappointment to me, but I certainly have no one to blame but myself. My reason for writing to Mr. Ogden, was from Flintoff's having mentioned that gentleman's name to me as having something to do with the horse, and the impression on my mind that Mr. O. had the ordering, and direction of the horse.

"After *Cara's* winning the Criterion Stake at Newmarket, I had applications from gentlemen from all parts of the Kingdom to send mares to Belshazzar, and universal regret was expressed at his having been sent out of the country. I should be glad if what I have so far stated, could be noticed, that the Americans may see that they have got a horse which probably (and I have no doubt of it,) would have been one of the most celebrated stallions in this country. I am fortunate in having several good colts and fillies of his get, and I flatter myself they will not disgrace their sire."

OMISSIONS IN THE RACING CALENDAR.

1838.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, Jan. 2, 1838—Purse \$500, ent. \$50, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Thos. Jefferson Well's ch. m. *Linnet*, by Imp. Leviathan—Object by Marshal Ney, 5 yrs. 1 1
 John G. Young's gr. h. *Diamond*, by Diamond, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 2 dist
 Time, 3:56½—7:22. The horse did not go round the last heat.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 3—Purse \$800, ent. \$80, free for all ages; weights as above; Three mile heats.

Thos. Jefferson Wells' ch. m. *Extio*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of White Feathers by Conqueror, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Yelverton N. Oliver's gr. c. *Joe Kearney*, by Medley, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy, 4 y. 2 2
 F. Henderson's b. c. *Longitude*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Harriet by Sir Archy, 3 yrs. 3 3
 Time, 6:10—5:59.

THURSDAY, Jan. 4—*Creole Day*—Purse \$400, ent. \$25; weights as before; Mile heats.
 Josias Chambers' ch. c. *Oscar*, by Ulysses, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Henry Madden's gr. f. *Grey Maria*, by Abdallah, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Wm. M. Brown's gr. c. *Rapide*, by Granby, dam by Earl's Pacolet, 2 yrs. dr
 Time, 2:05—2:10.

FRIDAY, Jan. 5—Purse \$415, ent. \$25, added, free for all ages, weights as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Yelverton N. Oliver's gr. c. *Joe Kearney*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
 John G. Young's gr. h. *Diamond*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 2 2 dr
 Thos. J. Wells' b. f. *Wings*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs. 3 3 dr
 Time, 2:04—2:06.

ST. MATTHEWS, S. C., SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, Jan. 9, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs.; 5 subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Two mile heats.

Capt. D. Rowe's b. c. by Argyle, dam by Kosciusko. 1
 Powell McRa's ch. f. by Godolphin, out of Sister to Pelham. bolt.
 Col. R. Singleton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Phenomena. dist.
 Time, 4:08.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$150; free for all ages; weights, for 3 year olds as above—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—and aged 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

George Walden's gr. f. *Eliza Riley*, by Director, dam by Bedford, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Col. Edward Richardson's ch. f. by Rob Roy, out of Amanda, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Capt. J. Colclough's ch. h. *Philip*, by Crusader, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 3 3
 Time, 4:02—4:04.

THURSDAY, Jan. 11—Jockey Club Purse \$100: free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

George Walden's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, pedigree unknown, 5 yrs. 2 1 1
 Capt. Donald Rowe's b. c. by Argyle, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs. 1 2 2
 Capt. J. Colclough's gr. h. *Grey Dragon*, by Crusader, dam unknown. 3 3 dr
 Time, 1:57—1:58—2:02. The best time ever made on this track.

FRIDAY, Jan. 12—Sweepstakes, sub. \$5 each, with \$30 added by the Club, feather weights. Mile heats.

Won by Dr. Darty's *Lilla Green*, beating *Gabriella* and a Luzborough filly, in three heats.
 THOS. OLIVER, Sec'y.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, May 1, 1838—Match, \$10,000, a-side, Four mile heats.

Col. John Heth's (S. M. Neill's) ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs. 1 1
 110lbs. 2 dist.
 O. P. Hare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs. 107lbs. 2 dist.
 Time, 7:45.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eight subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Thompson's (Col. Stonestreet's) gr. f. *Lily*, by Tychicus, out of Laura by Rob Roy. 1 1
 Arthur Taylor's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Washington by Eclipse. 5 2
 Geo. L. Stockett's br. c. by Sussex, out of the dam of Cippus by Mark Anthony. 2 0
 Col. J. M. Selden's ch. f. by Sussex, out of Ann Page's dam by Tuckahoe. 3 0
 James S. Garrison's br. f. by Ivanhoe, out of Gabriella by Sir Archy. 4 5
 Time, 1:54—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, May 2—Produce Stakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Eleven subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. H. Tayloe's gr. f. *Czarina*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora by Arab. 1 1
 John M. Botts' b. f. by —, out of Own Sister to Tobacconist. 3 2
 Dr. G. W. Duvall's ch. c. by Sussex, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar. 2 3
 J. H. Sothoron's ch. c. by Tychicus, out of Maid of Patuxent by Imp. Magic. dist.
 Time, 1:53—1:52. Won cleverly.

SAME DAY—Second Race—National Jockey Club Plate, value \$500, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 121—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Arthur Taylor's b. c. *Harbinger*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Virginia Taylor by Sir Hal. 1 1
 Dr. G. W. Duvall's br. c. *Monbodo*, by Imp. Apparition, out of Angeline, 4 yrs. 2 2
 Col. J. M. Selden's b. f. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs. dist.
 Time not given.

THURSDAY, May 3—Proprietor's Purse \$500, ent. \$20; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's bl. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs. 1 1
 O. P. Hare's b. h. *Spartacus*, by Sir Charles, dam by Arab, 6 yrs. 0 2
 Col. Thompson's gr. f. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs. 0 3
 Gov. Sprigg's ch. h. *Leesburg*, by Red Rover, dam by Tuckahoe, 5 yrs. * *
 Hon. D. Jenifer's bl. c. by Emigrant, dam and age omitted. * *
 Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. c. *Corsair*, by Timoleon, dam by Gracchus, 4 yrs. * *
 Four others started but their names are not remembered.

Time, 5:49. * Not placed.

FRIDAY, May 4—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, ent. \$30; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Dr. G. W. Duvall's b. h. *Prince George*, by Industry, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs. 1 1
 O. P. Hare's ch. c. *Willis*, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Merryfield, 4 yrs. 2 dr
 J. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Scipio*, by Zingane, out of Corinna by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 8:13.

An imperfect account by a spectator, not the Secretary.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

MONDAY, May 7, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Nine subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Guild & Peyton's ch. f. *Bee's-wing* by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia (Birmingham's dam) by Topgallant. 1 2 1
 Col. Geo. Elliott's gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet. 2 1 dist.
 Maj. A. J. Donelson's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Constitution. 3 3 dr
 Time, 1:58—1:59½—2:00. Track heavy.

AUGUST MEETING, SAME COURSE.

TUESDAY, Aug. 28, 1838—Proprietor's Purse \$150, ent. \$25 each, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. One mile.

Col. Robt. Smith's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon, 3 yrs. 1
 Wm. Pott's b. c. *Old Balls*, by Sir William of Transport, dam by Barebones, 4 yrs. 2
 J. Greer's b. c. by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 3 yrs. 3
 J. Hudgers' ch. m. by Bagdad, dam unknown, 5 yrs. 4
 Time, 1:58.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 29—Proprietors' Purse \$200, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Two miles.
 Thos. J. Wells' gr. f. *Queen of Trumps*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs. 1
 Robt. Smith's ch. c. *Pete Whetstone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs. 2
 Time, 4:10.

THURSDAY, Aug. 30—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$40; conditions as before. Three miles.
 Thos. J. Wells' ch. c. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. walked over.

FRIDAY, Aug. 31—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Four subs. at \$50 each, P. P. One mile.

J. C. Irvine's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs. 1
 Col. Robert Smith's bl. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs. 2
 Wm. Potts' b. c. *Old Balls*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 3
 George Cheatham's ch. f. by Contention, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs. 4
 Time, 1:58.

SATURDAY, Sept. 1—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, P. P. One mile.

O. Hardeman's gr. f. *Sally Hilliard*, by O'Kelly, dam by Shawnee. 1
 H. Dickerson's b. f. *Little Misery*, by O'Kelly, dam by Arab. 2
 G. Cheatham's b. f. by John Miller, dam by Conqueror. pd.ft.
 Time, 2:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Mile heats.

Wm. Potts' b. c. *Old Balls*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 3 3 1 1
 J. C. Irvine's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs. 2 1 2 dist.
 Robt. Smith's bl. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs. 1 2 dist.
 Time, 2:01—1:58—2:03½—2:10.

ELKHORN, KY., SPRING RACES.

THURSDAY, May 24, 1838—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Sidney Burbridge's ch. c. *Limber John*, by Kosciusko, dam by Moses, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Sinclair & French's b. f. *Mary Ford*, by Plato, dam by Whipster, 4 yrs. 2 2
 John C. Herndon's b. h. *John Anderson*, by Seagull, dam by Albert. dist.
 Dr. W. G. Offott's b. c. by Woodpecker, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 1:57—2:04. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, May 25—Purse \$150, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

James Ford's b. c. *Cain*, by Brunswick, dam by Prince Richard, 4 yrs. 3 3 1 1
 Benjamin Luckett's b. h. *Chilton*, by Seagull, out of Hazard by Wonder, 6 yrs. 1 2 2 2
 Robt. Burbridge's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs. 2 1 3 3
 Time, 4:34—4:10—4:10—4:04. Track still heavy.

SATURDAY, May 26—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a purse ; weights as before.

Sub. \$25 each, and \$25 added. Mile heats.	
Wm. Buford, jun's b. c. <i>Brandy</i> , by Abdalrahman, dam by Tiger.....	1 1
Robt. Burbridge's gr. c. by Singleton, dam by Whipster.....	3 2
Lewis Saunders, jun's ch. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.....	2 3
Time, 1:56—1:54.	

BEN. LUCKETT, Proprietor and Secr'y.

LIVINGSTON, ALA., PICTON COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 29, 1838—Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs. ; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's ch. c. <i>Pactolus</i> , by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	1 1
Lewis J. Kirk's ch. f. <i>Narcissa Parish</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs.....	2 dr
Time, 5:57½.	

WEDNESDAY, May 30—Purse \$300 ; free for all ages ; weights as before ; Two mile heats.	
John Long's gr. m. <i>Merino Ewe</i> , by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs.....	3 1 1
Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. <i>Tom Thurman</i> , by Imp. Fylde, out of Venus by Constellation, 4 y.	2 3 2
David Conner's b. f. <i>Taladega</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by La Fayette, 4 yrs.....	1 2 dr
James H. Moore's ch. m. <i>Lucy Benton</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs.....	4 dist.
Time, 3:55—3:57—4:04.	

THURSDAY, May 31—Purse \$200 ; free for all ages ; weights as before ; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. <i>Rhinodino</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Imp. Dion, 4 yrs.....	3 2 1 1 1
James S. Jackson's b. f. <i>Henrietta</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip, 4 yrs.....	1 1 2 3 2
Simon Cockerell's s. h. <i>Chronometer</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.....	2 3 3 2 3
Lewis J. Kirk's ch. f. <i>Narcissa Parish</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	dr
Time, 1:53—1:55—1:54—1:56—1:55.	

FRIDAY, June 1—Purse \$190 ; free for all ages ; weights as before ; Mile heats.

James S. Jackson's gr. m. <i>Alice Grey</i> , by Pulaski, dam by Bellair, 6 yrs.....	3 1 1
Daniel Gray's ro. f. <i>Jararah Helen</i> , pedigree unknown, 4 yrs.....	1 2 2
David Conner's b. f. <i>Taladega</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2 dist.
Time, 2:02—2:00—2:06.	

JOHN J. JEWELL, Proprietor and Secr'y.

ROCKY MOUNT, VA., FALL RACES.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 5, 1838—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$15 ; free for all ages ; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs. ; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Leonard Phelps' (H. Nowlin's) b. h. <i>Roley Porter</i> , by Star, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	1 1
B. W. Graves' b. c. <i>Charleston</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs.....	2 2
Time, 4:15—4:20.	

THURSDAY, Sept. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$250, ent. \$20 ; free for all ages ; weights as before ; Three mile heats.

Leonard Phelps' ch. c. <i>Nick-o'-the-Woods</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Pulaski, 4 yrs.....	1 1
Isaac H. Oliver's ch. h. <i>Genito</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Pakenham, 5 yrs.....	2 2
Time, 6:01—6:05.	

JAMES C. TAPE, Secr'y.

WARRENTON SPRINGS, VA., VICTORIA COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 18, 1838—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs. ; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Wm. Duvall's (Gov. Barbour's) b. f. by Goliath, 3 yrs.....	1 1
Geo. Henderson's b. h. <i>Pelham</i> , by Childers, dam by Duroc, aged.....	2 2
Wm. Mashon's gr. h. ———, 4 yrs.....	3 3
S. Welsh's ch. c. by John Richards, 4 yrs.....	4 dist.
Time, 2:08—2:12. Track very heavy.	

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 19—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Mr. Sappho's b. c. by Industry, out of Ace of Diamonds, 4 yrs.....	3 2 1 1
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. m. <i>Molinera</i> , by Medley, dam by Jones' Arabian, 5 yrs.....	2 1 2 dr
Wm. Mashon's ch. m. <i>Leesburg</i> , by Clifden, 5 yrs.....	1 3 dr
Wm. Duvall's b. g. by John Richards, aged.....	4 dr
Time (about) 4:19—4:16—4:21. Track very heavy.	

THURSDAY, Sept. 20—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Wm. Duvall's b. m. <i>Mary Hutton</i> , by St. Tammany, dam by Seymour's Eagle, 5 yrs.	1 4 1
Maj. Doswell's gr. g. <i>Dandy</i> , by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.....	4 1 2
Jas. B. Kendall's b. f. by Snow-storm, dam by Grigsby's Potomac, 4 yrs.....	3 2 3
Mr. Tyler's ch. f. <i>Victoria</i> , 4 yrs.....	2 3 dist.
Time, 6:26—6:32—6:44. Track heavy.	

In the 3d heat, Mary Hutton was hard pressed by Victoria until within 600 yards of the stand in the last mile, when the latter dropped dead—on examination it was found that her heart had burst. She was ordered by the Club to be buried with appropriate honors, under the Judge's Stand, and the course to take its name from her—that of Victoria.

FRIDAY, Sept. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Master Henry</i> , by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	3 1 1
Maj. Doswell's b. f. by Pamunky, 3 yrs.....	1 2 2
Capt. Geo. Terrett's ch. f. ———, 4 yrs.....	2 dist.
Time, 8:28—8:26—8:44. Raining, and track excessively heavy.	

JACKSON, TENN., FALL RACES.

MONDAY, Sept. 24, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Eight subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. One mile.
 Hon. A. Huntsman & W. B. Miller's gr. c. *Bloody Nathan*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet. rec'd ft.
 From B. Davidson's f. by Bolivar, dam unknown.
 E. Spark's f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon.
 N. Perry's c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Jackson.
 A. J. Donelson's c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
 T. G. Johnson's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Baker.
 David Journagan's f. by Telegraph, dam unknown.
 Maj. Shegog's c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy.

TUESDAY, Sept. 25—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.
 H. L. French's b. c. *Joe Mabry*, by Stockholder. 1 1
 B. Davidson's (W. Pitcher's) ch. c. by Eclipse. 2 2
 L. Coch's (W. Burton's) b. c. by Melle Melle. 3 3
 D. Journagan's (Cawhorn's) b. c. *Sir Laddin*, by Telegraph. 4 4
 A. J. Henry's c. by Telegraph, dam by Pacolet. pd. ft.
 Time, 1:58—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs. —3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.
 G. C. Hurt's b. c. *Chevalier*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 1
 Linnæus Coch's b. c. *John Maffit*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 6:04—of first 2 miles, 1:58—1:58.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 L. Coch's b. c. *John Maffit*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 1 1
 B. Davidson's bl. c. by Telegraph, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs. 2 2
 G. C. Hurt's bl. c. *Henry*, by Eclipse, out of Polly Hopkins by Sir William, 4 yrs. 3 dist.
 Time, 4:03—4:02.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 John G. Shegog's ch. m. *Rhoda Crump*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs. 1 1
 A. J. Henry's br. m. *Maria Miller*, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 4 yrs. 2 dr
 Time, 9:25.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$200 each. One mile.
 Linnæus Coch's (Huntsman & Miller's) gr. c. *Bloody Nathan*, pedigree above. 1
 W. L. French's b. c. *Jim Brown*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Mary Barton by Andrew Jackson. 0
 Wm. W. Gift's ch. c. *Gov. Poindexter*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Giantess, by Sir Archy. 0
 Time, 2:00.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as on Wednesday, Mile heats.
 L. Coch's b. c. *Milo*, by Bennehan's Archy, dam by Royal Medley, 4 yrs. 1 1
 G. C. Hurt's b. h. *Carrol*, by Contest, dam by Aristotle, 5 yrs. 2 dr
 Time, 2:15. C. HENDERSON, Sec'y.

OLYMPIAN SPRINGS, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.
 Thos. J. Young's b. c. *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Cherokee by Cherokee. 1 1
 John James' b. f. by Collier, dam by Bertrand. 2 2
 Time, 1:53—1:55.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.
 John A. Turner Jr.'s b. f. *Deborah Jackson*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Plenipo. 1 1
 Spencer Boyd's b. f. by Black Hawk, dam by Printer. 2 2
 Chas. Goodpaster's br. f. *Fanny Cropper*, by James Cropper, dam by Whip. pd.ft.
 Time, 1:54—1:55½.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Purse \$—, free for all horses bred and raised in Bath, Bourbon, Montgomery, Nicholas, Mason, Lewis, Greenup, Carter, Lawrence, and Morgan counties. 2 yr. olds 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
 John C. Mason's ro. g. *Blue Jim*, by Mucklejohn, dam by King Herod, 4 yrs. 3 2 1 1
 D. B. Boyd's b. f. *Fleta*, by James Cropper, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 yrs. 2 1 2 2
 Thos. J. Young's ch. m. *Milly Lane*, by Rattler, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs. 1 2 3 dr
 Time, 3:59—3:57—3:59—4:00.

The weight slipped on the neck of Milly Lane in the 1st and 2d heats.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., JEFFERSON COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 16, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft.
 Col. Gibson's (Judge Barbour's) b. f. *Melicent*, by Goliah, dam by Hotspur. 1 1
 J. P. McBrien's gr. f. by John Richards, dam by Sir Charles. 2 2
 Time not given.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$150 each, \$50 ft. One mile.
 Henry Shepherd's imp. b. f. by St. Nicholas, dam by Tramp. 1
 S. Strider's ch. c. by Rob Roy, dam by Rattler. 2
 Time not given. Well contested.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. Gibson's (Jas. B. Kendall's) gr. m. <i>Moliner</i> , by Medley, out of Algeria by Jones' Arabian, 5 yrs.....	1	1		
Maj. Doswell's b. f. by Pamunky, dam by Tariff, 3 yrs.....	2	2		
H. Shepherd's b. g. <i>Malton</i> , by Rattler, dam by Topgallant, aged.....	3	3		
Mr. Wiltshire's ch. h. by Sir Charles, dam by Tom Tough, aged.....	4	dist.		
Time, 4:03—3:56. A beautiful race.				

THURSDAY, Oct. 18—Purse \$150, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Maj. Thomas Doswell's ch. h. <i>Leesburg</i> , by Red Rover, dam by Tuckahoe, 5 yrs..	3	1	1	3	1
Col. Gibson's b. f. <i>Melicent</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	3	3	2	2
S. Strider's ch. m. <i>Floretta</i> , by Rattler, dam by Florizel, aged.....	2	2	2	1	3
Mr. Redman's b. f. by Macbeth, dam omitted, 4 yrs.....	4	4	dist.		
Time, 1:56—1:55½—1:55—2:00—1:59.					

FRIDAY, Oct. 19—Purse \$350, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Maj. Thomas Doswell's gr. g. <i>Dandy</i> , by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.....	3	1	1	
Col. Gibson's b. m. <i>Mary Hutton</i> , by Agrippa, dam by Walnut, 5 yrs.....	1	2	2	
T. Sapper's b. h. <i>Troublesome</i> , by Industry, dam omitted, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.		
Time, 6:28—6:28—6:32.				

FORT SMITH, ARK., FALL RACES.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24, 1838—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 years 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

John Dillard's br. f. <i>Widow Cheerly</i> , by Stockholder, out of Polly Baker, 4 yrs.....	0	1	1	
T. T. Tunstall's br. m. <i>Charline</i> , by Pacific, dam by Grey-tail Florizel, 5 yrs.....	0	2	2	
Time, 6:11—6:15—6:18.				

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

T. T. Tunstall & Co.'s b. f. <i>Eliza Ross</i> , by Marmion, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 3 yrs..	2	1	1	
John Dillard's b. f. <i>Own Sister</i> to <i>Lady Nashville</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Strap.....	1	2	2	
David Thompson's br. f. <i>Virago</i> , by Citizen, 4 yrs.....				bolt.
Time, 4:03—3:57½—4:00.				

FRIDAY, Oct. 26—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats.

David Thompson's ch. f. <i>Proof-Sheet</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Strap, 4 yrs.....	1	1		
T. T. Tunstall & Co.'s ch. h. <i>Independence</i> , by Tom Fletcher, 5 yrs.....	2	2		
E. W. B. Nowland's ch. f. <i>Cinderella</i> , by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	3	3		
Capt. Wm. Duvall's b. h. <i>Curry</i> , by Young Diomed, 6 yrs.....	4	bolt.		
Time, 1:59—2:00.				

SATURDAY, Oct. 27—Proprietor's Purse \$25 in Silver, ent. \$50, free for all ages, 100lbs. on each, Mile heats.

David Thompson's <i>Experiment</i> , by Jack Downing.....	1	1		
T. T. Tunstall & Co.'s ch. h. <i>Independence</i> , by Tom Fletcher, 5 yrs.....	3	2		
Theron Duvall's <i>Tom Thumb</i> , by Tiger.....	4	3		
Mr. Craven's —, by Sir William.....	2	bolt.		
Time, 1:59—1:58.				

BARDSTOWN, Ky., FALL RACES.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24, 1838—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

S. Davenport's ch. m. <i>Althea</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Doublehead, 5 yrs.....	1	1		
S. T. Drane's b. f. <i>Mary Ann</i> , by Lance, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 yrs.....	2	2		
G. Stapp's b. f. <i>Mary Bernham</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	3	3		
W. T. Ward's ch. c. <i>Wild Cat</i> , by Waxy, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	4	4		
G. Gregory's ch. c. <i>Bertrand</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Curtius, 4 yrs.....	5	5		
C. S. Hawkins' ch. f. <i>Thecia</i> , by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....				dist.
V. Thompson's ch. f. by Frank, dam by Voltaire, 3 yrs.....				dist.
Wm. Ferrell's b. g. by Tiger Whip, dam unknown, 3 yrs.....				dist.
Time, 1:55—1:56. Track heavy.				

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$150, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

W. T. Ward's b. f. <i>Wazetta</i> , by Waxy, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 4 yrs.....	1	1		
G. Stapp's b. c. <i>Collier Jr.</i> , by Collier, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs.....	2	2		
S. T. Drane's b. f. <i>Diana Crow</i> , by Mark Anthony, dam by La Fayette, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.		
W. Bowman's (G. K. Sloan's) gr. c. <i>Tom Macon</i> , by Waxy, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs.....				dist.
Time, 3:46—3:56.				

FRIDAY, Oct. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

W. T. Ward's b. f. <i>Mary Vaughan</i> , by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs... 1	1			
S. T. Drane's ch. f. <i>Davidella</i> , by Arab, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs.....	3	2		
S. Davenport's f. <i>Mary Gold</i> , by Sir Leslie, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs.....	2	3		
Time, 6:11—6:01.				

SATURDAY, Oct. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$100, with \$20 added by the Proprietor for the 2d best, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

G. Stapp's b. c. <i>Collier Jr.</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	3	1	1	1
S. Davenport's ch. m. <i>Althea</i> " " 5 yrs.....	1	2	2	2	2
T. J. Cruik's ch. c. <i>Cavalier</i> , by Shakspeare, dam by Spot, 4 yrs.....	4	4	4	3	dist.
W. T. Ward's (T. Lee's) ch. h. <i>Bald Eagle</i> , by Cherokee, 5 yrs.....	2	1	3	4	dr
S. D. Scott's b. g. <i>Dart</i> , by Trumpator, dam by Medley, 4 yrs.....					dist.
Time, 1:52—1:53—1:54—1:56—1:55. T. P. LINTHICUM, Sec'y.					

GREENSBORO' ALA., FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Oct. 30, 1838—Sweepstakes for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four subs. at \$50 each, P. P., with \$100 added by the Proprietors. Mile heats.
 R. W. Withers' b. f. *Henrietta*, by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip, 4 yrs..... 4 1 1
 J. R. Head's ch. c. *Tishimingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs..... 1 2 3
 Henry A. Tayloe's (H. O. Pegram's) ch. g. *Dick Beasley*, by Marion, d. by Virginian, 6y. 2 4 2
 Daniel Gray's ro. f. ———, pedigree unknown, 4 yrs..... 3 3 dr
 Time, 1:57—1:55—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 Tayloe & Johnson's Imp. bl. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs... 1 1
 Smith & Head's ch. f. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 R. W. Withers' gr. m. *Alice Gray*, by Pulaski, dam by Bell-air, 6 yrs..... 3 dist.
 James Langford's b. f. *Certelfa*, by Bennehan's Sir Archy, dam by Arabian Bagdad, 4 y.. dist.
 Time, 3:53—3:50.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$30, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Tayloe & Johnson's ch. c. *Pactolus*, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 2 1 1
 Head & Smith's ch. c. *Pete Whelstone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs... 1 2 3
 James Langford's b. m. *Liz*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs..... 3 3 2
 Time, 8:04—8:10—8:17.

FRIDAY, Nov. 2—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 John Long's b. f. *Cleopatra*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab..... 1 2 1
 R. W. Withers' b. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Frantic..... 4 1 3
 Tayloe & Johnson's gr. f. *Czarina*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Arab..... 3 3 2
 Head & Smith's b. c. *Capt. McHeath*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Boaster..... 2 4 dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:59—2:01.

SATURDAY, Nov. 3—Proprietors' Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as on Tuesday. Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 Smith & Head's ch. f. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs..... 1 1 1
 Tayloe & Johnson's b. c. *Rhinodino*, by Wild Bill, dam by Imp. Dion, 4 yrs..... 2 2 dist.
 John Long's ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs..... 3 3 dist.
 Time, 1:56—1:58—1:50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, FALL MEETING.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1838—Ladies' Purse (value \$200), free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 Capt. J. D. Edmond's (S. Burbridge's) b. f. *Mary Brennan*, by Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs..... 2 1 1
 H. Spencer's (Thos. Lynch's) ch. f. *Queen Dido*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs. 1 2 2
 George N. Sanders' b. f. *Countess Bertrand*, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun by Kassino, 3 yrs..... 3 3 3
 Walker Thurston's (A. Haralson's) ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 3 yrs..... 4 4 4
 James Ryan's ch. g. *Jack Strut*, by Randolph, dam omitted, 4 yrs..... 5 dr
 Maj. James F. Conover's (James Pryor's) ch. c. *Ben Franklin*, by Woodpecker, dam by Franklin Beauty, 3 yrs..... dist.
 William P. Hughes' (Wm. F. Hunt's) ch. c. *Rothsay*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Sweeper, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 1:59—2:00—2:07. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$55, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 Geo. H. Sinclair's b. f. *Sally Burns*, by Robert Burns, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. *Brighton Lass*, by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 3 yrs..... 3 2
 Wesley Fisher's b. f. *Lady Hamilton*, by Boxer, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs..... 2 3
 Time, 2:00—2:01. Track heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—Citizens' Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Wm. Marshall Anderson's b. m. *Lady Hope*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs... 1 1
 Geo. N. Sanders' (Maj. E. S. Revill's) b. c. *Lorenzo*, by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 4 yrs... 2 2
 H. E. Spencer's (S. Burbridge's) b. c. *Tarleton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 4 yrs.. fell.
 Time, 8:58—9:24. Track knee deep.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 M. W. Dickey's (Thos. Lynch's) b. f. *Lady Bertrand*, own sister to West Florida, 3 y. 2 4 1 1
 Maj. J. F. Conover's (Wm. P. Hunt's) ch. f. *Betty White*, by Alonzo, dam by Mercury, 3 yrs..... 3 1 2 2
 G. Coffeen's Jr's bl. c. *Orient*, by Trumpator, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs..... 4 2 3 r.o.
 Geo. N. Sanders' (Maj. E. S. Revill's) ch. c. *Red Hawk*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs..... 1 3 dist.
 Time, 4:31—4:31—4:33—4:37. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 M. W. Dickey's (Thos. J. Robinson's) b. h. *Jim Allan*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Hamiltonian, 6 yrs..... 1 1
 G. H. Sinclair's gr. f. *Victoria*, by Sir Kirkland, dam by Tippoo Saib, 3 yrs..... 2 dist.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 S. Burbridge's b. f. *Mary Brennan*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 3 1 1 1
 Thos. Lynch's ch. f. *Queen Dido*, " 4 yrs..... 4 2 4 2
 Maj. E. S. Revill's b. c. *Lorenzo*, " 4 yrs..... 2 3 3 3
 M. W. Dickey's ch. f. *Jenny Willing*, by Medoc, 3 yrs..... 1 4 2 4
 Time, 2:06—2:02—2:03—2:08. Track very heavy

TARBORO', N. C., FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Edward J. Wilson's b. c. <i>Portsmouth</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards.....	1	1
J. S. French's ch. f. <i>Fleta</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas.....	2	2
Thomas Christmas' ch. c. by Contest, dam by Sir William.....	3	dist.
Dr. Thomas Payne's (Henry Maclin's) b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian.....	pd.	ft.

Time, 1:56½—2:02. Track 46 yards over a mile.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings—Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Fanny Wyatt</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs.....	1	1
E. J. Wilson's b. h. <i>Stockton</i> , by Eclipse, out of Iris by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	4	2
Dr. J. J. Daniel's gr. f. <i>American Maid</i> , by Eclipse, out of Eliza Splotch by Sir Archy, 4 y.	3	3
J. M. Newby's gr. g. <i>Hard Heart</i> , by Mercury, out of Chuck-a-luck, aged.....	5	4
David McDaniel's b. c. <i>Henry King</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.

Time, 4:07—4:07. Track heavy, and 46 yards over a mile.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—J. C. Purse \$350, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Three mile heats. Edward J. Wilson's gr. f. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 4 y. 1 1 David McDaniel's b. f. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 y. 2 2

Time not given. Ruu during a violent storm of rain.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Handicap Purse \$150, ent. \$10, free for all ages, Mile heats best 3 in 5.		
Mr. Newby's gr. g. <i>Hard Heart</i> , pedigree above, aged, 116lbs.....	1	1 1
Henry Maclin's b. f. <i>Sky Rocket</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Peggy Madee by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. 97lbs.....	2	5 2
E. J. Wilson's b. h. <i>Stockton</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs. 107lbs.....	4	6 3
Robt. Wynn's b. f. <i>Polly Cary</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs. 97lbs.	6	3 4
D. McDaniel's b. h. <i>Henry King</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs. 106lbs.....	5	2 5
Gen. Williams' b. f. <i>Mary Moody</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs. 97lbs..	3	4 dist.

Time, 2:02—2:02—2:02. Track 46 yards over a mile.

GRAND GULF, Miss., WATERLOO COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7, 1838—Purse \$200, for horses bred or owned in the Counties of Claiborne, Jefferson, Copiah, and Warren; free for all ages, 3 year olds taking up 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

L. F. Norris' ch. f. <i>Sarah Harrison</i> , by Frank, out of Eliza Wharton by Blackburn's Whip, 4 yrs.....	1	1
T. B. Magruder's b. c. <i>Blacklock</i> , by Lance, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 2:14—2:20.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—Purse \$400, conditions as before, Two mile heats. John H. Walker's ch. f. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... walked over.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Wm. J. Minor's c. <i>Sir Ariss</i> , by Trumpator, out of Ophelia (Grey Eagle's dam) by Wild Medley, 4 yrs.....	2	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. <i>Angora</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet, 6 y.	1	*
H. Johnson's gr. h. <i>John Anderson</i> , by Pacific, out of Matilda by Florizel, 5 yrs.....	3	dist.
John H. Walker's <i>Woodman</i> , pedigree omitted.....	4	dist.

Time not given.

* Angora broke down badly in both fore legs in the 2d heat, after winning the 1st, and it is doubtful if she ever comes on the track again.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Purse \$—, (the entrance of previous days), conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Wm. J. Minor's b. f. <i>Telie Doe</i> , by Pacific, out of Matilda (Country Maid's dam) by Grey-tail Florizel, 3 yrs.....	1	1 1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's (John Routh's) imp. b. f. <i>Matilda Routh</i> , by Merchant, out of Mandelina (dam of Esprit, Musee, etc.), by Cervantes, 3 yrs.....	2	dr
H. Johnson's gr. h. <i>John Anderson</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	*	

Time, 1:55—1:57. * Stopped in first heat.

GREENWOOD, NORTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 121—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

A. H. Arrington's b. c. <i>Sam Johnson</i> , by Giles Scroggins Jr., out of Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	4	1 1
E. J. Wilson's b. f. <i>Polly Carey</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs.....	3	3 2
J. M. Newby's gr. g. <i>Hard Heart</i> , by Mercury, out of Chuck-a-luck, aged.....	2	2 dr

Time, 3:59—3:59—4:04.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$15, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's b. h. <i>Stockton</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. Payne's ch. c. <i>Cyrus</i> , by Marion, dam by Director, 4 yrs.....	3	2
A. H. Arrington's gr. f. <i>American Maid</i> , by Eclipse, out of Eliza Splotch by Sir Archy, 4 y.	2	dist.
John White's ch. f. by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs.....	4	dr

Time, 4:02—4:05.

THURSDAY, Nov. 15—Handicap Purse \$125, ent. \$10, added, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

E. J. Wilson's (Mr. French's) b. f. <i>Fleta</i> , by Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, 3 yrs. 83lbs..	1	1 1
J. M. Newby's gr. g. <i>Hard Heart</i> , pedigree above, aged, 111 lbs.	2	3 2
Dr. Payne's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs. 86lbs.....	4	4 3
John White's b. f. <i>Polly Carey</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs. a feather.....	3	2 4

Time, 1:53—2d heat not kept—3d, 1:55.

OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8, 1838—Sweepstakes for all ages. Three subs. at \$200 each. One mile.
 E. V. Davis' gr. f. *Mary Taylor*, carried a catch..... 1
 Capt. Parish's ch. g. *Wilson*, 90lbs..... 2
 Lane & Andrews' b. g. *Stagg*, a catch..... 3

Time, 2:04. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, for pure blooded (and mixed Spanish) Creole horses.
 Catch weights. One mile.

C. Monton's d. g. *Pumpkin*..... 1
 F. P. Petre's b. g. *Doctor* (the winner of last meeting)..... 2
 Capt. Parish's ch. g. *Poney*..... 3

Time, 2:17½.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Purse \$250, for Creoles of the State, or colts introduced into the State six months previous to their becoming 2 yrs. old; 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

John F. Miller's gr. c. *Lord of the Isles*, by Napoleon, dam by Elliott's Jerry, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Montfort Wells' b. c. *John F. Miller*, (formerly *George Elliot*), by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Lorenzo, 5 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 2:14—2:13. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Purse \$350, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 Montfort Wells' b. h. *John F. Miller*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 John F. Miller's gr. c. *Lord of the Isles*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 4:43—4:40. Track quite heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$450, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Montfort Wells' ch. g. *Dick Chinn*, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, 6 yrs..... 1 1
 John F. Miller's b. h. *Jasper*, by Columbus, out of Caroline by Kennedy's Diomed, 5 yrs.... 2 2

Time, 6:40—6:41.

MONDAY, Nov. 12—Proprietor's Purse \$100, entrance added, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Montfort Wells' b. h. *John F. Miller*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 2 1 1 1
 John F. Miller's ch. f. *Jane Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs..... 1 2 2 2
 W. Wickoff's b. m. *Lady Woodlawn*, 5 yrs..... 4 3 3 dist.
 E. W. Taylor's *Mary Taylor*, pedigree unknown, 5 yrs..... 3 dist.

Time, 2:05—2:04—2:13—2:20.

E. W. TAYLOR, Sec'y

SELMA, ALABAMA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 1838—Purse \$350, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. R. B. Harrison's b. c. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Head & Smith's ch. c. *Tishimingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lilac's dam by Sir Archy, 4 y. 2 2
 Gen. T. B. Scott's b. f. *Reville*, by Bertrand, out of Sally Melville by Virginian, 4 yrs..... 3 3
 C. Sprowl's ch. g. *Dover*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bailey's Gallatin, 4 yrs..... dist.

Time, 3:58—4:02.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14—Purse \$550, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Henry A. Tayloe's Imp. b. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho de Puta, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs..... walked over.

Mr. TAYLOE tendered \$100 of the above purse to be run for by any horse, carrying catch weights. HEAD & SMITH won the purse with ease with a 3 yr. old filly.

THURSDAY, Nov. 15—Proprietor's Purse \$800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Henry A. Tayloe's b. m. *Zelina*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 Head & Smith's b. f. *Frances Tyrrell*, by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs..... 2 dist.

Time, 8:52—8:33. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, Nov. 16—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Head & Smith's ch. f. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Col. R. B. Richardson's ch. g. *Gilderoy*, by Talleyrand, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs..... 2 dist.
 I. Woodward's b. h. *Tom Walker*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Quaker Girl, 6 yrs..... 3 dist.

Time, 2:02—2:02. Track heavy.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yrs. carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's bl. h. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 6 yrs..... 1 1
 Capt. John Connally's gr. f. *Cotton Plant*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 6:42—6:46.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 Davis & Ragland's ch. m. *Piony*, by Count Badger, out of Pocahontas by Alfred, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 Col. W. Wynn's ch. m. *Victoria*, by Eclipse, out of Catherine Warren by Virginian, 5 yrs. 2 2
 F. Sherrod's b. c. by Wild Bill, dam omitted, 3 yrs..... dist.

Time, 4:06—4:05.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Col. Leonard P. Cheatham's b. f. by Imp. Fyde, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs..... 5 4 1 1 1
 Davis & Ragland's ch. f. *Honey-dew*, by Count Badger—Timoura by Timoleon, 3 y. 2 3 3 2 2
 Col. J. T. Sykes' gr. f. *Wild Goose*, by Jerry, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs..... 1 1 2 fell.
 Mr. Moore's ch. f. *Belle of Winchester*, by Shakspeare, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs... 3 2 4 dr
 Mr. ———'s gr. f. ———, pedigree omitted, 3 yrs..... 4 5 dr
 F. Sherrod's b. f. by Wild Bill, 3 yrs..... 6 dist.

Time not given.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Col. Wm. Wynn's b. m. *Mary Wynn*, by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 Davis & Ragland's b. c. *Scipio*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover, by Sir Charles, 4 y. 2 2

Time not given

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of JOHN LAMAR, Esq., Macon, Georgia.

No. 1. B. m. **KITTY FISHER** (full sister of Maria, the dam of Wild Bill, Charles Kemble, Wehawk, Carrol, &c.); got by old Gallatin, out of Pigeon by Imp. Bedford, grandam by the great four mile horse Debonnaire, g. g. dam by Imp. Wildair, g. g. g. dam a thorough blooded Grey Diomed mare, purchased in Virginia some sixty years since by the late Amos Whitehead of Burke county, Geo., and cost then \$600. Kitty Fisher was bred by the Hon. A. J. Lawson. She was sold at 13 years old for \$1600. See vol. 8, No. 10 of "Turf Register," also No. 2 of "Spirit of the Times."

No. 2. B. c. A. J. **LAWSON** by Imp. Hedgeford out of No. 1. Foaled March, 1836.

No. 3. Ch. f. **PRINCESS VICTORIA** by Imp. Rowton, out of No. 1. Foaled 29th March, 1837.

No. 4. Ch. f. **GEORGIANA**, foaled March 16, 1837; got by Johnson's Andrew, out of Virginia by La Fayette, by Virginian; grandam Flora (full sister of the distinguished racers Defiance and Revenge), by Ball's Florizel, g. g. dam the famous Miss Dance by Roebuck, (she was also the dam of Pet, the dam of Miss Medley,) g. g. d. by Independence, g. g. g. d. by Imp. Centinal or Flimnap, g. g. g. d. by Imp. Janus. She is large and fine, and resembles her sire very much.

No. 5. **MARIA BENNETT**, bred by Wm. Bennett, Esq., of Mecklenburg county, Virginia, on the Roanoke; she is a rich bay, 15½ hands high, without white, now 12 years old; got by old Sir Archy, dam by the famous horse old Madison, grandam by Imp. Bedford—Imp. Dare Devil—Imp. Shark—Indian Queen by Meade's Pilgrim (she was the g. dam of Mucklejohn and Sir William, and g. g. dam of Henry)—her dam by Imp. Janus—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Valiant. She is large and fine and has several promising colts, especially one by Margrave. She is now with Priam. She was purchased of John W. Trotter, Esq.

No. 6. **GEORGIA MAID**, got by old Contention, out of Kitty by Imp. Whip, grandam Queen of May, by Thomas' Celer (son of old Celer). She was a winner of 17 out of 18 races at all distances; the only time she was beaten was by old Black Maria, the grandam of Hon. B. Peyton's Black Maria, in a co-

lebrated four mile race at Augusta, Geo. She out of a mare by Imp. Shark—Rockingham (by Partner, out of Imp. Blossom)—Matchless by Fearnought—Imp. Jolly Roger, &c. She is the dam of Humphrey Clinker, Paul Pry, and other good ones. She is a rich bay, without white, black legs, mane, and tail, 15½ hands high, of fine bone and strength, now with Imp. Tranby. She is 14 years old this spring.

No. 7. B. c. **PICKINS**, by Bertrand Jr., out of No. 6. Foaled April 6, 1838.

No. 8. B. c. **MIRABEAU**, foaled 16th last March, by Imp. Emancipation, out of No. 6. He is much admired—is large and well made.

No. 9. Br. m. **SUSAN WATKINS**, bred by old Col. John Watkins, of Elbert co., Geo., fully 15 hands 3 inches, and well formed; got by Imp. Leviathan, out of Arabella by Arab; she out of the full sister of La Fayette by Virginian—old Sir Archy—Imp. Sir Harry—old Chanticleer—old Mark Anthony—old Celer, son of Imp. Janus—Imp. Flimnap—old Imp. Jolly Roger, out of Imp. Mary Grey, &c. She is now four years old. From accidentally having got in foal when 2 years old she has never been trained. Now stinted to Imp. Tranby.

No. 10. Ch. m. **FENELLA**, bred by Wm. D. Taylor, of Virginia, 13 years old this spring; got by Smith's Alfred, dam by Dungannon—Nimrod (son of Imp. Medley)—Ball's Florizel—Imp. Hamilton—Imp. Dare Devil—Bell-air (son of Imp. Medley)—Symmes' Wild-air—Lady Willis by Imp. Janus—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Shock—Imp. Sober John. See Edgar's Stud Book. She is the dam of a fine Eclipse filly that ran well in Mississippi; of a fine filly by South Carolinian, which her owner has presented to H. G. L. She is now heavy in foal by Imp. Coronet, and will be served by Imp. Tranby.

No. 11. Ch. c. **BALTIMORE**, by York, out of the hard bottomed old mare Potatoe by old Gallatin, her dam by Blount's Diomed, g. (son of Imp. Diomed, out of the dam of Topgallant by old Gallatin), grandam a blooded mare brought to Georgia from Virginia by the late Lewis Wimberly, of Jones co., certified to by Hon. James Wimberly, of Houslin, Geo. This colt is fine, and is said to resemble his grandsire old Gallatin. For York's pedigree see "Turf Register."

OMISSIONS IN THE RACING CALENDAR.

1838.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., BERTRAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Jan. 23, 1838.—Purse \$300, ent. \$10; free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Col. Vance Johnston's ch. c. <i>Authentic</i> , by Imp. Leviathan,—Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yr.	2	1	1
J. J. Harrison's b. c. <i>Southerner</i> , by Mucklejohn, out of American Citizen's dam, 4 yrs.	4	2	2
Gen. Thos. B. Scott's ch. f. <i>Big Nancy</i> , by Jackson, dam by Gallatin, 2 yrs.	3	3	2
Jas. H. Bradfute's b. c. <i>Quietus</i> , by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs	1	dist.	
J. M. Vance's b. g. <i>Emerald</i> , by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archy, aged	5	dr	
Wm. A. Cary's b. f. <i>Betsy Jones</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Paoelet, 3 yrs.		dist.	
Dr. W. A. Leland's ch. c. <i>Red Bill</i> , by Bertrand, out of the Duchess of Marlboro', 4 yrs.		dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:53—1:58.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 24—Purse \$500, ent. \$20; conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Taylor & Johnson's b. m. <i>Hortense</i> , by Pacific—Bett Bossley by Little Wonder, 4 yrs.	1	1	
Jas. H. Bradfute's br. c. <i>Melzare</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.	2	2	
J. J. Harrison's b. f. <i>Jone</i> , by John Richards, out of Lady Morgan's dam, 4 yrs	6	3	
J. M. Vance's ch. m. <i>Jane Lamar</i> , by Reynold's Contention, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.	3	dist.	
W. R. Peyton's ch. f. by Rattler, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	4	dist.	
Cornelius Robinson's ch. c. <i>Linwood</i> , by Bertrand, by Wild Bill, dam by Paoelet, 3 yrs.	5	dist.	

Time, 3:54—3:52.

THURSDAY, Jan. 25—Purse \$700, ent. \$30, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Taylor & Johnson's b. f. <i>Zelika</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.	1	1	
Col. Vance Johnson's b. h. <i>Paul Jones</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.	4	2	
J. J. Harrison's gr. h. <i>Turnbull</i> , by Phenomenon, dam by Andrew, 5 yrs.	2	3	
J. H. Bradfute's br. c. <i>Melzare</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	3	4	
C. Robinson's b. c. <i>Kleber</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs.	5	5	

Time, 5:53—5:48.

FRIDAY, Jan. 26—Purse \$1000, ent. \$40, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Jas. H. Bradfute's b. f. <i>Mary Wynn</i> , by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	1	5	
Taylor & Johnson's br. c. <i>Maria Black</i> , by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 3 yrs.	2	2	
J. J. Harrison's gr. c. <i>Kite</i> , by Bullock's Mucklejohn—Eliza Splech by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.		dist.	

Time, 8:12—8:24. Run during a rain storm. Track very heavy.

PORT GIBSON, Miss., CLAIBORNE COUNTY COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31, 1838—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s. Mile heats.

L. F. Norris' ch. f. <i>Sally Harrison</i> , by Frank—Eliza Wharton by Blackburn's Whip, 4 y	2	1	1
David Kenly's b. c. <i>Rockett</i> , by Rockett, dam omitted, 4 yrs.	3	3	2
William Pryor's ch. c. <i>Bob Long</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs.	4	2	dist.
Joseph Nicoll's b. f. <i>Rosalba</i> , pedigree omitted, 3 yrs.	1	4	dist.

Time not given.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

John H. Walker's ch. m. <i>Mary Jones</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.	1	3	
Col. A. L. Bingaman's imp. ch. f. <i>Matilda</i> , by Merchant—Mandolina by Cervantes, 3 yrs.	2	dr	
T. B. Magruder's b. c. <i>Blacklock</i> , by Lance, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.		dist.	

Time, 3:49.

FRIDAY, Nov. 2—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. <i>Angora</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Patty Puff by Paoelet, 6 yrs.	1		
H. Johnson's gr. h. <i>John Anderson</i> , by Pacific, dam by Florizel.			dr

SATURDAY, Nov. 3—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

William Pryor's ch. c. <i>Bob Long</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.	1	1	1
L. F. Norris' <i>Ellen Breckenridge</i> , by Trumpator—Love's grey mare by Robin Grey.	4	2	2
John Grissom's ch. h. <i>Hallehajah</i> , by Sir Charles, dam unknown, aged	2	3	dist.
T. B. Magruder's <i>Eugar Lips</i> , by Medley, dam by Sir Charles.	3	dist.	

Time, 1:51—1:56—1:53.

MECKLENBURG, VIRGINIA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 2, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 82lbs. — subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

William McCargo's (P. N. Edgar's) b. f. <i>Elpinice</i> , by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Virginian.	1		
James Williamson's gr. f. by Escape, dam by Director.		dist.	
David McDaniel's br. f. by Jackson, dam by Virginian.		dist.	

Time not kept.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 3—Proprietor's Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs! Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. f. <i>Jane Hilliard</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.	3	1	1
Wm. Claibourn's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Shylock, 4 yrs.	1	3	2
Zenas Williamson's gr. f. <i>Wild Flower</i> , by Escape, dam by Director, 3 yrs.	2	4	3
David McDaniel's b. h. <i>Pioneer</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs.	5	2	dr
Williamson & Newby's gr. g. <i>Hard Heart</i> , by Mercury, out of Chuckaluck, aged.	4	5	dr

Time, 4:11—4:11—4:14.

THURSDAY, Oct. 4—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 James Williamson's ch. f. *Eloise*, by Imp. Luzborough—Mary Waspy by Den Quixotte, 4 y. 1 1
 David McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins—Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 4 y. 4 2
 William McCargo's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 4 yrs 2 3
 John C. Claibourn's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs..... 3 4
 Time, 6:14—6:04.

FRIDAY, Oct. 5—Handicap Purse \$100, for all ages, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 G. Williamson & J. M. P. Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, pedigree above, aged, 115lbs... 1 1 1
 James Williamson's b. c. *John Kennedy*, by Imp. Fylde—Polly Kennedy by Napoleon, 3 y 3 2 2
 John C. Claibourn's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs 2 4 3
 David McDaniel's b. c. *Eh*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Columbus, 4 yrs..... 4 3 4
 Time not given.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$25 each. Mile heats.
 William McCargo's b. f. by Imp. Hedgeford..... 1 1
 David McDaniel's br. f. by Jackson, dam by Sir Charles..... 3 2
 James Williamson's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Ragland's Dioned..... 2 3
 Time not given. GEO. M. BRANCH, Sec'y.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

THURSDAY, May 3, 1838—Match, \$1000 a side, Three mile heats.
 D. F. Cooper's gr. h. *Duke Sumner*, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archy, 5 yrs. 103lbs..... 1 1
 Frost & Edgar's ch. h. *Laplander*, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse, 8 yrs. 120lbs..... 2 2
 Time, 6:10—6:15.

FRIDAY, May 4—Match, \$1000 a side, Two mile heats.
 John Frost's ch. h. *Franklin*, own brother to Laplander, 6 yrs. 114lbs..... 1 1
 D. F. Cooper's ch. h. *Tartar*, by Arab, dam by Conqueror, 7 yrs. 120lbs..... 2 dist.
 Time, 4:07—4:00.

SATURDAY, May 5—Citizens' Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 75lbs.—4, 90—5, 103—6, 114—and aged 120lbs., allowing 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.
 John Frost's gr. m. *Jane Yatenan*, by Johnson's Medley, dam by Sir Solomon, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 Maj. Thomas Stephenson's b. m. by Bertrand, dam by Ganymede, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 4:08—4:10. D. KIMBAL, Sec'y.

MOUNT PLEASANT, TENNESSEE.

WEDNESDAY, May 9, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts \$60bs., fillies \$20bs. Seven subs. at \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.
 F. Zollicoffer's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Sir Archy..... walked over.
 Thomas Heitt's ch. f. by Constitution, dam by Stockholder..... paid forfeit.
 N. G. Murphy's b. f. by Desaix, dam by Gallatin..... " "
 N. F. Smith's ch. f. by Scroggins, out of Reel Foot..... " "
 H. B. Porter's ch. f. by Carroll, dam by Roanoke..... " "
 William Thomas' b. c. by Scroggins, out of Anne Boleyn..... " "
 Nimrod Porter's ch. c. by Sir William, dam by Roanoke..... " "

THURSDAY, May 10—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Mile heats.
 H. Smith's gr. f. *Betsey Boston*, by Stockholder, dam by Eagle..... 2 1 1
 L. J. Polk's b. c. *Stockton*, by Stockholder, dam by Madison..... 1 2 2
 L. P. Cheatham's gr. f. by Merlin, dam by Pacolet..... 3 dist.
 James Kirkman's imp. ch. f. by Aaron, dam by Schamler..... pd. ft.
 Time, 1:59—1:54—2:01.

FRIDAY, May 11—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$100 each P. P. Mile heats.
 Wilkinson Barnes' ch. c. by Scroggins, dam by Conqueror..... 4 1 1
 H. Smith's b. c. by Jefferson, dam by Stockholder..... 3 4 2
 Thomas M. Williams' b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy..... 1 2 dist.
 L. J. Polk's b. f. by Scroggins, dam by Arab..... 2 3 dr
 L. P. Cheatham's gr. f. by Merlin, dam by Sir Archy..... pd ft.
 Time, 1:56—1:58—2:00.

SATURDAY, May 12—Proprietor's Purse \$150, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—g, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance to mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 Lucius J. Polk's b. c. *Stockton*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 W. H. Boddie's b. f. *Wild Irish Girl*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Tonson, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 1:58—1:59.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, \$100 a side, One mile.
 Dr. Robard's (R. K. Polk's) gr. g. ———, 5 yrs. 110lbs..... 1
 S. Nowell's ch. g. ———, 6 yrs. 118lbs..... 2
 Time, 1:56.

TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA.

TUESDAY, Dec. 4, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
 Smith & Head's ch. c. *Tishimingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 J. C. Cabiness' ch. c. *Oliver Twist*, by Sir Charles, out of Prince George's dam, 0 yrs..... 2 2
 J. J. Burton's (Col. Comis') b. f. *Talladega*, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs..... 3
 Time, 4:37—4:40.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Smith & Head's bl. f. *Sally McCall*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs..... 1
 Dr. W. A. Leland's b. f. *Lady Margaret*, by Stockholder, dam by Dion, 4 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 6:56.

THURSDAY, Dec. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Col. John Long's gr. m. *Merino Ewe*, by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs..... 3 1 1
 Smith & Head's b. f. *Francoes Tyrrel*, by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs..... 1 2 2
 Dr. W. A. Leland's b. h. *Bay Bill*, by Bertraud, dam by Cherokee, 5 yrs..... 2 3 3
 Time, 9:43—9:54—10:04.

FRIDAY, Dec. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 Col. John Long's ch. f. *Miss Meadows*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.... 2 1 1 1
 J. C. Cabiness' ch. c. *Oliver Twist*, pedigree above, - yrs..... 1 2 2 2
 Smith & Head's ch. c. *Capt. McHeath*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Roaster, 3 y. bolt.
 Time, 2:11—2:10—2:14—2:16.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA, CAMDEN COURSE, N. J.

TUESDAY, May 22, 1833—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Fourteen subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.
 Walter Livingston's b. c. *Job*, by Eclipse, out of Jemima by Rattler..... *Abram*. 1 2 1
 Col. Wm. Wyun's b. c. *John Eaton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy. 2 1 2
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Mons. Tonson, out of Sampson's Sir Charles mare... 3 3 3
 Wm. Gibbons' b. c. *Saracen*, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian..... dist.
 Time, 1:50½—1:50—1:54.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, \$1000 a side, 114lbs. on each, Four mile heats.
 Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. *Bergen*, by Medley—Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.... 1 1
 D. Tom's (Mr. McClellan's) ch. m. *Bloody Nathan*, by Imp. Valentinie, dam by Duroc, 5 y. 2 2
 Time, 7:53—8:10.

WEDNESDAY, May 23—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Capt. D. H. Branch's) b. f. *Jane Rowlett*, by Nullifier, out of Jemima by Rattler, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 James B. Kendall's (Edward Pendleton's) br. f. *Louisa Lec*, by Medley, out of Brunette by Telegraph, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 4:24—4:23. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 James H. Hellings' ch. c. *Chester*, by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Samuel Laird's ch. f. *Ann Calendar*, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Grachus, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 2:01—2:07. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, May 24—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, out of Balie Peyton's dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs 1
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry—Nancy Norwood by Rattler, 6 yrs.. dist.
 Time, 7:14. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 James B. Kendall's b. m. *Medora*, by John Richards, dam by Valentine, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 Joseph H. Hellings' ch. c. *Cornwall*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Robinson by Sir Archy, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 2:02—2:04.

FRIDAY, May 25—Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Col. W. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Poston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 Samuel M. Neill's ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, the dam of Tarquin and Suffolk, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 8:36—8:41.

MADISON, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27, 1838—Association Purse \$200, 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.
 James Dunn's b. c. *Collier Jr.*, by Collier, dam by Whip, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 James Lindsay's b. f. *West Floridu*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 4:04—4:00.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Association Purse \$100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 James Dunn's b. f. *Mary Burnham*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 John W. Kennedy's ch. f. *Susan Wallace*, by Collier, dam by Comet, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 James Lindsay's ch. c. *Hunchback*, by Clodhopper, dam by Madison, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.
 Lowery & Boyce's b. f. *Huntress*, by Hancock's Hamiltonian, dam by Old Court, 4 yrs. dist.
 Time, 1:50—1:56. Mary Burnham carried 5lbs. over weight.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Thomas B. Warfield's ch. h. *Medalion*, by Bertrand, out of Sophia Wym by Blackburn's Whip, 6 yrs..... 2 1 1
 James Lindsay's b. f. *Josephine*, by Bertrand, dam by Darneby's Diomed, 4 yrs..... 1 2 2
 Lowery & Boyce's ro. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs..... dist.
 Time not given. JAMES C. CALDWELL, Sec'y.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., HUNTING PARK COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 25, 1838—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Joseph H. Hellings' ch. c. <i>Chester</i> , by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs.....	<i>Phil.</i>	2	1	1	1
Barnes B. Smock's ch. f. <i>Mary Otterson</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Lady Pilot, 3 y.		1	2	2	2
Thos. Calvert's b. f. <i>Fanny Eclipse</i> , by Eclipse Jr., dam by John Richards, 3 yrs...		3	3	3	dr
John Horter's gr. g. <i>Trouble</i> , by Medley, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....		4			dr

Time, 1:56—2:00—2:01—2:00.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as above. Three subs. at \$100 each, with \$100 added. Mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Elliptic</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Revenge...	<i>Abram.</i>	1	1		
James B. Kendall's ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancy by Alfred.....		2	2		
B. B. Smock's br. g. by Stranger, dam by John Richards.....		3	3		

Time, 1:56—1:52.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

D. Abbott's gr. h. <i>Manalapan</i> , by Medley, out of Betsey Richards by John Richards, 5 yrs.....	<i>John Haggerty.</i>	1	1		
James B. Kendall's br. f. <i>Louisa Lee</i> , by Medley, out of Brunette by Telegraph, 4 yrs....		2	2		

Time, 3:50—4:00. Track heavy, and raining.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Purse \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. h. <i>Champagne</i> , by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs.....	<i>John Haggerty.</i>	4	1	1	
Dr. Coryell's ch. c. <i>Shepherd</i> , by Dashall, dam by Revenge, 4 yrs.....		1	3	3	
Joseph Hellings' ch. h. <i>Bloody Nathan</i> , by Imp. Valentine, dam by Duroc, 5 yrs.....		3	2	2	
B. B. Smock's ch. h. <i>Oliver</i> , by May-Day, dam by John Richards, aged.....		2	4	di	

Time, 6:01—5:57—6:00. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29—Purse \$200, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

James B. Kendall's br. c. <i>Henry A. Wise</i> , by Dashall, out of Robin Hood's dam by Hickory, 4 yrs.....	<i>Dick Kendall.</i>	1	1	1	
Dr. Coryell's ch. c. <i>Shepherd</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....		2	2	2	
Joseph Hellings' ch. c. <i>Cornwall</i> , by Imp. Luzborough—Mary Robinson by Sir Archy, 4 y		3	3	3	

Time, 1:57—1:58—1:57. The weather stormy and the track heavy.

JAMES BROWN.

MAYSVILLE, Ky., BEECHLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 18, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 121lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Arthur Fox's ch. g. <i>Copperas</i> , by Moccasin, dam by Cedar, aged.....		2	1	1	1
John G. Harley's b. f. <i>Nancy Dawson</i> , by Weehawk, dam by Rockingham, 4 yrs....		1	2	2	2
Stephen Morgan's b. c. <i>Spallanzani</i> , by Spallanzani, dam by Cherokee, 2 yrs.....	dist.				

Time, 2:10—2:34—2:37—2:23.

Spallanzani threw his rider at the first quarter of the first heat.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 19—For a splendid Service of Plate, value \$400, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Stephen Morgan's imp. b. c. <i>Yorkshire</i> , by St. Nicholas, dam by Tramp, 4 yrs.....		1	1		
R. T. Blanchard's b. m. <i>Lucy</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Davis's Hamiltonian, 5 yrs....		2	dr		

Time, 4:34.

THURSDAY, Sept. 20—J. C. Purse \$500, ent. \$50, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Stephen Morgan's b. c. <i>Yorkshire</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....		1	1		
Thomas J. Robinson's ch. f. <i>Miss Leisurely</i> , by Cherokee, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs.....	2 dist.				

Time, 6:50.

FRIDAY, Sept. 21—J. C. Purse \$800, ent. \$80, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Thos. J. Robinson's b. h. <i>Jim Allen</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Hancock's Hamiltonian, 4 y		1	1		
Stephen Morgan's b. c. <i>Yorkshire</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	dist.				

Time, 9:03.

FLORENCE, ALABAMA.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28, 1838—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

L. P. Cheatham's b. m. <i>Mary Wynn</i> , by Mons. Tonson—Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 5 yrs...		2	1	1	
Davis & Ragland's ch. m. <i>Piony</i> , by Count Badger—Pocahontas by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs...		1	2	2	

Time, 6:16—6:30—6:36.

THURSDAY, Nov. 29—Purse \$—, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

James H. Moore's ch. h. <i>Sportsman</i> , by Brunswick, dam by Hamiltonian, 0 yrs.....		2	1	1	
William H. Gee's b. g. <i>Van Buren</i> , by Wild Bill, 4 yrs.....		3	2	2	
L. P. Cheatham's b. f. <i>Julia Hayes</i> , by Imp. Fyde, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....		1	3	dr	

Time not given.

FRIDAY, Nov. 30—Purse \$—, conditions as before, Mile heats.

L. P. Cheatham's b. m. <i>Victoria</i> , by Eclipse—Catherine Warren by Virginian, 5 yrs...		2	1	1	
J. H. Moore's ch. f. <i>Belle of Winchester</i> , by Shakspeare, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....		3	3	2	
Davis & Ragland's b. f. <i>Salaratus</i> , by Count Badger—Pocahontas by Sir Archy, 0 yrs.		1	2	dis	

Time not given.

